

DELAGOA BAY

ITS
NATIVES
& NATURAL HISTORY.

By
Rose Monteiro.



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~~J. HERBERT GARDNER, F.S.I.~~

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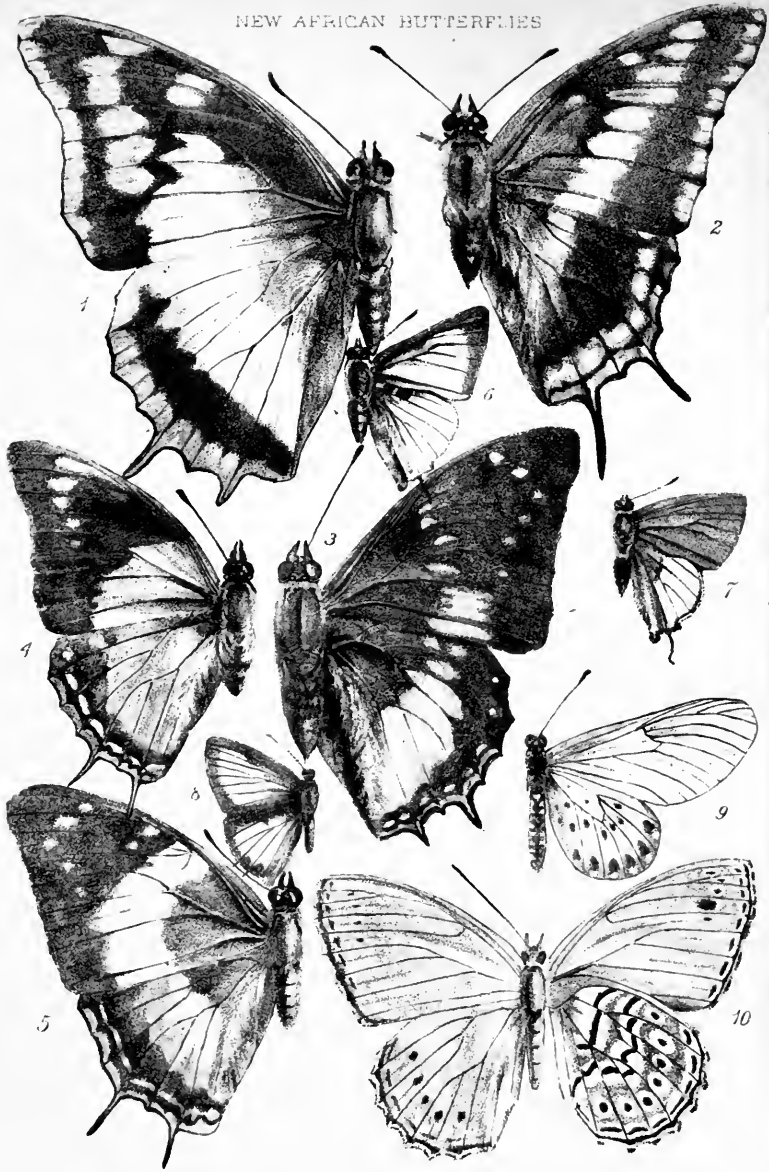
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DELAGOA BAY:

ITS NATIVES AND NATURAL HISTORY.

NEW AFRICAN BUTTERFLIES



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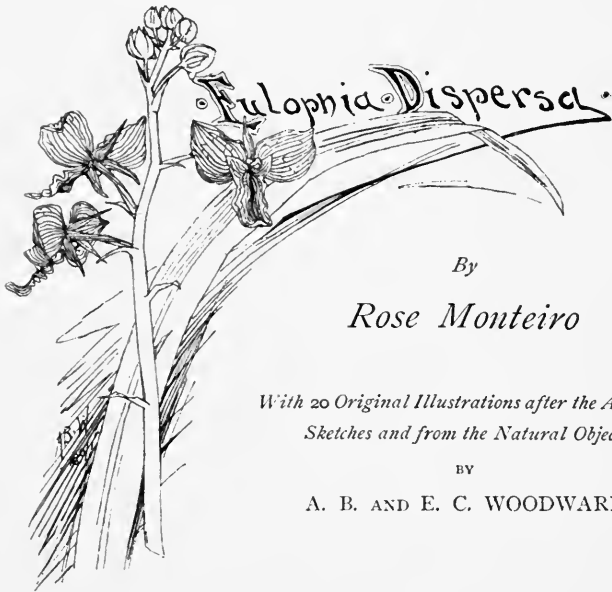
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| 1. Charaxes | Azota. ♀ | 6 Deudorix | Dinocharis, ♂ |
| 2. " | Achæmenes. ♀ | 7. " | Dariaves, ♂ |
| 3. " | Violetta. ♂ | 8 Lycænesthes | Mahota. |
| 4 & 5 " | Phæus. ♂ & ♀ | 9. Acræa | Machequena, ♀ |
| | | 10. Crenis | Rosa, ♀ |

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Delagoa Bay

*Its Natives and
Natural History*



By

Rose Monteiro

*With 20 Original Illustrations after the Author's
Sketches and from the Natural Objects*

BY

A. B. AND E. C. WOODWARD

LONDON

GEORGE PHILIP & SON, 32 FLEET STREET

LIVERPOOL: 45 TO 51 SOUTH CASTLE STREET

1891

DT 465
L 6 M 65

TO

MY DEAR BROTHER,

HENRY BASSETT, F.C.S., F.I.C.

P R E F A C E.



SOME few years ago many circumstances combined to make me determine to revisit the benighted region of Delagoa Bay. My affairs here were certainly not in a flourishing condition. My pretty "Butterfly Cottage," built for me in happier times by my dear husband, was untenanted, save by white ants, and sadly required the supervision of its mistress, and I confess I was longing to resume my old occupation of collecting insects.

Before starting, my friends made me promise to tell them all I could about the place and my doings. "You must write a book," they said. So I promised to try what I could do, and the following medley of "everything in general and nothing in particular" is the outcome of that promise, originally written in the form of letters to my home friends, but since then gathered together into its present shape, with many

additional recollections; and this must be my apology for an occasional change of tense.

I have purposely refrained from touching upon the delicate and difficult subject of political matters, nor have I ventured upon any geographical description of the country, leaving such subjects to be gathered from works compiled by wiser heads than mine, but have simply endeavoured to truthfully represent my own actual observations and experiences, I fear in a most erratic and unscientific manner.

Many improvements have taken place from time to time in the town of Lourenço Marques since I began this little book and since the advent of the railway, itself the greatest improvement; and mention of these will be found in Chapter XII.

I have thought it best not to give the names of any friends, but my sincere thanks are due to them for the many kindnesses shown me during my five years of solitude.

R. M.

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DELAGOA BAY:

ITS NATIVES AND NATURAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.



OXYANTHUS
MONTEIRCE
ALETIS MONTEIRONIS
LARVÆ & MOTHÆ

DELAGOA BAY is the southernmost Portuguese possession in the Province of Moçambique, South-East Africa, situated just outside the tropics in 26° S. lat. Lourenço Marques, the town, or city as it is sometimes called, is cer-

tainly much improved since my last visit in 1876-78, as all the houses now have zinc or red-tiled roofs instead of thatch, and the yards or quintals are enclosed by zinc palings instead of being fenced in by *caniço* (a long slender cane), as formerly, and consequently fires are not so frequent. A church and hospital have also been built outside the town walls on the first gentle slope of the hill, and the Eastern Telegraph Company's station is established in a lovely house and grounds on the top of the cliff, not far from the lighthouse.

The approach to the town by water is most picturesque; the shore on the left low and covered with trees and bush, whilst on the right, from Port Reuben, where stands the lighthouse, is a high cliff of red sandstone, with patches of bright green foliage sloping down to the beach, dotted here and there with a few palms and banana-trees. The town itself also looks picturesque, with its white houses and bright roofs, an occasional yellow or blue painted house giving an additional bit of colour, and a

few clumps of coco-palms raising their feathery heads above the houses.

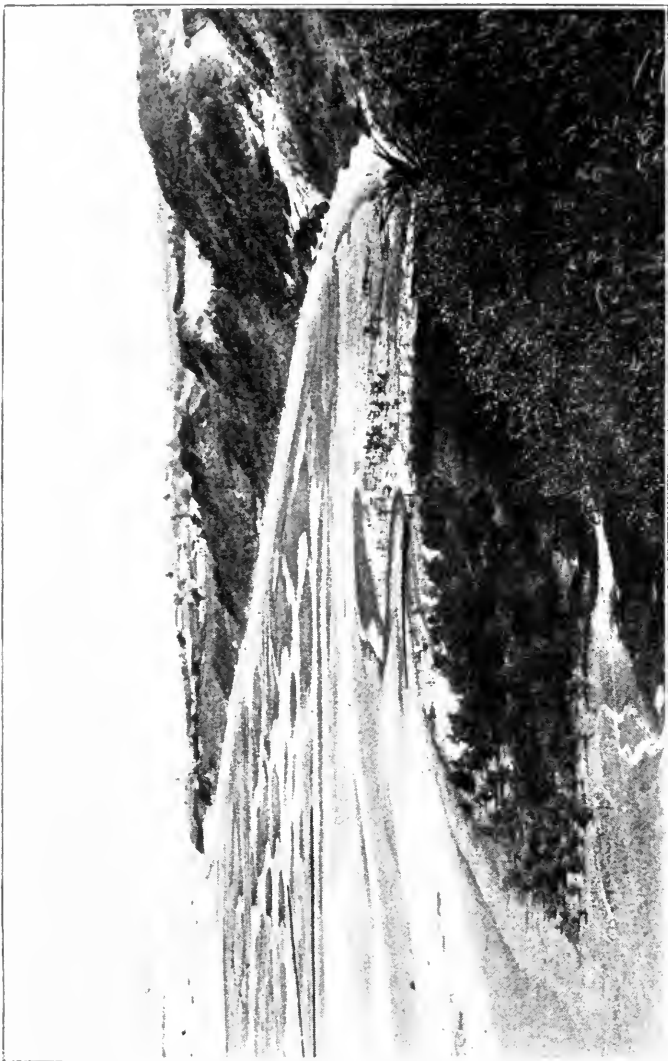
The town, consisting of a square and several narrow streets, is built on a spit of sand not a mile long by less than half-a-mile broad, and is surrounded by a marsh, which, however, has been drained within the last few years, and a sea-wall built; so now, except after heavy rains, it is dry, and the town is consequently healthier. Two hard roads have been made across the marsh, and beyond it rises a hill which appears to be very low when seen from the town, but which is in reality about 150 feet above the level of the sea.

Many of the small retail traders and canteen-keepers have established themselves in two roads leading up the hill, and in course of time, as new roads are made, there will be quite a large suburb outside the town walls. A new township was, in fact, planned in 1887, and looked very nice on paper: new roads were made; that is to say, miles of sand were exposed to view and much money wasted, and

then with the first rains all was again covered up by grass and weeds, and has since remained so.

It is about a mile and a half from the town to the top of the hill, and as the ground is composed of loose sand, the walk is rather troublesome and fatiguing. The view from the top, however, amply repays one for the unpleasant walk, and I am glad to say my pretty cottage commands one of the finest views. The town certainly looks its best when seen from above. Then the lovely Bay itself, the water generally perfectly still, and of a deep blue, small fishing-boats dotted about, and occasionally sailing-ships and the monthly mail-steamer, the opposite green wooded country of Tembe, with its yellow, sandy shore, and the distant range of the Lebombo mountains, especially when these are brought into relief by the setting sun, make altogether a most delicious picture.

The Bay is decidedly the finest seaport in South Africa, and as even at low water there is never less than twelve or fourteen feet of water



DEI AGOA BAY.

on the bar, large ships are able to cross it easily and anchor within two hundred yards of the town. The *Seine*, a vessel of 4000 tons, was able to anchor three hundred yards from the shore.

I need not say how anxiously all the merchants here are looking forward to the proposed line of railway to the Transvaal, when the good qualities of the Bay will be more generally known and appreciated.

Occasionally, however, a very strong south (or S.S.E.) wind blows, and completely changes the calm aspect of the Bay—the water becoming the colour of lead, with breakers visible everywhere, rendering rowing extremely difficult. Fishing-boats not infrequently capsize in these wind-storms; even fully laden lighters have been sunk, and the work of discharging cargo is often much hindered. The sand too is blown about to such a degree that the town is only visible through a reddish mist.

There are five rivers flowing into the Bay, the Uncomati, Manissa, or St. George's River,

as it is variously styled, being at the extreme north ; and, next in order, the Matollo, the Umvoloos, the Tembe,* and the Usutu, or Maputa.

A few traders, who sell rum and handkerchiefs to the Kafirs, have settled on the banks of the St. George, Tembe, and Maputa ; and I am told that many hippopotami are to be found in the Rivers Umvoloos and Maputa within four or five hours' sailing, and that the scenery presents a most beautiful and tropical appearance.

There are a great many nationalities represented among the small European population—English, French, German, Austrian, Belgian, Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese, the latter predominating, of course. Chinese, Arabs, Goanese, and Banians also have their representatives, the Banians carrying on the greater part of the retail trade.

* The River Tembe is navigable for about sixty miles, and in 1883 a waggon-road was made from Tembe Drift leading to the Transvaal. With a fair wind and tide cargo-boats make a quick passage, and many traders prefer this route on account of its being healthier, and also being nearer for New Scotland, Heidelberg, &c.

The soldiers, numbering about seventy or eighty, are usually Goanese, Inhambane and Quillimane Kafirs, and a few Loanda negroes, mostly commanded by Portuguese officers. At present there is no regular police staff, but some of the soldiers are told off for the duty, and more than once a rumour has reached me that they are not infrequently mixed up in some of the robberies that occur; or, at any rate, are conveniently out of the way at the time. I was also told, on good authority, that some of the sentries were armed with most wonderful old guns, which they did not in the least know how to load or fire off. The pay of the common soldiers is very scanty; they are entitled to receive 220 *reis* a-day—a little less than a shilling; but many deductions are made for food, clothing, &c., and for pen and ink for the sergeant! so that they only receive not quite threepence a day for their services. They are a miserable-looking set of men, and are constantly in hospital. Of course, they get drunk on every opportunity, and when I visit the

town, which is not very often, I almost always see a helplessly drunken soldier being carried off to prison by his comrades.

The bugle-calls are very varied, and most cheerful and pretty, even an attempt at harmony being made in some of them; but they are completely spoilt by the very bad instruments provided, and often by the bad playing of the buglers, who are generally small Inhambane boys. The calls are played many times a day, beginning at daybreak, and the constant practising that goes on is most distracting. What it must be to those living near the Fort I cannot tell.

There are supposed to be two seasons here, the wet and the dry. They vary very much, but most certainly within my experience the dry predominates, and the country in the wet or summer season often presents a miserably parched appearance. The coldest months are June, July, and August, and the rains ought to set in about October. I find that the rain often falls gently all night—fortunately for me

—the day being bright and clear, and the ground smelling sweet and fresh. The mornings and evenings are very chilly and cold in winter, the thermometer often registering only 51° in the early morning—once I remember it 48° ! 53° or 56° is very usual; and as there are no stoves in the houses, and very often the outer doors open into the rooms, you can imagine the cold is a reality. The middle of the day, however, when the sun is shining, is always pleasant—except when the south wind is raging. In the hottest months I find 85° to 98° about the usual temperature in the house in midday.

This is a most wonderful place for high winds. A day without wind is a rarity. The prevailing wind is from the south-east, but often it rages violently from the north, and is most unpleasant, scorching everything up, and making the skin feel dry and uncomfortable. Sometimes, after a most painful day of raging north wind, after sunset it will suddenly veer round to the south or south-east (a sweet “whiff of the sea” being the first indication of the

pleasant change) and rage and tear with equal violence, but bringing great relief to one's (generally) irritated feelings. I suppose the cool winds are good from a sanitary point of view, and they are certainly most refreshing in the hot sun, but they interfere sadly with my constant occupation of butterfly collecting, it being sometimes quite useless even to try and use the net, besides injuring a great many of the insects. The hot north wind generally lasts three or four days. Then the thermometer will go up to 102 to 104 degrees, and very often a thunderstorm follows. All animals avoid its scorching influence, and the very butterflies keep close to the ground under the thick leaves, only flying a very little way when disturbed; the numerous family of "red-tips," however, seem to defy it, and jog along in the open, close to the ground, in their usual erratic fashion, quite unconcernedly.

Sometimes a cyclone visits us, and the sand is whirled about, and great trees broken or completely rooted up, roofs are lifted bodily off the

houses and outbuildings, and palings blown down in every direction; but luckily such visitations are rare. One which occurred lately—on a Good Friday—was accompanied by a violent thunderstorm and deluging rain which inundated every house in the place, the water blowing up and under the widest verandahs in a most curious manner. My cottage, which is always dry during the rains, was literally running with water, and I had the greatest trouble to keep my collection of insects safe. My anxiety about that, however, luckily diverted the fear I could not help feeling, for every minute I expected the house to go, and the force of the wind rendered it quite impossible to open the doors and go outside. My pet dog and cat were thoroughly frightened, and after crying piteously for some time, crouched down close together and trembled in silence, the cat nestling almost under the big dog. This storm was followed by one of the loveliest sunsets I have ever seen.

Sudden and unexpected winds in whirlwind

fashion often occur, driving all before them—papers, indeed everything light, being scattered all over the place and out of doors, even pictures often being unhooked and thrown down from the walls.

It is a curious sight to watch the beginning of a storm ; first the fast gathering angry-looking black lurid clouds, tinged with a reddish hue ; then the furious, whistling wind ; and then the rain pouring down in torrents, travelling quickly along, and by degrees completely shutting out the Bay and shipping from view. At last the town is hidden by the curtain of water, and sweeping up the hill it reaches the house, when it is time to rush in and securely fasten all doors and windows.

The storms here are often circular, and many a time, when one is fondly hoping all is over, in three hours back again come the wind and rain, raging with unabated fury.

On the approach of the milder thunderstorms the storm-cloud often looks like a long grey sausage low down by the horizon, but it travels

with such rapidity, spreading out as it comes along, with the edges becoming more and more ragged and angry-looking, that it is as well to hurry home or to a shelter, as the rain often pours down within twenty minutes of the first appearance of the cloud. Sometimes the wind is so high that the cloud is blown right over to the opposite horizon without a drop of rain falling.

Hailstorms also sometimes occur, and I remember one in November 1876 when the hailstones were as large as walnuts, and as it had been a very hot day, we immediately rushed out to secure some for "iced drinks," although our heads suffered much from the hard knocks.

I have twice since seen these hailstorms, but the stones were never again quite so large. The violent rushing noise heard when they are approaching, and before anything very threatening is to be seen, is most alarming.

My first thought during a storm is always, "I hope my cottage will not be struck by lightning," as it stands so high; my second, "Are any

of the tiles travelling?" and the third, "How nice to get a fresh supply of rain-water!"

The scarcity of water, especially to the residents on the hill, is one of the greatest drawbacks to the place, every drop having to be fetched from springs at the bottom of the hill—which I need not say renders the attempt to make a garden very disheartening and almost an impossibility. It is also most disheartening, just as you have planted some favourite flower-seeds, perhaps procured after much delay from Natal or Cape Town, to find that your neighbour's chickens have taken it into their stupid heads to pay you a visit, and finding the ground nicely watered, have immediately scratched it all up in the hope of discovering some delicious tid-bit in the shape of a grub; or perhaps a donkey or two will get loose, and besides serenading you at an unearthly hour in the morning, will nibble off some cherished lily-bud which you have long been anxiously watching, and otherwise damage your pet plants. Then, again, it often happens that a whole drove of oxen will

march in, their attendant Kafir meanwhile being fast asleep in the shade of a tree; pigs, too, often escape from their sties and push through the fence—of course going every way but the right when an attempt is made to hunt them out; and last, but not least, the enormous numbers of fat slugs that generally appear every season (in such myriads that branches actually bend with their weight) complete the list of unwelcome visitors to a garden.

The washing of clothes is carried on at the springs; one favourite washing-place being under the high red cliff to the left of the town, and it is amusing to stand on the top of the cliff and watch the various occupations going on by the little streamlet below; the pots being filled where the water first trickles out—lower down the clothes being washed; and lastly, the women bathing and washing the little ones, throwing the water over each other out of gourds and tins—their shining brown bodies surrounded by bright green banana-trees and patches of high flowering cane with feathery tops forming a

pretty picture ; and the sound of their laughter and merry voices making the scene quite cheerful.

It is not so cheerful, however, to watch the process of washing the linen, and one soon ceases to wonder why clothes wear out so fast in Africa ; for, after being soaped, instead of being rubbed they are smashed and thrashed on big stones or pieces of wood till thoroughly clean, and afterwards spread in the sun to dry.

The women are all smokers, and many a time the linen comes home with holes burnt through many folds, caused by the burning tobacco falling from the pipes during the process of folding.

The water-springs just behind the swamp are a favourite rendezvous of the Kafir servants for gossip, and many are the quarrels and fights that take place there, all wanting to fill their barrels or *garrafaõs* (large bottles holding nearly five gallons) first ; and many are the scoldings given to the " boys," as they are all called, whether young or old, for being such a long time gone for water.

Very often the boy, after being absent an enormous time, will bring back a broken *garrafaõ* instead of the water one is anxiously waiting for, with a piteous tale of a soldier pushing him, or some one else's boy kicking his bottle over, which may or may not be true.

Kafir servants are a great trial, and an enormous amount of patience must be exercised if one wishes to go on at all smoothly. To begin with, they are very, very slow in all they do, and do not seem to understand the meaning of the word hurry or the value of time. Many are also habitual thieves and liars, and most are very artful. A Kafir boy I know told his master openly that all Kafirs steal if they can find the opportunity, and that they expect the white man to see that they cannot—in fact, to look out for himself. They will even appropriate little things that can never be of any use to them, but penknives and small bottles fit for holding snuff have an irresistible charm. Food or drink (especially drink), and cigars and tobacco, are equally tempting to the Kafir mind, or fingers, and it

is astonishing how quickly they will conceal things under their scanty dress. When discovered and taxed with theft they never seem ashamed of themselves; but if much anger is shown or they get a richly deserved beating, they usually run away. A boy in the service of a friend was one day seen leaving the room with his jacket-pocket suspiciously bulged out, and on being stopped hit out at his master's face, a most unusual occurrence, and was so violent that he had to be tightly bound; and when the police, who had to be summoned, arrived and unbound him, he flew to an assegai that happened to be standing in a corner of the room, and tried to stab the sergeant. He had secreted a whole bundle of cigars, and, I believe, other little things besides, his master sitting in the room all the time. He was imprisoned for some months, and no doubt made to work on the roads and carry water—the usual form of “hard labour” imposed here. Another boy in the service of the same gentleman was stopped taking out a full bottle or two of champagne among

some empty ones ; some visitors were in the house at the time, so I suppose the young rascal thought it would pass unnoticed.

I was told by a man, whose house is situated inconveniently close to some Kafir huts, that it was no unusual thing for his servants to steal his dinner, pots and all, during his absence at his business, and of course declare they knew nothing about it ; and once, when he had given out rice to be boiled for the dogs, he found, on accidentally going out into the kitchen, that they had killed a fowl and made a delicious curry with the rice. He gravely told them that curry was not good for dogs, but gave it them, and saw them eat it all up, much to the chagrin of the Kafirs, who fully intended to make a nice meal themselves.

Kafirs never think it necessary to feed their animals, so if you keep pets it is as well always to give them their food yourself ; and I soon found that the only way to get the rations of rice or *mealies* (Indian-corn) served out for the pets brought in without decreasing instead of

increasing in the boiling process was to have them cooked in securely tied bags, or else much time would be wasted in cooking a second supply. Poultry and eggs, unless you keep the key of the fowl-house yourself, they are certain to steal, either to sell or to eat.

At one time I had fifty fowls, kept only for eggs, as I have an aversion to killing for food. They were almost all pretty specimens, many of them a pale grey with brown crest; all were tame, and would feed from my hand, and it was quite a pretty sight to see them trooping after me in grave procession wherever I turned. Some of the younger ones and one or two invalids always perched on my shoulders or arms as soon as I made my appearance, and then the cocks would fly at me and kick me, thinking I was taking too many liberties, I suppose.

I often collected a large tinful of slugs for them, which they highly appreciated, and used to carry my invalids round the garden and allow them to help themselves to the dainty, calling it their oyster lunch. I tried to keep guinea-fowls

with the hens, but one day discovered a speckled beauty deliberately visiting each sitting hen and pecking at her cruelly, so my guinea-fowls had to be given away.

One night there was a great commotion amongst the fowls, and when I went in I found that some Kafirs had forced their way through the *caniço* paling, broken open the door of the hen-house, and had stolen many of them, others being tied up ready to be taken away. Amongst these was a little red cock who, though the smallest, had hitherto been lord of the community. I untied him and soothed his wounded feelings as best I could ; but he never was master again, and ever afterwards walked about in a most crestfallen manner.

I lately tried keeping a few chickens loose about the quintal, hoping that their continued scratching would keep down the white ants, but they worried me so by coming into the rooms and stealing the food and breaking the crockery, that I wished them anywhere else. They used to wait in a group for me outside my door, and when

I opened it there was a rush, and my head, shoulders, and arms were at once covered with fowls. It was very interesting to watch the hens with their baby chickens—feeding them, protecting them from sun or rain, or the cruel hawk, and fighting with rival mothers, and cruelly pecking at the stranger brood; but, unfortunately, my kitten also took a deep interest in the fluffy little balls, and many, therefore, did not arrive at maturity.

The wages of the Kafir servant, of course, are according to his age and the value of his services, varying from 3s. to 30s. per month of thirty days, and usually at the end of perhaps twenty-five days the boy will show you a piece of string with thirty knots, or a piece of wood with thirty notches cut in it, and declare his month is finished.

This almost always goes on, no matter how long he stays with you, although you explain over and over again that the white man's almanac makes no mistakes. It is, therefore, a common and a good plan to give a ticket when each day's work

is finished, and when the boy produces thirty tickets he gets his pay.

Kafirs think nothing of taking a holiday for a day or two, without permission of course, to go to feasts, weddings, &c., or because they are too drunk to appear, so the ticket system does away with the trouble of noting down these absences.

The small boys and girls soon learn to wait at table very nicely, but the girls will not keep in service when they are beginning to grow to womanhood—they think it derogatory to their dignity, and prefer the regular woman's work of tilling the fields, &c. The Kafirs also soon learn to cook pretty fairly; but it is necessary to show them once or twice how you like a dish prepared, or you may have very unpleasant surprises when the dinner or breakfast makes its appearance. They will gravely assure you they know how to cook different things, when in reality they are totally ignorant, saying, "*Ipsone*" ("All right"), with an upward toss of the head, to everything you tell them.

I had a woman cook once for a month, who

came as a favour, as I was without a servant, and she fried some macaroni in oil to a dry chip, instead of boiling it, as I had directed, and skinned some wretched prawns alive, and served them up in all the water they were boiled in, as soup; and a Kafir boy who had long been in the habit of making toast and boiling eggs for my breakfast one day brought me the bread nicely boiled in the saucepan, leaving the eggs uncooked on the kitchen table, I suppose in a severe fit of absence of mind; but his terror seemed so great when I told him how angry I was that I could not help laughing, and then, of course, he knew my anger was over, and laughed also.

I hardly need say that it is always necessary to insist upon cleanliness, or else, as Kafirs do not seem to mind a little sand with their food themselves, you may chance to get more than the "peck" of dirt said to be swallowed during a lifetime.

In many households it is customary for one boy to be entrusted with the keys of the store-

closet, and one would naturally suppose that he would tell his master when supplies ran short; but no such thing—he always waits till the last moment. Perhaps when you are waiting for your breakfast the boy will come and say gravely, “Coffee all finish,” or wait till dinner is on the table, and then say there is no wine, or bread, or something equally annoying; and scolding makes very little impression on them. The most common and most irritating instance of this is to hear “No matches” when you are just ready for your much-longed-for and necessary morning coffee.

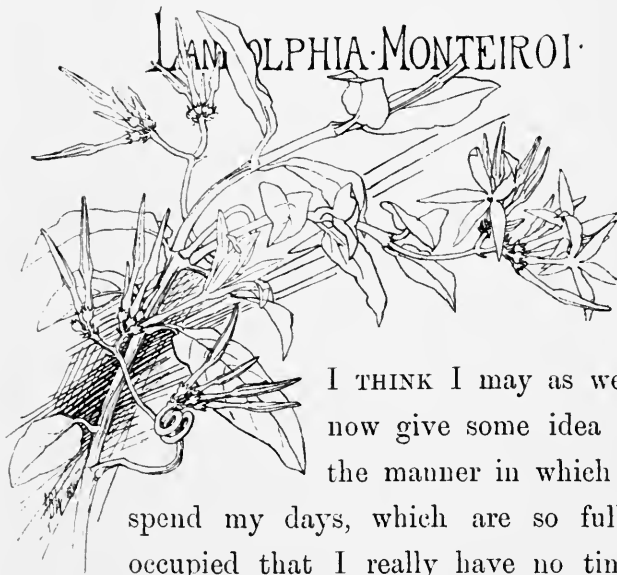
It is no use being very harsh with the Kafirs; for if you are, as it is a rare thing for them to form any real attachment to their masters, or to evince the least gratitude for kindnesses shown them, they run away, as I have said before, without giving you the slightest notion of their intention beforehand; perhaps putting you to the greatest inconvenience. In many of their ways they are painfully like monkeys, squatting about and touching everything with

their hands in true monkey fashion. Their hands too are always icy cold on the hottest day, even when their bodies are streaming with perspiration—monkey-like again.

