

# Via RHODESIA



CHARLOTTE  
MANSFIELD



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

*Marie*

*to*

*and.*











VIA RHODESIA







# VIA RHODESIA

A JOURNEY  
THROUGH SOUTHERN AFRICA

BY  
CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD

WITH 144 ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS

LONDON  
STANLEY PAUL & CO.





DT  
959  
M31v

I SHOULD like to give my heartiest thanks to all those kind friends who have helped me with photographs, information, and hospitality. Words seem so weak to express all that I owe; I can only say I owe a debt of gratitude which I can never hope to repay. I must also acknowledge my indebtedness to the "Daily News" and "Daily Telegraph" in respect to letters quoted in this volume.

C. M.



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. WHY? . . . . .	1
II. THE MAILBOAT . . . . .	15
III. THE CAPE . . . . .	22
IV. DIAMONDS AND ORCHARDS . . . . .	39
V. BULAWAYO . . . . .	48
VI. KHAMI RUINS . . . . .	59
VII. A GRANITE TOMB . . . . .	69
VIII. SALISBURY—UMTALI . . . . .	75
IX. EDUCATED NATIVES . . . . .	97
X. A LECTURE . . . . .	113
XI. "SMOKE THAT SOUNDS" . . . . .	119
XII. LIVINGSTONE . . . . .	141
XIII. AGRICULTURE . . . . .	151
XIV. MINING . . . . .	158
XV. AT RAIL HEAD . . . . .	160
XVI. COTTON-GROWING . . . . .	169
XVII. THE MACHILLA . . . . .	172
XVIII. SUNSET AND LIGHTNING . . . . .	176
XIX. CAMP-FIRES . . . . .	184
XX. LONELINESS . . . . .	193
XXI. THE MEDICINE-CHEST . . . . .	203
XXII. TOBACCO-GROWING . . . . .	210
XXIII. NATIVE VILLAGES . . . . .	214
XXIV. SERENJE . . . . .	226

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXV. CAUGHT IN THE DARK . . . . .	236
XXVI. NATIVE CUSTOMS . . . . .	243
XXVII. CHILONGA MISSION . . . . .	254
XXVIII. LIONS . . . . .	260
XXIX. CHAMBEZI RIVER . . . . .	267
XXX. A BURLESQUE . . . . .	276
XXXI. A COURT CASE . . . . .	284
XXXII. TANGANYIKA . . . . .	297
XXXIII. SUCCESSFUL CATTLE-BREEDING . . . . .	310
XXXIV. JUDGE AND HANGMAN . . . . .	320
XXXV. THE WITCH-DOCTOR . . . . .	327
XXXVI. LAKE NYASA . . . . .	339
XXXVII. ZOMBA . . . . .	354
XXXVIII. THE EAST COAST . . . . .	373
XXXIX. BEWARE OF YOUR FRIENDS . . . . .	398
XL. BACK TO SUNSHINE . . . . .	405
APPENDIX A . . . . .	411
APPENDIX B . . . . .	415
APPENDIX C . . . . .	420
APPENDIX D . . . . .	421
INDEX . . . . .	423

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Author with her Caravan . . . . .	xiii
Map of Rhodesia . . . . .	<i>To face</i> 1
Moonlight . . . . .	16
Breakers . . . . .	19
Cape Town Docks . . . . .	23
Mail Train at Cape Town Docks . . . . .	25
Cape Town and Table Mountain . . . . .	27
Adderley Street, Cape Town . . . . .	31
Groote Schuur . . . . .	35
Entrance to Michell Pass . . . . .	41
Paintings in Bushman Cave on Mt. Silozwane . . . . .	45
The Author arriving in Bulawayo . . . . .	49
Fowls in Rhodesia . . . . .	53
Successful Poultry Farming near Bulawayo . . . . .	54
Main Street in Bulawayo . . . . .	57
Khami Ruins, Rhodesia . . . . .	60
Khami Ruins, Rhodesia . . . . .	62
Khami Ruins, Rhodesia . . . . .	64
Tree Fern . . . . .	70
Rhodes's Funeral . . . . .	71
The Grave of Rhodes . . . . .	73
Paintings in Bushman Cave on Mt. Silozwane . . . . .	74
Archery Club at Salisbury . . . . .	76
Lady Milton . . . . .	77
Post Office at Marandellas . . . . .	78
Umzingwame River . . . . .	79
Twenty Miles from Bulawayo . . . . .	83
A Matabele Kraal . . . . .	86

	PAGE
A Mashona Kraal . . . . .	88
Goldminers' Camp . . . . .	92
The "Old Days." Mail Coach starting from Bulawayo for Salisbury . . . . .	95
Catholic Church, Bulawayo . . . . .	114
Medal designed by Mr. John Tweed . . . . .	117
H.M. the King of the Belgians at Victoria Falls . . . . .	119
"Housemaids" at Victoria Falls Hotel . . . . .	120
Professor Beattie carrying out a Magnetic Survey . . . . .	121
At Kandahar Island . . . . .	122
Crocodile shot on Railway Bridge at Victoria Falls . . . . .	123
Baobab Tree . . . . .	124
In the Palm Kloof . . . . .	125
Main Falls . . . . .	129
Victoria Falls from Knife-Edge . . . . .	133
Zambesi River above the Falls . . . . .	136
The "Boiling-Pot" . . . . .	137
Cream of Tartar Tree . . . . .	139
The "Smoke that Sounds" . . . . .	140
An Artist's Corner . . . . .	142
H.H. the Administrator and Mrs. Wallace . . . . .	143
Drilling . . . . .	149
Preparing to drag the Coach through the Floods . . . . .	160
The Postmaster in Difficulties . . . . .	161
Dragging the Coach through the Floods . . . . .	163
At Kafue Bridge . . . . .	164
Mansfield Lodge, Broken Hill . . . . .	166
Postillon d'Amour from Livingstone . . . . .	167
The Author's First Attempt at Cleaning Mealie-meal . . . . .	170
My Carriers . . . . .	174
Little "Ugly" and the Friendly Donkey . . . . .	177
Where the "Plaque" Fashion originated . . . . .	179
Palm Trees . . . . .	187
Traps for Catching Birds . . . . .	191
Trap for Catching Small Game . . . . .	195
Drawing Water from a Well . . . . .	198

# List of Illustrations

xi

PAGE

The Cotton Plant . . . . .	200
The Author's Medicine-chest . . . . .	203
Crossing Lusenfwa River . . . . .	204
A Native Pipe . . . . .	207
Native Village, near Serenje . . . . .	217
Post Carriers with Armed Escort . . . . .	220
Author crossing the Lukasashi River . . . . .	223
Court House, Serenje . . . . .	229
Serenje Residency . . . . .	231
In the Garden at Serenje . . . . .	233
Woman with Ear Ornaments . . . . .	245
Barber's Shop in the Wilds . . . . .	249
Chilonga Mission Station . . . . .	257
Post Office, M'pika . . . . .	261
Tiles Drying at M'pika . . . . .	263
Preparing to cross Chambezi River . . . . .	269
Caravan crossing Chambezi River . . . . .	271
Chanda Makuba, Chieftainess of Chanda . . . . .	272
Natives on their way to my Camp to trade . . . . .	274
Rukulu River . . . . .	275
Klipspringer . . . . .	279
Waterbuck . . . . .	281
Kasama Boma . . . . .	285
Mr. Averay Jones with his Hunting Trophies . . . . .	286
Sawing Mahogany . . . . .	288
Awemba Girl . . . . .	291
Awemba Dance, Chipalu Village . . . . .	293
Native Bridge . . . . .	295
Indaba of Chiefs held at Kalungwisi, 1908 . . . . .	299
Native Group . . . . .	301
In the Sleeping-Sickness Camp . . . . .	303
The new Carriers . . . . .	308
A Successful Cattle-breeder in N.E. Rhodesia . . . . .	311
Cattle-herd in N.E. Rhodesia . . . . .	313
Fine Cows in N.E. Rhodesia . . . . .	315
Building Barricades against Lions, N.E. Rhodesia . . . . .	317

	PAGE
A Man-Lion . . . . .	318
On the Banks of Rukulu River, B.C.A. . . . .	321
Armadillos . . . . .	323
Natives running to see Lion just killed . . . . .	325
At Liwonde River, taking Hippo out . . . . .	327
Place for offering Sacrifices to departed Chiefs, Lower Shire River . . . . .	329
Native Village near Karonga, B.C.A. . . . .	331
Mr. Stuart Wells in Camp, B.C.A. . . . .	334
Sable Antelope . . . . .	340
Eland shot near Karonga, B.C.A. . . . .	341
Mr. Wells' Piccanin . . . . .	343
Native Hut, B.C.A. . . . .	344
The One-pole Machilla . . . . .	347
Between Abercorn and Karonga on the Rukuru River . . . . .	351
My Sleeping-Sickness Certificate . . . . .	353
Native Painting on Hut . . . . .	355
View from Government House, Zomba, B.C.A. . . . .	357
Bush-fire in Central Africa at Night . . . . .	361
Trout snapping Flies, Zomba Mountain, B.C.A. . . . .	363
Cotton-plucking Shed . . . . .	364
River Shire at Chiromo, Nyasaland . . . . .	365
At the Saw Mills . . . . .	367
River Shire above Murchison Rapids . . . . .	369
Lighter with Natives . . . . .	371
Natives Returning after dragging us off . . . . .	372
Chinde Harbour, with River-boats . . . . .	373
"Landmark" off Chinde . . . . .	374
A Living Lighter at Mozambique . . . . .	375
Entrance to Fort, Mozambique . . . . .	376
Zanzibar Women hiding from Kodak . . . . .	377
Native Divers at Zanzibar . . . . .	379
Beautiful Door at Zanzibar . . . . .	380
Road to Bu-U-Bub, Zanzibar . . . . .	381
Native School in Zanzibar . . . . .	382
The Bridge, Zanzibar . . . . .	385



# List of Illustrations

xiii

	PAGE
Native Merry-go-round, Aden . . . . .	383
Port Doctor at Suez . . . . .	387
Mohammedan Woman buying Fruit, Zanzibar . . . . .	388
Harbour of Tanga . . . . .	389
Dædalus Lighthouse . . . . .	392
Signal Station in Suez Canal . . . . .	393
Selling Coffee in the Street, Port Said . . . . .	395
Tramway, Port Said . . . . .	396
Mohammedan Women in Zanzibar . . . . .	397
Fire-drill on board " Kronprinz " . . . . .	406
Wanting to Shoot Rhino off Cape Verde . . . . .	407
Good-bye . . . . .	410
Map of Rhodesia . . . . .	<i>At end</i>



THE AUTHOR WITH HER CARAVAN



# VIA RHODESIA

## CHAPTER I

### *Why?*

VIA youth to experience, via sacrifice to strength, via the offshoots of knowledge gleaned from others to the permanent establishment of a nation made happy through those pioneer efforts—how long the journey sounds ! but every footstep of individual honest endeavour must mean advancement ; and verily via the Colonies must one go to knit closer the rivet-work of the Old Country's supremacy.

Nor is supremacy all. It avails nothing to reach the mountain-top if one finds loneliness and misery there. The happiness of the multitude, the comfort of the people, this is more to be desired than the glittering uniforms of conquering armies ; the locked-up wealth of a country should be, not jewels in coffers, but bloom in the faces of that country's inhabitants, health in the bodies, peace in the minds.

When one speaks of the people of one's Country, one is so apt to think of just the Capital and its inhabitants. One's Country means THE WHOLE—just as Great Britain may be likened to a live human being with England for its heart, the Colonies for its limbs.

Why did I wish to visit Rhodesia ? I had heard of its vast, empty lands ; I lived for the greater part of

the year in London, and felt too keenly the pressure of human life around, daily noted the suffocation, hourly became more and more conscious of the terrible octopus which compressed life breeds, not only in London but in all densely populated areas, an octopus with fascinating eyes, far-extended arms, and death-dealing jaws. Darkest Africa?—oh, how he who has been there must laugh at this description! Africa, with the sun always shining, Africa, with the free air for all! Darkest England, rather—yes, deadly dark, where starvation, called by the authorities consumption, is a shadow always at your heels—darkest England, with its crushed, seething masses, whose ideas are crippled for want of space in which to develop, whose bodies are maimed for lack of room for growth, not only maimed but murdered—darkest England, where death is ; where the unwanted baby is overlain—there being too many to feed already—the hungry mother refusing food—the famished father sinking to crime, the woman sold, why? why? TOO MANY FOR TOO LITTLE, London the vampire, life the victim.

Dregs are ugly ; the lowest stratum of a city is mud ; but it is in the rank above the gutter-wanderers where real suffering bites with sharpest teeth, where the brain, having received a little culture, knows contrast, and the heart aches, not with selfishness but with pity.

There are three stages of contemplation for these humans : the PAST—a memory of pain endured for self and as a helpless witness of suffering in others ; the PRESENT, a warfare with Fate, a clinging on like leeches to the little earned, fear in the eyes, half turned for ever towards that dread shadow, UNCERTAINTY, which never leaves the half-starved underpaid worker, as to how long the wage will continue, how long the strength will endure.

THE FUTURE ? Ah, if one grain of wisdom lurks within that tired brain, here contemplation ends ; one must not think of the dread possibilities of the future, or additional doubt and dread will rob the fingers of the strength to earn now, and fear, torturing one's mind with wasp-like stings, will make the eyes burn daily without tears. The future ? Others have got through—well, perhaps—why not we ?

Search the whole world over, the same condition of life prevails—viz., whenever human beings live too closely together misery, poverty, disease, and premature death are the result. I know nothing of political economy, but I have heard that one of its doctrines is, that population is wealth ; I should imagine the quality of the population counted somewhat, but in any case, how terrible to think that the wealth of the nation depends on the misery of the individual !

Population may mean in an abstruse way prosperity, but population, to mean individual happiness, must be planted out ; anyone who knows anything of gardening will understand what I mean.

How is it possible to plant out the poor bruised human plants of our great cities ?

There are hospitals, but no casual wards, for the lower middle classes ; the dregs may cling together, and rot or roam, and be fed at each workhouse, or beg from the charitable, or steal from the rich—but for the lower middle classes there is little charity, nothing but work ; they must not leave it, they dare not, and they are lucky if the work does not leave them. Then also they must strive to save, knowing too well that saving will avail little as an income for old age. Usually Fate is kind, and kills off the worker before middle age is passed, the few pounds saved going to the next-of-kin—a wind-fall—yet only enough to keep him or her in misery and

out of luxury for a longer period than the deceased who earned it.

How little we can do in England with a hundred pounds ! Yet in N.E. Rhodesia I stayed at one prosperous farm, owned by a man who started only seven years ago with a capital of £50 and the loan of a hundred head of cattle from the Government ; he now has 750 head of cattle—but more of this farm anon.<sup>1</sup>

With each human being born into the world comes with the breath of life a spark of hope ; how terrible is the daily, hourly murder of that hope by the suffocation caused by overcrowded existence ! “ Too many in the field,” is the cry for ever rising up as the many sink down.

There is more real tragedy in the life of the poor worker who lacks the extra sixpence necessary for an evening bus drive on a hot summer's evening, than in that of the actual penniless one who breaks stones for a morning meal at a workhouse, and compared with that of an African native—but no, there is no comparison, for all natives are contented and happy, unless unnecessary education has been forced upon them.

How drab is the existence of those workers, too, who dare not walk in the parks because boots wear out too quickly, and who rarely read, even cheap literature, because eyesight is so precious and must be guarded and kept for work !

No sunshine, little love, only a glimpse of what life might be, and the bitter knowledge of what it is not : this is the life of the white worker in a white man's country.

What is the use of free education to people who have no room in which to work after that education has been obtained ? They must have space for development, space for the growth of body and mind. It is

<sup>1</sup> See page 310.

demoralising to know that every situation one obtains means disappointment and perhaps starvation for the unsuccessful applicants. Such a condition of things can only be termed the cannibalism of commerce.

Where to place the many humans who daily tread on each other's heels and snatch each other's bread, and how, is the question.

Socialists, I fancy, have grotesque ideas of turning palaces into doss-houses, and wish to divide up the accumulated wealth of past workers. This also would be demoralising ; one must work, not thieve. If socialists wanted really to help their fellow-creatures, they should preach the doctrine of pioneering ; let them teach how to make bricks and build palaces for oneself in the open spaces of the world. If the energy they use in denouncing ground landlords, and enviously slandering capitalists (who after all help the world considerably by employing labour), could be used instead to denounce the wasted wealth spent annually by foreign missions on happy blacks abroad, while the whites at home are starving, then funds might be raised wherewith the needy white could reach those open spaces where sunshine, health, and the possibility of living, await him.

One Sunday afternoon I listened to a Hyde Park orator denouncing South African millionaires. He was a fat, lazy-looking man with envy and malice writ large all over him ; his speech was silly, but he obtained a hearing, and pride of publicity is usually all a street-orator desires. Sneers against riches were probably all that was left for him ; the man at the next pitch had cornered royalty, while religion, atheism, politics, and servants' privileges had their exponents a little further on.

The man expressed the wish to annex the gold and



diamond mines, and reduce the owners to the level of miners, "just to show them what work meant," with a move of his fat hand, that knew nothing of manual labour yet. "Pay off the National Debt and then give every working man free beer." The connection between the different propositions and results was vague, but the hearers, fancying something might be got for nothing, liked the suggestion, and as I turned away and walked down Park Lane (which has by some been renamed High Street, Johannesburg), I thought, the man is right on one point: wealth can be and has been made in South Africa. Now, if a few have made so much, surely there is room and opportunity for many to make a little!

It is quite erroneous to suppose that everybody wants to be rich, the majority only desire sufficient for the present and a small certainty in the future.

Africa is usually associated in the mind with only three things: mines, murders, and missionaries—gold and diamonds, slaughter of game, and pennies collected by sleek gentlemen who tell funny stories in Sunday-schools on Sunday afternoons about the conversion of the poor blacks in Darkest Africa.

Now when the Hyde Park orator spoke in millions, breathed gold and airily washed a regiment of soldiers, "not in blood, friends, not in blood, but diamonds," with many waves of his fat hands, then how I wished back in my pocket again the few pennies taken from me in my youth wherewith to buy Bibles for blacks, for I concluded that here indeed was a land to which might be sent the miserable whites, and I always had my doubts about the necessity of Bibles as an aid to the well-being of the blacks. I thought then, as indeed I now do more than ever, that what was really wanted was, not a Missionary Sunday, but an Emigration Sunday in ad-



dition to a Hospital Sunday, and perhaps some day the latter might be abolished, for the planting out of the many must mean improved health for both those who go and those who remain.

There are many organisations dealing with emigration. The Salvation Army is doing splendid work with regard to emigration of a certain class, and its aid is not restricted to members of the Salvation Army. It arranges for a great number of emigrants to go to Canada at reduced fares ; but Canada has bitterly cold winters, and to many who have lived in poverty in overcrowded areas cold means worse than death, for it promises a seemingly endless misery.

Africa offers sunshine, but Africa is far away, and when I made inquiries as to the cheapest way to get there, how one could live when one got there, in short, what prospects this vast land of sunshine held out to the small capitalist who wished to emigrate or the penniless worker who needed the sunshine and space so badly, I found that very little literature to throw light on the subject was obtainable, because the books on Africa dealt chiefly with sport, war, or mission enterprise.

The more I thought of the subject, the stranger it seemed to me that England should own such vast tracts of land abroad about which the average man knows so little, while at home a huge population was herded together with less food and in a more confined area than was allowed the heathen Chinaman in his comfortable quarters on the Rand.

Why is it that in England there exist so many so-called charitable persons who, instead of helping the poor at home, are only willing to put their hands into their pockets to assist people of another colour and a different race ? Or, again, so many others who, in-

different to the crying needs of the multitude around them, spend all their indignation on the atrocities supposed to be committed in a land with which they have no concern, or base their political quarrels upon foreign or colonial subjects about which they know nothing at all, and which should be left to the men on the spot—many of whom are our own flesh and blood—and are in the best position to judge? Have these people become cruel slavedrivers because they have emigrated, because they are building up the real foundation of Empire in hard, steady work? It seems to me that people in England do not see the irony and sarcasm of their ideas.

The answers to the above questions are difficult to find, and cannot be traced in the region of either common sense or humanity.

After thinking over the question of Rhodesia as a possible settling-place for the middle classes who find life such a struggle in England, I decided that it would be a good thing to go—not for sport, but to try to gather together those little details which perhaps would help intending emigrants, and from a woman's point of view ascertain the possibility of Rhodesia as a good settling-ground for women. I read both Grogan's and Mary Hall's book on a Cape to Cairo journey, and found that neither of these travellers had given the reader any idea of what lay beyond the railway terminus; both had in fact somewhat neglected Rhodesia, and neither had accomplished the trip from Capetown to Cairo in one journey, which feat I felt I should like to try to accomplish. The scheme was certainly ambitious, and rather savoured of an amateur starting by playing Hamlet, for I had never been inside a tent in my life, or spoken to a native, while both of the travellers I have mentioned spent much time in Africa preparatory to commencing their long journey.

I mentioned my thoughts on the matter to a certain political celebrity of South African fame, when he called on me, and instead of ridiculing my ambition he said : " Well, why not ? it is no more than Mary Kingsley could have done, and you would be certain to get on with the natives. I would not let the idea slide if I were you."

And I didn't.

Then began the making of preparations, which was no small matter to one whose longest sea journey had been a journey of twelve hours, and who knew nothing of camp life. I asked the advice of those who did and those who did not know, the result being some unnecessary luggage and the omission of many simple but extremely useful articles. I shall never forget how Selous laughed when I afterwards related to him how I went away without a tin-opener and regretted the number of spears spoilt over Hunter's useful, but securely closed, tins of food.

Cameras, of course, would be essential, and I purchased two Kodaks : one postcard size and the other a No. 1A with Goerz lens. I had so far never taken a photograph in my life, and started straight away practising on the ducks in Regent's Park ; but November light in London is not encouraging, and I looked forward to making better pictures when I should reach the land of sunshine. I found the Kodak easy to manage, but the instructions one receives in England with regard to time, stops, etc., are of little value when one gets to South Africa, for there the light is constantly changing and cannot be depended on to the same extent as in Egypt. I would advise the purchase of a No. 4 or 4A with a good lens and a stand. Films should be taken in small tins, and it is important to see that the sticking-plaster prevents air or moisture getting in between the lid and the tin itself. It is a very useful little tip to have a roll of

half-inch and a roll of one-inch sticking-plaster always handy for similar purposes.

I wished to keep the details and plans of my journey a secret until I was ready to leave. But put not your trust in journalists! Having given some particulars to one man, with a promise to grant an interview before leaving, I found, to my amazement, that every word I had said was printed with fantastical additions in the next morning's paper! Then I was besieged with interviewers, while cameras blocked the staircase and flashlight horrors were forced upon me.

Apropos of this, I must relate an amusing little incident that happened at this time. I was travelling to the City in the Tube, when an elderly woman opposite me nudged her companion to look at an illustrated paper she was holding, and observed in audible tones: "This woman is going to try to get from the Cape to Cairo without any white companions with her. Well, with a face like that I should say she would be safe anywhere." It required an effort not to laugh outright. How surprised the good soul would have been had she discovered the identity of her *vis-à-vis*.

Although not ambitious so far as the shooting of big game was concerned, I decided that it would be useful, both for protection and to fill the pot, to know something of fire-arms, and I therefore had some practice at Mr. Lancaster's shooting grounds near Wembley Hill. I used to start off by an early morning train from the Great Central Station, at least it was early for a winter's morning, but I found the cold walk from Wembley Hill to the shooting grounds delightfully exhilarating, and only growled when fog or rain made shooting an impossibility. I practised with a Webley revolver, and a 20-bore double shot-gun, .303 rifle and .470 cordite. My practice with the latter was purely experimental, as

I had no intention of taking such expensive weapons with me.

Naturally all my friends tried to dissuade me from attempting the journey. One kind Major who had been as far as Mafeking talked of the horrors of camp-life for an hour, and both acquaintances and strangers wrote and warned me, quoting every crime that police news has or has not reported or hinted at. Some dear women's remarks were very quaint. At a certain farewell dinner-party one lady observed in a very agitated manner: "But if only you had a squint you might be safe, if only you had a squint! But of course with your coloured hair all the chiefs will want to marry you!"

The word "chief" is suggestive of a gorgeous potentate in silken robes and glittering jewels, but the only chiefs I met affected cloth made from the bark of trees or mouldy-looking skins, and seemed quite contented with their dusky brides.

Women who had lived in India, and knew only natives who had been contaminated by education and made criminals through too many privileges, bade me good-bye as if I were going to certain death.

Very amusing were some of the letters received from men who wished to accompany me. Some sent medical certificates and chest measurements, others clergymen's references; one, a butcher, wished to come to cut up rations for my carriers. As the only cutting up that had to be done was the cutting up of limbo (calico) which they received and which they exchanged for food, I do not quite see how I could have availed myself of this kind butcher gentleman's services. One woman wrote offering to go with me "to fold my dresses"; she requested me to address my reply to "Post Office, ——", adding that she was married, but hoped I would regard her letter as strictly secret and confidential. Needless to say I did



not assist in this domestic tragedy by accepting her brilliant offer.

Another mysterious woman called, and refusing to give my maid her name, insisted on seeing me. It seems she thought I was connected with an Emigration Society, and had come with the intention of seeking my advice and telling me the story of her life ; but when she saw me she concluded I was too young to be told, and after thanking me for seeing her she went away, and I am still wondering what that story was.

Perhaps the prettiest letter came from a little boy in Detroit, U.S.A., who wanted me to take him to see an African jungle. He said he would ask his aunt for the money, and he seemed convinced he would get it, but if I could not take him, would I accept a belt ? The offer of a belt as a consolation prize for the loss of his companionship was droll.

Then, the number of firms who wanted to use me as a sandwich board for the advertising of their wares ! The correspondence was colossal, and my flat small—one enterprising shipbuilder wanted to send me a dozen different samples of collapsible boats.

In fact, so much inconvenience did I suffer from would-be generous donors, that I positively fled from London long before I otherwise should have done, being advised that the rains were falling in South Africa and that in consequence travelling by caravan would be practically impossible for at least another two months. I came to the conclusion that while waiting in South Africa for the rains to cease I should have an opportunity of studying Southern Rhodesia before proceeding north, and therefore booked my passage by the Union Castle liner "Briton," advertised to sail on January 9th.

One of the most amusing farewell telegrams was

a reply - paid one from the Editor of "Pearson's Weekly" :—

"Reply paid 36 words

"Charlotte Mansfield

"Could you persuade leading suffragettes to go with you ? Please reply."

I replied that I should be sorry to deprive the English of their most exciting topic of conversation. Requests from other editors were even more amazing : one made the proposition that I should contrive to be lost for six weeks and let him have the first wire on being "found," while another one was willing to pay a big price for stories, "preferably of an exciting and peculiar nature." While on my journey, the only English papers to which I sent any contributions were the "African World," the Manchester "Daily Despatch," and the "Grand Magazine." To no paper was I bound.

As a free agent, able to give unbiassed opinions, I set forth on my journey armed with introductions from the Chartered Company, from the courteous editor of the "African World," and from many private friends.

It is very dull for strangers to be forced to look through family albums, or read descriptions of merely social functions in which they took no part, so I will pass over the day of my departure. Not that I was not proud of the many evidences of good wishes, displayed not only by the presence of so large a gathering of friends to see the train leave Waterloo, but also by the many beautiful flowers sent me by my friends the Piccadilly flower-girls, for which my heart was full of gratitude.

Cutting off a dog's tail by degrees is a painful and not a pretty action, and prolonged partings are to be deplored. Therefore, soon after lunch on board the "Briton,"

and long before the signal was given for departure, my friends bade me adieu, and I was left alone on that mighty vessel, knowing not a soul, and full of wonder as to what the future held.

It is a great saving clause in one's nature to have a sense of humour. Perhaps a tear would have fallen had not the remark of one of the passengers turned a sigh to a smile. A young woman near me observed to a man by her side, "What a long way out of the water the boat is ; I suppose it is low tide."

The afternoon was grey as only an English afternoon in January can be, and the spectators on shore shivered with cold as they waited what seemed an endless time, until the heart of the boat began to beat and the "Briton" moved slowly, majestically out into the unknown waters, unknown at any rate to me.



## CHAPTER II

### *The Mailboat*

T IRED out with the many fatiguing preparations I had made, I found the rest on the "Briton" an absolute godsend. Nowhere in the whole world is there such a rest to be found as on a big liner when the sea behaves, except perhaps among the wilds, three or four hundred miles from a railway, where there is absolute freedom from the fetters of society.

The second day at sea the steward came to me to know if the boxes of Cerebos salt amongst my luggage were for use during the voyage! I told him if any of the passengers required salt-water baths I should be only too pleased to place the salt at his disposal; but the steward must have been Scotch; he didn't smile as he said "Thank you." The genial captain, however, was much amused when I related the incident to him.

The boat was by no means full, but everyone seemed bent on giving a good time to the others. An amusing play was written by the editor of a Johannesburg paper, who, with his pretty bride, was returning to the Rand. The performance of that piece (on the only rough night of the journey) gave great pleasure to many. Then, too, there were the usual sports, with heaps of prizes, and one and all joined in throwing rope rings into a bucket, or tried to chalk the pig's eye. How many people there are who, wherever they go, must have some sort of active amusement, and have no appreciation whatever

of peaceful passive pleasure, as, for instance, at night. Surely one can play cards and dance sufficiently on land ; at sea it seems almost a sacrilege to mar the



MOONLIGHT

serenity of such wondrous peace. However, each one is free to do as he or she lists, and it is possible to leave the chattering crowd and artificial lights, and, wandering to a deserted part of the deck, feast on the sumptuous glory of a silver night at sea—the ever-moving, ever-shining phosphorus on the waves below, the glitter of the stars above, the clean cool air filling one's nostrils, and the exhilarating feeling that one is riding through the ocean, yes, riding rather than being carried. Space is ours

and eternity dwells near ; for myriads of years the waves have been lapping, and for centuries to come the waters will continue to roll. How great is the grandeur of perpetual motion ! and the waters are that and more ; their power is omnipotent ; life dances around, but life continues only at the will of those waves, death lies beneath that glittering moonlit surface, death and the buried hopes of many.

I must confess to a great disappointment in the Southern Cross. I had expected the dazzling splendour of a perfect cross formed of many brilliant stars, instead of which one sees only four, with sometimes an intruding fifth. It was only later that I learned its fascination, when in the wilds it seemed to create a homely feeling, a feeling of knowing where you are. Whenever you look to the stars, which in the southern hemisphere seem much brighter, you always turn again unconsciously to the Cross. Yet still, never do I see it without associating it with Mr. Dick's kite in "David Copperfield"; especially when it lies on its side, one wonders who holds the string.

It is not within the power of all to take a long sea voyage, but it seems incredible that so many people should year after year flock to France for a holiday instead of occasionally taking a trip to Madeira or Teneriffe. The sea voyage affords such a complete change, and is therefore more restful to mind and body than an hour on a choppy channel followed by the many hours of a tedious train-journey.

And what a gem of earth set in the sea the beautiful little island of Madeira is, with its fairy mountains topped by fleecy clouds, the perfume of the flowers coming out to the sea to greet you, as though the land were waving a scented handkerchief of welcome, the valleys suggesting that they have dug their way into the hill-sides with flower-sheathed swords, purple shadows hovering near, while high above is a wonderful canopy of blue. The sky seems happy to look on so lovely a land; smiles of sunshine are everywhere. Dame Nature appears in her happiest mood.

Quite early in the morning small boats put off from the shore, filled with men and boys who for small change thrown from the steamers are willing to turn themselves

into acrobatic fish. How swiftly they dive, and how much better looks their smooth golden-brown skin than the silken and spangled hose of land acrobats! Their limbs are exquisitely shaped. So clear is the water, they quickly find sixpence. For a shilling the smallest boy will climb up the side of the ship and dive from the upper deck.

Madeira is not modern in appearance. Only one small motor-car plies for hire by the shore, but many bullock carts with curtains of gay cretonne are waiting to convey people to the mountain railway.

It is a good plan for passengers who wish to visit Madeira to purchase the tickets which are sold on board; they cost ten shillings, and include a boat to and from the landing-place, railway fare up the mountain, and breakfast at the charming café on the top. If you do not wish to avail yourself of this ten-shilling ticket, but only desire to go ashore, arrange before leaving the liner for return boat fare, and stipulate that the full fare will be paid after return.

The streets one passes through *en route* for the mountain are narrow alleys, and the smiling women, with their gaily-coloured shawls, look like the chorus in a romantic opera; quite pretty, too, are the children who so gracefully toss flowers into your lap as you drive past.

And then as one travels upward in the mountain car, how wonderful it is to turn one's head and behold the vast panorama of restful valleys, while far away on the glittering sea the stately ships are standing still and rigid as mighty sentinels under a dazzling sky. Arrived at the top of the mountain, of course everyone is hungry, or ought to be, and breakfast—what a feast for the gods it is! eaten in the open in the hotel garden. What matter if the waiters fall over each other in their hurry, so long as they do not smash the baskets of eggs which

seem to turn by magic into omelettes? Everyone off the ships in the harbour seems to have arrived at the same moment, and the meal is a scramble; coffee, wine, fish, and fruit ordered by you goes to someone else.



BREAKERS

But the sun shines, the view is glorious, and nothing counts save that.

After breakfast one visits the Falls. It is doubtful if any water will be falling, but again the view is grand, so one excuses the lack of water and goes off to toboggan down the mountain, a mile and a half of bumping from side to side on a wooden sleigh, guided by ropes and drawn by shouting men, who ever and anon pause suddenly and demand money for wine. What a pity the toboggan does not end in a watershute! that and a final swing on to the liner would indeed be a brilliant termination to a delightful morning.

In the meantime, the passengers who chose to remain on board have been well entertained by the boat-loads



of would-be traders who have come on board with wicker chairs, lace, and many other articles for sale. Do not buy any canaries, you can get them cheaper and better, and without all the trouble of transport, in South Africa. The divers, seemingly never tired of their damp profession, continue to ply for sixpences.

You leave Madeira wondering why it is that you find so many beggars in the most artistic towns. True, the Portuguese are a poor race, and you do not seem to mind the itching begging palm held out when, instead of being greeted with the cry "Clean your boots, sir?" or having a handful of commercial matches thrust before you, your eyes rest on a smiling face and a hand proffering a bunch of flowers.

Artists and poets should find Madeira a paradise on earth in which to dwell, but the man on 'Change would doubtless make many complaints, and smell dirt while others inhaled only the perfume of flowers and felt the artistic atmosphere which makes pictures of the very walls, and songs of peasants' cries.

How many people there are in the world who find no companionship in their own company and are hopelessly bored when alone for any length of time, as though one could be really alone with the ever-moving sea around and the many winds singing their mysterious messages! But so it is, and thus on board ship acquaintances are made which would be regarded as little short of scandalous on shore, and friendship springs up with mushroom growth. The ship becomes a sort of floating boarding-house, and concocting scandal rivals woolwork. The men are as great at gossiping as the women, and the passengers who take the least exercise grumble the most at the food. How tired the officers must get of the sameness of the daily questions :—

"Will it be rough to-day?"

“How is the wind?”

“When do we pass the next boat? On which side?”

One old lady persisted in daily asking how far we were from land, and at length received a fitting reply:—

“Well, madam, I should say, reckoning straight down, about a mile!”

## CHAPTER III

### *The Cape*

**T**O-MORROW we shall see land! How delicious is an unopened book, with what eagerness you look forward to a picture to be seen to-morrow, a singer to be heard to-morrow—and to-morrow always comes to the impressionist.

To-morrow had come. The mops were busy swabbing the deck ; a grey light peeped in through my cabin window and beckoned with frail, ghost-like fingers ; it was only four o'clock, some time must yet elapse before the monarch of day would rise from scarlet sheets of light and with sceptre of gold gladden the hours.

The approach to an unknown shore is a wonderful experience. It is more than wonderful, it seems creative ; every nerve is strung up to a high pitch of expectation. For many days our outlook has been limited to the ocean ; now we are to see not only land, but a new land, and upon it to enter a new life.

Of how little consequence seem the details of recent intercourse with fellow-passengers ! Only a few hours ago they peopled our world, for seventeen days we were in that world, and now, looking back, how narrow that world seems and how wide the sea !

The boat, too, feels the emotion of the minute, she has ceased to gallop over high-crested waves, no longer she flirts with the wind, but is serious, creeping slowly, as though cautiously making certain of her welcome.



The pilot has come on board. And how strange it seems that such a small rope should go out, the little rope with the leaden weight, the "blue pigeon," to measure the depth of the water so that the stately dame who has carried us securely on her bosom, still holding her head majestically aloft, may enter the harbour in safety.

"Eat an apple when approaching Cape Town," one passenger had advised. "The dull grey city under the shadow of the overhanging mountain will give you melancholia, but you can't eat and cry at the same time."

But only links with the land left behind can make one sad on entering so lovely a bay. Table Mountain does



CAPE TOWN DOCKS

not overshadow, but instead seems to shelter the city lying beneath, and with its Lion's Head it is indeed a fitting monument to stand at the gate of Africa.

One can learn little of a land by the study of geography and nothing of a people by hearsay, and therefore elections in England are often won by dramatic misstatements about conditions abroad. We beat our own dogs but object to our neighbours chastising theirs, and so, regardless of our poor starving whites, a certain set are always ready to stand up for the so-called rights of the supposed-to-be ill-treated blacks.

The subject of colour equality had more than once been discussed during the voyage, and one youth, decisive through ignorance, had pompously announced the fact that, despite the colour of the skin, red blood ran through black and white alike. This gentleman did not appreciate my reply that cows and pigs also possessed red blood, but I should not care to kiss the former or feed with the latter. It so happened that as the "Briton" lay in Table Bay, this same youth saw a slight skirmish going on between some porters near the quay, and with indignation he exclaimed, "Good Heavens, how disgraceful, the black boys are beating a white!" "Why not, if the white deserves it?" asked a passenger teasingly, "what about your ideas of colour equality?"

"But it looks so much worse when one sees it than when one thinks about it," the young man replied.

"Well, it happens to be a Cape boy and not a white; however, your indignation floors your argument," the passenger observed, and I do not think the young man with the beautiful violet socks will talk so much about equality of red blood on his return journey.

Soon after breakfast, when visitors from the shore were allowed on board, Mr. Olive, the courteous Secretary of the Chartered Company, came on deck, and handed me a letter of welcome from Dr. Jameson, and I did not feel I was quite a stranger in a strange land.

The quay is some distance from the Mount Nelson Hotel, where I elected to stay, and I shall never forget the drive : wharf buildings are not beautiful, but to look ahead at the beetling crags of distant mountains, and to feel the kiss of the warm sunshine as one left the song of the sea behind and approached the town, was to enjoy blissful unconsciousness of the proximity of the sordid. How pretty the houses seemed in their unevenness ! One was covered with deep blue convol-



MAIL TRAIN AT CAPE TOWN DOCKS

(By kind permission of C.G. Railways)

vulus, which gave an added touch of happiness to my stay in Cape Town, for blue is my favourite colour. There are no beggars in Cape Town, at least I saw none, and I spent ten days wandering about the town and suburbs. It is true that in the wonderful avenue of oak trees which runs upward from the House of Parliament, giving an impression of a ladder framed by foliage leading to the sky, one occasionally sees a few loiterers, who may be out of work, but they are usually sucking

peaches or toying with a bunch of grapes, looking well nourished and quite happy. What a contrast to the cities of Europe !

Cape Town is something more than a terminus whence one visits other parts of Africa. The mines have made other parts famous, but that which is on the earth, not under it, makes Cape Town endearing. Everywhere you feel the strange fascination of Nature in her various and most picturesque moods. In the streets the coloured girls are selling the most beautiful heather to be obtained in the whole world ; neither Scotland nor the northern counties of England can produce such varied hues in so many forms of feathery grace. Malays pass with their simple head-coverings and stately mien ; at the street corners are groups of natives of various types ; a foreign, almost Eastern, atmosphere prevails, and although English is spoken on every side, it seems hard to believe that Cape Town actually belongs to the English, it has so little been boasted of ; and yet, to be proud of such a possession would only be to do justice to this fairy city. The suburbs are lovely beyond description. The air is full of whispers which come from the silver trees on Table Mountain. The deep blue of the sky melts to a paler shade of filmy blue mist on the sides of the mountains, midway between earth and heaven, again to sink into a softer shade of blue in the pale plumbago flowers which skirt the roads, and fill the gardens with azure poesy. It is said that plumbago was the favourite flower of Cecil Rhodes ; at any rate, Cape Town keeps ever flourishing—perhaps in memory—these dainty blossoms. And what a contrast to the pale plumbago is the scarlet proboscis, with its flaunting notes of floral exclamation to arrest the attention of the passer-by !

The air is so clear everywhere, the warmth of the sun invigorates rather than oppresses ; in a word, the air





CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN



is clean. One remembers in contrast a warm day in London, with its stench of sour streets, and shudders at the recollection. I thought of the words of a Colonial who, after a few minutes' experience of the Strand, observed: "Can't say that I like to eat air after half a million other chaps have tasted it!"

In Africa there is enough to go round. Truly, health is in the air and wealth in the land. In all parts of the world progress is impeded by irresponsible grumblers, and many emigrants are kept away from Africa by those who, regardless of diet and clothing, have condemned the climate, when in reality they themselves were to blame for any inconvenience experienced.

"You are going into the African summer, you will never be able to stand the heat," many said to me before I left. But neither in Cape Town nor Kimberley, neither in Bulawayo nor further north, did I find it necessary to incommode myself with the burden of a sunshade, wearing instead a shady leghorn hat or pith helmet. Heavy or uncomfortable headgear should be avoided.

Before continuing, I should like to insert here a few hints for arriving passengers.

The cheapest and best way (cheapest because they have all facilities) to get your luggage off the boat and to the hotel or railway station, is to tie to each package a label with your name, and, when the various clearing agents come aboard, to hand over the lot with the keys to the one you fancy, at the same time giving him a full declaration of all goods liable to duty. Fire-arms and ammunition cannot be imported without a permit from the Colonial Secretary. As a rule these articles remain in bond in Cape Town until you can produce the necessary permits, which, if you are up country, must include permit of removal and a further permit of import to the place where you are staying. You further inform the

clearing agent, who gives you a receipt, exactly what you intend doing, and then you can drive away either in a hansom or by train. If you have to leave Cape Town as soon as possible, the best plan is to meet your agent again at the train, if you leave in the evening, or to receive from him only the small things you require during the day, and meet him next morning for the day train. This train goes to Kimberley and the north, and has a portion for Johannesburg ; the evening train goes through the Free State to the Transvaal, and communicates with all eastern parts of the Cape and with Natal.

The cheapest way to deal with your luggage is to send all you do not immediately require per goods-train to your destination, and only take the absolutely necessary things with you. The luggage excess rate is rather high. In the first class you are allowed 100 lbs. free, and in the second class 75 lbs. You must reckon that per goods-train your things will take about eight days to Kimberley, about ten to Johannesburg, and about twelve to Bulawayo.

Dining-cars are provided on all trains, so that it is not necessary to carry provisions with you. Fixed tariffs at moderate prices are in force.

If your journey includes a night, it is advisable to procure a set of railway bedding at 2s. 6d.

My strong advice to everyone is, stay a few days in Cape Town and see as much of the Peninsula as possible, which can be done with very small expenditure. I am convinced that no one will regret it. A useful programme is given later on.

The colonial women look happy and healthy ; they have none of the fifteen-hours-crushed-into-twelve expression about them. It is a pleasure to go shopping in Cape Town, to see the cheery girl-assistants with their



sunburnt faces, and hands free from chilblains. Their hours are from eight until six, except on Saturdays, when they leave at half-past one. They are allowed to wear white blouses, and never "live in," either residing with their families or boarding out.



ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN

(By kind permission of C.G. Railways)

At Cape Town quite a number of young girls live at the Young Women's Christian Association, which is one of the best-organised branches in the world. It is managed by Miss Welch, a gentlewoman who gives her whole time and income to the cause of furthering the comfort and happiness of young women and girls.

A very pretty bedroom, with full board and the use of all the public rooms, can be obtained for five guineas a month, or a very pleasant cubicle for four. Taking into consideration the excellent quality of food served,

this is remarkably cheap. There is a reading-room with an ample supply of papers and magazines, a library, a fine music and drawing-room (adorned with a signed portrait of Paderewski), also a large room for lectures or concerts. The dining-room, when I lunched there, was gay with fresh flowers, and the serving put many a smart restaurant to shame. A wide balcony runs the whole length of the building, where tea can be partaken of, if desired. The library was started by a legacy left for that purpose by Cecil Rhodes, and many bedrooms have been furnished by different people at the small cost of fifteen to twenty pounds, the room bearing the name of the donor.

A special feature is made of meeting at boat or train any girl or young woman whose parents or friends have sent word of date of arrival.

There can be no doubt that Cape Town is shaking itself free from the much-discussed depression of recent years ; a boom always brings in its train a reaction, and far more satisfactory will be the future state of affairs if normal success be the order of the day. Life, like water, levels itself ; there can be but little doubt that the dissatisfaction was caused only by a forerunner of extravagance. One is apt to ignore the indiscretion of the individual, and blame instead the country in which that individual lives, which is unfair to the country. It is true, men have been withdrawn, but this was necessary ; too many men did too little and received too much for it. Economy practised by a Government must eventually benefit the people governed. Further, during the war skilled labour was paid for at a ridiculous rate, and naturally workmen receiving three pounds a day grumbled when the amount was reduced to three pounds a week, and talked about depression, but probably they will save on the latter figure, while the former

only induced speculation and extravagance, and should the price paid for labour rise again, the lesson has been learnt. Cape Town will show substantial progress rather than jerry-built fortune.

The sittings of the Convention were nearing an end when I was at Cape Town, and on every side one heard of little else, most people pretending they knew more than their neighbours, but that the hinted-at information, having been received in confidence, could not be divulged, and everyone knew that everyone else was lying, but continued to pervert the truth himself. The question of the Capital to be selected gave rise to the most numerous rumours, and apropos of this I discovered a most ardent supporter of women's suffrage. When at Muizenberg, a pretty seaside place about fifteen miles from Cape Town, I inspected the simple little cottage at St. James, where Cecil Rhodes breathed his last, when Mr. Campbell, the caretaker, gave me some of his political views, and one was that if only the women in Cape Town had the vote there would be little doubt that Cape Town would be the capital.

I have already advised, and again strongly advise, everyone arriving in Cape Town to remain there at least a few days before proceeding to their ultimate destination, for this is possible without great outlay. There are hotels of varying prices to suit different pockets, and the most beautiful drives may be taken on the tramcars.

I will mention a few.

Take the Campsbay tram for the Kloof direction in Adderley Street; from the top of the Kloof either continue down with the tram or take the delightful walk down to the Pagoda, where you can get a good cup of tea. Then take again the tram for town via Seapoint.

Take the Wynberg tram at Adderley Street corner,

and walk through the beautiful new park, beginning at the Observatory.

Take the Tamboers Kloof tram, and from the top terminus walk up Signal Hill, whence you have a magnificent view of Cape Town.

All these drives cost only a few pence.

Somewhat more expensive, but most fascinating and interesting, is a drive round Constantia to Houtbay, and back over the beautiful Victoria Road along the high mountains, with the dark blue sea far beneath you.

Of course everyone will wish to visit Groote Schuur, formerly the residence of Cecil Rhodes, and still the hospitable meeting-place for all visitors of distinction who pass through Cape Town. To give a description of this fine house of old Dutch design and its innumerable treasures is not necessary, because every guide-book contains this information.

The impression made upon me on the day I lunched there with Dr. Jameson as my host and Mr. Walton as a fellow-guest, will never be effaced. It is not often that an occupied house reminds you of a cathedral, but so it is in the case of Groote Schuur ; memories have sanctified it, and the perfect taste of its beautiful possessions made it holy. I was quite in sympathy with a lady I met later who remarked : " When I dined there I felt I must only speak in a whisper."

Perhaps nowhere in the world exists such a wonderful vale of hydrangeas—people come many miles to picnic within sight of these lovely blossoms. The house also is always filled with fragrant flowers, and writing of flowers I am tempted to tell a little story. The day I was at Groote Schuur the table was very daintily garnished with *Eschscholtzia*, and I admired the deep yellow of the petals very much, and asked for the name.





GROOTE SCHUUR

(by kind permission of C.G. Railways)



“ Ah,” said Dr. Jameson, “ that is the only flower whose name I always remember, it is . . . ” and then he had to ask the servant to ascertain the name.

Mr. Walton was kindly solicitous as to whether I was taking with me any antidotes against snake poisoning. How right he was I afterwards realised when I was informed at a French Mission Station in Northern Rhodesia that the Fathers there had collected over two hundred varieties of poisonous snakes in that locality. I was not molested by these reptiles, which at times become very troublesome, and fortunately there was no necessity to make use of a very handy little pocket instrument which Burroughs, Wellcome & Co. supply, which consists of a lancet at one end and a receptacle with permanganate of potash at the other.

I think at Groote Schuur I wished more ardently than ever that I possessed a poet's pen and an artist's brush. It needed a Morland to paint the picture of Robin, the old horse who persisted in putting his head in through one of the open windows during lunch, while Whistler should have etched the beautiful interiors of Groote Schuur.

After being shown the house and all its treasures, a Cape cart was placed at my disposal, with Bob and Violet, the horses Cecil Rhodes used to drive. How glad I was that I had not been offered a motor-car! Marny, the Capeboy who drove, and who had lived many years at Groote Schuur, seemed so much more in the picture than an up-to-date chauffeur would have done, while the power of petrol surely would have disturbed my dreams!

The site chosen for the Rhodes Memorial is one of grandeur, on a height, as all memorials to idealists should be, and commanding the view of a vast panorama. One is used to hearing the burial-place of Cecil Rhodes in the Matoppos spoken of as the World's View, but rather should this name be given to the view obtained from

this hill, for here is the World's View of life, there is the World's End—death. Here, on a seat, not far from the foot of the present monument, the world's greatest modern Imperialist sat morning after morning. Maybe the vastness of this wonderful panorama, embracing two oceans, the Indian on one side, the Atlantic on the other, with the wealth of a verdant world between, inspired him, developed his ambitions, and gave birth to his ideals.

Nature here gives so much that the soul of man must swell in response. As one stands where he once stood, imagination gives one the vision of a seer, and one sees the greatness of the past revealed in the present, a strange living presence is in the atmosphere, each leaf of the silver trees is a page holding unwritten thoughts, the winds from the mountains whisper as they pass, a fierce light burns from the sun—God's golden eye—and one knows the truth is mingled with the mystery.

Surely every human being who descends from this hill-top takes with him the wish to do great deeds, or, at least, no paltry ones.



## CHAPTER IV

### *Diamonds and Orchards*

PEOPLE who travel in Africa from Cape Town northwards, and look at the earth rather than at the sky, are apt to think of it more or less as a dust-heap, a dust-heap on which herbage sprouts in places. Certainly one gets this impression when travelling through the Karoo. Looking out from the train, you wonder when signs of habitation will appear, and when at length you pass a homestead, or see it nestling amid green trees in the distance, it is so small in comparison with the vastness of the land, and looks so lonely, you marvel where the people registered in the census live. No wonder the Boers have the reputation of being good horsemen ; one imagines also that the horses must be supernatural to travel so many miles. The distances, according to English ideas, are colossal, and the monotony of everything, the eternal blue of the sky, the gold-brown and red of stones, rocks, and earth, is as though one has opened a book but is unable to turn the page. The sameness of Africa almost frightens one, until its fascination grips you, and then the monotony is restful, that is, the monotony of the land. For change in the sky, one must get away from the blue of midday and see what varying pictures sunrise and sunset can offer—never two alike and each seeming to possess a greater beauty. Truly in Africa the sky is a brilliant kaleidoscopically-coloured domed roof above a sanded floor.

The trains are all supplied with dust shutters. They are greatly needed, because at times one encounters a duststorm, even when not passing through a sandbelt, and one eats grit, breathes grit, and feels decidedly gritty. A motor-veil for the hair and a bottle of eau-de-Cologne wherewith to refresh the face are all one craves for at such a time, and it is well to take no further interest in the scenery, but retire within oneself behind the shutters until the spiteful dust fiend proclaims a truce. There is always dust where there are mines, but if you have no particular interest in diamonds or gold it seems unfair that you should have just as large a share of dust as your financial neighbours.

An American lady visiting South Africa was very disgusted to find, instead of tropical forests, karoo-bushes, stunted trees, yellow grass, and exclaimed: "Waal, I guess it's a good thing the Lord put plenty under the earth, for thar is a mighty poor crop on top."

How much I to-day regret that I went from Cape Town direct to Kimberley! But unfortunately nobody advised me to make a detour and visit the George district. The programme for this tour would be arranged best in the following way.

Train from Cape Town to George, leaving 8.30 p.m. Book your seat early to ensure a place in the through coach, fare first class £4 17s. 3d., arriving in George at 9 p.m. A good hotel is the George Hotel.

The second day arrange for a drive to the Wilderness, and thence walk to the Kaymans River, where there is a very interesting waterfall. At the Wilderness is a very good little private hotel, and you can enjoy either a sea or a river bath within a minute's walk.

The third day hire a Cape cart with a good team to go to Oudtshoorn via the Montague Pass. During this drive you will see some of the finest, if not the finest,



ENTRANCE TO MICHELL PASS

(By kind permission of C.G. Railways)



scenery in the Cape Colony. You first come upon Blaney, a spotlessly clean village, and after leaving the Toll you make for the Pass, crossing a small river over a picturesque, very old stone bridge. The ascent to the summit is at times most exciting, when waggons loaded with heavy timber pass you on the edge of a precipice hundreds of feet deep. On the other side you pass the Doorn River twice, and in the afternoon you reach Oudtshoorn. The Queen's Hotel seems to be the best. Do not take the postcard, which leaves at wrong hours to enable you to enjoy the beauty of the country. If the railway is finished, avoid also this more comfortable means of travelling, because you cannot see the Pass to advantage from the line. After arriving in Oudtshoorn, arrange at once at the hotel for a Cape cart with a good team to take you to Prince Albert next day.

The fourth day, in the early morning, first see Oudtshoorn and leave at half-past eight, immediately after breakfast. You very soon pass Schoemanshoek, and the scenery becomes more beautiful. You will now also see some ostrich farms. Drive on to the Cango Inn, where you partake of lunch, and then proceed to the caves, about two miles off. These caves are now protected and looked after by the Government, and they alone are worth the journey. A courteous caretaker, or rather one of his sons, acts as a guide, and shows you the beauties of these immense caves. At the entrance there are a few bushmen paintings. To visit the caves takes several hours. Return to the inn, where you remain the night.

The fifth day, continue the journey along the Crocodile Valley and over the marvellous Zwartberg Pass (Black Hills) to Prince Albert, where you arrive in the afternoon.

The sixth day, you leave by postcard at 11.30 in the

morning for Prince Albert Road, where you join the train to Kimberley.

The distances by cart are :

George to Wilderness and return, 23 miles.

George to Oudtshoorn, 42 miles.

Oudtshoorn to Prince Albert, 60 miles.

Prince Albert to railway, 28 miles.

Take as little luggage as possible with you, and send the rest as parcels per passenger train to your next stopping-place.

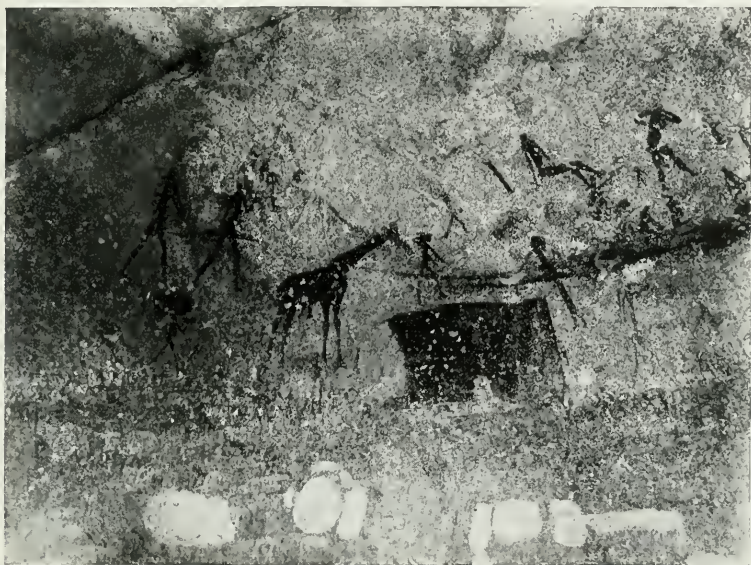
Or, if you can afford the time and the money, hire a good motor-car in Cape Town, and proceed by train to Prince Albert Road, from where you journey in the opposite direction. From George you can easily visit Knysna ; then proceed through the Prince Alfred Pass to Avontuur and return over the Long Kloof Road to George, where you travel via Mosselbay, Riversdale and Swellendam to Caledon. The next day you proceed via Houw Hoek and Sir Lowry Pass to Cape Town.

After a journey of twenty-eight hours Kimberley is reached. Here I was met at the station by the Crown Prosecutor, Colonel Tamplin, an amiable giant, and by Captain Tyson, one of the Directors of De Beers. These gentlemen kindly escorted me to the Sanatorium, which was the home of Cecil Rhodes during the siege and has now been renamed the Belgrave Hotel. Here also was staying Mr. Oats, the Chairman of De Beers ; the latter gentleman, by the way, spoke to me most severely about the folly of my intended trip, and prophesied extermination or worse at the hands of the natives ; but being a fatalist, advice of this nature counted little—one must die, when or how does not matter so much as morbid contemplation of it. However, the advice was offered in a kindly spirit.

