

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

**BAKER'S DISCOVERY OF THE NILE SOURCES.**

The explorations of Bruce, Livingston, Speke and Grant have thrown much light upon the topography of Africa, and now Mr. Samuel White Baker, "Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society," tells us of his own discoveries in the latest and most successful effort to trace the sources of the Nile. His account of his remarkable expedition has just appeared in London, in two volumes, under the title of "The Albert N'yanza Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources."

Mr. Baker says that he has been "permitted to succeed in completing the Nile sources, by the discovery of the greatest reservoir of the equatorial waters, the Albert N'yanza, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile." Speke and Grant started from Zanzibar, pierced the African continent from the east, and went due west for a time, turning northward to the Victoria Lake—the object of their labors—and thence home through Abyssinia and Egypt. Mr. Baker started from Cairo, and traveled against the stream of the river, taking its own channel for a guide as far as Gondokoro. At this point he met Speke and Grant on their return. Mr. Baker was naturally "disheartened of the idea that the great work was accomplished, and that nothing remained for exploration." He asked Speke if there was not a leaf of laurel left for him?—a question frankly answered, and in words which at once restored hope and opened a new area of investigation.

From Gondokoro Mr. Baker struck southeast through Ellyria, described as a rich and powerful country, in which, however, he could get no provisions, for the natives refused to sell, and were indeed atrocious rascals. Mr. Baker and his wife, (who bravely accompanied him during the whole journey) were compelled to select a new path. They went east, passed through the Latooka country, where more trouble was caused by the superstitions of the natives, and then made a sharp turn to the southwest, and thence to Obbo, where an elevated plateau was found, fourteen hundred feet above the general level of the country, on the east of the mountain range. The people of this region are thus described:

**THE OBBO PEOPLE.**

Although the men of Obbo wear a skin slung across their shoulders and loins, the women are almost naked, and, instead of wearing the leather apron and tail of the Latookas, they are contented with a slight fringe of leather shreds, about four inches long by two broad, suspended from a belt. The unmarried girls are entirely naked; or, if they are sufficiently rich in finery, they wear three or four strings of small white beads, about three inches in length, as a covering. The old ladies are antiquated Eves, whose dress consists of a string round the waist, in which is stuck a bunch of green leaves, the stalks uppermost. I have seen a few of the young girls that were prudes, indulge in such garments; but they did not appear to be fashionable, and were adopted *faute de mieux*. One great advantage was possessed by this custom—it was always clean and fresh, and the nearest bush (if not thorny) provided a clean petticoat. When in the society of these very simple and in demeanor always modest Eves, I could not help reflecting upon the Mosaic description of our first parents, "And they sewed fig leaves together."

The Obbo country is not only desolate, but the climate is unhealthy. Mr. Baker suffered four months of misery, and Mrs. Baker was prostrated by a gastric fever. The journey was then resumed, in a southwesterly direction, towards Shoos, which is described as a lovely place, the country forming a natural park, "remarkably well watered by numerous rivulets, ornamented with fine timber, and interspersed with numerous high rocks of granite, which from a distance produced the effect of ruined castles." The government is somewhat patriarchal. Mr. Baker speaks of the district as "flowing with milk and honey," the people "precisely the same as at Obbo in language and appearance, exceedingly mild in their manner, and anxious to be on good terms." Continuing their southerly course, the travelers passed through immense prairies, hindered and delayed by dangerous swamps, and again troubled by sickness.

Soon afterwards, however, success rewarded Mr. Baker's perseverance. He reached Karuma Falls, on the White Nile—the point to which Speke tracked

the river from Victoria Lake. From its exit it takes a northern course; at Karuma it turns suddenly and directly west, and when Speke and Grant, on the northward course, left it in latitude two degrees seventeen minutes—not to meet with it again until they arrived in latitude three degrees thirty-two minutes—they attached great importance to an exploration of its unknown channel. "The natives and the King of Unyoro had assured them that the Nile from Victoria N'yanza, which they had crossed at Karuma, flowed westward for several days' journey, and at length fell into a large lake called the Luta N'zige; that this lake came from the south, and that the Nile on entering the extremity almost immediately made its exit, and as a navigable river continued its course to the north, through the Koslu and Madi countries." Such, in the main, proved to be the truth; and the exploration of this channel, with the discovery of the lake and the new exit of the Nile, form the distinguishing features of Mr. Baker's memorable labors. Thus Speke was right in supposing that this lake was a second source of the Nile; and in revealing it Mr. Baker earned the laurel leaf he despaired of winning.