Personally I do not dislike them, and have hitherto generally managed to get pretty well served. After all, they are but Kafirs, and too much should not be expected of them, and I always try to remember the old and true proverb, "It is no use trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

CHAPTER II.

LAMPOLPHIA MONTEIROI.



I THINK I may as well now give some idea of the manner in which I spend my days, which are so fully occupied that I really have no time to feel lonely.

I landed the day before Christmas Day, after an exceedingly pleasant voyage in the *Spartan* as far as the Cape, although she rolled so much (31 degrees) that it was quite fatiguing

trying to keep still, and one or two of the passengers were tossed out of their berths. Dressing also became a work of skill; but we had fine weather and agreeable passengers, so the rolling was always treated as a joke. At the Cape I was delighted to find the *African* waiting under orders to proceed direct to Delagoa Bay, a most unexpected bit of good luck for me, as the regular mail-service contract with the Union line of steamers had long been ended, and communication with this place was so irregular and uncertain that I fully expected my voyage from Natal to Delagoa Bay would have to be made in a steam-tug. After a run on shore, therefore, where it was a treat to hear the birds sing and listen to delightful insect conversation after the everlasting sound of the sea and the monotonous thumping of the screw, my pleasant voyage recommenced, and continued uninterruptedly till Delagoa Bay was reached.

A grand thunderstorm broke over the ship as we neared Natal, and I again saw the

wonderful fireballs shooting as it were from the vivid flashes of lightning, just as I had seen them when anchored off Fernando Po some years before.

In the *African* I met with a dear dog, a big black-and-white fellow, like a Newfoundland, who was discovered looking very frightened and unhappy in one of the cabins after we had started; evidently forgotten by his master in the hurry and bustle of clearing the ship of visitors. As he was homeless, and I wanted a guardian and companion, I asked him what he thought about the matter, and he immediately sat up and gave me first one paw, and then the other. From this I concluded that his ideas agreed with mine, so I adopted him and gave him the name of “Stray;” and if I may judge from his behaviour in general, I don’t think he has ever regretted the arrangement.

Although, of course, I had written to say I was coming, I arrived about a week before I was expected, and when I landed was told that I could not go up to my cottage, as

it was totally unfit for a lady to occupy ; indeed, I had already seen from the ship that there was very little glass left in the windows. As, however, there was no hotel I could possibly go to, I preferred taking my chance and roughing it for a little while to giving any one the trouble of accommodating me and my big dog ; so, after waiting nearly all day for carriers for my necessary baggage, I at last got into my cottage about an hour before dusk, glad indeed to know that my journey was over, and to see again the place so endeared to me where I had passed some of the happiest hours, but also the saddest period, of my life. .

It certainly did not look very inviting or comfortable, as there was hardly a pane of glass unbroken in the windows or doors, and it was very dirty and spidery, and large pieces of the canvas ceiling were half-torn down and flapping about ; but I, being an old traveller, had hammer and nails in one of my cabin-boxes, and very soon nailed some box-wrappers across the bedroom windows.

Luckily there were hardly any mosquitoes, and I spread my ulster on a cane sofa I had managed to get brought up, put my revolver within reach of my hand, and although very hungry, was able to sleep soundly all night. In the early morning a cheery voice outside my window wished me a "happy Christmas," and I then found I had one kind neighbour at least within five minutes' walk. Soon his cook appeared with hot coffee and toast, and surely never was coffee so welcome or so delicious, for I had just been wondering where I should get any food or drink. Later on breakfast and dinner arrived from the same kind source, but it certainly was the strangest Christmas I ever passed.

Owing to the festive season, I suppose, I was unable to get my heavy luggage, consisting of furniture, kitchen utensils, tinned provisions, &c., through the Custom-House for a week, by which time I was heartily tired of my hard narrow bed, and really do not know what I should have done without my kind neighbour,

who not only provided me with food during the time, but helped me in many other ways, and found me servants—a woman to cook, who only stopped a month, declaring she did not care to be in service; and a “Chobi” boy to fetch wood and water, &c., who remained with me about two years—in fact, proved himself a true friend in need.

In a few days I of course became acquainted with the very few English-speaking gentlemen here, and they all gave me what assistance they could, one sending a few panes of glass, another a few planks for shelves, another some paint and whitewash, and a busy time of repairing and general cleaning then began. I was amused to see the Kafirs wash the very dirty floors. The cottage is fifty feet long, and divided into four good rooms and a store-room; so I got three Kafirs and set them to work, and they literally squeezed the dirt out of the boards with the palms of their hands, occasionally making use of a dry *mealie* (Indian corn) cob to scrape up the thickest dirt, but quite

despising the scrubbing-brush. They used plenty of water, and the planks soon looked quite white. A Chinese carpenter was also kindly lent me, a wonderfully clever workman, who was very useful, and amongst other things made me two capital tables of the packing-case which had contained my mattress: the turned legs for these I had brought from home. My other cases had been purposely made with hinged doors, so that they could be utilised as dressing-table and cupboards when emptied of their contents.

By degrees I unpacked and hung up my pet pictures and photographs, and covered shelves, &c., with chintz, so that soon everything began to look home-like and comfortable.

Then I had to fence in my ground, and for this purpose used branches of a very resinous thorny tree, bearing pinkish-white flowers and red berries, which readily took root, making in time a handsome green fence. I also planted many other large branches of various trees, some twenty feet high, as many take root

easily if put in at the commencement of the rainy season.

One day, when I was searching for suitable trees, I noticed my boy chopping half-way through the stem of a young banyan-tree growing out of a cavity in another tree, the seed probably having been dropped there by a bird. On asking the reason for this, he told me that rootlets would spring from the severed part, and that then he would fetch it home and plant it; which I found to be correct. .

I had great trouble to make him dig the trench for the green fence in a straight line. It seemed impossible for him to do so, even though I had stretched a string to mark the line; it *would* go in serpentine form, like all Kafir paths, which are never by any chance straight. I believe that Kafirs are too lazy to stoop and remove little bushes or stumps of grass when a new path is wanted, preferring to go round them. The next-comer follows the first slightly indicated path, and so by

degrees it gets trodden down into a path double the length of one in a straight line.

My dog proved himself a faithful guardian, and hardly ever left my side, never allowing a strange Kafir to enter the cottage, and even insisting on being in the house when visitors came, instead of lying outside on the verandah, as usual; but I soon found he was a terribly jealous dog, and that I must never notice another in his presence.

One day a Portuguese gentlemen called on me about some business matter, bringing with him a large pointer. I naturally put out my hand to stroke it, but “Stray” could not stand that, and flew at it savagely—a regular fight ensuing. Of course I interfered, and held a dog by the collar in each hand—no easy task considering the size of the beasts. The pointer bit me in the wrist, but I only wound my hand the tighter into the collar. Its master stood quaking with fear, begging me to let them go, afraid to touch his own dog, but feebly trying to kick it. At last he mustered courage to

take hold of the collar, and led his dog away. "Stray" was not in the least ashamed of himself, though he was very sorry I had been bitten, and for some days after, when I showed him my bandaged wrist, would come and lick me.

Another time I did not fare quite so well. My "Stray" was violently shaking a smaller dog because he ran to me to be patted, and I tried to drag him off, but before I could do so the poor frightened stranger, who was wildly snapping at anything, made his teeth meet in one of my fingers, breaking the joint. The craunch was rather sickening, and I feared my work would be put a stop to for some time. A friend helped me to splinter it up somehow, there being then no doctor in the place, and I hoped it was healing; but in a few days the splints slipped, and I had to set it again by myself with hand and teeth. In time it healed, but has remained a stiff joint. Luckily no dogs go mad in Africa, so there is no fear of hydrophobia.

New Year's Day I spent in mending my piano, which had sustained a good deal of damage during the voyage. I was horrified when I unpacked it; hardly a note would sound; and when I took it to pieces the inside seemed full of loose bits and in a hopeless state of confusion. However, a little glue, patience, and cogitation soon put all to rights, and then I only had to tune it.

All these necessary duties took up a great deal of valuable time, and more than a month elapsed before I was able to begin my regular occupation of collecting insects.

I wish it was possible for me to describe the charm of this wild, free life in the open air (and there seems so much *more* air to breathe), untrammelled by "society" forms or dress. It is so delightful to wake in the early morning, often before sunrise, throw open all doors and windows, and drink in deep draughts of the cool morning air, and listen to the singing and twittering of the numerous lovely little birds with which this country abounds, whilst watching the

sun rapidly peeping over the brow of the hill, making its warmth felt almost as rapidly, and lighting up the tiny cloudlets with soft pearly tints which are even more beautiful in my eyes than the generally more pronounced colours of a sunset.

One morning was especially beautiful and strange, for in the west I saw the pale full-moon just setting, and in the east the glorious sun rising, both seeming to be the same distance from the horizon when I first noticed them, and I could not help wishing I had eyes in the back of my head, that I might fully enjoy both.

Some mornings, however, nothing is to be seen but a dense white mist which completely shuts out every object from view, even hiding my back kitchen, situated about twenty feet from the house. As a rule the mist disperses within an hour of sunrise, presenting a very pretty appearance as it slowly lifts and drifts away, gradually disclosing landscape, town, and shipping, forming itself into clouds of many an

odd shape exquisitely tinted ; but sometimes it hangs about the earth for some hours, and I have even known it to drift away and then be all slowly drifted back again. The natives declare it is *ai mushla* (no good), and very unhealthy to be out in ; and when they are obliged to defy it, huddle themselves up in their blankets and look most miserable objects.

I found a quantity of millet growing at the back of the cottage when I arrived, and although I was often advised to cut it down, as it would harbour mosquitoes, I let it remain, for twice a day the birds used to come and feed on it ; and many a half-hour have I spent watching their pretty ways, much amused by the fights and chatterings, and billing and cooing, going on during the meal, they not minding my presence in the least. Sometimes five or six little creatures would cling on one head of millet, their united weight hardly causing it to sway about.

The little "bigodas" (*Crithagra ictera*), in

appearance very like a mule-canary, are very numerous in this country, and sing most sweetly, their note much resembling that of a canary, but softer. Then there are finches and shrikes of many sorts, and of every shade of yellow; and it is pretty to see the behaviour of the long narrow-tailed black-and-white whydah finches (*Vidua principalis*), who, whilst their wives are feeding on the ground, hover over them in flocks at a height of about three feet, singing sweetly to them all the time. I have also noticed many species of sun-birds with lovely metallic patches of colour, their long slender curved bills searching deep into every flower; one of them (*Cinnyris jugularis*), a beautiful large black fellow, with a bright crimson patch on his breast; blue jays; black-and-white crows; starlings (*Lamprocolius*), bluish-green, with bright yellow eyes; a lovely little black, red, and grey bird; another (*Laniarius* sp.), about the size of a thrush, olive-green and salmon-colour, looking when flying as if the wings and tail were bordered with salmon-

colour ; and many crested birds, including the handsome metallic green and indigo plantain-eater, with deep crimson tips to the wing-feathers and scarlet crest (*Corythaix Livingstonii*). These crimson-tipped wing-feathers are brought for sale here as well as on the west coast. I believe they are regarded as "Fetish." The red colouring matter is remarkable from its containing a considerable amount of copper. One very beautiful species of Coly, a rich rufous brown, with two long tail-feathers and a black crest, abounds in the woods, and is a great rival of mine in collecting insects ; many a time have I seen one chasing a butterfly I particularly coveted, which sometimes fell to the bird's share and sometimes to mine. I shall never forget the cry of horror my boy gave, nor his look of consternation, when one of these birds darted out and captured a rare butterfly he had been endeavouring to net for more than an hour whilst patiently seated in a most uncomfortable position on the top of a tree.

I have also some small black and white rivals who are very active in the pursuit of their food, hovering about and suddenly making a dart at an insect on a tree-stem with lightning rapidity; and some little brown fellows who keep on the ground in flocks and pick up the moths hidden among the leaves, chattering incessantly all the time.

The lovely blue and drab waxbills (*Habropyga cærulescens*) are also very numerous, and during the love-making period the male has a very pretty habit of taking a little piece of grass or twig in his beak and dancing up and down with it, singing all the while to his sweetheart, who sits by and listens quietly.

To the right of my cottage, in front, there is a large tangled bush composed of several small trees and a species of very fine-branched Euphorbia; the whole woven together by creepers. In this bush I have seven or eight varieties of birds nesting, ranging in size from a heavy, lumpy (the only word capable of describing him) black or brown fellow (*Centropus Natalensis*),

called here the bush-pheasant, who flies as if it were too much trouble to use his wings, and who will sit on a low bush and stare at me, letting me get quite close to him before he flies away, to a brown-and-red mite (an *Estrelida*) even smaller than the blue waxbills, which are constantly hopping about so close to the house that I am always fearing my kitten will catch the poor little darlings. Bigodas, of course, inhabit my bush; also some slender greyish-brown birds with black crests and a dash of yellow near the tail, who sing very sweetly, and two families of black and white shrikes (*Lanius coronatus*); but these last I never can like, for they have an unpleasant habit of impaling beetles, grasshoppers, and even small birds alive on the thorns of the hedge round my ground, and there eating them at their leisure. Their only redeeming point is that they sing very sweetly for hours together quite close to the house, but they also have a very harsh, discordant cry. The young birds especially make a hideous noise, continuing to scream all the

time the parents are hunting for their food, the screams increasing in power till a large delicious grub is dropped into the expectant little mouth.

Many small light brown Colys also nest in the bush, and in the rainy season regularly take their morning bath in the guttering round my cottage, taking not the slightest notice of my close proximity.

In the woods I see many green pigeons and bronze-wing doves, and listen to their sweet cooing. Sometimes a big bustard starts up; and once, when I was standing very quietly waiting for a butterfly, I turned my head and saw a beautiful little mottled grey owl (*Scops Capensis*) sitting on a branch quite close to me, watching me intently, and he did not fly away for some time, allowing me to admire him at my leisure. One very large grey owl was brought me, which was captured just as it was carrying off a young chicken. I gave the Kafir sixpence for it, and when night came let it fly away. I suppose that in strict justice it ought to have been

killed, but it felt so soft, and kept turning its head quite round to look at me in such a pathetic way, that I was obliged to take pity on it.

Another time, just as I got near my favourite wood, I saw myriads of little birds evidently in a state of great excitement; so I crept softly quite close to them, and found that a swarm of ants had just got their wings, and the birds were pursuing them in the air and eating them as fast as they could catch them. They very seldom missed their aim, but when they did, the impetus of their flight carried them a long way beyond the object aimed at, and I could not help being reminded of the description of the old game of Quintain. Many of the birds were on the ground fast picking up the ants whose wings had fallen off. It was a pretty sight, and as I remained quite motionless, the little things went on with their breakfast as if I had not been there.

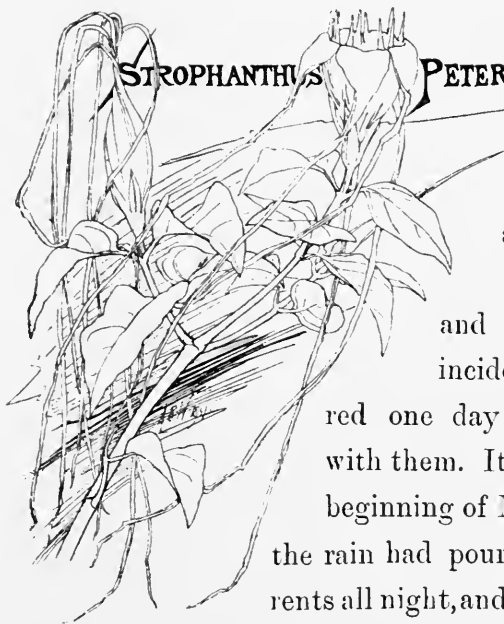
None of the birds seem very timid. Woodpeckers will continue their tapping whilst I am

looking on, and I have seen many a nest built by the industrious weaver-birds, who evidently are very sociable, as sometimes a tree will have two or three pendent nests on every branch.



CHAPTER III.

STROPHANTHUS PETERSIANUS.



SWALLOWS
are very
numerous,
and a curious
incident occur-

red one day connected
with them. It was in the
beginning of March, and
the rain had poured in tor-
rents all night, and continued
the whole of the next day, the wind blowing
a perfect hurricane, the thermometer suddenly
dropping to 63° About 11 A.M. a drenched,

miserable swallow flew into the house and perched himself on one of the partitions of the rooms; then one flew into the kitchen, and my boy caught it and brought it to me. I held the poor mite in my hands for a little while, to warm him, and then let him fly up to his companion in misfortune, by whose side he at once nestled down. In a few minutes more began to come in, at first singly, then by twos and threes, some fluttering helplessly among the white window curtains and beating themselves against the glass. These I caught and let fly up to their friends, and was surprised to find that they were not in the least alarmed at being touched, but seemed to like the warmth of the hand, and would perch quite confidently on my finger, and not attempt to move when I stroked their little heads.

Many were brought me half dead by women and boys, who had picked them up from the ground, and who all wanted a "pen" (three-pence) for them; but for answer I only pointed to my fast-filling house, so they laughed and let

me keep the birds, which soon recovered in the dry room.

One poor little thing I found suspended in a large spider's web, and although the wings of a swallow seem so powerful, it was quite unable to extricate itself. They continued to come in all day, and before five o'clock more than a hundred had taken shelter, and the twittering and fuss that went on was most amusing.

When it began to grow dark they packed themselves up for the night on the partitions as close as they could possibly crowd together, two and three deep. Most of them went to roost with their tails spread out, perhaps in order to dry them thoroughly, and the round white spot on the tip of each feather had a very curious appearance when they were all asleep and quiet. I fully expected to find the bottom row dead from suffocation the next morning, but only three had fallen victims, and these I immediately skinned. They stayed with me till about noon, one or two occasionally flying out and returning, apparently to report on the state of

the weather, and then all leisurely took their departure, no doubt very glad to see the sun again shining brightly. I felt quite sorry when my little visitors departed, but was glad they chose their countrywoman's house in their time of need, for they proved to be English swallows.

The fussy little wagtails are very plentiful, and run about quite close to houses, and there are, of course, many other birds represented here, including the useful vulture and the cruel hawk, watching his opportunity to carry off some poor baby chicken, and the game-birds, quails, partridges, guinea-fowl, &c.; but I care most for the pretty little birds, and love to listen to their varied songs and quaint cries, always excepting that of a goat-sucker, which constantly awakens me from a sound sleep with the most unearthly screeching, the cry sounding quite weird as it rushes past the house and dies away in the distance. I often find these birds half asleep in the woods, either crouching on the ground or on the branch of a tree, lying down flat against the bark. They seem quite dazed

when disturbed, and only flutter on a yard or two. I have more than once put my net over them, and then taken them up and nursed them, without their being in the least alarmed. One little bird has a curious cry which sounds like "Only a ha'penny a pair," uttered in the most melancholy tones, and he goes on with this till one feels inclined to say, "Pray go away, my good bird; I really have no halfpennies to spare." I must not forget to mention the very shrill and plaintive cry of a species of hornbill, which flies in flocks—so plaintive that it makes one feel quite low-spirited after hearing it for some time.

The Kafir boys are constantly trapping the little bigodas to sell to the white men. The trap used is a cage made of palmwood, and divided into three compartments, the centre occupied by a tame call-bird, whose song attracts the others. The side compartments are provided with some tempting seed, and have a spring top, which closes on the poor little bird when he ventures in. If the boys would only

trap the bigodas it would not so much matter, as they very soon seem to like their captivity, and sing away merrily; some even will not quit their cage when the door is purposely left open. One little thing I lately bought without a tail, intending to set him free when it had grown, was quite a trouble to get rid of; and I have known them to fly out and return to their cage again at night; but the little wretches—the boys, I mean—catch insect-feeders and the beautiful sun-birds, which soon die in captivity, by smearing bird-lime on the twigs, and either thrust them into cages, or bring the poor, frightened little things for sale dangling by a string tied to one leg—the leg often broken.

When they bring the insect-feeders to me I either take the cage (under pretence of carefully examining the birds), and slyly open the door and set the poor prisoners free, or buy them and let them fly at once (a proceeding which always causes much astonishment), and try to make the boys understand how cruel they are—quite ineffectually, I need not say.

The Kafirs do not appear to know that birds or beasts can feel pain, or if they do know it, they are horribly cruel. They always bring in game for sale alive, and generally very much injured, the legs and wings almost always broken, and one hurries to buy, whether in need of it or not, so as to put the poor thing quickly out of its misery, and not allow it to linger perhaps another ten minutes whilst dragged through the sun to the next white man's house.

I remember once having a hare brought me with all its legs broken, and the skin of one hind-leg stripped off and hanging down. I was alone in the house at the time, my boys being away on some errand, and could not make the Kafir understand my indignation at the state the poor beast was in, so hastened to buy it, and told him to kill it quickly. In a few minutes he came and said it was dead, and that he had hung it in the kitchen. Some little while after I felt compelled to go and look at it, and, to my horror, found it hanging to a hook still alive! I

was forced to knock it on the head myself, but I did not touch that dish at dinner.

Most of the marketing is carried on before the door. I am often aroused before sunrise by the cry of "*Shabelli*," which means "I have to sell." Then I open the door, and perhaps find four or five women, all with pipes in their mouths, and heavy baskets of sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, beans, mealies, or mandioca-root tied up in bundles, on their heads. Sometimes they bring a few fresh beans or bunches of cabbages, or Berenjelas (the fruit of the egg-plant, and most delicious when cut in slices and fried in butter or oil), but fresh vegetables are rarities. A good general market-place is very much wanted here, so that one could be sure of a supply; for many mornings no women take the trouble to call at houses situated a little out of the regular roads, as they are certain to dispose of all their goods in the town, and a boy has to be sent to intercept them on their way. They very seldom will sell anything for less than a threepenny-bit, which they call a

“pen,” and as they rarely have change, one is obliged to try and keep a stock of “pens” in the house, and often these get very scarce. Copper money they do not like, but of course are obliged to take it sometimes. Many do not even understand its value, and thus long explanations have to be made, and after a lot of argument and much time wasted (of which also they do not know the value), they take it and go away, looking anything but satisfied.

The woman cook I had used to enjoy teasing the market-women, telling them many fibs about the value of the copper money, and the torrent of angry words and gesticulations that then ensued was most laughable.

I have now and again purchased things for rice or salt, of which latter the women are very fond; and some people buy with rum, and I believe get things cheaper that way; but I never will even keep it in the house, except a small quantity, undiluted, for the spirit-lamp, and to preserve specimens; and I get just as well served as my neighbours, although I was

told when I first arrived that I could not possibly get on without it; and now the Kafirs have learned that it is no use asking "Missisi," as I am generally called, for a *sope* or drink.

When eggs are brought for sale, it is always necessary to put them in a basin of water before purchasing, when those that are bad rise to the top, and those that are partly hatched stand up on end; duck eggs, however, sometimes stand on end when perfectly fresh. The Kafirs do not mind eating eggs that have been taken from under a sitting hen, and seem quite surprised, and sometimes indignant, when the *m'lunga* (white man) refuses to buy them.

Fish is sometimes brought to the door by men or boys, but the supply is very uncertain outside the town, and it is best to send your own boy down to meet the fishing-boats as they come in.

Tomatoes are generally brought in three-cornered baskets, or rather envelopes, made from a piece of palm-leaf split and neatly plaited; they are more often sold by men, who generally bring palm-wine in gourds slung on one end

of a stick, and the baskets of tomatoes on the other.

Palm-wine is delicious when freshly caught in clean bottles, but when it has begun to ferment it loses all its sweet flavour. The Kafirs are very fond of it in every stage, and buy it eagerly.

Milk is very rarely offered for sale on the hill, but occasionally a very dirty boy will appear with an equally dirty-looking bottle of milk—generally goat's milk, and *tasting* of goat, so I never buy it, much preferring to use the condensed milk.

I am afraid I have made many and long digressions since I began the subject of my daily doings, but one subject so suggests another that I almost forget the original. Now, however, I will try to proceed in a less erratic fashion, but I fear it will not be long before I transgress again.

After the marketing is over and the indispensable early cup of tea or coffee enjoyed, I generally have something to do in the shape of pinning up insects caught the previous night,

and feeding my caterpillars with fresh leaves, which is a long task when I have many varieties; then the pets have to be fed, and the lamps to be trimmed (a duty which a lady certainly never would trust to Kafir hands), and breakfast to arrange (and often cook afterwards); lastly the bath; and although I am such an early riser, it is often half-past nine or ten before I can get out.

Sometimes in the caterpillar season, just as I have securely fastened up the cottage and am starting heavily laden with boxes and bottles, I see a troop of women and children carrying caterpillars coming over the hill; then I have to go in again and find suitable boxes for them, and give the women and children each a handful of salt, with which they are quite contented. Often no food-plant is brought with the caterpillars, it being extremely difficult to make the Kafirs understand that such things require food as much as they do themselves, and I am hindered still more by having to wait while the proper leaf is fetched. If it cannot be found, I then

take the foodless caterpillars out for a walk, and try them with various plants, being much amused by the way the little creatures angrily jerk their heads away from the wrong leaves before eagerly fastening on the proper food. I have had large caterpillars brought me tied tightly round the middle with a piece of grass, they popping out like an indiarubber ball when the grass was cut, seemingly none the worse for the pressure.

In the busy months, from November to July, I am generally out collecting about seven hours every day, walking or standing all the time, and when I go long distances I am out even longer still, as I then have to make a scramble to start much earlier so as to arrive on the collecting ground when the butterflies first appear; then when I return I have barely time to transfer my day's catch to other boxes, and lay out some of the best, give out what I mean to have cooked for dinner, and have a refreshing wash and change of dress, before the sun sets and it is time to rush out after the sphynx-moths—luckily only in my own ground, where a pretty Indian star-shaped

flower, *Vinca rosea* and *V. alba*, one of the Periwinkles, both crimson and white, grows profusely and attracts large numbers of moths, although to me it has a very unpleasant scent. There I wait, mosquito-bitten, as these pests also appear after sunset, till I absolutely cannot see any longer, often catching the last few moths through the humming sound they make in flying. Some evenings the bats are so numerous that I cannot even hear that, the noise from their great wings is so loud.

The stridulating noise made by the large grasshoppers also often prevents my hearing the humming of the moths. It is sometimes almost painfully loud, and one only realises *how* loud it has been from the relief experienced when it suddenly stops. It is as bad as being close to an engine letting off steam.

My little cat always accompanies me when I am catching moths, and tries to coax me back to the house, as it is near dinner-time, at last jumping on my shoulder to make me leave off work. He is very skilful in catching

them, and generally eats two or three by way of an appetiser.

Very often a moth gets its long proboscis entangled in a blossom and flies off with it, which looks very curious in the dim light, as no moth is distinguishable, only the flower moving rapidly away.

The bats are my rivals in the evening, as the birds are in the daytime. The air is sometimes quite thick with them, and they circle round my head so closely that I can feel their wings fanning my cheeks. Occasionally one will startle me by flying into the room when I am sitting quietly reading, and after flying about wildly for a little while will usually cling to something near the lamp, as if fascinated by the light, and sometimes one will hook itself on to the back of my chair and remain quiet for some time. These I catch in the net and let fly away, always taking care of my fingers, as their little teeth are very sharp. One rather large bat, with a head very like that of a horse, was captured by a friend, who tried to keep it in a

cage ; but although it readily ate bananas and sweet potatoes and bread, it died in two days, so he gave it to me, and I skinned it at once.

I find that the best way to preserve large moths is to drop a little chloroform on their heads whilst in the net, and before they recover put them into a little bottle containing cyanide of potassium, which not only kills quickly, but prevents them from becoming stiff. I sometimes can get them into the poison-bottle without chloroform, and they are insensible at once. Moths should always be touched as little as possible by the fingers, as their scales rub off so very quickly, particularly on the back of the thorax ; they also have a bad habit of spreading themselves out flat and creeping along in the net, instead of folding back their wings like the right-minded and sensible butterfly.

I think you will allow that by the time the moths are disposed of I have well earned my evening meal, especially as I rarely taste anything all day but a morsel of dry biscuit or a handful of roasted ground-nuts, and generally

have been on my feet about thirteen or fourteen hours without a break, for I seldom sit down even to my breakfast, as I find I can do so many things whilst eating it.

After dinner I either play or read a little, and often cannot help falling asleep over my book ; or perhaps I have a visit from a neighbour or two, and then the piano is sure to be put into requisition ; but there is not much visiting up on the hill during the hot season, and I often do not even see a white face for more than a fortnight.

My piano is a never-failing source of wonder to the raw Kafirs, and whenever my boys have a friend from afar to visit them they always come and ask me to allow the visitor to see and hear the white man's instrument. I once played a lively tune to a very little, shrivelled-up old woman, eighty years old at the very least, and, to my astonishment, she became so excited that she began to sing, and danced all over the room.