While in London I received a letter of introduction



to Captain Tyson, and the friend who gave it said : " Be sure you ask to see his bath ! " Now it seemed to me a queer request, but I was assured that he would show no surprise, in fact expected it, and when I went to the " Workman's Cottage," Captain Tyson's residence, I made the request, to discover that his bath is a very



PAININGS IN BUSHMAN CAVE ON MT. SILOZWANE

(By kind permission of Messrs. Mennel and Chubb)

beautiful marble one. I believe it is the only one of its kind in the country besides the one in Groote Schuur.

An amusing little story is told, that once upon a time, in the early days in Mashonaland, Captain Tyson and two other men were out trekking with waggons, and finding a suitable place to camp, outspanned, and decided to bathe in a small river close by. Part of the river was fenced in with wire, in fact there appeared to be many large pools all fenced, but as the water looked especially tempting in one of the deep pools, they took their bath

there, afterwards returning to the waggons, to find the other men of the party also arrived. Dr. Jameson, who was present with Mr. Rhodes, asked Captain Tyson and his companion if they had bathed.

"Yes," answered they, "in that fine pool down there ; but why on earth is the wire round it ?"

"Because that is one of the most dangerous crocodile pools in all Mashonaland, and the wire is to prevent cattle from drinking, and being caught by the reptiles," was the unexpected answer.

In the old days Kimberley bore the nickname of "Tin Jerusalem," because of the material from which the shanties were made and the race who chiefly populated the diggings, but now Kimberley is a very fine town, and has historical associations which will make its memory live long after the mines have ceased to yield their wealth and are silent as empty tombs.

Kimberley is usually associated in the mind with diamonds, and very few know of it as a practical and enduring monument to the work and unselfish thought of Cecil Rhodes—his consideration for the public during the siege, his foresight and wisdom in utilising the unemployed in making the fine roads which lead from all directions to the monument of the honoured dead, his designing and planting of the beautiful orchards which have turned an arid plain into a garden of fruit-trees. There is one avenue of vines, a mile and a quarter long, under which a carriage and four can drive.

The orchards seem to cover endless space and hold countless trees. What becomes of the fruit ? Is it sold for profit or exported for gain ? No, the fruit is for the thousands of natives who work in the mines. "The white man's slaves" (not natives, but whites 7000 miles away invented this miserable lie), as the native labourers have been misleadingly called, may eat to repletion



fruit of a quality that would be far beyond the purse of the white toiler in England.

I visited the Wesselton Mine and went through the compound, where live 4000 natives, to whose health and comfort every consideration is paid. The hospital contains a fine operating theatre, and the wards are both light and airy. I found them almost empty. The British workman would doubtless prefer, instead of the cleanliness and order of the compound, the squalor of a room in an overcrowded area and the freedom of a gin-palace, and when the native is educated he will probably require the same. In the Kimberley Diamond Mines the natives sign on for a period of three months. And in these three months they can earn sufficient to remain the rest of the year in their native kraal, basking in sunshine and idleness. Where is the white man who can work for a few months a year and then afford to loaf the remainder? And yet I met ignorant people who said the natives must not be urged to work for the whites. Every man of every colour should work; we have stopped the natives' natural occupation, war, and therefore should find him other labour, and since at home his only idea of work is watching women doing it, it is as well he should be induced to do a little work away from his kraal.

## CHAPTER V

### *Bulawayo*

AFRICA has one great fault, it is too large ; half one's time seems to be taken up with travelling from place to place. Nature has been too generous in her gift of land, and too niggardly in clothing it ; one finds a great many samples of trees, flowers, birds, beasts, and butterflies, but they, like the people, are too far apart from each other. It was evidently intended to be a huge garden, with plenty of space for the specimens to take exercise, and the humans who have adopted the land have to experience, and, let us hope, some day overcome, its disadvantages. Perhaps when airships make rapid transit possible the markets of Africa will no longer seem so far removed from each other. And what an ideal land for aerial transport ! the climate a certainty, the light so powerful, very few mountains or lakes, but hundreds and hundreds of miles of plain open country where one can see forty or fifty miles ahead with the naked eye.

At present there are trains, comfortable trains, but, oh ! such slow trains. One hears stories of passengers leaving the train to pick flowers or to walk across country, to join it again at a distant point, where the train has to pass sharp curves and climb steep gradients. One must regard railway travelling in Africa in the light of a rest-cure, and learn patience accordingly. The carriages are very comfortable.

Travelling by caravan is not nearly so monotonous as travelling by train, for one enjoys daily new adventures or discovers one of Nature's surprises, but those who have to travel much by train must wish that Kimberley was only three hours' journey from Cape Town, and Bulawayo but half a day's journey further on. And under these conditions, how much richer the inhabitants would be! Yes, Africa is too large, but as compression is not possible the best thing to be done is for people to go out and fill it up.

But I should be the last to grumble at the train service in Africa, for not only was every consideration for my comfort paid me, both by the Cape Government and the Rhodesia and Mashonaland Railways, but I was allowed to journey on the engine for some distance, which was a novel experience, and I do not mind confessing that until that day I had had a vague idea that trains were steered somewhat after the fashion of motor-cars! The engine-driver refused a tip, but asked if I had such a thing as a postcard with my face on it



THE AUTHOR ARRIVING IN BULAWAYO

for his daughter's collection. I suppose I must be like Peter Pan who could not grow up, for I really think I enjoyed sounding the whistles most of all. There was no dangerous traffic ahead, but a few gangers on the line made a good excuse for a whistling display. I do not think I should recommend stoking on a train as a pleasant or lucrative profession for women.

Then how delightful it was to sit on the cow-catcher of the engine, motoring with no motor in front, the earth passing rapidly away under one's hanging feet, and the fresh air kissing one's face with the keen fillip of swiftness and sweetness, for we were approaching Rhodesia, and the air came to greet us laden with the fragrance of the promised land.

The "kopjes" had the appearance of huge rockeries, quite unlike in appearance to anything in England. Kopjes in different parts of Africa vary very much in appearance and size; some are Lilliputian hills covered with grass and short bush, others oblong heaps of earth topped with trees. But quite the prettiest are the giant rockeries, the stones supporting each other in a marvellous way, as though poised by giants, while tufts of grass and flowers peep out in unexpected places.

From Plumtree to Bulawayo the air was so charged with exhilarating crispness that it seemed almost impossible to believe that one was really in Africa. The train behind was forgotten, and on wings of fairy lightness I entered Bulawayo, the prosperous commercial centre of Rhodesia, which stands on a site formerly known as "Place of Slaughter."

There is so much of interest in and around Bulawayo that it becomes difficult to know which to speak of first, the beautiful, the romantic, or the commercial. However, perhaps bread and butter is a substantial start, and in life one must have the wherewithal to

enjoy the delights of nature or the accomplishments of man.

I was told that I need not book a room in advance at the Grand Hotel, as there were a hundred bedrooms and at least twenty empty ones would be offered me to select from. I found, however, that the hotel was packed, and I had to wait two hours before a room was vacated by a man leaving by the two o'clock train, and then it was only a back room, and there seemed no prospect of obtaining a better one for at least three weeks! I found that not only every hotel was full, but men of good social standing were satisfied with a cubicle in a superior doss-house if they could get one, and yet there was no extra rush of visitors to the town and nothing of unusual importance going on.

If one desires to stay some time in Bulawayo, special boarding terms can be arranged at the Grand Hotel for the moderate sum of £17 10s. a month, or one can obtain room and board from 17s. a day.

Owing to the exceptionally heavy rains I had to remain in Bulawayo ten weeks, and long before I left I had come to the conclusion that a fortune awaits the man who will build a substantial hotel with restaurant and grill-room attached. He must cater not only for those passing through, but by offering comfort in the way of private sitting-rooms and good public rooms, he must induce visitors to remain in Bulawayo some time before proceeding north. Two new theatres are being built, but what is wanted is a good open-air restaurant some little way out, so that visitors may have an excuse for, and an object in, a drive. At present there are three drives: to the Matoppos, the Khami Ruins, and Government House.

A restaurant at the Matoppos would be a profanity, but there are good sites on the road or at Khami. And

if Bulawayo wants more money, Bulawayo must cater for the moneyed people, who prefer comfort to art and a good dinner to historical associations. People who have made their money in Africa must have occasion not only to spend it, but to display it, or they will go on parade elsewhere.

In Bulawayo, as in all parts of Rhodesia, or in fact of South Africa, one has to look to the Roman Catholics for the best-built churches and well-organised schools for whites. These schools are attended by Protestant and Catholic children, and I was assured by many parents that at no other schools could they obtain so thorough an education. Rhodesia is an English possession: why is it that the English Church is so behind-hand? Is it that English funds are only forthcoming for the unnecessary education of the native? or has lack of interest in England in the education, secular and spiritual, of the white, so undermined the ability of the Church of England's representatives that they no longer care?

I was in Bulawayo ten weeks, and during all that time only one clergyman called upon me, and he was a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, Father Nassau—and yet I am not a Catholic.

But those who work deserve success. Never shall I forget visiting the convent schools at Bulawayo, and seeing how the extension was being carried on. One sister was on a ladder, whitewashing a ceiling, another was painting a door, and so on, all cheerful, smiling, and happy, and seemingly delighted with their change of labour as a recreation from teaching their many pupils. The nuns have charge of the girls and infants, while the Fathers take in hand the education of the boys.

This teaching order is the outcome of the pioneer nursing sisters who did so much good in the old days



when hospitals, and trained nurses were unknown in Africa.

I cannot write a scientific paper on the prospects of farming in Rhodesia, because I am not an expert, but perhaps a few remarks from personal observations may interest.

Rhodesia wants more poultry and dairy farms, especially near the towns. Imported eggs and tinned butter and cheese seem ridiculous in a country where land can almost be had for the asking. Fresh eggs sometimes cost five shillings a dozen, not only in Bulawayo but also in Salisbury and in Umtali. I know of one woman, the wife of a farmer, living not far from the Matoppos, who makes £150 a year by keeping fowls for laying; and I came across another woman near Umtali who had made £18 in a few weeks.

I visited a poultry-farm quite near Bulawayo where I saw 700 fowls, on a ten-acre plot, which bring their owner a nice little income. They are fed with soft meal



FOWLS IN RHODESIA

food in the morning and eat sunflower seeds during the day, the sunflowers being specially grown for this purpose. All the chickens are reared in incubators, the stock birds having come from England.



SUCCESSFUL POULTRY FARMING NEAR BULAWAYO

In proportion to its white inhabitants I do not think any country in the world imports such quantities of tinned foodstuffs—meat, jam, butter, cheese, fruit, biscuits, pork, fish, lard, etc.—as does Africa. When Africa can emulate America by producing enough food to “eat all it can and can all it can’t,” then the land will have yielded the wealth which now lies hidden in its agricultural resources, and be a land of richness indeed. At present everyone wants to discover mines (even people who immigrated with the intention to farm), but those who work in the mines must be fed, and here is where the agriculturist steps in; certain markets and assured profits await him. Most of the illnesses credited to the climatic conditions would vanish if fresh, cheap, clean nutritious food could be obtained in sufficient



quantity. All the tinned food consumed represents profits taken away from the country instead of profits kept therein. To live on food grown in the country is to ensure the prosperity of that country, and the mines offer great opportunities to the farmer by importing wage-earners with appetites, paying them high wages, and leaving the farmers to make profits out of the appetites.

One of the first laws Union Parliament should pass, is a provision whereby every inhabitant in South Africa of the age of twelve should be compelled to plant at least two trees somewhere near his habitation. What begging, borrowing, and stealing of trees would go on to be sure, but with what delightfully shady results! Even a thorn tree fetched from the veld would hide a corner of a tin shanty, and in many prosperous towns there are still many tin shanties which would be the better for the hiding. It is so easy and so cheap to plant fruit trees that I am astonished at not finding more orchards; I have passed many a homestead with abundant water yet without any fruit trees, and the only reason I could find for this astonishing fact was that the occupants were probably born tired.

Main Street in Bulawayo is lined with pepper trees (*Schinus molle*), but the street is so wide that they afford very little shade. The width of the streets is a source of annoyance to the taxpayer on account of the lighting. The original idea in having such wide streets was to allow a waggon with sixteen oxen to turn without the necessity of unyoking.

In Main Street, facing north, stands the statue of Cecil Rhodes, the work of John Tweed. When you look at the natural and (those who knew him say) lifelike attitude, you seem to hear him say his often repeated words, "The north is my thought."

Further up the street, and not far from the bandstand, where good music is played by an adequate band on Sunday nights, is a monument erected to the memory of the two hundred and fifty-seven pioneers of civilisation who lost their lives in the 1896 Matabele Rebellion, and a story is told that the original intention was to place a lion on the top of the pedestal, but when the one ordered from England arrived it proved to be a very diminutive lion, indeed some say not larger than a toy terrier. However, it was placed on the pedestal, much to the amusement of local hunters. Then one night a wag collected hoops of iron off tiny barrels and muzzled the poor little beast. After that the lion was seen no more, and a gun now stands in its place.

Bulawayo has a very good water supply, a large dam having been built some distance away, whence the water passes twice through a filtering process before it reaches the consumer. A walk to the dam is well worth the trouble, a sunset viewed from the vast expanse of water being very beautiful, the brilliancy of the colouring finding a reflection in the artificial lake. It is advisable when walking to the dam to wear boots rather than shoes, for the grass seeds cut like needles, and ticks are not pleasant companions to carry away with one.

There are good shops and stores in Bulawayo, and here in fact is the place where purchases should be made by those who intend travelling into the wilds, because the stores elsewhere cannot be relied upon to supply even simple articles which may be required; it is therefore better to pay a little extra for luggage than go on and find that just what one wants most is not procurable. Taking into consideration the distance from the coast, the prices are not high. All goods bought should be packed in cheap tin boxes or tin trunks (which can be purchased locally), because everything keeps

better if packed in tins. When finished with, the trunks are not difficult to sell at a good price up country, but if the purchaser should be a settler, not a traveller, he will cling to these trunks. Not only will they preserve one's belongings from ants, but they form useful pieces of furniture where tables and chairs are scarce.

Writing of tin, I never realised how valuable tin cans could be until I visited Rhodesia. Biscuit tins should be spoken of with reverence; they are handed down



MAIN STREET IN BULAWAYO

(By kind permission of Father Nassau)

from generation to generation, so to speak, and paraffin tins—well, outside quite swagger residences one sees rows of these, cut in halves and painted green, utilised as flowerpots. All tins the whites have finished with are eagerly sought after by the natives. My men used to put pebbles into Hunter's small potted-meat tins and tie them to their legs, combining ornament with (to them) musical sounds.

At present, certainly, a tin can of some sort is your

constant consort, but, as I remarked before, times will change when more land is farmed and fresh food is obtainable. How absurd it seems that in a country where citrus trees grow in the open with abundant crops, lemons are imported! If you require a lemon-squash in a hotel a horrible decoction out of a bottle is offered; then again, fruit, instead of being grown locally, comes from the Cape. Fruit-growing is another industry well within the sphere of the small capitalist, because fruit-growing and jam-making offer a quick and lucrative return. While waiting for the young trees that have been planted to grow, poultry-farming will keep one easily above water with a very small outlay.<sup>1</sup>

In Rhodesia one meets few snobs. The right kind of men have been the pioneers, and the result is that one succeeds on one's own merits and personality. The beginner on a ten-acre plot has as much chance socially as the owner of many thousand morgen.<sup>2</sup>

There are very few two-story houses in Rhodesia. I saw one in Bulawayo and one in Umtali, and a few palaces of that height belonging to missionaries, but otherwise everyone is on the same level so far as structure goes, and in Rhodesia perhaps more than anywhere else in South Africa grit and personal charm count higher than mere money.

<sup>1</sup> The British South Africa Company are issuing free a very interesting little pamphlet on the possibility of Rhodesia as a citrus-growing country. This pamphlet, which is full of valuable information to intending emigrants who wish to take up fruit-growing, can be obtained from any information bureau of the B.S.A. Company, for instance, from 138 Strand, London, W.C.

<sup>2</sup> A morgen is a measure of land equal to about two acres.

## CHAPTER VI

### *Khami Ruins*

IN Ireland it is said the rain descends on at least 360 days out of the 365. In Africa one can usually reckon on having about nine consecutive months of sunshine, but in the other three months it seems as though one gets the accumulation of the whole year, because when it rains, it rains, not in half measures, but each drop seems heavy enough to fill a fair-sized bucket ; at least this is the impression one gets when caught unawares and without shelter. Crossing the road means getting soaked through, and the roar as the torrent of rain falls on the corrugated iron roofs is better imagined than described. The early months of 1909 will long be remembered in Rhodesia as having the heaviest rainfall for over twenty years, and unfortunately this caused much alteration in my plans. I had hoped to be able to visit the celebrated Zimbabwe Ruins ; the great authority on these ruins, Professor Hall, who has written two very interesting books on the subject, called on me soon after my arrival in Bulawayo, and expressed the hope that I should find time to visit Zimbabwe and to see many results of his researches. It was, however, not so much a question of time as of the weather, and it was impossible for me to see the ruins, because in consequence of the heavy rain the road from Victoria had become quite impassable. For the convenience of travellers who are more fortunate with the weather, I



will give the route. Travelling from Bulawayo towards Salisbury, you have to change at Gwelo, about six hours' journey from Bulawayo, whence a branch line runs to Selukwe (where is situated the Wanderer Mine), and from there to Zimbabwe, via Victoria, is a coach journey of ninety-seven miles.

The ruins are about seventeen miles from Victoria, which was the first township established after the occupation of Mashonaland. If one may not see the greater then one must perforce be contented with the lesser. As a visit to Zimbabwe was not possible I determined to visit the ruins on the Khami River. At the worst it



KHAMI RUINS, RHODESIA

(By kind permission of Father Nassau)

could only mean a few hours' soaking, if the gods of the weather were not propitious.

On inquiry I found that I could hire a Cape cart with four mules and the driver for two pounds. Armed with a waterproof coat, some sandwiches, and a kodak in its

waterproof tin case, I set off one morning from the Grand Hotel at eleven o'clock. The sun was shining in a tempting, alluring kind of way, and I felt quite important as I started on my journey of solitary exploration.

My equipage was by no means elegant. The mules looked sorry specimens, by no means fit for exhibition purposes, the harness had seen better days, and the driver—well, the driver ought to have a chapter to himself.

Jacob, for that was his name, had one of the ugliest misarrangements of features that has ever been dignified by the name of face, complexion of a sickly yellow, the tint that tells of the white man's error. His clothing would have brought tears of shame to the eyes of a scarecrow, but there was an air of distinction about his straw bonnet, tied with a string round the back of his head, and decorated with the fading likeness of a tailless pugaree of a pastel shade of navy blue.

Asked if he had any "scoff," he replied "No."

On any occasion, except when asked if he possesses food, a native invariably answers "Yes."

A man up country one day asked his native servant, who only brought in meat and bread, "Are there no potatoes?" "Yes," said the servant, and disappeared. The white man, assuming that the potatoes would be brought, waited a considerable time. He then called the servant back again and said, "Where are the potatoes?" whereupon the boy shook his head. The white man then again told the native to bring the potatoes, but he again shook his head. Then the white man told him, "But you said just now there were potatoes." The boy smiled and said, "Yes, Baas, no potatoes."

I climbed into the back of the cart, and off we went.



All traces of the town were soon left behind, and we were in the open country.

Jacob's conversation certainly could not compare in quantity or quality with a London bus driver's; to



KHAMI RUINS, RHODESIA  
(By kind permission of Father Nassau)

all my inquiries he had but one reply, "Yes, missus." In fact, he must have been the human descendant of the Raven of poetical fame. Occasionally he made strange noises, which, however, the mules seemed thoroughly to understand, and he rarely, very rarely, used a prehistoric whip, the handle of which reminded one of a worm that has been ruthlessly cut by man and joined by nature.

In England we boast of the fresh green of the country. Perhaps South Africa may wear tints of gold and bronze longer than her northern mother, but during that drive to the Khami ruins the green of the foliage of the trees, and the delicate freshness of bush and herb, could not

have been beaten in England or her sister Emerald Isle.

Then the wild flowers—there were acres of dainty fancy grasses with millions of pale wedgwood-blue blossoms peeping forth, and here and there a single flower, the shape of a primrose, only much taller and in colour a bright vermilion, while for ever dancing near the flowers were swarms of tiny yellow butterflies, and overhead, swiftly flying through the blue, were many birds of brilliant plumage. One little bird in particular I noticed, and named him “Robin Red Back,” on account of the streak of crimson running from the top of his head to his tail.

The road was villainous. The recent rains had much to answer for, but surely the roads to the few show-places round Bulawayo could be kept in better condition ; it would pay in the long run. I was very soon one mass of bruises, through being thrown from one side to the other as the cart fell into ditches and scrambled over ruts ; the mules were positively acrobatic and did not slip once.

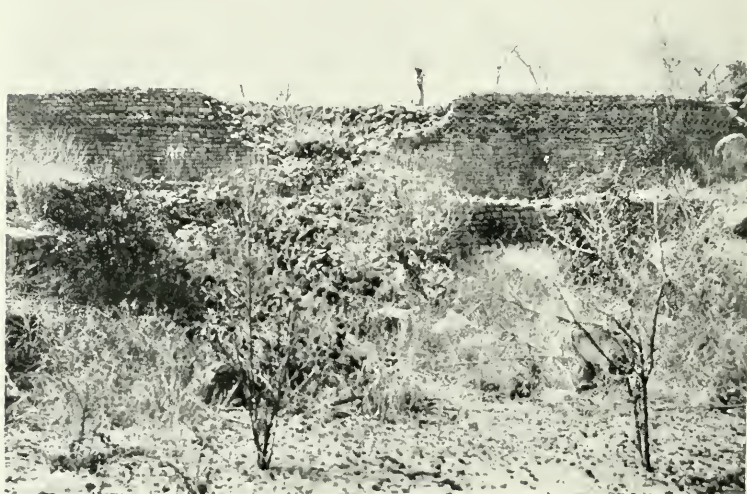
Several times we left the road altogether and found it better to drive through the tall grass. The effect was very pretty, because for many miles the grass was quite a foot above the mules' ears. What a waste it seemed, all this lovely grass and so few cattle. That is what strikes you so forcibly in Rhodesia—the terrible waste of good material, so much fertile land and so few inhabitants. During the whole drive to and from Khami, in all about twenty-three miles, we met only five natives and not one white ; there were no farm-houses, no kraals, no huts, only the land and its abundant growth of grass and flowers.

We must have been about a mile from the Khami River when Jacob suddenly left the road and turned

the mules off to the right, and we travelled so far into the grass, and in a totally different direction from the road, that I began to wonder if Jacob was merely driving to exercise the mules or show them rural scenery, when he abruptly stopped, and pointing with his oft-mended whip in the direction of a far-away kopje, exclaimed :

“ Think ruins there, missus.”

I thanked him adequately for these voluminous directions, and alighted. The sun was sheltering behind grey clouds, and I thought it wise to change my alpaca



KHAMI RUINS, RHODESIA. WALL SHOWING A MORE INTRICATE DESIGN

(By kind permission of Father Nassau)

coat for the mackintosh slip-on ; then, slinging my kodak over my shoulder, I set forth to find the ruins.

It had sounded extremely easy when the obliging clerk of Mr. Zederberg, from whom I hired the turnout, had hinted that I might have ten minutes' walk and a

bit of rough climbing after I left the cart, but without a guide, and having absolutely no knowledge of the country, it proved a trifle perplexing. The English aspect of the land had changed, and instead of flat country with waving grass I was surrounded with small kopjes of the giant rockery order. These seemed positively to mock me by imitating each other when I strove to take landmarks. Jacob naturally was soon lost to view, and the mules became an unknown quantity. Then I reached the river, which I had been told must be crossed, no difficulty being experienced in dry weather; but, oh! obliging clerk of Zederberg, this was not dry weather. For some time past the river had been imbibing freely of the rain, and in parts looked uninvitingly deep; but in some places huge stones stood boldly forth, showing, if put to the push, what an excellent builder of bridges nature may be. Creeping from stone to stone, I reached the other side, and here huge flat stones, more like the surfaces of rocks, suggested that Africa must at one time have been the bed of a mighty ocean; and then, in the midst of long damp grass, I found myself at the foot of a kopje. This I climbed, and when near the top espied above me huge stones, so enormous that at first I thought they must be the tops of huts, so round were they and of such huge dimensions. Arrived at the top, I beheld the remains of a ruined wall. Apparently I had reached at least a portion of the Khami ruins.

As I photographed that wall I could not help thinking how small and puny are the remnants of man's work compared with the stone creations of nature. If man's work shows signs of endurance beyond even a century, or advances into the chronicles of three, then it is made a place of pilgrimage, while the stone boulders shaped by unseen hands are strong beyond the ravages of time, monuments of eternity.



Then it began to rain.

I knew there were other walls further on, better walls, walls of more intricate design, but the rain damped my enthusiasm for walls and I wanted to go home ; home, for the moment, meaning Jacob and the mules.

The intention was all right, but the carrying out of my purposes was another matter. I looked back and realised how to an untrained eye one kopje is the duplicate of another, and high grass such a disguise to Mother Earth that it is impossible to know if one has wandered a hundred yards this way or that.

However, I found the river again, but struck it in quite a different part from that where I had previously crossed. I may at once admit that I have no bump of locality, in fact in all my journeying the special providence supposed to guard children and drunkards must have taken me in charge.

The stones on the banks were higher, the water was deeper, and the tall grass was very wet and infested with strange insects and beetles, though I did not see a single snake. I found a large bone, and, securing it, determined if ever I reached Jacob or other specimen of mankind again, I would ask to what species of animal the bone belonged. The rain was treating me kindly and was only descending in a gentle introductory manner, and gazing through the dampness I beheld on the opposite bank of the river, far away to the right, footprints on a patch of sand. They were large, and I seemed to recognise them as my own, which conclusion held more comfort than flattery. I must have been intoxicated by those footprints, for when I ventured to cross the river I slipped and fell ; down I sat in mid-stream, having cut my leg against the sharp face of a stone in the process.

So unexpected was the proffered seat, I did not rise

for a moment but let the water flow over me while I laughed. Oh, I know I ought to have cried, for the pain in my leg was bad, and the footprints in the distance had vanished, and doubtless I was lost.

There being not a single policeman on either side to help me, I then arose unaided and struggled on, but again only to pause and wonder if I should make for the right or the left. It seemed so silly to be lost only eleven miles from Bulawayo, and yet perhaps it was not so silly after all, for afterwards I heard of a man who was lost and died from starvation within three and a half miles of Kimberley, and another man up country, thinking himself lost, fired into the air when he was only a few hundred yards from his companions, the grass between being so high that for aught he knew they might have been many miles away. After wandering about for some little time longer I suddenly felt a glow in my heart despite the soaking wet clothes on my back, for, oh, joy, I beheld the grotesque form of Jacob in the distance ! I shouted, but he took not the slightest notice of me ; a native cannot think of two things at once, and he was busy leading a hobbled mule to the water to drink. I went forward then as quickly as possible, determined not to lose sight of the straw bonnet. I did not suspect him of spite, but as he led the mule away again he seemed to walk through the longest grass he could find. At length I gained his side, and gasped :

“ I have been sitting in the water.”

“ Yes, missus,” he replied indifferently.

“ I got lost,” I continued, trying to be impressive.

“ Yes, missus.” His tone showed no emotion.

Sympathy not being obtainable, I became practical : “ I think I will have lunch,” I said, for the rain had suddenly ceased and a few sunbeams were struggling out from behind the clouds.

“ Yes, missus,” he answered, in exactly the same tone in which he had received my saved-from-drowning information, and led the way to the cart, taking quite the opposite direction to that which I should have selected.

Jacob was sufficiently polite to take a cushion from the cart and place it under a tree for me, and then, forgetting to give me the luncheon-basket, went off to a stream running near. I watched him, in amazement, remove his straw bonnet carefully and, kneeling down, wash his face in the bubbling brook. I had been led to believe that natives never washed. This action seemed to proclaim the white blood in him, but I was hungry, and his toilet was therefore only a secondary consideration, so I yelled for the basket, having been instructed never to do myself that which a native could easily do for me—an excellent maxim. My drenched garments added weight if not dignity to the feast, and I conclude cheerfulness is an antidote against chills, for though I wore those garments for four hours I did not take cold.

And the bone ?

Oh, yes, I remembered to produce it, and asked Jacob from what kind of animal it came, and when I got his answer, I concluded that in addition to being a good driver of mules Jacob was a very fair liar.

“ Lion,” he said ; “ Yes, missus, lion.”

I did not contradict ; I had been a very short time in Africa.



## CHAPTER VII

### *A Granite Tomb*

SILENCE and solitude ; no greatness was ever yet achieved without them, nor, without them, was the just reward of greatness, perfect rest, ever attained.

The concentrated silence and solitude of all time seem to hover over the Matoppos. Surely since creation first caused those rugged mountain-tops to rise, no one has laughed in their midst ! Or, if puny human voices rose in mirth or derision, did not the solemn voices of the winds turn back unto themselves the frail echoes of the sounds of fools ? Granite, hard, inflexible as fate, under one's feet, granite, towering above one's head till its apex seems to pierce the blue vault of heaven, on every side granite, and a feeling from the moment one leaves behind motor or cart that one treads upon consecrated ground.

One feels the presence of Rhodes's life on the hill-side near Groote Schuur where his memorial stands, one knows that the spirit of the dead has risen from those bones which lie at rest under the granite slab, and involuntarily one looks upward, almost expecting to see a spirit face looking down from space, watching and still guarding Rhodesia.

I was glad I visited the Matoppos with a man who had been an intimate and trusted friend of Rhodes, a man who knew that the situation called for silence, and

who showed due reverence for the dead. No other human being was there on that Sunday morning. Tiny green lizards darted across the granite pathway, while far off a number of baboons walked in solemn single file,



TREE FERN

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

their grotesque figures looking like black shadows, but they also seemed to belong to the picture, evidence of the wild solitude of the place.

Around, as far as eye aided by glass could reach,



RHODES'S FUNERAL.  
(By kind permission of Father Nassau)



stretched pinnacle after pinnacle of nature's grey monuments to the dead, granite mountains from which vegetation seemed expelled, a world's end of death, "calm and deep peace" reigning everywhere, a fitting place wherein to lay the body to rest, waiting for resurrection of spirit to reawaken life elsewhere. Rhodes's life had brought day to many ; this mountain Walhalla is the night into which his body passed ; but the influence of a great life brings for ever the sunrise to those who follow his unselfish ideas, and though the body of Cecil Rhodes should lie buried in darkness in these granite hills, yet will his



THE GRAVE OF RHODES

(By kind permission of Father Nassau)

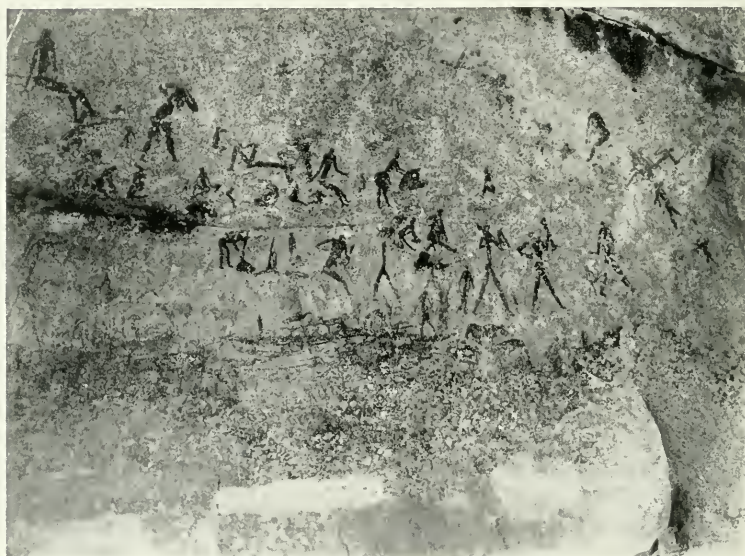
spirit rise with each sun and continue to shed a light over Rhodesia.

Looking to the dark wall of granite, one can imagine the spirit of the mighty dead brooding over the land he had conquered, and one recalls the words of Rudyard



Kipling in the beautiful poem which was read by the Bishop of Mashonaland at the burial service of Cecil Rhodes.

“There shall he patient make his seat  
(As when the Death he dared),  
And there await a people's feet  
In the paths that he prepared.”



PAININGS IN BUSHMAN CAVE ON MT. SILOZWANE

(By kind permission of Mess<sup>rs</sup>. Mennel and Chubb)

## CHAPTER VIII

### *Salisbury—Umtali*

THE train journey from Bulawayo to Salisbury is full of interest, owing to the scenery, which in parts is very beautiful when the kopjes are green and the wild flowers are in bloom. Especially lovely is the wild fancy grass, which can only be compared to coral mounted on graceful stalks ; the colour varies from palest pink to deep crimson, all the shades are to be obtained on a single spray, and when the wind sweeps through the grass truly one has a vision of waving jewels.

One quaint feature in the table appointments of the railway dining-cars is that the tracing of a map of Rhodesia is woven into the linen serviettes.

Doubtless some Rhodesians will be very vexed with me when I call Salisbury, the seat of the Government for Southern Rhodesia, a glorified village. But why be angry ? What could be more fascinating as a poet's dream of a city ? Judged, however, from a practical point of view, it is rather like a children's game of pretence and hide-and-seek combined. *I* will be the Government Buildings, and in solitary grandeur they appear ; *you* pretend to be a big bank, and go far away and sit over there ; Tommy shall keep a store, so he must hide at a considerable distance, then we shall not be worried with the odour of commerce ; and as Maude needs exercise, she must walk for an hour and then sit



down and pretend to be the Public Library ; if George is to be the General Post Office he had better take a basket and pick flowers by the way, because he must move quite two miles in another direction ; and as the Drill Hall is a place where all public meetings are held, we will make everyone walk a bit, so James must go right away from everybody else and we will hope to find him.

And that is Salisbury.

Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that was Salisbury, because building is going on at a very rapid rate, owing to the recent finding of further mines and the taking up of land by fresh settlers. I hear that two new hotels are being built, and they are badly needed,



ARCHERY CLUB AT SALISBURY

the hotels in the town being far from adequate as regards both room and catering—so far, the hotels in Rhodesia seem to have been in the hands of amateurs,

or the managers have been men who have abandoned some other trade or profession for that of hotel-keeping.

The hotel I stayed at in Salisbury previous to enjoying



LADY MILTON

the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hole, was one kept by a poet, and on my door were pinned two poems, composed by mine host, one on "Solitude" and the other on "Fortitude."

On inquiry I found that the poet had also been a printer.

In Salisbury what one loses on the cocoanut shies one makes up on the roundabouts; one may complain of the unnecessary space between the public buildings for a busy man or woman, but no one can find fault with the delightful sports grounds, which are quite the finest in Rhodesia, if not in South Africa. Polo, cricket, croquet, tennis, football, each game has its spacious grounds screened off from the other by high banks of

green turf and flowers. The effect produced, as may well be imagined, is not only picturesque but it makes one forget the fierce heat of the sun. Here, daily, pretty women in dainty costumes, and civil servants in flannels, but looking by no means fools (pardon, please, Mr. Kipling), deport themselves in pleasant sport and social intercourse.

Lady Milton is a great advocate of archery, and every Wednesday afternoon holds an archery meeting for ladies at Government House.

When I was there they were competing for a diamond brooch.

His Excellency Sir William Milton, the Administrator, is very fond of croquet, and rarely misses a daily round.

Umtali is only eighty miles distant from Salisbury as the crow flies, but the journey by rail is 175 miles. It is amusing to look from the train and speculate as to which roundabout way the engine is going to take next.



POST OFFICE AT MARANDELLAS

At Macheke, some few miles from Salisbury, the engine-driver obligingly stopped the train while I made a wild



UMZINGWANE RIVER

(By kind permission of Umali Railway Institute)





rush across grass and bush to take a snapshot of some bushmen paintings, which were on stone and were supposed to be sixty years old.

Unfortunately the light was not good, and the film was spoilt.

About forty-five miles from Salisbury on the Umtali line is Marandellas, with its quaint round hut post office. Here also still stands the huge shed used by Lord Methuen for the supplies for his men during the war, and now put to the peaceful purpose of a railway store.

At one point of the line, on a clear day, it is possible from the train to see the mountains eighty miles away. This seems difficult to believe, but in Africa the light not only appears to bring objects into prominence, but also considerably to shorten the distance, making it impossible for anyone not accustomed to the country to give mileage at a guess.

It would need the pen of Dickens to describe the hotel at which I stayed in Umtali. There are two hotels in this town, and both are so arranged that they may be used as theatres, if necessary. In my hotel the dining-room was the theatre, and at one end of the room there was a stage with a faded back cloth and tired-looking footlights. I breakfasted at a table in the stalls on the right aisle. The butter was vile, and I wondered where, oh where, were all the dairy farmers who grumbled at competition yet continued to live in England, with such a good market waiting for them in Southern Rhodesia. This hotel was kept, or rather one should say graced, by the presence, a very large, spreading presence, of an ex-opera singer, a lady of ample figure and abundant smiles. She could flirt in several languages, and had an affection for parrots, which rested on her once yellow-golden hair, and cooed on her affectionate breast. One day in particular she seemed covered with



them ; green, also grey and rose-tinted, fowls literally swarmed all over her, and yet she had room for tears in her eyes as she begged me to write something to keep all the young men of the neighbourhood from drinking themselves to death on the credit system.

I don't quite know which troubled her the more, the degrading effects of the liquor on the young men's morals, or the credit terms on which it was obtained.

However, she was a good-natured soul ; Heaven send that her shadow may never grow less, or become lonely through lack of parrots.

Umtali is situated among the most charming scenery in Southern Rhodesia, for all round the hills rise up and proclaim the splendour which a flat country, however pretty, never gives. One of the most fascinating drives is that which goes from Umtali over the Christmas Pass through the Valley of the Ancients, so called because of the evidence of ancient mines, to Penhalongha.

The drive has just the faint element of danger which gives a fillip to the romance of the surroundings ; one needs sure-footed mules. Also the presence of lions in the neighbourhood is not infrequently heard of, and only a fortnight before I drove through, a party of four men travelling in the dusk had beheld a lion taking an evening repast off a donkey who had strayed too far out of bounds.

Half-way between Umtali and Penhalongha, as a rule, one rests at a little wayside hotel to change horses or mules. If one has the time, a night can be spent to advantage here, for the sunrise from the top of the mountains within the shadow of which the hostelry stands, is a wonderful sight.

At Penhalongha there is a very good little hotel, where I obtained an excellent lunch. I then set off



TWENTY MILES FROM BULAWAYO  
(By kind permission of Umtali Railway Institute)



to see the mines, the hotel dog attaching himself to me by way of bodyguard.

I called at the manager's house and introduced myself, asking the courteous wife if I might see her husband. He soon appeared, accompanied by an Inspector of Mines, a man about seven feet in height, with umbrella in proportion. I know I ought to have remembered the output of that mine, and various details given me, but no—my lumber-room of a brain carries only the huge umbrella. It was my first experience of a stamp battery, and the noise seemed to me the most dreadful I had ever heard. It in no way daunted the courage of the dog, however; he followed me everywhere up the wooden steps and along the various platforms.

In Rhodesia, it is said, every mine is unlike another, though there may be some similarity in the Transvaal mines. There is certainly a great likeness about mine-owners. A book-keeper at one hotel explained to me how he found a gold mine and had it jumped from him; he was a 'Varsity man, and seemingly of too trusting a nature to deal with the not-too-scrupulous men one finds hovering near the world's wealth. Another man of diminutive, shrunken stature, quite uneducated, was drawing £1500 a month as his share in another gold mine. This man had been selling vegetables previously, and had to borrow £10 to pay for his first claim licence. The ups and down of men in a new country are a strange study. "See that barman over there!" said a man to me one day; "he was a colleague of mine at Glasgow University."

And what does it matter what a man works at, so long as he works his hardest at what lies within his reach? There is always comfort in the thought that something better may turn up. The only sin is sloth.

A very sensible custom is, to make convicts work

out of doors ; they make or repair roads, and in some places can be hired out at one shilling per head per day to work in private gardens or at making pathways. As a rule they are in charge of armed native police boys.



A MATABELE KRAAL

(By kind permission of Umtali Railway Institute)

In North-Eastern Rhodesia I saw convicts working in gangs of three and four, chained together. Up-country, white prisoners are found to be very undesirable by the magistrates of remote districts, as it is difficult to feed and keep them, European prison accommodation being either inadequate or entirely lacking. A white man gets passed on from pillar to post, and in fact I was assured that if I only committed a crime I could travel through Africa free of cost, as no one would want me.

Southern Rhodesia is the very place for men and women who wish to live the simple life with profit, and



offers a wider scope than does Chelsea with its brown serge affectations and Christian Science hysteria.

It is an oft-proved fact that half the earth is suffering from not knowing the requirements of the other half.

In England there are hundreds of women with just sufficient capital not to know what to do with it, not enough to keep them, a something which on account of its inadequacy is almost worse than nothing.

In France every girl is taught some trade, business, or profession, and it is considered no disgrace to have a practical knowledge which will enable her to help her husband should she marry, and to keep herself if she does not.

In England, to-day, women are realising the necessity of this, and prejudice is giving way to common sense.

But in England there are so many women, too many women, and hence the distant thunder, always growing nearer, of the war of the sexes.

Rhodesia wants women, needs women ; in fact, women, and women only, can ensure its future prosperity. Some few dozen men, and half a dozen women, have been pioneers ; they are past their first youth, but they still work ; however, new energy, new enterprise, and, greatest of all, young courage, are needed to-day. The pioneers have paved the way, and many young men have gone out and reaped the benefit of the early efforts—but, and this is a very grave but, the element of great danger having been surpassed, the element of self-sacrifice has to some extent passed with it, and self-indulgence of a depraved nature seems likely to step in if the hand of women do not arrest it. The average young man of to-day expects rather to live by the success of others than the sweat of his own brow.

How can this be altered ? My advice is, treble the tax on whisky, and import women free of charge.



The young man on the farm grows lonely, and so he either speculates and gambles, losing all with the idea of getting rich quickly and going back to England and women—or takes to whisky and loses all through lack of women.

But the right kind of women must come out ; Rhodesia is no place for the tin-cup and plate immigrant ; Rhodesia is not a gift, but a safe investment. Women of the servant-girl class are no good, and this is at present where many mistakes are made. The young farmers out here are men of birth and education ; they should meet their equals of the opposite sex in friendship or marriage, as



A MASHONA KRAAL

(By kind permission of Umtali Railway Institute)

the case may be. Men and women need each other to keep the balance of life gracefully as well as decently poised. There is one point I must touch on, and that is the horrible (though near the town usually hidden)

liaisons between white men and black women, the result being a sickly-coloured progeny which, growing up in all directions, will at some future time be a terrible menace to civilisation and a grievous subject for legislation. To give men their due, they begin by intending to be adamant, wishing to be decent ; but day after day the dark girl goes and sits outside the lonely man's hut ; she is not always ugly if she is very young, and though her lips are thick, her body is beautifully formed ; and then, too, she has an eye for colour ; the lonely man has grown a few flowers round his hut, just the flowers perhaps he loved at home, and one day he sees her at sunset, when the gold and crimson of the sky makes the whole world seem beautiful, and in her hair is a red carnation, plucked from his garden. Then the lonely man forgets he is white.

The chess-board of life must be furnished with an equal number of pieces each side, then fate will play the game. White men settlers are there already, the white women must now be induced to come, and this is where the woman who is a small capitalist has her chance. How can white men expect natives to have respect for white women while they, the same white men, lower themselves to the native's level by living with native women ?

In England women are daily proving more and more their self-reliance and capability, but England is so densely populated that with the increasing capability will come increasing competition.

Out in Rhodesia there is room for all comers ; let the women who are cramped at home prove that they can carry on the work of the Empire in the Colonies ; they will then not only find scope for themselves, but help their fellow-creatures.

The presence of sincere women must ever raise the

moral tone of a country in which they live, while they in turn will have their ideas of life broadened and their sympathies developed by coming into contact not only with nature's wonders but with men who have known life in the rough. One thing I can promise women, and that is, that go where they will in Rhodesia, hotel, mining camp, or farm, they will meet with nothing but courtesy from men of all ranks, if they merit it.

True friendship one gets from Colonial men, not the veiled insult which too often lurks in the polite attention proffered in the cities and towns of so-called civilisation. The cities of the future spring from the villages of to-day ; if women go to new countries they must be prepared to start at the beginning ; the present progress of the world is being impeded by the tendency to expect to begin where those who have been successful have left off.

One must start anew on a fresh plot of ground.

It would be well if the women who have been studying agriculture at the various farms and colleges were to turn their attention to Rhodesia, where land can be obtained near the railway at a very moderate price ; for instance, near Umtali very good land is to be had at £5 an acre.

I have already mentioned that I am of opinion that poultry-farming would pay handsomely. I will now give a few details for the practical help of women who might care to try their luck, and want to begin on a very small scale.

Supposing twelve acres of specially selected land were chosen, not too far from the railway for transport, the top price would be £60.

Two moderate-sized huts could be obtained for £25 each, one for day and one for night ; then, a small settler's hut at £10 would be large enough for a kitchen. These huts can be made to look quite pretty when hung

inside with Liberty washing stuffs. They are also cool and dry, the lower part being built of either corrugated iron or mud bricks, and the roof is thatched. A camp bed takes up little room, while folding-table and chairs, such as one uses when trekking, are very useful, as they can easily be carried outside should one wish to feed in the open.

The boys engaged would not cost more than 5s. a month if they were raw boys ; boys with a little experience would cost 10s. to 12s., while good farm hands get even more. Four acres of land sown with mealies will keep them in food, two crops being obtainable in a year, and they would build their own huts with the grass cut down.

The boundary line of the twelve acres could be marked by a small heap of stones here and there, while near the huts about 150 feet of good iron fencing could be erected for about £9. Outhouses and hen-houses cost little where timber is plentiful and labour cheap.

Orange, lemon, or banana trees grow quickly and bear abundantly, and they would make a pretty and productive border to the little farm, while a couple of acres, if devoted to potatoes and onions, would not only afford additional food, but the produce would sell well if not required. Potatoes, when plentiful, sell at 2½d. a lb., but the price often goes up to 6d. when the supply runs short.

Special care must be taken to keep the fowls clean, otherwise they suffer from the ravages of a small flea, which is best got rid of by spraying with paraffin.

Settlers' huts, incubators, iron fencing, and anything of a similar nature, can be obtained at Salisbury, and therefore no one need incur the expense of bringing them out from England. The floors of the huts can be made quite watertight and durable if dagga is used.

which is a kind of cement made from mud. Across the window of the hut (which should open outwards), inside the glass, place a fine wire netting; it lets in the air and keeps out insects.

A great number of flowers grow wild in Rhodesia, and the honey obtained from the wild bees is delicious.



GOLDMINERS' CAMP: SHOWING HUTS FOR DWELLING

(By kind permission of Umtali Railway Institute)

Women who would add to their income could start bee-keeping; there would be a continuous and ready sale for honey in the towns, and since so many flowers grow wild so easily, how great would be the wealth of bloom with a little cultivation!

Hives are not expensive, and there is no need to import bees. The care of bees is not a difficult study. Some people have an idea that bees should not be kept in conjunction with poultry, but there is no reason why this should not be done, only the hives must be placed at some little distance from the fowl-houses, and from any roadway or any place where the bees would be likely to be disturbed, because they dislike noise and unexpected blows to the hive; they will sting when so dis-



turbed. Bees also dislike the smell of tomatoes, and they will sting you violently if you have patted a sweating horse, the busy little brown insects being very sensitive to certain odours. On the other hand, they are quite harmless when properly managed.

June is a good month for the intending small settler to start, because, though at that time the country does not wear its most beautiful appearance and thus offer the best of encouragement, the climatic conditions are good, and one is able to get all in readiness in order to plant as soon as the rain comes ; and when the rain does begin, " Well," as one lady remarked to me, " you just watch things grow ! "

This lady, who, with her three daughters, has nine huts and twelve acres near Salisbury, is justly proud of her garden. It seems impossible to believe that all was uncultivated veld only a year ago.

The land having been selected, all could be prepared in a month, during which time one should live not too far away, so as to be able to superintend.

No expensive outfit in the way of clothing is necessary, ordinary English clothes being suitable, with the addition of a few plain print frocks, some thin, easily washed blouses or skirts, and large shady hats of the cheapest nature. The climate of Rhodesia is delightful in summer, and in winter not so cold as in England, so that the question of fires need not seriously enter into one's calculations.

If the young settler cannot afford a mule and cart to begin with, then a bicycle will be found very useful. In Rhodesia everyone cycles, from the Administrator downwards, for, when the roads are bad, the Kaffir paths are usually navigable if one is on a wheel.

With regard to the safety of women, it must be remembered that the country is young, and the nature of



the native differs from that of a white. It is a great mistake to imagine for one minute that you can trust to their honour or gratitude ; they do not possess any ; they appreciate firmness and justice, but regard leniency as weakness. Also for generations they have regarded women only as workers and as bearers of children, so that white women must take a firm stand from the beginning, not only insisting on obedience but never showing the slightest fear.

In the wildest and most remote parts of Rhodesia women need fear no harm from the native, but near the towns and mission stations, and with other natives who have received education, the case is different. With so-called education they acquire vice and put off their native virtue.

It would be wise for any women living quite alone to keep a dog and acquire some knowledge of shooting. Of course if two or three friends started a small colony of huts together, the isolation would be less and thus danger would be eliminated. There are many young unmarried women with private means in England who share rooms and study art together. Why should they not have a hut each and farm together ? Their combined incomes would render existence a pleasant one, and having boys to do the rough work would leave them plenty of time to turn into pictures the beautiful scenery around.

The Loyal Women's Guild is doing fine work in Rhodesia by forming committees in the various towns to investigate all matters concerning the welfare of women and children, and to render help when needed.

It speaks well for the prosperity of Umtali that, since the branch was formed in that town a year ago, only one case of real need has come under their notice, and this was a case of desertion, the husband going away

and leaving a wife and four children, a matter of individual sin not to be imputed to the country—needless to say the woman and children have been taken good care of. There are no workhouses in Rhodesia, and let us hope there never will be. Each town looks after its own poor, if there are any, but considering the contrasting poverty of our towns in England, it seemed almost incredible that at Bulawayo ladies should tell



THE "OLD DAYS." ZEDERBERG'S MAIL COACH STARTING FROM  
BULAWAYO FOR SALISBURY

(By kind permission of Umtali Railway Institute)

me they did not know what to do with their old clothing, there being no women sufficiently poor to need it.

In England there are many women, young and healthy, who are wasting their vitality by striving to compete with thousands of others in an overcrowded area ; they have usually a little money—why should they not use it in seeking and cultivating pastures new instead of wishing the little was much, and losing all eventually in a race so handicapped by too many entries.

One may live in a hut and yet be well within touch of civilisation. At Salisbury, Bulawayo, and Umtali,

there are libraries ; the museum at Bulawayo contains much of interest, while the sports grounds at Salisbury, as I have already stated, are certainly the finest in Africa.

The life on the few acres will be rough in contrast to the city left behind, perhaps, but the delight of assisting creation by cultivating one's own little plot, will far outshine the wretched treadmill of existence in the dark dreariness of bricks and mortar, where the streets are usually lined with hypocrisy and paved with want.

Turn to the sunshine for happiness and to the land for peace.

## CHAPTER IX

### *Educated Natives*

RHODESIA at present has no cathedral, although funds are being collected to build one at Salisbury. The present tin edifice is a standing disgrace, a colossal example of the little interest shown in England to the *white* man's soul in the Colonies.

If ever one speaks about the absurd squandering of money by the Missionary Societies upon the so-called conversion (which in very many cases is only perversion) of the black, one usually receives the answer that direct orders have been given in the Bible to spread the gospel. This is quite correct, but nowhere have I read the order that it should be spread chiefly amongst people of another colour. Perhaps the Christian religion is suited to the whites ; many think so, and I will not dispute it, but if so, then its influence and teachings are needed as much in Africa as in England ; yet the English Church seems sadly to neglect her children in the Colonies. One lady remarked to me, " It is so easy to collect money in England for the blacks and so difficult to obtain anything for the whites."

Throughout Africa there are white children in large numbers who can neither read nor write, and who know very little of religion of any kind, while money is continuously pouring into the country for the education of the native. What does this mean ? It simply means that, if this continue, the day will come when the black

will try to predominate, and the misguided philanthropists of Europe will be responsible.

In 1892 a full-blooded native, Mokone by name, who styled himself a Wesleyan Reverend, started a Church of his own for blacks only, which he called the Ethiopian Church. It did not take long before the greater part of the other native churches, which are all united in the hatred of the white man, affiliated in some way or other with the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which is partly financed from America, whence native bishops and priests have poured into South Africa, where they have to-day firmly established themselves. It is also from them that the motto, "Africa for the Africans," originated. Their missionaries are all over the country, practically teaching a religion of revolt. They also control a number of native newspapers which are circulated broadcast all over South Africa. In "Naledi Ea Lesotho" (Basutoland Star) I have seen the following :—

"May the white in South Africa know that unless and until the natives are satisfied on this all-important question of native chieftainship, then good-bye to peace between blacks and whites so long as the sun fulfils the Almighty's decree."

In "Voice of the Missions" I have seen :—

"Drive the British into the sea from whence they came."

And in another issue of the same paper :—

"If the Anglo-Saxon cannot mingle his blood by wedlock with the natives of this country, which he grabs, why does he not keep his heels in England on the fenders of his hearth?"

The "Imvo"<sup>1</sup> is a similar paper, edited by Mr. Stead's friend Tengo-Jabavu, a full-blooded native of whom Stead said he would prefer him as a guest at his table to many an English M.P.

It was also for this paper, which has been preaching the doctrine "We shall boss the whites in Africa," that Mr. Stead appealed in his "Review of Reviews" to people in England for funds and assistance, to enable the poor oppressed natives to voice their so-called grievances.

We must always bear in mind that the native is well aware of his vast numerical superiority, and that he regards education as a big help to attain his racial ambition : "Africa for the Africans."

His desire for education knows no limits. Statistics show that all over South Africa native education has made greater strides than the education of the whites. That this should be allowed is disgraceful, because all open threats as to the future fate of the whites emanate from these highly educated Christian natives.

If only the English would not be so keen to assist the stranger "that is without the gate," there would be more salvation at home and a better state of satisfaction abroad.

There seems to be little doubt that the next great African war will be one in which the native will try to become supreme, in fact, the Master of Africa, and for the bloodshed which then will take place the main responsibility will lie with the missionaries and those who assist them, because to these missionaries must be given the blame of forcing education upon the black before he is sufficiently civilised to receive it. Cleanliness is said to be next to godliness ; it may come next in relative importance, but it ought to come first in point

<sup>1</sup> Zabatsundu (Native Opinion).



of time ; let the native learn to take decent care of his body, and acquire some knowledge of the dignity of labour, before he is packed with conceit by being told that he has a soul of equal importance to a white man's. And not only is his mental balance disturbed by what he is taught concerning this hitherto unknown soul about which his ideas are, and for generations naturally must be, vague, but his hitherto unused brain is suddenly forced into activity, and, as is only natural, unable immediately to turn from a lower beast into a philosopher of higher intelligence, he becomes possessed of a little knowledge which, in his case, is a very dangerous thing. His instinct of cunning turns what he learns to criminal use ; to acquire the white man's knowledge is not only to rival him in fair competition, but, not being possessed of the white man's conscience, to use this knowledge against him whenever opportunity occurs. To learn to write is to learn to forge passes and even cheques, and the native who reads of crime is the one who not only copies, but adds refinements of brutality, and the spiritual teaching, not correcting these instincts, only makes the criminal more cunning. These are not only my opinions, but they are also the opinions which I have heard from every white man in any responsible position, and from a large number of others I met during my tour. One cannot doubt that amongst the missionaries there are many noble and wise men, to whom South Africa owes a great debt, because they were pioneers in exploration, who have made enormous contributions to our knowledge of folklore, botany, zoology, geology, geography, etc. Many of them have also done good from a medical point of view, but let us not forget that from a spiritual point of view the mission " amongst the heathen " is at its best only undesired interference with old-established practice, and often even leads to real evil.

As a first example let me mention Bishop Colenso and his daughters. His absurd views about natives have done great harm. Cetewayo, a powerful native chief, who had been perpetrating wholesale murder amongst other tribes, was preparing for a war against the whites, but fortunately for these Sir Bartle Frere dealt pretty quickly with this ambitious gentleman. In John Martineau's "Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir Bartle Frere," Vol. II, one can read how Sir Bartle Frere corresponded with Colenso, who had taken up the case of the Zulus in a most enthusiastic way :—

"Colenso printed and circulated this correspondence, not at the Cape or in Natal, where it would have been promptly criticised, but in England, where the facts were little known."

In the same volume, on page 430, is a letter of Rev. H. Waller, Bishop MacKenzie's companion in Central Africa :—

"Colenso and Chesson, Secretary of the Aborigines Protection Society, are the greatest burdens under which South Africa labours. . . . When the whole history of the troubles of Africa comes to be written, Colenso and Chesson ought to be credited with the loss of thousands of lives and millions of money."

This severe criticism is the opinion of one who knew something about missions. Bishop Colenso, and his daughters lately in the same way, took up the view that the natives were a glorious race and that their destiny was to guide and absorb the whites.

Miss North, in her "Recollections of a Happy Life," Vol. II, describes a visit to the Colensos :—

"Doctor Colenso's conversation was delightful, but he gave me the impression of being both weak and vain,

and very susceptible to flattery. His two elder daughters were perfectly devoted to him and his Zuluism, which governed everything. The dear natives were incapable of harm, the whites incapable of good. They would, I believe, have heard cheerfully that all the whites had been eaten up and Cetewayo proclaimed King of Natal. His portrait was all over the house, and they mentioned him in a hushed voice as a kind of holy martyr. . . . It would have driven me mad to have stayed long in such a strained atmosphere."