The route then lay parallel with the river, and the goal was Lake N'zige. During this portion of the journey a terrible catastrophe occurred—no less than the prostration of Mrs. Baker by sunstroke, and the supervention of positive madness. This scene is described by Mr. Baker with great power. His wife happily recovered, and in due time they reached the lake. The story of its discovery is told as follows:

**THE ALBERT N'YANZA.**

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach; I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, and with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile. Within a quarter of a mile of the lake was a fishing village named Vacovia, in which we now established ourselves. Everything smelt of fish, and everything looked like fishing; not the "gentle art" of England, with rod and fly, but harpoons were leaning against the huts, and lines almost as thick as the little finger were hanging up to dry, to which were attached iron hooks of a size that said much for the monsters of the Albert Lake. On entering the hut I found a prodigious quantity of tackle; the lines were beautifully made of the fibre of the plantain stem, and were exceedingly elastic, and well adapted to withstand the first rush of a heavy fish; the hooks were very coarse, but well barbed, and varied in size from two to six inches. A number of harpoons and floats for hippopotami were arranged in good order, and the *tout ensemble* of the hut showed that the owner was a sportsman.

The exit of the Nile from the northern end of the lake was plainly visible, and Mr. Baker designed to navigate it straight back to Gondokoro. But this purpose was finally defeated by the unwillingness of his escort and of residents at Magungo to pass through a district where "they would all be killed." Nothing was left, therefore, but to retrace his steps, and, after a northerly course, to strike the river at the earliest point. This was done at Apuddo, the junction of the Un-y-ame with the Nile, in latitude three degrees and thirty-two minutes north.

The lake was named in honor of the late Prince Consort.

The natives on the march were by turns either frightened or conciliated with gifts of copper bracelets and beads; but one chief asked for spirit, and Mr. Baker, giving him a bottle of spirits of wine, was amazed to see him drink the whole off in one draught, with no more perceptible effect than if it had been water. The Latookas are described as fine looking men, averaging five feet eleven and one-half inches in height, with neat stockaded villages, and wearing a helmet grown upon the head. This curious ornament is a work of art:

**A NATURAL HELMET.**

European ladies would be startled at the fact that to perfect the *coiffure* of a

man requires a period of from eight to ten years! However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary. The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets, all of which are formed of their own hair, and are of course fixtures. At first sight it appears incredible, but a minute examination shows the wonderful perseverance of years in producing what must be highly inconvenient. The thick, crisp wool is woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick network of felt. As the hair grows through this matted substance it is submitted to the same process, until, in the course of years, a compact substance is formed like a strong felt, about an inch a half thick, that has been trained into the shape of a helmet. A strong rim, of about two inches deep, is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about a foot in length, forms the crest. The framework of the helmet being at length completed, it must be perfected by an arrangement of beads, should the owner of the head be sufficiently rich to indulge in the coveted distinction. The beads most in fashion are the red and the blue porcelain, about the size of small peas. These are sewn on the surface of the felt, and so beautifully arranged in sections of blue and red that the entire helmet appears to be formed of beads; and the handsome crest of polished copper, surmounted by ostrich plumes, gives a most dignified and martial appearance to this elaborate head-dress. No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie shells stitched around the rim so as to form a solid edge.

With a chief of this tribe, named Commoro, Mr. Baker had an interesting conversation. The Englishman had noticed that the dead were always exhumed, and suspected the existence of some inchoate idea of the resurrection. Commoro, however, declared that he held man to be a weak sort of beast, much weaker than an ox, and often less sensible, the ox getting food without sowing and gave the following sketch of his system of ethics and idea of the resurrection:

**AFRICAN THEOLOGY.**

Do you see no difference in good and bad actions? Commoro—Yes, there are good and bad in men and beasts.

Do you think that a good man and a bad must share the same fate, and alike die, and end? Commoro—Yes; what else can they do? How can they help dying? Good and bad all die.

Their bodies perish, but their spirits remain; the good in happiness, the bad in misery. If you have no belief in a future state, why should a man be good? Why should he not be bad, if he can prosper by wickedness? Commoro—Most people are bad; if they are strong they take from the weak. The good people are all weak; they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad.

Some corn had been taken out of a sack for the horses, and a few grains lying scattered on the ground, I tried the beautiful metaphor of St. Paul as an example of a future state. Making a small hole with my finger in the ground, I placed a grain within it: That, I said, represents you when you die. Covering it with earth, I continued, That grain will decay, but from it will rise the plant that will produce a reappearance of the original form.—Commoro: Exactly so; that I understand. But the original grain does not rise again; it rots like the dead man, and is ended; the fruit produced is not the same grain that we buried, but the production of that grain; so it is with man—I die and decay, and am ended; but my children grow up like the fruit of the grain. Some men have no children, and some grains perish without fruit; then all are ended.