Ladies are very scarce. I believe there are now two or three Portuguese ladies living in town ; but as I speak very little Portuguese and they

speak no English, and do not even understand it, and are, moreover, very particular about etiquette in dressing, &c., visits of ceremony would be a farce, even if I had daytime to spare for the purpose; so unless a lady happens to pass through the place to or from the Transvaal or Moçambique, I have no chance of a gossip with one of my own sex.

I always try to go to bed early, but often just when I am preparing for it I find that moths are beginning to fly in, attracted by the light; so I sit up a little longer to catch them, or if the night is not too windy, put a candle-lamp on the verandah with a sheet under it, and taking out my net and a chair, wait for them outside.

One evening, whilst thus waiting, I walked to the end of the verandah to look at the lovely full-moon (which always seems brighter and larger than in England), but, to my amazement, I saw a *new moon*! For a moment I thought I must be going to have an attack of fever, as I knew I had been watching the moon at its full the previous evening, and remarking how huge it looked and

how rapidly it rose over the brow of the hill. Suddenly I thought it must be an eclipse, so, leaving the moths to the bats, I watched the beautiful sight until the shadow passed, and the full-moon shone out brightly again in all its loveliness.

Of course, there are many other things besides those I have mentioned which have to be done in the course of the day, and for which time has to be made somehow—mending dresses and nets, which are constantly getting torn by the many thorny plants and creepers in the bush, and many little household matters a lady is forced to see to herself.

In the busy season I must confess I often put on linen, and even dresses, *rough dried*; but when I have leisure I sprinkle and fold the clothes and pack them up neatly in canvas, then I call the boys to dance and stamp on the bundle, and after about half-an-hour's stamping the clothes look as if they had been nicely mangled. I call this my "Kafir mangle."

In the cool season I make all the boxes in which to pack the insects for shipment; some I

make out of cigar-boxes freely supplied by smoking friends, lining them with cork or the soft palm-wood, but the greater part I make of the palm-wood entirely; then I paint over the wood with carbohic acid, paper them all inside, and insert a little piece of glass into the lids, in order that the Custom-House officers in London may not wrench them open to know their contents, which happened once, alas! when I omitted this precaution.

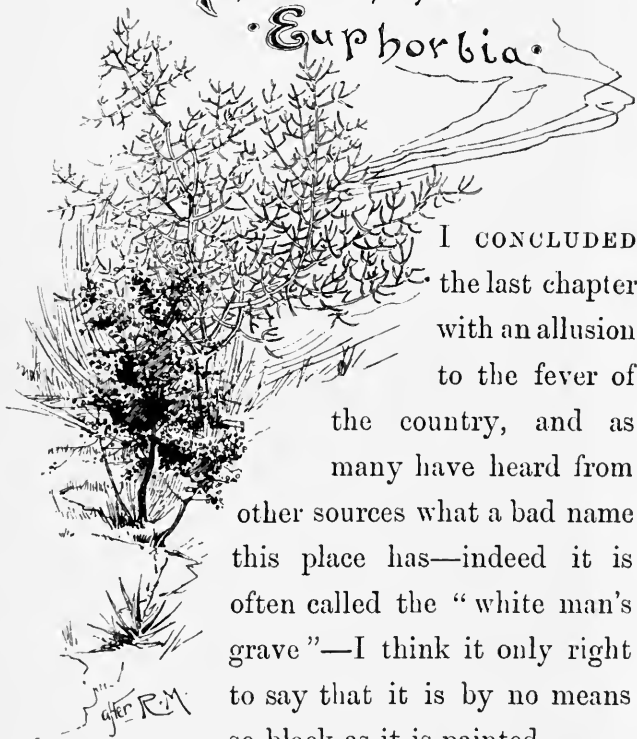
I often feel quite pleased to see a wet or cloudy day, as I know that I may then spend the whole of it at home, and try to reduce the number of odds and ends of work that have gradually accumulated in spite of my efforts, because even in the cold season I try to go out some part of the day, and am sure to find something worth preserving. In these winter walks, if I find no insects about, I search for their nests and pupas, and also for bulbs and creepers to transplant to my ground, which I must not yet dignify by the name of garden, or collect the various seeds for my friends and Kew Gardens.

A large collection of flowering plants was dried and sent to Kew during my last visit here by my lost and most dear companion, but I am still finding others, and hope to complete the work that he began.

This busy life, giving occupation both for mind and body, keeps me in perfect health, and, I believe, prevents me from having attacks of fever. Perhaps, too, the carbolic acid I am constantly inhaling may act as a preventive, and fortunately the hottest sun does not affect my head.

CHAPTER IV.

• Fine-branched • • Euphorbia •



I CONCLUDED the last chapter with an allusion to the fever of the country, and as many have heard from other sources what a bad name this place has—indeed it is often called the “white man’s grave”—I think it only right to say that it is by no means so black as it is painted.

Of course, there is a good deal of fever here, as in most tropical and semi-tropical coast

settlements, but certainly not enough to give it such a very bad reputation. An attack of simple fever and ague, which, if treated in time, ought not to last more than three days, is not so unpleasant to the patient as a bad influenza cold in England; the effects soon pass away, and people seem to get accustomed to it and take it as a matter of course.

In my opinion a great deal of fever is induced by the ordinary way of living here, the residents in general taking very little exercise, and eating more meat than is necessary in a hot climate; and many, again, are not so temperate as they might be. With these the fever is more likely to take a bilious form, and then the cure is not so speedy. There are not so very many deaths from fever alone, but often a man is very ill or dying of some other disease, and fever sets in at the last. Then death from Delagoa Bay fever is the verdict; and I have known instances when that verdict has been spread abroad when not a trace of fever has appeared all through the time of illness.

Many miners, too, and others, come into the town exhausted after tramping from the gold-fields or Transvaal, perhaps having endured many privations and hardships on the road. Only lately I heard that some had arrived who had lost their way and had wandered about without food for five days before they struck the right road. Naturally such people are apt to drink more than is good for them when they arrive in civilised parts, and if they get an attack of fever the place gets the odium of it, and no mention is afterwards made of the circumstances that produced it.

Occasionally a person is attacked by "pernicious fever," which is generally fatal, sometimes carrying off the sufferer in twenty-four hours; but fortunately such cases are very rare.

If treated in time, simple fever is nothing to be alarmed at. A feeling of weariness or headache is often the first symptom, and a slight aperient then will sometimes prevent the fever appearing; but if it does, quinine must be taken, after the fever has abated, in sufficient

quantities to prevent its recurrence. Starvation for a day or two does much to cure it, but a very little fowl soup may be allowed. Many cannot take quinine in large doses, and then it must be given in small quantities at frequent intervals. Great care must be taken not to get a chill when the fever is passing away, and on no account must the false appetite which usually accompanies convalescence be indulged, or a relapse is almost sure to take place.

The natives are sometimes attacked by fever, but they seem to suffer most from consumption and rheumatism, caused, I expect, by the sudden changes in temperature—a drop of 20° to 30° being of common occurrence—and the scanty clothing they wear, most of them making very little, if any, difference between winter and summer.

The native dress of the man is very simple, consisting of a string round the waist, to which is attached a bunch of tails, or pieces of hide twisted to resemble tails, hanging in front, and either another bunch at the back or a monkey-

skin or square piece of goat or deer skin. This attire is called a *moutje*. Some rich Kafirs wear many monkey and other skins tied all round the waist. Many wear a bright-coloured handkerchief tied over one shoulder and under the other arm, and a necklace, often made with animals' teeth strung together, and one or two bracelets of twisted brass or iron wire complete the costume. They are fond of sticking two or three feathers, or sometimes a bright scarlet flower, in their wool.

The full or war dress is rather more elaborate, with a large head-dress of feathers and fringes of hair tied under the knees and above the elbows, skins on the shoulders, and an oval shield of ox-hide and several assegais and sticks carried in their hands.

The more important middle-aged men of a tribe, counsellors as they are called, shave the wool, with the exception of a circle round the head, which is drawn tightly up and sewn over a foundation of beeswax and indiarubber, forming a hard shining ring.



PALM LEAF BASKET



IVORY
SNUFF
BOX



GOURD
SNUFF
BOX

HORN
SNUFF
BOXES



PALM LEAF BASKET

CARVED
WOODEN
PILLOW



WOODEN
SPOON &
DISH



E. G. WOODWARD DEL.

NATIVE SNUFF BOXES, BASKETS, ETC.

All Kafir men carry a snuff-box, usually made in the shape of a small bottle, carved out of bone or wood, and worn hanging to the necklace. Some make them out of a piece of cane, ornamented by carving, and stick them through the big slits it is fashionable for both men and women to make through the lobe of the ear—a glass stopper from an oil bottle worn in the same manner being considered a great ornament.

I have some snuff-boxes most beautifully carved out of rhinoceros horn, the prettiest having a small cup for the snuff, and two or three slender spines leading from it about nine inches long; these are carried stuck through the wool. Small gourds pierced and ornamented with fine brass and copper wire or beads are also used for snuff.

The Kafirs are inveterate snuff-takers, exchanging pinches when they meet, and paying visits for the purpose of taking “schniff,” the majority leaving the pipe of tobacco to the gentler sex.

Men and boys working in and about dwelling-houses generally wear a piece of handkerchief, called a *capalane*, as waistcloth, and a shirt; preferring to wear the latter outside the waistcloth, unless made to reverse the order.

When out of service they usually return to the native *moutje*, often making a comical mixture of the two, and the effect of a shirt worn over a large *moutje* is very funny. A waistcoat, worn without a shirt, is a very favourite costume. Sometimes a very little boy may be seen wearing a large man's shirt reaching to his heels. I saw one hideous Kafir with a large felt hat and a huge bunch of yellow everlasting flowers stuck through each ear.

They are fond of wearing white man's clothes, and those who have been working in the Cape Colony or Natal generally come back clad in complete European costume, looking anything but nice in it. They also very often come back with a choice selection of English oaths and bad language, most unpleasant to hear, and are often inclined to be very insolent, which does

not say much for the teaching they have received or the company they have been in whilst away.

When the noble Kafir goes for a walk he always carries a knobkerry or a stick ; the latter generally carried resting on the shoulders behind the neck and held by both hands. I have tried this fashion with my butterfly-net when walking long distances, and find it a very comfortable and easy position. When he is drunk, a not very rare occurrence, he dances and shouts and sings most unmelodiously as he goes along, carrying the stick or knobkerry standing upright at arm's-length.

Both men and women are terrible drunkards ; they will do anything for rum, and they get drunk so early in the morning, too—it is quite disgraceful. I often see them come reeling and shouting up the hill, after having disposed of their market produce, before ten o'clock. Mothers will actually give rum to their sucking children. Many begin to drink on Saturday afternoon, and keep it up all Sunday, which

is a great day with them for dressing up and visiting their friends.

The rum sold to the Kafirs is a strong fiery spirit, even after the copious dilutions of water it receives before reaching them. They tell you candidly they like their drink strong—"strong enough to make them dance and sing." One woman told me she had a "good head," and could drink four wine-glassfuls without feeling it!

There are numerous canteens kept by small traders, and besides these there are innumerable native huts where rum is sold, distinguished by having a coloured rag tied to a long stick stuck in the roof—to serve as a flag—and the supply is always equal to the demand.

I cannot help thinking that the white man is very much to blame for immediately introducing strong drinks wherever he colonises; but the merchants laugh when I express this opinion, and say it is good for trade. It seems shocking to me to see ship after ship arrive with rum forming the principal cargo. In 1884 nearly

48,000 gallons of "distilled liquors" were imported, and I do not think it is a trade that ever decreases.

There are some few total abstainers amongst the Kafirs who will not even drink the native beers.

The dress of the women is rather pretty, and suits them admirably. It consists of a *capalane* wrapped round the waist—generally only reaching to the knees, but sometimes worn much longer—and another round the body fastened over the breast, leaving the arms quite free. A small handkerchief, white preferred, is also often tied round the waist, with the corners hanging behind—an embroidered end to a white handkerchief being highly prized; red and yellow mixtures seem to be the favourite colours for *capalanes*, but others are used. Whilst working in the fields they usually discard the cloth round the chest.

They wear as many bracelets and anklets, made of finely-twisted brass or iron wire, as they can procure, and the richer the woman the more

rings she displays. Sometimes these reach from wrist to elbow, and from ankle to knee—a most heavy and uncomfortable ornament, I should say—but the true old saying, “Vanity must suffer pain,” applies equally in Africa as in civilised parts.

It is also the custom to tie a string of beads very tightly just above the elbow, and all wear a bead necklace. Many ornament their heads with a fillet about an inch wide made of different coloured beads worked into pretty patterns.

Most Kafirs cut their wool almost close to the head, and this the women often cut again into patterns and stripes—a piece of broken glass usually serving as a razor. I have often seen a group of women and girls engaged in dressing one another's hair, combining at the same time the friendly task of insect hunting! Occasionally one sees a longer crop carefully combed up, looking like a halo, and the fetish-women and men also mess their locks up with red ochre and grease into tiny ringlets, having the appearance of a mass of rusty screws hanging down, a few

small distended bladders being also fixed among them ; they also rub the whole body over with the red pigment.

This custom of colouring the body red is likewise observed by women during pregnancy, and for some months after the birth of the child, and when recovering from some diseases. The red ochre is not found in this neighbourhood, but is brought from a distance.

Women carry their children on their backs, their little legs being stretched across the mother's hips ; in this position they are supported by a skin, tied by the fore and hind legs under the child's legs and over his shoulders, leaving the head swaying about helplessly with every movement of the mother's body. They even hoe the ground and chop wood with a child (perhaps but two or three weeks old) slung in this fashion, and I have often marvelled that the infant is not shaken to pieces, as the woman raises the hoe or hatchet with both hands first above her head, then bends nearly to the ground to strike the blow.

When the little one thus slung up wants nourishment, he, if old enough, reaches under the mother's arm and pulls the breast to him. Sometimes the woman seats her child astride on one hip, and so suckles it—rarely caressing it in any way, but evidently considering the operation a sort of necessary duty that has to be fulfilled. I have occasionally seen a man play with or caress his child, but a woman only once.

When children cry the women jog them up and down most violently by way of a soothing process. They suckle their children long after they can run alone. Many of the babies are jolly little fat-looking shiny things, but, alas! they generally have such dirty noses!

Many of the women have very fine figures, with beautifully shaped arms and small feet; they appear to me finer in comparison than the men. Their upright forms are shown to great advantage whilst carrying heavy pots of water on their heads, which they balance in a wonderful way—a bunch of leaves being put in the pot to prevent the water from slopping over—walk-

ing easily along, and seemingly never giving a thought to their burdens, often stopping and standing on one leg in order to take a thorn out of the other foot.

Many a time, on a day of scorching hot wind, have I waylaid the women coming from the springs, and, after the usual *Chowana* ("Good day") given by all, and returned by me,* asked for a draught of water. One woman would then kneel gracefully on one knee, whilst I either plunged my mouth, like a horse, into a huge pot, or drank from a *garrafaõ*, neither very easy tasks. Quite little girls balance large pots of water they can barely lift as easily as the women.

I like to watch a long file of women and children coming up from the springs with water, the first woman generally holding forth with great energy, and the others uttering a long-drawn "Ah!" in chorus after every sentence, and every one, great and small, with the inseparable short pipe in her mouth.

* The women invariably make two little grunts after the salutation *Chowana* has been returned, perhaps to denote satisfaction at my politeness.

Some women tattoo their faces all over with small pricks in which the juice from the cashew nut is rubbed, and occasionally one sees a Chobi woman with stomach, chest, and back tattooed into the most elaborate patterns, and the two top front teeth pointed.

The language of the country is Landi or Amalandi, and is used and understood far in the interior. It is very musical and pretty, and has many pleasing modulations in tone.

Indigo-blue is the colour worn for mourning, and I regret to say that at present it is the prevailing colour, for Machequene, the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Lourenço Marques, has just been visited by an epidemic of small-pox, which has carried off a great many of the natives, the number of deaths no doubt due in great measure to the pernicious system of inoculation practised amongst them.

A great many were vaccinated by the Government doctor and the British Vice-Consul, and I believe all those so treated escaped the infection.

It has now quite passed away from this part, fortunately without any white man falling victim to its dreadful ravages; but I believe it is generally known that when black races are visited by small-pox, it rarely, if ever, attacks the whites, although it is precisely the same disease that is so fatal to them in other countries.

The old Queen Regent, Mashenga, called Queen by the natives for want of a better word, but in reality only the head of a petty tribe, was one of the victims, and her son Mahumane, a boy about twelve or thirteen years old, now reigns as chief.

The poor old Queen paid me a visit soon after my arrival, accompanied by an *Induna*, or head man of a kraal, to act as interpreter, and a dirtier or uglier old woman I never saw. She sat down in a corner of the room, staring curiously about her at the various things in it and at me, and drank a tumblerful of strong wine with great relish, taking it from me with both hands, and carefully turning her head away

whilst drinking in orthodox Kafir fashion, certainly looking most unlike a queen. After exchanging a few unmeaning sentences she went away, much to my relief.

When a Kafir is very ill, all his friends and relations come to visit him, and try to make themselves useful by helping to cook or doing anything that is needful about the kraal, the nearest relatives only going into the hut where he lies, where they simply sit down quietly and look on.

Immediately the patient dies they hasten to put a little sand under the head and heels, but for what reason they will never say. Then they set up a loud wailing noise, intermixed with shrill cries uttered whilst moving the tongue rapidly up and down, producing a curious rattling sound. This noise travels a great distance, and is done to let the news of the death get spread abroad. The "cry," without the wailing, is also used to call people to a feast or dance, and is passed on from one kraal to another. No noise or "crying" is made

when a death arises from small-pox or consumption, and one or two other diseases that they do not consider natural deaths; nor do they “cry” when the head of a tribe dies, as they are always anxious to keep it a secret as long as possible, most likely from political motives, and it may be many months or a year before the “wake,” as one may call it, is held.

A corpse is always washed before burial, and dressed in new *capalanes*, all the old ones being torn into shreds and put into the grave, together with the sleeping-mat on which the patient died, for the body to lie on. Everything the deceased used in life (pots, pans, &c. —should it be a woman, all her baskets also) is broken up and placed on the grave, which, when possible, is made under a tree or bush of the fine branched *Euphorbia*, and as near the deceased’s hut as they can make it. If no *Euphorbia* bush is handy, a small piece is usually planted on the grave.

The hut where the death took place is never afterwards inhabited, but is suffered to fall into

decay, making the kraals look very ruined and dismal. Any new *capalanes* deceased may have left are taken care of, but near relatives never wear them; sometimes they are sold, or perhaps given to young members of the family some time after. When the funeral is over the relatives put on the blue mourning cloth, exchange their brass rings for iron ones, their coloured beads for black, and shave their heads. Mourning is also sent to far-off relatives who have been unable to attend the ceremony. The day after the funeral all the women go in procession to the springs to wash themselves, and when they return to the kraal all begin feasting, smoking, drinking, and even dancing, leaving off at intervals to resume the "crying." Guns are also fired off at intervals, each shot being followed by a fresh burst of wailing from the women. This alternate feasting and sorrowing goes on sometimes for three or four days, the duration being regulated by the wealth of the family. They then apparently dismiss the subject from their minds altogether.

No one seems able to find out if these natives have any fixed religion or belief; it is a subject they will not speak about, and a Kafir is a most silent or prevaricating being when he wishes to keep a secret; but they evidently believe in some sort of future state—as occasionally they visit the graves of their ancestors and perform some ceremonies over them.*

* I have quite recently been told by a “boy” from Maputa that Kafirs have no belief in a future state—“all finish when he die;” so the ceremonies must be purely fetish if this is the case. The same boy accounted for the superiority of the white race in the following manner. When God, “the Big Governor for top,” created man, he first made the black man, of whom he was very proud, and afterwards the white man, giving to each a piece of paper covered with writing, telling them to take care of it, and that he would come again in a fortnight and explain its meaning. By-and-by a deluging rain came down, and the black man (Kafir fashion) hid his paper under a bush and then sought a shelter for himself. The white man, however, would not part with the precious paper, but placed it under his armpit and fearlessly braved the rain. When the storm had passed the black man found that a rat had torn his paper into little fragments and the rain had obliterated its writing, and he was unable to put them together. When the fortnight had elapsed, and the “Big Governor” paid his promised visit, he went first to the black man, but when he saw the damaged state of the paper entrusted to him he was very angry, and said that he was worse than a dog, and like a dog he should remain. This tradition has been handed down from father to son from time immemorial.

Polygamy is of course practised here, and the wealthier the Kafir, the more wives he buys, some having as many as thirteen.

The price of a wife ranges from £5 to £18, according to her birth and value generally. The money given for a wife is never spent by her father, but is stored in the family as a kind of reserve fund, or is used to buy wives for the sons.

Should the husband be dissatisfied with his wife, or should she misbehave herself, he can send her back to her people, and the sum he paid for her is returned to him. Unlike most black tribes, they are by no means strict in their morals, and a couple often live together before the man is able to find the money necessary for the marriage. Should he never be able to afford it, the woman is at liberty to marry some one else if she feels so inclined; and if she is the mother of a son she will most likely be sought by a childless man, and a high price given for her, her son taking the man's name. Husband and wife sometimes live apart during

the time of pregnancy, but it is by no means the rule.

When a Kafir dies, all his property goes to the eldest son of the chief wife, who can dispose of the other wives as he thinks fit. If there is no son, everything goes to the brother, or nearest relative, with like privileges.

The marriage ceremony is rather interesting, and always takes place in the kraal of the bride. After the amount to be given for her is agreed upon, the wedding-day is fixed, and the money paid to the father or person who has the disposal of her.

On the appointed day the bridegroom arrives, with all his friends and relations, at the kraal, where all are busily engaged in preparing the marriage feast, towards which the bridegroom is obliged to contribute a black goat and the bride a white cock. Some preliminary refreshments are partaken of, and the bride then retires to a hut with her young girl companions, and the bridegroom to another with his young men attendants. Then begins a curious scene of abuse

and recrimination between the two families about the merits and demerits of the betrothed couple, the man's family insisting that the girl is not worth the money paid for her, that she is not well-born, or is lazy, or cannot work, and her family in return disparaging the bridegroom in every possible way.

After the storm of abuse has died away the girls bring the bride from her hut covered with a *capalane* from head to foot, clasping their hands over her head, and surrounding her so closely that they completely hide her from sight. In this fashion they move along very slowly, singing and chanting all the time. When they come to the centre of the kraal the bride sits down, still closely veiled, and commences the "crying." The bridegroom then leaves his hut and sits down near her, but in such a position that they are unable to look at each other, the girls grouped on the side of the bride, and the young men on the side of the bridegroom, it being customary in all gatherings for the men and women to keep apart. While they are seated thus the black goat

is led in, walking on his hind legs, and is pierced through the heart with an assegai by the master of the ceremonies, who afterwards beheads the white cock with the same assegai. The entrails of both are then carefully consulted to find out if the marriage will be lucky or unlucky, and both bride and bridegroom have to taste a little bit of them just as they come from the bodies. This nasty custom concludes the ceremony. The sacrificed goat and cock are speedily cooked, and the marriage feast begins, accompanied by much drinking of rum and native beer, and the usual singing and dancing afterwards. The merry-making is kept up for two or three days, according to the wealth in the family, as usual in all feasts.

The women till the ground, and do all the hard work, and their earnings support the man, who is only obliged to provide them with clothes. Many quarrels take place amongst the wives on this subject—one declaring that another has more beautiful *capalanes* than those given to herself, and evidently thinking favouritism not fair.

Luckily the fighting is generally with woman's favourite weapon—the tongue; I have seldom heard of their coming to blows.

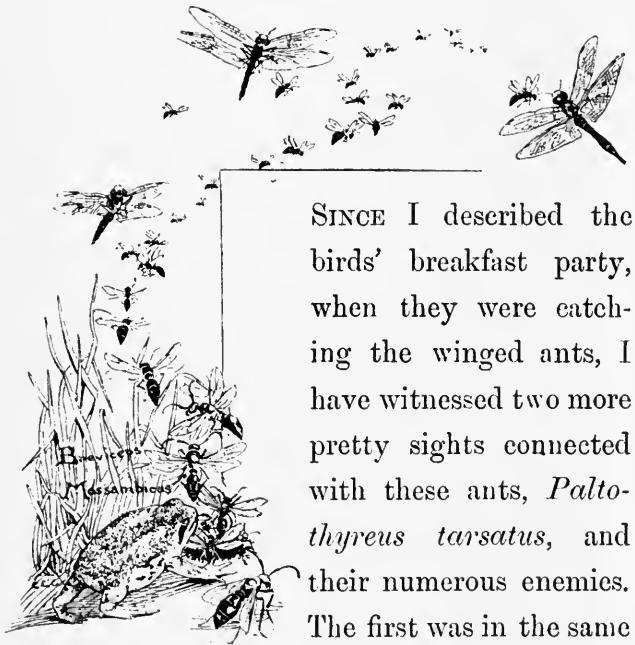
Man is certainly lord and master here, and the many wives seem to live happily together as a rule, and work cheerfully for their owner; but I must say I do not like to see a Kafir coming up the hill empty-handed, and his wives filing after him all heavily laden.

The idleness of black races is proverbial, and white men are blamed for not spurring them on to work; but considering all things, one can scarcely be surprised at their laziness. The climate is warm, time never hangs heavily on their hands, and they are absolutely happy lying about in the sun doing nothing. Why should they work? Their wants are few, and those the land supplies.

These Kafirs are wonderfully independent on the subject of work, and only do what they choose. Should any of them feel a desire for more riches, they can go to the Cape Colonies or Natal, where they are sure to get employment;

and a few years' hard work in a place where they are not known, and therefore do not lose dignity, provides them with the means to purchase several wives, who keep them in idleness ever after.

CHAPTER V.



SINCE I described the birds' breakfast party, when they were catching the winged ants, I have witnessed two more pretty sights connected with these ants, *Paltothyreus tarsatus*, and their numerous enemies.

The first was in the same open road leading through my favourite wood, and the ants, as before, were just taking their flight. There were many more of them—their

holes might be counted by hundreds—but strange to say, the birds were absent.

While I was wondering at the immense cloud of ants, I discovered some funny little reptiles, *Breviceps Mossambicus*, seated by many of the holes, steadily engaged in eating the larvæ or workers who were forced up out of the holes by the constant stream of the perfect winged insects. They were something like toads, but I was surprised to find that they did not hop away when disturbed, but ran rather slowly on very short legs. They had very small mouths, and kept putting out their tongues and licking up the larvæ with the greatest relish, their countenances expressing the most placid contentment. Sometimes one got too many ants on his tongue, and then he would go through the most frightful contortions—puffing and swelling himself in a manner most amusing to behold. Very often one would leave off eating to scratch his head with his front paw in a most serious way, but every action was so comical that I could have watched them for hours.

The Kafirs call them *Chinanas*. In shape they are like a flattened hen's egg, with four little short legs, and a small slit for a mouth at the narrow end. They live underneath the sand, and I often turn them up with my trowel when planting, always quite wet and shining out of the hottest sand. They usually swell themselves out to an enormous size when handled, sometimes emitting a shower of liquid, and quickly disappear backwards into the sand when released. Many little frogs also live under the sand, not a trace of them being visible till rain comes, when they appear as if by magic, merrily singing their happy song till the rain is over; then they too scrape themselves backwards into the sand, and all is silent till the next shower.

After I had looked for some time at the dear little *Chinanas* I amused myself by watching the proceedings of the ants. The females, after flying about for a little while, settled on the ground with their bodies upturned, and in a state of tremor, shaking their wings violently,

and remaining thus till joined by the male, who always seized the abdomen of the female with his mandibles; she then would immediately march off, still clasped by the male, the pair looking like an engine and tender. After going a few paces she would stop suddenly and commence digging a hole in the sand, the male then letting go his hold and digging by her side. Sometimes another pair would join them and work at the same hole, but generally each pair worked alone.

Presently a large black wasp-like insect, a member of the numerous family *Pompilidæ*, came skimming along close to the ground, and seeing the busy community of ants, was immediately seized with the general mania for hole-making, and set to work himself in frantic haste, removing pellet after pellet of sand with great rapidity; and although these insects also make their nests in the sand, I feel sure that he had no intention of making one when he first came by, but had simply caught the excitement, for after making a small hole he flew

away a short distance and returned with a large piece of ground-nut shell, which he stuffed into the hole with much trouble and labour; then, as if recollecting how stupid he was, he dragged it out again, dropped it a little way off, and then fetched more rubbish, bits of stick or more nutshell, which he carefully stuffed down the hole and as hastily pulled out again. How long he would have continued this foolishness I cannot say, because after about a dozen attempts to bury something he was startled by some one passing by, and flew away.

These "waspy" insects are very interesting to watch; I sometimes see one carrying off a grasshopper twice as big as himself, and much too heavy for his strength, which he has overcome and paralysed. After a while he puts it down to rest himself, generally flying off a little way, and when he returns almost always seems to forget where he left his prey, hunting about for it most excitedly till at last he lights upon it.