For the benefit of those who would like to have a few more examples of intolerance, I can recommend Miss Colenso's "My Chief and I," published in London in 1880, and "The Ruin of Zululand, an Account of British doings since the Invasion of 1879," by the same author, published in London in 1885. By "invasion" is naturally meant the British occupation.

Why is it that so few people have anything to say in favour of missionaries? Mainly, I think, on account of the way in which the natives have been treated by missionaries, the way they have been made "pets" of. Only those have been guilty of this unnatural partiality who could not realise that kindness means to a native purely and simply weakness. I will admit there are reasons why missionaries should have acted in this way, "petting" the native. One reason is, perhaps, that they saw what they believed to be hardships inflicted on the natives, and they then considered themselves to be the protectors.

The "Review of Reviews," May, 1905, on page 483, affords very interesting reading, where Mr. Stead relates an interview with the late Mr. Paul Lessar, Russian Ambassador at Peking:—

"Certainly," said Mr. Lessar, "all our recent troubles

had their origin in two things—the attempt to scramble for China and the attempt to convert the Chinese. Let me deal with the latter question first. . . . I would say at once that when a man becomes a missionary he should cease to belong to any nationality. Jesus Christ should be his only Consul, the Kingdom of Heaven his only country ; and if he should have the misfortune to be slain then he will become a blessed martyr, and his blood will become the Seed of the Church. If this principle be carried out it is possible that Christianity might make great progress in China, progress which I don't expect so long as the present system continues, in which men become missionaries as a kind of business and women go into it as a kind of excitement and from a love of travel, knowing that if they get into trouble there is always the Consul and the gunboat."

Mr. Stead protested against this very low estimate of the motives which prompted missionary endeavour, but Mr. Lessar insisted that he was right, and went on to expound an even more startling theory as to the nature of Chinese converts:—

"The fact is, it is all the rascals who become Christians. When a man has got into trouble, when he has stolen some of his neighbours' goods, or has done some other villainy and the place seems likely to be too hot to hold him, he becomes a Christian and acquires the protection given to converts. It has happened so everywhere. I have seen it myself so often at the Persian frontier. . . . Hence we have a most undesirable colony of rascals who have all become Christians in order that they may become criminals with impunity."

Professor Cory, in his "Rise of South Africa," next to the monumental work of Dr. McCall Theal the most

important work on South African history, and no doubt a model of thorough and accurate research, condemns very strongly indeed the Exeter Hall view, and in support of his attitude he gives a multitude of instances in his book where the missionaries were at fault, where they spread exaggerated reports of cruel treatment of the natives, and where much mischief was the consequence :—

“ In England there soon came into existence a prevailing tendency to regard the majority of the white inhabitants of Cape Colony, whether of English or Dutch descent, as lost to all sense of justice and humanity—missionaries alone being imbued with any feeling of philanthropy—and the blacks as the innocent and harmless victims of constant oppression. . . . The statements of political missionaries came to be believed in preference to those of the highest and best-informed officials in the Colony, and were, unfortunately, acted upon. Thus in a measure Downing Street became subordinate to Exeter Hall. Through a long series of years the principal results of the machinations of pseudo-philanthropists were the devastation of the Eastern Province by assegai and firebrand, the driving forth of thousands of the Dutch inhabitants to seek new homes in South Africa, and the establishment of matters which shocked the sense of natural justice and lacked the support of any considerations of sound policy.” <sup>1</sup>

A typical example of these pseudo-philanthropists was that political firebrand, the Reverend Dr. Philip, the first superintendent of the London Missionary Society's South African Missions. Nicholas Polson describes him as : “ one whose talents and powers of persuasion would

<sup>1</sup> “ The Rise of South Africa,” by George Edward Cory, p. 170.



do honour to the most glorious cause, but whose conduct would disgrace the worst.”<sup>1</sup>

In his “Researches in South Africa,” this same Dr. Philip wanted to make people believe that not only the Boers but also the English Colonial Government cruelly oppressed the natives. He described Bushmen and Hottentots as a race of high civilisation, and even went so far as to say that he had seen Bushmen make waggons and ploughs.

This is an absurdity similar to that which S. Bannister, in his “Humane Policy, with Suggestions How to Civilise the Natives,” brings forward, when he tells us, for instance, that the Bushmen are capable of any degree of refinement, and when the chiefs are painted as men of high character. It is similar nonsense in which the Rev. Stephen Kay, in his “Travels and Researches in Caffraria,” indulges, when he describes all white men who are not missionaries as “ruffians” and “murderers.”

But let us return to Dr. Philip, who in many instances contorted the truth to make the episodes suitable for his purposes.

When his book appeared, everywhere in South Africa its accuracy was denied, not only by English but also by Dutch, and even many missionaries differed from him.<sup>2</sup> In England, however, this book was well received by a large section of the people. And what did Dr. Philip further do? Sir Benjamin D’Urban, probably the most popular ruler South Africa ever had, refused to be led by Dr. Philip and his small party, who naturally, in consequence, entirely disagreed with their Governor’s policy. Philip’s party consisted only of a few men, but they had powerful support from England. They de-

<sup>1</sup> “A Subaltern’s Sick Leave; or, Rough Notes of a visit in search of health to China and the Cape of Good Hope,” by Nicholas Polson.

<sup>2</sup> See McCall Theal’s “History of South Africa,” Vol. II, pp. 118-9.



sired, says Dr. McCall Theal, in his "History of South Africa"—

"the formation of states ruled by Bantu chiefs under the guidance of missionaries of their own views, and from which Europeans not favoured by missionaries should be excluded . . . as the readiest means of opposing the Governor, Dr. Philip visited England, taking with him two men named Jan Tshatshu and Andries Stoffels. The first—a son of the captain of the Tinde clan—had been educated at Bethelsdorp and was a professed Christian, the last was a Kat River resident of mixed Xosa and Hottentot blood, a clever individual, who had been strongly suspected of treasonable intentions during the war.

"A Committee of the House of Commons was at the time taking evidence upon the condition of the Aborigines of British Settlements. . . . Jan Tshatshu, whose father's clan was composed of less than a thousand individuals of both sexes and all ages, was represented as a powerful chief who could bring two thousand warriors into the field. He and Andries Stoffels were examined by the Committee, and spoke in accordance with their training. Dr. Philip then went on a tour through England with these men, everywhere attracting crowds of people to see and hear the converts from heathenism and enlisting supporters for this cause. In stirring addresses in which the most sublime truths were mixed with fantastic theories, he appealed to those feelings of English men and women which are most easily worked upon. His eloquence was amply rewarded, his tour was described by his admirers as a triumphal procession, in which such incidents were not omitted as Tshatshu and Stoffels taking ladies of rank to the dinner-tables of houses where they were guests, and the enthusiastic cheers with which they were greeted on

appearing before public assemblies. The cost to the two Africans seems never to have been thought of. Stoffels speedily contracted consumption, and died at Cape Town on his way back to his home. Tshatshu became so conceited and so fond of wine that he was utterly ruined, and we shall meet him hereafter expelled from Church membership and fighting against the white man.”<sup>1</sup>

In another volume Dr. McCall Theal tells us that—

“In this attempt to get possession of Fort Peddy the Tinde Captain, Jan Tshatshu, took part. After his return from England with the Rev. Dr. Philip he was puffed up with pride and self-importance, and as he had acquired a fondness for strong drink his career thenceforward was most unsatisfactory.”<sup>2</sup>

Speaking of Dr. Philip elsewhere in the same volume, Dr. McCall Theal also says:—

“Yet . . . the man whom he had exhibited in England as a model Christian Kaffir was in arms against the Colony and taking part with the murderers of helpless Fingo women and children.”<sup>3</sup>

I do not think any mission society will accuse Dr. George McCall Theal of being biased or unfair, and therefore his statements must carry weight. Speaking of the Rev. J. J. Freeman, who published “A Tour to South Africa,” he says:—

“The author of this work was Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society, and was deputed by that body to visit its station in South Africa. A single quotation from this book will show how distorted were the views of its author. . . .”

<sup>1</sup> “History of South Africa,” Vol. II, p. 136.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. III, p. 4.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. III, p. 60.

Of the Rev. E. Casalis he says :—

“ He and the French missionaries in the Lesuto must be regarded as the champions of the wildest pretensions of Moshesh.”

Of the Rev. Stephen Kay, also a political busybody, he says :—

“ he regarded white men who were not missionaries as little better than incarnate fiends,” and “ the accounts given by Mr. Kay . . . were investigated by the Government and found to be strikingly incorrect.”

And there is a great deal more to the same effect.

Even Livingstone, of whom I am a great admirer, has in his “ A Popular Account of Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa,” given a false colouring to the portion of his work which refers to the immigrants and settlers, and some of his statements have over and over again been proved to be incorrect.

After I returned to England, in August, 1909, I expressed my view that I had not a very high opinion of the good of the missionary enterprise, and gave several reasons.

Needless to say, I was denounced at Whitefield’s, Tottenham Court Road. The Rev. Charles Abel delivered there on the 22nd August, 1909, an address with “ applause ” (see “ Daily News,” August 23) which was supposed to be a denial of my statements, and in which he said :—

“ . . . we had recently read of a lady who . . . had stated that missionaries had no good influence on the natives. He believed the lady meant what she said, and he was perfectly willing to admit, that if she went to New Guinea she might come back to this country and make a similar statement. . . .”

A Miss M. Blunt, B.A.LOND., writing to the "Daily News" on August 19, from Cricklewood, says :—

" Having had a year's residence amongst the native people of South Africa, I should be glad if this further protest against Miss Mansfield's opinion, a protest based on personal observation of missionary work, may be allowed to appear in your valuable space.

" . . . it must be remembered that it is often the least worthy subjects of missionary influence who become known to the traveller or the casual observer. The lazy and conceited Christian native, through his natural self-assertiveness or conspicuous failings, brings an undue proportion of discredit on his teachers."

But who else than the teacher is to be blamed? Natives without Christian education are quite different. Rubbish like Miss Blunt's is cheap.

In the "Daily Chronicle" of August 18, 1909, the Rev. H. Cecil Nutter has a highly interesting letter in which he challenges me with regard to the morality of Africans. From this letter I see that this member of the London Missionary Society states: "I am not surprised to read that she has not a high opinion of the results of missionary enterprise." He goes on to state that I quite truly describe the natives as big, strong, and happy, but he considers they are not always happy, and he then makes a long statement about morality and immorality. There is unquestionably a good deal of truth in what he says, but I have heard of more immoral proceedings in London, Paris, Berlin, etc., amongst the whites, than I have heard of during my travels or afterwards amongst the natives. It is well known that the morality of the Zulus, Swazies, Pondos, etc., is beyond reproach, and to quote again the authority on South African History, Dr. McCall Theal:—

“Another question which has been put to me is whether there are any traces of phallic worship amongst the Bantu of South Africa. To this I can reply : none whatever. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

In the “Daily News” of August 23, 1909, I saw :—

“MISSIONARY INFLUENCE.

“To the Editor.

“Sir,—Rev. E. W. Davies, in answer to Miss Mansfield’s on the above question, quotes Sir H. Johnston against her contention that ‘missionary influence is not really a good thing for natives.’ Sir H. Johnston, in the ‘Nineteenth Century,’ November, 1887, writes :—

“‘. . . In many important districts where they [missionaries] have been at work for twenty years, they can scarcely number in honest statistics twenty sincere Christians. . . . In other parts of Africa, principally British possessions, where large numbers of nominal Christians exist, their religion is discredited by numbering amongst its adherents all the drunkards, liars, rogues, and unclean livers in the colony.’

“Prof. Max Muller, in the ‘Nineteenth Century,’ January, 1885, cites the speech of ‘a grand Maori chief,’ who condemns the influence of the missionaries on the natives.

“Mr. Joseph Thompson, the African explorer, who writes in the ‘Contemporary Review,’ December, 1886, ‘as one having the interest of Christianity deep at heart,’ speaking of East Central Africa, noticed ‘a sort of veneer of Christianity, which made a show and looked satisfactory only when described in a missionary magazine.’

<sup>1</sup> “History of South Africa,” Vol. III, p. 457.

"I don't know if the writers are novel writers, or if they made a hurried journey for sensations, but let us have fair play.

"Yours, etc.,

"A. COODE.

"*Swansea.*"

That really kind woman, Mrs. Moffat, at Chitambo, whom I asked what good she thought Christianising of natives did, answered me : "If we do not teach them Christianity now, they will fight in the future !"

In Kimberley quite recently some native "prophets" were tried for sedition and sentenced. One was a kitchen-boy from Mafeking, who with some followers went round preaching in the Taungs District that he was Jesus Christ, and that he had come to summon his black brethren to kill the whites.

And only a few weeks ago, further "prophets" "of the blood" appeared with the same seditious language and necessitated strengthening the Bechuanaland Police. Several severe sentences were passed upon the main mischief-makers.

If this is going to be the blessing derived from Christianity, then I say, stop it as soon as possible.

Is not, perhaps, Mohammedanising the native much preferable? Reliable people, old residents of Uganda, have told me that this latter course is much more desirable than Christianising.

The best way to civilise the black is to improve and maintain the position of the white. Example means much in the teaching of children; the example of whites means everything in the development of the native, and therefore surely it behoves everyone in England who has the interest of the natives at heart to send out in the first place money for proper schools and churches for the whites.



If some of the many Mission Societies in England, who all have the one idea of saving "heathens" in their own particular way of salvation, would look more to the needs of people of their own colour, then the civilisation of the black would follow in natural, though slow and steady course. Let the natives become good servants before the responsibilities of masters are thrust upon them. The old proverb of the beggar on horseback still holds good.

To sum up, I should like to say : Missionaries, do not take up politics, do not interfere with natives, but devote your great knowledge, your powerful resources, your organising talents and your many other abilities to the welfare of those of our own colour, of your own brothers and sisters, many of whom are in great need and would be pupils who would remain thankful to you to their last days !

## CHAPTER X

### *A Lecture*

I CANNOT speak too highly of the kind hospitality of the people I met, among whom were many interesting men and women of culture and charm.

A visit to the police camp at Salisbury, and tea with pioneer Colonel Bodle, afforded the opportunity of seeing a fine display of a lightning drill by the Black Watch. One of the native soldiers whistled, in lieu of a band, and very smart the men looked with neat uniforms and bare, glistening black legs. Near the parade-ground are the huts where live the wives and children of the native police, and what Apollos must seem these soldiers to their adoring dusky brides !

For three days while at Salisbury I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hole, who were very kind to me. Mrs. Marshall Hole enjoys the distinction of having been one of the first women to enter Rhodesia in the pioneer days, and tells a quaint story, showing how women can be dainty even under difficult circumstances.

It seems that she arrived by waggon at a certain spot, clothed in a blue serge dress, happy in the knowledge that a promise had been given that her luggage, with clothing, etc., would arrive by the next waggon transport. She naturally expected this would mean living in blue serge for three days, but it was three months before those boxes arrived, and towards the end of this time the settlers decided to give a dance. There were only

three ladies, but still they decided to dance and be cheerful. Then came the question of clothes. Of course the men could not dress, that was out of the question, as there was only one black coat in Salisbury for many years, and that was the one owned by Dr. Jameson in his dignified position of Administrator. But could a woman dance in blue serge when that serge had had so



CATHOLIC CHURCH, BULAWAYO

(By kind permission of Father Nassau)

many weeks' wear? No, certainly not; and into Mrs. Marshall Hole's pretty little fair head there crept a scheme. Saying no word of her secret, she bought white limbo (calico) and made herself a dress, draping around the low V some of her husband's white silk handkerchiefs. The night of the dance arrived, and when the other ladies saw the confection they both exclaimed, "Oh, your boxes have come!"

Another story which shows the ingeniousness of

women is told of a lady who had lost all her hairpins and used long mimosa thorns instead.

While in Bulawayo, I was asked to give a few of my impressions to a representative of the "Rhodesian Journal." I did so, and the B.S.A. Co. have widely circulated these impressions in leaflet form.<sup>1</sup> I was both surprised and flattered when I returned to London to find that they had done so, and am pleased that my little effort was thus appreciated, for I now feel I have thanked them for the kind attention I received throughout Rhodesia from their representatives.

Before leaving Bulawayo I was also approached by the President and Secretary of the Loyal Women's Guild and asked if I would give a lecture in aid of their funds. As I had never given a lecture in my life, I was at first frightened at the idea and then perplexed as to the choice of a subject. I eventually decided however on Word Pictures,<sup>2</sup> and was delighted that the lecture resulted in obtaining about £20 for the Guild, which Guild, by the way, might with advantage now be called the United Women's Guild, in view both of the union of the States and the supposition that at the present moment all women are loyal and that therefore there is no necessity to differentiate.

I am very proud of the fact that I was the first woman to lecture in Rhodesia, where women even as public speakers are up to the present practically unknown. The audience was most appreciative. I hope other women will come forward to assist the numerous funds required for purposes of public interest by lecturing on various topics, and thus help also the literary talent now lying dormant in Rhodesia.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix A.

<sup>2</sup> The report of the lecture, which appeared in the "Rhodesia Journal," is given in Appendix B.

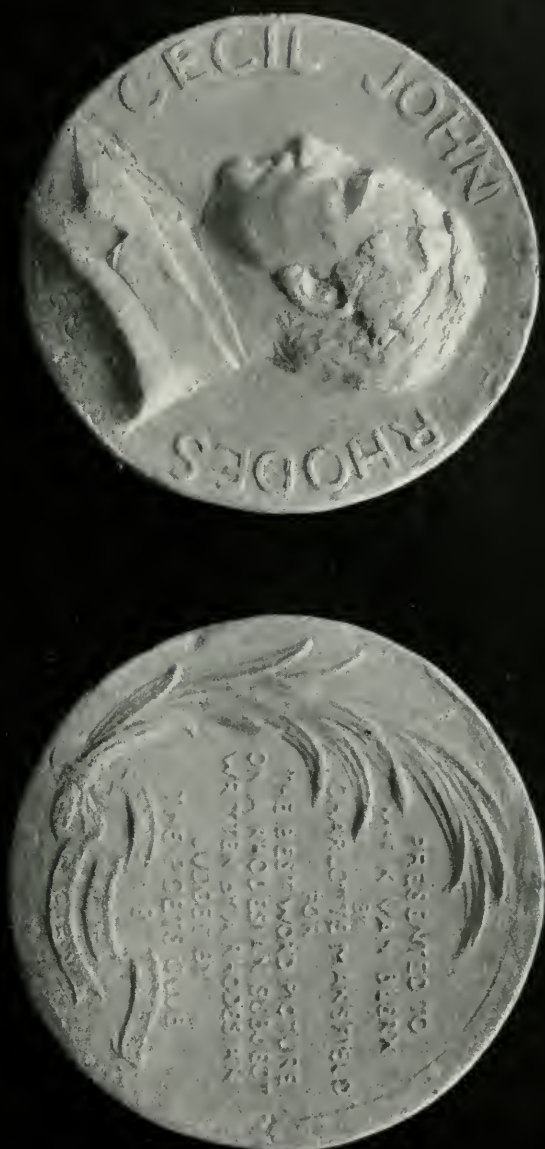
At the lecture I offered a medal for the best Word Picture on a Rhodesian subject, the writer to be a resident of Rhodesia. I regret that only nine contributions in verse and prose were sent in.<sup>1</sup> I obtained from Mr. John Tweed, the eminent sculptor, a promise to design the medal, and seven months were allowed for the composition of the pictures. However, everything has a beginning, and the nine competitors at any rate made a better attempt than did the members of the Lyceum Club (over 3000) when some time ago I offered two prizes for a poster design. David Murray, R.A., promised to judge, and wrote saying he would place two days on one side for this purpose. But alas, only one poster was sent in!

The time I spent preparing the lecture was very enjoyable, and possessed of a particular charm. By the courtesy of Mr. T. Stevens I experienced the quiet and inspiring hospitality of Government House, a house built by Cecil Rhodes, and a modest imitation of Groote Schuur, some three miles out from Bulawayo.

Here, on the stoep, looking out on the Dutch garden of green lawns, sheltered by orange trees, one could sit and dream, with no sound save the songs of the doves; and with the blue sky above and the golden sunshine everywhere, one felt indeed that the earth and everything thereon offered rich colour schemes for word pictures.

I am grateful to "Jack Stevens," as he is endearingly called in Rhodesia, for these two days.

<sup>1</sup> The two contributions which were found to be the best by the President of the Poets' Club are given in Appendixes C and D.



MEDAL DESIGNED BY MR. JOHN TWEED





## CHAPTER XI

### *"Smoke that Sounds"*

IT was on St. George's Day that I left Bulawayo for the Victoria Falls, and very beautiful were the roses presented to me at the station. His Majesty King Albert of Belgium, then H.R.H. Prince Albert, travelled by the same train, and I had the honour of being presented to him. At the Falls we took each other's portraits. His Majesty speaks English perfectly, and has a charm-



H.M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AT VICTORIA FALLS

ingly simple manner. One of his A.D.C.'s, a handsome Baron, looked as if he had stepped out of a romantic play produced at St. James's Theatre. I wondered if I was taking part in the "Prisoner of Zenda," or "Rupert

of Hentzau." At the Falls we were met by H.H. Mr. Wallace, the Administrator of North-Western Rhodesia,<sup>1</sup> and his amiable Secretary, Mr. Francis. Here also I met



"HOUSEMAIDS" AT VICTORIA FALLS HOTEL

Dr. Beattie, of the S.A. College, and a very pleasant companion I found him. Every day he spent many hours in his tent, pitched on the veld some short distance from the Falls, busy with a magnetic survey. He was good enough to show and explain his wonderful compass to me, and one day I took his photograph, with his collar off, by special request, because I explained to him that he looked so much more interesting without the stiff linen badge of civilisation. Prof. Beattie had mapped out for himself a tour from the Cape to Cairo by nearly the same route as I intended to go. He afterwards changed his plans, and I had not the pleasure of meeting him again, but I am glad to say he accomplished

<sup>1</sup> N.E. and N.W. Rhodesia have now been amalgamated, and Mr. Wallace is Administrator of both portions.

that which I failed to perform, for he travelled from the Cape to Cairo in one journey and in one year, a feat never before accomplished by man or woman. I have since heard from him that he walked about two thousand miles. One day, I remember, when the Professor and myself went by boat to Kandahar Island, taking our lunch with us, we spent seven hours together, and he remarked that such a test meant that if we met up country we could travel together without quarrelling. Most travellers, it seems, quarrel when only two are in the wilds together. I have heard many instances of this. At Kandahar Island, which is up river about five miles from the Falls, and which was so named by Lord Roberts during his visit in September, 1904, there is an abundance of rich tropical growth, and we amused ourselves by making up stories of adventures with elephants, which might have happened, and I promised I would not tell the newspapers any fatter lies than invented that day.



PROFESSOR BEATTIE CARRYING OUT  
A MAGNETIC SURVEY

Now, the joke is that we really thought adventures with elephants an absolute impossibility on that island, and I afterwards heard that only a short time previously, when the river was low, a herd of elephants had broken down the trees on many parts of the island, and also that the bobbing up and down in the river through which we rowed, and which I took to be huge lumps of weed, were in reality the heads of hippopotami, so we really might have had an adventure. Rowing-boats or a motor-launch can be hired at the Falls for the day. We chose a rowing-boat, preferring to be rowed by dusky oarsmen.



AT KANDAHAR ISLAND

The accompanying photo is of a crocodile which was shot by the toll-taker from the bridge over the gorge just below the Falls a few weeks before I arrived. The photograph was also taken by him. Writing of this toll-taker reminds me of a very quaint incident. One morning



I left the hotel, saying I would probably not return for lunch, and taking some biscuits with me. I further gave instructions that if a telegram should come a messenger would find me somewhere in the Palm Kloof. Arriving



CROCODILE SHOT ON RAILWAY BRIDGE AT VICTORIA FALLS

(By kind permission of the shot, Mr. Sloper)

at the bridge, I gave the same information to the toll-keeper. He showed me some wonderful walking-sticks he was making out of hippo hide, and told me the crocodile-shooting story. I then passed on, crossed the bridge, walked some distance along the edge of the cliff till I reached a big baobab tree, then turning to the left entered the steep, narrow zigzag pathway leading down to the wonderful Palm Kloof, which lies at the foot of the Falls by the side of the gorge.

On the way down I saw some natives with picks ; they respectfully stood aside to allow me to pass, and



further down the pathway, where the beautiful palms rising to the height of forty feet grow densely together, I met several more natives. Evidently they had been



BAOBAB TREE

(By kind permission of Father Nassau)

removing debris from the pathway, and having finished their work were going aloft. It was rather eerie meeting these black men in the dim light and far from any sound



IN THE PALM KLOOF

(By kind permission of Mr. Percy M. Clark, photographer, Victoria Falls)



save the distant rushing of the water, and this was my first encounter with natives. They took off their hats, and I said “good morning” in much the same tone, I fancy, as that in which I should have said “poor dog” to propitiate a strange cur of whose temper I was uncertain. Arrived at the bottom of the somewhat steep path, I found so much water had accumulated from the recent heavy rains, that it was quite impossible to remain in such a damp atmosphere, and therefore, after a few minutes spent in admiration of the wealth of foliage around, thrilled with that sense of awe which the roaring waters near must ever bring, I began the ascent. The native workmen had by this time all disappeared, and when I reached the top I gave the biscuits to a native police boy who seemed to be guarding the baobab tree, in the shade of which lay the workmen’s tools, and I returned to the bridge.

The toll-keeper was about to mount his bicycle to ride to the hotel for his midday meal. He informed me that no telegram had come for me, and rode away.

I walked some distance along the pathway leading from the bridge, the spray from the distant Falls moistening my face as a cool mist, and then I saw to my surprise that the toll-keeper had dismounted from his bicycle and was looking in my direction, apparently waiting for me to come up, and when I reached him he said :

“Do you mind, Miss, if I walk by you as far as the hotel? I don’t like the look of a man over yonder.”

The man “over yonder” was a white man of tramp appearance, and I was amazed that the toll-keeper should find it necessary to shield me from a white, while he had uttered no word of warning with reference to the natives at work in the Kloof. A low white is certainly more to be feared than an ignorant black, and this



the toll-keeper knew. He explained that the white man in question was apparently waiting to "jump" the bridge, that is, cross without paying the necessary shilling, while the toll-keeper was at dinner.

It is said that when the British Association visited the Falls a year or two ago, one learned professor looking forth from the bridge determined to drop a stone and time its fall. After a space of solemn silence he discovered that he had dropped his watch and still held the stone.

This bridge is on the boundary between North-Western and Southern Rhodesia, for though Livingstone is only seven miles from the Falls, that town is the seat of the Administration of North-Western Rhodesia, while the Falls are claimed by Southern Rhodesia and will doubtless prove more and more one of its best paying means of revenue.

The relative beauties of the Victoria Falls as compared with those of Niagara are constantly discussed, and a story is told that one day an Englishman and an American stood side by side and gazed with speechless admiration at the Main Falls of the Zambesi. The silence was broken by the American, who observed :

"I guess it's fine, but Niagara knocks spots out of it!"

Now it happened two years later that the Englishman visited America, and meeting the American before-mentioned, they together visited Niagara Falls, and as they stood and looked at the rushing waters the American observed :

"Fine, but I guess your Victoria Falls just beats this hollow!"

"What?" exclaimed the Englishman. "But when we were there, you gave the palm to Niagara."

"Yes," answered the Yankee, "but I hadn't seen Niagara then."



MAIN FALLS AT LOW WATER. VIEW FROM LIVINGSTONE ISLAND  
(By kind permission of Father Nassau)





Without the slightest wish to be disloyal or lese-majestic, I must confess that the name of the Falls seems to be its one drawback. The name Victoria suggests solid English comfort and stolid dignity. How much better would it have been to retain the native name Mosi-oa-tunya (“Smoke that sounds”), for truly such a name gives in a short sentence a graphic description of the spray rising many thousands of feet, to the far-off traveller appearing as smoke from a gigantic veld fire. And the sound, the distant thunder of the water’s music, a roar of triumph, Nature in her deepest notes proclaiming her omnipotence; what organ built by man ever gave so grand a tone? What trumpet so majestic a herald?

When the waters move with so much force, man seems but a puny monster, a monument of conceit, and to the Falls one looks, and there is but one thought within the heart: God is great, for God and nature are in accord. Near the Falls should stand, not an hotel, but a temple, a hall of silence into which one might pass from sound to prayer.

The frame of a great picture had better be of thorns than tawdry in design, and so it is with nature; leave, oh, leave, a big margin to the Falls, a space, a something of indefinite grass, tree, or bush, let the paths lose themselves in underwood and let no notice-boards desecrate the spell. What though many, when the Falls are better known, will rashly venture too near the fatal brink or long to float on the foaming, onward, downward vehemence of the milky surface of the Devil’s Cataract! Better sacrifice of human life than rails to mar and bar the way.

Such a world-wonder, so beautiful, will ever and should ever claim a percentage of human sacrifice. To die in Nature’s arms must give something of complete-

ness even to a commonplace life ; beds are stuffy at their best, though considered by many (chiefly the unimaginative) respectable receptacles to be born and to die in.

With what a feeling of awe amounting to dread must Livingstone, in November, 1855, have approached these Falls ! One can picture him, not standing upright, but creeping, crawling nearer and nearer, the spray on his face, the sound of the rushing of a thousand oceans filling his ears, and every heart-beat a throb of expectation. Alas that it should have been in November, when the Falls are not in full flood ! and yet perhaps better so, for otherwise there would have been too much unexpected marvel.

Africa, having so decidedly a wet and a dry season, is almost like two different lands, so altered is its aspect before the rains begin and after the clouds have yielded their liquid wealth. If one would wish to see the wonders of the framework of the Victoria Falls one should visit Rhodesia between September and December, when it is possible to examine the walls of the great chasm ; it is also possible at this period to walk across to Livingstone Island and, in fact, to approach to the brink of the naked edge of the Main Falls. I met one man who had crossed " Knife-edge," but he declared that to his last day he would never forget the awful experience, and often now he awakes from sleep imagining he is back there again. This Knife-edge is a depression with narrow surface which has at one end a dripping grove of palms and at the other the termination of the promontory which faces Buttress Point across the cauldron. Once this spot is reached, one has a splendid view of the bridge and gorge, but a slip on the Knife-edge might easily mean death, for the rocks are slippery and crumbling, and a gust of wind would quickly render balance uncer-



VICTORIA FALLS. VIEW FROM "KNIFE-EDGE," LOOKING WEST  
(By kind permission of Father Nassau)



tain. It is quite possible to enjoy the full beauty of the Falls without risk of any kind whatever.

It is quite impossible for any photograph to give even a shadow picture of the great reality of the Victoria Falls, for when they are at their best photographic reproduction is impossible on account of the clouds produced by the spray, the damp atmosphere, and the constantly changing light. Truly one passes through a fairyland even when one only ventures on to the bridge, which, like a lace pocket-handkerchief thrown across the gorge, binds the two shores together, for beneath, above, around, and across one's very person are rainbows of exquisite colours. At the Falls Nature has her own cathedral, with arches of luminous colour and an ever-sounding anthem of praise.

Imperishable the Falls, and alike imperishable the memory of them. One feels a little nearer God for having been privileged to see so much glory. Each man or woman who listens to the spirit of the waters must marvel anew at the world and its wonders ; less do we seem than the very flies who come to life in its vicinity ; one feels inclined to ask, why need the sun worry to shine on our little homes when she has also this ? and why should the moon ever light our dark pathways, when she can make lunar rainbows by smiling upon these waters ? Surely none of us are sufficiently grateful to life, for every human being has a big share of many marvels.

No one who visits the Falls should omit the Rain Forest. South Africa, on the whole, is so disappointing with regard to tropical verdure that one should cherish every possible glimpse of it. Many visitors imagine that Rain is only a name for this tiny forest, and smile at the idea of going forth clothed in mackintoshes, but the man or woman is wise who wears little else, because the damp



has a way of penetrating and spoiling garments, while the spray runs down one's neck and renders collars of linen a certain producer of sore throats. Better go forth in pyjamas and mackintosh only, walk to and from the



VIEW OF ZAMBESI RIVER ABOVE FALLS

hotel, and have a hot bath as soon as possible after the excursion is over. In that way chills and colds are avoided.

The forest gives one the impression of a fern-clad borderland between the world of dreams and the world of reality, for everywhere the dainty fronds of maiden-hair ferns peep forth, and as one walks through the strip of forest, knowing that quite close on one side is the veld, one feels that one is for the moment in a dream, and that regaining the veld will be awakening. For the nonce the fascination on the other side will claim and frighten, as with the curiosity of the beauty-loving one ventures up the narrow paths leading to the boiling, seething waters, which fall into the abyss just at one's feet, only to run back like timid children trying to remember that the safe hand of the veld is near.



THE "BOILING-POT"

(By kind permission of Father Nassau)



The spray gathers itself into a column, and then, spreading into a white canopy, covers the forest and sheds its tears of rain, drip, drip, until every leaf is but a lip to suck the moisture in, and beneath one's feet the earth has become a pool before one has realised one has walked so far.

Then one becomes brave, the fascination is so great, and for a few minutes the shelter of the forest is left, the veld forgotten, and one stands and clings to the moist stones on Danger Point and sees a sight it is worth all one's life journeying to see.

Not away from us, but a part of us, seems the moving, living stream. The Falls here, the Falls over there, the Falls beyond—the mighty masses of scarce-divided and



CREAM OF TARTAR TREE AT VICTORIA FALLS

88 ft. 6 in. round trunk outside curves

yet disjointed perpendicular oceans rushing with determined haste, running a race with time, as though eager to overtake eternity, and the chasm beneath, the boiling, seething whirlpool, the seemingly bottomless pit into

which the waters leap as though fighting an emptiness determined to fill, yet powerless to overflow.

It is too much, one weeps, yet need feel no shame for those tears.



THE "SMOKE THAT SOUNDS" AS SEEN FROM THE HOTEL



## CHAPTER XII

### *Livingstone*

PROFESSOR BEATTIE left the Falls for Broken Hill a week previous to my departure (I having accepted the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace to spend a few days at Government House, Livingstone), and laughingly he assured me that he would jump all my carriers should they be waiting for me. That week the new train service began whereby it was possible to reach Broken Hill spending only one night in the train instead of two *en route*. This train did not contain a dining-car, and the picnics which used to ensue may well be imagined. Also, to enable the engine-driver, fireman, and guard to sleep, the train did not travel during the night, and camp-fires used to be lit by the side of the railway line. But the old order changeth, and now the run is made in a much shorter time. I really thought the amiable professor would have a good laugh at me when, immediately after his departure, I heard that the Kafue River had risen to such an extent that no more passenger trains would be allowed to pass through. It seemed I was to be left behind altogether. When I arrived at Livingstone, however, the Administrator kindly said he would see what could be done, for I urged that at the close of my visit I must go over the floods by boat if no other way was possible.

Livingstone is to a town what a heading is to a chapter,



a hint of what it will become, and doubtless before many years have passed a prosperous town will be established. The inhabitants are ambitious and surprisingly up-to-date in their ideas. The great thing in settlements is to have the right kind of leaders, and in Rhodesian towns it is a noticeable fact that the officials are cultured men and their wives charming women. Sport is naturally at



AN ARTIST'S CORNER

(By kind permission of Mr. P. M. Clark)

present the chief pastime, but as opportunity arrives art too will hold her own. Everyone reads, many are musical, and conversation has as much and often more of interest in it than the bored talk in European towns, where too often one depends on the footlights for topics and newspaper scandals for wit. There is only one drawback to Rhodesian society, there are not enough women. Often a dinner-party consists of eight men and two women in North-Western Rhodesia, while

further north—well, in 540 miles I saw only one white woman, and she was a missionary's wife, to see whom I went twenty-five miles out of my way.

Everyone has read "Alice in Wonderland," and will



H.H. MR. WALLACE, ADMINISTRATOR OF NORTHERN RHODESIA,  
AND MRS. WALLACE

remember the Cheshire cat that was all smiles—well, Government House resembles that cat in that it is all verandah and very little house. One afternoon while I was there Mrs. Wallace gave an "At Home" garden party, and over seventy people were given tea at little

tables on that verandah. The Secretary, a positive Admirable Crichton, arranged the tables, and I volunteered to do the flowers. While thus occupied a murder case was being tried in a room close to me in the house.

This verandah was a charming sight, for many flowers and creepers festooned the archways, through which one had glimpses of the garden beyond. The women wore pretty frocks, and a native band of drums and fifes discoursed music on the lawns below.

According to arrangements which had been made, H.M. the Queen would have stayed at this house during the King's shooting trip, on His Majesty's visit to South Africa, as Prince of Wales, to open the Union Parliament.

While I was there a wild dog entered the larder at night and eloped with a ham. This ham was intended to be turned into sandwiches for my journey further on, so I felt specially grieved at the theft.

But a stolen ham is nothing compared with a lost mail bag. Before Mr. and Mrs. Wallace came to Livingstone they were at Fort Jameson, N.E. Rhodesia, and Mrs. Wallace gave me a copy of the following notice, that was issued from Fort Jameson on the 9th of September, 1907 :—

“Postal Notice No. 8 of 1907.

#### “MISSING MAILS

“IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED for general information that the carriers conveying the European and Colonial Mail, due to arrive at Fort Jameson on the 8th September, 1907, were attacked by lions near Mlilo's village, Peatuke Division, on the evening of the 2nd, and in consequence abandoned some of the bags and fired the grass.

“The mail<sup>1</sup> bag despatched from Southampton on the 3rd August was partially destroyed by lions and fire. The bag despatched from Salisbury on the 21st August,

one of the bags despatched from Livingstone on the 24th August, the Kalomo bag of the 24th August, and one bag from Broken Hill of the 26th August have not been recovered, and it is feared that they have been almost totally destroyed.

“(Signed) H. A. BALDOCK,  
“Comptroller of Post and Telegraphs.”

In Livingstone one either drives mules or, if a visit to the Falls is desired, hires a little trolley, when no train is running, and travels along the rails. On a clear day the spray from the Falls is discernible as a distant misty cloud in the sky, and the roar of the water can be distinctly heard when the wind blows from that direction.

There is a charming little hospital at Livingstone ; the verandah around is mosquito-proof, and one imagines one is observing a human Zoo when looking through the network at the patients lounging on low chairs reading or dreaming the hours away. All hospitals throughout Rhodesia have a staff of trained nurses.

At Livingstone there is also a well-equipped hotel, but what are really needed are good ready-money general stores, not only for Europeans, but also for natives. In fact, throughout Rhodesia one should meet more shop-keepers of English blood with the sound principles of commerce for which so long the English have been noted. One meets too often the Jewish, Indian, and German trader ; they reap the profits, and the country does not benefit because most of the money goes out of the country.

“ENGLISH TRADERS FOR ENGLISH COLONIES ” would not be a bad motto, but the Government is powerless to act ; a trading licence is applied for, and, no criminal record being produced against the applicant, is granted

on payment of the recognised fee. It is not a question of preference, for up to the present the Englishman as a trader has practically put in no appearance. Everyone wants to be a mineowner and to become quickly a millionaire. This is naturally absurd. On the other hand, there is a great future for the Englishman of brains and conscience who will not regard trade as beneath his consideration.

With regard to the stores, I have no grudge against the Jew or the foreigner, but I should like to see a few Englishmen make money. At present the Jew and the foreigner seem to be collecting all the plums. Great credit is due to them for their energy and enterprise in superintending labour, and building their own fortunes, but, oh, you Englishmen, what a chance you are losing by leaving the trading to others !

It is time that the tin shanty in Rhodesia should vanish from out the land, and in its place well-built stores be erected, and business carried on with less credit and with more sound business principles.

Not only a fortune, but the thanks of the whole community await the individual who will start the first ready-money store. Of course, a separate building will be necessary for the native trade. Only where there are no blacks the black is your brother.

With ready-money trading copper coinage could be introduced, making the condition of things better.

The Kaffir stores at present in existence are not only unsightly, but also in many cases a snare to the native. The Government is powerless to interfere in a matter of private commercial enterprise, but the credit system as existing is not a good one. A native wishes to obtain a tin trunk ; he pays a deposit and is presented with the key ; he must not take the trunk away, but may come when he likes and deposit his belongings there and



lock them up. Then comes a day when he cannot pay ; the contents often make good compensation for an unpaid debt. And who is to prevent stolen articles from being hidden there ! Then, supposing a man wants to buy one yard of limbo (calico) and the price is 4d., there being no coppers he must buy three yards for 1s. or pay 6d. for the yard, as the smallest coin in circulation is the "tickey" or threepenny-bit. I am glad to say I have not seen such a store kept by a countryman of mine, but how much better it would be if the English would take more kindly to trade. Why should these others step into our Colonies and reap the benefits ?

There are at present no motor-cars in Livingstone, but the late Administrator, Mr. Codrington, had a motor-bicycle, with which he thought the natives would be very much impressed ; they, however, evinced no surprise at its speed or its machinery, so thinking to impress them, he explained that one day flying machines would be in vogue. This information, however, also failed to impress.

"What white man wants white man gets," was the reply. A very simple contrivance will often impress a native far more than an intricate one, the latter being as much beyond the limits of his comprehension as the stars are to one who knows nothing of astronomy.

Mr. Codrington had a favourite native boy, and on one of his visits to England he took the boy with him and asked the man who afterwards told me the story, to take him to the Hippodrome.

Instead of enjoying the entertainment, however, the native begged with tears in his eyes to be taken out, and he said : "There are lions over there (pointing to the stage), and I am the only black man here." It is a well-known fact that a man-eating lion will make a meal off a black in preference to a white man if it is a question



of choice. Perhaps the flavour is stronger and the taste for white flesh (like caviare) has to be acquired!

No penniless person is allowed to enter Livingstone. I heard that the awkward predicament of not having enough money was often averted by a crafty money-lender, who for half-a-crown would lend the necessary £10, waiting for the would-be borrower outside the boundary and receiving back the money as soon as the examination terminated.

It is quite easy to walk from Livingstone to the Falls along the railway line, and a delightful walk it is, but not without danger, for the river is full of hippos, which often come to land for a stroll along the banks, and if one leaves the rails for the river one should beware of holes in the soft turf, as the spoor of a hippo is a deep and dangerous trap for unwary ankles.

If large and unusual beetles are trophies to be desired, very fine specimens can be found in the early morning, for at night these black creatures fall into the space between the rails of the railway and, being unable to return, die from exposure.

Every year a regatta is held at Livingstone, and some very fine cups are competed for. There is also a very good cricket team, and there are rifle clubs for both men and women.

Clergymen visiting the Falls often extend their visit to Livingstone, and by kind permission of the Administrator hold services in the Court House; it is hoped, however, that soon a church will be erected; nearly £1000 have already been collected, and only £350 are yet required. Here, again, is a suitable opportunity for those in England religiously inclined to help their white sisters and brothers in the wilds.

One morning during my stay at Livingstone a dress parade of native troops was given; the light was good,

and I was able to take some snapshots of this most interesting and smart display.

Civilisation leaves nothing alone ; natural talent and patient persuasion give way to trained efforts and uni-



DRILLING

form practice. The native band of drums and fifes will soon become but a memory, for brass instruments have been introduced to the camp, and the tunes, so varied and learned entirely by ear, are to be replaced by orthodox music. Oh, those early morning efforts to play five-finger exercises on cornet and trombone ! How they worried the performers and harassed the hearers ! Doubtless more melody has been introduced by now, and future royal visitors will be met by a fully equipped brass band.

Livingstone possesses a newspaper of its own, which is published, if I remember rightly, twice a week. A charming pictorial Christmas Number is also issued.

There is also a circulating library, which, as well as the newspaper, is the outcome of an enterprising chemist, who further has claim to public appreciation by giving gramophone concerts on the stoep outside his shop on Saturday nights.

## CHAPTER XIII

### *Agriculture*

**T**O succeed in Rhodesia you should be Jack of many trades and master of all—have the pride which produces enterprise, but not the vanity which cripples work.

It would be wise for the small capitalist who wishes to make a living in Rhodesia by trading or farming, to take first a situation of some sort at a nominal wage, and study the outlook and gauge the requirements. I have a bone to pick with the Chartered Company on this matter. At the stations, or bomas, throughout the parts of Rhodesia sparsely populated by whites, natives are taught and employed by the officials of the Company as typists at salaries which, though small from a white man's point of view, are large for natives. Would it not be advisable in a country where more white population is required, to reserve every kind of work of a nature capable of being done by white men or women for white men or women? These small salaries would be a boon to the wife or daughter of a small farmer, and would at any rate keep from starving the white man on the lookout for something better. It would, in fact, in the long run pay the Chartered Company to increase the salaries, or at any rate provide housing room free of charge to enable white men to fill these minor positions, and at the same time keep the native at his natural work, which is manual labour.

One man told me that for some time he received by messenger letters from the office of another man who lived some distance away, and though he was certain that these business letters were written by the native typist he could not understand why at the end of the letter the initials "N.C." came after the native's name. He sent a private letter to his friend asking for an explanation.

When the native gentleman was asked why he added these initials he replied conceitedly :

"N.C. may stand for Native Commissioner, but it also stands for Native Clerk ! "

Twelve pounds a month, a free house, meat and birds to be had for the shooting, and enough vegetables grown as the result of a few hours' labour, is not a position a young man should despise as a beginning. It is better than starving on a pound a week in a London office. Neither whisky nor expensive Egyptian cigarettes can be bought on £12 a month, but the boy is better without it, and around him is the land, which he has the opportunity to study, above the sunshine, and everywhere freedom ; there is no one to care if his clothes are new or old, there is no rushing to catch the early morning train, no eating of stale buns at tea-shops, when his hunger cries for meat, but a chance, a great chance, that the land around may one day be his, it is so cheap, so easily acquired, and needs so little as a start to end in a prosperous farm.

Just a free passage out, and the Chartered Company have another white man on the land, and every one counts in a country where one can travel a hundred miles at a time and not meet more than two whites.

N.W. and N.E. Rhodesia have since my visit (1909) become amalgamated, with Mr. Wallace as the Administrator of both. This country, the size of France, forms

the whole of Northern Rhodesia, and is practically the property of the Chartered Company. That it has a great future before it, there is little doubt ; neither its mineral nor agricultural resources have been sufficiently tested as yet. There is much scope for the prospector, and still a greater certainty for the agriculturist.

Of course, when the small capitalist decides to try his fortune in Rhodesia he must first make up his mind as to what he wants most, a quick return with a get-at-able market or a slower result and more sport. Rhodesia is of such huge dimensions that this must be decided upon before taking up land. In the south, the railway assures a quick and certain market, but on the other hand the land is more expensive and labour is dearer. For example, the native pays 5s. a year hut-tax in the south and 3s. in the north, and the cost of the white man's living can be reckoned accordingly. There are expenses in the south not to be met with in the north, but then again cattle produce can be more easily disposed of in the south, whereas in the north one has to wait. But in the north there is plenty of sport, there are no social expenses, and there is the hope that some day the railway will come.

Farmers can obtain a supply of native labour for an average wage of 10s. to 12s. 6d. per month in the north, and 15s. to 20s. in the south. As a rule a food allowance of about 3 lbs. of mealie-meal a day is added, but if it is possible to procure sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and similar vegetables, the allowance is naturally shortened. Good drivers are more difficult to get, and local boys who have been trained for this work often receive 30s. a month, whereas the Cape drivers often receive £3 a month and their food. All household work is performed by natives, who receive from 15s. to 45s. per month, with food. They readily adapt themselves



as houseboys, cooks, and “nurses” to look after the children.

I read with great interest the report on Rhodesia of Mr. Hannon, Superintendent of Agricultural Co-operation in the Cape, and think that his remarks should be more universally known in England. I will append a few extracts, from which can be seen this expert’s opinion on a few questions of vital importance to an intending settler :—

“Notwithstanding the fact that my opportunities for observation were limited and that I visited the various districts when the season was at its best, I have still no hesitation in stating that from an agricultural point of view it is perhaps the finest country I have ever seen. I have from time to time during the past thirteen years been employed to investigate the conditions of agriculture, and the circumstances affecting farming economics in almost every country north of the equator, and I cannot remember having seen anywhere so remarkable a combination of all those qualities of soils that in the hands of capable and intelligent people are the essential elements of agricultural prosperity. . . .

“I was astonished to find some of our most valuable English grasses, such as Timothy, growing with great vigour among the rich natural herbage of the veld. In some of the beautiful stretches of valleys I saw arable land in many respects not inferior to the Carse of Stirling. Many of the large tracts of flat country resemble the great wheat and maize-carrying areas in the middle and Western American States, and I have seen no portion of the country which did not lend itself to the conservation of water and to what has come to be known in modern agriculture as dry-soil farming. . . .

“In my opinion the outlook for the farmer settler who

is energetic and has a fair amount of capital is more hopeful in Rhodesia than in any part of the British Empire. . . .

“Water is always near the surface, and facilities for small irrigation schemes and for the use of the water-drill are obvious almost everywhere. . . .

“In many parts of Rhodesia which I have seen, economic fibres, pineapples, ramie and rubber, could probably be introduced as paying crops, but these should be in the hands of a competent expert having experience in tropical culture. . . .

“I am satisfied that the most profitable way in which the large volume of surplus milk, which, it is stated, is available on many farms during half the year, can best be dealt with is by conversion into cheese. . . .

“Especially cheese-making seems to me to offer an enormous field of development. There is no reason whatever why Rhodesia should not become a cheese-exporting country, as with the existing opportunities of feeding with hay and ensilage properly bred cows may be kept in milk for the greater part of the year, and the cost of production would certainly be as low as in any other part of the world. . . .

“With the increase of cattle and the possible enlargement of flocks of Persian and other sheep, the dead meat industry will shortly become a subject to be dealt with on a large scale. There seems to me no valid reason why, in the course of a few years, Rhodesia should not secure at least a portion of the dead meat trade with British markets through the port of Beira. . . .

“There seems practically no limit to the extent to which mealies may be cultivated in Rhodesia. . . .

“I have gone very carefully into this question of mealie cultivation, and, after thoroughly discussing the matter with the best farmers in the country, the average

crop may be taken as ranging from six to ten bags per acre, and the cost of production may generally be estimated at about, under existing conditions, 3s. 6d. per bag. Many farmers put this figure much higher, but no evidence has been submitted to me sufficiently convincing to show that excellent crops cannot be produced at the figure given.

“In the present state of European markets the demand for maize is constantly increasing, and the output both from Russia and America has a constant tendency to diminish, and therefore it need not be anticipated that a farmer may sell his bag of mealies at a lower price than from 6s. 6d. to 7s. delivered at the nearest station or siding. With anything approaching fair production, this return ought certainly to be regarded as highly profitable.”

Surely these extracts form a most valuable testimonial to Rhodesia.

In Rhodesia, the Cape land measurement is used, land being surveyed and sold by the morgen. This measurement is slightly different from English measurement, 1000 Cape feet being equal to 1033 English feet, and a morgen of land, consisting of two Cape acres, is therefore equal to 2·11654 English acres.

The short ton of 2000 lbs. is used.

I have been informed that since Mr. Hannon wrote the report from which I have quoted the above extracts, the Rhodesian railways have undertaken to receive mealies at any station between Bulawayo and Umtali, and to dispose of the same at market prices on account of the sender on arrival in England, and to remit the amount realised by the sale less 2s. 6d. per bag to cover railage, shipping, wharfage, insurance, etc. This is similar to the arrangements which have been made in the Transvaal and the Free State, and many instances

have come to my notice where farmers in these countries received as much as 11s. 6d. per bag at the station.

As I have already said, he who wants more sport must go further north. Probably the Game Laws of Northern Rhodesia will shortly be modified, but for intending settlers I will give a summary of the present regulations, which, however, does not in any way profess to be a full statement of the law. Intending hunters must carefully read the various proclamations.

All game is divided into four schedules: No. 1 consists of birds and small buck, which may be shot by anyone for a £1 annual licence. No. 2 consists of the ordinary big game which may be shot by residents for £5 annually, with the limitation to three eland-bulls, one koodoo-bull, five bulls and three cows of the sable antelope, and three zebra. Game which may not be shot except under an Administrator's licence, which costs £50, is contained in Schedule No. 3.

A game licence does not cover the sale of game, for which a special licence must be taken out.

Vultures, secretary birds, owls, and rhinoceros birds are protected on account of their usefulness, and may not be hunted at all.

No licence is required to kill noxious animals, such as : lion, leopard, hyena, wild dog, baboon, snake, crocodile, and birds of prey.

The duty on guns intended for Rhodesia is : for a single barrel, £1, for a double barrel, £1 10s., and in addition an *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent, which is payable at the first Administration station in the territory.

As I have already stated, special permits are required to take arms into the country.

The Cape Dutch names for lion, leopard, and spotted hyena are leeuw, tiger, and wolf ; and the native names in Rhodesia are tau, n'kwe, and setongwani.

## CHAPTER XIV

### *Mining*

BEFORE proceeding with details of my further journey north I should like to give a few notes on mining, from which intending settlers will be able to see for themselves what markets there are at present in Southern Rhodesia, and what immense possibilities the near future offers, not only for this portion, but for the whole of Rhodesia.

The production of gold continues to show an increase over previous years, the output for 1909 being £2,623,708, or a total since 1890 of £14,455,233. The total output of a few other minerals has been : silver 991,235 ozs., copper 216 tons, lead 4596 tons, coal 757,622 tons, chrome iron 50,642 tons, zinc ore 13,156 tons, and, further, asbestos, antimony, scheelite, wolframite, and diamonds have been produced.

In the early days very little systematic prospecting was done, and people only acquired and prospected reefs on which the ancients had worked. In consequence very few virgin properties have yet been touched, and surely no one will assume that the ancients had discovered all the paying gold reefs. The recent discoveries in the Abercorn (S. Rhodesia) District have attracted much attention, even from the large Transvaal groups, and the finding of payable values in this formation, which is unique, may lead to many more valuable discoveries, as similar formations are at present being properly prospected in other districts.

The Chartered Company's Resident Mining Engineer, in his report for the nine months ended September 30th, 1909, states :—

“ In reviewing mining matters in Southern Rhodesia, the most pessimistic must confess that the industry to-day is on a much sounder footing than ever before in the history of the country. This position to a very large extent has been brought about by serious hard work among the small workers or individual prospectors, who are responsible for several valuable discoveries, amongst which may be mentioned the Shamva and Lonely Mines. There has also been a marked improvement in some of the large mines, and the proving of some extremely good values at comparatively great depth has undoubtedly established a feeling of confidence that has never existed in the past. There has been a marked increase of new-comers to the country, and an increased activity in all mining centres is to be noticed.”

What better inducement can be held out to an enterprising, energetic farmer than the markets created by the mines ? In September, 1909, these already existing mines employed 34,308 native labourers, each of which it roughly costs 14s. a month to feed.

I know nothing about mining, with all its intricacies, but I have seen in Southern Rhodesia that the so-called small worker has had a most successful career. I therefore think that a large number of such men will make a home in Rhodesia, meaning naturally that a further demand will be created for agricultural products.



## CHAPTER XV

### *At Rail Head*

THERE appeared in the Press, local and otherwise, the official notification that on account of the height of the floods of the Kafue River no passengers or parcels would be carried beyond this spot until further notice. What was to be done? A wire came stating that my carriers had arrived at Broken Hill and would be ready to take me north as soon as I



PREPARING TO DRAG THE COACH THROUGH THE FLOODS

could get there. Mr. Wallace kindly wired for further information, and then arranged that I might go through

with a coach if natives could manage to drag it through the floods—as a letter! for mails were to be taken if possible. I am quite certain that I have the distinction



THE POSTMASTER IN DIFFICULTIES

of being the most weighty epistle yet carried by the Rhodesian mail.

With a feeling of deep gratitude to H.H. the Administrator and Mrs. Wallace for their great kindness and hospitality, I left Livingstone and boarded the train bound for Kafue. Although the ham had disappeared in so cruel a manner, yet I went forth armed with a tea-basket filled with plenty of food for the journey. On the train was a Native Commissioner, whom I had previously met, and we decided to join food forces and picnic together; he had fish and I had fowl, and so the journey was enlivened with a veritable feast.

At Kalomo Station I saw a herd of tame elands standing with some cattle close to the railway; they looked quite happy, and were as tame as the cows. Kalomo was at one time the seat of the Administration for N.W.

Rhodesia, but the site proved so unhealthy that the officials were transferred to Livingstone. The advocacy of Kalomo as a health resort is said to have been the only mistake ever made by the great explorer Livingstone. It proved to be quite the reverse, and it was at considerable cost that the change of the seat of the Administration was made.

The Native Commissioner who travelled by the same train was accompanied by a bitch and litter of pups, and when we arrived at his destination, I said I should quite miss the wee beauties, and he replied :

“ If I thought you wouldn’t throw him away, I would give you one.”

“ But I should love one,” I cried, as the train was moving, and the result was that a little black pup was thrust back hurriedly through the carriage window. After that the little mongrel was my constant companion. I named him “Ugly.”

Rarely have I seen a more beautiful sight than the floods around Kafue. The river had overflowed its banks to such an extent, that for considerably over a mile the land had become transformed into a beautiful lake, a huge surface of water covered with water-lilies. These flowers, of exceptionally large growth, were of the most delicate shades of pale mauve and white ; their long stems, like tubes of india-rubber, could be seen deep down in the clear water.

Kafue Station was quite unapproachable. The station-master, armed with the mail bag, bravely set forth on a raft to deposit the letters on the coach, which, meanwhile, had been detached from the engine. I stood on the front platform, and was keenly interested in watching the arrangements for dragging the coach through the water to the bridge, on which another engine was waiting.

A very stout rope was fastened to the coach, and a hundred natives, like athletes in a tug-of-war, seized the rope, and with much shouting pulled with all their might. The funniest sight was the head-boy cracking a long whip and beating, not the boys but the water, as with wild gesticulations he urged them on. It took over an hour to drag the coach through the mile and a quarter of water-lilies.