**WOMAN ASKING FOR THE BALLOT IN ENGLAND.**—Mr. John Stuart Mill has presented in the House of Commons a petition in favor of the extension of the suffrage to female resident householders. It was signed, he showed, by eleven hundred and fifty ladies belonging to the upper and middle classes, all of whom gave their address.

**FALLING OFF OF CHILDREN BORN IN CONNECTICUT.**—A curious fact is stated in the report of the Board of Education, which is also noticed in the report of the State Librarian, on births, marriages, and deaths, to the effect that the relative number of children in the State has been steadily diminished during the past forty years. The per centage of children to the population has fallen off from 30.59 in 1820, to 22.92 in 1860, a relative loss of eight per cent.

**RESULTS OF FORTY-NINE YEARS' WARFARE.**

Between the years 1815 and 1864, 2,782,000 men were killed in battle. Of these 2,148,000 were Europeans, and 164,000 inhabitants of the other continents. Thus, during forty-nine years the average annual number who thus perished amounts to 43,800 men, not including the victims of disease engendered by the consequences of war. The Crimean war (1853-56) was naturally the most destructive, 511,000 men having perished during its course; 176,000 of these died on the field of battle; 334,000 from disease in hospital—256,000 being Russians, 98,000 Turks, 107,000 French, 45,000 English, 2,600 Italians and 2,500 Greeks. The war in the Caucasus (1849-60) cost the lives of 330,000; the Anglo-Indian war (1857-59), 196,000; the Russian and Turkish war (1728-29), 193,000; the Polish insurrection of 1831, 190,000; the civil war of Spain, which raged from 1833 to 1840, 172,000; the war of Greek independence (1821-29), to which Lord Byron fell a victim, 148,000; the various French campaigns in Algeria, from 1830 to 1850, 146,000; the Hungarian revolution, 152,000; the Italian war of 1859-60, 120,874, which last number may be thus analyzed—96,874 fell on the field of battle, and 33,000 died of disease; of these 49,694 were Austrians, 30,220 French, 23,600 Italians, 14,010 Neapolitans, and 2,370 Romans.

A curious result may be deduced from the above—namely, that a greater number perish by the disease incident to a camp life than are actually killed by shot and shell or any other engine of destruction.

As to the sums of money swallowed up by these wars, it is impossible to arrive at anything approaching a correct calculation. The Crimean war cost Russia 2,328 millions of francs (one million of francs is equal to \$200,000), France 1,348 millions, England 1,320 millions, Turkey 1,000 millions, Austria, for mere demonstrations, 470 millions. Thus, in two years and a half, 6,466 million francs were spent. The Italian war of 1859 cost France 345 millions, Austria 730 millions, Italy 410 millions. Thus in two months 1,458 millions were swallowed up.

How does the *Columbus Golden Age*, published at Columbus, Nebraska Territory, print so fairly about the "Mormons," and tell so much truth about the Gentiles and their infamous plans, as it does in the following extract from that paper?

**HYPOCRISY.**—Some puritanical creature who is secretary of a publishing association, sends us a pamphlet from New York City, labelled, "The Shame and Sins of Utah." It tries to make believe that the Mormons are all devils and the Gentiles all angels. We don't believe the mewling hypocrite. There are good and bad in both communities. If those New York philanthropists want work to do, let them cleanse their city of its sinks of iniquity and its hell-holes of debauchery, such as line the Bowery and Broadway, and even reach far up their aristocratic Fifth Avenue. This done, they might proceed westward—not forgetting the saintly (!) city of Boston—until Chicago is reached, after which they can strike for "Hell's Roost" (Omaha), and afterwards move through Columbus, Kearny and Denver, for the favored land that now seems to fire up their puny wrath. It seems to us that those villanous schemers are on the scent of big contracts and big bounties, and so the cowards are eager for a paper war on Utah, to end in bloodshed and plunder. Have we not had enough of that, you public plunderers—?

Send us, individually, no more of your trash.—[*Columbus Golden Age*.]

**EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.**—There recently occurred one of the most extraordinary railway accidents on the Great Northern, twenty miles from London, ever heard of. A goods train, from some accident to the machinery, broke down and stopped in a tunnel. In twenty minutes another train with merchandise smashed into it, and in a few minutes more a Scotch dead meat train—loaded with beef, mutton, &c.—added its wreck to the others. One man was killed and one desperately injured. There were no passengers, and the engineers and fireman all escaped. The trains caught fire from the engines; there was a quantity of oil and other combustibles, and soon the trains, goods, beef and mutton were all in one great roaring furnace, smoke and flames rushing up a shaft from the center of the funnel. The fire burnt all day and then it took 24 hours, day and night, to clear the track of the ruins.