Two species, *Pelopæus spirifex*, black and

yellow, with transparent wings, and *Synagris analis*, Sauss., a black wasp, with the end of the abdomen bright red, are fond of making their nests, consisting of many little clay cells, in houses, behind picture-frames or in any convenient corner; and as they do not sting unless molested, I seldom disturb the busy little creatures, who never seem to tire at their work when they come into mine. Sometimes when I first open the doors in the morning I find some of them already waiting to come in with their little pellets of moistened sand, and if I prevent them from entering they get quite angry and try to dodge past me. Occasionally they drop the pellet, fatigued with its weight, but quickly fly off and return with more, generally being absent about four minutes, setting, as indeed most insects do, a very good example of industry and perseverance. I have never seen more than one insect at a time working at a nest, and believe that one individual only (the female) makes it. Whilst at work the insect keeps up a constant humming with its wings.

They seem to drink in large draughts of water for the purpose of moistening the sand, no doubt also adding some glutinous substance, and the pot of water I always keep outside my door for my cat is visited all day long by a succession of these busy creatures (as well as by all the fowls from the neighbouring kraals, the Kafirs never supplying the poor things with water).

I have a nest made by the red-tailed wasp, which is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $3\frac{1}{4}$ wide, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ high, the hole for the escape of the young insect being beautifully rounded off and finished.

As each cell is completed an egg is laid in it, and it is stored with paralysed spiders or caterpillars, which form a supply of nice fresh food for the larva.

Another species (*Eumenes*); brown with yellow markings on the abdomen, makes a very pretty semi-transparent nest, resembling whitey-brown paper, composed of a group of cells hanging from a single stalk; and when the insects emerge from it they cluster on it and never

quit it till they have either devoured it or carried it off as ready-made building material, which I should think the most probable. At any rate the nest always disappears. The natives are very frightened of this species, as their sting is very severe; but I have never been attacked by any, although I let them build freely in my verandah.

The many venomous flies that enter the houses, on the contrary, attack and sting frightfully without the least provocation, especially one lovely metallic-green fellow; but fortunately most of the "stingers" make a loud buzzing noise, and so give one warning of their presence.

The second pretty sight I witnessed was in the heart of the wood itself—the ants swarming up into the air as usual, with hundreds of lovely birds, some quite large, chasing them; even large hawks were so eager for them that they swooped down almost low enough to touch my hat. One greyish-blue bird, with a large red beak, *Irrisor erythrorhynchus*, had varied the feast by catching a huge fat grasshopper three inches

long, and kept dashing the poor thing against a branch and then attempting to swallow it; but it took a long time before the grasshopper was sufficiently macerated to allow him to do so; in the end, however, it was accomplished in one gulp. I once found a very pretty bird just dead—choked by trying to swallow a large grasshopper.

I noticed some very handsome birds among the ant-feeders, about the size of a starling, like animated black velvet, and some dear little brown fellows with red hoods tied under their chins (*Estrela granatina?*); swallows were there in numbers. Below the birds were myriads of large dragon-flies, also eagerly devouring the ants, their beautiful bodies and wings shining with metallic lustre in the gleams of sunlight through the leaves. They were most expert in catching the ants, and I could distinctly hear the snap of their jaws as they closed on the unfortunate insects. Often a bright-coloured butterfly would add to the beauty of the scene by flitting through the group, but was quite unheeded by

the birds in the presence of the more attractive food.

Presently I saw a dear reddish-brown ichneumon, with a black tip to his tail—not the banded species—creep slowly into the narrow path where the ants were most plentiful, and after looking cautiously around, begin to eat those on the ground whose wings had fallen off as fast as he could swallow them. He saw me, but evidently thought I was a harmless individual, for he came and ate within eight feet of me, and only looked up occasionally with his sharp little eyes to make quite sure I still was to be trusted. I often see these little fellows trotting about the wood and crossing the wide road, but never had one so near to me before.

The dragon-flies were particularly numerous that day, and as I entered the wood I had observed the curious way they were resting under the branches of trees in rows, their bodies hanging straight down and their wings outspread. They were hanging as close as they could pack together, and as a great many of their bodies

were bright red, at a little distance I could fancy a new species of pendent acacia.

There are a great many monkeys in this wood, and watching their antics and wonderful leaps from tree to tree forms another of my varied amusements during my collecting hours. I saw the first in the open, while I was loitering about with my net during my previous visit here. I saw him appear twice, but he seemed afraid to come near; however, as I remained quite still, the third time he came walking towards me along the path on his hind-legs and with his arms outstretched, but when I moved in his direction he ran off into the wood and up into a high tree, where I could see him angrily shaking the branches. He was silver-grey, with a black face, and appeared to be about three feet high.

I did not then know there were wild monkeys here, and concluded from his approaching me that he was a tame one escaped from confinement. At that time, too, there was only one very little used path through the wood I so constantly refer to—which is also a native

burying-ground—but now I am enabled to go over it in all directions, as the wretched Kafirs are cutting down the large trees for firewood in the most reckless fashion, without let or hindrance.

I believe a law does exist forbidding the cutting of green wood, but nobody now enforces it, and the authorities take no notice of the repeated requests to save the trees made by some of the residents. The Kafirs, too, are very artful, and often give a sly chop at a fine branch, so that it dies, and then “they are only cutting dead wood.”

There is a large belt of bush about a mile from my cottage, going eastward over the hill, which must formerly have been a dense wood, but now is all low thicket full of flowering shrubs and creepers, which fill the air with their sweet fragrance when in blossom. Some few handsome clumps of large trees were still standing when I arrived, affording a grateful shade and a home for many birds, but they are disappearing one by one, much to my sorrow. Were it not for the

fruit-bearing trees, the place would soon become a shadeless plain.

I often wish the good old law formerly practised by the Dutch settlers at the Cape could be put in force here; there any one cutting down a tree was obliged to plant three, and the good result is seen in the lovely avenues and woods of oak and fir.

I cannot say I am sorry that some of the trees have been cut down in my favourite hunting-ground, "Monkey Wood," as I get my finest specimens flitting through the open spaces and resting on tree-trunks, where formerly I could not attempt to use the net, and by cutting away the underwood and some low branches I have made paths to go where I please, so that besides capturing many more insects I have the opportunity of seeing many interesting things I otherwise should miss.

I often find, however, that after carefully clearing a path, next morning it is so littered with dead creepers and thorny bushes, ruthlessly torn away and chopped down in the passage to a

coveted firewood tree, that my trouble is thrown away, and much valuable time wasted in clearing another.

I especially enjoy watching the monkeys. Whole families of them leap from tree to tree, chattering and screaming and gesticulating when they see me coming, parting the branches with their little hands, and sometimes mounting to the extreme top to have a better view. All are greyish-coloured, the older ones having white whiskers.

They are a constant source of excitement to my dog, who always chases them ; sometimes he sees them cautiously crossing the road through the wood, and flies after them in pursuit. I believe he often mistakes the little Kafir children—innocent of clothes—for monkeys, as he always runs after and barks at them, much to their dismay ; but luckily for me, he never bites, only barks furiously at everybody.

One unfortunate accident did occur from his barking propensities. Some boys, armed as usual with many sticks, were running down to

the sea to swim their toy boats, which they construct very neatly, in the shallow pools left by the retreating tide. My dog as usual ran up to them and barked, and one of the boys, although he perfectly well knew the dog was harmless, raised his stick and struck him across the back. I ran up, asking him how he dared strike a *m'lunga's* ("white person's") dog, when he actually struck at the dog a second time. I then naturally made for that boy, but he took to his heels, so I sent my boy Jack to run after him and bring him back to me. He was so frightened when he found he was followed that he leapt over some bushes growing on the side of the cliff, instead of following the regular winding path, and in so doing broke his foot. I should have pitied him very much, but he immediately began to tell lie upon lie to his people, declaring that he never struck the dog, and that Jack set the dog on to bite him. Of course I soon had the truth explained, and afterwards the boy confessed.

For some time after I was afraid my dog

would be poisoned, as Kafirs often revenge themselves by poisoning the pets of any one who has offended them, but fortunately nothing of the sort occurred. I feared the boy would be a cripple for life, as nothing would induce his parents to let him go to the hospital, but I learned some months after that he was running about as well as ever.

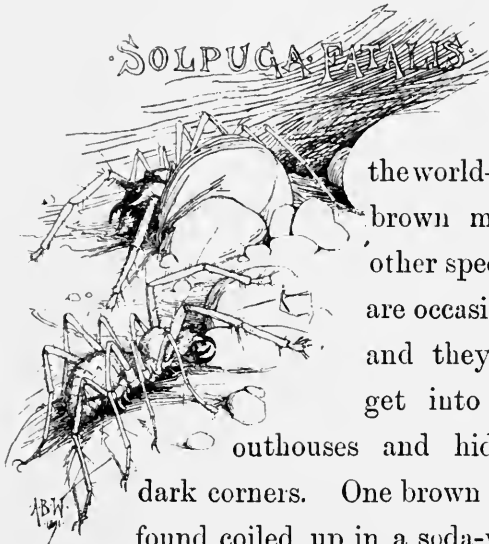
It is strange what a dislike all Kafirs have for that useful institution. They tell you it is *ai mushla*, and that people never come out alive. This belief may possibly be kept up by the fact that they rarely go there till they are at death's door.

A young girl came to me one day with her instep completely laid open, a most horrible sight. She had been carrying a *garrafaõ* full of water, had slipped, and the bottle had broken over her foot. She was so decided not to go to the hospital that I consented to treat it, and after extracting all the broken glass, pressed the wound into shape as well as I could, and applied a lotion of permanganate of potash many times

a day; and in due course the wound healed perfectly without any suppuration. I could not think of any better remedy, as I had just cured a horse's very sore back with the same stuff, in which I have great faith.

Kafirs of all ages and sexes come to me to be cured of sores, breakings out, &c., to which they are very subject, and I give them for ointment either powdered sulphur mixed with oil and a little carbolic acid, or paraffin oil, and they say both are wonderful. Kafirs are extremely fond of white man's physic. They don't seem to mind how nasty it is, and will drink down a tumbler of water containing $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of Epsom salts without a grimace.

CHAPTER VI.



SNAKES are plentiful in this part of the world—green and brown mambas, and other species; cobras are occasionally seen, and they sometimes get into stores and outhouses and hide away in dark corners. One brown mamba was found coiled up in a soda-water bottle in a friend's house, and I am constantly *almost* treading upon them out of doors. Once I was sitting resting under a tree, wondering what was causing a peculiar rustling noise quite close to me, when out glided a mamba and slunk off into the bush.

The green species are usually seen coiled up in the branches of trees, and it is said that both will attack unprovoked, but all I have seen make off as soon as they are observed. I once came upon a green mamba lying in the path trying to swallow a large lizard, but when it saw me it hastily disgorged its prey and glided off, leaving to me the unpleasant task of killing the poor half-crushed thing. My boy Jack trod on a brown one once, and the flying leap he took, flinging down box and net, startled me, but it had not attempted to bite him. He called to me one day in the wood to look at a large snake that had reared its head and hissed at him when he threw a stick at it, but unfortunately it had vanished before I reached the spot.

From his description I believe it must have been a puff-adder, and some time after I saw one of the same sort. I nearly trod on it, but instead of gliding away it reared up about a foot quite close by my side, following me with its head wherever I turned, and puffing out its cheeks. I could not help gazing on it, it was

so beautiful; but when my boy came up he screamed out, "Oh, Missisi! come away!" and seemed frightened at my narrow escape.

Kafirs, of course, know of various roots and leaves which they apply to snake-bites, and they also burn the heads of poisonous snakes, and carefully keep the ashes to rub in the wound, saying it is a most valuable remedy.

One night I had a large snake much nearer to me than was exactly pleasant. I was calling the kitten in before shutting up for the night, when I heard a horrible loud lissing noise quite close to my feet, but it was so dark a night that I could see nothing. The thought of snakes crossed my mind at once, but yet the noise seemed almost too great to be made by a snake. After some minutes it gradually grew fainter and fainter. The dog was lying very still at my feet, which I thought strange, as he generally wants to investigate everything he sees or hears. The kitten did not appear, and presently back came the horrid hissing noise, and came so very close that I retreated into the house with the

dog, feeling most anxious about my kitten, whose plaintive little mew, however, I soon afterwards heard at the door. When the pets were safely housed I took out a lantern and looked about, but could see nothing. I described the noise to Jack in the morning, and he at once said it was made by a "*nhoca*" snake as thick as his arm. The dog, therefore, knew his enemy, and wisely kept still, and I have since found that he growls and is frightened at the cast-off snake-skins often seen lying about.

Another time my attention was attracted by seeing two hens standing close together and fixedly staring at something. I went out, and discovered a brown mamba twined round one of the verandah poles and just about to strike. He glided away when he saw me, and the next morning I found him curled up and fast asleep not far from my door, the hens again standing side by side very near to him, and staring at him as if fascinated.

During my last visit here I had a large serpent brought me, about seven feet long, said

by some to be a cobra. It had been caught while swallowing a hare; but it soon died in captivity, as it would not eat dead game, and I could not consent to living things being provided. Its flesh was boiled and given to the fowls, who ate it up greedily. At that time I also had a pretty little black and white striped animal with a large tail, the white stripes running along the back and tail. It was a Zorilla (*Ictonyx Zorilla*, native name, *chiserpoula*), and they are very common here, but are seldom seen, as they burrow in the sand during the day. The holes they make in the sand are most dangerous to riders, as horses often stumble in consequence. When full grown they are about the size of a three-months-old kitten. They are carnivorous, and find their prey in the numerous moles and rats and mice.

The one I kept was brought to me quite a baby, and soon got very tame and a household pet. I fed it on raw meat, which it ate greedily and savagely. One night, soon after I had it, it escaped from its cage, and I feared I should

lose it altogether ; but to my delight I heard its little feet pattering along the floor when I called it, and it allowed me to replace it in its cage. It would seize on my hand when I put it between the bars, and holding it tightly, proceed to lick all the fingers carefully one by one, beginning with the thumb, making a pretty little contented noise all the time. When it had cleaned one finger to its satisfaction it would push it petulantly away and proceed to another. Its antics were very diverting ; it would arch its back and fluff up its tail, pretending to be alarmed, and go sideways and backwards like a kitten, and roll over and over for pure fun.

I had it nearly two years, and shortly before my return to England was able to get it a young female companion, which, however, I had not time to tame. I took them both safely to the Zoological Gardens in London, but unfortunately neither survived the winter. The only drawback to keeping them is that if frightened they emit a very powerful and unpleasant odour.

The lovely little octodon, so familiar to visitors

at the Zoological Gardens, is also found here, and I had a pair given to me ; but as they never showed themselves by day, and disturbed my rest at night, I let them run away.

I have occasionally seen squirrels, reddish-grey in colour. Quite a colony of them played round me once at Poulana whilst I was seated on a fallen tree munching my biscuit, chasing each other and scampering in and out of the branches quite regardless of my presence, and so beguiling the wasted minutes spent in eating.

There are many *simbas*, or wild cats, here, who prowl about at night seeking for and devouring any unfortunate fowls they may discover. They emit a strong scent of musk, which hangs about the clothes for a long while, should one happen to go through bush where a *simba* has previously passed. I once tried to rear a small family of *simba* kittens, brought me by a Kafir who had killed the mother for her skin ; but although I used a feeding-bottle they could not be induced to eat, so I had them drowned. I have twice tried to rear young antelopes that

way, but each time without success ; perhaps the condensed milk may have had something to do with my failures.

I believe two or three species of buck are to be found in this immediate neighbourhood, but I have only seen a small reddish-brown variety. I often startle them in my walks, and have the greatest difficulty in preventing my attendant Kafir going in wild pursuit.

Sometimes a poor thing ventures too near a kraal, no doubt attracted by the fresh green mealie leaves ; and if he is seen, woe betide him ! The whole place is immediately in an uproar. Such a chance of good fresh meat is not to be despised, and all the men and boys give chase, armed with sticks and assegais—the dogs, equally excited, mingling their barking with the hooting and yelling of the men. More than once a poor goaded beast, panting and terrified, has passed my door thus pursued, and one can only hope that its agony will not be very prolonged.

Moles, to judge from their tracks, must be very numerous. They are a very pretty spe-

cies (*Chrysochlorus obtusirostris*), light yellowish brown with a darker brown back. The Kafirs call them *sinantokañana*—rather a long name for so small a beast.

Hares are also numerous, and often jump up almost from under my feet ; and during my last visit a sleeping hare was actually trodden upon by my companion, but luckily was more frightened than hurt.

Partridges and quail I am continually starting and nearly treading on, and they rise so suddenly that they often almost brush my face. Large snails, with long pointed shells, are very common, but are not eaten by the natives, as at Sierra Leone, where they are exposed for sale in the market ; and I have found two specimens of an enormous black slug (*Vaginula maura*, n. sp.), figured and described in a German work.

Tortoises are occasionally brought in for sale, and as they are no trouble to keep, I generally have one tied to a long string near some fresh grass, just for the fun of seeing them eat it—first stretching out their long sinewy necks, and then

opening their huge mouths very wide and making snaps at the tufts of grass, often holding them down near the roots with a clumsy paw to get a better purchase. It is still more amusing to see them drink.

I have also had large lizards or iguanas brought me, and tried to keep them, but they would never eat in captivity, so I always let them run. Those I had were most lovely turquoise-blue and emerald-green creatures, two feet long, the colours most exquisitely blended. I often see a smaller species, with a large broad head, resting on the trunks of trees, curiously jerking up its head and shoulders whilst waiting for flies.

Their rough-looking skins are variously coloured, some so exactly like the bark of the tree that it is difficult to discover them unless they move. I saw some lovely fellows, quite a foot long, with the head, neck, and fore-legs bright turquoise-blue; this was shaded off to a green body, the green again shaded off to a brown tail, a streak of yellow down the back completing the lovely colouring. Many have only a greenish blue

head, with brown bodies. Those that frequent the hot sand have very rough skins of a mottled reddish colour like the ground they are on.

Chameleons are very common, but the natives are afraid of them, and always bring them to me either tied by the tail to a bit of string or stuck in the end of a cleft stick. Their astonishment, always expressed by clapping their hands to their mouths many times, and saying, "Ah! Ah!" is very great when they see me handle the pretty things and let them run over me; also when I point out to them the curious changing colours. One can hardly wonder the natives are frightened at them, for they certainly do look very ferocious when they distend their large baggy throats, open their mouths wide, and begin to hiss, but they are perfectly harmless, and I like to feel their little hands clasping my fingers.

Small smooth lizards of many shapes and colours, some with large and some with small heads, swarm about the house inside and out, and I am sorry to say are eagerly hunted by my kitten, who is most expert at catching them, quick

as they are, always holding them by the head. I used to take them from her and kill them quickly, but now she is too knowing, and marches off with her victim dangling down and squeaking piteously to a place where I cannot reach her, and there plays with it at her leisure.

They are nice amusing little things to have about the house, the tiny babies with their enormous eyes being especially pretty. I found four beautiful little round white eggs, about the size of a large pea, in a box of ribbons and lace, and after some months some little bright-eyed spotted fellows an inch long made their appearance. Lizards seem to be rather pugnacious, and fight and chase each other continually. When courting they make a pretty little tweet-tweeting noise.

I like to watch them stealthily creeping along before they make the final spring on their prey; they then have a most anxious look in their bright eyes, and keep wagging their tails with excitement. They scratch themselves with a hind-leg just like a dog.

One dull soft-looking light-drab variety, with very large protruding black eyes, I only see inside the house. It is one of the wide-headed species, and looks very weird on the whitewashed walls.

Very light painted or whitewashed walls seem to me the most appropriate for a hot climate. Paper may look more elegant for a short time, but is sure to discolour and peel off in patches in the rainy season, looking most untidy. White-wash has the further advantage of being healthy and clean, and easily renewed, and all the pests that frequent a house are more readily discovered on white walls.

Several times I have suddenly raised my eyes from my book or writing and found a huge brown spider on the walls just before me, the sight of his horrible hairy body and legs making my heart beat fast with the fear that perhaps he may vanish before the boot or towel wherewith to smash him can be fetched, and that the next time I see him may be on my dress.

One I killed must have been a female carrying

a bag of young ones, for after her death the walls were covered with tiny black spiders about the eighth of an inch long, who speedily shared the fate of their mother.

Another formidable-looking light brown hairy insect, with double mandibles, called a *Galeodes* (*Solpuga fatalis*, Licht.), not a true spider, but easily mistaken for one, I have also seen on the walls at night and running in the sand about dusk. They are rather plentiful here, and as their bite is really poisonous, it is necessary to wage war with them.

A friend told me that one ran over his hand while trying to capture it, and it felt painful and numbed for some time. Afterwards he managed to get two, one a very large one—the body measuring two inches—under a jam dish, intending to preserve them in spirits; but they immediately began to fight ferociously, and after a little while the large one snapped off the first half of his enemy's body and swallowed it, and then ate up the other half. They were then popped in the spirit bottle, but in rather a

different form to that first intended, and formed a striking illustration of the economy of space.

Small spiders one gets accustomed to, and they are useful in catching flies and mosquitoes. I also allow some few webs of an immense spider to remain in the verandah for the same purpose. These are a very handsome species, body and legs being variously and brilliantly coloured with scarlet, black, blue, yellow, and grey. Their webs are exceedingly sticky, and are a bright gold colour, looking lovely in the sun. The foundation lines are so strong that I have frequently had my progress arrested by them and they did not break. In the woods I have seen them stretched across a space of about thirty feet, attached to the tallest trees.

Some of the spiders here have hard shell-like pointed abdomens, scarlet and yellow. One I lately sketched had a shell with alternate bars of cool grey and light chrome yellow, with one or two points of black to give effect. The legs had alternate rings of black and grey. I am obliged to admire their beauties and industry,

but I must confess to an antipathy to themselves.

One little yellow and black spider forms a thick white cross, measuring from three to five inches each way, in the centre of its web, which has a most curious effect, the cross being quite thick in the middle, and gradually getting zig-zag before it ends. In the morning and towards evening the spider waits for his prey in the centre of the cross, but in the hot mid-day he takes shelter under a leaf. More than once I have seen a colony of thousands of baby red spiders crossing a web bridge, having a very pretty effect of animated bead-work.

Two species of scorpions are found here—one light brown, with rather narrow claws, and the other black, with claws very thick and wide, like those of a crab. They sometimes appear on the walls, but are more frequently discovered in corners of rooms or cupboards. They have a great liking for boots and folds of dresses or sleeves, and it is quite necessary to shake all articles of clothing before putting them on;

but this soon becomes a habit in a tropical climate.

Once I found a lively specimen on my arm whilst in my bath, and twice centipedes have been my uninvited companions of the bath, they having crept into the holes in the sponge during the night.

Cockroaches are a great nuisance, impossible to banish, and although the males of some of the white and variegated species look rather nice when their wings are properly laid out, one does not care for whole families alive in the house, and only creeping out of their hiding-places towards night. Should a candle be suddenly lighted in the small hours, many will be seen dotted about the walls—perhaps a big one will scamper off over the bed-clothes—moving their long feelers about and looking quite scared at the unusual light. Then is the time, if not too sleepy, to go round with the towel made into a flapper. I find that the female, after depositing her capsule full of eggs on the walls, ingeniously covers it up

with some of the whitewash, and so it escapes notice.

Mosquitoes and fleas of course abound, some of the former a light brown colour and of enormous size, large enough to pin up as specimens. The latter literally swarm in some months. One can see them moving about the floor, and they eagerly spring up and begin to bite if a hand is held near. I have counted as many as nine on one foot long before it reached the ground on getting out of bed in the morning, and have almost felt inclined to pity the poor things, they must be so very hungry! They do not seem to hop as much as English fleas—perhaps they partake of the general non-energy of the country—and when they bite they stick on, almost as a tick does, and allow themselves to be caught easily. They especially favour the ears of the poor animals, fastening on so closely side by side that they look like bead-work. A little oil or paraffin will, however, soon make them let go their hold.

Another house pest impossible to get rid of is

a small silvery-looking soft insect with three long tails, the body measuring about three-quarters or half an inch. These eat up everything in the shape of clothing or paper they can get access to, the minute babies being able to creep through the smallest space. Dresses hanging against a wall will very soon have little holes eaten out all over them, and papers and books will sometimes have the surface of the paper only eaten away. A photograph I had was entirely destroyed that way. They run very fast when discovered, and are difficult to catch and kill. They get behind picture-frames, and will work their way between the picture and the glass if not constantly looked for. One morning I discovered seven *sombas*, as the natives call them, and one scorpion behind a picture, so felt rewarded for my trouble.

Some people call them fish-tail moths—why “moths” it would be difficult to discover, but I believe they belong to the order *Thysanura* or bristle-tails. I have found it a good plan to

crumple up some white or tissue paper, which they seem to prefer, and leave it as a bait near anything I particularly value.

Ants, of course, will find their way into the house, and I have to look very sharply after my collections. At some seasons the little red ants literally come in swarms, and I am obliged to keep the legs of my tables in saucers of water, or everything would be eaten up. This, however, is unfortunately no protection against some tiny little lice (probably *Termes pulsatorium*, Linn.), who defy water, carbolic acid, camphor, and albo-carbon alike, and who have such fine appetites that they will devour the wing of a butterfly in one night.

Sometimes I drop a spoiled insect on the floor, and it is instantly surrounded by ants, who seem to arrive on the spot almost as soon as the dead insect. They do not only attack dead insects, for I once found a brood of the large caterpillars of *Ophideres Fullonica* covered with them, the poor things twisting and throwing themselves about in great distress. I was only

able to save some, the others being so badly bitten that I killed them at once. I suppose the ants had at first been attracted by a dead caterpillar, and had then proceeded to the living ones. I once found a colony of black ants comfortably established in a box of envelopes, but fortunately discovered them before they had torn up very many.

The *salalé*, or white ant, as it is generally called, though I believe it is now found to belong to the order *Orthoptera*, is the most destructive of all, and if not carefully guarded against will quickly demolish all the woodwork of a house. These destructive insects like to carry on their operations under cover, so for this purpose they plaster the wood to be attacked with a covering of sand, and eat away under its shelter, often carrying on the covered way a long distance if the desired wood happens to be only at the top of a house. They usually eat only the inside, leaving a thin coating, which appears to be solid until touched.

It is no unusual thing for a table to give way

suddenly, although looking quite sound, because the legs have been completely hollowed out; or a window-frame will seem quite secure till one puts a finger right through it. If a plank is left on the ground, it will soon be covered with sand, and when lifted up will be nothing but rotten fibre. They do not confine themselves to wood, but will also attack clothing or matting.

Their nests, often solidly built mounds of considerable size, may be a long way from the house attacked, and unless the nest is found and the huge queen destroyed, it is difficult to stay their ravages; but paraffin oil poured about the place where they are supposed to be will delay the attack for a time.

The wings of the perfect insect are very large and beautiful, and in the winged stage these ants are also eagerly sought by birds; but I have never seen the children here eating them as a relish to their food, as I have on the West Coast.

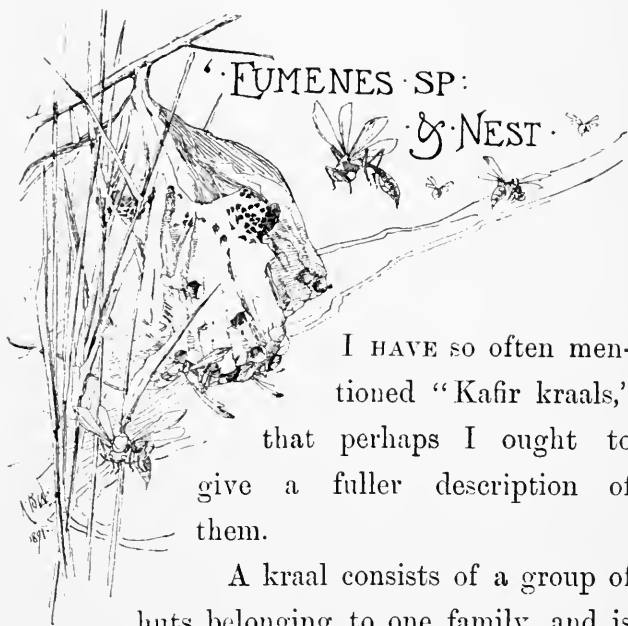
Often a powerful and exceedingly nasty smell is wafted into the house, and it was some time

before I discovered that it came from a large black ant with an enormous head, the "soldier" of *Paltothyreus tarsatus*, who makes his holes in the sand, and emits this odour whenever he is touched or trodden upon.

I have been watching them carefully lately, and have come to the conclusion that this species at any rate is not gifted with a large amount of common sense: for instance, one will find some dead insect which he wishes to convey to his home in the sand; in all probability he will forget where that is, although he has only left it a few minutes before, and begin to drag his prey away in the opposite direction, never by any chance going round an obstacle, but struggling over everything in the most foolish way. Presently he will put down his burden and go and look for his hole; if he finds it he goes back for his prize, by this time having forgotten where he left that; at last he finds it and gets it home, leaves it on the edge of the hole while he goes down to see if all is right below, and then returns and drags it down

after him. Should he discover an insect too heavy for him to carry off unaided, he goes to fetch a friend to help him, after having tried his utmost to be independent. When the two return, and after the usual hunt find the insect, they almost invariably seize it at opposite ends and pull away against each other for a long while; at last they find out something is wrong, and work properly together. They may have some deep design in their proceedings of which we are ignorant, but to me it looks like sheer stupidity; and as they measure three-quarters of an inch, they certainly are "big enough to know better."