In front of us the bridge, a structure of thirteen spans, and each span a hundred feet, but around on either side water glistening in the glory of the African sun, above the blue of the sky, a canopy of azure edged with flame-tinged clouds, away in the far distance green trees and



DRAGGING THE COACH THROUGH THE FLOODS

verdant land, and, flying across the space between a radiant heaven and a beautiful earth, large birds with white and grey plumage—it was a sight to dwell for ever in one's memory.

On the bridge the waiting engine was attached, and also the white coach of the doctor, who twice a week journeyed down from Broken Hill. I was kindly invited by the doctor to join him and another man for dinner,



AT KAFUE BRIDGE

and later, in dense darkness, we arrived at Broken Hill.

That night I made my first acquaintance with a hut, for a very comfortable one was given to me to sleep in. This hut, I learn, is hereafter to be called Mansfield Lodge in honour of my visit.

I remained three days in Broken Hill, and during that time received much consideration from all the officials. And what a jolly party they were! I used to take my meals at their united mess, and one day they proclaimed a half-day's holiday so that I might tell all their fortunes. What a picture they made, seated round the table, so eagerly watching the cards!



The tall, handsome sergeant was called Maude because his name was Allen, and another man was called Lottie, his surname being Collins ; in fact, all had nicknames, but unfortunately I have forgotten them. One man played the piano quite well and sang many songs. The Magistrate was the best banjo player I have heard off the professional platform, and the cheery Government Agent, well, he is universally known as a man who is only unhappy when he is not helping someone. He even tried to find me some reliable doves ! but it was not to be.

Doves seem to be the musical sparrows of Africa. How plentiful they are, how tame, but yet how elusive if one is on shooting bent ! The cooing of the doves is a sound as much associated with Africa as the humming of the veld beetle, the singing of the crickets, and the croaking of the frogs.

Wherever there are trees, there are doves, graceful birds of soft, pale grey plumage ; their voices are sweet and low yet very distinct as they coo to each other at sundown, that sweet, brief period between flaming day and starlit night. When out in the wilds one wishes to find water ; the doves will lead you there, for thither they fly every evening. There are doves everywhere, near the towns, in the gardens, and again hundreds of miles away from the railway—truly the doves are one's most constant companions, and yet how wild they are !

Armed with a gun, and dreaming of a possible pie, you follow the cooing of a dove. Now it is on the right, you are quite certain, and turn in that direction ; then, as though playing a game of touch-about, "coo coo" sounds far away on your left ; then you fancy, in fact you are sure, that you see two fly to a tree in front of you, you throw up a stick to dislodge them, for it isn't good sport to shoot a bird on a bough ; "coo coo" sound the gentle mocking voices behind you, and you decide that shooting



doves may be good exercise for your legs, but you need not overburden yourself with cartridges !

Quite a number of people, I find, are under the erroneous impression that the recently opened railway into Congo territory, of which Broken Hill is the terminus, is another link in the original route of Rhodes's scheme of a Cape to Cairo railway, and that the Tanganyika



MANSFIELD LODGE, BROKEN HILL

Concessions Mines are situated near Lake Tanganyika ; they are even further distant than is the Victoria Falls Power Company in Johannesburg from the Victoria Falls—with which it has no connection whatsoever save that it has usurped the name.

The rails, when they leave Broken Hill, branch off to the north-west instead of to the north-east, and lead no nearer Cairo from the Rhodesia end than before.

This new railway is certainly of benefit to Rhodesia, because it brings more traffic through, but what would really put N.W. and N.E. Rhodesia on the same commercial footing with Southern Rhodesia would be a railway from Broken Hill to Tanganyika, or as near the lake as sleeping-sickness regulations permit, taking the route past Serenje, Mpika, Kasama, and Abercorn. The last-named place must not be confounded with the Abercorn in the Salisbury district of Southern Rhodesia, which has recently acquired notoriety on account of newly discovered gold finds. Abercorn, in N.E. Rhodesia, is within a few miles and within sight of Lake Tanganyika.

Doubtless one day the railway will embrace these 540 miles, and then, indeed, will the country prove a rich harvesting ground for farmers; the land is so cheap now that it should prove a good investment for those who can afford to wait.

At Broken Hill there is a very interesting bone cave,



POSTILLON D'AMOUR FROM LIVINGSTONE

discovered only within the last two years ; it contains remains of animals which are supposed to have existed before the Stone Age.

Excavations are being made, and developments are watched with interest, by Dr. McKnight, who is very enthusiastic about the subject and quite an authority on the relics, a number of which he has examined. So far no human remains have been discovered, but many bones of animals now extinct have been unearthed. The cave probably became at some time hermetically sealed, and the teeth and bones have been preserved by the proximity of zinc, this same zinc which is the despair of the shareholders of the Broken Hill lead mine, for so far it has been impossible to separate the two minerals, and the lead is therefore impure and cannot be smelted. Experiments are still being made, and hopes are entertained that a successful process may yet be discovered. A fortune awaits the man who finds it, because at present these mines are worthless.

## CHAPTER XVI

### *Cotton-growing*

RHODESIA should appeal to Manchester, the home of the cotton industry, perhaps more than any other British Colony, for the limbo (calico) is money, and a yard of white or blue calico will often purchase a meal where silver is refused. I have offered a shilling for two small fowls and been asked instead for two yards of limbo, worth about 8d. here and costing probably less than 4d. originally—thus one is forced to trade and save money against one's will.

A man once told me he had a dreadful dream, he dreamed he was in hell, and his special task was to wheel a heap of refuse from one place to another and fetch the same back again. I know little of commerce, but it seems to me that to grow cotton in Rhodesia, send it to Manchester, and after it has passed through the mills receive it back again, is as useless and senseless as that man's imagined task, especially as Rhodesia is just the place where mills should be erected ; the cotton is grown there and thousands of acres are awaiting further cotton cultivation ; the land is cheap, there are plenty of rivers and waterfalls for power ; labour is cheap, and, above all, the material, when finished, is saleable on the spot. When I was at Broken Hill the Government Agent showed me 250,000 yards he had in stock, and said his last order had been for a quarter of a million, and this not for a trading company. Millions of yards are

imported every year. The African Lakes Company must sell an enormous quantity, and every trader throughout the country simply must have it. I should strongly



THE AUTHOR'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT CLEANING  
MEALIE-MEAL

advise one of the leading cotton mill owners in Manchester to send a responsible man to Rhodesia fully to investigate the matter.

Not only are soil and climate believed to be very suitable for the production of Egyptian and American upland cotton, but this cotton is stated to represent a type for which the demand is increasing more rapidly than the production. Last year something like 300 bales were shipped, and of a recent consignment from the Experimental Farm near Kafue, twelve

bales were sold in Liverpool at 13d. per lb. I was told that it is expected that this year fully 100 tons will be exported, and I understand the Government contemplate erecting a central ginnery at a convenient site on the railway as soon as the expansion of this industry warrants such a step.



The question of coal will doubtless interest anyone who may think of introducing mills into Rhodesia. An important discovery has recently been made not sixty miles from the railway at Broken Hill ; the area, which covers about forty square miles, is now being developed.

Good coal is also obtainable from the Wankie Collieries, the owners of which are at present improving and extending their plant, so that in future they will be in a position to produce about half a million tons a year.

With regard to the price of native labour in the Kafue district, the wage paid is 4s. to 6s. a month, with food ; two yards of limbo a week would be sufficient for each man to buy his own meals with. The labourer's only expense is his hut tax, which in N.W. Rhodesia is only 5s. a year ; his hut, of course, he builds himself, and he has his land free. In N.E. Rhodesia the hut tax is only 3s. a year—which, considering the productiveness of the land and the lazy lives the able-bodied men lead, is, I think, far too small.



## CHAPTER XVII

### *The Machilla*

AT Broken Hill the African Lakes Company have a store ; there is also a small hospital ; the Court-house is a round hut near which are the police boys' quarters, and the homes of their wives and numerous children. At Broken Hill the caravans are made up for those who wish to travel further north if on hunting or pleasure bent. Some travellers take this route for Fort Jameson, a matter of eighteen or nineteen days' journey by machilla, and the Government Agent superintends the despatching of the carriers.

My men were camped about two miles out from Broken Hill, so as not to receive contaminating influence from other natives, because the forty-nine which were to form my caravan were of the Awemba tribe and had come many miles to take me many more.

They were absolutely without education, and therefore considered honest, as indeed they also proved to be. Some were of very fine stature and all were unencumbered by much weight in the way of clothing.

I shall never forget what a weird sensation I experienced when I first saw the herd. It seems their chief or head boy, the *capitao*, had been asking the Government Agent on their behalf if I was very fierce.

To be candid, I felt somewhat smaller than the smallest worm I had ever seen.

First of all the machilla team were sent for, to carry

me from my hut to the store, so that I should have my first experience of this, to me, new kind of vehicle. I found the machilla, a hammock slung on a pole and carried by a boy at each end, very easy to get into. I got in, and off we set.

How those savages shouted and yelled! The first sight of me, I thought, made them angry, they looked so fierce, but I was assured that they were really pleased, and sang, "They had to carry me a long, long way, but did not mind, as I did not weigh much."

Their next song and chorus consisted of the information that they had to take me to Tambalika, and if any harm came to me there would be trouble with the tribe. I believed in the veracity of the translation at once—it was so comforting.

I did not feel quite so happy at night though. It happened thus: the doctor, the Government Agent, and I, were invited to dine with a man who lived some little distance from the boma (boma means stock-head or home, and is usually a station for white people). The Agent was to go on his bicycle, and my boys were again to be sent for to take me in the machilla.

It was quite dark when I came out from my hut, ready to start. Dusky forms were squatting all around on the grass. I got into the machilla, and then, just as my men were told to start, the Agent had to stop to read a letter. A minute afterwards I knew that the boys had left the road and were making for the open veld, and I thought they had not lost much time in running away with me. The darkness lifted, suddenly the machilla stopped, and in the faint starlight I saw one dusky face after another peering into mine. I had, thanks to my morning ride, grown accustomed to two men carrying me and ten others shouting round, but now there seemed to my excited fancy to be dozens of

men. Still they came, and how they stared ! Their shouts suddenly turned to silence and only their great dark eyes seemed to speak, but what they wished to say I could not fathom, I felt too frightened. For a moment or two I really thought that they had bolted with me ; I wore no hat, and my hair seemed to attract the most attention ; the boys holding the machilla did not attempt to lower it, and so I concluded that after all this host of men had stared their full I was to be carried



MY CARRIERS

To author's right the machilla, to author's left the tanga-tanga boys

on elsewhere. Then I heard in the distance a loud whistle ; a voice shouted, off started the boys at a quick trot, and I was soon joined by the Agent. It seems my boys had concluded the way across the veld was a short cut, and then found they did not know the way. I had, of course, only been a short time alone with the dusky cavaliers, but it had seemed long, for it must be remembered I had never been in such close proximity to natives and had never spoken to one, and the first experience was the worst. The crowd of men

was accounted for by the fact that all my carriers had escorted the machilla team, so anxious were they to see the white Donna. How I wished I knew their language! One boy would start a few words in a sing-song chanting way, and then the others take the last two words and make a refrain of it, and so they sang and shouted till we reached the house where we were to dine. The Agent bicycled by my side all the way, and seemed at times amused by the song. They sang about me the whole time, and it seems that though they had seen one or two white women before, I was the first sample of a fair one they had come across; the fact that a woman was to be their bwama (master) also interested them greatly.

Concluding that we had had sufficient noise for one night, the boys were dismissed at the house, for, a moon seeming likely to put in an appearance, we decided to walk back to the boma later.

After dinner mine host played the mandolin, and then we all walked together to the doctor's house, to look at his collection of bones from the wonderful cave, and I was given a huge tooth, supposed to be of some gigantic species of pig, as a souvenir.

After bidding the doctor and his friends good night, we walked back to the boma, arriving about 1 a.m. *En route* I had my first experience of listening to the sickly cry of a hyena singing to the moon. I did not sleep much that night, the surroundings were so novel, and my mind was full of the many hunting-stories I had heard during the day.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### *Sunset and Lightning*

REALISING how difficult it would be until I had acquired the knowledge of a few words of the native language to make my men understand me, I consented to having a youth as interpreter when first I left Broken Hill, on the understanding that as soon as I wished to dispense with his services I could do so.

This boy had been assisting in prospecting near the new Rhodesia-Congo Railway, and was anxious to know more of Rhodesia, so he brought his small tent and bicycle, and I saw him often during the first few days out from Broken Hill, and quickly learnt to shout "Hema" when I wanted my tent put up or down, or order "Chy" if tea was desired. Before I left Broken Hill the natives had christened me "Donna Chabwina" (Lady all right), and the name stuck to me throughout the journey, only being changed further north into "Mama Chasama," which has the same meaning. I do not know if the spelling is correct; native words are all spelt phonetically, thus "c's" and "k's" are used by different people for the same word, and both may be equally correct.

Just as my caravan was ready to start, and the tangatanga boys (carriers) had marched ahead with the baggage, it was found that the boy who had been engaged as cook had run away. Another boy, an Angoni,



who was to be gun-bearer, said he could cook, and so, hoping that at one of the bomas I might chance on a cook-boy, the Angoni was told off to be the chef. This meant at once engaging another boy to carry the Angoni's blanket, for a cook is a man of dignity and carries only himself. This gentleman, by the way, started the journey in a grey suit and cuffs, the only boy who had any complete garments, but within twenty-four hours his suit had disappeared, and instead he wore a woman's



MY LITTLE "UGLY" AND THE FRIENDLY DONKEY

white chemise and trousers, the chemise hanging down like a skirt over the trousers.

Everyone at Broken Hill mustered in force to say good-bye ; photographs were taken, and amid much shouting off we went. When in Salisbury, Mr. Marshall Hole had told me that after leaving Broken Hill I must not fail to visit Mr. Christian's farm, about six miles out. We arrived, however, to discover that Mr. and Mrs. Christian were unfortunately away. A friendly donkey came and looked at me, and the man in charge showed



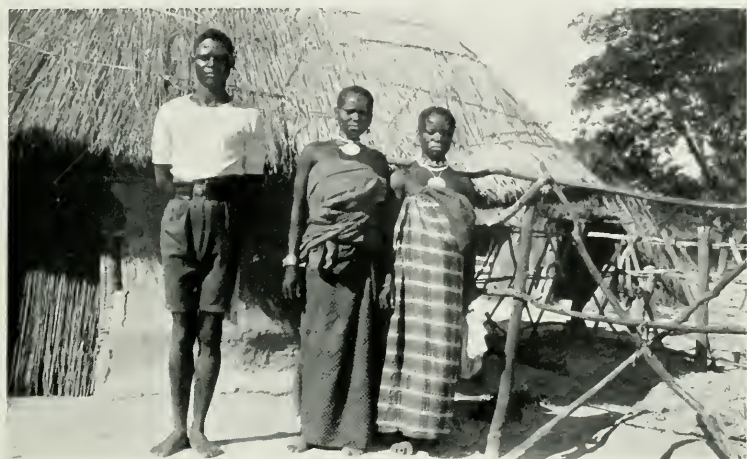
me his two wives, who made excellent photographic models. They wore flat, round plaques at their necks, special tribal charms, the kind of jewellery which since my return has come into fashion—dear, dear ! to think that in such matters North-Western Rhodesia should lead the way ! But the world is small, and afterwards, when I saw the henna-plastered heads in North-Eastern Rhodesia, I thought, after all women are strangely alike.

The Boers have a saying, “Cross the river before you camp,” and they are wise, for one never knows how much higher it will rise during the night, the African rivers being mostly narrow but swiftly flowing. I had my first experience of crossing a river when we reached Mulungushi, which had become much swollen by the recent rains. I looked at the deep rushing water in dismay ; no bridge, no huge stones, nothing but the tallest of my machilla team kneeling down and pointing first at the water and then at his head. Never shall I forget that acrobatic crossing ; I can truly say my heart was in my mouth.

Men on either side supported my carrier, for the water was swift enough to carry him off his legs, stalwart as they were. I clung on to the wool of his head, and wondered how many hours would elapse before I found myself back in Broken Hill Hospital. No, I do not like neck-riding, and, if the water is shallow enough, much prefer a “pick-a-back,” although the natives do not quite understand the latter and will flock round to push up your feet in front, which gives a feeling of uncertainty to the spine. On the other side of the river was pitched my first camp. I sat on the veld and watched the sunset, while the tanga boys collected wood for fires and the machilla boys put up the tent.

And what a wonderful sunset it was ! Clouds had been

gathering during the afternoon, and now waves of grey were transformed as if by magic into waves of vermillion, in a few minutes to be changed again, broken up this time into countless separate jewels ; all colours seemed



WHERE THE "PLAQUE" FASHION ORIGINATED

there, purple of the amethyst, yellow of the topaz, the pink of the carnelian and a gathering veil of deep blue sapphire, a jewelled shelter for the night through which soon diamonds would sparkle as stars crept out.

Worship within stone walls ? Not when the glories of the sky made the stained-glass windows of cathedrals seem but faint echoes of memory, so faded are they in comparison, and we thrust back recollections, fearing lest the imitation of the past should steal somewhat from the splendour of the real and present glory.

The next morning it was nearly seven o'clock before the boys were ready to march, but later on I managed to get away earlier.

A camp looks dismal in the morning, with the grey, sullen remnants of dead fires, and if the morning is cold and misty the boys seem as incapable of movement as

flies in winter, nor do they begin to sing until the sun has warmed them and the day again is bright.

I had been given a list of names of villages and rivers I might pass, unless I left the mail route, which I did for some days. Villages have a way of getting shifted ; for instance, Kawai, formerly about thirty-five miles from Broken Hill, I discovered had come to town, so to speak, and resided only seventeen miles out. On this second day out I sighted a reed-buck, and leaving my men, who became silent as the grave the moment they saw a possible meal ahead, started off to walk through the long wet grass, one boy coming with me. I really think that the eagerness in that boy's face, the glitter in his dark eyes, and the grace of his silent, crafty movements, interested me more than the buck. We had a long and tiring walk, for the buck darted away just as I took aim ; however, when up to my knees in swamp, and feeling that shooting was an over-rated game, the buck ran back right across my pathway only about fifty yards off, and stood still to listen. I fired, but only wounded a leg, so I quickly fired again, and victory ! at the price of tired legs, was mine, for I had not yet become accustomed to the long grass, and the rain-soaked land was hard to walk over.

The men were delighted, and quickly found the buck, waving green branches of trees, and loudly singing and dancing, as they carried their bleeding burden to their companions. To be candid, I don't much like killing things, but I did enjoy the liver for dinner that night.

At first one is astonished at the manner in which natives not only find their own way, but know so much as regards locality and distance. It is never wise for a white person to go even a short distance from a camp without a native in attendance ; he will guide you back to camp, no matter if he knows little or nothing of the

country, and, as I said at first, you are astonished, and then you realise that for generations these men have had Nature's lessons, and they are far more happy in their knowledge than they will be when books will contradict and education mystify.

Removed from civilisation, one quickly learns some of Nature's simple lessons. I never went even a few yards away from my camp alone without observing in which direction the sun cast my shadow, knowing that to return safely I must reverse that shadow, and I met a man once who always used his shirt button as a sundial and glanced at it when he wanted to know the time. But the sky is the finest timepiece of all, and in the open you soon can read its news.

The second night, it had rained just before sunset, and no gorgeous colours swept the sky, but a still greater marvel occurred. The rain had ceased, and in grey veils of clouds the sun had sunk, when came the still, silent, short period which in Africa divides day from night; a clear and yet not a brilliant light of palest amber lit up one portion of the sky, and stencilled against it in bold, perfect outlines appeared a gigantic statue of a man; it seemed to be a colossal statue of Cecil Rhodes, a far less imperfect statue than is the one seen in a certain direction when driving to the Matoppos, which has not been carved by man but is a curious development of the stones. Just then the white boy interpreter bicycled into camp. I pointed to the sky and asked who was it. "Cecil Rhodes," he replied. And then I saw that many of the carriers were also looking and pointing to the sky. The picture was in reality formed by the dark trees against the light, which soon faded, and the statue was no more. That night a thunderstorm burst forth over the camp; it was my final adieu to rain, for I saw no more in Africa that year.

One gets quite accustomed to lightning in Africa, it is one of its chief characteristics, and I think attractions ; it comes sometimes with an organ accompaniment of thunder, when the light flashes and the earth seems to split beneath one's feet, while one expects to see the heavens open and reveal all their hidden wonders, but more often the lightning is dancing or gliding across the sky without sound to herald its approach, with movements more beautiful perhaps because of the silence ; we must look and watch, our ears are resting, the music of motion is enough.

It is night, and suddenly you see, behind a bank of dark clouds, a shining silver snake running along on its belly, trying to wriggle out, or as a silver rocket the light leaps upward and cuts the clouds with a shiver and a spring, and the sky is like a cracked looking-glass.

Sometimes the lightning comes in spreading sheets, and illuminates the sky behind the grey clouds and turns them to curtains of rose-pink beauty, or the night is cloudless, and you have an uninterrupted view of the whole of the horizon, and then the wonder of travelling flashes of lightning will astonish and hold you spell-bound. From east to west, from north to south, no matter which direction the living light has chosen to travel, it will cross the entire archway, rivalling the travelling stars in speed and beauty, for it is a long, luminous serpent, a gigantic comet, with a quivering, moving tail.

Lightning, as well as stars, will appear in or change to various hues and colours. I have seen both lightning and stars of yellow, pink, and blue, and the illuminating power of lightning is wonderful, for on a dark night, when neither moon nor stars appear, it is not only possible but pleasant to walk across the veld, saved from pitfalls, knowing that the constant flashes of

## Sunset and Lightning 183

lightning will guide you, so incessantly they come, seeming not to leave the sky at all, but as revolving lights to continue their luminous movements.

Truly not the works of man, nor the fertility of the earth, but rather the marvels of the sky proclaim the nearness of the gods.



## CHAPTER XIX

### *Camp-fires*

A MODE of letter delivery which might be productive of many romantic adventures prevails in the unpopulated parts of Rhodesia. A hears that B has been seen by some natives camping fifteen, twenty, or thirty miles away. A sends a letter by native bearer, and that letter is shown to every white person the impromptu postman may meet. It is unlikely that a stranger will be in those parts, but on the other hand two or three might be travelling through, and during my journey I was twice stopped and shown letters. The first really was for myself. This letter came from a man engaged in collecting hut tax, who had camped at Shayiwira's village ; it stated that he had heard that I, or someone resembling me, had camped at a stream near ; would I come to tea, and would I bring my own cup and saucer ? It was quite exciting, this letter in the wilds, and I directed the police boy who, having delivered the letter, stood at salute, to show my boys the way to his "bwama."

When I reached the white man's camp I found him seated—or should I say enthroned ?—on a substantial chair at an important-looking table ; round him, squatting on the ground, were groups of natives, all of whom had come either to pay their tax or to offer produce for sale. This produce is often called a present, but in that light has a Gilbertian meaning, for no white man

receives presents from the natives, and one has to give money or limbo in exchange. If called a present one feels one cannot refuse, and so buys unnecessary meal or unwanted sweet potatoes, but if the native in the beginning offers to sell them, it is much better, for then you can give a downright refusal.

The Native Commissioners lead very lonely lives when out collecting hut taxes ; not infrequently they have to travel in all directions round their own boma a radius of several hundred miles. All the Native Commissioners in Rhodesia are well-educated men, often coming from universities and public schools, yet such is the fascination of the land, they would not change their lives for that of a town dweller.

This particular Commissioner expressed his regret that I had not come by the mail road, as then I should have seen his wife and little boy, who were settled in a small boma about eighty miles from Broken Hill. Another man joined us, and pitching my tent near theirs, I spent a very delightful evening. Our dinner, produced by the combined efforts of two cooks, was quite a success, and the flames from the camp-fire round which we afterwards sat, seemed to spring up with notes of exclamation at the stories told. How I wish I could remember only half the stories I heard on my journey, but they have faded as did the camp-fires by which I sat listening to them.

Here is one which is not fiction but fact :—

“ Knew man of same name, a surveyor, eh ? Well, I never knowed Mickey Currie survey much except the points of a horse or the chance of a haul, or—well, yes, he could survey a bottle of whisky in half the time it took any other man.

“ Mickey was fine. He stood six foot two in his socks, and had a big heart. He was always the first to pass

his 'British warmer' to a pal, and never let anyone else take the blame if he was in the wrong. I remember one day he was standing on a cart, trying to blot out Boers, when he says to me as how he was short of ammunition. I says, I would fetch some if he would take charge of my carbine, and, if I did not come back, see it was brought in. 'Right you are,' says he, and off I went. Now I hadn't gone far before I saw a rough Tommy lying on his stomach. I stooped down to find out what was the matter with him. Not dead, not ill neither, nothing but funk, sheer funk. He laid there with fists doubled up, like a sick puppy; then I met the Major, and told him how the land lay. He soon got that Tommy up, and ordered him to walk to the most exposed portion of the line or be shot where he then stood in double quick-time. Fine man, the Major; he knew how to cure nerves. Well, I got that ammunition and went back, but by then Mickey had moved away, and so I had to return to camp, but not a sight of my carbine could I see, and when the counting began I was in a pretty fix. One carbine short and that mine! Awful disgrace; yes, and the order came rapping out that I must go up for court martial next day. However, Mickey got wind of it, and came and spoke up for me, and then as the carbine was found and could be counted in, nothing came of that court martial, but it seemed to make Mickey and I greater pals than ever, and a few nights later Mickey came to me, and, says he:

" 'Tom, are you game for a share in a loot?'

" 'Rather,' says I; 'what's on?'

" 'Get my horse through the guard-line to-night,' says he.

" 'A tough job, but I will try,' says I. 'What are you after?'

" 'Tell you later,' says he, laconic like.

“ Well, that night fortunately there was no moon ; I ain’t much of a man as to size, as you see, and I just wriggled myself through that guard-line flat on my stomach like and going slow. I knew Mickey’s horse well enough, and once through I just unhitched him and he was free. Mickey, t’other side of the line, gave a low whistle ; the horse pricked up his ears, he knew that whistle sure enough, and galloped through the line to Mickey, who mounted him bare-backed and rode away, right past the sentries, and then on and through the Boer lines. A brave thing ? Rather ; I told you Mickey was no ‘ stiff.’ Well, to make the story short, Mickey tethered his horse to a tree and walked bang into a farmhouse where seven men were seated at a table ; they had charge of £380 of the Commandant’s money.



PALM TREES

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

How Mickey got scent of it, the Lord Almighty knows, I don't; but, 'hands up,' says Mickey. You see, they had the money, but Mickey had his gun and six foot two of solid flesh behind him. Well, they handed over that there bag of gold, and away went Mickey. I was waiting for him, for the horse must be put back. Yes, it made me sweat a bit, but I did it, and Mickey handed over the share of the plunder.

"Next day, though, we nearly got found out, for Mickey put his 'oof' into the stuffing of his saddle, and going over a bit of rough road, a few quid slipped out and fell in the path. The Major saw it and called a halt.

"'What's that?' says he.

"'Why, blowed if I haven't gone and broke the bank,' says Mickey. 'My savings, sir,' he added, saluting, and the Major, good sort the Major, says, 'All right,' and on we went."

"And what became of Mickey eventually?" asked a man, tapping his pipe against a half-burnt log.

"Ah, Mickey, he went into the Colony for a bit, but there was not adventure enough for him there, so as there was a row on in German East Africa, off went Mickey, and a bit of trouble he gave those Germans, I can tell you. He and two other men used to raid horses; well, they—they caught him in the long run, and poor old Mickey was shot, he and the other two. Oh, but he was fine, was Mickey; no fear, and six foot two in his socks. Yes, thanks; I won't say no to a drink."

Sometimes one hears a different kind of story, one of folk-lore, such as the following, which savours of Æsop:—

"Once upon a time a Lion met a Rabbit. The meeting took place in N.W. Rhodesia, so the authenticity of this story cannot be doubted.

"'Good morning, Mr. Lion,' said the Rabbit timidly.

"'Good morning, Master Rabbit,' replied the Lion

with a patronising tone in his voice, adding with mocking cruelty, 'I intend to eat you.'

" 'Delighted, I am sure,' quavered the Rabbit, trying not to show how his knees were shaking.

" 'If you have any message you would like to give to your mother, you can tell the breeze,' continued the Lion, with the air of conferring a great favour.

" 'Thank you, Mr. Lion; thank you very much; but first won't you let me show you what a clever little Rabbit I am?'

" 'All right,' said the Lion; 'I shall probably be bored. The performances of others usually bore me, even the roaring of other lions.'

" 'I don't doubt it,' said the Rabbit, with just the glimmer of a smile in his left eyelid.

" 'What can you do?' asked the Lion, placing his imperial body beneath the shadow of a tree.

" 'If, Sir, you will deign to walk to the top of yonder granite kopje and roll down the biggest stone you can find there, I will catch it in my mouth,' said the Rabbit, and then he nibbled a few leaves off a shrub near.

" The Lion smiled when he saw the Rabbit eating, and thought of the story he had once heard of the custom amongst civilised people of allowing a man to choose his breakfast before he was hanged.

" 'Certainly, I will do so; the little walk will sharpen my appetite,' he observed, moistening his lips with his long pink tongue, and then away up the kopje he walked.

" Now the Lion's sense of humour was well developed, only in developing it had acquired a cruel strain, so when he saw at the top of the kopje a stone three times the size of the Rabbit, he thought to himself: 'Ha, ha, if I roll this stone down, how surprised Mr. Rabbit will be, it will certainly crush all the conceit out of him,' so he pushed the stone and set it rolling.



“Now kings of men have not always shown their monopoly of all the human brains, and kings of beasts often fall short of that same commodity, and so it happened that the little Rabbit had been allowed by some beneficent fairy to become possessed of quite a fair share ; his body was small but his thinking profound, and when he perceived that the Lion had left him he crept behind a bush and waited for the stone to arrive.

“At last it came crashing down the kopje, disturbing the peace of sundry pink grasshoppers and brown Hottentot gods, and the Rabbit stood out of the pathway of the stone until it was quite still, then quick as lightning he darted out and licked the stone, covering it with the green leaves he had been chewing and moistening it with the saliva of his tongue ; then he waited for the Lion to arrive.

“With his nose in the air and a superior snort in his voice the Lion came, and then found to his intense surprise that the Rabbit, instead of being crushed, wore the expression of a serio-comedienne when she is taking a ‘curtain.’

“‘What,’ cried the Lion, observing the green leaves and saliva on the stone, ‘you have done it?’

“‘Yes,’ answered the Rabbit, adding, ‘but not until to-day have I had the honour of performing before royalty!’

“The Lion swallowed the compliment as though it had the flavour of a youthful buck, and said :

“‘And I suppose you think you are the only one who could do it?’

“‘Craving your pardon, I am afraid I do think so,’ answered the Rabbit.

“‘And I will quickly prove you are wrong by doing it myself,’ replied the Lion loftily.

“Now that was exactly what the Rabbit wanted, but he tried to look crestfallen instead of pleased.

“ ‘Go to yonder kopje and roll down the biggest stone you can find,’ ordered the Lion, waving his tail in lieu of a sceptre ; and Master Rabbit ran away to obey the imperial command.

“Now the Lion really believed that the Rabbit had caught the stone previously rolled down, and having been told so often by travellers (who had never travelled



TRAPS FOR CATCHING BIRDS  
(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

further than story-books) that he was king of beasts, he decided that what a mere Rabbit could do would be easy work for him, so when a huge stone came rolling down the kopje he lay down and caught it in his mouth ; but, alas ! for his imperial pride, the stone knocked out all his teeth, so that when the little Rabbit came down he had the laugh against the Lion, for the Lion was unable to eat him.

“And ever afterwards the little ‘Kalulu’ (Rabbit) was regarded as a hero for having saved from certain death all the other rabbits in the neighbourhood.”

I was told that quite a number of the native stories resemble ours ; for instance, our story of the hare and the tortoise is closely related to theirs of the “ duiker ” (a species of antelope) and the tortoise.

“ A tortoise met a duiker and challenged him to race to the next water. The duiker started off with a bound, then lay down within sight of the water and went to sleep. After a while he was awakened by a loud laugh ; the tortoise had quietly passed and stood triumphant by the side of the stream.”

Natives have a way of remembering white men by incidents or descriptions rather than by the white man's name. The first man to open a store launched by the African Lakes Company wore spectacles ; the natives named him Mandala, the man with the double eyes, and to this day they speak of the stores as the Mandala stores. It is also interesting how a name given by a native spreads amongst tribes who have never met. Tell any native in or near a Rhodesian boma to take you to Mandala, and you will find yourself at the store.

A white man died, and one native, to whom the white man was known, asked another native as they sat by their camp-fire over their evening meal : “ Do you remember so and so ? ” mentioning the white man's name, but the boy addressed shook his head, and then the other boy explained :

“ He is the baas who took out his teeth and put them into a cup without any water, and the rats came and took them away, and he never had any teeth after.”

Then the other boy grinned broadly and replied, “ Jah, jah,” he remembered !

## CHAPTER XX

### *Loneliness*

WHEN I returned to England, the two sentences I heard most often were : “ But were you not frightened ? ” and “ How lonely you must have been ! ”

I confess I was often frightened. One morning I particularly remember ; it was a few days after I started. We found water at about twelve o'clock, and so I cried “ Linda,” which means stop, and decided to wait there with my machilla boys until the carriers should catch us up, bringing food, cooking utensils, and other things with them.

I alighted from the machilla and sat down on the grass ; it had been too hot to walk during the last hour, so hot, in fact, that I had loosened my coat and taken off my revolver and belt, which I forgot all about when I got out of the machilla, leaving them under a cushion. The men sat round me in a ring and stared at me. I was still a new and I suppose a strange specimen to them, and they sat nearer than I quite liked ; I did not know how to tell them to move away, and I would not myself get up, determined never to appear frightened, even if I felt so. Then one of the men fetched me a cushion, and in doing so discovered the revolver. He took it out, I feeling the while somewhat clammy with fear as I watched him, for the men—eleven of them—were moving ever nearer me, and all their dark eyes were fixed upon my face. They saw me look at the boy standing

holding the revolver, and glanced at him, then looked back again at me. The boy pointed the revolver to me as though to show he knew how to hold it—and I managed to smile and held out my hand for him to give it to me. He at once gave it to me, and I then pointed it at him, and all the men laughed; the tit-for-tat seemed to them a joke. Then I got up and pinned a piece of white paper out of my pocket-book on the trunk of a tree, and showed them all that I was able to hit it. No one ever touched my revolver again—in fact, I took good care always to have it with me, in my belt by day and under my pillow by night—but I soon ceased to have any feeling of fear when with my men, or apprehend any ill-treatment from them when alone in my tent. They were all, with the exception of the Angoni cook, Awembas, and mutilation for generations has been the pet pastime of this tribe, but they have their own system of crime and punishment by cruelty, and at any rate behaved to me—an unprotected woman—with the greatest chivalry and kindness. I met more than one man when in the Awemba country who had had his hands cut off for running away with another man's wife, or for theft, and who dare say the punishment was not just? It certainly was more effective as a preventive of future error than our civilised action for damages. Honour with us is compensated for by money, with them by blood.

The Awembas on this point are to be congratulated. If more blood were shed in Europe there would be less dirty linen washed in the divorce courts.

At the native dances a man does not dance with a woman until he has asked her husband's permission.

Women, to be thoroughly happy, must be properly protected or entirely free. In Europe they are neither, and hence the unrest.



With regard to the conclusion that I must have been very lonely, let me hasten to say that I don't believe loneliness and life on the veld have any connection with each other. Many have written on the loneliness one experiences in crowds, but I never met a man or woman who had really lived a veld life who considered loneliness a bar to happiness. In fact, in Africa, if any discontent exists amongst women it is usually found in the towns, where the social obligations of European cities are aped and too much gold dust has turned otherwise



TRAP FOR CATCHING SMALL GAME

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

decent folks into snobs. The woman who in the true sense of the word is her husband's chum, loves the life of the lonely farm or the out-of-the-world boma.

In cities I have met men and women who could not



endure their own company unless asleep. How little such people know of themselves, unless indeed they have no inside to read ! Maybe they are human covers, that is all, frames whereon are hung the fabrics invented by others, and their lips speak only the little learning their feeble memories have retained of the teachings or lives of others.

To be alone is first to criticise oneself, to be almost startled at the thoughts that come from dusky corners of the mind into which one has not had time to peep while surrounded by the noise of the world. Perhaps one may even become morbid, but only for a very short space. The balm of nature is very healing, and one forgives not only oneself but others, and steps into peace, a dreamland, where no disturbing voices come to argue that life is different from that which it now appears to be—a harmony.

The moment one has to touch oneself, so to speak, and feels that nothing is real, and yet that all is real and memory a dream, from that moment the joy of solitude has entered into one's heart, never again to be dethroned. A tiny flower chanced upon unexpectedly is more than a flower, it is a fellow-traveller by the wayside, and one greets it before one passes on ; the clouds travel with one, the wind, and animals, and birds are our talkative travelling companions, for everything is travelling with us across the earth, we are all going on and on and on to see the sun rise to-morrow, to see it set to-morrow night, to see it rise again the next day.

We are travelling through life, and the whole earth seems to be ours to travel across, so long as no human habitation is seen and no voice speaking the language we spoke in that other world comes to disturb our dreams.

Autumn is beautiful in England, with its glory of

fading leaf, but it comes only once a year, lasting but a few months, and then its colours turn to ugliness and decay. In an African sunset you may behold the splendour of autumnal tints of scarlet and gold every night, both when the veld beneath your feet is green and when it is dry and harsh. The sky is yours, no season robs you of that, and no vast stack of chimney-pots hides the picture.

Open the tent door, peep through, and behold ! the world is yours. Perhaps it is early morning, and the air is cold, as yet unvisited by the sun ; a heavy mist still shrouds in soft vaporous garments Dame Nature, yet beauty is around, a cold beauty which you admire, but treat as an *hors-d'œuvre* of human life ; this chilly white dame will please you little, but you smile contentedly, knowing that soon a rosy hue will embrace the earth and a glad smiling dame will appear, with hair of golden sunbeams, a voice of singing birds, and a garland of flowers. All the earth is yours, for no one shares its picture with you ; you will rejoice, and life will become a warm glad thing.

Monotony in miles and miles of the veld ? There is monotony nowhere save in the minds of unimaginative, unappreciative people.

Gather at random a handful of grass ; each blade has some slight deviation from its neighbour. Yes, the veld varies, if one examines it closely, almost or quite as much in colour as the sky above. True, one does not so easily see the gorgeous reds and purples. Sometimes the flowers are hidden, the tiny blossoms must be searched for. Those wee, violet, velvet pansies, little faces hardly larger than threepenny-bits, with tiny yellow eyes—how those flowerlets cling to the earth, those baby faces so tenderly laid on green leaves closely gripping Nature's bosom ! There are daisies, too, in

Rhodesia, exactly like the English daisy, only much smaller.

Natives here have no love of the beautiful as we understand beauty. They value only those vegetables

and trees that yield food. They plant no flowers near their huts. At first my boys were surprised to see me gather flowers, and they seemed to imagine I liked them for their colour, and so, to please me, began to gather scarlet or yellow flowers if any grew in our pathway, and presented them to me without stems! I shall never forget the first time I was offered a flower on a stalk. I was walking slowly one morning, for I had just seen a herd of zebras grazing near and I wanted to see more of their quaint



DRAWING WATER FROM A WELL

(By kind permission of C.G. Railways)

stripes and pretty heads before they scented the presence of strangers and trotted off. My men were all walking quietly behind me. I turned and signalled for them to stand quite still, for we were very near the zebras. I had no intention of shooting; I had been told

their meat was tough, I had nothing with me wherewith to preserve their skins, and shooting just for the sake of taking life never appealed to me. The picture, however, of a peacefully grazing herd soon turned to one of scampering zebras—how those creatures ran, seeming to have the winged heels of Mercury !

Then I gazed around and with difficulty kept from laughing ; my biggest, burliest, most savage-looking boy, clad only in a sly expression and a small loin cloth, was advancing towards me, holding out at arm's length one small scarlet flower on a stem, in fact two of his fingers held the stem much in the same way as one clasps a flea before consigning it to a watery grave ; I accepted the offering with thanks, wishing my friend Hassall could have been present to sketch the scene and label it.

The next day no flowers were given me, and I wondered what I had done to offend my followers ; however, when I dined in the evening the mystery was solved. The flowers gathered during the day had been hidden, and appeared on my dinner-table stuck through holes pierced by spears into condensed milk-tins. I was quite proud of my solitary banquet that night, for, as the Press would doubtless have put it, the floral decorations were in excellent taste.

Surely everyone who has once experienced the fascination of a camp-fire, must for ever cherish a longing to return to the wilds and live again through a few of those fascinating night hours.

I remember once in Milan entering the cathedral at dusk, when the whole of the beautiful interior was lit up in a weird way as though to exhibit shadows rather than display light. Tiny crimson lamps were burning on the many altars, but otherwise there was no illumination ; human shadows moved softly up the aisles, entered confessional boxes, and then as silently glided away—



evening, and rest, and the crimson glow of a wonderful religion were there, the scent of incense recently burnt came to one's nostrils, and the fascination of beauty only half seen gave to the interior of the cathedral a peculiar charm, impossible to be attained in the full light of day.

I have only seen that scene equalled in a large camp at night. The boys who have come from different villages



THE COTTON PLANT

have separate fires, call themselves brothers, and sit round a mutual pot of cooking mealie-meal. Sometimes we had twelve fires, including one in front and one at the back of my tent, and when the natives in the villages had given my boys warning of the near company of many lions, we had as many as twenty fires.

How beautiful those fires looked in the dark hours ! each group of brothers forming a ring round their blazing logs, burning crimson on a moonless night ; how im-

possible it is to give any adequate description of the mystery, the warmth, the music of the scene ! the glowing colours seeming to strike upon one's brain in full triumphant chords and the shadows to be full of the low soft notes of poetry.

Dark hands stretched out to the pot of food show clear, brown cameos stencilled against the firelight. The faces are Rembrandt pictures. There is stillness in the world around. Is there a world ? No, only the veld and bush. The men are silent, and will not sing till they have fed. Afar off one hears now and again the cry of a single bird, perhaps a keevit. The hyenas have not yet begun their sickly chant, nor has the deep breathing of lions, who grunt as they walk, come within one's hearing. Here is a psalm of colour, a poem of satisfaction.

Away, afar off, the world lies, so far away it is only a memory in the back of one's mind ; one brushes the memory aside as one would brush away a stinging, buzzing fly, for in that world there is a chaos of noise and bitter striving—a long ladder leading from poverty to riches, and a screaming, fighting mob trying to climb ; there is blood on the rungs of that ladder, cloud all around—a vale of tears for all.

Here there is fire, food, rest, no movement save the natives' gesticulations, which must be graceful, for they are unstudied and natural ; the half-naked bodies are beautiful, unencumbered by unnecessary clothing, unweighted by a harassed mind within, a critical, cruel scrutiny without.

We are near to nature, and nature is kind when not bothered by human exactions. Life is here and we love it, death is a bogey we do not fear ; those others fear it, that striving mass on the ladder, for with it they will lose all they are striving so hard to attain. Here we have little, so little that nothing counts except the warmth



of the camp-fire, the meal we are eating, the song we will sing, and the sleep which must come, for our bodies are pleasurable weary and our minds lulled by contentment to oblivion.

There is incense, too, the scent of burning wood, and perhaps the perfume of tobacco flowers, pink and white blossoms which open only at night, steals through the air, the gentle breeze having wafted this delicious odour from the nearest native garden. Mother birds are covering their young. The earth grows drowsy. The dark forms around the fire are now crouching low, their songs have ceased, even their chattering voices grow one by one silent, the forms stretch out perilously near the burning logs, but theirs is the faith of children. The flames will guard, the warmth give comfort, and soon they are asleep, fire worshippers all. Here there is no mocking memory of past days to haunt one's dreams, no harassing anxiety for to-morrow to disturb one's rest.

A contented sigh, then sleep and forgetfulness.



THE AUTHOR'S MEDICINE-CHEST

## CHAPTER XXI

### *The Medicine-chest*

TWENTY-EIGHT swamps and four swollen, rushing rivers in three days ! It seemed as if fate had conspired to give me enough of rough travelling as a start to make me turn back—however, I learned to “hang on by the skin of my teeth.”

The swamps were really a trial of patience. They were too deep in parts for me to be carried through in the machilla, and sometimes they were very wide and uncertain. I had enough of the game of pick-a-back to last me to the end of my days. My boys were really very good, and the only subject of quarrel amongst them appeared to be as to who should carry me over. The longest man seemed to me preferable to the broadest back. At first I was afraid of grasping the wool on the top of my Centaur-head too tightly, but I soon found that no grip, however hard, could give the slightest pain—truly a native's head seems harder than the heart of a miser. I once saw a glass bottle fall many feet on to the head of a native and smash ; he just flicked his wool as though a fly had annoyed him.

The Lusenfwa River, about fifty-seven miles from Broken Hill, proved an ordeal; swollen by the unusually heavy rains, it was about 600 feet wide, though divided in the middle by huge stones. There were bridges from the sides to the stones formed of trunks of trees lying in single and uninviting file—looking even for my eight stone too fragile to be trusted. However, with my natives at each end stretched out to help me, I got

across, and then waited and watched the carriers with their loads, and felt I had been a miserable coward to care at all, when I saw them coming over.

Then my revered and esteemed medicine-chest fell into the water, and great was the consternation, for of all my possessions the boys prized that most. Natives love to be physicked—and if one pats his “tummy” and in response to his sad groaning receives a pill, many others will at once



CROSSING LUSENFWA RIVER, RHODESIA

develop pains. I wish Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome and Co. could have seen all my other goods and chattels deserted while the tanga-tanga boys, joined by the machilla boys, one and all waded in the river for that

precious case. They would have felt pride stealing through their minds and joy warming their hearts. Throughout my journey this wonderful case had the monopoly of attention.

The current of the river was strong, and boys and case seemed likely to disappear, when with a joyous shout it was rescued, and to my relief not one bit the worse for its ducking.

I think the fact that I knew very little about medicine made me specially proud of possessing a real medicine-chest, and so carefully were the directions given on the labels that all danger arising from a possible overdose was eliminated. Certainly the very possession of it seemed a protection against illness, as one takes an umbrella out with the conviction that the trouble of carrying it will cause the rain to hold off, such is the perversity of weather and the superstition of mankind.

If you want to amuse a bored native, open a box. Nothing interests or attracts him more. However tired he may be, curiosity will throw off fatigue and he will come near and stand or crouch with eager interest, and should it chance that the occasion is the opening of the "muti" (medicine) box, then the curiosity turns to avarice, and if pills are to be given to one man, why, then, the one who looks on must have pains and "muti" too.

If a native asks for "muti" for a child, usually castor oil is the safest to give. I once saw a native mother dose her child. She held out her hand for the oil, then covered the poor baby's face with it, held cup-like, and though the child gurgled, struggled, and seemed choking, the hand was not withdrawn until every drop had gone down the red lane.

My men had a very simple way of telling me what ailed them. They patted head or stomach, or wherever the pain located itself, or held out sore feet. For the latter

I found the compressed bandages of great use, while the compressed cotton-wool made excellent dressing, sprinkled with iodoform.

One really requires a very small assortment of medicines on South African travel. Half a dozen in all is sufficient, but these should be of the most reliable make ; it is therefore best to buy an outfit before starting, consisting of a case of medicines in tabloid form.

How many times my precious medicine chest was nearly lost in swamps by the stumbling of the carriers I do not know, but I shall always remember its adventure in the Lusenfwa River.

Once only the white Donna's "muti" failed to have effect, and surely that was not the fault of the medicine, for was not the cook-boy lame on account of the path being bewitched? Only blood could cure this, and so the poor cook-boy was bled, becoming in consequence more lame than ever, and finally having to be left behind in a native village. What weird witchcraft was used here as a healing power I know not, but to my surprise the cook turned up again three days later smiling, and cleansed from the power of the evil one. I noticed, however, though the others ignored it, that he walked with a limp.

This cook-boy had only one fault—no, two : he could not cook, and he got drunk every night. At first I thought he made himself drunk with alcohol, but found later that the cause was tobacco. However, as he merely slept and was harmless, I did not take his pipe away.

Tobacco-growing is very much on the increase, in both Southern and Northern Rhodesia. Amongst the natives, both men and women smoke. They have strange large pipes made out of dried gourds, and they use water with the tobacco, which has the effect, if carried to excess, of making them drunk like my cook. The native to-



bacco is very strong, as if over-cultivated. It is done up in cones, in shape like a cottage loaf. The natives also grind it up very finely and make snuff of it. They make a cigarette with bamboo round it, having hollowed



A NATIVE PIPE

out the latter. The women seem to smoke more than the men.

A large quantity of native tobacco is grown at Khoni, N.W. Rhodesia, a native kraal about 108 miles, or according to others 114 miles, from Broken Hill. At this kraal also English peas and kidney beans are grown, splendid samples of which I saw, which proves not only the wonderful possibilities of the land, but the increasing enterprise of the native, this being entirely due to the Native Commissioner of this district, who supplies the natives with seeds.

Enormous outcrops of coal are known to exist on the Lusenfwa and the Mulungushi, near the junction of the two rivers.

It was at the little village of Tsingulo I bought my



first lot of eggs, and so small were they, I was reminded of a story I once heard. A lady, missing an ostrich egg from a cabinet in the drawing-room where it usually stood, afterwards discovered it in the little hen-house, where her son kept his bantam fowls. It was suspended from the roof by a string, and above it, written in large letters, were the words :

“ Look at this and do the best you can.”

The native fowls are called cuckoos, and are not much larger. One should obtain three for a shilling, but the natives often ask for more.

I have bought even nine eggs for sixpence. They are tiny, but quite good when fresh. The best means of ascertaining whether they possess this most desirable quality is to put them into a bucket of cold water, when the bad ones will rise to the top.

Goats seem to be the staple small stock of the country, and they make good eating when game is scarce. The average price of a goat is about 3s. 6d., though once I purchased one for 2s. 6d. The natives often prefer limbo to money, in fact they will refuse the latter and take a piece of limbo worth about 4d. in preference to 6d. in silver. Thus one is sometimes forced to make a profit against one's will, but I usually added a few beads. It is not advisable to pay the natives more than what their produce is actually worth, as it not only spoils them for the next traveller, but is most annoying for those who are residents in the country and whose incomes are not any too large.

A source of annoyance to the genuine hunter is the rich amateur, who persists in petting natives and chiefs—sometimes the gifts of such men are ridiculous. I heard of one man who presented prawns in aspic, marmalade, and sardines to a chief. The gift was regarded with suspicion as being “muti” of a questionable order,

and was promptly buried. The same chief afterwards met a man with a load of condemned meat, and begged as a great prize that this putrid, odoriferous delicacy should be given to him. It was ; and every morsel was eaten by him and his favourites ! The traveller of aspic fame used also to break a bottle of champagne over the head of every specimen of big game he was able to secure, and imagined he had shot—but the story goes that spears or a knife were responsible for the kill.

## CHAPTER XXII

### *Tobacco-growing*

I VERY often asked if the tobacco industry was not going to be overdone, and I was invariably answered that as far as low-grade tobacco was concerned this would probably be the case, but as regarded the Virginian and Turkish leaf excessive production would hardly be possible, because not only were the best markets of the world open to the growers of these types, but the prices which had been paid were more than satisfactory. I was informed that during the six months which elapsed up to the time I left Rhodesia, nearly 100,000 lbs. of Virginia leaf had been received at the Salisbury warehouse, and that the whole of this crop, to which was further added a large amount which was brought in after July, 1909, was sold at a public sale at an average price of 1s. 2d. A small lot even fetched 2s. 4½d. per lb.

The Chartered Company has erected a tobacco warehouse at Salisbury for the handling of the Virginia leaf, and another warehouse at Bulawayo for Turkish tobacco. Every facility is given the grower who delivers his tobacco to the warehouse, where he receives an advance of fifty per cent of the value. The tobacco is then graded, packed, and sold, when the balance is paid to the grower. Through this arrangement the buyer is sure not to sustain any loss through bad grading or packing, and in consequence Rhodesian tobacco has gained the reputation

of being uniform and reliable. At present there is already in South Africa a very large demand for tobacco and for the excellent cigarettes. The latter could, however, be improved if better paper were used. The production has not yet been sufficient to allow of an extensive sale in Europe, but with the rapidly increasing production it probably very soon will be.

To the farmer or settler tobacco-growing in Rhodesia offers very profitable employment, but my attention has been particularly drawn to the fact that it is unwise to expect a profitable return in the first year, and that it is just as unwise to undertake a too extensive culture until after two or three years' experience on a small scale. It is quite natural that to do anything with success experience is required, and I was assured not only by officials but also by actual growers that the experience to grow tobacco with success can be acquired very easily, and practically depends upon the intending grower's intelligence and faculty of observation. I met a man who once was a plumber, but who to-day is an experienced grower of very superior Virginia, and he was very proud to show me some fine bright leaves for which he confidently expected to get 2s. 6d. a pound. The summary of a large number of inquiries is, that a man with a general knowledge of agriculture can learn the principles of tobacco-growing within two years.

With tobacco-growing it is exactly the same as with cotton or citrus-fruit growing, it would be a great mistake to make the one produce the sole source of income. The right way to do it is to make this special crop a branch only of the general farming, and I found that on these principles several people are to-day doing very well indeed.

The average cost of growing tobacco, drying, pressing, etc., in fact, the outlay until it is ready for delivery at

the warehouse, is something like £9 per acre, and the returns vary from £15 to £40, giving a very substantial profit. If one takes into consideration that the annual consumption of tobacco throughout the world is roughly a million tons, of which about one-fifth is of the Virginian and Turkish varieties, it is quite clear that there is a great scope for increased activity in the production of these two types, and in Rhodesia there is sufficient scope for more growers. As this seems a very lucrative and very interesting side-line to the farmer, I collected a good amount of information and will give just a few hints for the intending settler.

The best soil for Turkish tobacco is the soil which contains a large percentage of sand, and therefore the sandstone area of Matabeleland must contain ideal places. Where the rainfall is sufficient, the Virginia leaf will also do well. The large stretches of granitic soil are not quite so fertile, but this defect can easily be corrected by the use of fertilisers. Some of the finest tobacco I saw had been grown on some of the reddish sandy loam. The heavy black and dark red soils grow a leaf which is too coarse and heavy, and so-called "brak veld" should be avoided as totally unsuitable. Good natural drainage is an essential for tobacco soil, and it is also very important to see whether the granitic soils are underlaid with an impervious subsoil. I should highly recommend intending growers, when in Cape Town, to see the most interesting collection of the Cape Agricultural Department relating to soil which the Department has compiled, and to study the statistics.

The land on which it is intended to grow tobacco must naturally be fenced, and the preparation of the soil should be done as early as possible. The fields, when worked up into garden tilth, must be kept so by harrowing well after every rain. I have seen some fields where

the growth of the tobacco seemed checked, and it was explained to me that the soil did not contain sufficient moisture, as the conservation of the full rainfall by careful tilling had been neglected.

What cannot be impressed upon a tobacco-grower too strongly is the fact, that cultivation is one of the great secrets of success.

In case the land is full of insects, which will injure the crop, an excellent way of cleaning the land is to keep flocks of fowls which follow the plough and eat caterpillars and grasshoppers.

Curing barns are essential, and I am informed that the Chartered Company provide plans for a kind of flue-curing-barn, which has proved to be the most satisfactory for this country. One farmer was greatly annoyed by losing all the bricks he had made because he had waited too long and had begun making them after the rains set in.

The main advice is, to get the very best seed obtainable and thereby not run the risk of obtaining only low-priced crops. And it is also advisable to have fertiliser, needles, twine, and baskets ordered in good time so as to save disappointment when wanting them.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### *Native Villages*

IT is never advisable to pitch one's tent in an old camp, for jiggers are usually to be found there. These insects are small and annoying ; they usually bury themselves under the toe-nails and may poison the foot if left in too long. It is advisable to ask a native to extract either jigger-flea or tick for you, because they are very clever at taking out the little creatures whole, instead of leaving part in, which, if it contains eggs, may cause serious trouble.

Nor should one camp too near a swamp, for fever may be caught from the rising mist ; on the other hand, do not go too far away from a stream, but just near enough to have water easily fetched. In the deep valleys it gets much colder than higher up.

The boys drink with their evening meal, but they do not usually drink during the day. The water is carried in large calabashes, which look very pretty, covered at the top with leaves, which prevent the water from spilling as the carrier walks.

One of the most useful things to carry on ulendo (travelling) is a large zinc bath. Cooking utensils can be packed in it during the day, and a few buckets of water heated over the fire soon fill it for one's bath at night. A pole through the handles makes it a good load for two boys.

Boys do not carry more than 50 lbs. weight each,

and the packages should be made up accordingly. With the load they travel usually at the rate of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, whereas the machilla boys do as much as  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, going from 15 to 20 and sometimes 25 miles in a day. The most I ever accomplished in one day was 38 miles.

By the time I had left Shayimbira (a native village), about 102 miles from Rail Head, I had crossed forty swamps. After that I grew tired of counting; the number seemed to increase alarmingly if I paid the swamps too much attention. I had been given, before leaving Broken Hill, a list of approximate mileages and names of villages as they had stood about a year previously. The white man who had then travelled that route had taken great pains to chronicle details, and I was much obliged for the MS. guide—but quite the opposite conditions prevailed when I travelled, and where he described water as being scarce, I was nearly drowned.

At M'lembo River, over which there is a bridge of a sort, between 120 and 126 miles north of Broken Hill, is the N.E. boundary of Rhodesia; one then comes upon a very small village, Kasowa, and some three miles further on is Kapenda, which is a very large village. I camped about two miles further on and then walked back, while my tent was being put up and fires were being made, to look at the village.

What struck me most about the villages was the atmosphere of sloth; to quote Gilbert, "The house of lords did naught at all and did it very well." The natives sat about in groups and rarely seemed even to pretend to work. They were thoroughly and consistently lazy. Apparently ENOUGH FOR THE MOMENT is their motto, and young and old, upright or weighted down by years, one and all appeared happy.