CHAPTER VII.



I HAVE so often mentioned "Kafir kraals," that perhaps I ought to give a fuller description of them.

A kraal consists of a group of huts belonging to one family, and is large or small in proportion to the members of the family inhabiting it. Every wife has a separate hut, the husband's hut being in the centre of them. A neat pile of firewood gene-

rally stands by the door of every woman's hut, denoting the sex of the occupant.

The huts are round in shape, with conical roofs; the walls are usually four feet high, made of *caniço* and mangrove poles, and a small portico is always built over the entrance. The inside is daubed with clay made with a red earth mostly brought from the foot of the cliff near Reuben Point, and which cures so firmly when mixed with water that I should suppose it to be ant-hill sand but that the Kafirs all deny it. From its colour it must be strongly impregnated with iron, as also must the large heavy red boulders brought from the same spot and used here for building purposes. The roofs are thatched with a reedy grass over a framework of thin sticks projecting considerably over the walls, so that the thatch often nearly reaches to the ground, effectually keeping off the rain, and forming a nice shelter for the fowls during the heat of the day. The thatch is cut quite short over the portico. Some huts have a wooden door, but generally it is made of *caniço* like the walls.



Art. 100

A KAFIR KRAAL.

J. S. G.

It is customary to light a good fire in the centre of the huts every evening—in winter for its warmth, and in summer for the smoke to drive away the mosquitoes. No chimney is built, so the smoke has to escape as it can through the thatch.

Most Kafirs sleep on rush mats, but a few possess a rude raised bedstead as well; all use a small wooden pillow about five and a half inches high and two broad, which they place just below the ear; these are sometimes carved into many fanciful designs.

The huts can be moved bodily in two pieces when a kraal is shifted, which is often done for sanitary reasons, and the operation is always accompanied by much shouting and singing, as it requires many men to move one hut, and a Kafir can do nothing without his song. When the roof is being carried along it looks like some huge remarkable insect, nothing of the men being visible but a multitude of legs and feet.

Some of the larger kraals are very picturesque,

the site chosen being generally near some large trees for the sake of their shade.

The women, too, whilst engaged in their various occupations are picturesque-looking, their costume of gaily-coloured handkerchiefs giving the necessary bits of colour to the scene. Some are always busy at the task of pounding mealies for the daily supply in the great wooden mortars used for the purpose, two or three women often standing round one mortar and taking it in turn to bring down the heavy pestle, and of course singing or whistling in time over their work. Others will be engaged in tossing up the pounded mealies in an open flat basket, to clear off any remains of husk; these are always surrounded by the fowls, anxiously hoping a little of the meal may be spilled. Others will be busily washing out the cooking pots and pans, generally standing to do so, and always stooping from the hips, never bending the knees, which seems so much more natural, while others again are superintending the cooking over the open-air gipsy fires.

Should any lords of the creation be about, they are almost certain to be doing nothing; but that they do so well and thoroughly that one must not blame them. Occasionally two or three will rouse themselves sufficiently to take part in a game played with some large acacia seeds in holes scooped in the sand, the seeds being passed rapidly from one hole to another; but I have never been able to discover the rules of the game. Sometimes quite a large party will assemble before a canteen to play this game, making a proportionate number of holes in the sand, and many are the squabbles that arise during its progress.

Lean dogs, cats, pigs, fowls, children (not lean), and sometimes goats, wander and play about the kraals, giving plenty of movement; and for scent! the odour of a long-worn, never-washed Kafir blanket, which is indescribably faint and nasty, and is often painfully apparent long before a kraal is entered. For sound there is the continual chattering or singing of the women, varied by a screaming child or the

yelling of some wretched kicked and beaten dog.

As I have said before, Kafirs never think it necessary to feed their animals, although they seem to be very fond of keeping them. There are usually many dogs in each kraal with their framework distinctly visible, who rush out in a pack snarling and barking at every stranger passing by; the sight of a stick, however, is sufficient to send them running away tail between legs, some even yelping in anticipation, showing too plainly how well they know the application of it.

When the young mealie plants begin to grow, it is, of course, necessary to secure the goats and pigs, and my heart has often ached when looking into a sty, to see a poor gaunt sow with a large small family all fighting and dragging at her, trying in vain to get the nourishment it is out of her power to supply, and not a drop of water or a morsel of food anywhere to be seen. I suppose they must be given just enough food to keep life in them in the course of the day, but that is all.

Cats, of course, fare better, as they can go out on hunting expeditions, but they even never look plump and comfortable. The fowls fare the best of all, as the supply of insects and grubs to be found and scratched up is inexhaustible, but I fear they often suffer much from thirst.

The Kafirs themselves take good care to have plenty to eat, and one good trait in their character is that they always share anything they are eating or drinking with others.

Their staple food is mealies, sweet potatoes, mandioca root, beans, and ground-nuts, of which they plant only just sufficient for their wants year by year, "taking no heed for the morrow," or, in other words, not planting enough to sell also, and so provide against a dry season and time of famine.

Millet and a small round corn called *mapili* are also cultivated, and both eaten and made into *cheluana*, or native beer. Rice is grown in the neighbouring districts of Poulana and Makota.

This farinaceous food is often varied by meats, for the Kafirs are not at all particular as to their food, and will even eat monkey. They sometimes kill a pig or fowl, and constantly snare the birds. Those near the coast have the advantage of getting plenty of fish, all sorts and qualities being eaten with relish. Some reptiles, and the fat black and yellow caterpillar of *Cirina forda*, a large drab moth, are also not despised as food, women and children regularly going out to gather these last when fully grown. Some of the women climb the trees, and shake the branches till the caterpillars drop to the ground, when they are picked up and crammed into every available tin or pot, where, as each one ejects a quantity of black fluid from the mouth when touched, they look a most repulsive crawling mass.

The *cheluana* above referred to, often called *chuala*, is made from the fruit of the cashew-tree, and from a fruit like a small yellow plum, growing in great profusion on a large handsome tree something like an ash, with light-

green foliage and pink blossoms, the flowers of the male tree being very different from those of the female. It is evidently allied to the "Kafir plum" tree growing in Natal, which has white flowers and reddish fruit; the native name is *aucania*.

When this fruit is ripe the women collect and pile it in heaps under the large trees in the kraal; they then assemble, and after picking out the large stones with a pointed stick, squeeze the juice (often with very dirty fingers) into large pots of water, the mixture being allowed to stand and ferment for three days, when it is ready for use. Many drink it up after it has only fermented one day. When the beer is considered ready the Kafirs from the neighbouring kraals drop in for an evening's festivity of beer-drinking, singing, and dancing, drinking enormous bowls of beer before it has the desired intoxicating effect, the merry-makings lasting far into the night. These meetings go the round of the kraals before the *cheluana* season is over.

The Kafirs are fond of bringing *cheluana* as a present to the white men, but always expect something in return of rather more than its value ; indeed, all their so-called presents have to be returned by another, which of course is never called payment, although it may take the form of money. This most transparent farce is sometimes rather a nuisance, for it would not be etiquette to refuse to take as a "present" an article one would never dream of buying.

Until within the last few years the various tribes under Portuguese protection paid a yearly tribute to the Government in mealies, *mapili*, and other cereals, which were afterwards sold by public auction, a dance in the square before the Governor's house always being performed by the women bringing it in ; but a "present" for this was even expected and given, sometimes exceeding the value of the tribute. Now a tax of eighteenpence a hut is levied instead, which will doubtless some day be increased.

There are seven or eight tribes to whom the Portuguese flag is given as a token that they are

under Portuguese rule, and who in return undertake to rally round it in case of disturbances or war.

There really was a war scare in 1883, it being rumoured that the Swazies were coming to attack the Amatongas, so the officers and troops and Kafir warriors were ordered to the frontier to meet the enemy, and then a steady stream of women and children laden with household goods defiled into or near the town for protection, continuing for three days. Some Europeans, too, left their houses and went within the town walls. I had one or two offers of shelter, but did not feel alarmed, and preferred to take care of my cottage. The cannons were taken from the fort and placed so as to face the roads, and a guard of white residents was called, and positions assigned to each, but I did hear that many kept their night-watch by drinking and singing in various canteens.

The scare was all over in five days, and the warriors came straggling back in a drenching rain, with bedraggled plumes and weary feet.

Two Swazi warriors came in as messengers not long after, and I noticed that they wore entirely white plumes and skins, having a very good effect.

None of these tribes ruled by the Portuguese are very large, and some, like Mashequene, Poulana, and Mahota, quite petty tribes. They are larger at Catembe or Tembe and Matola, and the two largest are Sishassi's tribe and Mupunga's tribe, located at Maguire, up the river Manissa.

I should imagine that the blood of these tribes is not very pure, as they have intermarried with refugees from many other tribes who from various causes have from time to time sought the protection of the Portuguese flag, and also with the Loanda and Mozambique blacks who are employed as soldiers.

Five of these kings or chiefs were presented with new flags in 1877 by the Governor-General of Mozambique, who was then paying his first visit to Delagoa Bay, and I had the good fortune to be a witness of the ceremony, which took place on a belt of grass just inside the town walls.

The chiefs and their followers kept arriving till about three thousand were massed together, all of course in full war-dress. When they had taken up their several positions the Governor-General and suite arrived in full uniform, and attended by a guard of honour of one hundred sailors from the corvette. Then began a series of dances and manœuvres all most novel and interesting to me, one grand united rush with levelled assegais and shields held up being especially imposing, and I could not help thinking at the time what very little protection the handful of soldiers here could afford, either to the white inhabitants in time of danger or to the various tribes claiming such protection.

Kafir dances, I expect, are very much alike in all parts, the most noticeable feature to me being the mighty stamp in perfect unison of so many feet, and the strange wailing sort of chant accompanying each thud on the ground.

When all the performances were finished, the Governor-General paraded amongst the Kafirs, presenting a flag to each chief with a few suit-

able words, and all dispersed quite quietly, made happy by the additional present of some barrels of rum and some fresh meat.

Poulana is the nearest district to Mashequene, the very pretty Poulana valley, thickly wooded to the sea-shore with palms, bananas, and other trees, being reached after a walk of about three miles and a half over the hill. Reuben Point is then on the right, part of the road being through the dense belt of bush full of sweet flowers I mentioned some time ago.

The palms in this valley bear a sort of small red date of delicious flavour, but their luxuriant beauty is completely destroyed by being chopped about in all directions for the palm-wine.

This palm supplies abundant material for the manufacture of baskets of various shapes, which are very neatly made by the Poulana and Mahota natives. Those used as market baskets are of two shapes—one like a large deep saucer, and the other like an inverted cone, the bottom being so small that they only just stand securely. One very handy and prettily plaited basket has

a cover the same shape as the basket itself, which slips up and down a rope handle, and fits over the basket when closed.

Another convenient and very strong basket is made round in shape, the sides being very much larger in the middle than at the top and bottom. These have a tightly-fitting lid overlapping a little way, with two or three hinges, according to the size of the baskets, which range from about nine inches to two and a half feet in diameter.

Some of the palm-leaf is often dyed red and black, and plaited in ornamental designs. At Poulana, too, the sleeping-mats in general use, made of rushes neatly sewn together, are manufactured, and the inhabitants of the valley are mostly fishermen, so the palm of industry must certainly be awarded to them.

Many of the fish are caught by means of a stockade of boughs of trees built out into the water, but most are captured by line and drag-nets.

I saw one curious open-work basket trap at Poulana, made of small twigs in the shape of a

cone, open at both ends, and with a handle at one side. The fisherman uses it by wading into shallow water, and clapping it down over any fish he sees, pulling the fish out through the small opening at top.

The little fishing-boats look very pretty coming in with their loads, their square mat sails having a very strange and picturesque appearance. They are of course rather clumsy specimens of boat-building, but seem to answer every purpose.

When a new boat is being constructed the Kafir is really industrious, working with a will till it is completed. The boat is made by tying together rough planks, the holes for the cords being made with red-hot irons, and afterwards caulked with fibre and beeswax. When the boat is finished the men and boys of the neighbourhood harness themselves to it and drag it down to the beach, the oars being placed in an upright position in it and supported by some of the men walking by its side. Of course the women and girls join in the

procession, and all unite in chanting a song of rejoicing as they slowly move along, to the effect that now more food can be brought into the land by the aid of the boat.

Fish is plentiful, good, and cheap, and I fully expect that when the long-promised railway arrives an opening will be found for a large and advantageous trade with the interior in this most important article of food. The rock-cod and a large fish shaped like a perch, called *muquaqua*, are especially good.

The prawns found here are sometimes enormous, measuring over eight inches—I had one ten inches long without the feelers—but they are very good and sweet-flavoured in spite of their size.

Crawfish and crabs are here rather coarse in quality. Oysters are plentiful, but very small, the allowance of rough shell to each oyster being something astonishing. Nevertheless it is a favourite way of spending Sunday amongst the Europeans to sail out to the oyster-beds opposite Reuben Point and picnic off the enticing mollusc.

A very tiny shrimp is netted and esteemed a great delicacy by the natives to mix with their mealie porridge after being dried in the sun. They also dry fish, with or without salt, by spreading it out on the roofs of their huts, where it may also acquire a smoky flavour from the constant fires inside.

A small fish like whitebait is sometimes brought for sale, and is very good eaten with lemon-juice and hot pepper.

Large turtles are also found in the Bay, and are of good quality.

If the produce of the land were as plentiful as that of the sea, the merchants would not complain so bitterly of the state of trade as they do at present; but, in my opinion, the scarcity of produce is owing as much to the paucity of labour as to the idleness of the natives, there actually not being sufficient population to cultivate the soil.

The emigration of Kafirs to the Cape Colony and Natal may be one cause of this, but only a very slight one.

Hardly any produce is now exported in comparison with former times. Very little india-rubber is brought in, for instance, although the country abounds with the plant. Ground-nuts, again, so valuable for oil, are only exported in small quantities, when a large and profitable trade might be carried on in them, as they grow very readily, requiring only the first trouble of planting. It is an extremely pretty plant (*Arachis hypogæa*), with leaves resembling clover and bright yellow pea-shaped flowers, and it is curious to see the delicate stems bending down till the pods reach the ground, when they gradually force their way in and there ripen. The nuts are delicious when cooked. Beans used formerly to be exported to Natal in large quantities, but now hardly sufficient for the year's consumption is planted.

Orchilla weed is found in the immediate neighbourhood, though not in very large quantities; but the natives cannot be induced to pick and bring it in. That exported, I believe, is brought from the interior. It is used in dyeing.

The castor-oil plant grows like a weed, but the seed is never collected, and I should imagine it would be worth cultivating.

A little gingelly seed is exported for its oil, and formerly the stone of a red fruit, something like a coffee-berry, was exported for the thick oil it produces; but I am told the oil is not of sufficient value to make it worth exportation, the price asked for it here being rather high. The tree producing it is large and handsome, with dark green foliage and large bunches of small yellowish-white, sweet-scented flowers. The fruit is enclosed in clusters of fluffy light green pods, which burst when ripe, disclosing their bright red contents. The natives are very fond of the fruit, soaking it in water for about ten minutes before they suck the very limited supply of pulp from off the seeds.

They also gather and eat it fresh from the tree, filling their mouths till their cheeks are quite puffed out, and keeping the fruit there till sufficient moisture has rendered it soft enough to suck. It is amusing to meet them when this

fruit is in season, as almost every man, woman, or child appears to have a swelled face, and speech naturally becomes difficult. I must plead guilty to being often in the same condition myself, the fruit thus eaten seeming to satisfy thirst. The Kafirs always boil some of these seeds to extract the oil used for anointing their heads and bodies. It is like the coarsest palm-oil, and has a strong acrid smell.

Rather large quantities of beeswax are exported; but the ivory trade, which at one time was rather good, seems to be dying out. Only a small quantity is now sold at a high price, and this is generally bought up by the Banian traders, who export it to India for re-exportation as Indian ivory.

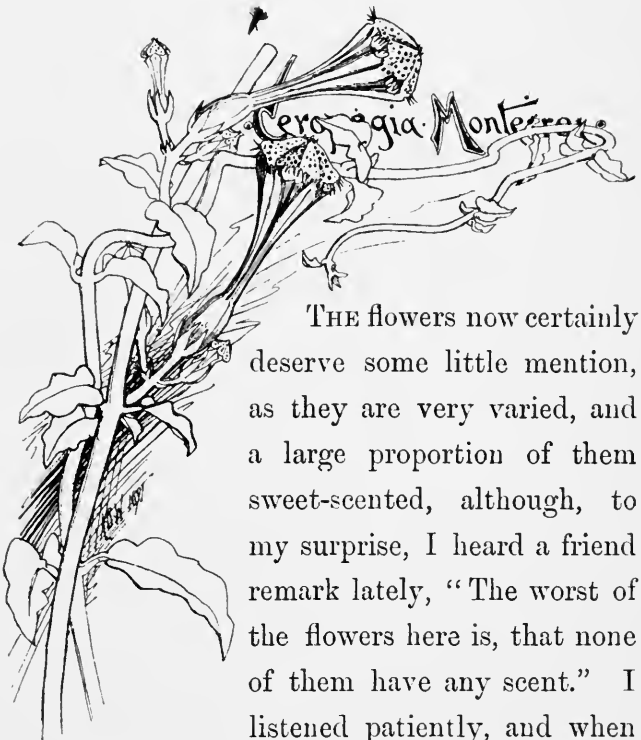
A good trade in skins was formerly carried on, but at present, I am told, only one house is buying them, which is sufficient to prove the trade is not very great. Those brought in comprise cat and monkey skins, wildebeest, blesbok and springbok, buffalo, gnu, quagga, ox,

and cow hides, and occasionally leopard and lion skins, which latter are exceedingly dear.

A good deal of tobacco is grown in Billeyne country, situated some hundred miles up the river Manissa; but if one may judge from the samples smoked by the women here, it is much too strong and coarse to be of value as an article of commerce.

The introduction of coolie labour into this part of Africa would, I am sure, be productive of great results, and would very soon repay the first cost of immigration; but even if only a little energy could be imported, a great difference would soon be seen,—the Kafirs might possibly be induced to be more industrious, and Lourenço Marques, instead of stagnating, be transformed into a flourishing town, possessed as it is of the finest natural harbour of South Africa.

CHAPTER VIII.



THE flowers now certainly deserve some little mention, as they are very varied, and a large proportion of them sweet-scented, although, to my surprise, I heard a friend remark lately, "The worst of the flowers here is, that none of them have any scent." I listened patiently, and when the sentence was quite finished, mentioned some dozens of which he had never even heard, much

less seen. So much for believing what one hears. Another gentleman, after residing two months in Mashequene, told me he had not seen one butterfly yet, and wondered where I found all mine; and this, too, in the hot season, when the common species almost fly into one's face, they are so plentiful; but illustrations of the old saying, "Eyes and no eyes," are everywhere so common that this did not surprise me much.

I repeat, then, that a large proportion of the flowers are sweet-scented, but many of the sweetest blossoms are only greenish yellow and very tiny, reminding one of the colouring of our own sweet mignonette; the odour of some of these is wafted by the wind from long distances, one in particular being like strong vanilla.

Amongst the large sweet-scented flowers is a *Gardenia* measuring four and a half inches in diameter. It is pure white, with nine petals, each one slightly overlapping the other, and grows on a shrub-like tree with whitish bark. Unfortunately its beauty is but fleeting, each

blossom only lasting one day. The root is used as a medicine by the Kafirs.

Several varieties of acacia grow in profusion, many with bright yellow or cream-coloured fluffy balls.

Another (*Dichrostachys nutans*) has graceful mauve and yellow pendent blossoms hanging in rows under the branches, and bright scarlet or black seeds.

An elegant species of Kafir boom (*Erythrina Humei*?) often grows amongst a tangle of acacias, its gorgeous spiky heads of deep crimson flowers contrasting splendidly with the fluffy cream-coloured balls.

Another acacia (*Cesalpinia Bonducella*), growing as a large tree, is entirely covered with thorns, large and small, on stem and leaf and seed-pod, catching one's clothing and net in every direction, and the more aggravating because the bloom and the gum exuding from the bark are most attractive to butterflies; there they sit securely feasting, opening and shutting their wings in the sun, and it is hopeless to even

try to net them. The large seeds are used in the Kafir game I lately mentioned.

Two very sweet-scented flowering bushes—one with magenta pea-shaped flowers, the other with blossoms like bright yellow hawthorn—produce their flowers growing thickly along the branches almost before any of the leaves appear, and consequently lose much of their beauty. One handsome bush (*Tecoma Capensis*) grows in great profusion, bearing bunches of scarlet flowers, but without scent. The seeds are very pretty-looking, like a pair of transparent wings; they lie packed in a dense mass in long pods.

The small Kafirs are fond of decorating their heads with this flower, and stick large bunches of it on the bushes and the extreme tops of high trees.

At first I thought this was only done for decoration, but soon discovered that the flowers were used for no such innocent purpose, but were tied to a stick smeared with the milky juice obtained from the rind of the fruit of an india-rubber (*Landolphia Monteiroi*), as a bird-lime for the

many lovely honey and sun birds, whose claws adhere to it when they alight to sip their food from the flower. The cruelty shown to the poor little things when captured is revolting, their legs and wings usually getting broken by being rudely torn off the sticks, the little breast feathers remaining on the india-rubber.

The Kafirs offer large bunches of these unfortunates for sale, tied together by one leg to a long string, which they swing about in all directions.

Sometimes a big brute Kafir will stop me and open his hand, disclosing about a dozen of the pretty little things gasping and half dead. I often buy them and stuff them into my poison-bottle, fervently wishing it was large enough to hold the Kafir as well; but then the horrid thought comes that most likely the man will go and catch more *on purpose for me*, not believing, of course, that any one would be so foolish as to buy them merely for mercy's sake, so it is really difficult to know how to act for the best.

Many a time have I seen quite small boys and

girls pelting at poor birds tied to the branch of a tree till they were dead. I always interfere, and endeavour to make the parents understand how cruel it is, but only get stares of astonishment for my pains. Once I caught two young fiends calmly picking the feathers from living birds; luckily I *did* catch them, and administered punishment.

The Kafirs eat these poor mites, whose bodies are sometimes not much larger than a thimble, often making a fire close by the bushes, waiting for their victims to be captured, and then roasting and eating them on the spot, and, I *hope*, killing them first.

I always dread the advent of the flower season on this account, as I know how many cruel scenes I shall daily have to witness.

The boys try to place the bunches of flowers where I cannot reach them, but unless they are put on high trees I always manage to get them down, though often at the cost of severe scratches and torn dresses, and visit the most frequented haunts three times a day, capturing birds and rubber alike, and burying both in the wood.

In the end I had the satisfaction of finding the practice not so common, but doubtless it was still carried on out of my sight.

Of course my boy never dared to interfere, though he always said, or pretended, he did not approve of the proceedings. The Kafirs would certainly have maltreated him, but never dared do more than *look* their disapprobation at “Papalatà,” the name they have given me, signifying, I believe, “One who collects everything.”

Tecoma Capensis and one or two other bushes flower three times in the year; many flower in both spring and autumn.

Many species of india-rubber tree, bush, and creeper are found here, bearing different-sized white flowers, all more or less star-shaped and sweet-scented like strong jasmine. One of the creeping varieties (*Landolphia Monteiroi*) bears very large quantities of flowers growing in bunches, the petals long and rather fuzzy and inclined to curl and twist. The belt of bush through which one has to pass on the road to Poulana is full of these creepers, and also of two

other bushes bearing large white star-shaped flowers with a heavy scent, and in spring the bush looks as if a partial snow-shower had visited it.

An elegant species of *Strophanthus* (*S. Peterianus*) also grows in this belt in great quantities. The flower is shaped like a cup, with the brim turned over and elongated into five long twisting ends. It is white inside and deep brownish-crimson outside. The seeds exactly resemble those of *Strophanthus hispidus*, from which the celebrated *kombé* arrow poison of Central Africa is extracted (lately found to be a valuable remedy in heart disease); and I believe that this species must possess the same poisonous properties, as the Kafirs call it *kombéne* (poison), and the long seed-pods always disappear most mysteriously when ripe, those of another species being left unnoticed.

One of the white star flowers just mentioned is also crimson on the outside, and the buds of both plants are exceedingly pretty.

Another handsome plant (*Senecio Natalensis*),

usually forcing itself up among others to a great height, has succulent stem and leaves, and bears large bunches of a bright yellow honey-scented flower most attractive to beetles and flies.

Besides the flowering trees and bushes, the field flowers are very plentiful and some remarkably pretty; but, with a few exceptions, these have no scent. One exquisite little plant (*Oxalis semiloba*) grows here, with a magenta flower smelling most sweetly of violets. This little plant usually prefers shady places, and sometimes the ground under a large tree is literally carpeted with it. Little edible bulbs resembling the familiar pig-nuts of home are attached to the roots at a depth of about eighteen inches.

An arum, a new species of *Stylochæton*, also grows here, with its flower, green outside and reddish-indigo inside, violet-scented.

In the spring, before the ground is cleared and burnt for the planting, which usually begins about September, the patches of bright-coloured flowers are most refreshing to the eye, but one

sadly misses the lovely green grass of an English meadow that lends additional beauty to the field flowers. Here half their beauty is spoilt by their surroundings of tall rank grass or last season's dead and decaying mealie-stalks.

One very tiny flower (a *striga*), like a lobelia, and the brightest scarlet imaginable, grows on a single stalk with small leaves, about three or four inches high.

A very lovely blue flower, growing on a trailer, crops up everywhere. Two of the petals are large, looking like wings, reminding one of *Canariensis*. A yellow species, exactly like it in shape, is also found here, but is not a trailer. There is another common blue flower something like these, but not so pretty; and I have seen the familiar garden plant that children call "devil in the bush," or something very like it, with its pretty blue flowers nestling deep down among its spiky leaves.

Yellow field flowers seem most common, but perhaps that is only due to the colour most readily catching the eye. Two species, one like

bachelor's buttons (*Chrysocoma tenuifolia*), and another like a small dandelion (*Senecio* sp.), are in great profusion.

Great quantities of a bush having the appearance of heath and with a strong aromatic smell, especially when burning, grow here, also bearing yellow flowers (*Helichrysum parviflorum*). One small yellow flower (*Tribulus terrestris*) has a seed-pod covered with sharp spines. When ripe these pods get blown about by the wind in all directions, and are constantly getting into the feet of men and animals, causing them much pain. This plant is greedily eaten by my tortoise. My dear old horse Fritz (my latest pet, of whom I shall have much to say later on) also likes it, and does not seem to mind the thorns at all. He also daintily nibbles off the flowers I consider like bachelor's buttons.

Another plant, with very pretty dark and light crimson bell-shaped flowers, an inch and a half long (*Pretræa Zanguebarica*), has a still more dreadful seed-pod—hard and flat, with two spines standing straight up in the middle

more than a quarter of an inch long. Both plants are trailers, and are carefully avoided by the Kafirs.

Papilionaceous flowers are represented in great variety, both large and small, one of them very like the everlasting pea. I am told that the leaves of *Tephrosia longipes* are steeped in water and rubbed on the bodies of Kafirs who are going a journey, to keep them in good health.

Besides the everlasting just mentioned, I have found two smaller varieties, *Helichrysum leptolepis*, growing very near the ground, with small pink-white flowers, and *H. decorum*, a small bushy plant with bright yellow flowers, the leaves being rather fluffy, with a strong aromatic smell. Many plants smell strongly of thyme, sage, and other herbs, some being used for medicine by the Kafirs. The leaves of the plant like sage are boiled and the vapour inhaled for cold in the head.

There are many species of convolvulus, the most common a lovely mauve, covering the

ground in many places (*Convolvulus malvaceus*; var. *Parvifolius*). Trailing side by side with this, as if it knew how well the two colours harmonised, generally grows a large yellow hibiscus with deep maroon centre (*Hibiscus Surattensis*). The buds of these two flowers gathered over-night and placed in water are a lovely addition to a breakfast-table, but seldom last longer than noon unless shut up in the dark till they are wanted. With a little trouble no one need ever be without a bouquet here; but some of the sweetest flowers are sadly disappointing, as their woody stems prevent their living long in water. One of this class is a sweet-scented white flower (*Oncoba Kraussiana*) somewhat like a strawberry blossom, often two inches in diameter, growing on a small bush in the open; but I have seen it in a wood push itself through the tall trees, for the sake of the sun's rays, to the height of twenty feet or more.

This tendency of plants to straggle about over thick bush or force themselves upwards

amongst high trees often renders it difficult to determine whether they really belong to creeper or shrub. I had a strange instance of this with the yellow everlasting (*Helichrysum decorum*) which I once planted behind a bush in the shade. This, instead of growing, as usual, as a low bushy plant, threw up a straight stem nearly three feet high and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and at the top of this the bushy growth burst forth, making quite a pretty little tree.