The women of the M'lala tribe have a hideous custom

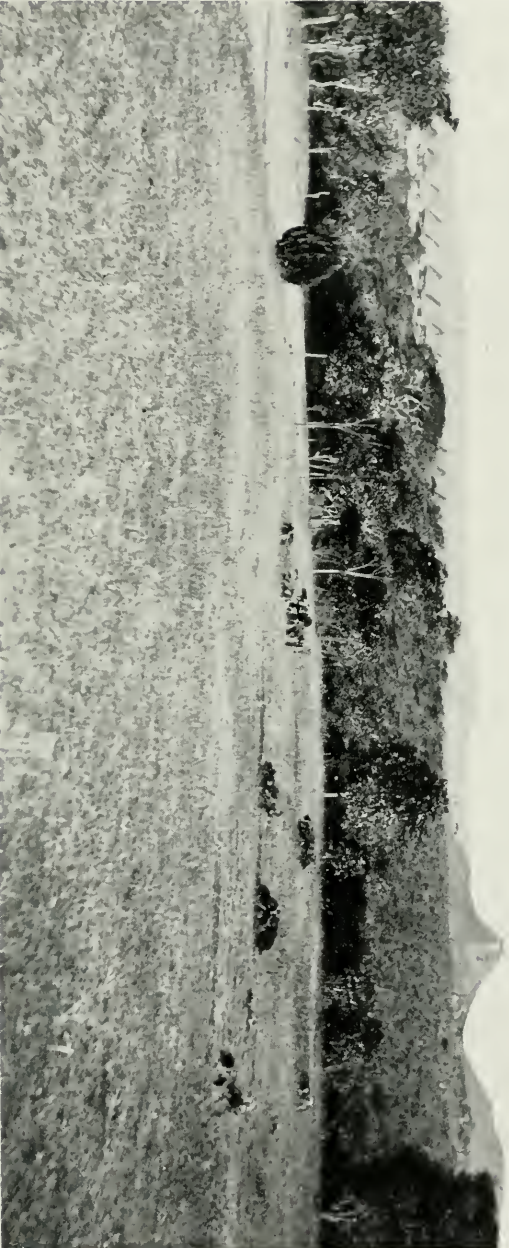
of inserting large round pieces of horn or tin into the upper lip. They begin when young with small round rolls of thin bark, and then the ornament (?) increases until the end of the nose is entirely hidden and the horrible protruding upper lip becomes the chief feature of the face. I did not inquire, but I fancy kissing is not in vogue, because under the circumstances the performance would be one of peculiar enterprise.

Even to N.E. Rhodesia the mania for red hair has apparently spread, or did natives first set the fashion? In lieu of henna the women cover their hair with a thick red paste, made from the red bark of a tree, or, if that is not obtainable, they gather a sediment from the water that runs over ironstone; this, mixed with monkey-nut oil, gives the desired tint.

The teeth of the men are filed to very fine points, and amongst some tribes the four front teeth of a boy are extracted when he reaches the age of puberty.

From Broken Hill to Serenje, the first white man's boma one enters north of Rail Head. I did not always travel on the mail route, and therefore saw native villages off the beaten track, and they were interesting, though in some cases not of a savoury odour. The pigeon-houses on long poles were pretty, the storage places for meal being built in much the same way, thus keeping damp and rats away from the precious grain.

Needless to say the people in the villages were all surprised to see me, for very few women pass that way, and so far not one unaccompanied by friends had ventured to stroll through their midst. The children certainly had never before seen a specimen of a white woman, and were not at all pleased with my appearance. They howled and screamed, but they could not hide their heads under their mothers' aprons as they did not wear any, so they disappeared into the huts, some-



NATIVE VILLAGE, NEAR SERENJE



times tumbling over fowls and goats in their mad haste to get away from me. Weird-looking dogs barked furiously, my little black "Ugly" answering back, while my boys always yelled as they entered a village, so the musical honours with which I was received can be imagined.

The elders were usually more friendly than their children, and they shouted and clapped a welcome, often kneeling when I approached a village, and sometimes running by my side for miles when I left.

Honours were divided between my hair and my boots, I really do not know which interested the people most. I always wore my hair down, tied with a ribbon, and the women would point to it and talk excitedly. Its fairness seemed to perplex not only them, but also my boys, for at one boma my boys asked the servants of a magistrate if they could ascertain what muti (medicine) I took to make it the "colour of the sun."

I found the best time to walk was in the early morning, rising at half-past five o'clock, if it was light enough, and, after a cup of "hyglama" (cocoa), getting away from the camp at half-past six or seven, hoping to find water and have breakfast and luncheon combined at about eleven. Sometimes on damp, cold, misty mornings the time for leaving would be later, for when the boys are cold they will not hurry, but seem only half alive. The grass was so high (sometimes twelve to fourteen feet) that before one had gone far one was soaked to the skin unless clad in waterproof garments, and I was thankful for my Burberry cloth. However, the sun soon gives heat as the day dawns, and one is not unhappy long.

Chiwale had been given me as the name of Stephen's old boma, but it is now Chibori. As the names are frequently altered it is practically impossible to make a



proper list of the villages. The M'lala tribe live at Chibori, which is about 145 miles from Rail Head, and near here is a beautiful waterfall surrounded by some tropical growth, palms and ferns, making a picturesque oasis in a not otherwise particularly beautiful country. Chibori is situated on the watershed between two rivers,



POST CARRIERS WITH ARMED ESCORT, NORTH RHODESIA

the Pamparway and the M'lomwa, and lies about 4800 feet above sea-level, and the air is invigorating.

Two days' journey from here I met a post-boy with armed escort, and gave him some letters wrapped in limbo to take to Broken Hill to be posted. Post-boys travel throughout N.E. Rhodesia once a week, taking letters and parcels to the different bomas. They wear scarlet cloth clothing and a scarlet fez. They travel very quickly, buying their food at the villages and either

sleeping in native huts or, where there are none, making huge fires to keep off the wild beasts. All the letters and tins of films I sent by these boys found their way safely to England, which speaks well for their honesty and care. I usually gave a post-boy a knife or some other little keepsake for a present, and often he would join my camp for the night with his escort, moving on at daybreak.

Most of my boys carried spears or sticks of sorts. One day I passed the remains of a native foundry for making axe-heads. It was round and formed of clay, originally an ant-heap, the blow-pipes being also of clay. When in use a bellows, made out of a bladder of a buck, is employed. The iron ore is obtained locally. The natives make very fair steel from hematite, which is found in many places all over Rhodesia. Later on I saw natives at work at a forge. They were squatting on the ground and working slowly but quite adequately for their simple weapons.

A few miles beyond Chibori the Muchinga Highlands begin along a spur, and even when I was there water was not very plentiful, as the rains run away from the hard hill-sides and there are no dams to catch the water ; in the dry season one must not expect to find a good supply of water until the Lukasashi River is reached, some seventeen or eighteen miles further on.

The air is wonderfully crisp on the top of these hills, and well it might be, for one is about 5800 feet above sea-level. A splendid view of the country around is here obtained, and some of the granite kopjes seen in the far distance are of a very curious formation. I did my best to take some photographs, but the distance was too great. What a large empty world was around ! No signs of habitation, very little herbage, a strange silence as of a derelict earth, while above was the blue

sky, whose vast dome, dipping down to the horizon, seemed to lose itself in ethereal mists of blue on the distant peaks.

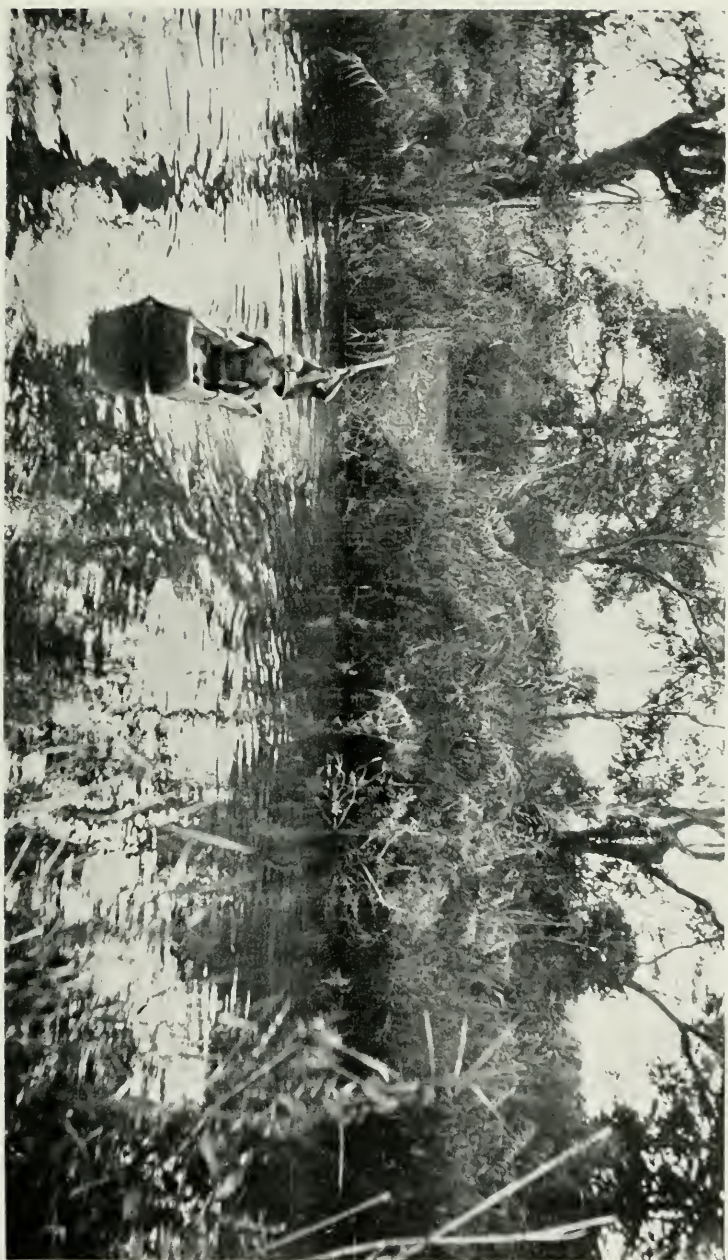
It is a good plan, when being carried up a steep slope, to reverse the machilla, face your boys, and thus travel head upwards—otherwise your feet are in the air.

At the Lukasashi River, about 170 miles from Broken Hill, there is a canoe ferry. The canoes are trunks of trees hollowed out and are called “dugouts”; one sits on the bottom of the boat, usually in a pool of water, and is paddled across. When one has many carriers and packages considerable time is occupied in crossing, as the canoes hold very little. These canoes are kept by a family of natives, who live by the water-side, and, in consideration of taking the post-boy across every week, have a certain concession from the Government. From casual travellers a present is expected, or, as they term it, prize. After the whole of my ulendo had crossed—fifty persons and a large number of packages—I tried to ascertain what my bill was. An aged man rubbed his right thumb across his left hand and thus graphically illustrated his craving for matches.

By this I knew there must have been a recent birth or death in the neighbourhood, as the natives keep fires perpetually burning in their huts, except when someone dies, when the fire is allowed to go out, and it must not be lighted afresh from another fire, but after the hut has been cleaned an entirely new fire must be made, which must be lit either from a match or, if one is not available, from a spark obtained by rubbing one piece of stick swiftly in the hollow of another. Matches are therefore highly prized by the natives. A new fire must also be lighted to make the first drink for a new-born babe.

I presented the desired box of matches and added





AUTHOR CROSSING THE LUKASASHI RIVER



sixpence by way of toll. Truly, in some parts of Rhodesia one could live like a king on an old age pension, that is, if one would live as a peasant and be happy merely in the possession of health. Some people would say, "Yes, but think of the monotony of the life of a native, living and eating, marrying and dying!" Well, many a poor white has more of pain and less of pleasure and sometimes not even enough of the eating—a starved native does not exist.



## CHAPTER XXIV

### *Serenje*

ELEVEN days out, and only one white man met on the road, the Native Commissioner before referred to ; and yet Rhodesia belongs to the English, and, so far as productive land and glorious climate can make it, is certainly a white man's country.

So far I had not met a lion in the flesh, although I had been presented with a lion's tooth in N.W. Rhodesia and had seen several fine skins in S. Rhodesia, and had met a man who had shot ten lions. In Rhodesia lions really are called lions, but leopards are usually called (after the Cape Dutch) tigers, and the hyenas are generally spoken of as wolves. The flowers, too, suffer from topsy-turveydom. Forget-me-nots are often mauve or pink instead of blue, and grow in clusters of four on one stem. There are also pink gladiolas, and corn-flowers of a much paler blue than in England, in fact Cambridge instead of Oxford blue, and the trees put forth their first leaves with autumn tints of crimson instead of the delicate green we associate with spring in England.

One often comes across bushes of proteas, beautiful flowers about four inches across, both pink and white varieties being found on the veld. A pale yellow flower somewhat like a small thistle is more abundant than any other kind. Then there are tiny white and violet flowers, with only three petals, all of which grow on one

side, like the one-sided spiders, and bright geranium-coloured flowers, which grow singly and are not unlike the japonica blossoms. There are also some very pretty grasses, but ferns are scarce.

On May 23rd I reached Serenje. The boys made noise enough on approaching native villages, but the word noise in no way describes my majestic advance to a white man's boma. For several days the same song had been sung, growing in strength of sound and ardour, and the words of the chorus became engraved on my memory. I afterwards ascertained that they meant, "Come nearer, Serenje, you are still far away; come nearer, Serenje." The idea of telling a place to come nearer to you as you travel closer to it is quaint, and savours rather of a fairy tale.

The shouting of my boys could be heard far away, and soon it was answered by the yelling of the people who ran out from the village. The young men drove away my machilla men and insisted on carrying the white Donna themselves to the white man's boma. My arrival caused great excitement, as no lady is resident (or was then) in Serenje, in fact, the only white woman in that part of the country is a missionary's wife living at a new station twenty-five miles away.

A young, bearded white man came forth to greet me, and after we had shaken hands he informed me that Mr. Cholmondeley, the Assistant, or rather Acting Magistrate, was away elephant hunting, and would not be back until the next day. He had, however, left a message to the effect that, if I arrived during his absence, the Post Office was to be placed at my disposal. I therefore had my camp furniture carried into one of the empty rooms, and my boys were allowed to camp near.

The Post Office was a quaint little brick cottage, with

a thatched roof, but, strange as it may seem, I always felt more secure when sleeping in my tent, surrounded by fires, than when taking temporary shelter for a night or two under a real roof.

The Post Office opens one day a week, when the mail passes through. There is no telegraphic communication at the bomas between Broken Hill and Abercorn, but telegrams can be sent from Broken Hill to Abercorn, N.E. Rhodesia, via the Trans-Continental Telegraph Line, which runs through British Central Africa.

Serenje is certainly the prettiest little boma I have seen. It stands in a picturesque position amid charming surroundings, and is about three-quarters of a mile distant from the native village. Range after range of beautiful hills can be seen, the farthest visible to the naked eye being about eighty miles distant.

The bearded white man who had come out to greet me was living in a tent, having come many miles to see the Magistrate with regard to the accidental shooting by one of his boys of another boy. He said he would ask me to dinner if some fowls he was expecting arrived, and meanwhile regaled me with tea, informing me that he had seen only three white women in six years, I being the third.

Afterwards, when walking round the outskirts of the boma, I met a boy carrying several small cuckoos (fowls), so I knew the invitation would hold good, and taking an offering from my stores I went forth to dine with the bearded man by a huge fire outside his tent.

The boys from both camps prepared the feast, and how they chattered! thoroughly enjoying the entertaining of "company." All whites up here share not only each other's food but also each other's goods and chattels, and often at a dinner-party one recognises one's own plates or glasses or cutlery mixed up with the table

appointments of others, for the servants would lend without thinking it at all necessary to ask permission first, well knowing that in the wilds what is mine is also my friend's.



COURT HOUSE, SERENJE

The next morning, while seated outside the Post Office busily engaged in mixing a chocolate pudding (for I was determined to offer a change in diet that day), I suddenly saw a vision! Not an Italian brigand, though he looked very like one's idea of one, but the Magistrate, rode up on a bicycle. I heard later that he had intended changing his clothes before I saw him, but I am glad he had not the opportunity, I should have been sorry to miss the picture he presented. I hope that if he ever reads these lines he will not blush at my description. He was wearing, I think "smalls" is the correct term, and had a scarf round his throat in lieu of a collar, and a felt hat on the back of his head with a tiny feather in it. Not a Bond Street turn out, but truly a good-tempered, rollicking, handsome man from the "back-of-beyond" the Magistrate looked,

and he hospitably invited me to lunch and dine with him, I having decided to continue my journey the next day.

The Residency at Serenje boma is a very comfortable house, as will be seen from the photograph. It was built by native labour and the furniture is made of native wood. The garden is delightful. Roses blossom in profusion, while sweet violets and many carnations perfume the clear air. In one corner of the garden is a huge native banana tree.

Serenje seems to be clasping the hand of her motherland by holding so charming a bouquet of English flowers.

At this place there is also a tiny Court House, and ten native police-boys guard the boma. It was pleasant at sundown to see the herds of cattle and goats returning to the boma for the night ; they were very tame, and appreciated an offering of salt.

I thoroughly enjoyed the two days I spent at Serenje. There is something fine about Rhodesian men ; they seem to imbibe the clearness and strength of the atmosphere and the sunshine, and give it back in sincerity and kindness ; and how fascinating it is to listen to their adventures—so little of boasting, so much of appreciated grit.

Now I must tell a story of a man who came to lunch. His visit was a great surprise, as was also his appearance, which was quite unlike one's usual idea of a settler. His name was Needham, and he had a farm of 10,000 acres close to Serenje, which had the beautiful name of Luangala, which means the " River that dances."

Now for the story.

Very frail he looked when he alighted from the piece of sail-cloth in which he had been shaken for seven miles by four natives. He apologised for being in his shirt-

sleeves, remarking that he did not know the Magistrate was entertaining a lady, it was an unheard-of event. But the lady ignored the toilette and at once secretly admired the long, thin fingers of the most beautiful hand she had ever seen. Round his neck the frail man wore a black ribbon ; to this was attached a whistle, with which he was in the habit of summoning his boys. The lady thought it should have been a cross, and was not surprised to hear later that he was a Roman Catholic. A priest, or a poet of the exquisite school ; yes ! that was what he suggested.

Connect him with sport ? Never !

Yet he had killed a lion. It happened so : the man had returned for the night to his hut ; the night was



SERENJE RESIDENCY

very dark, there being no moon ; he was tired and soon asleep, when, as he thought in a dream, he heard a tapping at the door. The tapping continued, it was no dream ; he roused himself and, sitting up, listened.



Outside were two or three boys calling "B'wana, B'wana!" (Master, Master!) Their voices held fear, and the man jumped up quickly.

On opening the door he could discern the outlines of shaking forms. He lit a candle, and whilst doing so the boys explained that they had run from their hut, which was next to the cattle kraal, as a kanga (lion) was in the hut, and had already attacked one of the boys they had left behind.

The man listened, but not a sound came from the cattle kraal, which was extraordinary, as cattle scent lions quicker than human beings as a rule, and give the alarm, but in this case the cattle remained silent.

The man looked round for a lantern. There was not one to be found, but his gun, only a shot-gun, was at hand here; so he seized that, and holding the gun in one hand and the flickering candle in the other, proceeded to the hut, the boys, with true native cowardice, remaining behind.

Arrived at the hut, he summoned all his courage, and entered—and there, straight in front of him, he saw the lion. The first thing that gleamed at him in the darkness were the lion's eyes, round, yellow rings of cold cruelty. For one second the lion looked up from his spoil, the native he was eating, then continued his meal. The man placed the candle on the floor and pulled the trigger of his gun. In the excitement of the moment he forgot to cock it, and missed fire. He remedied his error, and pulled. The lion rolled over. The man tried the second barrel, but had forgotten that he had only cocked the other side, so without waiting to see if the lion was dead or not, he seized the mangled body and carried the boy out of the hut. At the report of his gun the cattle had been roused, and they stampeded to the opposite side of the kraal.

The boys came creeping forth when they heard the man returning with the wounded boy, and then they told him that two boys had been left in the hut, not one.

Then came the most terrible moment of all, the moment that broke the nerve of a strong man and made him frail. He knew he must return to the hut, he could not leave that other boy there, and he did not know if he had killed the lion or not.

I noticed those delicate hands tremble when his friend, the Magistrate, who was telling the story, came to that point.

He entered the hut for the second time, with the remnant of that flickering candle, and, thank God, he found the lion was dead!

The shot had evidently penetrated a vital part. But dead also was that other boy; he must mercifully have died quickly, for apparently one blow had smashed his head.

The next day the father of the dead boy came from the village and brought with him a crowd of other men, who one by one passed the lion's skin and spat at it.



IN THE GARDEN AT SERENJE (RHODESIA)

Not one touched the lion, for it was considered unclean, and a boy of another tribe had to skin it.

Five days after, the rescued boy succumbed to his thirty-four wounds.

This happened in N.E. Rhodesia in the year 1909. I felt proud to have shaken the hand of that frail man, and when, many months later, in fact only quite recently and long after my return from Rhodesia, I heard that this same man had died from the bite of a mad dog, I felt very grieved, for the man was brave, and what made the death more pathetic, he had only recently been joined, I hear, by his mother and an aunt, two sweet ladies who had decided to share his life in the lone wilds. To be spared from a lion and die by a dog—such is life with its sledge-hammer blows on butterflies and escapes of criminals from earthquakes. Fate may be just, no one knows, but methods often seem clumsy.

Good-bye, Serenje, a pleasant memory, with your flowers and the stories at night, this time round a blazing fire indoors. Wonder of wonders, there was an American organ at the Residency, and many were the accompaniments I played while the Magistrate sang, his lusty voice wandering forth, doubtless surprising the birds asleep in the garden.

One incident I heard during my visit which shows how magisterial command may be aided by native prompting.

A native arrived at the Residency and informed the Magistrate that that day a cow-elephant had been shot by a white man.

“Where?” asked the Magistrate.

“Two days from here,” replied the native, but would not say how the news had travelled.

True enough, in two days’ time a white man turned up at the boma.

“ So you have come to report that you have shot a cow-elephant ? ” said the Magistrate.

“ Quite so ; but how on earth did you know ? ” replied the man, in surprise.

“ You have travelled two days, and the weight of the tusks was so much,” continued the Magistrate.

“ That is true,” answered the white man, who had come to pay his fine, it being illegal to shoot a cow-elephant.

Then the Magistrate explained that a native had told him.

It is quite extraordinary, the way in which news travels from native to native and from village to village. Sometimes news is signalled from many miles by the beating of drums. My approach to a native village was known long before I got there.

Even without the aid of drums news travels quicker than man can carry it, though by what means remains a secret. In Matabeleland the natives knew two days in advance of the news reaching the white of the relief of a siege, or the casualties of a great battle, during the recent war. It seems as though a sort of human telepathy between natives is a powerful existing force.

## CHAPTER XXV

### *Caught in the Dark*

AT Serenje a letter was awaiting me from Mr. Moffat, of missionary fame, inviting me to visit the new station he was making about twenty-five miles away, whither he had gone from Serenje, taking his wife and children with him. In Southern Rhodesia I had met his sister, a very kind, amiable lady, the wife of the Attorney-General, and I promised her that if I could manage to visit her brother I would do so.

The old village of Chitambo, into which Livingstone was carried, and where he died, no longer exists, and so Chitambo is the name given to the new station, which is off the main road from Serenje to M'pika.

Mr. Moffat would very much have liked to start a mission station near the spot where, amid silence and solitude, the brick memorial to Livingstone now stands, and where the heart of the great explorer is said to be buried, but the country around is very unhealthy, and so the new Chitambo is two days' journey away from the place where the great man fell.

It is said that the natives, after they had disembowelled the body and buried the heart, filled the body with salt to preserve it until they could reach the coast, but, hunger overtaking them on the road, they were forced to trade with the natives in the villages they passed through with handfuls of salt taken out of the body.

I arrived at Chitambo late in the evening, sending a messenger in advance with a note, and Mr. Moffat had already, with great kindness, erected a tent for me in case my carriers should arrive late.

After supper I was asked if I would give the children a treat by playing on my banjo, and I naturally concluded that the offspring of my kind host and hostess were to be my listeners, but very soon the room was crowded with native children, who had been invited in. They were treated absolutely as equals, which to me seemed a great folly, although kindly meant. I went to sleep that night amid the serenading of Moody and Sankey's hymns, chanted around me by many natives, who seemed to sing for their suppers and doubtless found it profitable.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had only been at Chitambo a few months, I must say to their credit that they had in that time taught the natives to make bricks, and sixty thousand had been made already for the house, which was in course of construction.

The material for these sixty thousand bricks was taken from one ant-heap, and I was assured there remained enough to make a hundred thousand more, so the size of some of the ant-heaps in N.E. Rhodesia may be imagined. The clay obtained therefrom is mixed with water and stamped smooth by the feet of the natives, being afterwards moulded and baked. I went over the site of the station in the morning and saw the roads being made. The school-house was nearly finished. It was all for the natives, who are happy in these parts without education, while whites are starving in other parts for lack of it.

I remarked to Mrs. Moffat how happy and contented looked all the natives living around.

"Oh, but," she answered, "they are so immoral."



“In what way?” I asked, and, believe me, the examples quoted were no worse than the immoralities committed amongst the white people who herd so closely together in our over-populated cities, where incest is not an unusual crime and where infanticide is a daily occurrence.

But there is this difference, the whites sin more often through sheer misery and lack of light, physically and mentally; the natives are merely animals with a superabundance of health and the power of a butterfly of living in the pleasure of the moment. And there is this to be said for the natives, female children live as a rule in a separate hut from the male; but for the unhappy white children of the poor there is usually only one room, in which the parents sleep as well.

I could not help pitying those happy natives when I thought of the tears that would be shed if ever they realised that what seemed to them natural was black sin—pocket-handkerchiefs must be given with knowledge. I would not care to have the responsibility of the sorrow caused by awakening, or, what is more probable and worse, the double sin involved by continuance in evil-doing in spite of knowledge.

No, no, my good missionaries, leave the natives and their customs alone. Morality is often merely a question of climate and geography. Turn your attention to those of your own colour who sin and know it to be sin, whose lives are empty of sunshine and whose bodies are unfit through lack of care. At Chitambo Mission, as well as at other mission stations, the same thought always came uppermost in my mind: What a fine place wherein to plant out some of the waifs and strays of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in England, the orphans and semi-orphans, the gutter-snipes, the poor, not-wanted white children of England—but in Africa it is a case of “to those who have, shall be given.”

No one can say that the African climate does not agree with white children, for the three sturdy sons at Chitambo have not had a day's illness; everybody and everything seems to flourish in Rhodesia. At Chitambo about sixty chickens, which had been reared without the aid of incubators, were running about, while forty head of small native cattle with humps looked in a very fine condition.

All the natives round here turned out to see me, for I was the second white woman they had seen, Mrs. Moffat being the first. Some ran beside my machilla a great distance, or when I walked, walked by my side, playing on little musical instruments of three notes, and singing songs in a monotone.

Throughout Rhodesia the natives are very fond of music, and more than one instance has been known of a boy who sang better than his neighbours having his eyes put out, so that he could not leave the village.

I left Chitambo later in the day than I should have done, for in May the days are short and cold, and darkness comes with sundown at six o'clock. My carriers and cook-boy had started off many hours in advance, and I had instructed the head-boy in charge that they were to wait for me at Kawanda, where I wished to camp that night.

Kawanda lies about half a mile off the mail road, in fact the road stops altogether here and begins again about four miles further on. It must be remembered that the "mail road" is the native path usually taken by the post carriers, and, though fairly broad in places, it is often for miles no wider than an ordinary native path, the breadth of which is usually about fifteen or eighteen inches. When part of the carriers in advance come across paths which cross each other, or lie almost parallel, they lay twigs of trees or even long blades

of grass across the wrong path after they have ascertained the correct one, so that the ulendo following may know which way to take.

The journey from Chitambo to Kawanda took much longer than I had estimated, and I soon gave up walking and urged my machilla team to go as quickly as possible, for, on an unknown road, and off the main track, traveling at dusk is uncertain and not very pleasant, and when the sun has set, an hour seems eternity, so quickly the darkness comes, and with the appearance of the first star one shivers with cold. I hugged my little dog "Ugly" and kept the little black mongrel warm, but I was cold and tired and not inclined to enjoy the attention of the natives of the little villages we passed through. The shouting youths who insisted on driving my men away and taking turns in carrying me were too zealous or very careless, for I was dropped four times, and every bone in my body ached.

It was an eerie night, too, for after the shouting mob had left we entered some woods, and I seemed to feel that my boys were getting nervous. The moon was only at its first quarter, and we had no torches. The diamond fields of the skies did their best, and the stars were luminous and beautiful, but there were shadows on every side, shadows dark and mysterious. Every now and then the boys would suddenly howl and imitate the cries of wild animals with, I presume, homœopathic ideas of keeping possible wild beasts away. Then there would be silence, save for the footsteps on ground and grass, and the deep breathing of the boys as they moved onward as quickly as possible.

I kept the sail-cloth covering of my machilla up, and looked eagerly from side to side, wondering if I should see gleaming in the darkness those cruel yellow eyes the lion-hunter looks for and the natives dread.

The Awemba tribe, to which my carriers belonged, consider themselves unclean if they even touch the skin of a dead lion, and should they have done so they must not enter the kraal until they have been cleansed, so when my boys began quite suddenly whistling, groaning, growling, and even hysterically laughing, I thought to myself: it isn't the one who whistles the loudest who fears the ghost the least.

Then the path became so narrow that we had to advance in single file, for the trees entwined above, and there was much undergrowth. The path ahead, seen by the starlight, seemed to wind away in the distance as the spectre of a snake, while the patches of light through the trees looked almost worse than darkness, and suggested that the ghosts were hanging out their washing.

Poor little "Ugly" grew very restless, he whined and shivered and seemed very unhappy. I held him tightly, afraid lest he should jump out, for leopards soon scent out dogs and make short work of them. The road after a while grew wider, and the boys came nearer together; then suddenly they stopped their noise, for without any warning we had stepped from the shelter of the trees into a long, deep swamp.

By daylight swamps are not pleasant, but at night and when the moon is hiding three-quarters of its face, they are, to say the least of it, speculative. One of the boys slipped and went in up to his waist, another one caught him, while two others seized the side of my machilla, shouting to the others to help. They managed to raise me to the level of their heads, and so, wading through water, mud, and slime, we struggled on and out.

Again the wild shouting and whistling began, only quite suddenly to stop, for it seemed the calls were

answered, and I was about to congratulate myself on the fact that my camp must be just on the other side of the rise, when it dawned upon me that the answering shouts and yells were only echoes.

The boys did not resume their noise, but walked cautiously, and seemed like wild animals to be sniffing the air, and then they broke into a glad shout, for the scent of burning wood was wafted to us, telling that a kraal was near, and we entered a narrow pathway leading between high-growing Kaffir corn.

We approached a large native village, and evidently we were expected. My carriers had passed that way early in the day, and doubtless sang of their Donna Chubwina, for crowds of natives were standing outside their huts. One huge ruffian dashed forward and seized one end of the machilla pole, the front end, before the one at the back was aware of his intention, and I had the worst fall of the day. Oh, that hard ground! My spine shivers at the memory. I was already fairly bruised, but that last tumble was the last straw. I hadn't a laugh left in me, I wanted to howl. I was soon up, however, and on the boys rushed, carrying me with rapid strides past the shouting men and inquisitive women. About a mile we went, and I was wondering how much more I could stand, when I saw in the distance the welcome sight of a dozen fires blazing, and knew that my camp was gained at last. How beautiful seemed the clouds of smoke, and how savoury the goat roasting for my supper!

## CHAPTER XXVI

### *Native Customs*

I HAVE omitted to mention before, that when I started away from Serenje I was amazed to find what I thought were new boys in my ulendo, but I soon discovered them to be the old ones transformed ; several had taken advantage of the two days' rest to have their heads clean shaved, and instead of black wool I saw what appeared to be mahogany eggs with the shells off. Others, preferring more fancy styles, had shaved each other's heads in patterns ; one man, in fact, looked as though his head was fastened from the nape of his neck to his forehead by tiny buttons, for about an inch apart from each other were tufts of hair the size of a tickey (threepenny-piece) left on the otherwise bare scalp. The boys shave each other's heads with pieces of glass or flint or hard sharp stones.

The Awemba tribe, to which the majority of my carriers belonged, boast of being an unconquered tribe. They are by no means ugly, comparing very favourably with other tribes, both in stature and general appearance. Some have quite good, regular features, fine eyes, and long, upward-curling eyelashes.

The chief tribes of Southern Rhodesia are the Matabele and Mashona. North-west dwell the Barotse in Barotse-land under King Luwananika, and the Mashukulumbwe, the latter extending from the Kafue northwards. In N.E. Rhodesia are the M'lala, M'Senga, and Awemba.



The M'lala women in the north are ugly in face and stumpy in form, while the Matabele women in the south have beautiful figures and often pretty faces.

The Awemba women (N.E. Rhodesia) are almost as good-looking as the Awemba men. Unlike the M'lala women, they do not disfigure their mouths by wearing unsightly lip ornaments, but instead affect ear-rings of a painful though not so disfiguring nature.

Some of the past history and native customs as still practised by the Awemba tribes are most interesting, and I am indebted to Mr. West-Sheene, the Acting Magistrate at Fife, N.E. Rhodesia, and others, for information on the subject ; it is impossible in this book to give full details, as in like manner one must not describe many of the customs of the whites appertaining to matters medical.

When a child is born, only the Nakimbasa (nurse) is present, and the mother usually confesses to her all the sins of her life, thus going through the ritual of the confessional, and for the honour of the nurse let it be added that the seal of secrecy is not often broken.

The nurses are always old women and are held in high esteem, songs being sung and dances given in their honour at feasts and on all festive occasions.

A newly born child is first washed, and then a little salt is placed in its mouth, after which the nurse hands it back to the mother and invites the father to enter the hut. The child is given to him, and after he has looked at it he returns it to the mother. If the birth has occurred during the day, he then goes out immediately to inform the neighbours.

If the baby is a man child he says, " Wa kanando " (he is for the hoe), and if a girl he says, " Wa mpero " (she is for the mill). Then the wife's friends come and say, " Samalale mukwai " (congratulations).

If the mother and child die at child-birth then the bodies are buried at cross-roads, as the natives think the mother must have sinned greatly, and when women pass that way to draw water they say over the grave "Wapoleni" (is it well with you?), and thus strive to conciliate the dead woman's spirit.

Some time after the birth the old men of the village come together before the hut. The child is placed on a goat-skin facing the door; then the "musonga" (first drink) for the child is cooked. The mother is present, leaning on an axe if the child is a male and on a hoe if female.

Then the medicine man places on the mother's right toe some ointment prepared for this ceremony, and with this

the mother anoints the child, beginning with the right thigh and rubbing in the ointment up to the neck; and holding the child between her knees she anoints in the same manner the left foot and up the thigh to the neck.



WOMAN WITH EAR ORNAMENTS

By this time the "musonga" has been cooked, and a young child relative of the baby must give it, a young child being chosen because a child, being a virgin, is considered holy. The child having only just touched the lips of the baby with the pap, then hands the baby to the father, who returns it to the mother saying, "Na bweshya mvana obe" (I return your child).

Then the medicine man, who has been consulting the lots drawn by the old men, comes and proclaims before all the name of the child; the doctor, who becomes thus the name-giver, is regarded as a sort of godfather of the child, and this relationship is known as "M'bozwa."

If the baby is a firstborn, the father and mother are henceforth called by the name of their child preceded by the particle Si—father, or Na—mother. Thus the parents of a child named Chanda would henceforth be Sichanda and Nachanda. No wife may call her husband by his proper name until she has borne a child by him; she must content herself by saying "uyu" (him) or "mwini wandi" (my master) or "munandi" (my companion).

When the first tooth appears, the baby's gums are bared. The relatives, when satisfied that the lower teeth are appearing first, congratulate the mother. It is considered ill-omened for the upper row of teeth to come first, so much so that on the latter event occurring the baby is often made away with by drowning.

The mother is responsible for the safety and good conduct of her female children, and very strict are the Awemba ideas on this point, though differing from English custom somewhat—for a betrothed couple may live together until the actual marriage takes place, though during this time platonic friendship is insisted on.

The marriage is arranged by a third party. The cere-

mony of betrothal is called "Kisungu" and the nuptial rites are called "Bwinga." These are the two most important ceremonies in the lives of the natives.

The giving of presents or dowry is considered a pledge and not as a selling of their daughter, and the giving of the "impango" does not constitute marriage but is only one of its conditions.

When the time for the marriage has been settled, the girl leaves the hut of her fiancé and returns to her mother, and rites and dances then take place which last for several weeks; but the bride-elect has a sorry time, for she must remain in the seclusion of her mother's hut and go through many ordeals, the meaning and ultimate utility of which are difficult to understand; they certainly appear to be both silly and useless.

A crown of thorns is placed on her head, and she is made to jump over stools, while at night she is frightened by a man outside the hut imitating the roar of a lion; all these tests are called "Mbusa."

When the end of the month draws nigh, the bridegroom appears at the door of the hut with bow and arrow, saying, "Nunshye nama yandi" (where is my game?). He peers round, and finds a small target with a dot of black in the centre; he shoots, and if he scores a bull he dances, but if he misses the women assembled pinch him.

This custom certainly seems more sensible, for it at any rate encourages sport, and at times must be rather amusing and not unlike our game of "touch about."

Not until another month has passed do the joint lives of bride and bridegroom begin; then they are shaved, and after having bathed at the village stream they return to their hut, and the villagers bring presents of beads to the bridegroom and flour to the bride.

But for still another two days the marriage ceremony

lasts (no quick ten minutes' registry rush is permissible with the Awemba).

The bride shuts herself into the hut and the bridegroom visits surrounding villages begging beads and arrow-heads with which he must pay the parents of the bride. When he returns he puts a maize cob at the end of his spear. The bride, having been warned of his approach, appears at the door ; he rushes at the maiden with the weapon in his hand ; she backs into the hut and closes the door ; he beats upon the door, and then goes off to more dancing and feasting.

The next day the bridegroom must again be shaved, and this time most of his curls are cut, and brushed away with a zebra's tail, the cut hair being placed in a basket and hidden safely away.

The ceremony of shaving and hiding the hair is repeated four times. At the end of each shave the groom turns to the bride, who then stands up (she having left the hut for a space) and places his foot on her extended foot. He then takes a stick from his mother-in-law and touches the bride with it ; the mother-in-law then takes off his head-dress and stretches a mat for him, on which the bride sits supporting the bridegroom on her knees ; the father-in-law then makes a long speech, and gives his son-in-law an arrow. This arrow is kept, and returned in the event of divorce ; it therefore seems to point to some legal significance or certificate.

Although the maiden is now a bride she does not speak in the bridegroom's presence until the next day, when he gives her a present to break the silence.

And who can say that these ceremonies rival in tedium the months of trial preliminary to a fashionable marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square ?

With so many ceremonies attached to marriage, no wonder a man goes through them only with his first



two wives. Should he afterwards wish for more female society in addition to his two legally wedded wives, he must provide a separate hut for each lady.

Divorce is not easy, but separation can be arranged. Very few widows exist, as a widow is theoretically the wife of the next heir, who is the elder brother. Nor is a man a widower for long. If his wife dies, her sister or nearest relation must take her place. Should the sister be too young, the father-in-law provides another



A BARBER'S SHOP IN THE WILDS, N.E. RHODESIA

housekeeper (or should one say hut-keeper?) until the sister-in-law has grown up.

The widower places beer on his wife's grave, then walks in the garden with his new wife, who, on entering his hut, sits down on a mat, taking the man on her knees (as in the "Bwinga" ceremonious marriage), to show that she is henceforth his, and the people dance round, thus acknowledging the new wife.

The sources of native law are to be found in the decisions of the old men, who are the councillors to the Chiefs, and in the utterances of their M'ganga as to



what was "fas" or "nefas," pleasing or displeasing, to the gods.

In the past the Awemba Chiefs, while assiduously attending to their judicial duties (one Chief died at his post as judge), defied the code they themselves enforced on others by the most bloodthirsty acts against their own subjects, merely to strike terror into their hearts. Many, instead of having recourse to the law to right their wrongs, sought relief in suicide, which habit the Awemba derived from the Bakongo, from whom they migrated.

Under the Awemba Kings the head-village at Kili-amkulu was divided into thirty-three quarters and superintended by Kilolo, who were responsible for the peace of the village. They acted as assessors in all cases with the King, and decided questions of peace and war. They may be compared to the Greek Gerousia.

At the King's death, the Wakabiro were consulted as regards the succession. These Wakabiro, or divisional head-men, were put over the various provinces conquered by the Awemba, collected dues, and lived on their subjects.

The Simuperva, or guardians of the gates, were custom-house officials, usually posts occupied by the King's sons or his powerful brothers.

When any Ainamwanga wished to put themselves under the protection of the province of Abemba, they had to pay their toll by giving a woman to Chipakula or Makasa, the guardians.

If the Kilolo thought that the Awuvu were not paying enough toll, they sent a Simuperva with a spear as a sign of war. Kafwimbi, who was a man of peace, would send back the most beautiful of his daughters, with a hoe on her head as a token of submission, and his old men with presents of cattle and food.

If the King accepted the girl as his wife, then the old men called him their father-in-law, and he told them to tell Kafwimbi that his people might hoe that year as their crops would be safe.

Every poor native, if free, tried to marry a free woman, so that his children should not be called "anamushya," sons of a slave, afterwards marrying a slave woman when he acquired more wealth.

Exogamy children take the clan name or token from their mother and must not intermarry with their mother's relations.

An Awemba who married into his mother's clan was shunned by all in former times. Nowadays this rule seems elastic, although marrying with first cousins on the mother's side is still strictly forbidden.

The wives of the Chiefs had less power than the mothers of Kings, the succession being handed down on the distaff side.

The sister of a King could choose as many husbands as she wished, and they had to call her husband, the men being the wives.

The women take no part in the government, but by the selection of good-looking husbands they have raised a splendid race.

The Awemba still wrap their dead in a blanket and pray to it, saying they will put beer on the tomb and look after the children. Then one of the mourners gets into the grave and cuts a hole into the blanket just over the ear, so that the dead can hear God speak.

About forty-five miles from M'pika there is to be seen a huge field of skulls. This is where the Awemba fought the M'lala with axes, and conquered them.

The Angoni claim that the Awemba have never beaten them, but this is disputed.

The system of matriarchy was followed so that those

whose mothers were of royal blood could inherit ; thus Mwamba would be succeeded by his brother, who would take over all his wives, and failing the brother, the nephew by Mwamba's sister would succeed.

The ceremonies at the death of a King used to take nearly a year, and one of the horrible customs was to place above his grave a high heap of maidens who had been stabbed, and not until the blood from the top one had trickled down to the bottom of the grave was the Chief supposed to be satisfied. This practice, however, has been stopped by the Chartered Company, who at once on assuming possession prohibited the taking of life, and a story is told that when the last Chief died (about a hundred miles north of Chanda, N.E. Rhodesia) the natives were at a loss to know what to do with the body. They were afraid to bury him without the usual ceremony, and equally afraid of having to account to the Native Commissioner for any bloodshed, consequently they decided not to bury him at all, and made a case of beeswax in which the body was placed.

Then a new difficulty arose. It was impossible for a new Chief to be installed when the old one remained above-ground, and so for some time they had no Chief at all, and the body of the old Chief remained unburied, embalmed in the beeswax.

But the Native Commissioner got tired of settling their petty affairs and domestic differences for them, and came to the conclusion that they must elect a new Chief—but what was to be done with the body of the old one ?

The influence witch-doctors and witchcraft used to possess is now fast disappearing from the country, outwardly at any rate, and the natives are punished if they encourage or practise it, and this is probably the last story on record of a Native Commissioner holding a candle to the

devil. But something had to be done, so the white man in charge of the district sent for the witch-doctor and told him that unless the body of the old Chief was buried without bloodshed within a fortnight, and a new Chief elected, he, the witch-doctor, would answer for it with his life. History does not relate what spells the witch-doctor used to appease the spirit of the old Chief, but suffice it to say the body in the beeswax case disappeared and has not been seen or heard of since, and a new Chief reigns.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### *Chilonga Mission*

WHEN about eleven miles from Kawanda there is a near cut to M'pumba by turning off the road to the east. All over this part of the country there is plenty of water, there being many small streams which even in the dry season still flow. About half a mile from M'pumba one rejoins the road again, and about three-quarters of a mile further on one comes to a high hill which must be climbed.

The road from Serenje onward, north, is very good, far better, indeed, than many in N.W. Rhodesia, but one thing should be insisted upon all over Rhodesia, and the neglect made punishable, and that is, each chief or head-man of a village should be compelled to keep in some sort of order the approach on either side to his village. As it is, one finds as a rule the worst pathways nearest the villages.

Soon after the high hill is passed the end of the Serenje boundary is reached and that of M'pika begins, and about twenty miles further on is the Kilonga, or, as it is more usually called, the Chilonga, Mission, where live the French White Fathers.

But before I reached there, and while near the Lumbatwa River, I began to feel very ill, and discovered I had a temperature of nearly  $105^{\circ}$ . After an absence, I was here again joined by the white boy who had first started with me as interpreter. He now seemed

bent on a combination of prospecting and studying the chances of labour recruiting. Although I no longer required his services, finding the few words I knew quite sufficient, I was glad of his company, for when one is ill, it is good to see someone of one's own colour, and he was very kind.

Malarial fever takes about nine days to develop, and on thinking backward I remembered I had camped about that time rather near a big swamp, and furthermore, tired out after a rather fatiguing day, I had gone to sleep without first covering my hands and arms with Muscatol, a delightful preventative against mosquito bites, which I generally used, besides always sleeping under a mosquito net.

One's hands and wrists are apt to get bitten, if nothing is rubbed on them, while one takes one's evening meal. I took a big dose of quinine, and camped early that day, that is, as early as was possible, for though the boys knew I was ill they did not behave with their usual obedience, but deliberately took us about five miles astray in order to visit a small kraal where some of their friends lived. If I had known who the ringleader was, I really should have felt like cutting off his ears or performing some other pleasantry of the kind, which he would have appreciated. Then another boy, in order to lighten his load because he had obtained a bargain of some sort for himself, deliberately threw away a number of tent pegs, and naturally on that particular night the wind was exceptionally high and the cold crept into my tent in a cruel way. I had been told before I left England that if I were really ill all the boys would desert me, which was a comforting reflection to go to sleep upon.

The next day, however, my temperature went down, and I felt less weak, but still, I was very glad when we arrived at Chilonga. It was noon on Sunday, May 31st,



and the three Fathers, in their robes of cream serge, came to greet me ; with them was Mr. Melland, the Assistant Magistrate of M'pika, who had bicycled over to spend the Sunday with the Fathers.

The mission buildings stand on the top of an eminence, and command an uninterrupted view of country for forty miles around.

I was very glad that Mr. Melland was present, for the Fathers do not speak English, and my French is rather weak. A dainty *déjeuner* of soup and eggs was prepared for me, and as I sat in the refectory, unable really to do justice to their kind hospitality, everyone was much concerned that I was ill, and my heart was full of gratitude for their kindness. It seemed quite impossible to imagine that one was really in an English colony ; the Fathers with their robes, bronzed faces and dark beards, speaking either French or the native language, in which they are very proficient, the white-washed walls of the refectory, on which hang coloured prints of the Saints, the views of other white buildings, bathed in vivid sunshine through the open door, and of goats strolling about untethered, and the sky so blue above, combined to create the impression that I could not be in Rhodesia, and I almost imagined that I was in Italy.

These Fathers came from Algeria, and had been in the country forty-two years.

Both the church and the domestic buildings are foreign-looking in design, and are entirely the outcome of their teaching the natives to work, and I must say, that of all the missionaries, the Roman Catholic do the least harm, for *they never preach equality* nor allow the natives to *approach the level of familiarity* in any way. They teach them to work and be clean and above all to respect the white man. Therefore, politically as

well as socially, the Roman Catholic missionaries may be congratulated, standing as they do at the head of the religious orders engaged in training the natives.

That it is possible to live in Rhodesia on very little money while yet observing all the rules of cleanliness, comfort, and hospitality is shown by these teaching Fathers. The buildings were spotlessly clean, the table was loaded with good things to eat and home-made wines to drink, and the gardens were filled with vege-



CHILONGA MISSION STATION, N.E. RHODESIA

tables, and yet each Father has an allowance of only twenty-five pounds a year to live upon !

I begged the Fathers, if they were in the habit of holding afternoon service, not to give it up on my account. It seemed that they usually had a service at two o'clock, but in order that I might have a little rest, and then attend the service, the bell was ordered to be rung to summon the natives at three o'clock.

I shall never forget that service. It really was very impressive. Two chairs draped in scarlet were placed opposite each other in the chancel near the altar. I

sat in one, the other being given to Mr. Melland. The whole of the aisle was filled with natives. The mass chanted by the congregation was led by one of the Fathers, who played a harmonium, and then another Father walked to the chancel rails and preached a short sermon in the native language. A few unruly black babies, who accompanied their mothers, yelled at intervals; but nothing can upset the eloquence of a Roman Catholic priest who is in earnest.

At the conclusion of the service came a dramatic surprise, and a great compliment was paid to me, an Englishwoman, for the Father Superior requested the congregation to sing the National Anthem, and kneeling, they sang one verse.

The whole sea of black faces turned towards me, and I fear the thoughts of these people were more with the strange white woman present than with the King they prayed for. Their voices were harsh, perhaps, and the final notes a little uncertain, but that detracted nothing from the emotion that verse of the National Anthem stirred within me.

The verse had been learnt for Empire Day, and on that Sunday only two white subjects of the vast English Empire were present to listen—the Magistrate and I—while around us Rhodesia, with its empty acres, a vast uninhabited land, craved the presence of the white people who own it. Here was space unlimited, while the poor worried Motherland over the sea had hardly room and food for her overcrowded children.

After the service I sat with the Fathers for a little while on the verandah, at the top of a long flight of steps, and the natives were allowed to come and look at me, but all showed the greatest respect and no one was permitted to come too near or to be seated; they either knelt or stood. The Fathers seemed to enjoy both

affection and reverence. There was none of the hail-fellow-well-met air which is so deplorable about many mission stations and which, without elevating the native, leads to the deterioration of his respect for the white man.

Then, feeling tired and faint, I retired to my tent, which had been erected near, and went to bed until the next day, still feeling the effects of the fever. At sunset I heard the beating of many drums, and I was afterwards told that this drumming had accompanied the many men from the native village, who had come to dance before the Fathers to show their appreciation of kindness received.

Being too weak to dine with the Fathers, I remained in my tent, and was greatly refreshed by the huge mug of fresh milk brought to me. How strange it is what tiny details get impressed upon one's memory ! I remember that mug so well ; it was of blue enamel covered on one side with pink flowers, and in my dreams the drums all turned to blue mugs, and the whole world seemed to join in a war-dance, while the perfume of all flowers, no matter what colour or kind, was that of incense.

Truly, every thought and every action of these French Fathers carries not only an odour of sanctity with it, but emanates from unselfish hearts, for these priests do not amass wealth by trading with the natives as I have heard many missionaries of other denominations accused of doing, but give their lives and their own possessions to the cause of helping others.

One lady, the wife of a Government official, said to me :

“ When I was ill with smallpox, no one offered to help me but a French Father, and he came and was willing to nurse me.”

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### *Lions*

**A**BOUT sixteen and a half miles from the Chilonga Mission is M'pika. It is not such a pretty boma as Serenje, but then Serenje has many natural advantages in the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and so it is hardly fair to compare the two, and as a boma M'pika is certainly very well arranged. The buildings have been erected round an open square space where an armed police-boy patrols at night ; the roads in the vicinity of the boma are well made and lined with trees, while as for the garden, of which Mr. Melland is justly proud, it is perfectly wonderful. The following is a list of fruit trees and vegetables which are grown in this garden :—

FRUIT TREES : peaches, plums, nectarines, apricots, apples, pears, cherries, tangerines, oranges, limes, lemons, citrons, figs, mangoes, mulberries, vines, Cape gooseberries, pineapples, strawberries, raspberries.

VEGETABLES : peas, haricot beans, broad beans, cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, onions, carrots, beet-root, parsnip, leeks, shallots, tomatoes, salsify, celery, mint, parsley, cucumber.

VARIOUS : coffee, rubber, wheat, oats, lucerne, potatoes; and furthermore, a hundred rose trees and a large number of other flowers.

I had my first taste of strawberries for that year, and at night we had broad beans for dinner ! Some



people may prefer asparagus out of season at 35s. a bunch, but let anyone travel 300 miles, very little of which is cultivated, and then unexpectedly be offered fresh beans, that man will certainly say grace in his heart even if his lips are silent.



POST OFFICE, M'PIKA

I wish space permitted me to give an adequate description of this garden. The arrangements both for draining and watering were excellent, and I could have spent many pleasant hours walking through the narrow pathways and stepping across tiny streams, only to discover again and again surprises both in fruit, vegetables, and other plants.

There are trees in Rhodesia which I have never seen elsewhere, but, of course, that is not to say that they are not to be found in other parts of the world. I refer to the beautiful trees having leaves of a dark green colour, whose tops are covered with crimson flowers,



which give, in the distance, the idea that a giant damask rose tree has blossomed forth. The trees are not large, as people in England think of timber, but they are much bigger than the average Rhodesian tree, and the effect is very beautiful when one sees many such trees on a hill-side. On closer inspection the flowers seem to be more like tiny clusters of leaves than actual flowers. Many of these trees grow in the vicinity of M'pika.

A guest house is to be built as soon as possible, but I was given some offices which had just been completed and were afterwards to be used for Government work, the Post Office then serving for magisterial purposes as well.

A prison has been built at the cost of £80, to afford night accommodation for twenty. No day rooms are required, as criminals work out of doors in the daytime, unless ill.

I regret to say the gentle sex out here are often unruly, too. I saw one coloured lady, engaged in pounding corn, who was doing time for being drunk and disorderly and biting a policeman. Female prisoners are never flogged.

Nowhere in the world, I suppose, is there such a beautiful brickfield. In the tile-sheds the rafters overhead are covered with ferns, beautiful trees edge the sheds, and near by a running stream makes music. After moulding, the bricks are dried in the open and the tiles under the sheds. Bricks cost only 3d. a 1000 to make, and tiles 10d.

When I was there Mr. Melland lived alone in "The Residency," and Mr. Waterall, who was introduced to me the first night as the Postmaster-General, and the second night as the Chief Commissioner of Public Works, has a house some distance away, while the offices placed at my disposal were at the farthest side of the open

space (it can hardly be called a market square, for there are no markets). After dusk set in, however, I was given ample escort to cross the square, going to and from dinner, the police-boy carrying his rifle with bayonet fixed, another boy holding a lantern, and Mr. Waterall accompanying me with loaded revolver. These precautions were quite necessary, on account of the daring and ferocity of lions, who had only recently been in the neighbourhood; in fact, Mr. Waterall said it was the first time he had walked out at night without his .470 rifle.

It seems that, about seven weeks previous to my visit, six lions had visited M'pika and on dark nights would come right into the boma and howl outside the Magistrate's house, and news came from the village that twenty-eight natives had been eaten by them.



TILES DRYING AT M'PIKA

The guards, though doubled, refused to cross the square, sitting instead on the stoep outside the Magistrate's house. Special lights were arranged, and the Magistrate and his Assistant rested during the day

so that they might have a good chance of shooting the brutes, if possible, at night. They were successful in killing three, but knew by the spoor that the other three were still at large and might return at any time.

Lions usually travel in ones and twos, but these creatures were specially uncanny beasts, and entirely exploded the idea that a lion will not touch dead or carrion food. Just previous to the visits of the lions several natives had died of pneumonia, and instead of being buried in deep holes (natives are always buried in a sitting posture) they were apparently only sprinkled over with earth, and the natives declared that the lions smelt out the dead bodies and, digging them up, eat them !

One hears many strange stories of lions, and the creatures seem almost human in their varying characters. At one place a lion was killed and his entrails were buried. At night a lioness was seen to be prowling about. The next day a goat was tethered to a tree near, to tempt the lioness back again, should she be in the neighbourhood. At night the lioness returned, but the goat slept peacefully, for apparently she was only interested in finding the body of her husband. The entrails she seems to have found, for the ground all round was rooted up, while her spoor told the story of the object of her visit, for having satisfied herself as to her lord's death the lioness went away, leaving the goat untouched, and never returned. Another widowed lioness took a more tragic view of life, for she, finding the unburied body of her mate, who had died from poison, deliberately took a bite out of his flesh and was found dead by his side ! The Administrator (the late Mr. R. Codrington) was told of this, but he at first would not believe it ; however, after visiting the spot and

examining the carcasses he was convinced of the truth of the story.

Some natives worship lions, believing them to be the returned spirits of departed chiefs who at death are turned into these "kings of beasts," and even should a lion destroy a whole herd of cattle, no attempt is made to kill it, as to them it means that the chief has come back to earth.

The unused offices had been given me to sleep in, but I fear I did not sleep much the two nights I was there. Somehow I do not care to be in an empty room, knowing there is another empty one beyond, and the lion stories were not calculated to calm my nerves. There was a fine moon, and the whole of the empty space was cloaked in silver, and I knew that the dark shadow now and again appearing was only the guard on patrol, but still I wished that little "Ugly," the little black puppie, would wake up, and not sleep in that unsympathetic way, rolled up like a ball of black silk, and I kept a candle alight for company.

I have a horror of the dark, and when I first started living in a tent I was most extravagant in the way of candles. The first night after going to bed I burnt three candles, and on the second two and a half. I then made a calculation which horrified me, for I found that, going on at that rate, I should require about 200 candles before I reached Tanganyika. Forced economy made me brave, but I always kept the matches within reach.