I have seen three species of upright hibiscus—a pale yellow, a cream-colour and deep violet centre, and a dark purple—and several small trailing varieties.

There are not very many bulbous plants, and some have very insignificant-looking green and white flowers; one of them a favourite food plant for beetles and caterpillars. One large bulb (*Hæmanthus Katherinæ?*) is very common in my favourite wood; it has large shining broad wavy leaves, and bears a dense umbel of scarlet flowers like a huge bottle-brush. Another

species not so common has crimson flowers; one I measured was thirteen inches in diameter. Then there is a handsome crimson flower with spiky leaves (*Lapeyrouisia grandiflora*); a small white and gold iris (*Iris compressa*), also with spiky leaves; and a lovely orange and red lily (*Gloriosa virescens*) is very common everywhere. This has a tendril at the end of each leaf, so it hooks itself on to everything near it, growing to a great height if supported by other plants, but flowering close to the ground in the open. Another very handsome lily (*Crinum Forbesianum*) has large bell-shaped flowers striped with crimson and white, the crimson stripe varying very much in width, so that some blossoms are almost all white: some bulbs have three heads of flowers with as many as thirty-two blossoms on each stalk; they are very strongly scented. The leaves trail on the ground, are broad and thick and very long, some measuring over three feet in length, by five to six inches across at the base.

The beauty of these leaves soon disappears,

for they are the favourite food of some very pretty caterpillars which mine their way through the thick succulent leaves, till only a very thin membrane remains. When they have finished the leaves they proceed to demolish the seed-pods, which are almost as showy as the flowers, each one growing to the size of a large apple, and when ripe turning a bright crimson. They contain many seeds about the size of a large marble, lying in a soft flannel-like substance, which soon begin to sprout.

A milky juice oozes out of the bulb when it is pricked, which the natives use to kill unwelcome little insects in their wool. I believe this to be true, because several have told me so at different times; but as a rule the Kafirs try to keep all knowledge of their various medicine plants a profound secret from the white man. They don't mind saying some are used as "mooti," physic, but when you ask them what disease it is good for and how applied, they usually begin to prevaricate; often, if pressed for an answer, they say "It is

good for toothache," and with that one has to be content.

To become acquainted with their poison plants is, of course, still more difficult. I have only been told of one—whether truly or not I cannot say. It is the *Ancylanthus Monteiroy*, and the poison is contained in the root. It is a curious-looking straggling bush with small whitish-green fluffy leaves, the under-side very soft and white, bearing a long narrow bell-shaped canary-coloured flower, greenish at the tip. It has a small round fruit not unlike a medlar, and so eagerly sought by the birds that in order to obtain the seeds I had to tie the unripe fruit up in muslin.

Another curious plant grows here, the Bryophyllum, whose leaves if laid on moist soil often produce young plants at all the notches. Reading this, I gathered some leaves of a fleshy plant somewhat answering the description, and placed them on damp sand, and in about a fortnight had the pleasure of seeing a tiny plant appear, sending down its little rootlets into the sand; it did not, however, come from a notch

in the leaf, but from the end where it had been broken from the stem. This plant bears large heads of small star-like flowers, both scarlet and yellow, but the leaves of the scarlet variety are not notched; both are species of *Crassulæ*.

I have found two ground orchids, *Saturium sphaerocarpum*, and *Eulophia dispersa* (n. sp.).

A very pretty *Adiantum* grows freely in the thick bush, and I have found *Achrostichum tenuifolium* growing in or near water to a height of four feet, the seed-bearing fronds being quite distinct and finely branched. *Polypodium Phymatodes*, smelling strongly of new-mown hay when dry, and a fern resembling the common lady-fern also grow here, and are the only ferns I have yet discovered.

There are great quantities of an aloe, *Aloe Monteiroæ*, with very thick mottled leaves and heads of pale pink flowers, and I have found two stapelias, one with a flower about an inch in diameter looking like a little hat, pale cream yellow with small crimson lines (*Huernia hystrix*), and another with a very similar flower

not yet described. There are several species of Euphorbia ; the small branching species so much used to mark a Kafir grave, and which grows to the size of a big tree, bears a small tuft of sweet-scented flowers at the extremity of each branch much appreciated by beetles and butterflies.

Many beautiful creepers are here, the asparagus tribe making a splendid show. One in particular is invaluable for decoration, the leaves being like a very feathery fern. In some spots this grows so luxuriantly that the ground as well as the surrounding bushes are completely covered by a lovely green tangled mass. One curious creeper has deeply serrated leaves five inches long and only the eighth of an inch wide near the ground ; but when it attains the height of about two feet the leaves gradually become wider and less serrated, till at last they are quite broad and smooth-edged. It bears large bunches of a heavy-scented white flower somewhat like myrtle. Another (*Ceropegia Monteiroæ*), with succulent stem and leaves, has a very curious

flower — white with purple indigo lines and markings, looking like an elegantly shaped trumpet with a parasol over the top joined to the tube in five places. The ribs and ferrule can all be seen, and where it does not join, a purple fringe hangs down, completing the resemblance. Another of this character has very small greenish-drab flowers, with no fringe to the canopy. A pretty climber (*Cryptolepis Monteiroæ*) has cream-coloured flowers with brown centre. Another of the same tribe (*Chlorocyathus Monteiroæ*) has green flowers. A milky juice creeper with heart-shaped leaves (*Damia Angolensis?*) has a pretty little brownish flower not unlike a drooping clematis, attractive to the sphingidæ; and at Catembe I found a clematis closely resembling “traveller’s joy” straggling over the ground and low bushes in great profusion. A tendril creeper with bluish-green leaves and small white flowers grows to an enormous size, looping together tall trees with a cable-like stem four inches in diameter.

Many of the prettiest-leaved creepers belong

to the pumpkin family. One (*Momordica Balsamina*) has small greenish-white flowers, and bears a little scarlet-pointed fruit tasting like melon. In its unripe green stage it is much liked by the Kafirs, and I thought it very nice sliced with oil and vinegar. Another has a fruit which is a very good substitute for vegetable marrow. Another variety called "Bindas," and which may have been introduced by the Banians, bears long narrow five-sided pods, covered with coarse rough hairs, which must be rubbed off with a cloth before cooking. They are delicious stewed with meat. One species is cultivated only for its seeds, which are dried in the sun, and afterwards pounded up by the Kafirs to mix with their fish. Water-melons and pumpkins grow abundantly.

There are a few orange, lemon, guava, and mango trees, all introduced; and the pine-apple grows so freely in many parts that one can hardly think it is not in its native soil. I have seen it used as a fence round some of the kraals.

A very nice drink can be made as follows:—

Pale port wine and water, equal quantities ; plenty of pine-apple chopped up in this, with sugar to taste. Let this mixture stand for a few hours, and just before serving add a little champagne to give a dash of brightness.

Bananas are pretty plentiful, the best being a small green variety.

A great many plants and trees bear fruit that the natives eat, some really with a most agreeable flavour. *Landolphia Monteiroi* has a bright yellow fruit about the size of a small orange, sharp and refreshing to the taste, but the white sticky juice that oozes out of the rind, and which it is almost impossible to prevent touching with the lips, is most unpleasant. There are a few trees, with small dark green leaves, bearing clusters of a most delicious little yellow egg-shaped stone-fruit about three-quarters of an inch long. They are very thin-skinned and full of a sweet, slightly acid milky juice that has to be scraped from off the lips when the repast is finished, it adheres so closely.

Another tree, with very sweet-scented yellowish-white flowers, bears a delicious stone-fruit resembling a green cherry. A nice fruit grows on a pretty bush with large woolly leaves and small yellow blossom, reminding me of a large medlar both in appearance and taste, which is rather acid; but when the pulp is mixed with a little sugar and water it makes a good substitute for apple-sauce. The fruit growing on another bush is very like a guava in flavour, but my Chobi boy will not eat it, although it is much liked by the Kafirs hereabout, simply because it is never eaten in his country.

The Kafir orange is rather a nice fruit; it has a very hard rind full of a sweet acid brown pulp and quantities of large stones which the natives always swallow and pass undigested. It grows to the greatest perfection at Catembe, where the fruit is sometimes as large as a shaddock. When ripe it is a greenish-yellow, with a very strong scent.

In Poulana valley are several large wild fig-

trees with wonderfully smooth bark and small round leaves, the fruit growing all along the branches, each one on a little short stem almost touching the bark, giving the tree a most peculiar appearance. When ripe it is a pinkish-yellow colour with a lovely bloom on it. I also found one of these trees growing in another charming valley (Copani), almost a swamp, on the Matolla side of the town. There also was growing another variety of wild fig-tree with very large leaves, and the fruit, though similar in appearance and taste, growing in clusters. These I discovered to be swarming with beetles, principally *Cetonia*s and stag-beetles. I did not discover them till I gathered a fig to eat and found a *Goliath* *sp.* struggling in my hand, which had been completely buried in the fruit. I also found a bramble in this valley, with red berries instead of black, but they tasted the same as the English variety.

At Poulana, half-way down the side of the cliff, I saw a lovely tree covered with heavy bunches of a sweet-scented white flower I have



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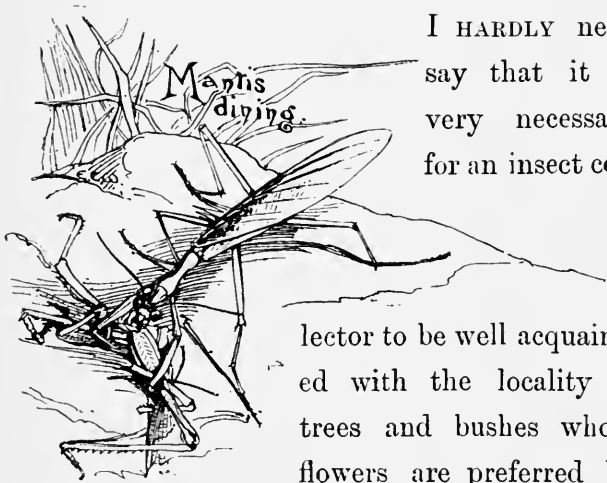
BOULDER VALLEY. NATIVES MOVING HUTS.

1877

not seen anywhere else, like a large laburnum ; and I also saw there a huge aloe with a stem more than six feet high and twenty inches round the widest part.

The character of the vegetation seems to change very much when approaching Poulana, many new trees and plants being seen, one very noticeable instance being a large handsome "spiky"-looking tree, with dark green leaves and small greenish-white flowers smelling strongly of vanille, and bearing a very delicious juicy fruit resembling a large crimson plum. The familiar plants of Mashequene become more and more scarce ; but I expect plants are almost as local as some species of butterflies, which haunt one particular spot, and are always to be found there.

CHAPTER IX.



I HARDLY need say that it is very necessary for an insect col-

lector to be well acquainted with the locality of trees and bushes whose flowers are preferred by insects, and also the time for their flowering. Many butterflies are also attracted by the sap of certain trees. One of their favourites is a handsome tree with bright green leaves (*Kigelia Africana*), bearing bunches of a large pendent deep crimson bell-shaped flower, the fruit, like that of the Baobab, hanging down like huge sausages.

The *Charaxes*, a species of very strong high-flying butterfly, are particularly attracted by this sap, even fighting for an extra juicy spot, pushing forwards, going back a little way to gain a greater impetus, their wings making a perceptible noise whilst jostling each other about. Seeing this, I tried the effect of sugaring the leaves with the usual mixture of beer, treacle, sugar, and gin, generally used to attract moths at night, and was at once rewarded by seeing them fly to it eagerly—flying straight to the sugared leaves, and greedily settling down to the feast, evidently having scented it from afar. In this way I captured many splendid specimens I should probably never even have seen without its aid.

About sixteen varieties of *Charaxes* alone came to it, amongst them *C. Phæus* (n. sp. Hewitson), male and female; the female of *C. Achæmenes*, unknown till then, *C. Violetta* (n. sp. Grose Smith); and another magnificent large new female *Charaxes*, but with the hind-wings so damaged that Mr. Hewitson first described it as *Philognoma Azota*.

I hoped my lovely *Crenis Rosa* (n. sp. Hewitson) would have been attracted, but I never saw a specimen during my second visit. Besides the Charaxes, *Godartia*, *Wakefieldii*, *Philognomas*, some skippers, and many of the *Satyrinæ* came to the sugar, and were so greedy that they sometimes settled on my face, hands, and dress during the operation of sugaring, sucking up the drops that had fallen from the brush, the touch of the little proboscis on my cheek as it searched about for the last remnants of syrup being most curious, and I have often seen the highest fliers reeling on the grass quite drunk and incapable—of flying.

These I most gravely lecture on the sin of drunkenness, feeling obliged sometimes to talk nonsense to insects and animals, as I have so few opportunities of using my tongue. I overheard my boy one day imitating me, wishing a broken butterfly *ambani* ("good-bye") before he let it fly away, and telling it to send along some of its perfect brethren.

I always add some strong rum to the mixture

just before using it, and find it most efficacious. Honey and rum only will do, if the proper mixture cannot be obtained. A Charaxes that I captured in the house absolutely drank itself to death with brandy and sugar out of a spoon, I holding it lightly by the wings all the time; and one of the common moths here (*Sphingomorpha Monteironis*), a handsome mottled creature with cream-coloured markings all down the body, I have further christened the "dinner moth," as it always comes in at that time, and helps itself to wine out of my glass, even whilst I am drinking, standing on the brim in the most sociable way.

I remember once telling the Governor, who was paying me a visit, about their curiously sociable habit, and I could see by his expression that he scarcely believed me. He was sitting rather near the open door, sipping a glass of Constantia, and I had hardly finished speaking when one of these moths flew in and immediately settled on the rim of the glass just as it was raised to his lips, and there sucked up the wine at

its leisure, much to his surprise and my amusement.

These moths also walk into my plate and help themselves to anything they fancy, not taking any notice of the movement of my knife and fork ; so, for the sake of peace, I now always have a little pot of wine and sugar on the table for them, which they highly appreciate, drinking so deeply that I constantly find them still tipsy in the morning.

A great many beetles, principally *Cetonias*, come to the sugared leaves, and the bees and wasps are a perfect nuisance, as, besides eating up the sugar very quickly, they get into the net when a butterfly is captured, and it is very difficult to avoid being stung when taking the butterfly out ; their friends, too, swarming around, and often attacking my face ferociously, and following me for some distance for the sake of the drops of syrup on my dress. This is one of the drawbacks of sugaring ; another is, that my dress gets so dirty, and also is generally so tattered by thorns, that I am obliged to tell my boy to warn me if

he sees a strange *m'lunga* approaching, when I fly into the depths of the nearest bush.

Grasshoppers will greedily eat the sugared leaves, and little lizards, too, come and lap it up as a cat would milk.

One day, when nearing a sugared tree, I saw a butterfly struggling violently, but apparently not able to fly away, and when I got closer found that a large green mantis had caught it, and had already bitten off both hind wings before commencing to eat the body. I afterwards found many of these rapacious insects lying in wait for the unconscious butterflies under the sugared leaves, but being so nearly the colour of the leaf itself, they were not easily discovered. They are ferocious-looking insects, and hold their prey securely between the second and third joint of the front legs, which are armed with sharp spines, taking bites out of it while still alive. I found one holding an unfortunate Cicada, from which it had already bitten one eye and part of the head, the poor thing—a male, as the females are silent, having no sound-producing mem-

brane—making its loud stridulating noise all the time. When touched, instead of making off they turn and show fight, always keeping the front legs held up before them, to ward off or make an attack, and it is necessary to take hold of them carefully, as they not only try to bite, but their spiny legs are very sharp. From this habit they derive the name of “praying mantis,” from a fancied resemblance to the attitude of prayer; but it might more accurately be written “preying,” as they are indeed ferocious enemies to other insects, and the peculiar position in question is for the purpose of rapidly seizing their prey. I made a sketch of one on my wall who was just finishing a large grasshopper; both his arms were full of pieces, and he was sucking the juice from the last thigh with evident enjoyment. I could think of nothing but the old pictures of Jove with his thunderbolts.

Once I watched a fight between a spider and a mantis for a long while, the spider conquering in the end; but he was evidently very much afraid of his prey, and kept retiring to a distance and

then trying to throw himself on to the back of the mantis; at last he succeeded in securing the formidable front legs, and then the rest was easily wound up.

One morning I was standing on the verandah just before starting on my rounds, when I observed a shrike swooping down on something in the sand; but instead of capturing the "something," he flew hastily away: again he came, and again retreated, so I looked more closely and saw a huge green mantis almost standing upright, and really looking most warlike. The bird evidently had not the courage to attack it, and at last flew away, and then I stepped in with the inevitable poison-bottle.

There are very many beautiful species of mantis here, both large and small, and of many colours, some with the fore-wings exactly like a leaf. Their nests are exceedingly pretty, some like lumps of green or cream-coloured froth, others as if made of goldbeaters' skin joined by a beautifully made brown seam, and usually attached to a stalk of grass.

The *Phasmidæ*, or walking-stick insects, as they are often called, are remarkable-looking creatures of various sizes, resembling bits of dry twig or stick so closely as to be very difficult to distinguish from the tree they are resting upon. Some have hardly any or very tiny wings, but others are larger. The upper part of the wing is hard and leathery, and when shut closely resembles the body; the under part is shiny membrane, the colour of purple indigo.

They greatly vary in size, some having a body as thick as an ordinary lead-pencil, and nine inches long, whilst others do not exceed two and a half inches, and so exactly resemble a bit of dry grass that I rarely catch any unless I accidentally find them in my net.

There are some exquisite little bugs too, like animated skeleton leaves, which I generally catch only by accident, for the same reason.

The stick insects are remarkably tenacious of life. I caught one between seven and eight inches long, and he swallowed about six drops of chloroform to begin with; that having no

effect, I shut him up in chloroform vapour, but after some hours he was still alive. When I reached home I put him in a biscuit tin with a lump of cyanide of potassium, and left him for two days, making sure that would finish him, but when I looked he was as lively as ever. I was in despair, and after giving him some more chloroform, stabbed him several times under the wings with a pen dipped in oxalic acid, which at last had the desired effect.

One of the small ones too grieved me by his obstinacy in living; he had been hours in the poison-bottle, and seemed as dead as he could be. I inserted the usual bit of grass the whole length of his body to prevent its breaking when dry, as I have to do to all these creatures and the dragon-flies, carefully pinned him up, and laid out his legs. Next morning he was wildly flourishing them about. He could not have had any inside, because the grass I inserted was a very tight fit.

The female of one species of large grasshopper (*Saga maculosa*) is also very tenacious of life;

one, that first swallowed a few drops of chloroform, flew away quite briskly after remaining in the cyanide of potassium bottle for three days and nights!

Generally grasshoppers are quickly overcome by the vapour. There are many species here, most of them emitting a bad-smelling brown fluid from the mouth when handled; but one dark green fellow (*Phymateus Callipareus*), with deep orange under-wings and gold knobs on his collar, begins to throw out a white froth from beneath the collar on each side at an astonishing rate, there seeming no limit to the supply. This froth smells most abominably, and a hissing noise is plainly heard as it bubbles out.

A large black scorpion was eight hours in my strongest poison-bottle before he succumbed to the deadly fumes. When I touched him with a stick, after seven hours, he elevated his wicked tail and opened his claws wide in a most savage manner.

I hope these accounts of killing will not be thought dreadfully cruel, especially by those

who know me to be a tender-hearted person ; but I would not take even insect life did I not feel quite sure that their position in the scale of life was too low for them to feel pain as we understand it. All I have seen myself confirms me in this belief, and I further know of two cases told me by trusted friends. In one case the body of a wasp was removed at the slender waist by a pointed pair of scissors, and the insect went on feeding quite unconcernedly. In the other the body of a dragon-fly was removed, and a piece of straw fastened in its place to give the proper balance, and the creature ate and flew about just as if nothing had happened.

There is certainly a very great difference in the time these small creatures take to die in the poison-bottle, for which I am very sorry. Even the butterflies vary, the females, if they have not laid their eggs, lingering the longest ; many even finish laying them in the bottle, as if it were impossible for them to die before they had fulfilled their mission in life. Sphynx-moths

die instantly, the quickest of all. Wasps and flies too are instantly killed.

If the killing process is the unpleasant part of a collector's life, on the other hand it is certainly satisfactory to know that one is contributing something to the scientific world, and I am glad to say that many new insects in all classes have fallen to my share, too many to be enumerated here. There is even a new *genus* among the grasshoppers. The butterflies figured in the frontispiece were kindly lent me for the purpose by Mr. H. Grose Smith, and I much regret having been compelled to crowd their beauties on to one plate. Then again the rearing of caterpillars must be classed among the pleasant duties; and I must confess I get quite fond of some of my prettiest ones, and miss them when they have retired to the pupa stage, especially when I have had them under my care for some time. They vary so much too in their habits, and even their tempers, that they are most interesting and amusing. Of course the time expended in changing the leaves daily—a neces-

sity in a hot climate—is somewhat a hindrance to outdoor business; but it is a treat to watch them rapidly cutting the neat little bits out of the fresh food, and their fine appetites many a human being might envy. I often regret that I cannot enjoy the sight at my leisure, but sometimes have as many as twenty-seven boxes of different species, some of them even requiring fresh food twice a day, so the task has to be gone through in a strictly business way. Some seem to do nothing else but eat day and night, but others feed only at night.

I have just reared three very handsome long brown-haired ones, with a beautiful pattern, as if in old gold plush, waving down each side. These were night feeders, one completely burying himself in a sardine-box full of damp sand all day, and coming out about eight o'clock to feed. From this I concluded they would change to the pupa state underground, but they spun a loose hairy web under some of the leaves on the surface. They grew to be more than five and a half inches long, and before the final

change to pupa became very restless, walking quickly about and eating nothing for three days, one of them during his restless march absolutely turning out the chrysalis of his friend from its own proper lair and curling himself snugly nearly all day long under the soft network. I thought he was going to remain there and be a sort of cuckoo-caterpillar, but he changed his mind, came out suddenly, and wove a resting-place for himself. These caterpillars when touched threw off some minute hairs most irritating and difficult to extract from the skin. They remained in pupa six months, and then emerged as a large soft pinkish-grey moth (*Trabala Rosa*, n. sp. Druce).

The caterpillar of *Antheraea menippe*, a large handsome red moth with dark eyelike spots, is another fat giant, measuring five inches, red, with rows of black spines. It feeds on a handsome bush (*Ochna atropurpurea*) with yellow flowers somewhat like large hawthorn, having a curious fleshy crimson seed-pod, and the dark green leaves looking as if freshly dipped in gum

water. Another handsome caterpillar, deep orange with black bands, not quite so large as the last mentioned, belongs to *Saturnia Wallengrenii* (Felder), a soft pearl-grey moth with eye-like spots.

The caterpillar of the lovely *Saturnia Dalagorguei* is a remarkably lively cream-white fellow, covered with long coarse white hair. I found my first specimen on a tree trunk just as he was pulling down the last bit of bark over himself preparatory to his change. He was violent when I disturbed him, but completed his bark covering on the way home. Some other caterpillars I have been rearing, with short pinkish-grey hair and very pretty faces, were also very lively in their dispositions when touched or looked at. In their free state they rested near the ground in the crevices of the bark of their food tree (Kafir plum), almost exactly like it in tint, only crawling up to the leaves at night to feed; but in captivity they ate all day. They wove a hard leathery cocoon in a very few hours. The perfect insect was a

very delicate greenish-yellow moth (*Lasiocampa Kollikerii*, Dewitz), with white markings and a fringe of black hairs on the top edge of the under-wing.

One night I was surprised to see two males of this species fly into the room, as they were not very common, but on visiting my chrysalis box some hours later I found a female had emerged from the pupa and had just come to perfection, so of course she was the attraction. The caterpillar of *Lasiocampa Monteiroi* (n. sp. Druce), a pale cream-yellow moth, is very like this last, but not so prettily coloured; its cocoon is much larger and more hairy.

When a moth or butterfly first breaks from its pupa covering it is quite moist and flabby, and the wings so small and shrivelled up that it seems impossible they should ever become large and beautiful; the insect, however, generally crawls up to the net covering the box, allowing its wings to hang down, and so quickly do they grow that one can see the process of development. They should not be killed too soon after

emerging, as the nervures are at first filled with fluid, and until that is dried up they do not lay out nicely. It is not always easy to find out when the fluid has completely disappeared, and if the insect is left too long it will destroy its beauty endeavouring to escape, but if care be taken not to press strongly on the inflated parts when laying out, the fluid in time completely dries up.

Occasionally I have been so unfortunate as to be unable to find the right food-plant for caterpillars brought me; and this is due in great measure to their bad habit of going to another plant, sometimes a long way off, to change their skins. I think the larvæ of the *Spingidæ* must be more delicate than others at those times, as I not only lose them in captivity, but have often found their bodies with the skin partly cast off being devoured by ants.

The larvæ of the death's-head moth vary so much in colour, although the markings are similar in two of them, that they appear to be distinct species. One is pale straw-colour, with

light mauve transverse stripes and very dark mauve spots; whilst the other is yellowish-green, with dark prussian-blue stripes and spots; the third is a dull brown, with white markings near the head. These all make a tic-tic-tic noise when handled, and the death's-head moth itself makes a loud squeaking. I often let them crawl over my hands before their wings are fully developed on purpose to hear the continuous pretty sound. Many of the sphynx larvæ have brilliantly coloured spots like eyes near the head, and most of them a horny tail on the last segment but one—this sometimes quite rudimentary.

The larvæ of a transparent-wing humming-bird moth, common here (*Cephonodes hylas*), is a brilliant light green, with a yellow tail and a yellow border to the cowl-like fold of skin near the head. A black and yellow diurnal moth (*Aletis Monteironis*), also common here, has a very pretty looper caterpillar, whitish-grey, with black rings; when in repose it hangs straight down underneath a leaf, only holding on by

the claspers. These throw themselves quite away to another part of the plant when touched, and are also extremely lively in the pupa state. I once overlooked one of them when changing their box, and did not discover the poor thing till a week afterwards, but although very thin it was still alive, and soon recovered itself on its food-plant (*Oxyanthus Monteiroi*), a handsome large-leaved plant with white flowers.

I had a curious experience with the larvæ of *Acræa Acara*. I brought home the little colony (red, with black spines and yellow head and tail), and for a few days had plenty of food for them, but presently I found that so much chopping and clearing had been going on that the plant was very difficult to find; at last it failed altogether, but by this time all but three had gone into pupa. The remaining three changed colour as if they were going to do the same, but did not do so, remaining plump and healthy, and occasionally walking about. After some weeks I found a little of their food-plant, but, to my surprise, they took no notice of it. After another

long interval I gave them some more, placing them on the leaves; this time they went to the edge of the leaf and tried to eat, but they seemed incapable of closing their jaws, and after a few ineffectual attempts to make an incision, returned again to the net covering the box. In about a month one suddenly suspended itself and changed to pupa, and in ten days the butterfly emerged, differing from all the others by a streak of bluish-grey across the fore-wings. The other two lived on for a fortnight, when I accidentally smashed one, and shortly after the other shrivelled up and died. The only explanation I can suggest is that they were partially paralysed through the netting by one of the wasp tribe.

Another time the food supply almost failed. I had taken a few of a species of a small web-spinner (*Botyodes Asialis*), which were swarming on an enormous tree, covering it with web, and amongst the leaves found a solitary stranger, bluish-white, with a black collar and a few other black markings, and covered with yellow spines,

the six nearest the head being tipped with blue ; it was a lovely thing, and I felt I had a prize. When I next visited the tree for leaves, I found the little web-spinners had cleared all the lower part, and my boy had to climb. In a few more days the huge tree was a skeleton, and no one seemed to know of another, my beauty meanwhile growing larger and larger, with an appetite in proportion. At last a Kafir found a tree two miles off, only just in time, and my anxiety was at an end. The moth of this was *Attacus Mythimna*.

I reared a large number of the light yellow caterpillar with brown rings, mentioned before as feeding on the seeds, pods, and leaves of the crimson and white lily. They were nasty feeders, eating up the decaying pulp of the pod after the seeds were finished, whilst those in the leaves were snugly burrowing their way among the juicy inside, eating as they went, but never breaking through. Some formed their chrysalis in the sand, and some in the wet decaying leaves. When they had eaten up all

my lily leaves I supplied them with those of the red bottle-brush flower, which they ate readily. They were troublesome to keep, as they were always biting round holes in the lino tied over the box, even after I doubled it, and I was constantly finding caterpillars on the table and floor and in all sorts of places; however, they eventually turned to a very beautiful little moth with dark purplish-brown fore-wings with gold markings, and bluish-white hind-wings (*Glottula pancerati* *Cyrilla*), so I was glad I put up with their vagaries.

I had some curious large flat caterpillars, with very long tufts of greyish hair from every segment, making them look very wide. When touched they shot out two rows of thick dark purplish-crimson hair, like brushes, just behind the head, and then shut them up again, no trace of colour being visible when undisturbed. They always kept close side by side on the bark when not feeding. The moth was a disappointing, dull-brown species. One very like these, with the same red bands, but a mauve tinge in the hair, was

brought me, and this turned to a lovely mauve-tinted moth with dark yellowish-brown underwings.