The night after leaving M'pika I camped about seventeen miles away, and ordered that extra fires should be made. The hour after sunset was very beautiful. The veld seemed filled with singing beetles and crowned with a wonderfully sheltering sky. She was bending down over the camp with arms of gold, and

hair of silver, and soon showed many, many eyes of sparkling light.

Little "Ugly" was asleep on my lap. I didn't want to go to bed, for sleep holds dreams, and to awake in an enclosure is to be alone. Out there by the camp fire, who could be lonely with the whole world for company?

Then I sang to my banjo, and all the men stopped their chattering and turned to listen. No, I am not a musician, but there are snatches of songs which take beauty from the surroundings and make harmony of one's thoughts.

And then one by one the men stretched themselves out and went to sleep, only the fires and I were awake, and it was some time before I crept away to my tent, the cry of hyenas in my ears and in my heart the fear that soon other sounds might come, sounds holding even greater horror than darkness.

Selous has since told me that he loves to be surrounded by the calls of wild animals. I, too, felt a weird, awful fascination, but alas! I must be a coward, for fear was there too, like a damp cold hand on my forehead.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### *Chambezi River*

SO good were the native crops round Serenje and M'pika in 1909 that I was assured that if the natives had no more harvests for two years they would not starve ; that is to say, if they could be induced to store more ; but immediately the native has stored what he thinks is sufficient for the needs of his family, the remainder of the meal is placed on one side for conversion into beer, so the greater the harvest the greater the drinking at festivities.

Beyond M'pika there are not any villages calling for special notice, but the road is good and there are native-made bridges over the rivers.

About fifty miles from M'pika the Tsetse Fly belt begins, and stretches for about thirty miles. Nothing is obtainable here, and with the exception of the flies there is practically no sign of animal life. There is no sleeping sickness anywhere in this district, and therefore, though the flies are irritating, their bites are not harmful to human life, but they mean death to animals.

I kept little " Ugly " in the machilla, and we were both wrapped up in green mosquito netting, but it is impossible to keep the flies from biting a dog even when great care is taken. I bade " Ugly " adieu later at Blantyre, and have not heard since if he survived or not, as a bite from a tsetse fly does not always take effect at once.



The boys all armed themselves with branches of trees to keep the flies off them, but a fly has to bite very deeply and repeat the operation on the same spot before a native notices it has alighted on his back.

Tsetse flies are somewhat like the horse-flies we see in England, the same long shape and brown colour, only the wings fold over into a point at the tip, and they have six legs and a needle in lieu of a tongue.

I don't wish to be blasphemous, but oh, I wish when *Monsieur le bon Dieu* was planning Rhodesia more imagination had been devoted to bird life and less attention given to insects, for there are too many annoying specimens, and the natives, who seem to find a use for most of Nature's gifts, have so far found no requirement which insects can help to fulfil.

It is really amusing to watch a native when he wants anything. Supposing it should happen that the goat's skin which so far has stood duty as portmanteau has done its service and exists no more, there being no Harrod's store near, he cuts a piece of bark off a tree and makes a fine hold-all, the string being of fibre twisted into rope.

Then, if limbo is scarce, need a native go naked? Certainly not. Again the bark of a tree serves, being converted, by hammering, into cloth, which is sewn together with grass, the latter doing duty as needle and cotton in one. When finished, the garment looks like one of suède leather of a delicate tan hue.

I was very glad when, the tsetse fly belt having been passed, signs of animal and bird life again appeared. One morning, when we had paused for a breakfast interval, a little honey-bird flew to a tree quite near me and began calling in a very excited manner. One of the boys whistled in reply, and then the bird flew away and the boy, quickly running, disappeared. He did not

return for quite an hour, in fact, I was just thinking of moving on without him, when, with flashing eyes and a broad grin, he appeared by my side and offered me a large honeycomb filled with honey ; with gestures



PREPARING TO CROSS CHAMBEZI RIVER, N.E. RHODESIA

and whistling he showed me how he had run and how finally the little bird had led him to a tree up which he had climbed, to find the honeycomb in a hole in the trunk. I hope he left a little for the bird, for there is a superstition that if a honey-bird leads you to a place where the bees have deposited their honey and you do not give her any, then some day she will lead you on and on until you are lost and can never get back to your kraal again.

I cannot remember being so glad to see water as when we reached the Chambezi, for the rivers and streams, although swiftly flowing and often a true oasis in a great expanse of uninteresting land, were after all such little rivers, and to one used to the rivers and lakes

of England, Africa seemed not too well dowered so far as water is concerned.

But the Chambezi! Its size was a great surprise, and evidently my boys knew something of it and were certain of my admiration, for, as we drew near, they tried to tell me many things by word and song, and there was a general atmosphere of satisfaction abroad.

The Chambezi is easy of approach from both sides, there being no swamps near. Like a lake it looked, so broad was it in comparison with the other samples of rivers I had seen. There was a good supply of dugout canoes to take my ulendo across, and my boatman intimated by pointing up the stream and back again and then at the canoe that he would take me boating if I wished, and I decided that I would stay the day there, and camp near, and explore the beauties of the river the next morning instead of continuing my journey immediately. Then I left the river, and when the camp was being made I walked away to look at the country round, taking two of my boys with me.

I came upon a most weird-looking plain; all the grass had been burnt, and here and there, peeping up from the harsh, black carpet, were single blades of new young emerald grass, while on either side and far, far away as the eye could reach, ant-heaps, like narrow, perpendicular steeples, rose up from the ground to the height of many feet. I seemed to have come to a grotesque cemetery filled with skeleton monuments. The ant-heaps were grey in colour, and rising from the black, burnt earth, the sombre appearance can be imagined. Here seemed the ideal conception of a satirical series of tombs built up on the burial-ground of wasted thoughts.

The Chambezi is an ideal spot for the sportsman, if he craves a big and easy bag, for every conceivable

animal comes to the river to drink. The bucks are so tame, it seems cruel to shoot them.

After leaving the open plain I entered more thickly wooded country, and here every minute one saw a buck of some sort or other. I am not very keen on killing things, but I was tired of tinned meat, and even "cuckoos" may pall, so I took aim at a pookoo standing on rising ground about sixty yards away (I think, though I confess to not being a very accurate judge). I fired, but had aimed too low, for the dust flew up; the obliging creature, however, stood quite still, and the second shot spelt death.

I was anxious to secure the skin, for by this time I had learnt that if one has not remembered to bring



CARAVAN CROSSING CHAMBEZI RIVER, N.E. RHODESIA

arsenical soap, ashes spread over the pelt will preserve a skin, and I told my boys, as best I could, not to skin the animal there, but to bring it into camp, as I not only wanted the skin but also wished to photograph

the buck before it was skinned. But this time my pantomimic instructions failed, and only a portion of my wishes were understood. True, they did not skin the buck on the spot where it fell, but carried it into



CHANDA MAKUBA, CHIEFTAINNESS OF CHANDA,  
N.E. RHODESIA. MY TENT IN BACKGROUND

camp and skinned it there before I had fetched my camera from the tent—also the skin disappeared, and only the skull and horns of the exterior fell to my portion. That is how I knew it was a pookoo, because by showing the horns afterwards I was told so by a white man—no, not even in a book of travel will I claim a knowledge I do not possess—and in zoology I am not a bit learned.

The next morning I went boating on the river. It was Sunday, and I smiled to myself as I contrasted my dugout

with a launch on the Thames, and thought how amusing it would be to appear suddenly with my boys at Boulter's Lock! I should like to have had some good photographs of the boating-party, but I had to trust to my head-man to take the photo, and I fear the result is not too good.



At first my cameras were regarded with suspicion by my boys, but they soon got used to them and would often run and fetch me one if I paused while walking or seemed interested in any special object. The natives in the villages, however, were very difficult to take; they either ran away or would not stand still, and by the time I had bribed acquiescence the light would change, or another native would arrive and divert their attention or spoil the group, or they got tired and calmly walked away.

When I returned from the little river trip and alighted from the dugout, I saw a man regarding me with special interest. I had not noticed him the previous day. He seemed greatly excited, and my boys eventually made me understand that the new arrival had come from far away, and I was the first white woman he had ever seen. I was very sorry I had not a better specimen to show him, but apparently my appearance pleased him, for he presented me with his bow and an arrow. I had nothing in my pocket but a bright new thimble, so I gave him that, and doubtless he will wear it as an earring for the rest of his days.

The large village of Chanda is about nine and a half miles from the Chambezi, and here a chieftainess, Chanda Makuba, reigns. She inherited from her brother, who was the chief but now is dead, and enjoying the royal privilege, she is allowed as many husbands as she likes. She brought two to call on me. So far as one can judge a native's age, Chanda Makuba appeared to be about twenty-eight or thirty. She allowed me to take her photograph; the light, however, was fading, and so the result was not very good. The chieftainess wore a great number of bead chains and metal bracelets, and seemed very keen on a big trade being done between my boys and the villagers, who brought meal and sweet potatoes. It was very



amusing to see the natives bargaining with each other. Fowls, goats, and eggs were very plentiful, and I was able thoroughly to restock my larder.

After all the trading was over, Chanda Makuba asked



NATIVES ON THEIR WAY TO MY CAMP TO TRADE, N.E. RHODESIA

for a prize, and, wonder of wonders, showed by an imitation display of washing that what she craved most was a piece of soap !

I seemed to feel I was indeed in the presence of royalty, and proffered a piece of Sunlight soap, which was graciously accepted.

Chanda village contains more interesting features than many native villages, for the women are better looking than usual. One girl in particular I admired ; she was over six feet in height, but she would not stand upright for me to photograph her, being very sensitive about her (for a native woman) extraordinary height.

In this village I also found some rude paintings on one of the huts, daubs in red and blue pigments, which were difficult to photograph.

I evidently found favour in the eyes of the native

queen, for when my ulendo passed through the village the next morning, Chanda Makuba ran out from her hut and bade me farewell with many smiles and much clapping of hands.

About five miles from Chanda the Chambezi River is touched again on the north bank, and six miles further on the Rukulu River is seen.



RUKULU RIVER, A BEAUTIFUL SPOT ABOUT TEN MILES FROM  
CHANDA, N.E. RHODESIA

## CHAPTER XXX

### *A Burlesque*

I BELIEVE it is Disraeli who is supposed to have said, "Other people's books bore me; when I want to read a novel I write one."

It seemed such a long time since I had read a paper of any kind, and such was my mood that I craved a peep at "Punch." Not possessing even a back number, I determined that I would emulate Disraeli, and as I wanted a funny story I would write one myself. It may have been that the fever affected my brain, but anyhow the following was the result :—

#### "WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

*"N.E. Rhodesia, June, 1909.*

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"In the hope that you will accept this story of real fiction, and incidentally pay for it, I hasten to say that I find your valuable and instructive journal widely read throughout this Colony. No hut is to be found without a copy lying on the simple grass mat, every chief swears by or at it, and the children are brought up to revere its authentic historical facts. Enough of praise, I pass to my story, and wait (probably till after death) for the applause.

"I was fatigued, I had walked about forty miles that day, but what really had tired me was the two books

I had read after the morning trek during the luncheon hour. I refer to two works by mere men, who claim to know something of African travel, namely, 'Cuckoo Shooting, or Why Did the Lion Lie?' by S——s; and 'How I Gleaned from the Brains of Others,' by Sir H—— J——.

"No, I am not jealous of their adventures, I envy them their imagination. Enough of the roaring of others; I say I was tired, and retired to my tent (my tent made of the bark of trees). My dog lay stretched out before the door (N.B.—If you fail to have a dog's tail bitten off in babyhood he can stretch much further in after life; please pass this discovery on to 'The Field' or 'Sporting Life'), when all of a sudden (dramatic incidents never occur after three months' warning) a Tangatanga boy rushed to my tent and cried: 'Donna, Donna!' I understood him perfectly. I had not studied the seven dialects of the five different languages spoken in Rhodesia for nothing; my three days' study at Broken Hill while waiting for my carriers had not been wasted.

"I knew at once a lion was there, so I went out. I did not take my revolver or the rifle lying near. As a true woman I thought first of pacification. The smoothing of pillows has ever been relegated to my sex, while the slinging of bolsters has amused the other.

"It seems that some of the boys had built a 'scarum' inside which some dozen were sleeping, when a lion arrived and began to take a late supper off the nearest boy. He was at his fifth course when I was called.

"Of course I knew the great thing to do was to capture the lion. What did life of white or black matter by the side of securing a trophy? I thought for a moment, I never think long, one gets so overcrowded with original ideas, and then I decided what to do.

“ If I should have waited until the lion had eaten the twelve boys, he naturally would have supped to repletion and be longing for a rest. In childhood I had been told that the way to catch anything was to put salt on its tail. The lessons of my mother were not wasted. I selected a spot at the entrance to the ‘scarum.’ Oh, horrible, yes, horrible, were the groans of those poor natives, and wickedly exultant the noise made by the smacking of the lips of that lion. Having selected the spot, I ordered a shallow hole to be made, just deep enough to rest in, and had the hole lined with cotton-wool and sprinkled with Cerebos salt. I knew the lion would require rest, and lying there the salt must touch his tail. I had studied the game traps of the natives, and decided to profit by the knowledge thus acquired.

“ From the branch of a tree that spread out above that resting-place I suspended by a blue ribbon a small knife from my manicure set, and so careful were my calculations that I knew that the moment the king of beasts should lie down, the wind would spring up and wave the branch, and the result would be that the knife, descending, would pierce that cruel heart.

“ All went well until the lion was just starting on the twelfth native, and then the moon disappeared behind a bank of clouds (there were no stars, there never are in Africa, the Southern Cross is the name of a herb). What was to be done ? No, no, I could not be robbed of my glimpse of the final scene of that drama. I was in despair. I would have torn out my hair, but I had left it in my tent. And then Nature, although I was conspiring to rob her of one of her most reliable heroes of romance, came to my aid. Suddenly the veld became brilliantly illuminated, and I beheld a truly beautiful sight. On every bush and tree-top there perched a



‘Night-bird,’ a bird famous for its phosphorous feathers. The blackness of the sky served but to throw into greater radiance the light emanating from these flocks of birds. Thousands of electric globes could not have given the same illumination; it was superb, and by this light I saw the mighty monarch of the forest lick his lips for the last time and advance towards his doom. It thrills me still. I must have a fresh paragraph.

“It was with difficulty I could restrain my little black puppy (he had unstretched by now) from bounding forth, brave little beast! To this day I do not know if



KLIPSPRINGER

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

it was the cotton-wool or the lion he craved—suffice it to say, my calculations had been rightly made. Balanced to a nicety, so to speak, the lion lay down on the couch prepared for him, the breeze whistled through the mid-



night air, the blue ribbon quivered, the knife descended, the heart, sighing with repletion, was silenced for ever!

"Dear Mr. Punch, forgive me if I now conclude; modesty forbids that I should dwell further upon this, the proudest moment of my life.

"Yours truthfully,

"CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD."

"P.S.—A woman's postscript has been said to contain usually more truths of vital importance than her letter. I am no judge. I only feel I must tell you what happened the next day.

"The lion had been disembowelled and the bones of the dead natives used like boot-trees, as it were, to keep the skeleton in position and the skin properly stretched. The news of my courage spread like a veld fire, and when in the morning I started forth to continue my journey, all the natives from surrounding villages came to meet me. They turned somersaults as a mark of respect.

"I forget what I wore, probably a creation in chiffon, but this I distinctly remember, I wore no boots. In my excitement the previous night I had forgotten to obey the order issued by the retiring, modest representative of the Board of Trade, that boots must never be left on the floor of the tent. I had left mine on the ground sheet (made of cork, seasoned with tar four and a half inches thick), with the result that during the night the ants took possession of those boots, after eating through the four and a half-inch ground sheet. Of course everyone knows that on the veld you must have a new ground sheet every night, and a boy to carry each sheet, and as, of course, you secure a trophy every day, the boy whose sheet is used carries the new trophy. This by the way.

“To revert to those ants. The loss of the boots was bad enough, but that was not the worst trial. Those boots must have led the ants to my machilla, for they secured that also, which was most unfortunate, as I had



WATERBUCK

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

determined to take my machilla and team of boys to London, for use both when shopping in Bond Street and for light theatre work. Of course, owing to the exigencies of the climate and the regulations of the County Council, the quarter-yard of limbo which now represents the entire uniform of the machilla boys might have had to be changed to half a yard of astrakhan apiece, but the cost would have been trifling in comparison with the sensation. However, my dream was doomed to die, killed by ants.

“This being so, I found my white silk hose but scanty

protection against the hard ground, and was forced to rest at the next village, some fifteen miles distant.

“ Ah, but then I thanked those ants, for in that village I saw a sight that brought tears of emotion to my eyes, and I hastily sent for my Union Jack to wipe them with.

“ What do you think those villagers were engaged in doing ? (those of course who could be spared from coming to greet me). Oh, it makes one feel proud of our Colonies to think of it.

“ Out of a huge baobab tree, 700 feet long (I am not certain if it was feet or yards, I never could understand longitude, and find latitude more interesting), they were making a Dreadnought to present to their beloved King Edward, with the compliments of the Rhodesian natives.

“ ‘ Oh, Cream of Tartar,’ I exclaimed, ‘ you have my sympathy ; but why, oh, why, a baobab ? ’ It is well known that the fibre of this tree is so pulpy that a well-aimed needle can pass through a trunk of 150 feet diameter. ‘ Why not, when you have harder wood, use it ? ’

“ The chief, a fine old man of ninety summers and seventeen winters, I mean wives, looked at me with pity. He spoke perfect English, having lately cultivated English instead of sweet potatoes, and got the vegetable into his blood, as it were. ‘ Madam,’ said he, ‘ this is—— ’ Oh ! but I must have a fresh paragraph, the dignity of the chief demands it.

“ ‘ Madam, this is a labour of love, and therefore we, loving labour, have determined to set ourselves no easy task. At dawn, some six suns back, five hundred of the finest men of our blackest blood set forth to follow the honey-bird. She will lead them to hives, bee-hives ; they will return anon, laden with honeycombs, and with these honeycombs, mark you, shall we line our Dreadnought. The wax will make firm the wood, the

cells serve to hold the ammunition for the shot-guns which every well-directed man-of-war carries.'

"I had naught to say against the common sense of the chief's argument; I bowed my head in acknowledgment of the superior reasoning of the masculine mind, and with admiration for the patriotism of this far-away village I made my adieu and passed on, rested and refreshed, thinking to myself, England, God Bless Her, is safe so long as her Colonies can thus act.

"Dear Mr. Punch, although I know it is not usual to sign a postscript, and being a novelist I naturally object to seeing my name in print, yet I cannot refrain from again signing myself

"Yours truthfully,

"CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD.

"*June 7th, 1909,*

"387 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles north of rail-head,

"N.E. Rhodesia."

## CHAPTER XXXI

### *A Court Case*

SUNDAY is a holiday in Rhodesia, a real holiday in N.E. Rhodesia, for there it is a sports day, a no-shave day, and thus it shines forth (or should I say bristles?) from the rest of the week. I was expected to arrive on a Sunday, that is, according to the native reports of my movements and the date of my leaving M'pika, but no one had guessed how long I should linger by the shores of the glorious Chambezi, and so three white men shaved at Kasama on Sunday, and I feel I can never sufficiently apologise for having inadvertently caused them to do so.

The Kasama boma is situated on the top of a hill, so steep that steps have been cut in the ground leading up to it, the native huts being grouped at the foot. As I approached, in addition to the clapping and shouting of the men, to which I had now grown accustomed, the women uttered a new and horrible greeting by pinching their cheeks and shrieking through their teeth, while more than the usual number of dogs started barking in chorus. Some of the children looked particularly horrid, a portion of their faces having been whitened with chalk or vivid white paint of some sort, while their heads were daubed with a scarlet pigment. They appeared to be the offspring of an ugly 5th of November "Guy." It seems that they were so got up to avert the evil eye. I don't know if it was my eyes they were afraid of.



As I advanced up the hill I quite expected to see a fortified castle at the top, and wished that the Baroness Orczy could have been by my side, adequately to describe the scene.

I don't know if it was the Postmaster-General or the Civil Commissioner or the Inspector of His Majesty's Prisons who came to greet me this time, but anyhow a nice white man was waiting at the top of the steps, and informed me that Mr. Averay Jones, the Assistant Magistrate, was engaged with a case in Court, but hoped in the meantime I would take possession of his house.

Many and varied are the cases heard in connection with the administration of justice in Rhodesia. I heard, for instance, of a native who went to the Native Commissioner and said a certain chief had murdered his wife



KASAMA BOMA, N.E. RHODESIA

and his brother, and both he (the complainant) and his son could bear witness to the fact. This was a serious matter, and at once the Native Commissioner, who was at the same time Acting Magistrate, despatched some



police-boys to arrest the chief. But he was nowhere to be found. Six months passed away, and one day who should walk into the Native Commissioner's office but the missing chief, who merely said he had been away



MR. AVERAY JONES, ACTING MAGISTRATE AT KASAMA, WITH HIS  
HUNTING TROPHIES, OUTSIDE POST OFFICE

and had returned. He denied all knowledge of the murder, and demanded that the witnesses should be sent for, but when the messenger arrived to request the father and the son to come and give evidence, they were nowhere to be found, and to this day they have not been heard of. The only thing to do was to discharge the chief, but the Native Commissioner believes that he, being tired of staying away, had returned, killed the witnesses, and then called at the boma.

It is usually very difficult in Rhodesia to know when one must say Magistrate, Acting Magistrate, Assistant Magistrate, or Native Commissioner. I asked two "Assistant" Magistrates who they were assisting, and it appears that these men really do magistrate's work,

but having the lesser title receive a smaller salary accordingly.

One plea I must make on behalf of these lonely officials. Police-boys are allowed extra rations if married; could not the same consideration be extended with advantage to their masters ?

Rhodesian hospitality is colossal, it really says and means, "Take the house, though there is but one, and all that therein is, and let us sleep out on the veld ! "

The Magistrate's house at Kasama placed at my disposal was unique, on account of its having slate floors, the slate coming from a local quarry. One room also had a very pretty dado of bark, a quaint and charming idea.

There were no blinds in the room I was to sleep in, and in which my tent furniture had been placed, so I pinned a mat over one window and left the other bare. How could one be conventional with those hills in the distance, and a declining moon cutting paths of silver through banks of dark cloud, and a little distance from the house a fire, round which my boys were seated ? Such a picture should not be shut out.

At Serenje and M'pika a good store is badly needed, but at Kasama there is a store, and if it has not a large stock of goods there is certainly a very large man in charge, quite the tallest man I have ever seen, six feet seven in height, or thereabouts.

The soil here is very sandy, and flowers are somewhat difficult to cultivate, but the view around compensates somewhat for the lack of vegetation at the boma.

A prison was in course of erection, and has probably been finished long ere now. This prison is the proud possessor of two cells for Europeans. I climbed over the debris of bricks, and entered, so as to be the first prisoner.

Near the boma I saw a chained gang of natives working on the road. One man looked a particularly villainous specimen of humanity. He was doing five years for murder.

I saw several white men at Kasama (in the wilds even five seem a crowd!). One man told me he had spent three sad hours preparing for my visit by trying to sew buttons on to a white shirt, and another apologised for wearing khaki fastened with gold safety-pins.



SAWING MAHOGANY

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

The poor fellow had come to the end of needle and thread, and he had no buttons.

I heard that another white man had recently visited the boma, a renowned elephant-hunter from the Congo, but he had fled at my approach, not having spoken to a white woman for several years and being consequently shy. Next morning I saw near the Post Office a man I had not seen the previous day, so I went up to him and asked :

“Are you the man who doesn’t want to know me?”

“I haven’t a collar,” he said apologetically.

“And I am longing for a clean pocket-handkerchief,” I replied, “so shake hands.” He did, and came to lunch. I stayed only one night at Kasama, and what a cheery evening it was! After dinner another banjo was produced, so we sang songs, and I told fortunes and the others related stories of adventures. Then I was handed a lamp, the men said good night, and I was left alone in the house—for the Magistrate, kind soul, had literally given me the whole house, and had had his stretcher-bed taken to the Post Office.

I should like to have written down all the stories I heard, but in the wilds sleep seems more to be desired than memoirs, and so I had to leave a great deal to memory, and alas! have forgotten much. One little story, however, I do call to mind. It was about a little rabbit and was entitled, “Kalulu, the sagacious Rabbit.”

“Once upon a time Rhodesian rabbits had long tails, but they used to invent so many yarns to decoy the other four-legged creatures to their doom, and in fact spent so much of their time inventing practical jokes, that one day *Monsieur le bon Dieu* had an indaba with the chief offenders, and said:

“‘Now, I admit, you are very clever little animals, but I really cannot have you going on all the time like this; for the future you will have no tails, and perhaps this will aid you in curtailing your narratives.’”

“And so ever since Kalulus have had only wee stumps instead of tails. Yet still they are very cute little creatures, and to call a native a Kalulu is not an insult.

“Now, one day a Kalulu met an Elephant.

“‘How do you do?’ asked the Kalulu.

“ ‘I always do well,’ replied the Elephant, giving his trunk a conceited little tilt upwards.

“ ‘I suppose you think you are very strong,’ observed the Kalulu.

“ ‘Think ? I know !’ replied the Elephant.

“ ‘Did you say “No ?” ’ asked Kalulu teasingly.

“ The Elephant did not deign to reply, but instead twisted his trunk round a tree and broke it off and tossed it to one side.

“ ‘Not bad,’ remarked Kalulu ; ‘but trees are rotten after the rains.’

“ ‘What ?’

“ Mr. Elephant gave a rather angry snort.

“ ‘Emphatic, but not pretty. Besides, noise is not argument. Now, Mr. Elephant, I will bet you half a ton of wild spinach to a monkey nut, that if I chose you could not drag me along, not even twenty yards, nay ten.’

“ ‘Impudent young Kalulu, you deserve to be prodded with ivory,’ said Mr. Elephant.

“ ‘No, no, draw me along the path instead,’ urged Kalulu.

“ ‘As you wish,’ replied Mr. Elephant, with condescension.’

“ ‘My only condition is,’ said Kalulu, ‘that you shall lie down on the path for five minutes, facing the east, while I cut a piece of narrow bark, so that I can harness myself to your tail.’

“ ‘Delighted,’ observed Mr. Elephant pompously, and down on the pathway he lay.

“ Now Master Kalulu never by any chance did any work himself when there were other folks to do it, so he just skipped to where he knew a native had left a heap of narrow strips ready to make into rope, and collected the strongest rope he could find.



It had happened that earlier in the day Master Kalulu had had a conversation with A. Rhino, Esquire, on precisely the same lines as the one with Mr. Elephant, and had asked him to wait a little while, facing west, while



AWEMBA GIRL, OVER SIX FEET HIGH

She would not stand upright, for she thought I would laugh at her length

he looked for string ; so now that he had made both appointments he proceeded to tie one end of the string to the tail of Mr. Elephant and the other to the tail of A. Rhino, Esq. You see all this happened in the densest forest in Rhodesia, so that on account of the brushwood these two gentlemen had not previously observed each other, and as one faced east and the other west neither knew what was really happening.

“ Master Kalulu ran from one to the other, and standing on tiptoe whispered in turn to each, ‘ Count fourteen and then rise and pull.’

“ And then what a tug of war it was ! Surprise turned to indignation, and both Mr. Elephant and A. Rhino, Esq., pulled for all they were worth, thinking that



indeed Master Kalulu was endowed with superhuman strength. And then, with a bang like the report of a pistol, the string broke, and the two samples of *pièce de résistance* were each thrown right into where the jungle grew thicker on either side, so they parted without even seeing each other, and Master Kalulu ran quickly to each to receive congratulations on his great strength."

The Kasama giant had two dogs, and they were named Brandy and Soda. Brandy was celebrated for his dislike of natives, and also his disinclination to be on friendly terms with anyone. Now the Kasama giant was going away from Kasama for a few days, and I having expressed a liking for all dogs, mongrels or otherwise, Brandy was given to me.

I left in the afternoon, and Brandy, rechristened Jim, came with me. I really could not allow a follower of mine to be branded with so intoxicating a name, and so, out of consideration for my reputation, and safety, should I perchance meet Carrie Nation on the warpath, I once and for all time consigned the obnoxious title to oblivion.

Jim, poor beast, had never been on a lead before, and didn't like it, nor did the native who led, for either the dog stood still or moved eagerly towards the boy's ankles, in such a manner that it seemed we should make little progress. The sun was very hot, and I was inclined to walk, so up into the machilla I lifted Jim, much to the astonishment of the boys, who thought he would be certain to bite me. But he lay panting and foaming in my arms, a heavy lump, but seemingly glad to be rid of the boys.

"Ugly" was furiously jealous, and not wishing to be fought over I directed one of the boys to lift the

bristling, barking little black imp out of the machilla and carry him. Then came a pleasant hour, for Jim was covered with livestock, and I was kept busy seeing that the flea point-to-point races over Jim's brown, short-haired body didn't terminate in a goal being found on me.

Needless to say, the day terminated in a good tubbing all round, I holding Jim's jaws, while one of the boys scrubbed.

Natives have no idea how to take care of animals. My boys had to be taught not to lift up "Ugly" by one



AWEMBA DANCE, CHIPALU VILLAGE, N.E. RHODESIA

(By kind permission of Mr. E. Averay Jones)

leg when crossing a swamp. They had a quaint way of pronouncing the name "Ugly," making it a word of three syllables. I didn't sleep much that night, for both Jim and "Ugly" slept inside my tent, and several times I

had to dash out into the open after Jim, who seemed bent on a tour of inspection.

I knew the dogs would be an attraction to, rather than a protection from, wild beasts, but they were company, and it is better to share a real danger than be alone with imaginary horrors.

North of Kasama the timber gets bigger, while many palms and ferns growing round rivers and streams add picturesqueness to the scene. Pale mauve foxgloves grow in wild profusion, while butterflies of every conceivable colour play touch-about in the sunshine.

One morning I found a half-burned log on a cold camp-fire. A mark on it attracted my attention, and, picking it up, I found what happened to be an engraving of a butterfly in sepia colour on the plain wood. I stripped off more of the bark, and discovered most wonderful and beautiful designs in the finest poker work I have ever seen. Butterflies with wide-spreading wings full of fine lines were represented. The lines were perfect.

I showed it to my *capitao* (head-boy), but he laughed as though it was nothing unusual, said "schelms," and pointed to an ant-heap. But how the ants could have eaten those wonderful and perfect patterns was a mystery to me. I kept the log for two days, and then one of the boys lost or burnt it, probably thinking me mad for adding to his load that which in his eyes was a valueless possession.

At night, when camped near a village, I often used to listen to the signalling by drums from one village to another, the echoes coming from many miles away through the clear night air. Sometimes too the natives dance and sing, but they will not give their war-dances, or perform, before strangers unless an ox is roasted for them and unlimited beer paid for.

The meal eaten by the natives in N.W. Rhodesia is called Mpeira, and in N.E. Rhodesia, Msaaka. They also grow Kasasa or Karondwe, a very good arrow-root, which they, however, consider only good enough



NATIVE BRIDGE

to eat during a famine. Their opinion of the strength of their regular meal may be thus estimated. That it possesses wonderful sustaining value, there is no doubt. It is cooked in a pot, with water, and stirred with a stick. The boys, sitting round, eat it when boiling hot, sometimes helped from a lump at the end of a stick, at other times putting their hands into the steaming mass, but never getting their fingers burnt. Their skin must be very thick, for a boy will often take a red-hot stick out of the centre of one fire to light another, carrying it there in his naked hand.

The natives are also very fond of sweet potatoes, which they call Kortdola.

Quite the widest bridge yet seen (north of the Kafue) is the one over the Musombishi River, between Pesondwa and Uningi. It is made of logs tied together with bark, and measures 734 feet across. The river is not really very wide, but the ground is very swampy and the bridge forms a perfectly dry if uneven pathway across the whole.



## CHAPTER XXXII

### *Tanganyika*

THERE was great excitement in the camp as we neared Abercorn, the most northerly point of the B.S.A. Company's domain, and only a few miles from Lake Tanganyika, for some of my carriers came from a kraal only a day's journey away, and they had walked over a thousand miles, having gone all the way down to fetch me up. Their wives and children came to meet them, and about three nights before we reached Abercorn there were at least thirty women and children in the camp. It was bitterly cold, and none of them had any blankets or more than a wisp of clothing, but all seemed happy, healthy, and very merry.

About five miles from Abercorn there is a thatched shooting-box known as "The Pans," where one can picnic or stay the night if taking a shooting trip out from Abercorn. I had breakfast near, and my boys made me a shelter of leaves to keep off the cold wind, while a huge fire blazed at my feet. It may sound incredible that the sun is not always giving forth a torrid heat in Africa, but it is nevertheless true, and I advise all coming to Africa to bring their warm clothing with them. Every night when the sun set I used to put on a fur-lined ulster to dine in, and I always slept in blankets with the same fur ulster over me.

At sunset, too, in the bomas and towns of Rhodesia you may observe men anxiously looking at the sky.



"Sundown?" asks a man. "I think so," another replies, and that means quinine for those who take it, or an excuse for a whisky and soda or a vermouth for many who do or don't—thus a sundowner is the recognised title for an offer of liquid refreshment—and writing of drink reminds me of the following story I heard of a Scotsman and a shoot.

" ' Yes, it happened in Abercorn long ago in the early days, when men worked hard and drank hard and a flood of whisky washed the land. I got in at the end of the tide just in time to get my feet wet and hear some funny stories.'

" It was a cheery little man speaking, and another man chipped in with, ' Well, as we are short of drink at present, let's have one of the stories—may take our minds off the lack of it for a bit.'

" So the first speaker continued :

" ' There had been a big shoot on that day, everyone within forty miles came in, and we blotted out quite a lot of game ; but that Jimmy McAlister, usually our crack shot, had no luck, and every time he missed, well, he cursed pretty considerably and helped himself to the wine of his country—long live Scotland ! Well, by the time we returned to our huts and the shelters the boys had put up, Jimmy was pretty full.

" ' Now, Jimmy had been living in the place quite a time and had a large hut and poultry, and when Jimmy went home sad and sorry and full of whisky he was determined to shoot something, so off he went out of sight and got one of his boys to drive the poultry his way. He felt he must get his hand in again on something. Thirty-two fowls, and he shot them all ! Then Jimmy felt better, had some more whisky, and invited us all to dinner.

" ' Certainly, Jimmy's hut was unusually large, but it



INDABA OF CHIEFS HELD AT KALUNGWISI, 1908

(By kind permission of Mr. E. Avery Jones)



was a tight fit to get us all in. However, we crowded close and waited for dinner. We waited quite a considerable time, and then Jimmy called the cook and asked him why the blankety blank "skoff" wasn't ready.

" "Ikona skoff," (no food) the cook replied.

" "Then Jimmy got angry. There we were, all waiting, and had been waiting for over an hour. "Where the blankety blank are the thirty-two fowls I shot?" he roared.

" "The cook-boy went out and presently returned with a handful of feathers. Jimmy had shot those thirty-two fowls with explosive bullets!"

Abercorn was both a surprise and a pleasant revelation to me, for with regard to the boma buildings and



NATIVE GROUP

the grandness of the surrounding scenery it far excels any other part of N.E. Rhodesia. There is no tsetse fly at Abercorn, and the herds of cattle are very good. Abercorn is the head-quarters station of the Tanganyika

district, and the buildings include the Magistrate's residence—which is a charming house, surrounded by a large garden, with a fine view of Lake Tanganyika in the far distance—Government Offices, Post Office and Postmaster's house, Victoria Memorial Hall, doctor's house and Government dispensary, two stores, and a gaol. Yet with all these advantages only about eight white people live in the boma, three of whom are women—Mrs. Hugh Marshall, wife of the Magistrate, and truly the daintiest little lady I met in Rhodesia—and two others, the wife of the Post and Telegraph Master and the wife of a young Native Commissioner, a man of much literary talent. Unfortunately both he and his wife were out on ulendo, and therefore I did not see them, but I cannot speak too highly of the kindness shown me by the other two ladies.

I stayed several days with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Marshall, and what a pleasure it was, after five weeks spent on a hard camp bed, to seek slumber again with the comfort and cleanliness of fine linen !

Mrs. Hugh Marshall is certainly an example to be cited in evidence of how happy and up-to-date a woman can be in the wilds and 540 miles from a railway station. The house is made beautiful by her wood-carving, and everywhere one finds evidences of a cultured and active mind ; it was good to see all the dainty toilet arrangements and the table appointments dear to the heart of woman.

Abercorn was so named by Sir Harry Johnston, and was opened as a station in 1893. The Magistrate, Mr. Hugh Marshall, is called by the natives M'Tambalika, which means, the hunter. He is certainly a wonderful shot, shooting with left or right hand equally well.

I saw an example of his revolver shooting, which was marvellous, with an old skin of a leopard as a target.



As soon as I arrived I was implored not to risk sickness and ultimate death by passing over the boundary into the district infested with the deadly palpalous fly, a bite from which means developing sleeping sickness



AUTHOR IN THE SLEEPING-SICKNESS CAMP NEAR LAKE TANGANYIKA

(By kind permission of Mrs. Usher)

any time within three years, the risk being equal for white and native alike. I had heard very little before of sleeping sickness and its devastations, in fact people only just seem to be waking up to the seriousness of this deadly scourge, and H.M. King Albert of Belgium has now set a fine example by giving £40,000 in aid of research in connection with this, one of the greatest evils which may befall mankind.

Many people are under the impression that only natives are attacked. This is quite an erroneous idea,



although statistics of white mortality on either German or Congo territory have not been published.

On the Rhodesian side of the Lake, thanks to the money spent and great trouble taken by the B.S.A. Company, there had not been at the time I was there a fresh case of sleeping sickness among either whites or blacks for eight months—all the natives had been removed from the shores of the lake, and the fishermen had been compensated for the confiscation of their boats, while natives found to be suffering from symptoms were placed under medical supervision in a special camp, and well cared for.

This camp I one day visited, for, unlike many European diseases, sleeping sickness is not infectious, and only the deadly fly can give it. No one is allowed to approach within several miles of the fly district, and all paths leading thereto are guarded by native police-boys.

That patients suffering from sleeping sickness sleep all the time and die a peaceful, painless death is quite a mistaken idea. One of the first symptoms is swollen glands, and a man or woman may live for two years and be apparently healthy before another development takes place, which often is madness. I saw one man who looked the picture of robust health. He was busy making mats of strips of bark, and seemed quite happy and unconcerned. He had been in the camp about a year. I also saw a baby who had been born in the camp, both of whose parents were victims of sleeping sickness. The mother was nursing the child and looked very emaciated. And while I was there a woman carrying an earthenware native-made jar fell down in a fit, broke the jar and cut her face, and all the other patients in the camp shrieked with derisive laughter. To them it seemed a fine joke, but the laughter made me feel sick. I gave them all

some beads to play with or make decorations of, and then, after taking some photographs, we left.

No one is allowed to take carriers from Rhodesia across the border to German territory, and, if I had insisted on going on, the only arrangements I could have made would have been to have my goods and chattels dumped down near the border, carriers from the other territory coming to fetch them. But as my going on seemed likely to help no one and risk the lives of many, it was not worth while.

Had I been clever enough to investigate the fly area from a scientific point of view, and capable of helping medically, it would have been another matter, but to risk crossing such a danger zone for sheer travel and adventure would have been selfish and foolhardy. Besides, I had accomplished the greater part of that which I set out to do, viz., study Rhodesia, and for the glory of the rest—well, Professor Beattie and his colleague have now accomplished this, and I offer them my hearty congratulations.

Soon, let us hope, the fatal disease will be wiped out and a preventative found rather than a cure.

When Mary Hall travelled from Chinde to Cairo there were several steamers on Lake Tanganyika, British, German, and Belgian, as well as African Lakes Company steamers ; all these had been removed before I got there, with the exception of a German gunboat, and I was informed that that month she was doing her last trip.

One day we picnicked seven miles from Abercorn, where a splendid view of the lake was obtainable, and never shall I forget the magnificence of that vast expanse of silver water ; even from the distance—about fourteen miles—the ripple of the waves was discernible, and when looked at through slightly smoked glasses, so that the sunshine lost a little of its brightness, the picture

revealed was beyond description. I see it now when I close my eyes, I shall always see it—the hills on either side clothed in emerald verdure, the faint line of the Congo border in the far distance, an island dividing the lake so that it appeared as two seas instead of one, the sky an endless vista of blue, blue seeming to palpitate with the rays of the glorious golden sun. A wonderful stillness brooded over the whole, a waiting one knew not what for, a silence as though a spell was cast over the earth, which held locked in its outstretched arms of shore the secrets of this beautiful lake.

There is only one outlet to the lake, and that opens only once in about ten to fifteen years, when the water flows towards the Congo, but so deep is this wonderful inland sea that should it run out until it reached sea-level (it is now about 2800 feet above) there would still be sufficient water left in it to float any ocean steamer in the world. One peculiarity of Lake Tanganyika is that in it are found fish, both shell and otherwise, which are found nowhere else in the world except in salt-water seas, seeming to indicate that at one time, centuries ago, it must have been connected with the ocean.

From Lake Tanganyika we returned after sunset, and the dark, which always succeeds sunset so quickly, brought with it the stars, but no moon, so our pathway was illuminated by the boys running by the side of machilla or bicycle carrying bunches of flaming grass; the grass burns quickly and had often to be renewed, but the effect was picturesque in the extreme, and it relieved one from the anxiety which otherwise would have been caused by the rustling under dark branches, or the sounds of prowling animals, which now and again reached our ears through the intervals of the boys' voices as they shouted or sang.

A small but quite pretty lake is the Chila, only a few

minutes' walk from Abercorn boma. It is the favourite drinking-place of lions, and twice, recently, Mrs. Marshall has encountered these so-called monarchs ; but they are in reality terrible cowards, and on both occasions ran away without even a snarl. Of course a lion sings a different song if wounded, or if accompanied by a lioness with young cubs.

The years 1908 and 1909 will always be remembered amongst women as the *thin age*, the period of the Directoire and Empire gowns, and I must relate an amusing incident connected therewith. Fashion papers reach even Lake Tanganyika, and the limited feminine world up there is kept acquainted with what the numerous women on the other side of the equator are doing. Mrs. Marshall asked if I had in my wardrobe such a costume as a Directoire gown ; I owned to having a white satin one. " Oh," she said, " don't show it to me ; we will have a dinner-party, and please wear it." The next day a man who also was staying with the Marshalls (in fact, being nursed by kind-hearted Mrs. Marshall, for he had had an attack of tick fever and had come a great number of miles from his station in order to be taken care of for a while) said to me :

" Miss Mansfield, we like the frocks you are wearing, but have you such a thing as a Directoire gown ? If so, do put it on one night."

Well, we had the party. Mr. and Mrs. Usher (the Post-master and his wife) and the man from the stores, whose name I have forgotten, came to dine, and I wore the gown. I had to walk round and round like a manikin and have the gown admired. The dinner-table was beautifully decorated with flowers, a bouquet of violets and a sweet little poem written by my kind hostess were placed on my plate, and we had quite a festive gathering.

I hope M'Tambalika will not be very angry with me if I relate that, owing to the inducement offered by my banjo accompaniment, he sang forty-nine verses of Clementine, and the genial tick-fever official, who had



THE NEW CARRIERS

come from afar, was very distressed when I said that Rhodesia had not treated me fairly—not a single lion had I met at close quarters, and I felt that the money I had expended on the trip should be returned.

"This shall be seen to at once," he cried, and calling his servant he said a few words to him in the native language. The man bowed and departed.

"That man dare not return without a lion, his life is forfeit if he does," observed the genial official.

We discussed other subjects for a time and other songs were sung, then—ugh! just outside the window the most awful roaring and growling of an angry lion was heard. In the distance such sounds are bad enough—but this was so near, too near to be pleasant—dogs began barking, and soon afar off in the village tin cans

and drums were beaten—for it seemed that a ferocious lion was in our midst.

True, it was only the servant performing with a jug, but he was a past master in the art of imitation, and would have earned a good salary in any music-hall.



## CHAPTER XXXIII

### *Successful Cattle-breeding*

THE natives at Abercorn are of the A'Mambwe, and from this tribe my new ulenda was made up, as I had decided not to go forward, but to return along the Stevenson Road to the coast.

I sold the greater part of my baggage, and therefore was able to travel with a far smaller number of boys; in fact, instead of forty-nine my ulendo now numbered twenty-six. It was with a feeling of regret I said good-bye to my old ulendo, for the boys really had been bricks!

I had travelled only a few miles after bidding my friends at Abercorn farewell, when a boy on a bicycle caught me up. He had been sent by Mrs. Marshall with eggs and strawberries and a kind letter. Really in Rhodesia one makes friends in a few hours and hopes the friendship will last a lifetime—there is so much sincerity and hearty goodwill amongst settlers in this English Colony.

The first night out I spent at a farm twenty-seven miles south-east of Abercorn. This farm is the one I referred to in my first chapter. It was started seven years ago by a man who possessed only £50. He had been in Africa during the war, and therefore knew something of the climatic conditions. He tried farming in Canada, but soon gave that up. He is quite satisfied with the results of his work in Rhodesia, and well he might be,



A SUCCESSFUL, CATTLE-BREEDER IN N.E. RHODESIA



for in those few years his cattle have increased from the 100 he leased from the Government to 750; he has built a nice house, been once to England and taken



CATTLE-HERD IN N.E. RHODESIA, WITH NATIVE MUSICIAN

back a bride, and now has one of the most comfortable farms I have ever stayed at or seen.

The Saisi River flows past the farm, so there is no lack of water, and the cattle have never suffered from disease of any kind. They are kept in kraals at night, and they roam over the veld during the day. I got up at five o'clock to see them as they came out of the kraals, and a fine lot of beasts they were.

Certainly, if I were going in for cattle-farming, N.E. Rhodesia would be my goal, and the vicinity of Abercorn my selection. One has not a railway near, it is true, but there is a good market for cattle on both German

and English territory, and I have heard quite recently that some of these fine herds are now to be sold, and that the money realised is to be invested. The restrictions placed on the removal of cattle are, I understand, to be removed or considerably modified. Cattle-breeding has, therefore, a fine future before it in N.E. Rhodesia.<sup>1</sup>

Nature makes good provision for her children. Thus, native-bred cattle have humps, and sheep have fat tails weighing, in some instances, more than a leg! Both the humps and the tails serve the same purpose as the hump of a camel, they are the larders provided by nature upon which the animals live when food is scarce.

The Stevenson Road is a wide and well-made road, but grass grows up quickly between the stones. Efforts are made to keep it clear, gangs of natives engaged in removing herbage, etc., from the road being encountered in many parts, yet the traffic is so small that the road has the appearance of being a relic of a one-time greatness. As a matter of fact, the traffic seems to have left this part of the country altogether. One notices it more and more as one advances towards British Central Africa. The greater part of the traffic which used to take this route now goes through the centre of Rhodesia, taking the route from Broken Hill to Abercorn, or Broken Hill to Fort Jameson, though there is still a certain amount of passenger traffic via Chinde, the Shire River, and Lake Nyasa.

Passengers who take this route for N.E. Rhodesia disembark at Domira Bay or Kota-Kota for Fort Jameson, and at Koronga (whither I was bound) for Abercorn.

After leaving the Saisi River, one goes through

<sup>1</sup> The B.S.A. Company are issuing, free of charge, a pamphlet: "A few Notes on the Selection and Breeding of Cattle in Rhodesia," by Robert Wallace, and I would advise intending settlers carefully to peruse the various chapters on hardiness, crossing, breeding, diseases, etc.



## Successful Cattle-breeding 315

Mpanda and Mambwe, and has fine views of distant mountains, passing at one point close to German territory.

Nothing of interest occurred until I reached Ikomba. Here, I had been told, I should find an empty Government House, and I was advised to use it, if clean. There had been a Government farm, but all the cattle had recently been transferred to Fort Jameson.

The little brick house was in good condition, and so I had my bed, etc., put into a room in which there were two windows, and dined on the little stoep outside. I arrived early in the afternoon and enjoyed a stroll through the village, which was about five minutes' walk from the house, a grove of banana trees coming between.

The women in this village wore huge pieces of wood in



FINE COWS IN N.E. RHODESIA

their ears, studded with brass nails. I bought two particularly fine ones for a shilling. Later in the afternoon, when sitting on the stoep outside the little house, a number of men and women came from the village



to stare at me, under the pretence of selling eggs, and the woman from whom I had bought the ear-rings came too ; she had a sad and sorry air, and the huge hanging holes in her ears, where the wooden ear-rings had been, looked very hideous. She touched her ears, and then pointed to a large basket of potatoes she was carrying, indicating that she wanted the ear-rings back in exchange for the potatoes ; but I shook my head. She would not go away, so I showed her a shilling and the ear-rings, and gave her to understand that if she returned the shilling the ear-rings would be given back to her ; but no, the good lady wanted the shilling and the ear-rings, and as I would not have the potatoes, she had to go away.

I had dinner about six o'clock, and then the boys left me. As I was in a house they made no fires except one of wood in my room, and then all disappeared in the direction of the village. Near by the house were pomegranate trees, with bright scarlet blossoms, and in the swiftly fading light I could just see the beautiful grove of banana trees. I was standing just outside the house enjoying the beauty of the night, which seemed to be coming like a gentle cloud to envelop the day, when, coming from the side of the house, I heard a deep breathing and a low grunt, almost a growl, and snatching up "Ugly" I ran in and closed the doors. The wood fire was burning brightly. I quickly lit two candles and then glanced at the windows. Both were uncovered. I was too frightened to look out and see what beast was prowling about the house, but instead hung up at one window as quickly as possible my Union Jack, and then, with shaking knees and trembling fingers, stood still a moment wondering with what I could cover the other. Then my eyes fell on a large map of Rhodesia that had been mounted on linen. Up went this with my banjo and a couple of spears to hold it in place. Then I felt

better, for I did so dread seeing two yellow eyes and a shaggy mane peering in at the window.

Little "Ugly" seemed nervous and would not lie down, but walked round and round with ears pricked



BUILDING BARRICADES AGAINST LIONS, N.E. RHODESIA

up and coat seeming to bristle as a man's hair is supposed to bristle on seeing a ghost.

The supply of wood was limited ; I saw it would not last the night, but I knew all the boys were away. I dared not open the door to go in search of any more, and my stock of candles was very low, so I determined to keep awake all night and put out the candles, burning only one at a time after the firelight had failed.

All doubts as to the nature of my unwanted visitor were soon at an end, for a roar quickly told me that a lion was stalking round. Then in the distance I heard drums and tin cans being beaten and every conceivable noise one could imagine ; the echoes of distant singing also came across from the village, so I concluded that a beer-drink was going on, and knew none of my boys would return until the morning. The noise, however, had

one good effect, for the next roar I heard was farther away. I sat upright in a chair for I don't know how long. Little "Ugly" went to sleep. Presently the noise from the village ceased, and I was just thinking that the lion had gone and peace would reign. I must have been dozing when the cry of a wounded animal startled me. I think a poor buck must have been caught at that moment not very far away. I listened. The cry was again repeated, and then silence came until a wild turkey cock started shrieking. I got a book then and lit a candle, for I felt that all the beasts from the infernal regions were let loose, and I didn't want to go mad before morning. I heard afterwards that the last



MAN SUPPOSED TO CHANGE HIMSELF INTO A LION AT WILL. WAS CHASED FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE AND ARRIVED AT THE MISSION HOSPITAL NEARLY DEAD

(By kind permission of Dr. Chisholme)

time the house had been used was about a year previously, when three men had slept there, and as they were dining in a room with plenty of lights and an open window, a

lion came and took away one of their dogs from the stoep.

At my next stopping-place, about eighteen miles further on, there was a so-called Rest house, a hut kept for passing travellers, but I object to stuffy huts kept by natives, and so I refused to camp there, although my boys in advance had already lighted a fire and seemed to conclude that there I should certainly stay.

I, however, left them all chatting and arguing, and walked off up a hill. They had to follow, and pitch my tent where I directed, grumbling all the time, for they had heard that there were many lions in the neighbourhood, and very busy they were for several hours making barricades of trees, and the fires that night seemed like a positive wall of flame dividing our camp from the rest of the world.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### *Judge and Hangman*

IT was a Sunday morning, and a few miles north of Fife I was suddenly surprised by hearing a bell ringing. I called out "Linda," and the boys stopped. I listened, the bell continued, and then I remembered I had been told there was a mission hereabouts, with a wonderful two-story mansion fitted up with all the latest improvements; in fact, the wife of a Magistrate had observed, when speaking of these up-to-date luxuries and suggesting that I might possibly see them: "Why marry a Government official when there are the missionaries in the country?"

I signalled my boys to proceed in the direction whence the bell-ringing arose, and after a delightful walk I came to a well-made road and a pretty stream. Over this was a light bridge by the side of which stood two or three mission-house natives, who ran on to give the information that I was approaching. By this time the bell had ceased ringing, and evidently morning service was proceeding. I saw a little white boy, and then a white woman appeared, hastening towards me from the church. She was the nurse in charge of the hospital and the boarding-school for native girls, and she informed me that Dr. Chisholme was in church, but would I wait for lunch and see him. She very kindly showed me the hospital, comprised of three substantial buildings, all of which were empty.



Then I saw the home where the native girls left off their beads and adopted copy-books and a pinafore sort of dress, and as I looked at those children I could not help contrasting them with the poor shivering white



ON THE BANKS OF RUKURU RIVER, B.C.A.

kiddies at home, thankful for a “ Daily Graphic ” dinner or any old rags anyone might choose to give them. Here, in a hot climate, blacks were given the unnecessary covering so necessary to the poor whites at home.

Presently Dr. Chisholme returned from church, and I found him a very kind and interesting man, not the uneducated Bible-thumper so many missionaries are. He entertained me most hospitably before I went on my way, and told me many interesting details about the customs of the natives.

Now why could not such a man as this be placed at the head of a mission for poor whites, either at home or abroad? Why not leave the natives alone in their happy state and send out to this school the unhappy children of the slums, to be trained in agricultural pursuits before they become criminals? It is no good



sending out adults of the lowest class, they would only loaf, and associate on equal terms with the natives; but are not the white children's souls to be taken account of? Would not their bodies, transplanted to the light and sunshine, make a parade of more genuine Christian evidence than this assembly of veneered hypocritical blacks?

There is a well-known saying all over Africa, that when a native woman puts on boots she leaves off her virtue.

And when I saw those boarders in the hideous frocks with such vain, complacent faces, well, all I can say is, they did not compare favourably with the fine Matabele women in their pleated skirts and body drapery, upright in carriage and possessing fine defiant faces. Native women have beautiful figures and walk well in their natural state, but they slouch and bend their backs and become almost deformed as soon as they wear European clothes.

The two-story house was truly a regal palace compared with the homes of white men farther north, and the spruce missionary, with his well-cut clothes and waxed moustache, seemed hardly to belong to Africa at all. My memory travelled backward to the French Fathers, with their whitewashed dwellings, white serge robes, and long beards; somehow they seemed more in keeping with the picture.

I arrived at Fife in the afternoon.

The entrance to Fife is like an English park, and as I went along the broad road I was surprised to see the marks of cart wheels and the spoor of a horse's shoe. It seemed so strange and unexpected to see again those signs of civilisation and yet to know how far away I was from it. The mystery was afterwards explained.

It transpired that some years ago the Administrator

brought two ponies up country, and one still lives. He draws a Cape cart, and his harness is of strips of rhino hide.

Mr. and Mrs. West Sheene received me with the usual kindness I had hitherto experienced. The news that I was on the road had travelled, and a comfortable room had been prepared for me. Mrs. West Sheene informed me that all the servants were very interested, they never before having seen a "white donna without a white bwama."

After a wash and change of garments I went for a drive with that wonderful pony, Mrs. West Sheene taking the rhino reins.

Many were the interesting stories I heard here. Per-



ARMADILLOS

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

haps by degrees my memory will unfold, but I think my store-room got so full of impressions that I can only let out a few at a time now; the rest remain a concrete block, which only with time will dissolve into ink.

It seems that every Magistrate up here has to be also the public hangman if a murder occurs. I wonder how our judges would like to pass sentence first and use the rope afterwards ?

Once Mr. West Sheene had to hang a man, and it was arranged, in order that Mrs. West Sheene might not be frightened, that when in the early morning all was prepared a man should come and ask Mr. West Sheene whether he was ready to go shooting. Mrs. West Sheene, however, afterwards discovered the ruse.

After leaving Fife I had yet another lion adventure. Oh, I know I ought to give it a chapter all to itself, with startling headlines, but I am not a journalist—only a very simple woman telling simple unvarnished truth—except when labelled in plain figures otherwise.

It happened in the early morning. My carriers had left the camp about an hour and gone forward with the loads, and the machilla boys were taking down the tent. The police-boy, who had been lent to me for my special protection, was taking a last nap under cover of bossing the machilla boys, and little “ Ugly ” and I were walking along alone about a mile away. It was not a romantic scene, no tropical growth, no mountains, no kopjes, no roaring river or foaming cataract, in fact no stage scenery that ought to have been there met the eye, just the veld, high grass, and trees about twelve feet high. And then, as though coming from nowhere, there suddenly appeared in the pathway some fifty or sixty yards in front of me a tawny-looking animal about the size of a small donkey, with untidy hair and—well, I can't tell you any more about the appearance of the creature. I only know I realised I was face to face with a lion. I had only a revolver with me, and am certain I should not have used my rifle had it been handy. All I thought about at the moment was how quickly I could climb a

tree, and as I looked round, the trees never looked so stumpy as that morning; and then another thought crossed my mind. It may sound ridiculous, but is nevertheless true. I remembered little "Ugly," and I thought



NATIVES RUNNING TO SEE LION JUST KILLED

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

I must put him on my shoulder while I climbed, and I felt vexed as I thought also that his claws would be certain to scratch my neck!

Instead, however, of being disfigured in this way, I was let off unscathed, for the lion apparently had been well fed, and, not liking the look of me, just turned and went away quickly through the grass and was soon lost to view.

Not all lions are man-eaters; only when too old to catch game do lions turn their attention to man-eating, and then they prefer natives to whites. • But the unconcern of some natives is amazing.

I heard of one man who on looking out from his tent and seeing the fires going out kicked a boy and said, "Get up, schelm, and see to the fires; there are lions about." And the boy replied laconically, before turning over for another sleep, "There are forty other boys," as though he saw no reason why a lion should choose him first.



## CHAPTER XXXV

### *The Witch-Doctor*

IT is impossible in this book to give a comprehensive account of all the tribes inhabiting Rhodesia, and their characteristics ; perhaps, however, a few further details will interest those who are thinking of making Rhodesia a future home. I have already acknowledged my indebtedness to Mr. West Sheene and Dr.



AT LIWONDE RIVER—TAKING HIPPO OUT

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

Chisholme for information on the subject, but I must also add the name of Mr. T. C. Coxhead, of Fort Jameson, who was kind enough to place his notes at my disposal.



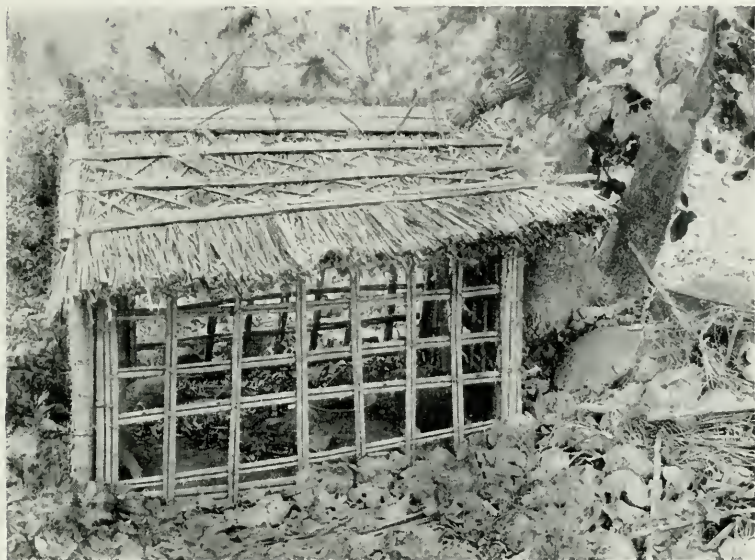
North of the Awemba country, on the Tanganyika plateau, there are several small tribes. The A'Mambwe inhabit the part of the country between Abercorn and the Chosi River ; they were greatly harried by the Awemba before the days of the British South Africa Company, and, in fact, have been saved by them from extermination. Another tribe owing their present peaceful existence to the same source is the Alungu.

Between the Chosi and Karungu Rivers, part of the country is occupied by the Ainamwanga. The greater portion of this tribe live on British ground, but the chief, strange to say, resides on German territory. They are a quiet people, possessing good flocks of sheep and goats. None of the natives in Rhodesia have large herds of cattle, fifteen or twenty head being considered quite a good number ; but the people are lazy, as a rule ; " sufficient unto the day " is a universal motto.

The Awiwa live to the west of the Ainamwanga, and are great iron-workers. At one time they supplied the country round with hoes, spears, and axes. The Awiwa tobacco, too, is considered superior to any other of native growth. At one time this tribe paid tribute to the Awemba. The Awiwa number about 10,000 on the British side, and there is said to be about the same number in German East Africa. This tribe is an offshoot of the Ainamwanga, who trace their history back to the advent of a great and skilful man who came from Wiza country some three hundred (?) years ago. Before his coming this tribe are believed to have dwelt in forests and lived on game and wild fruits and roots, possessing neither huts nor crops. But he brought seeds with him and taught them many things, and so they made him their chief, and he and his successors reigned over them for many years. The knowledge of what they were and what they have now become seems

strong with this tribe and has turned into a form of ancestor worship.

These people, as well as most tribes, construct their huts and all their buildings, whether grain stores, cattle



PLACE FOR OFFERING SACRIFICES TO DEPARTED CHIEFS,  
LOWER SHIRE RIVER

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

kraals, pigeon-houses, or what not, all on the round pattern, which, after all, is much easier for them than building in the square style, very few natives being able to draw a straight line. In fact they cannot lay down a trunk of a tree or a piece of cloth in a straight line. But stick a spear in the ground, tie to the spear a piece of string with a scrap of iron attached to it, and run round marking the earth as you go, and you have the perfect ground plan of a hut marked out. These huts are about six feet in height and are built of wattle and daub, the wattle being usually not reeds but strong poles. Neither windows nor chimneys are made, so the atmosphere when a huge fire is burning may be imagined.

I attribute to the smoke from the fires the fact that so many natives have bloodshot eyes. Natives certainly are fire-worshippers ; they will sometimes sit so near a camp-fire that they go to sleep, and falling in they get badly burnt before they are aware of the nearness of the flames.

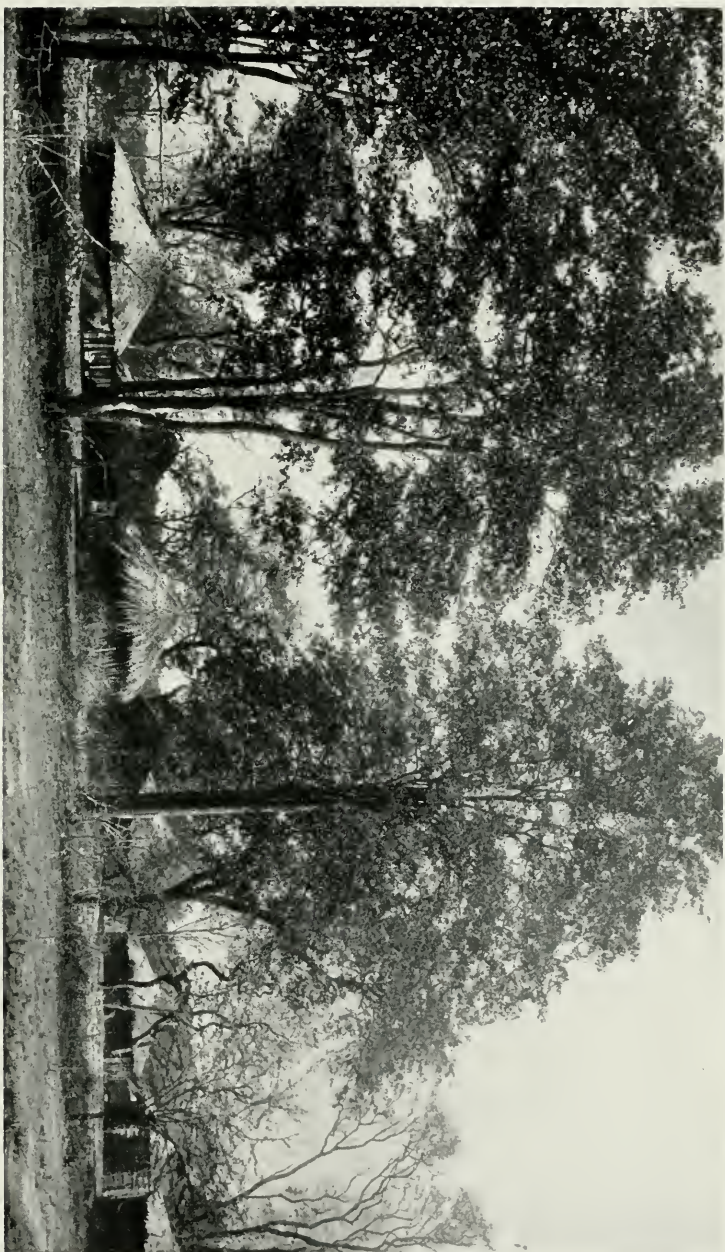
Most young native children wear little besides a few beads. Their parents usually have a little drapery of limbo or an apron made from bark, but the grandfathers still cling to the older fashion of wearing two little antelope skins, one hanging from the waist in front and one behind. The old women don similar attire, but the two pieces in their case are often of cotton cloth instead of skins. The women also rub oil into their skins and put red and yellow powders on their hair.

These people are largely vegetarians, eating meat and game but rarely. However, they vary their usual diet of "maleyi" (red millet) by such delicacies as caterpillars, locusts, ants, etc.

Natives have a quaint way of standing up when earthquakes happen, believing that death or plague is stalking through the land. Lightning and thunder they regard as signs that God Himself has come down to earth ; and should the lightning set fire to a tree, all the fires in the village are put out, and fire-places are freshly plastered. Head-men take the burning tree to the chief, who prays over it and then sends it round to all his villages, and his messengers receive presents from the people.

Certain places where shady trees grow are kept apart by each family as meeting-places where they can gather together to worship spirits. They believe that after death spirits go to "Kuzimu," which is situated in the heart of the earth ; thus they always speak of spirits as rising up, never as coming down, and they believe there





NATIVE VILLAGE NEAR KARONGA, B.C.A.

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)





is only one place for all spirits. And if a man dies away from his kraal, his family quite believe that his spirit will return to them and, when not in Kuzimu, haunt the trees where the spirits of that particular family are worshipped. Further, should the family move to another village, the spirits of the dead will go with them, and before moving, prayers are offered to the spirits, and guidance by them is requested.

Sacrifices are often made to the spirits of chiefs by the offering of bullocks and rams, and of fowls and goats to the spirits of forefathers, and beer is poured on to the place where the blood of the sacrifice is spilt. These sacrifices are cooked at a special fire, lit by the priest, and are eaten as a sacrament and not to appease hunger.

The head of the family, or the priest (the office of priesthood descends from father to son), will sit near the offerings and say prayers to the spirits as though they were really present.

The idea that the spirits of the dead really return is an accepted belief also with the Japanese. A military attaché who was present when a great Japanese general gave thanks to his troops for their courage during the late Russian-Japanese war, said to me, "I shall never forget the wave of emotion we felt when General Yogi turned from the troops present and, looking towards a mountain near, on which was no visible sign of human life, addressed the spirits of his dead soldiers supposed to be gathered there, for the Japanese believe that if you fight bravely in war, and fall, your spirit returns to see the victory and to receive the thanks of its commander."

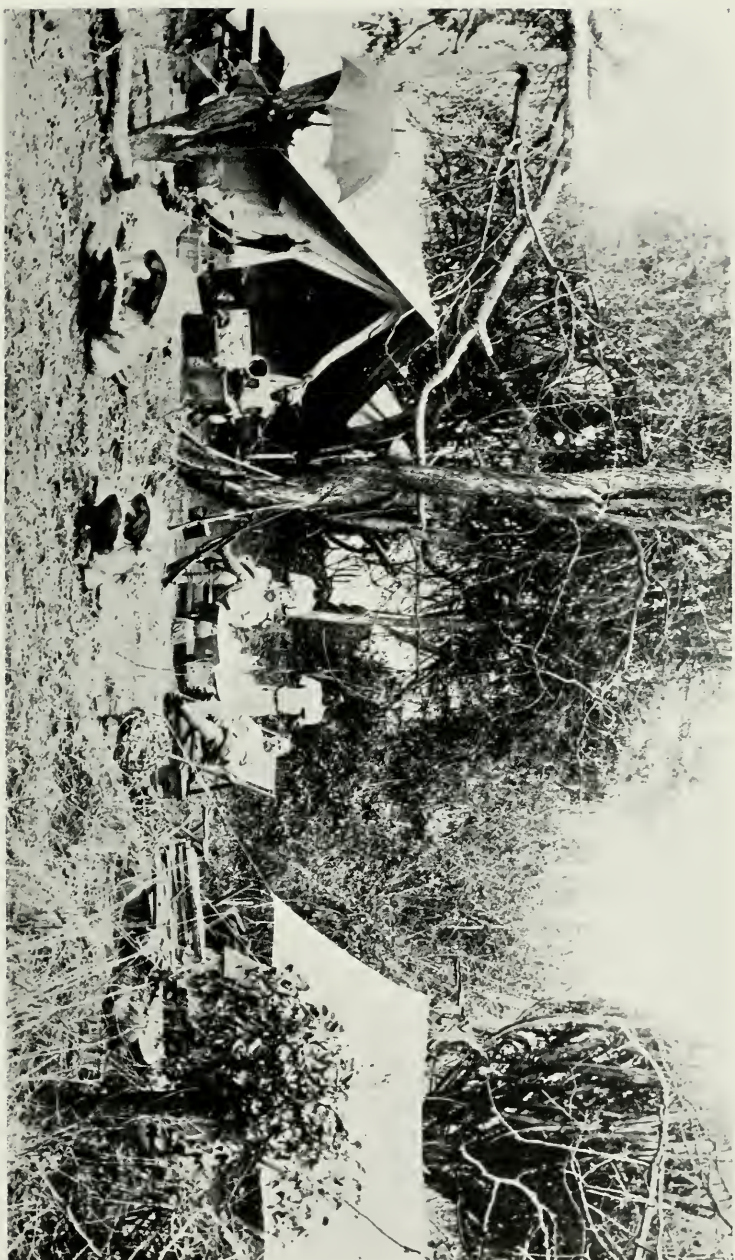
It is the wish of officials in Rhodesia and British Central Africa to stamp out, if possible, the native belief in witchcraft, for it leads to many crimes. But superstition dies hard, even in a thoroughly civilised country,

and some highly educated people in Great Britain are strangely superstitious ; therefore it is not to be wondered at that it will take some time before belief in witch-doctors is wiped out, and, after all, there is a great similarity between native superstition and so-called Christian Science, both being founded on faith, which has more influence over nerves than anything else. Common sense and firm resolution would have precisely the same results, but would not be so romantic. One has only to get an idea firmly fixed in the mind, and it quickly affects matter. Medical science has proved this again and again. But in our world people who are tired of bridge must have new diseases with new doctors, and new religions with new preachers, to cure them, and in like manner a little romance and dramatic possibilities are introduced into the native's life by the sorceries of the witch-doctor. And who can say that some of our own laws are less cruel than the injustice said to be the result of the witch-doctor's influence ?

The world is much the same all over, only things are called by different names. So many want others to look at life only through their own special microscope or telescope, but so long as colour cling to colour, the black to black, the yellow to yellow, and above all, *white to white*, the world will not be a bad place to live in.

If a native is away on a journey and his return is long over-due, then the stars are not consulted, as in India, or a palmist visited, as in Bond Street, but an insect is put into a heap of sand. If the insect finds its way out, the man is still alive, and if it remains in, then the relations of the absent man conclude that he is dead.

It is not only believed that some chiefs become lions at death, but also that others become pythons, and, in consequence, no one is allowed to kill a python, and should one visit a village it is allowed to take sheep,



MR. STUART WELLS IN CAMP, B.C.A.—TWO HIPPOS AND A GRAMOPHONE

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)



dogs, or fowls, and after it has fed the chief tries to entice it away by the offering of a white fowl.

Ordeal by fire is unknown, but ordeal by hot water is often practised to ascertain if a native is guilty of theft or not. If his hand comes out of the pot unscalded, then he is innocent, if scalded and skinned, then he is convicted. Now scientists say, that if one plunges one's hand quickly into water that is actually boiling, it does not hurt, so perhaps there is more sense in the ordeal than is at first apparent, for naturally the guilty man would hesitate and approach the water gingerly, believing that his guilt would really be found out.

We hang up horse-shoes for luck, but the native procures from his witch-doctor special bits of wood to place in his garden, so that anyone coming to steal may get a disease. We wear rings to cure rheumatism, but the native has a little horn filled with ashes and bits of charms, and wears it on the painful side.

But in addition to the weaving of spells and giving of philtres, native doctors often have genuine skill. They will set fractures, and stitch wounds with fibres from the castor-oil plant, the leaves being used for dressing. Every witch-doctor has his special small basket in which are kept his charms for making his medicinal preparations efficacious. But why laugh at the witch-doctor's basket, since such useless things as the huge red and green glasses which fill every chemist's window in England are recognised as trade-marks of the pharmaceutical profession? Not until our judges give up wearing a black cap when giving sentence of death, or our barristers sell their wigs to theatrical wardrobe dealers, should we start belittling the customs of other people.

Most natives bury their dead some distance from their homes, and I was surprised to find two graves quite near the village of Chanda, as the graves of natives are not



usually conspicuous. There are tribes, however, who bury their dead at a convenient distance from the hut where the deceased died, so as to make a little garden of maize near the grave.

The wailing over a corpse, and after the funeral, may easily be compared to an Irish wake—with this difference, that the natives keep sober, and as soon as the burial has taken place bathe in the nearest stream, the women in one part, the men in another.

A very pretty custom is the placing of the corpse in the grave in such a way that the eyes look towards the place where the family of the deceased lives. Also, instead of our sad service, the head-man prays to the spirits of the deceased's forefathers, asking them to welcome their child, and telling the spirit of the corpse that though he has left the land of sunshine he will find peace in the home of the spirits.

When all is finished and the grave filled in, then all the relations of the deceased, from the old tottering grandmother to the tiny infant in arms, throw a handful of earth on the grave.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### *Lake Nyasa*

AT Fort Hill, which is the boundary dividing Rhodesia from British Central Africa, or Nyasaland, as it is now usually called, I had again, on account of sleeping-sickness regulations, to change my ulendo, not being allowed to take even a personal boy over the boundary. This made travelling more uncomfortable than on my journey north, for a tent, or personal, boy soon gets to know all one's wishes without directions having to be repeated again and again, which, when one has little knowledge of the language, usually means learning the useful lesson of doing without.

Fort Hill is in charge of a *capitao* (native) who is supposed to know a little English, but that little may just as well be spelt none. There is a small house there, but I was advised beforehand on no account to sleep in it, as much live stock had taken up residence therein, and so, after holding a reception of all the local native dignitaries on the steps, and receiving some fowls and a bowl of milk as presents, I retired to my tent, which had been pitched quite near, and there I fed and shivered and tried to sleep, for it was a bitterly cold night. The *capitao* and several other natives asked me if I had any blankets to sell, but unfortunately I had not.

Here again, as in fact all over Rhodesia, I saw the necessity for good stores being opened. The company who at present hold the monopoly of stores in Rhodesia

and Nyasaland grumble that they are losing their trade, and are inclined, I fancy, to blame not only the country but also the residents, who, they say, will not buy locally. But how can the residents buy locally when the stores are so badly stocked? I was given several instances of the men in charge of the so-called stores having had often to buy what they require personally from the residents, or borrow, until fresh goods arrived.

One man in N.E. Rhodesia said to me, "We should all prefer to buy locally, instead of ordering what we want from England in bulk and a year in advance, but under existing circumstances it is impossible, in fact the natives are better catered for in many stores than the whites."



SABLE ANTELOPE

(By kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)

The store arrangements are one of the first and chief things which must be looked to, and it is to be hoped that Britishers will take this matter in hand before

Germans step in and seize the opportunity and the profits. In N.W. and N.E. Rhodesia especially, good stores are becoming more and more of a necessity on the Broken Hill to Abercorn route.

During the whole nine days' travel from Abercorn to Karonga I met only one white man on the road, and he was Mr. Stuart Wells, Assistant Magistrate at Karonga, who was out on a tour of inspection.

It was not far from the Luangwe River that I suddenly came on a tent with a table standing outside it, on which rested a large tin of Cerebos salt and a tea-pot, and then I knew white blood must be about somewhere, and soon Mr. Stuart Wells put in an appearance. I decided to camp there and proceed to Karonga the next day.

Mr. Stuart Wells had had the good fortune the day before we met to shoot a fine eland. The head was still hanging up, and I took a photograph of it. We had eland soup and eland steak for dinner. While we were dining, a head-man and a police-boy arrived in a very



ELAND SHOT NEAR KARONGA, B.C.A.

excited state. They had come a two days' journey, and I witnessed what appeared to be a dramatic recital, and noted the evident satisfaction displayed by the two men when they were dismissed. The conversation between the men and the Magistrate was conducted in the native language, and I was afterwards told the gist of the matter.

It seems that a man had come from German territory without a permit, and, transgressing sleeping-sickness regulations, had joined in a beer-drink on British territory, and when asked for his permit had confessed he hadn't one. The chief had then driven away the police-boy who had demanded the permit, and given the offender shelter.

The Magistrate's order was short but to the point, for his instructions were, "Go and arrest the chief."

The next morning Mr. Stuart Wells bicycled away at an early hour, having arranged to wait for me later in the day at a very pretty part of the road some ten miles farther on.

I was very much amused at a tiny "piccanin" (boy) who seemed to be the chief man of Mr. Wells's ulendo. He was always the first to start a job and the quickest to finish, and often ran thirty miles in a day, I was told. He had a sense of humour, too, and one day, when a police-boy went bathing, the piccanin, being left in charge of the camp, dressed up in the askiri's clothes, and was so found.

Near my camp was a long, peculiar bridge, made of steel wire, and it was very amusing to see my boys (who were used to bridges of wooden piles) try to cross it quickly. One boy jumped into the air quite eighteen inches and then fell flat on his face.

About five miles away I paused for a rest, and then went quickly forward and joined Mr. Stuart Wells, who



was peacefully picnicking under the shade of a huge tree close to one of the most charming bits of scenery I have seen in British Central Africa, for the banks on either side of the river were here richly wooded.

I was asked if I had paused at all at a stream some distance back. "Yes," I replied, "about five miles away." "So did I," said Mr. Stuart Wells, "and as I was stooping to drink I found I was surrounded by fresh lion spoor, so having no gun with me I quickly left."

As we neared Karonga, I noticed that a number of huts were of quite different appearance from those farther north, being square instead of round, and formed of light-coloured reeds.

But the natives, although their huts seemed to be of more intricate architecture, certainly displayed with regard to themselves less vanity in the matter of clothing, for save a string and a piece of cloth not much larger than a postage stamp, they were entirely naked.

Formerly there were Government stations at Deep



MR. WELLS'S PICCANIN

(By kind permission of Mr. Wells)

Bay and Fort Hill, but these have been abandoned, and now the Government station of North Nyasa is at Karonga. At one time this district was much troubled by the Angoni tribe making raids and stealing both slaves and cattle, but now peace reigns. Here, too, the Arabs established a slave centre, but in 1889 they were routed out, their stockade being captured and destroyed.

All the good garden land on the plains is now under



NATIVE HUT NEAR KARONGA, B.C.A.

native cultivation, but there is still some good and well-watered garden land in the hills not yet taken up.

Certainly North Nyasaland is far more picturesque than the greater part of Rhodesia, but the very points which lend to its beauty detract from its utility from an agricultural point of view, for the hills and valleys seem to be too broken and precipitous to afford good vantage ground for crops.

Game in Nyasaland is very plentiful, including (in the southern portion) elephants, rhinoceroses, and buffaloes.

Before the middle of the last century very little was

known about the region now called Nyasaland, the first European supposed to have visited these parts being Jasper Bocarro, a Portuguese, in the seventeenth century.

While at Karonga I stayed for two nights at the house connected with the African Lakes Company, and dined one night at the house of Mr. Stuart Wells (who, in the absence of Mr. Dove Easterbrook, the Magistrate, is Acting Magistrate), and he very kindly invited all the white residents to meet me.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I thoroughly enjoyed not only the party but the machilla ride to and from the house, accompanied by Mr. Bruce of the African Lakes Company. It certainly was novel to chat *en route* to a man who was also being carried in a machilla.

Mr. Stuart Wells not only showed me his wonderful collection of photographs, which he takes, develops, and prints himself, but presented me with a very beautiful set of game pictures, the whole of which I deeply regret I cannot reproduce, as space does not allow, but even the few specimens printed show how unique these photographs are, and I feel I cannot thank Mr. Stuart Wells sufficiently for his kindness in giving them to me.

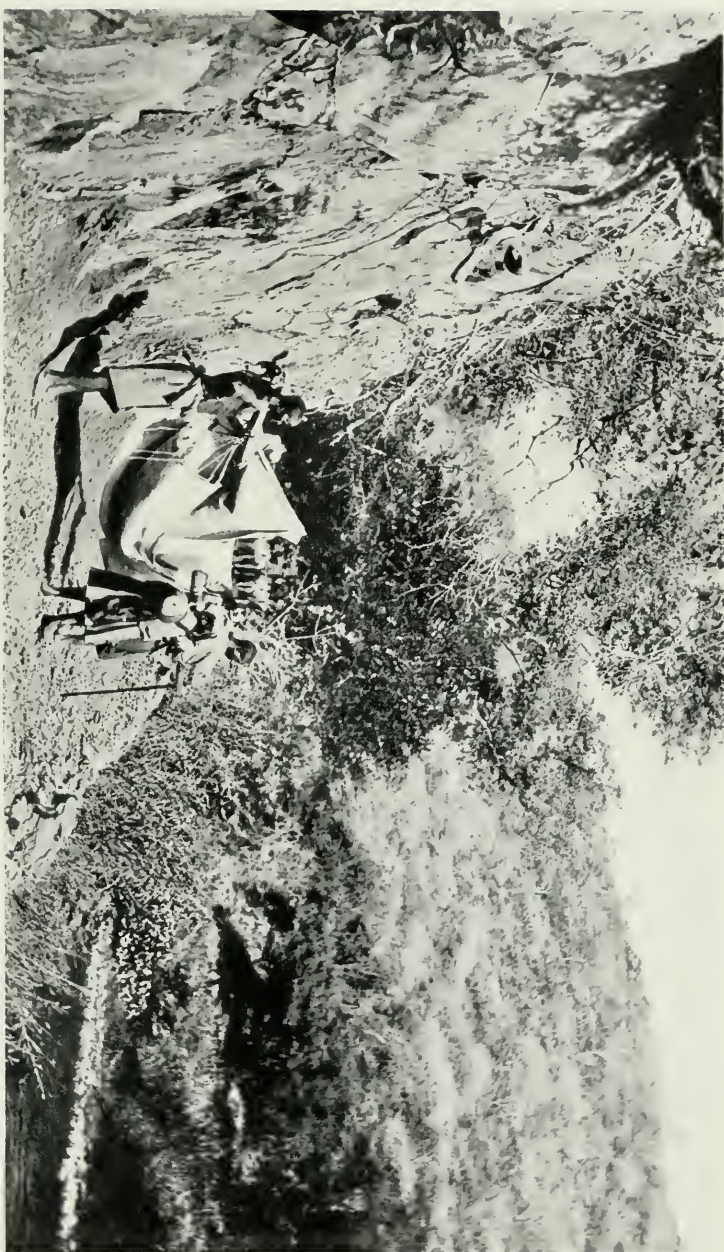
The next day Mr. Dove Easterbrook returned; he wrote to me inviting me to lunch, including in his letter the information that on account of the roughness of the lake the gunboat "Gwendoline" (in which I had permission from H.E. Sir Alfred Sharpe to travel) could not anchor in the usual place, and therefore Mr. Dove Easterbrook was good enough to offer to take me out in his boat to the place where she lay at anchor, some three miles away.

To speak of a lake is to convey the impression of

a peaceful, smooth, still sheet of water, but an African lake can have very bad manners, and Lake Nyasa was more like a tempestuous sea all the time I was sailing thereon. I really thought the boat would capsize when we first left the shore, and did not think we could possibly reach the "Gwendoline." However, I said nothing of my fears, but clung to the boat with one hand and held little "Ugly" with the other. The native sailors did not seem to mind standing on their heads one minute and their feet the next, and I concluded they must be used to it. Mr. Dove Easterbrook asked them to sing, and they broke forth into a kind of boating chant.

At length we reached the gunboat, and I must say Captain Tate didn't look at all pleased to see me, though we afterwards became excellent friends and no one could have been more kind than he was. It seemed he had never before taken a lady alone *down* Nyasa, and feared I might be a weird and impossible woman with dictatorial manners and selfish requirements, but I soon showed him I could be as happy on a gunboat as on a liner. I did not send for help every time I saw a beetle in my cabin, or mind a native coming in and standing on my bed every morning to close the port-hole (we used to anchor every night), nor did the revolvers, cutlasses, and handcuffs hanging near my cabin terrify me in the least, and further I found no fault with the cats who daily shared meals with us. It really was funny; the dear bluff captain would grumble at those cats every day, and all the time he was grumbling at them he would feed them—a kinder-hearted man never breathed. When I was ill with a "go" of fever he had a bed put up on his deck for me, and I used to lie up there all day, sheltered from the spray and longing for sundown, when we anchored, and the world seemed more like a





THE ONE-POLE MACHILLA





monument of some substantiality instead of a rocking-horse.

The name of this lake was recorded by Livingstone as Lake Nyasa, this being its Yao appellation and meaning "broad water." One never loses sight of the land, and very beautiful are some of the harbours. Monkey Bay is particularly picturesque, with its few native huts dotted in the foreground and the hills covered with thick foliage rising range after range at the back. Here swarms of monkeys are to be seen swinging from tree to tree.

At Kota-Kota there are natives who make quaint little things of hippo ivory which may be purchased for a few pence. They are usually tiny crude imitations of animals, and are rather pretty, but otherwise one does not find many objects of interest, and as going ashore usually means returning to the boat accompanied by ticks as companions, one soon gets tired of excursions inland.

These ticks are horrible little insects; they have a nasty way of burrowing under the skin, and are difficult to dislodge. The engineer remarked to me, "I went ashore last night, and in consequence had to be overhauled by sailors to-day." As it was not possible for me to be overhauled I had to do my best with a hand-glass and a darning needle. I have recently (1910) seen among the Cape Colony Government exhibits at an Agricultural Exhibition, samples of ticks which, for scientific purposes, have been preserved in bottles without food or water for two years, and are still alive!

Lake Nyasa is the third largest lake in Africa, and is 360 miles long. The water is fresh and drinkable. There are practically no good harbours, for all the anchorages are exposed to the north and south winds,

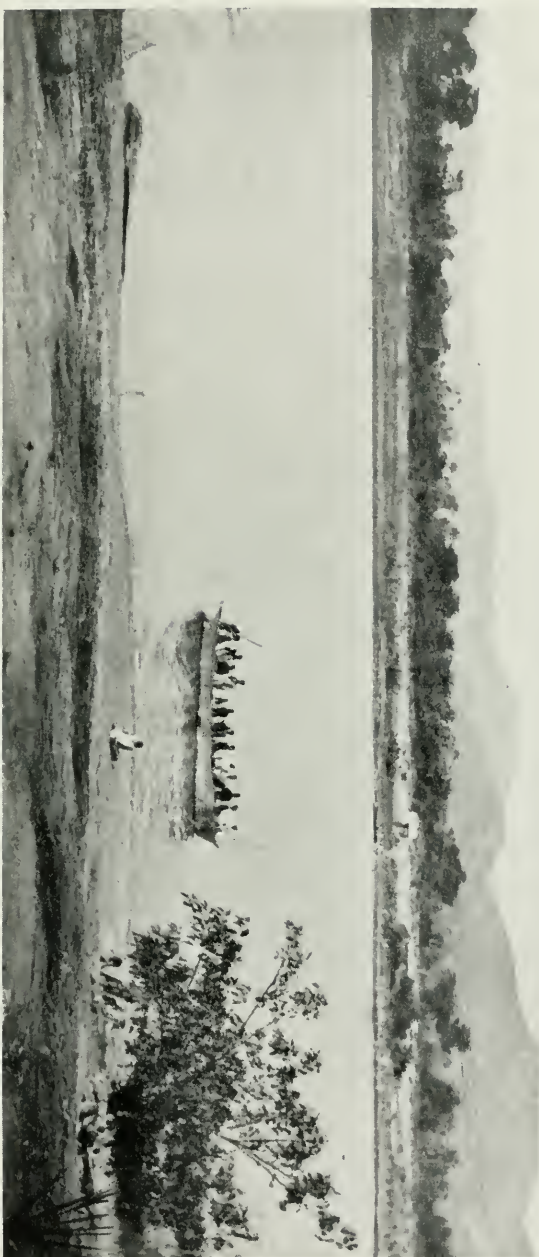
which sweep the lake from end to end, and make the water very rough.

I was at first much puzzled by the appearance of what looked like clouds of smoke, which seemed to cling to the shore in many parts, but the captain explained that what I took to be smoke was in reality a swarm of flies of a kind which the natives often catch in great quantities and make into cakes.

The "Gwendoline" did not go so far as Fort Johnston, but stayed some miles away, and a smaller gunboat, "The Dove," came out to meet us with a doctor on board, and then I had the unique experience of being examined for sleeping-sickness. My throat was pinched in various parts, and being passed I was duly presented with my certificate. It will be noticed that on it England is given as my village, and Edward VII as my chief.

I had given up my tent and other kit at Karonga, having been informed that I could go from Fort Johnston to Zomba by house-boat, but when I reached Fort Johnston I found that the one and only house-boat which holds one person and luggage, or two if on very intimate terms, had been engaged, and I therefore must wait some days, or take to a machilla again. I concluded that one night at the African Lakes Boarding-house at Fort Johnston would be quite enough for me, and ordered a machilla team to be ready the next morning.

There were then no white women at Fort Johnston, or I would have called on them. I really felt it would be a great treat to see some of my own sex again, and in the afternoon (I arrived soon after lunch) I strolled round and saw a brickfield where natives were at work, and visited the native huts and bought a few bracelets from the native women, but Fort Johnston depressed me, and I felt I should be glad to leave it.



BETWEEN ABERCORN AND KANONGA ON THE RUKURU RIVER





It was a relief when the next morning came and I set off again with a machilla team. This time my machilla had two poles and was carried by four boys; not that I had increased in weight, but a four-boy machilla is the custom in this part of the country.

NYASALAND PROTECTORATE.

No. 4625


ENTRY PASS.

*Charlotte Mansfield* father, .....; chief,  
*Encland* village, .....; tribe,  
 ..... race, .....

has been medically examined for trypanosomiasis and has been found free from infection. He is hereby permitted to enter the *S. N. Yasa* District.

He states he intends to *Encland* Chief *H. M. Edwards*

Left thumb mark



*H. M. Edwards*  
 Medical Officer or other  
 Officer in charge of Entry Station.

Date *1/7/09*

MY SLEEPING-SICKNESS CERTIFICATE

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### *Zomba*

**I**N addition to my machilla team a small piccanin ran along with some cold luncheon for me in a basket and a dead fowl slung over his back, the latter destined to be cooked for my dinner when we should reach the rest-house. The spot I selected for lunch was beneath the shade of the quaintest tree I have ever seen ; it was a sort of family tree with a series of trunks all joined together.

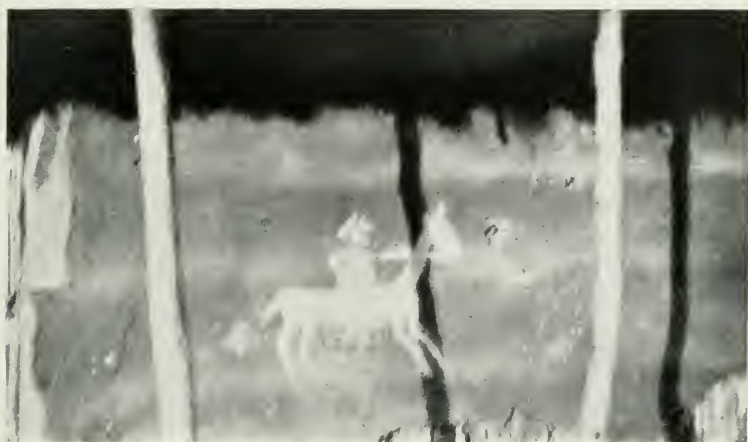
My new boys seated themselves quite close to me, and seemed to be enjoying a feast of sight, at any rate they never left off staring.

When I reached Mvera and saw the rest-house I wished I had not left my nice tent at Karonga, for this house gave one the "creeps" after being in it even for only a few minutes. The window of the best bedroom was broken, and the two natives in charge of the house were not of very fascinating appearance. However, the fowl duly appeared, cooked, and to my surprise and delight some fresh fish, so I forgave the natives their ugly faces, and enjoyed my meal.

Some little distance from the house were two huts in which the caretakers of the rest-house lived with their wives, the native village being some little distance away. Later in the evening I heard the sound of drums and shouting, which seemed to indicate that some festival was taking place, but I was too tired to walk in that

direction to see what was going on, and instead strolled across a few paces which lay between the rest-house and the river, and enjoyed the beautiful moonlight scene, listening the while to the grunts of a neighbourly hippo, who, accompanied by a chorus of croaking frogs, seemed to be serenading either me or the moon.

When I returned, I found the wife of the manager of my hotel busy pounding corn outside the hut. It was close on ten o'clock, and I was surprised to see the



NATIVE PAINTING ON HUT

woman working so late, but it seemed some natives had just come, and all the meal having been cooked, the woman had to prepare a further supply for either a late supper or an early breakfast, I could not quite ascertain which, but she made a pretty picture in the moonlight.

The next morning I discovered some rude paintings on the hut, an attempt to reproduce a horse. As horses are not very frequent visitors in the neighbourhood nowadays, I take it the work must have been by one of the old masters !

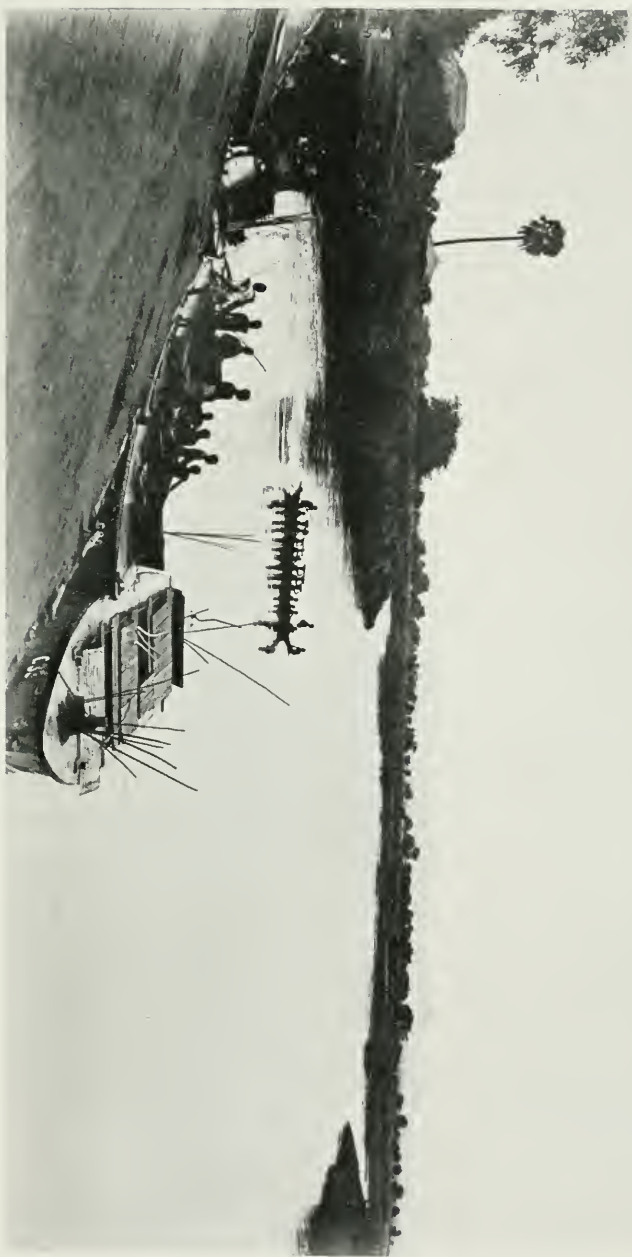
Apparently one approaches Liwonde through a lake of cabbages. I shall never recall without a smile that strange pond, covered with a growth like tiny cabbages, through which native ferry-men steered you across in boats larger than up-country canoes, in fact, seeming like barges in comparison with the dugouts to which I had grown accustomed.

Liwonde boasts of one white man's residence, but there was no white man, he having gone away on some excursion. I looked longingly at the house, stole some citrons from the garden, and then sorrowfully set off to the rest-house of the African Lakes Company. H.E. the Governor told me afterwards that I should have taken possession of the white man's house and stayed there the night, but used as I was to Colonial hospitality, I really had not the nerve to commandeer a house and all that therein was.

I should have reserved my grumbling at Mvera until I arrived at Liwonde. At the former place at any rate I obtained some fresh food, but here I could not even get an egg, and was forced to look through the contents of the corner-cupboard store which is in every rest-house. You take what you like from the cupboard, and then write in a book provided for the purpose what you have had.

I took a biscuit, and a glance at a tin of condensed milk, admiring its brown colour (without exaggeration the milk was the colour of mahogany), and then indulged in a whiff of the scent of a tin of salmon, and finally seized a small packet of cigarettes, hoping this last item would take from my memory the recollections of those other horrors.

A glance through the visitors'-book and the remarks contained therein was an education in itself, although during the last two years only a few had called at this



RIVER SHIRE AT CHIROMO, NYASALAND  
(By kind permission of Mr. Bruce)





House of Rest. Still I should advise the Company concerned to provide a new visitors'-book at all their rest-houses, for the critiques contained therein are not by any means advertisements.

A native capitaio, knowing English, has charge of the transport. I did not see him, he having gone to a beer-drink, at least so I was informed by a police-boy. However, the next morning he sent me fresh boys and the following letter :—

“ From the Head Caiptao, Resident,	To the Mrs. Esqre
“ Liwonde, Upper Shire District.	A. L. Store,
	“ Liwonde.

“ SIR,

“ I have the honour that I am sending to you the 16 carriers for your Mchila. Jim and I honour you that when you will reach at Zomba, singe the ulendo rate and return it with them.

“ I have the honour to be

“ Sir,

“ Y. O. S.”

It was indeed a faint and weary woman who arrived at Zomba, and very grateful indeed was I for the kind invitation Sir Alfred and Lady Sharpe gave me to rest a few days at Government House before proceeding to Blantyre. Lady Sharpe was a true Samaritan, for she literally clothed me, the boys not having arrived with my baggage, and, after the uncomfortable experiences since leaving the gunboat, Government House really seemed a haven of rest. I stayed there six days, and I am quite certain I should have been very ill had it not been for the great kindness I met with.

For Zomba I have nothing but praise ; it is really one of the most beautiful places I have seen. The view

from my bedroom window was so engrossing, I never tired of looking at it ; one wanted so to see the distant mountains under every aspect and at every changing time of day or night.

I felt I had indeed returned to civilisation, for Sir Alfred Sharpe not only has a motor-car but is quite an expert driver. Many white men at Zomba have motor-bicycles, and not only was the road between Zomba and Blantyre being macadamised when I was there, but also a fine road up Zomba mountain was in course of construction.

The road will enable the women and children to live on the height during the hot weather. About a hundred natives are employed on this road, the total cost per head for food and labour being 5s. 6d. a month.

There are fortunately no rivers to cross, only gullies, and the road is about ten feet wide. The natives employed on the mountain have shelters of branches of trees to sleep in at night, and a merry, cheery lot they are.

The bracing atmosphere on the top of Zomba mountain may be imagined when it is realised that the highest point of this plateau is 6647 feet above sea-level. The view to be obtained from here is beyond description. The whole country round is covered with forest, which is kept green and fertile by the many streams.

A successful trout hatchery has been established on Zomba mountain, and I saw both brown and rainbow trout sporting in the clear water and looking in a very healthy condition. We were greatly excited to find that some new baby fish had appeared. The pools where the trout live are shaded by much overhanging foliage, and are therefore difficult to photograph.

Zomba can boast of having electric light, and an amusing story is told of the dynamo at Government



BUSH-FIRE IN CENTRAL AFRICA AT NIGHT

(THE WHITE SHOWS THE FLAMES)

(This unique photo by kind permission of Mr. Stuart Wells)





House. A native was taught how to look after it, the dynamo being placed in his charge. Now it happened that the native committed a slight crime and was sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment. What was to be done? It was impossible to do without the electric light, and equally impossible to teach another native immediately the other man's work. The difficulty was solved by the native coming out of prison every evening and sitting by the side of the dynamo in charge of a police-boy so long as the electric light was required, returning to prison immediately the light was switched off.

I went over the prison, which is also a lunatic asylum, the mad patients being tied to trees in the daytime in order to give them fresh air. The cells are so made that the entire front is open to both light and air. The



TROUT SNAPPING FLIES. ZOMBA MOUNTAIN, B.C.A.

criminals are not allowed to be idle. They are taught such useful things as carpentering, tailoring, etc.

There is a very good hospital at Zomba, which I was glad to see was quite empty, also a library—in fact Zomba is well equipped with buildings.

I also went over the Legislative Chamber, which is quite a fine building and looks very important, but I could not help being amused at what seemed to me a rather comic-opera incident that occurred while I was there.



COTTON-PLUCKING SHED AT MR. LIVINGSTONE BRUCE'S FARM, B.C.A.

The Attorney-General arrived from Blantyre, and a Legislative Council was held, only three being present, and the next day an Executive Council was held to pass the laws made the previous day, and—the same gentlemen were present, but this time as Executive. It seemed a delightfully simple way of arranging matters, instead of our squabbling method, with the dissensions intensified by the reporters of the press.

The Mlanje mountain is especially beautiful. Rising abruptly from level ground, it attains the maximum height of 9846 feet. One of the paths of the northern end is used chiefly for the purpose of transporting timber from the cypress forest, which covers a large part of the mountain. So bracing is the air on this mountain that European invalids often go there specially for a rest



VIEW FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ZOMBA, B.C.A.



and change. There are many tribes in Nyasaland, but perhaps the more numerous are the Yao. They are very superstitious, and I was told on the gunboat that if a Yao sailor got his hand cut once he became melancholic, thinking his wife was unfaithful, but if he got two cuts then he became angry, and on reaching land divorced two wives !

Between Zomba and Blantyre is a very prosperous cotton farm, the property of Mr. Livingstone Bruce, who is a grandson of the great explorer and is justly proud not only of his name but also of the farm, the success of which is entirely due to his untiring efforts. Some of his fields yield as much as 180 lbs. each, a field being



AT MR. LIVINGSTONE BRUCE'S SAW MILLS, B.C.A.

about the size of an acre. Over 1000 acres are planted with cotton.

Cotton seed is exempted from import duty. Coffee and tobacco are also grown largely in Nyasaland.



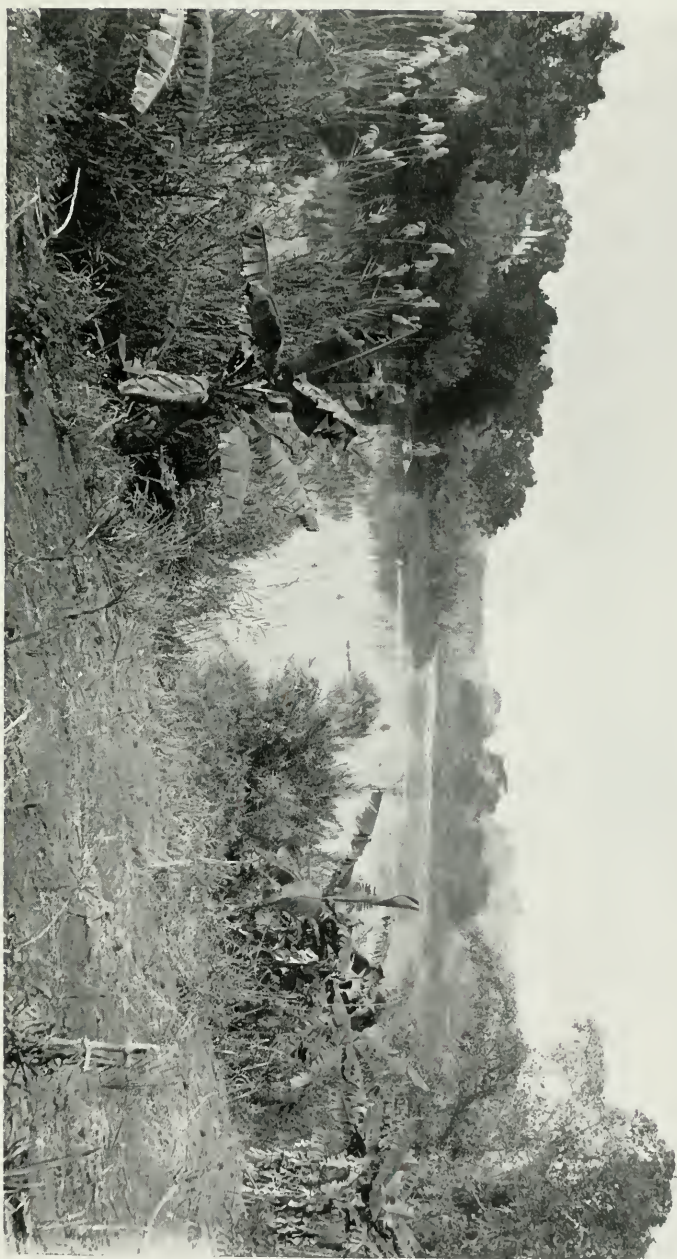
Blantyre, the commercial centre of Nyasaland, is forty-two miles from Zomba, and there is a rest-house midway, about twenty-five miles from Blantyre, at Namadzi. Ox waggons and mule carts are seen on this road, but there are very few horses in Nyasaland and as a rule carriers are employed, who usually get about 1s. a head for fifty miles, and take two days for such a journey, not carrying more than 56 lbs.

In order to save me the tediousness of a further machilla journey, Sir Alfred Sharpe kindly took me by motor part of the way to Blantyre, my luggage and a rickshaw having been sent the night before to wait for me, and so I did the journey comfortably in one day instead of having to spend another night at a rest-house. Of the condition therefore of the one at Namadzi I cannot report, but with regard to the others, a tent, please, in preference.

When approaching Blantyre I felt, indeed, that my travels in the wilds must really be at an end, for I met a white man who didn't take off his hat. It seemed quite strange to pass without speaking, and, in fact, I found Blantyre to be quite an up-to-date town. True, one paid visits in rickshaws or machillas, but there the difference between Africa and an English country town ended.

The boarding-house of the African Lakes Company was really a comfortable house to stay at, and life was made a condition of wonder by a landlady who sang twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four and never seemed to get tired or lose her cheerful smile.

I was most kindly entertained by the Judge and his pretty wife, and also spent a delightful Sunday at the Residency. And what pleased me very much, I found a kind woman who was willing to adopt little "Ugly." I knew it would be impossible to take him



VIEW ON THE SHIRE RIVER ABOVE THE MURCHISON RAPIDS, NYASALAND  
(By kind permission of Mr. Bruce)



to England owing to quarantine regulations, and the little mongrel had been such a chum I would have shot him rather than have risked his not being cared for.



LIGHTER WITH NATIVES COMING TO DRAG US OFF THE SANDBANK

There is a railway from Blantyre to Port Herald, a distance of forty miles, and at Port Herald one gets into a sort of gondola covered with a Lilliputian shed, called by courtesy a house-boat, and is paddled through the mud to a steamer, which takes you (if it doesn't get stuck on a sandbank) down the Shire and Zambesi Rivers to Chinde.

I enjoyed the trip on the house-boat very much, for it was a pitch-black night. As I sat in the bottom of the boat under the shed a rat came and ate the pugaree off my helmet.

At the Portuguese boundary a tall, thin, dark official, looking like the foreign villain of a melodrama, came on board the gondola—I mean house-boat—and very politely said good night, and the boys, as they paddled, made weird noises, which I suppose was their idea of

singing, and so the night passed until we got at last alongside the "Empress."

Of the journey down the Shire and Zambesi I can write little, for I was ill most of the time, so tired that I just wanted to sleep for ever and ever. I remember only that it was a comfortable boat and that the captain was fair and kind, and that for companions I had a Government nurse—and a missionary.

At Chinde, I remember, there seemed nothing but sand. I remember nothing else save a harmonium and hymns at the boarding-house, which disturbed me when I wanted to sleep, and a cheery English Consul, who invited me to the Consulate and took me out in his boat to the tug. And I am afraid I was not a bit pleasant to anybody, for I was oh ! so tired, and nothing seemed so desirable as sleep.



AFTER DRAGGING US OFF, NATIVES RETURN





CHINDE HARBOUR WITH RIVER-BOATS

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### *East Coast*

**B**ACK again to England ! It seems an endless distance the tug takes you out, past the " Land-mark " to the liner waiting outside the bar. Packed into a basket, you are safely " heaved " aboard, where, if you are fortunate, you land without too many souvenirs in the way of bruises.

The hooter, oh, the awful hooter ! But why does it sound ? Nothing is to be seen except water all round. The anchor is weighed, and before you have really settled down Mozambique is reached. Naturally, ashore, to see the fort, under the guidance of the amiable skipper, Captain Pohlenz. This fort, which now serves as a prison, was built in 1510, by slave labour, with stone imported from Europe. With its curious entrance, its hundreds of pigeons, and vegetable gardens behind the battlements, it could be anything except a prison.

The Governor's palace is a fine building, but everything is so quiet, the streets are so silent, with coral reefs sticking out here and there, the squares so empty, with their white and pink houses, giving the impression of glorious days long past. Since the seat of the Government has been transferred, Mozambique has become an unimportant place, although trade from the mainland concentrates on this little coral island.

Two days after Mozambique we approach a picturesque little lighthouse, just outside Zanzibar. The water takes

a pinkish colouring through the red coral bottom, and is nearly as clear as at Madeira, and here also natives dive with great skill after the pennies thrown into the water.

Zanzibar is a world of itself; it is Pompeii come to life, only more picturesque. Moham-medans and Indians, natives of the interior and of the island, form a variegated crowd, a heteroclitical display of nationality and colour.



"LANDMARK" OFF CHINDE

Who knows Zanzibar? I read a lot about it, saw many

pictures, painted and photographed, but I did not see it.

Those two days I was there seemed an hour, or less even; so much new, so much totally different, so much

more beautiful than anything else, it is impossible to describe Zanzibar. You must come and see it! Why go to the Riviera year by year, where after all you only see again the same people you saw in London? Why not



A LIVING LIGHTER AT MOZAMBIQUE

take a trip over these coasts to Zanzibar and back? These German steamers are comfortable enough, the food is excellent, practically every day fresh, and what you see is a thousand times more fascinating than the various hats and frocks of latest fashion, or the people who wear them at Monte Carlo.

When landing you are assisted by hundreds of black hands out of the little boat, and the only way to get rid of the crowd is to engage one of them as a guide. His name will probably be "Winston Churchill," or "Lloyd George," or some similar name, reminding you again of English politics with all their worry and trouble, with all their insincerity and hollow phrases. The best you can do is to let him carry your kodak.

How I tried to "snap" one of the veiled Mohammedan women! It seemed impossible, they all run away and

are afraid of the camera, but with some intriguing, by hiding the camera to the last minute, I managed it, and you can see some results of my little dodge.

Why the women wear black and not white cloth I cannot understand, it seems so odd.

The curio-shops, crammed with ornaments of gold and silver, ivory goods, precious stones, ebony carvings

and sticks, silk and cotton wear, are very inviting, but not so interesting as the real native shop where the owner sits outside. Here you can find really good curios worth having, from bedsteads to trunks, from anklets to ear-rings, from shoes to head-gear, everything piled together, seemingly rubbish without value, but still it offers an amazing temptation to spend hours looking for bargains.



ENTRANCE TO FORT, MOZAMBIQUE

A lovely drive through the clove plantation is well worth the time. Small white houses peep forth here and there with their mysterious inhabitants, through beautiful palm trees and abundant tropical vegetation. Ruins, witnesses of once grand old times, remind you

of the history of ancient Zanzibar, with its slave trade and man-eating tribes.

But back to the town again, with its hustling crowds, who anxiously try to avoid being run over by the steam tram that comes whistling and puffing out of the narrow street, to cross the bridge and then disappear along the river-side.

Probably through their narrowness the streets appear so picturesque; here and there a "mashra-bije," a grilled window of a harem, with all its puzzles and mysteries behind it, artisans in their open shops at work, turning silver and gold into all kinds of ornaments, Indian traders of all tribes, children and goats—all these and more enter into the composition of a picture you will find nowhere else, a picture which you cannot even imagine.

On the way to the landing-station near the new palace there is a quaint old stone ship, high and dry, a couple of hundred feet long, which in the olden days



ZANZIBAR WOMAN HIDING FROM KODAK



was used as a bath for the ladies of the Sultan's harem. You can imagine the yarns and stories, and therefore I need not give them.

The anchor winches are again at work, a last look, as if on a lost paradise, and very soon we are again on the high seas, bound for Dar-Es-Salaam, the modern "Harbour of Peace."

The "Kronprinz," one of the fine liners of the D.O.A. Line, anchors outside the lighthouse, and the captain intends entering at daybreak. You must get up and see the narrow channel through which, with great skill, our floating home is guided into one of the finest natural harbours existing. Rounding the corner where the water seems hardly deep and broad enough for one ship to get through, one of the most charming surprises awaits the early riser, a fine modern city, with beautiful buildings rising amongst palms and other lovely trees.

In 1862 a Sultan of Zanzibar, Said-Majid by name, decided to build a town at this place, and commenced erecting a palace which, however, was never completed. What Cape Town has been to South Africa, Dar-Es-Salaam will be to German East Africa. With the railway rapidly advancing to the interior, there is no doubt that this German base will be a very important commercial centre. The town itself is possessed of well-laid-out wide streets, lined with trees, and everywhere you are impressed by the *amtliche* (official business-like) appearance of things. It is not a Zanzibar with all its beauty, but a new creation which has undoubted charms.

The "Bier Garten" of Mr. Schultze is deserving of imitation. Sitting under the cool, shady trees even I, not accustomed to beer, enjoyed a large glass of it. Why do we English not adopt this style of refreshment; why must it always be whisky and soda?

A good lunch on the verandah of an excellent up-to-date hotel at the far end of the town makes you forget that time has wings.

The monument to Wissmann attracted my attention. It is a tribute to a brave, far-sighted man, who with firm hand did a great deal towards establishing German authority in these parts.