Another of the same sort, belonging to *Megasoma polydura* (n. sp., Druce), was still more beautifully marked, and I noticed that wherever it rested it made a shiny silvery coating to the bark. The male moth is very curious looking, and remarkably small compared with the female.

Another most interesting caterpillar is that of a small orange and black Burnet moth (*Euchromia Africana*). It is a little red creature an inch and a quarter long, covered with short tufts of black hair; at the head four of the tufts are very long, giving the appearance of horns, and there are two long tufts at the tail as well. A little bit of red body is visible at both ends, and at first sight one hardly knows which is head or tail; all along the back are rows of little satiny cream-coloured points that appear to be hard, but are in reality close tufts of hair; these are only visible after the last change of skin, the previous ones being all black. They were feed-

ing on a small-leaved creeper with a milky juice, dropping instantly to the ground when touched.

What delighted me so much with them was to see them make their cocoons from their own hair. After taking up a suitable position on the side of the box, they commenced operations by pulling out small tufts of hair and sticking them all round them on the wood in an oval form about the size of a hen's egg. This done, they began to surround themselves with an elastic wall, pulling out all their hair for the purpose, and using up the light tufts last. It was really very curious to see the way they reached round to get a good tug at a mouthful of hair, and the quick way they wove it in its place, constantly turning completely round to make both ends alike, and seeming to shoulder up, if I may use the term, against the sides of the wall to stretch it to the proper size. Their little red bodies, when half denuded of hair, looked very comical and cold.

Some seemed to economise the material at hand much better than others, and would hardly

have touched the light tufts before the final pulling together and closing in of the top, whilst others could hardly manage to finish their covering, and seemed to search about most anxiously all over their bodies for a forgotten tuft of hair. When all was finished the cocoon looked like a little long pyramid of black and grey plush, lighter at the top. They took about three or four hours making, and those where the caterpillar had recklessly wasted his hair were always uneven.

The caterpillar of *Euchromia lethe*, a yellow and black Burnet, is covered with yellowish-white hair, and makes a similar cocoon.

One grey mottled caterpillar encased itself in a grey network along a branch, looking exactly like a rough widening of the stick.

I found two broods of little greenish caterpillars with black spots, about three-quarters of an inch long, whose custom was to enclose a cluster of leaves in a fine silky loose web, and feed on the leaves so enclosed, migrating to another branch when the first was finished.

They ran very fast either backwards or forwards, spinning as they ran along, and never losing their hold of the web, which gave them the appearance of spinning both from head and tail. Another little brood spun themselves up in the midst of fine very dense web in one big leaf at a time, almost drawing the edges together, and only eating the surface of the leaf. Some other dark greenish-black caterpillars, only half an inch long, were remarkable for spinning a very strong coarse web before their change to pupa, and one cannot help wondering at the large amount of silk produced by such little creatures. These last turned to most exquisitely shaped little fawn-coloured moths with black markings.

The others also rewarded my care by changing into lovely little moths I should probably never have seen without breeding them, and most certainly not in perfect condition.

The duration of the pupa state varies very much, one of a brood often emerging after a very few days' rest, whilst the others will be

weeks or even many months before they make their appearance.

I noticed that many of the pupæ moved about in the cocoon soon before emerging, making rather a loud noise. My attention was especially drawn to a pupa of *Argema mimosæ*, a lovely large green moth with long tail, which at intervals made a very loud noise, as if rapidly turning round and round in its lovely silvery cocoon. This continued for three days, and then all was still. I felt sure it had died in the effort to escape, so after ten days carefully cut open the cocoon, and found the curious almost round pupa perfectly lively. I tied the cocoon up again with cotton, and after some months the moth emerged, but with one wing slightly deformed. The caterpillar of this moth is five inches in length, bright green, with two conical horn-like projections on each segment, tipped with coarse black hair.

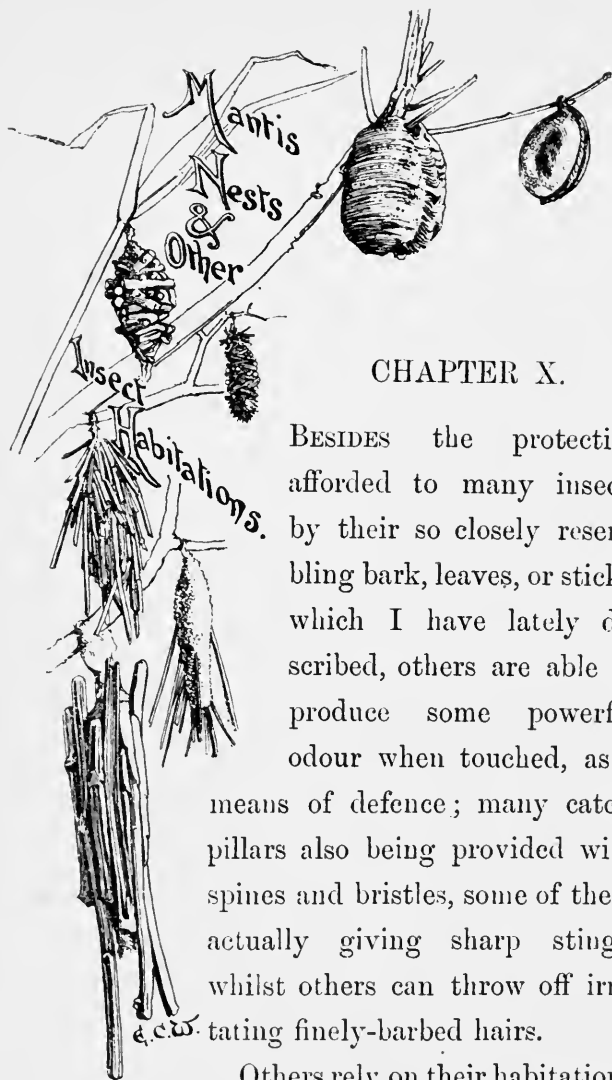
Many of the moths have caterpillars like bits of dry brown stick. One sober-coloured species in particular (*Achæa chameleon*), with an infinite

variety of markings and tintings on the forewings, but with no variation of the brown hindwings, with three white spots on the outer edge, is here in such numbers that on some days they rise in a cloud round me as I go through the wood, quickly settling down again among the dead leaves, making quite a whirring sound as they rise, and so bewildering in their hundreds that it is quite impossible to discover a rare one amongst them. Notwithstanding this, at present I have only found one of their brown caterpillars—closely as I am always searching—and that one I took hold of by accident, and then felt that it was soft. A bluish variety is more readily discovered, but even these are easily passed over.

I found one very large stick caterpillar, with a dull eye near the head, feeding on an acacia. He had a very strongly marked temper, and not only flung himself off the branch when touched, wriggling about for some time afterwards like the detached end of a lizard's tail or a severed worm, but sometimes gave himself these airs

when I only looked at him. He changed to a handsome dark brown moth (*Patula Walkeri*), with a large eye in centre of fore-wing slightly tinted with red and indigo, measuring five inches across the wings.

Some stick caterpillars have lumps and excrescences on them like thorns or knots in bark, making them still more difficult to discover; but indeed the whole protective resemblance system in the insect world is so wonderful and perfect that a collector often feels inclined to grumble at it for its very perfection.



CHAPTER X.

BESIDES the protection afforded to many insects by their so closely resembling bark, leaves, or sticks, which I have lately described, others are able to produce some powerful odour when touched, as a means of defence; many caterpillars also being provided with spines and bristles, some of these actually giving sharp stings, whilst others can throw off irritating finely-barbed hairs.

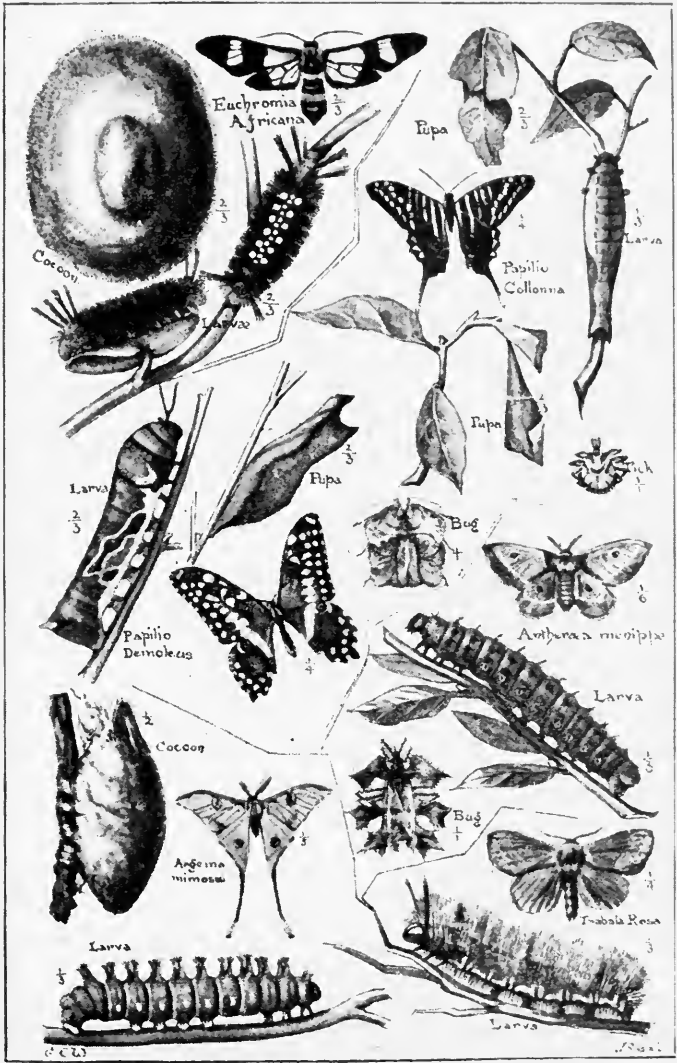
Others rely on their habitations

for protection, encasing themselves in a finely-woven material resembling wool, this again covered with pieces of stick placed lengthways side by side, which the caterpillar adds to as he grows. These are always hanging from leaves and branches, only using the front legs in walking. If disturbed whilst feeding or moving they quickly draw their heads inside the woolly material, seeming to draw it together, and give it a twist so as completely to hide even the supporting legs. When they wish to rest they weave a little loop round a twig and withdraw the clasp of the legs, biting the loop through when they wish to proceed again.

They are amusing things to keep, giving themselves great airs if by chance they are placed on the wrong food-plant, moving their heads impatiently from side to side, and at last letting go their hold and dropping down. When the right food is given they quickly attach themselves and eat away comfortably, generally entirely finishing one leaf before going to another, sometimes drawing the leaf partly inside the

soft covering whilst eating. When they want to add to their houses they will leave their food-plant, should the fibre of its wood not be to their liking, and bite a piece of stick off another. The new piece is first attached at the top, where it stands straight out; but by some means they work it down by degrees, and also fasten it at the bottom, so I suppose they are able to turn round inside their case for the purpose. For the final change to pupa they make a very strong loop, and completely twist up the soft material. I believe the females of these moths are wingless, many never leaving their cases. I have kept very many, but none have come to maturity, the pupæ of those I have cut open always being full of nothing but dust. Some of these encased caterpillars place the bits of stick crossways, finishing in a point, whilst others make use of grass or sand as a covering.

The larvæ of many beetles are protected by a covering of their own excrement. I found some of a most vivid scarlet completely hidden from view in this way.



Euphonia Africana

$\frac{2}{3}$

Pupa

Papilio Collonia

Larva

Cocoon

Larva

$\frac{2}{3}$

$\frac{2}{3}$

Pupa

Larva

$\frac{2}{3}$

Pupa

Bug

Papilio Demoleus

$\frac{1}{4}$

Anthera menippe

Larva

Cocoon

Anthera mimosae

$\frac{1}{5}$

Bug

Larva

$\frac{1}{5}$

Trabala Reon

$\frac{1}{4}$

Larva

The caterpillars of many of the *Papilios* are provided with a retractile fleshy fork on the back of the neck just behind the head, and these must be specially useful for driving away their worst enemy, the ichneumon fly, whose horrid habit is to pierce the bodies of caterpillars and lay an egg in the wounds so made. When the young are hatched they feed on the body of the poor caterpillar, which, strange to say, does not die at once, only gradually gets thinner and thinner.

This is one of the disappointments attending the rearing of larvæ, for the wounds pierced are not easily noticed, and sometimes the first intimation one has is seeing the caterpillar completely covered with tiny white cocoons. None of the caterpillars I have had so attacked have ever recovered entirely, though they have lived on for some days after the cocoons were removed. Sometimes the egg is inserted just before their change to pupa, and then, instead of butterflies or moths, these horrid flies emerge, causing much regret.

The caterpillar of *Papilio Demoleus*, a handsome large yellow and black butterfly, with blue and red eyes on the hinder wings, is a very vivid green, with a striking pattern in black and white on the sides, and a circle composed of yellow dots on the back of the neck. Its fork is three-quarters of an inch long and bright crimson, looking most formidable when it is shot out. In the previous stage to this it is a curious-looking dark brown and white spiny creature, shining as if it had been newly dipped in gum. It forms a curiously shaped yellow and fawn-coloured chrysalis fastened by the tail vertically, and further supported by a filament of silk passed round the body near the head.

Many of the *Papilio* caterpillars are very much thicker near the head than any other part, giving the appearance of a hump when seen sideways; while seen from the top they are shaped like a fish, some having three rows of spines on the hump, like fins, while two on the tail complete the resemblance.

The caterpillar of *Papilio Morania*, a black

and white butterfly, strongly marked with red and yellow on the under side, is light green, with black spines on the hump, two yellow ones terminating the body. The retractile fork in this is yellow-brown, and a drop of liquid, smelling strongly of orange and cashew, is ejected from each point when it is thrust forth. These caterpillars form a light green chrysalis with a very long pointed head, suspended in the same way as the last.

The light green and brown caterpillar of the lovely *Papilio Colonna*, a black swallow-tailed butterfly with emerald-green stripes and spots and two crimson spots on the hind-wing, is even more like a fish than this last, as the tail is more strongly marked and the yellow-brown spines on the hump are branched, and consequently thicker and more like fins. The chrysalis is very curious, and only suspended by the tail. The first I saw was attached to the under side of a half-eaten leaf, the colour and the strongly serrated edges resembling the broken leaf so exactly that I was on the point of throwing it away.

Papilio Antheus, also a black and green swallow-tail, but larger and a paler green, has a caterpillar of the samé type as *Papilio Morania*, with yellow branching spines. *P. Leonidas*, *P. Porthaon*, and *P. Perinus* (the very lovely larva of this last being without spines in last stage), all support their varied pupæ by the silken filament, and I was surprised to find the chrysalis of *P. Colonna* so very unlike the others.

I have only seen one other of the same shape, and that was formed by the caterpillar of *Eurytela Dryope*, a rather small rich brown butterfly with a wide bordering of deep gold colour. I found it feeding on the leaves of the castor-oil plant, which I was examining more closely than usual, having lately read that a French botanist had pronounced the leaves of that plant fatal to all the insect world, even if they only rested on them. It certainly is not so here, as the leaves are eaten up—and their beauty thereby sadly spoiled—as much as those of other plants, whilst butterflies and other insects sun themselves on them habitually.

This particular caterpillar was green, with green branched spines all over the body and two long brown horns on the head.

Papilios lay their eggs singly, often on the extreme tip of a leaf-bud, which opens by the time the egg is hatched. When not eating, the caterpillars rest in the middle of the leaf, going to the edge of it when hungry by a series of slow jerky movements, curiously moving their heads backwards and forwards and from side to side in a most fidgety manner. When satisfied they return to the middle of the leaf and remain motionless. The first stage of the larva of *P. Antheus* is deep bright red, with bands of yellow near the head; that of *P. Porthaon* is like a bit of shining steel, both looking very pretty in the centre of the leaf.

All the caterpillars of the *Acræas* that I have seen are thickly studded with spines, that of *A. Rabbaia* being bright red with black spines, and make elegant suspended pupa coverings, through which the future wings can be most plainly distinguished, more so than in any other

species I have seen. I have never been so fortunate as to find the larvæ of *Charaxes*, and only one pupa belonging to *C. Brutus*, which was bright green and like a little suspended cone with a lid.

My Chobi boy could not at all understand at first why I was continually telling him to bring me all the caterpillars (*ouhouquas*, he called them) he could find, and when I explained to him that in time, after a rest *without eating*, a fact which he was slow to realise, they turned into the butterflies or moths we daily went to hunt for, his astonishment was exceedingly great, and I was afterwards very much amused to find that he was relating this fact to other Kafirs with an air of the most superior wisdom.

He came to me quite a raw lad, but very soon learned to catch and even pin up the insects in a very clever manner; and I often have envied him his most wonderful sight, he being able to discover a moth on a tree stem, exactly the colour of the bark, at a distance of thirty feet; and I feel sure he has often had

almost a feeling of contempt for mine when I assured him I could not see it even when much nearer—indeed, I often go quite close to a tree trunk that I *know* is covered with lovely little mottled creatures, but cannot discover them till I gently tap the trunk with my net, when hundreds will fly off, quickly returning to settle again, when they are easily captured.

He also very soon learned to distinguish the various butterflies by their flight, and to know the rare species, or at least those *Missisi* cared most for, a long distance off, so time and strength were not wasted in pursuing common species. Sometimes, when I had been a long time patiently or impatiently waiting without seeing anything worth capturing, I would hear a low “Oh, *Missisi*,” and Jack would start away, I following, eager with expectation; and often the excitement was so great when a rare specimen was safely in my net, that I was absolutely unable to take it out for some little time, my heart beating too fast and my hands trembling, the boy actually laughing at me! Very often

this would occur at the close of a long, tiring, and disappointing day, but none but a collector can understand how all fatigue is then totally forgotten, and all things seem to look their brightest once again.

Butterflies vary very much in their manner of flying, some always keeping near the ground and continually settling, like the red-tips, small blues, and coppers. Others only swoop down occasionally, soaring to a great height immediately afterwards.

I have often lost some of these after waiting hours for their appearance, just by taking off my attention for a moment and releasing my hold of the net in order to pop a ground-nut in my mouth when assailed by the pangs of hunger, and have on such occasions vowed never to eat again whilst collecting, a vow I fear not always kept.

Many skippers and "Blues" seem to take a fancy to one particular leaf or twig, returning to it again and again almost as pertinaciously as a dragon-fly. I captured no less than three

new species of *Deudorix*, *D. dariaves*, *D. dinochares*, and *D. dinomenes*, by patiently waiting for them in one particular spot.

Others appear to take a large round, perhaps occupying half-an-hour, and *Papilio Colonna* is a very good instance of this; it usually flies very low, round and through the bushes, inquisitively searching about in all the nooks and corners formed by the low scrub, occasionally resting for a little time, its pretty white-tipped tails showing most conspicuously as it flies.

The large and handsome *P. Merope*, pale sulphur yellow with black bordering and markings, flies rather curiously when near the ground, the wings always seeming to be spread out quite flat, and I am somehow always irresistibly reminded of Hablot K. Browne's drawing of the Misses Kenwigs in "Nicholas Nickleby" whenever I see them flying, their tails looking so like the young ladies' celebrated plaits and frilled trousers. *P. Merope* is a perfect Turk in the number and beauty of his wives, who are tailless and varied in colour. The most common is

bluish-black and white, but in many the white is replaced by ochreous yellows of all shades, sometimes only on the hind-wings, up to orange-red—this last being the rare *P. Trophonius*. The light markings on the fore-wings also vary much in form.

In many other species the males and females differ very much, but often the under sides of the wings are exactly similar. In *Godartia Wakefieldii* the male is black with green markings, whilst the female is black and white, and not unlike a female *Merope*. The wings of the *Godartias* are very much more rounded than those of other butterflies, many being nearly circular, and this gives them a very singular appearance when flying, the wings seeming to revolve like paddle-wheels. The wings of the female *G. Wakefieldii* are not so rounded as those of the male, but still her flight is most curious and unmistakeable. She is a most tantalising butterfly to pursue, flying only short distances and near the ground, but always settling just where it is impossible to put the net.

A great many of the butterflies appear both in late spring and autumn, a few of each species generally making their appearance long before the multitude. Some only come in late autumn, as the *Charaxes*, *Philognomas*, and *Godartias*, one or two only occasionally showing in spring; but when I think of their many enemies, not counting the numerous insectivorous birds, I am inclined to wonder there are any left to come at all, notwithstanding the protection afforded to some.

A large fly, with a very long black and white striped body and long legs, is one of them, and I often see a butterfly being carried off, the fly always resting on the back of his victim and sucking out its life through the thorax. Then the huge spiders stretch their gold-coloured webs an amazing distance from tree-top to tree-top, and capture many an unsuspecting beauty.

Many varieties of the bugs too are insect feeders, armed with a very long proboscis with which to suck dry the bodies of caterpillars and butterflies. They can also inflict a burning sting

with it, lasting many hours, as I can painfully verify. Some of these bugs are gregarious, and I have seen many a tree trunk looking as if covered with patches of lacework, the long legs of the many bugs interlacing and forming a pattern. When noticed or touched they usually go backwards, raising themselves up very high and walking in a prancing manner; and if disturbed when all are busily engaged in feasting off a large caterpillar, one or two of the strongest and most daring will drag it off with them; they rarely abandon it.

Many of the wasp family also prey on caterpillars as well as other insects, and I once watched quite a small black fellow dragging a fat green caterpillar along the path between his legs, as it was very much too big for him to fly off with. He was only just able by a great effort to jerk it up over such small obstacles as little bits of stick or grass he happened to meet. I should imagine a fat caterpillar must be looked upon as a great treat—a sort of juicy steak, in fact, with no unpleasant legs or wings or stings to get in

the way and mar the enjoyment. I do not know if butterflies are ever attacked in the pupa state, though I have seen one chrysalis, generally in very exposed places, covered with tufts of hair at each segment as if for protection.

Most of the forms of insect life are here, many of them causing much annoyance to the collector. Mosquitoes are plentiful and varied, infesting some houses more than others. The small black and white species are very troublesome in the woods, settling down to their feast on my face and hands, whilst the latter are busy with the net, like tiny vampires. I notice that they much prefer my horse to me, and he is sometimes covered with them without showing any uneasiness.

Some of the ants inflict a most painful and burning sting, one of the most painful being given by a small ant with a whitish body, which is always most curiously tilted up on end whilst running. These make their nests in the branches of trees, about the size of a cocoa-nut. They are composed of dead leaves so curiously interwoven

and welded together that the mass looks like earth. Should a nest unfortunately get struck with the net whilst making a hasty dash at a butterfly, it is well to fly ignominiously to a safe distance for fear of consequences; and the same may be said regarding the hanging wasps' nests, the inmates attacking furiously when disturbed.

Beetles are not very numerous here as compared with other parts, and I have not been able to observe many of their habits, with the exception of the *Scarabæus*, who rolls up dung into balls and drags them away to a previously selected resting-place as a safe nest for her eggs, and some very large black *Carabidæ*, who raise themselves high up on their long legs and then vigorously tap the ground with their long pointed bodies, making quite a distinct noise. As these are carnivorous beetles, I suppose the tapping is to make insects appear, though I have never seen any result from it. After tapping and waiting some time in one place, the beetle marches on and taps and waits again.

A large black species of julus, or millipede, is very common here, often to be found coiled up round the branches of trees or on the surface of the trunk itself, seemingly holding on by nothing, as no legs are visible. They look very curious whilst walking, as only half their legs in alternate batches appear to be in motion at the same time. They are very destructive to young roots, and I believe are also insect-feeders, but have not the formidable jaws of the centipedes, whose bite is poisonous. All the centipedes I have seen here are a beautiful shining bluish-grey. One I found, measuring five inches, had caught a lizard much larger than himself, which he was devouring in a most horribly ferocious manner. He finished his repast with spirits of wine.

I have only seen one worm, a small thin light blue species, during my long stay on this coast, but perhaps that is owing to the presence of so many moles, whose favourite food they are.

Ticks of all sizes swarm in the grass, and are excessively unpleasant should they fasten on the

skin. One very minute red species is especially irritating, and very difficult to dislodge when once the skin has begun to swell up around its body, the inflammation from the bite lasting several days. The irritation is intensified when one is also covered with that plague of a hot climate—prickly heat.

I am sometimes so covered with them, after a day's collecting amongst high grass, that I am obliged to oil my skin and scrape it vigorously with a knife before I can get rid of the little pests.

All the species are a great torment to animals, and quickly scent their prey. I have seen dozens of the larger and beautifully variegated ones hurrying up to my horse when he rested a little while, running over the hoof, and fastening on the soft fetlock in a few seconds, he stamping furiously when he felt the bites. One of my daily tasks is to go over him carefully with nippers and a brush dipped in paraffin oil, and I notice that wherever a large tick has fastened on a small species is almost always beside it, sucking from the same inflamed part.

The natives do not seem to be troubled by them ; but perhaps this is because they are fond of oiling their skins, and also do not leave the regular well-trodden path more than they can help.

CHAPTER XI.



FROM all I have seen and heard Kafirs cannot be very susceptible to pain, for I have seen them going about with most horrible cuts and open sores in their feet, and when too much sand got in them, calmly scraping it out with a piece of stick. They will also dig out thorns with a pointed stick in the most callous manner. Most certainly they are not so sensitive as the more civilised white races, but I am not sure if that ought to be considered as a disadvantage.

Once I saw one of my Kafirs cleaning his

tongue with sand! He had been very drunk the night before, and I suppose it was furry in consequence. He had stretched it out to its full extent, and was scooping up sand with his forefinger and rubbing it well in as far as he could reach, enough to make a white man dreadfully sick; but then they are so used to clean everything with sand—there is so much of it everywhere, and it is so handy. They even cruelly try to throw handfuls of sand in a dog's eyes if it barks at them, and regularly clean their teeth with it after every meal. All pots and pans are of course cleaned with it, and I found my Chobi boy Jack cleaning knives and forks, both silver and steel, by working them up and down in the sandy ground, and when told it was not the right fashion, he mended matters by using the bathbrick alike for all!

This boy, though generally so intelligent, once amused me by an astonishing piece of stupidity. He had been smoking out a swarm of bees, which had clustered in a compact mass a foot deep in a most undesirable spot, and during the

process some of them settled on his face and neck. To get rid of them he hastily pulled his shirt over his head, of course turning it inside out. After some time had passed he came to me with a very puzzled and anxious face, and said that, try as he would, he could not get the shirt right side out again; but when I laughingly showed him what a simple process it was, he seemed rather ashamed of his stupidity.

He stayed with me more than a year, a rather rare occurrence, but at last went the way of all blacks, and left me suddenly and ungratefully, after gradually becoming very lazy and inattentive. He was, however, so good a collector, and I knew so much valuable time would be wasted and many innocent lives sacrificed whilst I was training another boy, that, after a month's discomfort with an idle woman-servant, I put aside my dignity and asked him to come back, giving him also a slight increase of wages. He seemed only too delighted to return, and remained with me another year, this time be-

having well, and actually giving me his wages to take care of, a most unusual thing for a Kafir to do, as they generally hide or bury money in the sand.

When he left he took with him a complete set of collecting apparatus, promising to collect in his country south of Inhambane. I much feared I was doing a foolish thing in trusting him ; but about seven months after, whilst I was enjoying one of my solitary evening rides of exploration a long way from home, I came upon a party of Kafirs marching in from the interior, and one of them began to shout, "Missisi! Missisi!" When I looked closer I saw it was Jack, and on his head were my butterfly boxes.

He certainly had not worked hard, but he had kept his promise and brought some good insects, so I felt very pleased, though I did not take him into my service again, for whilst he was with me my cottage was forcibly entered one evening during my absence, and many things stolen, every box and cupboard being broken open and the contents strewn over the floor. My revolver

was gone, and even the blankets from my bed (and it was winter too), and nothing was ever traced. I always suspected Jack, but could not bring it home to him.

After he left me I had various opportunities of observing that trial, the Kafir servant. Many came who were pretty good boys in general, but so hopelessly stupid in collecting insects that I had to send them away. Others ran away after a month, I believe not liking so much walking exercise in the sun.

Then I got a good boy who was quick to learn, and who stayed nearly a year, and then wanted to visit his home in Maputa. This boy was very fond of making rude sketches on the kitchen walls, generally of steamers, which he always represented with four little wheels and the anchor down. I made him very happy by teaching him the alphabet, and he would tremble with excitement and pride when saying his lesson.

One boy made me very angry. He was a more civilised Kafir, from Inhambaue, speaking good Portuguese. He worked well for a month,

took his wages, and never returned, which did not much surprise me, but I was surprised that no other Kafir appeared asking for work.

It was a busy insect season, my horse too was an invalid, requiring daily lotions and ointments, and day after day passed without a sign of a Kafir seeking employment. I sent in all directions, but could get no help at all. I had to light the fire with green sticks, for I was not strong enough to wield the axe and chop the block of firewood, the tears streaming down my face from the green wood smoke, cook the food for myself and pets (five days we lived on boiled beans alone, which became slightly monotonous), make the hay, clean the stable and horse, the latter a most pleasant occupation, though rather fatiguing. All this I had to do in addition to my manifold insect duties and outdoor occupations; but it is astonishing how life in Africa without a full purse makes one find out what one can do, and, still more, what one can do without; and whatever my hardships I have always four real pleasures daily — the early

coffee, the bath, changing my boots when the day's work is over, as they are generally full of sand, and the first stretch in bed, though sometimes I am so fatigued that this can hardly be called a pleasure.