Next morning early we leave and make headway for Tanga, an old world amongst new places shooting up



NATIVE DIVERS, ZANZIBAR  
(By kind permission of Mr. P. Brandt)

out of the ground. Tanga reminds you in a way of Mozambique, only that it has palms and ferns, and abounds in a wealth of tropical growth. The market is quite an attractive sight. It is laid out in the old Arab style of a circle within a circle, and was the first of its kind I saw.

It is near Tanga that, lately, the farmers have taken a great fancy to rubber, and declare that for this product, as well as for mahogany, there is a big future in store for them.

From here the railway runs to Umhesa, and it is being carried on farther as quickly as the Reichstag votes funds, but they are just as stingy in this respect as our lords and masters, and think that civilisation comes first and railways follow, whereas the opposite is the constant truth, as anybody can see who wants to see.



A BEAUTIFUL DOOR IN ZANZIBAR

Half a day later we enter Mombassa, or rather its harbour Kilindini, where, amongst cocoanut palms and the luxuries of tropical foliage, wharfs and warehouses are now being built. From here a man-propelled tramway takes you in twenty minutes over a lovely road, lined with giant trees, to Mombassa.

From here begins the main road to the interior of Uganda, and from here start all expeditions to

Khartoum and Cairo; I have even seen one such trip (that of Mr. and Mrs. Hellman of Johannesburg) described as a Cape to Cairo tour. Winston Churchill and Roosevelt took this route, via Nairobi. It is such a pity to see in all stores, even chemists' shops, only Indians, mostly Parsees, and I regret to think that

Winston Churchill was right when he named Mombassa "an annex to the Indian Empire."

After a few days we round Ras-Hafun, the most eastern cape of Africa, where with a little imagination you can see a giant lion watching the sun.

The sea, which had not been behaving too well, on



ROAD TO BU-U-BUL, ZANZIBAR

account of the monsoon, suddenly took the appearance of a huge duck pond after we had turned into the Gulf of Aden, and had not tiny little dhows, which we quickly passed, shown us that we were moving, one might have thought the boat was asleep.

It was here that one day at lunch I heard the following amusing story.

A man had many fowls, some of them very valuable

ones, and to his great disgust he found that somebody was busily and ingeniously engaged in stealing them. After a while he became suspicious of one of his native servants, and decided to test them. One evening he



NATIVE SCHOOL IN ZANZIBAR

called them together, and after they were all assembled he showed them a large pot which stood upside down on the table, and told them that he had put a fowl under it. He then informed them that he would put out the light, and they were to pass one by one and put their hands flat on the pot, and as soon as the thief should do this the fowl would crow.

He turned the light out, and the procession began, and to the joy of the guilty one the fowl did not crow. The owner of the fowls turned the light on again and then looked at the hands of each servant, and as he had blackened the pot, he found all to have blacking on their hands except the guilty one, who had been too frightened to touch the pot, fearing the fowl would crow.

Aden! Yes, there in the distance those rocks, huge



rocks, barren rocks, brown and nearly black in places, with not a sign of life, not a sign of habitation, not a sign of floral growth, only a solitary signal station on the top ; yes, that is Aden ! After rounding and entering the harbour, a more animated scene appears. A large "P. & O.-er" and several other steamers were in the roadstead, and a number of small boats communicating with the shore.

It was a Mohammedan holiday, and everyone was in a suitable mood. Native caf  s were full of customers enjoying coffee with doubtful sweets of huge dimensions, and some kind of pastry that did not look too inviting. Farther up the street was a merry-go-round, patronised not only by the shouting youth, but also by grown-up men, who seemed to enjoy it more than the children. How happy are these people, even with their vices (?)



NATIVE MERRY-GO-ROUND, ADEN

(may I call them vices?). I never saw any gambling that approached what I saw that day. Young and old, everyone at it, and the games that were played were far superior to "Trente et Quarante," for you lose your

money much more quickly and much more surely, and, after all, that is what the "bank" must aim at.

I tried to take a snapshot, but the crowd made it quite impossible. I did not see the Tanks, but I think I spent my time much better in having a glimpse behind the curtain at native life.

I shall never forget that row of little gambling tables, and the expressions on the faces of "bank" and "loser." I could have watched them for hours, and I only regretted to hear the hooter, again that same awful hooter, reminding us to return to the boat, where we arrived in the nick of time.

Very soon we passed Bab-el-Mandeb, and the small island of Perim, which, being a first-class cable station, is rather important.

The Red Sea! Why are people so frightened? The heat is in no way unbearable, and the monotony of the voyage is broken several times by the passing of some tiny islands, mere rocks sticking out of the sea, with lonely lighthouses thereon. The most celebrated are the Two Brothers and the Dædalus.

And then, after imagining that we saw Mount Sinai, in the distance is Suez.

Here I found a woman carrying on a profession which I do not envy her. After we dropped anchor, the Port Doctor's launch, with a little yellow flag, arrived alongside, and to my greatest astonishment a young woman walked up the "fallreep" and performed the duties of medical officer of health. She has been here for several years, and is always most amiable, so I was assured, but unfortunately I did not notice much of her amiability, because, when I asked her permission to take her photograph, to show in England further proof of the justice of our desire for equal rights, she abruptly turned round and walked away. Before I recovered she was on the



ZANZIBAR, THE BRIDGE



gangway, leaving the boat, but I just managed to get a "shot" at her.

Now I understand why some people talk about losing your feminine ways when you become emancipated. Anyhow, it requires a good deal of pluck to fill such a post as Port Doctor in Suez, and I must admit that I admire this woman who, in a trying climate, has carried out these duties for so long a time.

Something had gone wrong in the canal, and we had to wait a long time before we were allowed to enter. In the meantime, further steamers arrived, and at last, when we started, there was a stately number of boats lined up, including an Italian man-of-war. Carrying the mail, we entered first. To describe



PORT DOCTOR AT SUEZ

the impression created by this narrow strip of water running through an endless desert would require more space than my courteous publisher will allow me, and therefore I can only say "Come and see it yourself!"

The mystery of passing at night, with moonlight and the searchlights of the other steamers behind us, is beyond comparison; it is weird and singular, it is



interesting and fascinating, with its ever-changing shadow pictures on the white banks of sand.

About half-way the canal widens, when we enter the Bitter Lakes, with Ismaila on the distant shore, and a

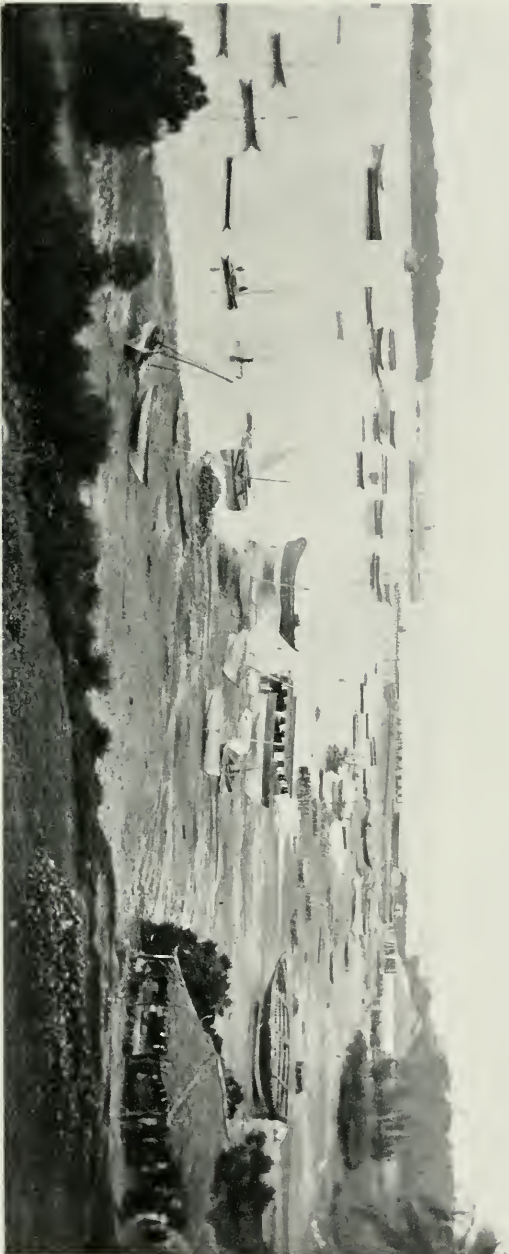


MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN BUYING FRUIT, ZANZIBAR

few hours later the canal again widens into Lake Menzaleh, where swarms of ibis, the holy bird, attract considerable attention.

Huge dredgers are widening and deepening the canal, and a number of dhows begin to animate the scene. On the distant horizon we can see the outline of buildings and masts, Port Said, the most international port in existence. Every language is spoken here, every coin is accepted, but still one feels one is close to Europe.

The town is as cosmopolitan as can be, but I think the Indians outnumber the others. The curio shops are crammed with all kinds of highly desirable things at most undesirable prices—Egyptian cigarettes, which, as a rule, if bought from the “hawkers” at seemingly low prices are of still lower quality; Japanese goods in all their coloured and attractive flimsiness; Arabian charms,



HARBOUR OF TANGA. D.O.A. LINER "KRONPRINZ"



little green beetles, "askarabije," offered at £10 apiece, which you ultimately get for a shilling and then have paid tenpence too much for. You feel so proud, after bargaining for the best part of an hour, that you have at last succeeded in obtaining some lace or needlework at what you think your own price, the merchant declaring, on oath, "I lose, I lose, but if you promise to tell no one, I will let you have it, but I lose!"

Does anyone really believe that a trader will sell you something whereby he loses? But you do not want to be a philosopher, you are happy at the thought of a bargain.

I saw one traveller, who thought he knew a lot, assisting some fellow-travellers to try to "do down the beastly Kuli." They were bargaining about some little lace handkerchiefs, when one of the Indians took down a beautiful shawl for which he wanted £8. Our guiding man, having no intention to purchase, wanted to show his superior cleverness, and offered £1. The merchant said, "My brother, why offend me? Take everything, all is yours, but do not offend me; I will give it for seven pounds." Our friend answered again, "One pound."

After the others had at last finished their purchases, real genuine bargains, and were leaving the place with regret that so many fine things should remain there and they possess so few, and were getting into a little cart, out comes the offended man again with the shawl: "Two pounds, because you were so kind."

"One pound," replied our man, climbing into the cart and directing the driver to drive on.

"All right, it's yours for one pound."

Our friend pulled rather a sad face, but had to take it, and did not miss an opportunity in the further drive to show "how to get them down."

When they returned to the boat, just in time not to be left behind, our clever friend discovered that the shawl he actually got was about half the size of the one he saw first, and not worth more than about ten shillings. It is sometimes wrong to want to be too clever.

I enjoyed an excellent lunch in a new restaurant at the upper end of the quay, where, in the open, under an enormous canopy, the statue of Lesseps, the constructor of the canal, can be seen.

Half of the pleasure of living will go if ever the time come when we shall know for certain what happens after death, and to be certain what to-morrow will hold would probably take away half the inducement to live through to-day. And yet, few of us can say that we have not at some time of our lives tried to peep into the unknown future, always telling our friends that of course we don't believe in palmistry or astrology; but it is very amusing to hear.



DÆDALUS LIGHTHOUSE

It was here in Port Said that I met a wonderful palmist, an Indian. I was walking with two friends, when he accosted us and asked leave to tell my fortune. At first



I demurred, but the man's face looked so intelligent, and he had such beautiful artistic hands, I had to consent, and so we sat down at a table outside a café, ordering some ice-cream. And then followed a few minutes full of



SIGNAL STATION IN SUEZ CANAL, NEAR BITTER LAKES

wonder, for the Indian was a marvel—by palmistry he gave details of the past and foretold the future, parts of which seemed to me most improbable and out of the question ; however, all of what he said with regard to the latter came true within six months ! And yet he could not possibly have known me, for the town was filled with the passengers from many liners. Perhaps the most marvellous thing about the “fortune” was that this Indian told me practically the same as “Cheiro,” the first celebrated London palmist, and the “Queen of the Gipsies” both told me over ten years ago !

Yes, Port Said is a wonderful place, fascinating by day, though dangerous, I am told, by night. Some of the most amusing street loungers are the conjurers, with their beaming smiles and seemingly cruel fingers as they pretend to cut off the head of a chicken, producing

"one little chicken, two little chickens, three little chickens" instead.

But the smiles which come so readily at Port Said vanish when one nears the Straits of Messina. Terrible beyond imagination is the devastation the recent earthquake made at Messina. The greatest suffering occurred at Reggio and Pazzo, where the ruins still standing show the skeletons of former houses, and vividly display the havoc that Nature can do when she rends the earth and lays low the work of man.

In comparison with the beautiful stretch of water and the romantic situation of the old towns, how hideous are the dwellings which have been hurriedly erected for the poor homeless people to take shelter in! They look like ugly barracks, as though a common man in check trousers had suddenly dared to sit down on a Rose du Barry satin couch of ancient date! Better the wreckage and silence than those ugly landmarks.

Terrible, it is said, was the ruthless plundering that proceeded before military assistance came to aid in keeping order. Women were found minus their fingers, they having been hurriedly cut off by the brigands in order to secure the rings. Crime followed the disaster as though man wished to add a darker shadow to the sorrow for which Nature was accountable.

After passing the "Charybdis," of which one sees very little, we make a sharp turn and head for Naples.

Although the boat stays here only one day, it is possible in that time not only to go ashore, but also to catch a train which will take you out to Pompeii and back in time to return to the steamer again, if you are proceeding to Marseilles. Lunch can be obtained at the station at Pompeii.

The first thought that enters one's head when traversing the narrow streets of this one-time city is, what tiny

people must have been the inhabitants, for not only are the streets narrower than those of Zanzibar, but the rooms in the richest houses are so small that to speak of feasts and what not being held therein is to summon up a vision of a Lilliputian people. It seems impossible to believe that chariots with three horses abreast ever dashed through the narrow streets, or that even a moderate-sized man or woman lived in any of the houses. The only places where it appears at all possible that more than two persons could have breathed at the same time are the stadium and the bath.

Apothecaries' shops were apparently only the size of pill-boxes, and the only substantial remaining evidences that Pompeians really existed with the same healthy appetites as ourselves are the ovens of the public bakeries.

Everyone, after visiting Pompeii, must wish to possess at least one room decorated in black and scarlet, for the walls still existing in the house of the famous two brothers Vettii display how truly artistic such a scheme of colours may be.

Pompeii is too fascinating; one would wish to stay a long, long time and wander alone without a guide through its many silent streets, a wordless poem in stone.



SELLING COFFEE IN THE STREET, PORT SAID

One's imagination fills in the space which lies between the then and now, and one sees not only the stepping-stones over which pedestrians used to cross the streets when water flooded through, but also the little lady

gathering her robes about her and poisoning her sandalled feet, while cavaliers in gorgeous drapery hover near. The sky above must have been as blue then as now, and the perfumes from the gardens as sweet.

To travel in one year from a new country such as Rhodesia to an old and buried world like Pompeii is to see, as it were, the beginning and the end of many things, and to learn the lesson that too



TRAMWAY, PORT SAID

much luxury spells not civilisation, but decay.

Strange, indeed, are the ways of human beings! A new town is to be built at Messina on the ruins of the old one, and though round Pompeii one sees vast tracts of land covered with the lava that fell only a year or two ago, yet people come as near as they can to build fresh houses and make new gardens. Beautifully fertile is the land around, and a smiling people seem happy on

the verdant earth, though Vesuvius towers above with menacing mien, and smoke from its height seems to rise up as though Nature were offering a perpetual monument of mockery to man.



MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN IN ZANZIBAR



## CHAPTER XXXIX

### *Beware of Your Friends*

THE “New York Press” of September 8th, 1909, gave publicity to the following statement :—

#### “WOMAN ENJOYS AFRICAN HUNT.

“Charlotte Mansfield, a young English novelist, has returned to London from a hunting-trip over the same African wilds now being traversed by Theodore Roosevelt. She travelled 400 miles alone, with 100 native carriers, and shot four lions and two elephants, in addition to specimens of every other kind of big game in British East Africa. She reports the natives welcomed her to their villages, signalling with drums from one kraal to another, that a white woman was coming. At every village she was met by the black chief, who in token of peace and goodwill threw bows, arrows, and spears on the ground at her feet. Miss Mansfield found a woman the chief of one tribe, and by her was embraced for the gift of a bar of soap. The young Englishwoman did not see a white man for four weeks. When returning to the coast she met President Roosevelt in Nairobi, and he grew enthusiastic over her accounts of her hunting exploits.”

Who said “liar”?

Others in England did it nearly as well.

The "Daily Mail" of the 16th August, 1909, had a paragraph as follows :—

"FIRST WOMAN TO CROSS AFRICA.

"Miss Charlotte Mansfield, the novelist, who has achieved the distinction of being the first white woman to travel through the continent of Africa from the Cape to Cairo, arrived in London on Saturday afternoon."

The "Evening News" of October 5th, 1909, said :—

"Only quite recently Miss Mansfield returned to London from a journey through Africa from the Cape to Cairo, and she claims that she is the first woman to make this complete journey overland."

And then there was this wonderful bit of geographical imagination in another paper: "From Abercorn, in N.E. Rhodesia, she traversed Central Africa by rail, and after a three days' journey got to Zomba. This was the last stage before Cairo was reached, which city she was not allowed to enter owing to infectious disease prevailing there!" That railway through Central Africa the Colony is still hoping for, and Cairo is something like 3500 miles from Zomba—and then the funny excuse for not getting in!

If you are not personally concerned you cannot know how annoying this hash is. It is quite a relief to see a letter like the following, which appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" of January 27th, 1909, that is, sixteen days after I left England :—

"To the Editor.

"Sir,—In justice to Miss Charlotte Mansfield, who is now *en route*, I should like to state that she never claimed to be 'the first woman to attempt the overland journey.'

"I interviewed her just before she started, and she particularly impressed upon me the fact that she was not the first woman to attempt the journey, but the first to go along this particular route under the same conditions—which is quite another thing.

"Miss Mansfield was extremely modest about her own journey, and is, I should say, the last woman in the world to wish to rob another of her laurels."

Or such a paragraph as this, which appeared in the "Pelican" of the 13th January, 1909 :—

"Miss Mansfield believes she will be the first woman to go along this particular route under these conditions."

And in August, 1909, in the "Globe," "Daily Graphic," "Morning Post," "Morning Leader," "Nottingham Express," "Birmingham Post," "Glasgow News," "Manchester Despatch," and so on, and so on, one can read :—

"At Lake Tanganyika she had to abandon her original intention on account of sleeping sickness, and in consequence went via Nyasaland to the coast."

In the August issue of "Travel and Exploration" there is a paragraph headed, "Abandonment of Miss Mansfield's Trans-African Journey," in which appears the following statement :—

". . . . The prevalence of sleeping sickness, however, in the country that lay ahead of her constrained her to abandon her intention. Had she determined to go on she would probably have won through, but to do so would have been to endanger the lives of her carriers and to incur the responsibility of spreading the most fatal of all African diseases. In accepting failure she has chosen the better part. She will return by way of

Lake Nyasa and the Shire River, reaching the coast at Chinde at the mouth of the Zambesi."

And in the "Review of Reviews" for September, 1909, occurred this passage :—

"Yes," said Miss Mansfield, "what I really set out to do was to cross Africa from the Cape to Cairo in one journey. So far as I can learn no one has yet done that, though several have done it in two or three journeys. As it was, I only reached as far north as Abercorn, south of Lake Tanganyika ; there sleeping-sickness regulations upset all my plans. I don't think the extent and ravages of it are at all realised here."

I myself sent the following letter to a number of papers :—

"In order to prevent any erroneous impression being formed as to my having crossed Africa from Cape to Cairo by land, I should esteem it a favour if you would publish this letter. I am anxious to have it known that I was prevented from proceeding north of Abercorn (Lake Tanganyika) owing to the ravages of sleeping sickness having stopped all traffic by natives on the road, as well as all steamer transport on the lake. After being informed by the officials that my progress northward was impossible under these circumstances, the lives of too many people being at stake, I was reluctantly compelled to proceed with my caravan via Nyasaland to Chinde. From here I came to Marseilles by the D.O.A. liner 'Kronprinz' by the Suez Canal route."

Most papers concerned had the courtesy to publish this letter and have not again referred to the imaginary travels. One paper, however, appears to have ignored the letter completely, and, as I found out later, its first

nonsense was republished in other papers under the same control, through which I have suffered a good deal of inconvenience.

I must refer here also to another matter. Throughout Rhodesia I had given my London address as "The Lyceum Club, London."

When I returned to London in the middle of August, I found a letter awaiting me dated February 3rd, 1909, notifying me that I had been expelled from the Club on account of my novel, "Love and a Woman."

The following is from "Truth," September 1st, 1909:—

" . . . The facts are briefly as follows: Miss Charlotte Mansfield, the novelist, whose name has been recently before the public in connection with an adventurous African journey, before she left England published a novel dealing incidentally with the Lyceum Club and its members, in a spirit, I should perhaps add, of approval that was almost adulation. Miss Mansfield, as it happened, left England for Africa within a few days of the appearance of the book, leaving the Lyceum Club, of which she was a prominent member, as her London address. On her return to London she was amazed to receive a letter from the Secretary of the Club, informing her in sufficiently brusque terms, that her novel had been brought before the notice of the Executive Committee, and that, acting in accordance with the powers conferred upon it by Rule II, her membership was cancelled and her name removed from the register of members. Furthermore, she also found that letters addressed to her at the Club during her absence had been refused, which, as many of them were business communications, caused her very considerable inconvenience. . . . What is certain is, that the brusqueness of the Committee's methods leave very much to be desired from the point of



view of the ordinary member, who is thereby placed at the mercy not only of an autocracy but of one acting according to the best traditions of despotism. She may leave London one day and upon returning a month later may discover that she has been expelled the Club, be given the barest of reasons or no reason at all, and be condemned to suffer a slur upon her name without either explanation or the chance of appeal. In any ordinary man's club the procedure in such a case would be for the offending member to be called upon for an explanation of his conduct. If the Committee or sectional committee considered the explanation unsatisfactory, he would then be called upon to resign, and failing that be expelled. I am ready to admit that in a woman's club of so comprehensive a membership as the Lyceum, there might be occasions when it would be necessary to act promptly and to avoid discussion and the possibility of open scandal, though it should not, I think, be beyond feminine ingenuity to find a more satisfactory solution than by emulating the methods of the late Sultan. That difficulty, of course, in no way applies to the present case, wherein the victim was a well-known writer and an honoured member of the Club. The obvious and only decent course would have been to wait until her return to London—for her absence, and in a place where letters could not reach her, was a matter of common knowledge—to have then asked her for an explanation of the offence, whatever it might be, and if that were thought unsatisfactory, to have asked her to resign her membership.

“In failing to take this course I cannot but think that the Executive Committee has not only done grave injustice to Miss Mansfield, but may also be doing serious injury to the future of the Club itself. No one—certainly no woman—would care to leave her character and reputation at the mercy of a committee of other women,

however eminent, without the opportunity of appeal or explanation."

My amazement was followed by amusement at the impudence of the Club officials soliciting me in a letter dated July 3rd, 1909, and also awaiting my arrival, to buy members' shares of the Club. It is incredible, but I can produce the original letters.

On August 17th, 1909, my name still appeared in the "Lyceum Magazine," the recognised official organ of the Club, as a member of the Committee of the Oriental Circle.

I think, in fairness to the majority of the Committee, I should state that they, and also a very large number of other members of the Club, heard of my expulsion only after my return to England, and were for over six months quite unaware of the drastic decision arrived at by the few Committee members who were present at the meeting when the resolution in question was passed.

I have considerably more than a hundred letters from prominent members of the Club, in which they express their indignation at what some of them call high-handed procedure.

I attribute it also to the gross incivility of the Club management, in refusing to accept and redirect my letters until I took up this matter very seriously, that numerous letters, photos, and other communications from South Africa never reached me, and I therefore was unable to reply.

I take this opportunity of thanking friends and strangers who may have written to me and, never receiving an answer, must have thought me very rude.

## CHAPTER XL

### *Back to Sunshine*

I RETURNED to Africa much sooner than I had anticipated returning, and owing to certain reasons, which are not of public interest, came out this time on the D.O.A. liner "Admiral," by the West Coast. I knew, from experience on the East Coast, how comfortable the boats of this line are, and was glad of the opportunity of seeing a fresh route via Las Palmas and German S.W. Africa.

After leaving Southampton, the first port of call is Las Palmas, which is very much like Madeira. Perhaps it is not quite so pretty, but it affords finer views and contains more of interest, as, for instance, the cave dwellings. One has sufficient time to take a drive into the mountains to "La Brigita," where, amidst lovely flowers, an enjoyable breakfast is served. Returning, one notices better how the road has been ascending by serpentine windings to higher levels, and after a half-hour's drive one again arrives in the town. A fine Roman Catholic church is well worth visiting, and also the adjoining square, where are to be seen a large number of quaint bronze dogs.

A number of novices were on board, and when nearing Cape Verde they believed that the liner would stop to allow of their going shooting "rhino" on the coast. The steam-launch was fired up, a good picnic lunch packed into it, the first officer took the wheel, and the intending hunters were informed that as soon as he blew the

whistle the winches would hoist the launch up. The sailors at the winches were trying them, and making an infernal noise.

“All aboard?” “Yes!” was the answer. The whistle blew, and what then happened can be seen in the photo which the ship’s barber, Mr. Brandt, was happy in securing.



FIRE-DRILL ON BOARD "KRONPRINZ"

Swakopmund, the principal port in German S.W. Africa, looked so miserable with all its sand, that I quite understood one fellow-passenger remarking that he would not even like to be buried there.

A day later we entered Luderitzbucht, where new diamond fields have been found, and a very interesting study of human life was here afforded us. Adventurers of all kinds and of many countries seem to have found here a new El Dorado, and came by hundreds to the boat for fresh beer.



WANTING TO SHOOT "RHINO" OFF CAPE VERDE

(By kind permission of Mr. G. Brandt)





Again Robben Island, again Cape Town, guarded by Table Mountain, and good Captain Doherr took us safely into harbour.

My thoughts went back to the time when I saw it first with all the new and unknown before me. This time, also, I did not eat an apple.

Again in one of the large British Colonies, and to one's mind come the intricate questions which people in England discuss without knowing what they are talking about.

What does Great Britain ask of her Colonies? Cut away the political aspect, unmask the commercial proposition, come face to face with reality. What does Great Britain ask? Allegiance! Be true to me!

And what do her Colonies crave for? What is it that makes a sacrifice seem a gift, what is it that explains all, asks for all, and yet gives all? There is only one answer—Love.

We white people are a great family, and must cling together, for there are enemies abroad. The black and yellow races are not of us; why, then, should they be for us?

We whites must give of our best to each other, hope on our lips, love in our hearts, and the knowledge that "not too much trust, not too much faith," but *work* must be our armour, leading to our ultimate supremacy, remembering that where the white succeeds civilisation is at its best.

My task is over, I must say good-bye. Not good-bye to the sunshine, for Africa is now my home, but good-bye to the camp-fires, pictures in black and scarlet; good-bye to strange shadows with weird voices of the night; good-bye to the singing of the wind through the hours as it passed, making the tall grass and Kaffir corn quiver with thrills of its song; good-bye to the mystic lightning; good-bye to the elusive doves; good-

bye to my "boys," gallant giants, ignorant, yes, as we count knowledge, but how rich in the contentment nature gives and the man of means rarely knows! good-bye to my one and only journey, which started with faith, travelled through danger, and ended in love.

And good-bye to my book, in whose pages I have lived one year over again, and through whose voice I wish with all my heart to help those emigrants who are longing for life in a new world. If to them I give perchance a little hope and encouragement, then my work will not have been in vain, for courage can conquer every obstacle, even self.



GOOD-BYE

AUTHOR IN A NOVEL FRAME

A 19-ton casting for one of the large rock-breakers for the Voorspoed Diamond Mine, Orange Free State

## APPENDIX A<sup>1</sup>

### IMPRESSIONS OF RHODESIA

*Special for the "Rhodesian Journal"*

I HAVE been asked to give a few of my impressions of Rhodesia. Experience has taught me that, though I may perchance waver in an interval, I always return to my first conclusions, therefore I will give you my first impressions, feeling certain they will be lasting ones.

To begin with, Rhodesia is a surprise, in fact, the whole of South Africa is quite different to anything I had been led to expect. I fear, too, many of the folks at home hear only of the disadvantages, and thus imagine that malaria fever is contracted on leaving Southampton Water, lions await one at Cape Town, while as for food one has to live on tinned inferiorities eaten with a steel fork, instead of which you have not only comforts but luxuries.

Some Rhodesians complain of the quiet and say the towns are dull. If you grumblers could only realise how golden is the silence! A few days ago I went over a crushing-mill at a mine at Penhalonga. Believe me, the sound was music compared to three motor omnibuses all trying to pass along a London street at the same time. Then the absence of disagreeable odours strikes me as being one of your towns' chief charms. The air is so clear, so exhilarating, so free from the microbe-laden

<sup>1</sup> See page 115.

matter which stings one's nostrils, bringing in its trail the "hay fever" which is now really more prevalent in the towns in England than it was of yore in country places.

I have come while the rains are on, yes, but the rain, though heavy while it lasts, does not chill one to the bone, the sun shines between the showers. And what can I say in sufficient praise of the warmth and brightness of this glorious sun? It is all your fuel and half your food. "Too much sun sometimes," I hear it said; yet surely five months' sunshine without a single cloud is preferable to a five hours' fog.

The wild flowers and grasses are to me a constant delight. I wonder that we do not hear more of them in England, and I hope soon a great Rhodesian artist will arise able not only to depict the grandeur of the scenery but also the wealth of colours and bloom lying on every side within one's grasp.

Everywhere I find civilisation more advanced than I expected. It now only needs individual effort to bring to a speedy issue the glorious results of the Great Founder's dreams. It is to be hoped that those now participating in the profits will not lose sight of the original ideals, but, each laying aside party principles and petty interests, will strive to ennoble and beautify the wonderful country they occupy.

Salisbury and Bulawayo having each their special attractions so different in type, have no cause for jealousy and need never be rivals. In Salisbury, I hope soon will be laid the foundation stone of a really beautiful cathedral, to the building of which all Rhodesians of every denomination should contribute, well knowing that cathedrals are a nation's greatest monuments, and politically as much as from a religious point of view show the landmarks of progress. Destroy the cathedrals



of Europe and you annihilate one of the greatest, as well as artistic, assets.

If Salisbury is to be the cathedral city, why should not busy Bulawayo be the seat of literature and art ? The beginnings of to-day may mean the universities of the future.

Already you have a library, and it is good news that an adequate museum is to be built. Would it not be possible to utilise the same as a lecture hall, where lectures of practical use may ultimately with advantage be given ?

I should like to suggest that when the promised Young Men's Christian Association institution is opened, one night a week shall be devoted to literary debate, women being admitted, not only as guests, but allowed to take part in the debates. There is no greater bond of friendship between all classes than that which has an intellectual basis.

One trait which I find very delightful in the colonial character is the sincerity of courtesy amounting to genuine friendship. The polite froth of ultra-civilisation has not yet been developed, and let us hope never will. Also there is a breadth in thought and freedom in action, a courage of one's own convictions, which I think only comes from having room to breathe in. One does not tread on the heels of each other's thoughts, and therefore there are fewer faddists and no cranks. Where all are combining to build a city, there is less inclination to quarrel about each individual chimney-pot.

With regard to a health standpoint, I really do not think Rhodesia has much to complain of. I have not examined any statistics, but I doubt if fever is as great a scourge here as influenza is in England. Death may come quicker in some cases, but surely that is preferable to the lingering troubles of heart and lung which are left behind by influenza !

I have seen nothing of poverty since I left London, and it appears to me to be non-existent in South Africa. Every native as well as every white has food, raiment, shelter and sunshine, also the happiness which comes from a well-nourished body. It seems so long since I saw haggard, draggle-tailed women, shivering men and crying children, and yet only two months ago my heart ached at the daily sight.

What has impressed me most of all ? The Matoppos, the silence, and the simple grave. I never saw Cecil John Rhodes living, but everywhere I feel the influence of his spirit, which still lives, though his body is dead. And why does it live ? Because on every side is evidence that he lived for others and not for self. Let us hope that the lives of future generations of Rhodesians will be of sufficient nobility to prove the merit of his legacy of unselfishness.

*Most men are merely men and no part God,  
A few have thoughts which live beyond the sod,  
And so we say of Rhodes "He was a man,"  
Knowing that something more was his inspan.*

BULAWAYO,

14th March, 1909.

## APPENDIX B<sup>1</sup>

### LECTURE ON WORD PICTURES

*The Report of the "Rhodesian Journal"*

A WELL-ATTENDED gathering assembled at the Grand Hotel Hall on Saturday evening to listen to Miss Charlotte Mansfield's lecture on this subject. Mrs. R. A. Fletcher presided, and was supported by Mrs. Cummings. The proceeds were for the funds of the Loyal Women's Guild of Bulawayo.

Mrs. Fletcher, in introducing Miss Mansfield, said this was the first time in the history of Bulawayo that a lady lecturer had appeared before them. She hoped it would not be the last.

Miss Mansfield, who was accorded a very hearty reception, said :

" Shall I tell you why I chose ' Word Pictures ' ? Because someone, I grieve to say a resident, told me that Bulawayo was a dull place. There is no such thing as a dull place. Like Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Gamp's bosom friend, it does not exist. A place may be beautiful or otherwise, healthy or the reverse, but since wit and humour dwells in and comes from ourselves, and not from paving-stones or veld, a place cannot be dull, and to call it so is to accuse the inhabitants of being indolent or ignorant, or both, which the people of Bulawayo certainly are not.

" When anyone tells me he or she is bored I always feel inclined to reply : ' Who are you boring ? '

<sup>1</sup> See page 115.

“Now what I think you really need in Bulawayo is a new game, a game which amuses and at the same time is an education in itself ; and the study of Word Pictures may be both.

“The making of puns is the finding of the relationship of words ; word pictures are formed by their artistic and emotional arrangement ; pictures of life may vary in costume or differ in language, a different century will mean different spelling, but the sentiments, the passions, have ever been the same.

“I have heard people remark that they do not care for poetry ; they are unconsciously lying—they do ; but they do not recognise it as such. In every human being lies the germ of a poet, as every bushman’s painting proves that love of, or necessity for, art exists among all classes ; every human being at some moment in his or her life is a poet, perhaps not in words, but in either deeds or thoughts. Why, Rhodesia itself is named after a poet. Cecil Rhodes was a poet in thought and deed, although I do not think there is any record of his having written poetry, but his life showed it, the selection of his burial-place proved it.

“So far from imagination being a bar to progress or practical results, study history, read the pages of everyday life, and you will find that no man or woman ever accomplished anything of value, or made a mark in the world, who lacked imagination. Imagination is twin sister to faith, and with hope as a mother, may alter the history of nations.

“How is this game of Word Pictures to be played ? Begin by teaching children to play with words as they would with marbles, for if, as a child, one learns to make a pattern of words, one is weaving for old age a carpet of comfort. What matter if hearing fails or eyes grow dim, one can take down from the shelf of memory’s

store-room a picture and walk again through the gallery of one's youth.

“Many people if asked to express an opinion on the relative value of poetry and prose, would say that prose must be of more value than poetry, as it holds more truth, but I contend that it does not; poetry to live must be founded on truth, either as chronicling events or describing an emotion.

“You have no snow-topped mountains in Rhodesia, but you have an equal mystery in the wonders of the Matoppos. How long, I wonder, will it be before you realise the wealth of material waiting so near at hand? The pigments are there in the mountains, in the plains, in the dome of the ever-changing sky above; which of you will take this mass of inspiration and colour and make pictures that those in other lands may see? In your library you have mind pictures from all quarters of the globe; so far you have given little in description to these other lands—it is not a just exchange.

“After all, we remember most vividly the simple things of life, if those simple things hold a tiny string attached to one's heart. The work of Bernard Shaw will die; it excites one's brain but never stirs one's emotions to their depth. We do not care if his heroes or heroines weep or laugh, live or die, they must amuse us for the time being, that is all we desire. The pictures which will live are those which may have made us feel the magnetism of the warmth of the writer's blood mingling with their own.

“Do you ever pick up a stray button without thinking of Charles Dickens, and seeing the pictures of dear old Peggotty whose heart was too big for her bodice? or eat a herring without remembering Lady Nairn's beautiful song ‘Caller Herrin’?”

“If Swinburne had never written more than that



one line, 'The Gradual Sea,' he would have proved himself a poet, for in three words he gives us a seascape and marks the rhythmical measure of its grace and speed. The gradual sea—one seems to see it coming so gently yet so certain.

"It may seem a paradox to say that Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words are word pictures; they are, in that the music of the composer makes possible the poetry in ourselves. Who has ever listened to one of these so-called wordless songs without unconsciously accompanying the music with the story of one's own thoughts? To you it may mean one memory, to me another. We love this music and to it we can sing our secret songs, the poems of our inner selves, the sacred stories the world knows nothing of. Mendelssohn understood humanity, he knew that there are times when one's lips refuse to speak, when one's ears shrink from the recital of another's life history; when the soul seeks either solitude, or the music to which we may whisper in thoughts the yearning or the disappointments of life.

"The excuse that life is short is often given as an excuse for not studying literature. Instead of being an excuse for not doing, it should rather be the impetus for greater endeavour. A woman gives most thought to the gown she wears for the shortest length of time, a court dress in which to make one curtsy, a wedding-dress worn for an hour. We none of us embroider our shrouds, although we must needs wear them for many seasons.

"If life is short then each moment should be used. We grumble at Nature who makes a passion-flower to live only twenty-four hours; we cannot understand why so much should fade in so short a time, and yet we ourselves allow our thoughts to die almost at their birth without striving to keep or cultivate them.

"From the days that Thomas Pringle, who was born

in 1788 and died in 1834, and may be called the father of South African poetry, until the present day, you have had your artists of song, but the output has been small—very small in comparison to other lands, and yet from Table Bay to Tanganyika what a land you have! teeming with material for thought, filled with the beauty necessary for inspiration.

“We have studied many different kinds of word pictures to-night. Some novelists have even greater power of making us feel the actual presence of atmosphere than any painter who wields pallet and brush. If on being asked if you had crossed the desert you replied ‘Yes,’ you would be telling no lie if in reality you had never left Bulawayo, but while here had read Robert Hichens’ ‘Garden of Allah.’

“If, then, these writers can bring so vividly pictures to you, why should you not make pictures for each other and for those who have no opportunity of seeing your beautiful land? Some say that the English language is poor compared to Italian and French; it is rich in words, but rarely do we use them sufficiently in our daily life—our conversation is poor, we use the same words day after day, without some of the most beautiful words, which fall into disuse or are forgotten.

“I have a proposition to make: if you will form a literary debating society for the discussing and forming of Word Pictures in poetry and prose, I shall have much pleasure in offering a medal to be competed for, and will ask the President of the Poets’ Club, London, to act as judge of the most original Word Picture.<sup>1</sup> There will be two conditions, one, that the picture shall be written by a resident in Rhodesia, the other, that the subject shall be Rhodesian in character—that is, containing local colour or describing events connected with Rhodesia.”

<sup>1</sup> The two contributions adjudged to be the best are given overleaf.

## APPENDIX C

### THE SELUKWE HILLS

O THE fire of life breaks o'er the hills  
At the Spring's bright dawn ;  
For the sun has touched the branches brown  
And the trees wave their crimson pennons down<sup>1</sup>  
To greet the glad march of morn  
With the living fire of the hills.

O the fire of death creeps o'er the hills  
In the winter's night ;  
When the flames advance with relentless ire,  
Behind them destruction and blackness dire.  
The earth has no strength to fight  
'Gainst the fire of death on the hills.

O the fire of storm bursts o'er the hills  
When the thunders roar  
And the steel-blue arrows of lightning dart  
As if they would reach e'en the mountain's heart ;  
And torrents of rain downpour  
While the storm-fire plays on the hills.

O unmovable, steadfast the hills  
Whate'er may betide—  
Though the storm-fiend rage with awful force,  
Though black death follow the veld-fire's course,  
Yet, as the bridegroom the bride,  
Comes the fire of life to the hills.

DRUID.

<sup>1</sup> The new leaves of the mountain acacia are bright red.

## APPENDIX D

### NATURE IN RHODESIA

NATURE was in a grim mood when she came to Rhodesia. She was tired of being orderly and neat, tired of being prim and precise. She had been busy making a world, and here she threw down her spare materials and her palette and paints. She had given others of her best. She had left behind a bewildering choice of grass-hid nooks, silent creeks and water-bound islets. She had provided wide, placid streams that wound away between buttercupped meadows, bordered by withe and ash ; mirror-lakes ringed in by hills that seemed, Narcissus-like, to calmly contemplate their own beauty faithfully traced upon the waters below ; trees that sheltered the short, sweet grass and filled the sky with the leafy beauties of oak, larch, cedar, and elm. And yet her people wandered and sent her on to prepare other lands.

So, she arrived here, hot and panting and not a little sulky. They would wander ? Then, quoth she, they shall become as hot and as thirsty as their servant ; and she ordered things to her whim. She had a large country to cover and swept hurriedly over it. She gave us the broad art of the scene-painter, laying on as a background the great monotone of the veld to throw out more sharply the wild, rugged beauties of form that she piled up for us, oases of colour in a desert of drab. She gave us rivers, but not lazy, smug bodies of water content to

flow sluggishly on between prescribed limits as though in accord with their well-ordered surroundings. Instead, dashing, irresponsible watercourses that owned no banks nor confines, that slept in guarded pools and awakened to madly tear up their own bed, without thought for the discomfort awaiting when they should sleep again. She hurried on. There was no time to turn and sweep up after her. She left her chips lying around and upon the hills, irritating crumbs in the beds of her rivers, lumber on the flats—debris everywhere.

And over the whole, with a callous swing of her arm, she grudgingly scattered a few seeds.

Then, woman-like, she sat down and wept. Her tears formed the Zambesi and her seat the Falls. And the ever curious wanderers left their well-ordered lands to look upon the splendid scene of her sorrow.

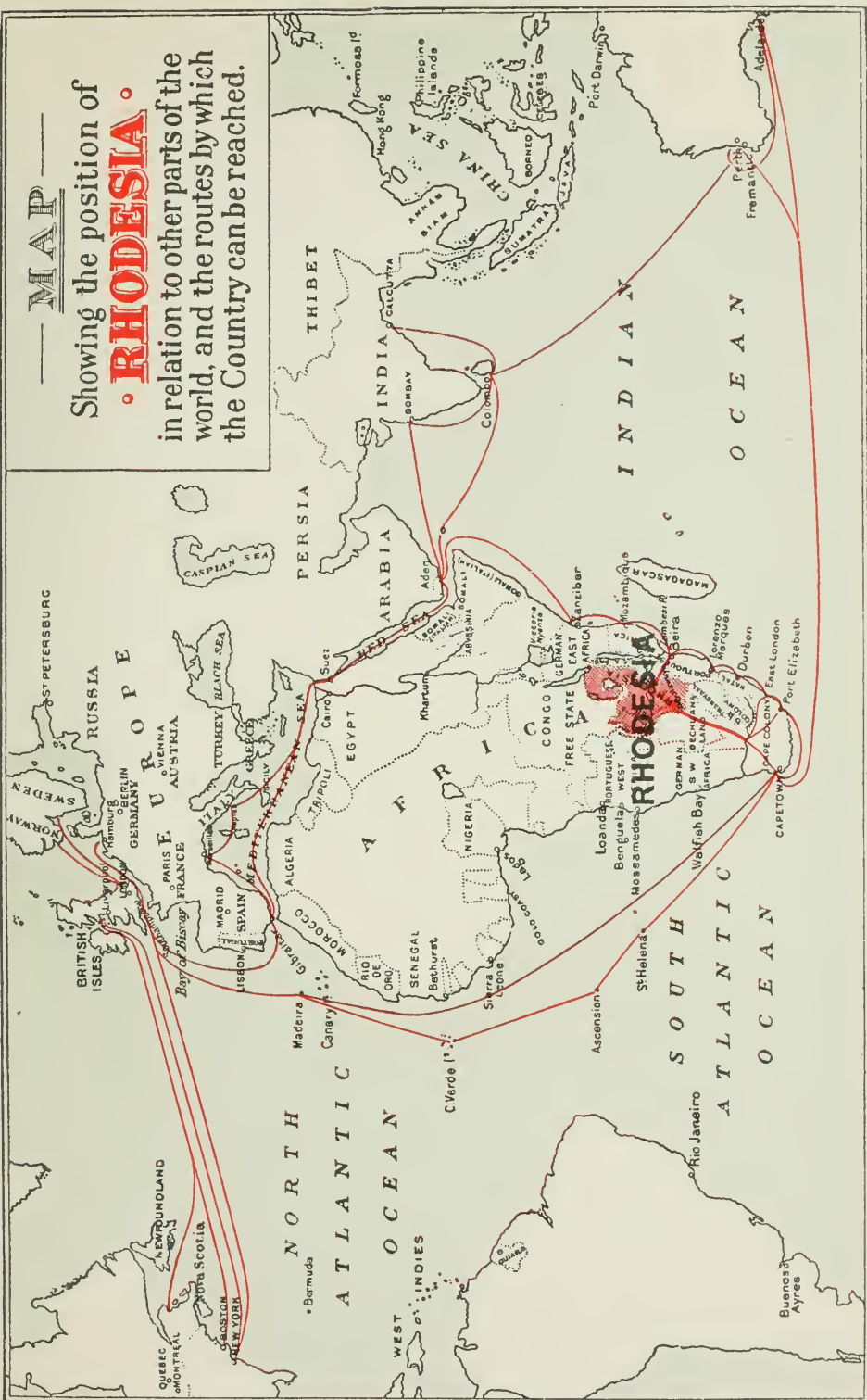
HYDRA.

*Gwelo, Rhodesia.*



# AL

Showing the position of  
• **RHODESIA** •  
in relation to other parts of the  
world, and the routes by which  
the Country can be reached.





## INDEX

### A

- Abercorn, N.E. Rhodesia, 167, 297  
 Abercorn, Southern Rhodesia, 167  
 Aden, 382  
 Agriculture, 151 ff.  
 — Mealie cultivation, 155. See  
     also Farming  
 Awemba. See Native Tribes

### B

- Barnardo's Homes, opportunity for,  
     238  
 Beattie, Dr., 120, 141  
 Bee-farming, 92  
 Belgium, H.M. the King of, 119,  
     303  
 Blantyre, 368, 369  
 Bodle, Colonel, 113  
 Boers, 39, 178  
 Brick-making, 237  
 British South Africa Company, 58,  
     151, 152, 153, 210  
 Broken Hill, 141, 160, 164, 166,  
     169, 171, 172, 176-8  
 Bruce, Mr. Livingstone, 367  
 Bulawayo, 50 ff., 115, 210, 413

### C

- Camping, 185, 199 ff., 214, 228,  
     242, 294

- Cape Town, 23, 25, 26, 29-34, 409  
 Chanda, 273-5  
 — Makuba, 273-5  
 Chinde, 372  
 Chisholme, Dr., 320  
 Chitambo, 236 ff.  
 Cholmondeley, Mr., 227, 229  
 Churches, 52, 97, 148  
 Citrus trees, 58  
 Climate, 93, 239, 298  
 Codrington, Mr., 147  
 Coffee-growing, 367  
 Colenso, Bishop, 101  
 Colenso, Miss, 102  
 Colour question, the, 24  
 Convicts, 85, 262  
 Cory, Professor, 103  
 Cotton-growing, 169 ff., 211, 367  
 Coxhead, T. C., Mr., 327  
 Crocodiles, 122  
 Cuckoos (Native Fowls), 208

### D

- Diamond mines, 46  
 Doves, 165  
 — as water-finders, 165  
 Dress, 114, 307

### E

- Easterbrook, Mr. Dove, 345

Education in South Africa, 52,  
94, 97 ff., 172, 237, 320, 321

Elephants, 122

Export—

Cheese, 155

Cotton, 170

Meat, frozen, 155

Tobacco, 211

## F

Farming—

Bee, 92

Dairy, 53, 155

Fruit, 58, 211

Mixed, 211

Poultry, 53, 90, 239

See also Agriculture, Cuckoos

Farming prospects in Rhodesia, 4,

53

Fauna of South Africa, 63, 122,  
165, 316

Fife, 322

Firearms, 29

Flora of South Africa, 55, 62, 63,  
75, 124, 135, 197, 226, 260-2,  
292

Fort Hill, 339

Fowls, 208, 239

French Mission Station, 37

Fruit-farming, 58, 211

## G

Game, 157, 161, 180, 209, 271,  
344

German liners, 375, 378, 405

German South-West Africa, 406

Goats, 208

Gold, 85, 167

Grass, long, 219

— lost in, 67

Groote Schuur, 34 ff., 69

## H

Hannon, Mr., 154, 156

Hassall, 199

Hippopotami, 122, 148

Hole, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, 77,

113, 177

Honey-bird, 268

Hospitals, 145, 363

Hotels, 81, 82, 145

Houses, Rest, 319, 339, 354, 356,  
368

## I

Ikomba, 315

Immigrants, hints for, 29, 30, 93,  
151, 212, 297. See also Settlers

Imports of South Africa, 54

Insects, 213, 268

Beetles, 148, 165

Butterflies, 294

Jiggers, 214

Mosquitoes, 255

Palpalous fly, 303-5

Ticks, 349

Tsetse fly, 267

## J

Jameson, Dr., 34

Johnston, Fort, 350

Jones, Averay, 285

Justice, Administration of, 285 ;

Prisons, 262, 287, 363

## K

Kalomo, 162  
 Kandahar Island, 121  
 Karonga, 341 ff.  
 Karoo, 39  
 Kasama, 284, ff.  
 Kawanda, 239, 240  
 Khami River, 60, 65  
 Khami Ruins, 60 ff.  
 Kimberley, 45, 46  
 King, H. M. the, of England, 144  
 Kopjes, 50, 65, 221  
 Kota-Kota, 349

## L

Las Palmas, 405  
 Leopards, 241  
 Lions, 82, 147, 226, 231, 263 ff.,  
     307, 317, 324, 325, 326, 343  
 Livingstone, 141 ff.  
 Livingstone, Dr., 132  
 Liwonde, 356  
 Lyceum Club, 402 ff.

## M

Macheke, 78  
 Machilla, 172 ff., 222, 240, 267  
 — Team, 178, 179, 193, 240, 255,  
     297, 353, 354  
 Madeira, 17-20  
 Mails, delivery of, 184  
 — missing, 144  
 Malarial Fever, 255  
 Mansfield, Charlotte, origin of her  
     journey, 8; her outfit, 9; her  
     shooting practice, 10; leaves  
     England, 14; arrives at Cape

Town, 22; visits Groote Schuur,  
 34; Kimberley, 44: travels on a  
 railway engine, 49; arrives Bula-  
 wayo, 50; visits Khami ruins,  
 60; Rhodes's grave, 69; arrives  
 Salisbury, 75; lectures, 115; at  
 Victoria Falls, 119 ff.; her first  
 encounter with natives at Living-  
 stone, 141; crosses Kafue River  
 as letter, 161; arrives Broken  
 Hill, 164; her Machilla team,  
 172; travels north by Machilla,  
 173; engages interpreter, 176;  
 in camp, 184; carried through  
 swamps, 203, 242; barter with  
 natives, 208, 316; reception of,  
 by natives, 216, 227, 240, 242, 273,  
 339; arrives at Serenje, 227; has  
 malarial fever, 255, 259; arrives  
 Kasama, 284; arrives Abercorn,  
 301; abandons projected journey  
 to Cairo, 305; arrives Ikomba,  
 315; arrives Fife, 322; arrives  
 Karonga, 343; arrives Zomba,  
 359; returns to England, 373;  
 expelled from Lyceum Club,  
 402 ff.; and Journalists, 398;  
 returns to South Africa, 405  
 Marandellas, 81  
 Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh, 302  
 McKnight, Doctor, 168, 173, 175  
 Medicines, etc., 204 ff., 255  
 Melland, Mr., 256  
 Messina, 394  
 Milton, H. E., Sir William, 78  
 — Lady, 78  
 Mines, 85  
 — coal, 171, 207

Mines, diamond, 46  
 — gold, 85, 167  
 — lead and zinc, 168  
 Mining, 153, 158 ff.  
 Missions in South Africa, 52, 94,  
   97 ff., 238, 254, 256 ff., 321  
 Moffat, Mr., 236, 237  
 Mombassa, 380  
 Mosquitoes, 255  
 Mountains—Matoppos, 37, 69  
 — Mlanje, 364  
 — Zomba, 360  
 Mozambique, 373  
 M'pika, 263, 267, 287  
 M'pumba, 254  
 Muizenberg, 33  
 Mulungushi, 178  
 Mvera, 354, 336

## N

Native canoes, 222  
 — carriers, 214, 220, 221, 239, 339,  
   354, 359, 368  
 — carriers, letter, 184  
 — huts, 343  
 — labour, 153, 169  
 — manners, customs, and superstitions,  
   57, 178, 180, 192, 194,  
   206, 214, 215-16, 222, 241,  
   243 ff., 294, 315, 328 ff.  
 — morals, 89, 93-4, 172, 237-8  
 — music, 149, 239  
 — news carrying, 234-5  
 — paintings, 355  
 — trading, 208, 273  
 — tribes—Ainamwanga, 250, 328  
   A'Mambwe, 310, 328  
   Angoni, 176, 251, 344

Native tribes—Awemba, 172, 194,  
   241, 243, 244 ff.  
   Awiwa, 328  
   Awuvu, 250  
   Bakongo, 250  
   Barotse, 243  
   Mashona, 243  
   Mashukulumbwe, 243  
   Matabele, 243  
   M'lala, 215, 243, 244  
   M'Senga, 243  
 — troops, 148  
 — villages, 215 ff.  
 — weapons, 221  
 Natives, beauty, sense of, 178, 192  
 — dress of, 172, 177, 343  
 — education of, 52, 94, 97 ff., 172,  
   237, 320, 321  
 — food of, 295, 330  
 — how to treat, 68  
 — language of, 176  
 — in mines, 46  
 — resource of, 268  
 — trading with, 169  
 North, Miss, 101  
 Nyasa Lake, 346 ff.  
 Nyasaland, 339

## P

Palpalous fly, 303  
 Photography, 272-3  
 Pompeii, 394  
 Port Said, 388 ff.  
 Poultry-farming, 53, 90, 239  
 Prisons, 262, 287, 363

## Q

Queen, H.M. the, of England, 144



## R

- Railways of South Africa, 30, 48, 49,  
78, 141, 153, 156, 161, 166, 167,  
176, 371  
    iny season, 59, 412  
Revenue, collection of, 184-5  
    - Game Licences, 157  
    - Gun Duty, 157  
    - Hut Tax, 171, 185  
Rhodes, Cecil, 26, 32, 33, 34, 46,  
55, 69 ff., 166, 414, 416  
Rhodesia, lightning, 182  
    - loneliness in, 193, 195  
    - North-Eastern, 178  
    - North-Western, 178  
    - social life in, 142, 165, 185,  
228, 230, 289, 307  
    - sunsets, 178, 179, 181, 197  
Roberts, Lord, 121  
Rivers, Chambezi, 269 ff., 284  
    - Kafue, 141, 158, 160 ff.  
    - Luangwe, 341  
    - Lukasashi, 221, 222  
    - Lumbatwa, 254  
    - Lusenfwa, 204  
    - M'lembo, 215  
    - M'lomwa, 220  
    - Musombishi, 296  
    - Pamparway, 220  
    - Rukulu, 275  
Roman Catholics in South Africa,  
52, 254, 256 ff.

## S

- Salisbury, 75 ff., 113, 114, 210, 412  
Schools in South Africa, 52, 97  
Serenje, 216, 227 ff., 287

- Settlers, hints for, 212  
    - opportunities for, 51, 76, 81, 86,  
90, 91, 92, 145, 151 ff., 211, 313,  
339-41, 344  
Sharpe, H.E. Sir Alfred, 345, 359,  
360, 368  
Sheene, Mr. and Mrs. West, 323  
Sleeping-sickness, 167, 303 ff., 339,  
342  
Social Life, 142, 165, 185, 228,  
230, 289, 307  
    - Camp-fire Stories, 185  
Sports, 77-8, 148, 284  
Stevenson Road, 314  
Stores, 145-7, 339-41  
Suez, 384  
Swamps, 203, 214, 215, 241, 255

## T

- Table Mountain, 23, 26  
Tambalika, 173  
Tamplin, Colonel, 44  
Tanganyika, 302 ff.  
Tate, Captain, 346  
Taxes, 153  
Theal, Dr. McCall, 103, 105 ff.  
Tobacco-growing, 206, 210 ff., 367  
Tourists, hints for, 29, 30, 40 ff.,  
214, 297  
Trees, dearth of, 55. See also  
    under Flora  
Tsetse fly, 267  
Tyson, Captain, 44, 45

## U

- Umtali, 78, 82, 90, 94, 95

## V

Veld, 197

Victoria, 60

— Falls, 119 ff., 148

## W

Wallace, H.H. Mr., 120, 141, 143,

144, 152, 160, 161

Waller, Rev. H., 101

Walton, Mr., 34, 37

Waterall, Mr., 262, 263

Weights and Measures, 156

Welch, Miss, 31

Wells, Mr. Stuart, 341-3, 345

Witchcraft, 206, 252, 333

Women, need of, 87 ff.

— opportunities for, 92, 94, 9

— safety of, 93

— in the Wilds, 195

Women's, Loyal, Guild, 94, 11

## Z

Zanzibar, 374 ff.

Zebras, 198

Zimbabwe ruins, 59

Zomba, 359 ff.

PRINTED BY  
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.  
PLYMOUTH





UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

DISCHARGE-URL  
JUN 25 1979  
JUL 2 1979

Form L9-50m-4,'61 (B8994s4) 444

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



*[Handwritten signature]*



3 1158 00455 9786

DT  
959  
M31v

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 980 230 7