I had an alarm of fire one day during my Kafirless condition. I was busy soldering up a hole in a water-can when I heard the well-known crackling sound of a grass fire very much nearer than I liked, and looking up found that the field at the back of my cottage was in flames, the wind setting in my direction. Bush after bush caught fire with an extra loud crackle, and I could see no one. At last a Kafir came in sight, and answered to my shout, and worked hard for an hour beating out the flames with wet mealie sacks supplied by me as fast as possible, finishing the task just as my pretty green fence was getting scorched. I asked this man if he wanted regular employment, but he shook his head.

At last in despair I went to the kraal of my washerwoman, "Didini," and promised her a

present if she would procure me a servant; so next day she brought me her nephew "Bango," a young scamp and dreadful liar, but better than nothing. She then told me that I had not been able to get a boy because the last had spread the report that "Missisi" did not pay her boys; and I afterwards found that he owed money to the Kafir in whose kraal he lodged, and not wishing to pay his debt, had said he could not because I had not paid him.

"Bango" didn't stop long, and I was getting very tired of being so unsettled. The horse, too, objected to the constant change of groom, reproachfully looking round and stamping when the curry-comb was used the wrong way by the unskilful hand, which did sometimes happen in spite of my careful teaching.

Kafirs, by the way, like nothing better than to stand idly by whilst the white man works, under pretence of taking a lesson.

I next engaged a Chobi boy, "Jonaas," but he was a very bad specimen of his tribe, being

most idle and lazy, very fat, and fearfully stupid.

During his stay a terrible storm visited us one night, and after a while I heard my tiles travelling and the water pouring in, and had to get up to see to the safety of my collections. Presently there was a crash outside, and I knew something had happened to the kitchen; then I heard Jonaas lumbering on to the verandah, groaning and shivering, and spreading his mat outside my door.

In the morning I found half the kitchen blown down and part of the stable roof gone, and the boy very cold and wet, saying he was "plenty sick" and could do no work; but knowing how very much work would *have* to be done during that day, I laughed at him, as it is never advisable to encourage a Kafir in the idea that he is sick, and administered some wine with plenty of ginger in it. In a little while he said he was better, and after indulging in a long pull at the stimulating pipe of m'bangi (wild hemp), and sneezing, coughing, and ex-

pectorating till I felt quite sick, set to work to repair damages, I of course taking my share of the work. No other labour was to be had, as every house had more or less suffered from the effects of the storm; and consequently had to be repaired.

I think I never fully realised how stupid and thick-headed Jonaas was until that day. We managed to mend the kitchen and stable pretty well, but when it came to mending the roof I thought I should have gone mad. The tiles were made to hook one into the other in the most simple way, and I showed him with some spare ones how they were put together, but it was no use; for hours he sat on the roof, the wind blowing furiously, and the daylight fast going, trying first one way and then another, but never getting them right. Had I been able to go on the roof myself, a few minutes would have put all in order, but I felt I could not face the wind. Luckily the storm did not return that night, as I feared, and next morning a friend's Kafir soon put them straight.

Jonaas stayed about three months, and then went to his country, saying that if he stopped with me he must have "more money, less work, and beef every day."

After this I had an oldish man with a beard, and also engaged an extra boy to cut the horse's grass and carry water during the butterfly months. The old fellow was the proud possessor of a red handkerchief, and I was often amused at the variety of uses to which he put it. Generally it was wound round his head as a turban, but was often taken off to wipe his face or nose; then he would replace it on his head or tie it round his neck. Sometimes it was suddenly whipped off to be used as a duster, to which I objected, or to rub down the horse, and sometimes it was tied round a sore leg; occasionally he washed it, and I had a fearful suspicion that it was even sometimes used as a dishcloth!

He stayed with me many months, and although he was constantly getting drunk after he left work, arriving half stupid in the morning, and

taking snuff at intervals all day long to keep himself awake, I put up with this because he became a pretty good insect collector.

He too was a liar. I had taught him how to get the butterflies into the bottle, forbidding him to touch them with his fingers, but I constantly noticed that they were dreadfully rubbed, and taxed him with touching them. This he earnestly denied, but still I had my doubts, and one day saw him take a butterfly out of the net with his clumsy old fingers and put it in the bottle. I came upon him whilst he was holding it, and yet he even then denied having touched it! I was very angry; but what can be done with such inconsequent creatures as these?

My cottage was again broken into whilst he was with me, the thieves neatly cutting out two panes of glass from a front window in broad daylight. I believe the old boy, if not the actual thief, kept guard whilst accomplices entered, many circumstances taken together making me think this. He was sent into town

and cautioned, and told he was suspected, and that if he was not a very good boy in future he would be imprisoned; this frightened him very much, and he actually was sober and more obedient for many months.

Then he broke out again, and one day defied me so that I had to send down for a soldier to take him to prison; but at the sight of the soldier his conscience was so uneasy that he took to the bush, the soldier, encumbered with boots and uniform, not being able to follow, and eventually made his way to the goldfields.

After this I had my Maputa boy back, and was not sorry to again have a Kafir sleeping near the cottage, for although I felt my dog and revolver to be sufficient protection, still I thought it as well to have some one within call in case of need.

I was often advised to buy a young girl of thirteen or fourteen, "marrying" they call it here—as she would be obliged then to remain with me, my obligations being to clothe, feed,

and take care of her generally ; but I had no wish to be hampered with a probably idle young monkey who would be much more trouble than she was worth, so did not follow the advice. I believe a regular trade in these girls is carried on by some of the Banians, the price for one being about £15, but it was a custom I did not care to inquire into very closely.

None of my boys ever learned to saddle and bridle a horse properly ; they invariably fastened the girths so that a little fold of skin was left between the two bands, and the bridle was sometimes put on with the bit over his ears and the forehead band in his mouth ; occasionally the bit would be placed under his tongue, or both bit and chain stuffed into his mouth ; so this has become another of my duties, but my fondness for horses makes it a pleasant one. He (Fritz) is a great pet and comfort to me, and when I feel more lonely than usual I put my arms round his soft neck and tell him all my troubles ; and he nestles his big head against me, and sometimes goes to sleep with it on my

shoulder; if I have scent on my hands he rubs his lips over them, with evident enjoyment of the perfume.

When he first came into the town he was a mere skeleton, and full of sores, having been cruelly ridden from the Transvaal in too short a time and on scanty or no food, too often the case here; but I helped to cure him, and in time he became fat and sleek, and at last was given to me, and became my very own to feed and care for, which is very different and much more delightful than having your horse brought to the door ready for riding, and dismissed to the stable afterwards, because if one wants to be on friendly terms with animals, one must see to them personally.

I had no time to build a proper stable for him, but managed to get him into a little room that had been used as a sleeping-room for the boy, and he soon seemed very comfortable in it, looking like a Jack-in-the-box when he popped his head out in the morning to be kissed and caressed. My friends used laughingly to tease

me about keeping a horse in a matchbox, but Fritz and I did not mind.

Making the manger was certainly rather a difficulty, and again and again made me wish my hands were stronger to handle the tools, but it answered every purpose when finished.

I find carpentering, though perhaps not a ladylike accomplishment, a great resource when homesick or miserable, and I always fly to it at once, if possible, when I feel a strong fit of "the blues" coming on.

Fritz is a "talking" horse, and neighs to me whenever he sees me—even if fifty times a day—and catches sight of me at very long distances; he also neighs loudly when he sees a plate or dish, as he always likes to finish up any mealie porridge or rice left by the dog, even if mixed with sulphur and treacle. I must confess, however, that he has a temper, making my boys afraid of him; and lately has been trying to show me that he would rather not take me out, by plunging and rearing and bucking slightly as soon as I mount, and several times lying down

and depositing me ignominiously in the sand. This last trick, however, he copied from another horse, showing that bad example is catching even among animals; so, though a great hindrance, it only amused me, and he always *has* to take me after all.

He was very jealous of a little four-months-old foal that used sometimes to pay me a visit, running right into my arms when I called it. Fritz would kick and bite it savagely if he saw me patting it, but at other times would let it graze by his side in quite a friendly way. He always tries to kick the dog too, I believe only from jealousy. He very much dislikes having his hoofs cut, only lately condescending to let me cut the front ones whilst he is being fed with mealies; and as soon as they are eaten up he snatches his hoof away and begins to stamp. No coaxing will induce him to lift his hind hoofs, so he is obliged to be thrown and sat upon when they are cut.

It is delightful to see him take a sea bath. I give him a long rope, and he walks out as far

as he can go, and paws up the water till he is completely wetted; then he rolls and turns over in the sea, thoroughly enjoying himself, a roll on the sand and a shake completing the performance. Fortunately he is what is termed a "salted" horse—that is to say, one that has recovered from horse-sickness, so when he is a little out of sorts I never fear that dreadful disease which carries off so many horses here after a day or two's illness, and for which no cure is at present known.

He is, of course, a great assistance to me in my work, as I am now able to go greater distances and find out new haunts. On one of my journeys a savage mule ran after me, and, after viciously kicking my poor dog, came rushing after Fritz; and, though the mule was slightly hobbled, it soon began to gain on him. The chase continued for some time, but at last, just as the mule was quite close, a Kafir came in sight and turned it away, much to my relief.

Another time a donkey broke its tether and rushed to my horse, and began to run round

him and try to bite him, he lashing out savagely all the time. At last the donkey tried to get into my lap, and was lying right over the pommel when some Kafirs appeared and dragged him forcibly away.

The musical instruments of these parts are very primitive, and only of three kinds. One consists of a stick nearly four feet long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, slightly bent in the form of a bow by a piece of thin brass wire tightly stretched across and secured at both ends; a small gourd, having the hollow part outside, is fastened to the middle of the bow by a short piece of wire looped over both stick and wire—a small pad, made of palm leaf, being placed between the stick and gourd to prevent them touching. When played, the bow is held in the middle by the left hand, some of the fingers being on each side of the connecting wire securing the gourd, which is pressed against the chest of the player. The long wire is then tapped alternately on each side of the loop with a little cane, producing a minor third; but if the

backs of the fingers are slightly raised so as to touch the wire a different note can be made. An instrument somewhat like this is described in my husband's "Angola and the River Congo," vol. i., p. 139.

Another is still more simple, consisting of a piece of cane about two feet long, and only slightly bowed by a string of twisted horsehair, a few rude holes being cut inside the bow for about half its length. This instrument is played by the lips being pressed against the horsehair and cane over the holes, and then tapping or picking at the horsehair with the finger-tips or nails; the note thus formed is high or low according to which hole the lips are over, the lowest sound being at the extreme end of the bow. No particular melody is ever played on either of these instruments, which become very monotonous after being heard daily and hourly, for the Kafir is so fond of his tune that he always likes to keep his instrument handy to take up whenever he has a moment's leisure.

The gourd instrument is the favourite, and boys sent on errands constantly go along cheerfully tapping its wire, and often singing some doggerel verse composed about their masters or their work.

The third instrument is a piece of thick cane three-quarters of an inch in diameter and three feet long, having a fine string made of the twisted hairs from an ox-tail stretched along its entire length, but not touching the cane. At one end of the string a flat piece of quill an inch long is tied, and the lips being placed on this and the breath sucked in and out seemingly by a great effort, a loud and appalling noise is produced, best represented as follows—



and more resembling the hee-haw of a donkey than anything else. Of course all these instruments vary in size, and sometimes the cane is ornamented. I have only described those in my own possession. These Kafirs also make a

horrible noise at their feasts, &c., by blowing through a bullock's horn, but this I think cannot be called a musical instrument.

They certainly are not a musical tribe, for though they are always whistling or singing, most of their chants are monotonous and melancholy, and usually in a minor key. I often hear the cheerful bugle-calls whistled in minor! Even the crow of the Kafir cocks is melancholy, the last note being very much prolonged, and running down the scale till it dies away.

Some rather melodious songs or chants that I remember hearing some years back seem quite to have died out.

The songs of the Chobi tribe are much more musical. I heard one of their chants sung in unison by about a hundred voices, and it was quite imposing at a little distance; a mighty stamp was occasionally introduced also in unison with good effect. This song had a rapidly played accompaniment on the "Kafir piano," an instrument belonging to more northern tribes, with "keys" which are tapped by pieces of stick.

after the fashion of the harmonicon. Another chant is melodious enough to be introduced into English chant books.

I am told that the Kafirs here rather look down on the Chobis, though they are so much more intelligent; but decidedly my Chobi boy Jack, on the other hand, spoke with contempt of many of their ways and manufactures, especially of their musical instruments. He thought their custom of marking the graves with pots and baskets most objectionable—why, he could not explain—telling me, at the same time, that in his country the earth was always made quite smooth over graves, and dead leaves scattered on them, so that in a little while no one remembered where they had been. He also took pains to point out to me that the hanging baskets made by his people were much stronger, and more evenly and finely plaited, than those manufactured at Poulana or Mahota, which is decidedly the case; and I am inclined to think that some prettily carved wooden dishes, jugs, and spoons that I possess may be Chobi work, as

they were brought in by natives on their way to the Cape.

All Kafirs seem to have one strange custom in common—that of spitting after inhaling a bad smell. Those hereabouts too always try to spit on a dog who barks at them, the superstition being that if the saliva touches the dog it cannot bite. There is also some superstition about digging a grave for a white man, which they very much dislike doing, some also objecting to carry the body ; but I trust this objection will not be felt when my horse is buried, as when I leave I am resolved that a merciful bullet shall prevent his ever falling again into cruel hands. No doubt many other superstitions are held, but they have not reached my ears.

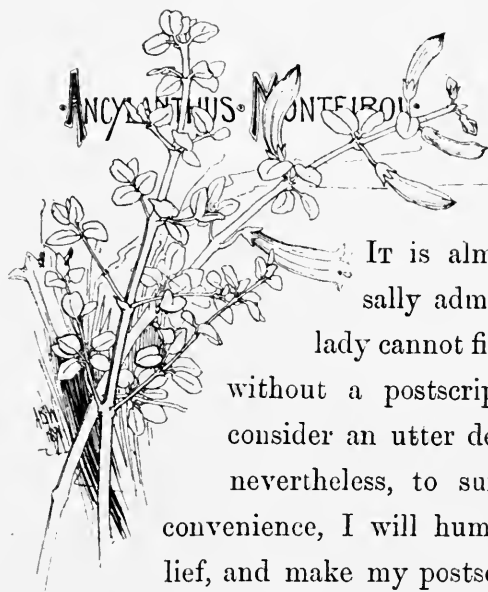
The fetish man is employed here, as in other places, to smell out thieves or to foretell the result of a journey, which he does by throwing about a number of little bones ; and he is also called upon to pray for rain after a long drought.

On these occasions a long procession of the

natives, headed by the fetish man, marches about and around the roads and villages, singing and shouting, and occasionally firing off guns as they proceed. A sacrifice is then always made of a goat or fowls, which are afterwards eaten at the inevitable feast.

I have omitted to tell you that a slight shock of earthquake visited this place in July 1882, perceptibly shaking the houses. I am told one was also felt here forty or fifty years ago; and in December 1881 three rather severe consecutive shocks were felt in Billeyne country. With this omission I have now, to the best of my ability, performed my promise and given a true, though slight, description of this country and its customs, together with my observations on the birds, insects, and flowers, and a variety of other things which have occurred to me whilst writing, and can only hope my friends have not found their time wasted during its perusal.

CHAPTER XII.



It is almost universally admitted that a lady cannot finish a letter without a postscript. This I consider an utter delusion; but nevertheless, to suit my own convenience, I will humour the belief, and make my postscript of this

final chapter.

To begin, then. Among the recent improvements a fine large Custom House has been built close to the beach and pier, which latter has been repaired and considerably lengthened.

A pump has been erected in the centre of the square, but the water is only useful for household purposes, as it is slightly brackish. Drinking water has been brought from a spring behind the marsh into the town, and a pretty white fountain put up, where the Kafirs can draw water under the eye of a guardian to keep order, unless they prefer the free gossip of the old haunt.

A library too is established, but as yet no daily paper—that sure sign of progress—has made its appearance.

Large new barracks and a new prison are in course of construction; both, doubtless, to be inhabited by the newly arrived force of white police.

Outside the town a Botanical Garden has been subscribed for, and planned just beyond the swamp, but it will be long before the few plants introduced come to perfection. Not far from this is a lawn-tennis ground, with a stand waiting for the band which has long been promised, but never arrives.

I am glad to say that after an interval of

some years a British Vice-Consul has again been appointed—really a great necessity here, as so many Englishmen now pass through the town to and from the goldfields. The consul is of use to his countrymen in death as well as in life, for if a foreigner dies here without making a will—which is a very formal, lengthy business, requiring seven witnesses—and there is no consul to take charge of his affairs, all his property is sold by public auction, even including his private letters, and the proceeds go into the Government coffers, the authorities declining to pay his doctor's bill or any little outstanding debts, and even grumbling at having to provide a coffin.

I am told it is a troublesome process to prove a debt, costing about £5, and when proved there is perhaps a delay of two years before payment is made.

Two lines of steamers now run monthly services, for the Union Company have lately again added Delagoa Bay to their list of ports—the Donald Currie line still continuing the

regular mail contract as far as Mozambique and Ibo.

Small tug steamers often run from Natal, and some very large lighters belonging to a Shipping Company render the task of discharging cargo much more quick and safe.

Anthracite coal is said to have been discovered very close to this part, which if true will render it of still more importance. Then the long-wished-for railway is actually a reality, the first sod being turned on the 2nd June 1886, and so rapidly has it been pushed on that in November 1887 trains were running to the Lebombo range (the Portuguese frontier), a distance of 52 miles.

One immediate effect of the railway has been the establishing of one or two good hotels and many additional canteens, where the owners realise small fortunes, and the customers help to fill with alarming rapidity the fine new cemetery lately opened some little distance from the town. The customers aforesaid are many of them loafers from Barberton, where I am told men who have no ostensible means of subsist-

ence are not allowed to remain, and who when they have found their way to Lourenço Marques have nothing to do but idle away their time in canteens till the arrival of a ship enables them to leave the town.

I am sorry to say that the advent of the railway, so advantageous to others, has seriously interfered with my work, as the line was commenced in the lovely Copani swamp I have before mentioned, where I obtained all my rarest autumn specimens, and my feelings may be imagined when, instead of a lovely tropical spot full of giant wild fig-trees with exquisite creepers—huge convolvulus and others—festooning them together, whilst large ferns and a yellow swamp plant very like *Coreopsis Drummondii* covered the ground, I saw nothing but a sea of black stinking mud, with three hundred Kafirs working in it, digging trenches and throwing up banks, while tents for the white engineers encumbered the high ground, where also all the trees had been chopped down, and bush and grass alike destroyed by fire.

I could have cried aloud with disgust and disappointment, but resigned myself to the inevitable, and galloped home fully realising the truth of the old saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison."

I am always regretting that I have never been able to travel in the interior of this coast as I should have wished, and to describe the various rivers and places instead of only mentioning their names, so in conclusion I add a short description of a trip up the coast as far as Mozambique in 1877, written by my husband for the *Natal Colonist* of May 25th, 1877, and the more interesting because after more than a decade of years so very little is altered. The foot-notes are mine.

"The importance of the Portuguese possessions on the East Coast in relation to the different questions of the industrial development of Africa, the abolition of the slave trade, and the civilisation of the varied tribes now engaging the attention of Europe, may render interesting to some of your readers the following

brief notes of a recent voyage from Lourenço Marques to Mozambique and back.

“We left Delagoa Bay on the 26th of March in the Union Company’s SS. *Natal*, and with a fair wind arrived next day off Inhambane, and delivered mails and some cargo into the pilot’s boat, which was waiting outside for the steamer. On the morning of the 29th we anchored off Quillimane to await high water at 3 P.M., when we crossed the bar and anchored off the town at 4.30 P.M.

“To a landsman’s eye there does not appear to be much difficulty in crossing the bar and entering the river, the greatest seeming to be to find the buoys, which are not easily seen at any little distance. The Zambesi here, from its mouth to the town of Quillimane, some sixteen or eighteen miles from the bar, is not broad, but is very muddy, and runs with a strong current. The banks are marshy, and mostly covered with a small tree or shrub having the appearance of mangrove.

“The town itself covers a large extent of level

country, the houses being mostly at considerable distances apart and on each side of a long road planted with acacias and other shady trees.

“The scenery and vegetation are perfectly tropical and enchanting. For miles the ground is covered with a dense growth of cocoa-nut palms, orange, lemon, mango, and other fruit-trees; and the many species and number of the trees, creepers, and other wild plants growing in profuse confusion attest the wonderful fertility of the black alluvial soil and the damp moist heat of the climate. This luxuriance of vegetation is said to extend to a great distance inland.

“The native plantations of rice, Indian corn, Kafir corns, sugar-cane, cotton, okro, &c., are simply magnificent, not in extent, but in the size and luxuriant growth of the plants.

“The natives build good huts, and seem a good-natured, civil lot, but they are as ugly a race as any to be met with either on this or the West Coast. Here labour is said to be cheap and abundant, and I know of no place better

adapted for the cultivation on any large scale of such tropical plants as sugar-cane, cotton, &c.

“The houses are of the large and solid type common to the older Portuguese settlements, and the few Europeans and mixed inhabitants seem to lead easy and happy lives.

“The SS. *Natal* being only the second belonging to the Union Company that had ascended the river to the town, the event had still the charm of novelty to the inhabitants, a crowd of natives being massed on the banks and pier during the time the steamer lay in the river. On our arrival we were immediately boarded by the Custom House and other authorities, and by Senhor Nunes, the Company’s agent, who is well known for his kindness and the assistance he has rendered to our explorers and expeditions on the Zambesi.

“Captain Travers invited the principal inhabitants, including ladies,* to a lunch on board

* Among the ladies, who were of all shades of colour, two were quite black, wearing bright blue dresses of European fashion, white tulle bonnets with pink rosebuds, and white kid gloves!

next day, and all expressed their satisfaction at Quillimane having emerged from its undeserved neglect, and being at last linked to the line of steamer communication with the rest of the world.

“This result, I am happy to say, has been obtained by the enterprise of our countrymen, and is especially due to Captain Travers, of the SS. *Natal*, and Captain Garrett, of the SS. *Kafir*, through whose enlightened representations the Union Company’s steamers now touch at Inhambane and Quillimane, Ibo, &c., to the great gain before long, I trust, both to the new ports and the Union Company.

“A Malay priest was overturned from a canoe in the river at Quillimane, and was immediately bitten in two by a shark.*

“We left Quillimane at two o’clock on the 30th March, anchoring at Mozambique on the 1st April.

* We had a great many Malays on board, pilgrims on their way to Mecca. Some were making their third pilgrimage, a much-desired event, as I am told the pilgrim is then “elect,” and no matter what crimes he commits afterwards is still perfectly safe, and a person, I should say, to be carefully avoided.

“Mozambique is a wonderful contrast to Quillimane, where nature in her brightest mood has covered the fertile ground with charming groves of trees and flowers—lanes of verdure and towering elegant palms. At Mozambique clumsy man, in his most depressing style, has reared ugly solid stone buildings and churches in narrow streets, on the dry and barren coral rock.

“Mozambique was very sultry and hot both day and night, and everything and everybody appeared to be asleep. Its photograph would pass very well for that of a ruined and deserted city; the heavy weight of ages appears to rest on its monumental buildings and its untrodden streets and squares, and to press all life and enjoyment out of the dispirited inhabitants.* The military band played twice whilst we were there in a pretty square in front of the Governor-General’s palace, and we went to listen to it, and

* Many of the houses were painted yellow, pink, or grey, and the ground was all white sand, most painful to the eyes. It would indeed be a dreary and confined spot for a lengthened residence, especially to a lover of nature. We walked all over the island in less than two hours!

were curious to see how many of the inhabitants could muster sufficient energy to attend. The best performers, we were informed, had been lately, or were still, in hospital; the rest, perhaps not half, played on instruments mostly out of tune, and occasionally amused themselves by playing some in minor, others in major keys, so that the general effect was not calculated to cheer the very small sprinkling of listeners.*

“We were most kindly welcomed by Mr. Geoffrey Höhne, the Acting Vice-Consul during the absence of our Consul, Captain F. Elton,†

* It was so bad, as we heard it, that we enjoyed a hearty laugh very often at the excruciating sounds. Not only were the instruments bad and out of tune, but the players had odd notions about the proper time and places for taking breath, sometimes all taking it at the same moment, which occasioned some very funny stoppages in the midst of running passages. Some of the principal performers must have been amongst the sick, for in one or two operatic selections the melodies and first parts in duets were painfully absent, this being especially apparent in the well-known duet, “Deh con te,” from *Norma*, only the second part being heard. At the close of each performance some national hymn was played, and as soon as the first notes sounded, all the dogs in the place, who had hitherto been quite quiet and peaceable, gathered round the band and howled in concert to the finish.

† Since dead.

who had gone on a visit to Zanzibar and Madagascar, a well-earned holiday, for to discharge the duties of his office as he does so actively and energetically must be a task that not only few would accomplish, but that few can even appreciate who have not been to Mozambique.

“We had not an opportunity of visiting the mainland, which is said to be fertile, and where the seat of government should be removed if the trade and industry of the place is to be developed. In the harbour were a number of merchantmen, a Portuguese corvette, two gunboats, and two small paddle-wheel river gunboats; but with all this strength and staff the rest of their extensive sea is totally unprotected, not a port or bar is surveyed, and the proposed lightship for Inyak Island is rotting in Delagoa Bay, waiting now for over a year for a man-of-war to fix her in the proper position.*

* The lightship was eventually placed in its position, but has long since broken up and never been replaced.

“On the arrival of the SS. *Natal* from Zanzibar we were glad to leave Mozambique on the 11th April, arriving off Quillimane, against the strong monsoon, on the 13th. The pilot having been afraid to come out, we waited till day, when Captain Travers took his ship in without him, and again ascending the river, anchored off the town on the evening of the 14th.

“We had another delightful run on shore, and left next day, reaching and crossing the bar of Inhambane on the morning of the 17th. The town of Inhambane is situated on the southern bank of a wide arm of the sea but a few miles from the bar, and there seemed abundance of water at high tide and no danger from the breakers, &c.

“The view of the town is very picturesque indeed, as it is built on high ground which is wooded. The country around is very pretty, but the ground generally is of rather loose sand, and not to be compared in fertility with that of Quillimane.

“The native population must be very large,

and the huts are higher and better built than any to be seen elsewhere. The country yields abundance of cocoa-nuts, mandioc, sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and other native produce, the plantations extending for miles around, and amongst the many fruit-trees and palms the native huts are prettily dotted.

“After three hours’ stay we again steamed away, and landed at Lourenço Marques at midnight of the 18th April.

“It would take too long to enter into the consideration of the principal points that suggest themselves even on a hurried visit like the one I have described, but it may be stated conclusively that the whole Portuguese possession of Mozambique is unrivalled as a new field for commerce and industry, but at the same time its value is reduced to practically almost nothing from the total want of protection to property and capital by the Portuguese Government, the nominal holders of the country.

“Nothing can exceed the kindness and civility of the Portuguese everywhere on the East Coast,

both officials and civilians, and during their long stay in the country they have implanted these good qualities in the natives to a remarkable degree. They are everywhere on the most friendly terms with the natives, partly from good-nature on both sides, and partly from want of strength on the part of the Portuguese to force the natives to anything either good or bad. It is this want of strength that completely paralyses the development of the country. No one will venture to send goods into the interior, to establish cotton or sugar-cane plantations, or enter into any other industry, from the certainty that the Government is absolutely powerless to protect them in the slightest degree in case of any disturbance or attack, or indemnify them for any loss. Even in the towns there are only a few wretched black soldiers, upon whom no dependence whatever can be placed, even for simple patrol or police duties. At the same time nothing could be easier than to supply the necessary protection and confidence, as a comparatively small force would keep the

negro tribes everywhere in complete subjection. This is not the case at Delagoa Bay, where a stronger force is imperatively required, surrounded as it is by warlike Kafir tribes, and where at present we have not even a police force, and the few black soldiers now here are confidently believed to be the principal actors in a few petty burglaries and robberies that have lately taken place.

“As to the effect of the slave trade, or the complicity of the Portuguese in it being the bane of the country, &c., it is simply ridiculous moonshine. It is the phlegmatic apathy of the Government in not supplying the necessary money, and in paying their officials badly, often abandoning them for months without pay to their own resources, and making their stay and duties in Africa more a punishment or forcible transportation than anything else. It is Portugal who must be blamed for all this; her conduct to her colonies is simply disgraceful and without excuse, as she is prosperous and her credit is good; and but a moderate outlay, to be repaid

a thousandfold in a few years, would open her rich African colonies to the trade of the world, and she would no longer be reproached, as she is now, with the fable of 'The Dog in the Manger.'"

THE END.

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