

uncouth but kindly salutation at me; for I was known to many of them as the "trekker," which being freely interpreted means "traveller."

The Vaal River is a deep and considerable stream, often quite impassable by reason of floods and freshets. It is provided with a floating pontoon, called a "punt," which is hauled across with a load of mules, men and waggons, by means of a strong wire rope. On the other side stretched the same wide rolling plains, seamed here and there by a gully or spruit, into which we would splash, and if the fates were favourable, out of which we would climb mud-be-draggled but smiling. Night fell before we had gone far, and turning towards a Boer homestead we besought hospitality, and received a right-royal mead of it. As we are now on the threshold of an Africander farmer's abode, it may be well to say a few words touching this sturdy, brave, flaxen-haired, primitive but hospitable people.

Owing to the wars and other troubles, a very natural estrangement had sprung up between them and the English settlers and tourists. Another equally natural reason for the feeling, which is now, I am happy to say, dying out, is the fact that we are better educated and more polished in manners than they are, or can be expected to be. This is always a source of division in all lands. But if the tourist is a man of the world—is easy, unaffected and well-mannered—the ice soon melts and the best side of the Boer comes out. This particular Dutchman was a man of some consideration, being a field-cornet (J.P.) and landowner of considerable extent. No sooner were the horses removed from the mail-cart than he appeared in the doorway, smoking as usual. After shaking hands in a half-hearted sort of manner with us, he stood round vacantly regarding the hills, the sky, and the on-coming night. After a few admiring remarks about his fine stone-built homestead, which were sincerely meant, and a passing word of praise on his "veldt," or grazing-ground, I expressed a wish to see his sheep—as the herds happened at that time to be passing.

Upon this there was a visible thawing; turning towards the pens, he in a few moments was earnestly discoursing on "scab," and other diseases and troubles, with which my acquaintanceship was distant and vague. I listened until the coming night closed the chapter, and turning, he led the way through the spacious kitchen to a lofty sitting-room, the furniture of which was of a somewhat gaudy and incongruous style; a harmonium stood in one corner, a broad table in another, and chairs and sofas were scattered about. Two tall, strapping sons (also smoking pipes) rose to receive me with a hand-shake. Three daughters of ample dimensions, four small boys, and the tall, fine-looking mother now entered, and shook hands solemnly and slowly. This over, we all sat down and kept silence until the mother invited us to supper. The meal consisted of coffee, fresh butter, brown bread (home grown and baked), venison, shot on his own ground, and stewed apples, apricots and other fruits from his orchard. Excepting the sugar, the dishes and the table cloth, everything was of home manufacture, even the table, which was of yellow wood.

After an hour or two of smoking, and a mild chat about the gold discoveries, we all retired, but not to one common bed, as many writers have stated when describing the Boers. My chamber was well appointed, and the bed (which was a feather one) was large and only too comfortable, for when our Jehu, next morning, "blew a blast upon the bugle-horn," I was loth to leave the brown, but sweet and clean sheets. Having partaken of a cup of coffee, and thanked my kindly host, hostess, and family, I jumped into the post-chaise and away we went again. That night we won our way to Heidelberg, a town which, as I have stated, lies about sixty miles south and slightly to the east of Pretoria, the capital. Here, rival hotels, conducted on English principles, keep prices reasonable, and visitors are made thoroughly comfortable and cosy.

The next day we realised that we were indeed on the "Gold Fields." Trenches and workings seamed the hills in every direction, while the merry clink of picks, the roar and

rumble of dynamite explosions, and the chanting of the Basuto and Amatonga labourers in the mines proclaimed that the prophecies of Baines and Mauch were being fulfilled, and that at length the destiny of Africa was in a fair way of being fulfilled. It is little to be wondered at that I should have felt proud. For years, in common with many others, I had striven by my writing to convince the world of the mineral wealth of the country, and for years the efforts had fallen as it were to the ground ; but now each day brings its triumph, and each hour its corroboration of the fact of Africa's stupendous wealth.

The bare plains, which five or six years ago were termed "Deserts," are now dotted with the tents of prospectors, from the doors of which, now and again, well-known pioneers and familiar comrades of travel shouted a cheery salutation. With a wave of the hand and a hearty "God-speed" we whirled on into the hazy distance, where new works constantly greeted us, and men with the stamp of health and hope on their faces laboured in certainty of success.

Now and again our wheels crashed over the deposits of conglomerate, locally called "banket." Presently the familiar name of Knox Bros. flashed on us from a huge sign-board, while the genial brothers met us with a hearty hand-grip and a welcome to the Transvaal. These pioneer colonists are to be met with in almost every part of South Africa ; and where they are, there also is a post-office, a butchery, an hotel and a saw-mill. It is such men as these that build up the Empire, and uphold the prestige of Englishmen in the wild and lonely places.

On again for another hour through one continuous procession of waggons, carts, packmen, prospectors, and traders. Presently, the northern horizon appeared to rise and transform itself into a ridge, which proved to be the far-famed Witwatersrandt, while right on the sky-line the gables and streets of Johannesburg, ranged tier upon tier, could be seen gleaming under the rays of the sun.

A drive of thirteen miles brought us to the entrance of the city, and two miles further on, near its centre, we brought up

in front of the post-office. The City of Gold in no way disappointed me. It was Saturday night, and well-behaved crowds of white, yellow and black men jostled each other in the streets and squares, while on every hand, single and double-storied houses bounded the view. Quite a throng of friends assembled to bid me welcome, while anxious porters principally of a half-and-half descent, snarled at each other over the luggage. Wending my way to an hotel, I found, to my dismay, that there was no room for me. After trying in several others, I at last obtained quarters, but not without the exercise of a certain amount of blarney. The house, it appeared, was full; editors, bank managers, stock brokers, engineers, assayers, adventurers, and travellers were all jumbled together in a happy unconsciousness of who was who. The bar, which occupied the end of the building, was conducted on principles of strict decorum. Owing to the extreme pressure on sleeping space I was not permitted to enjoy a room all to myself. The good-humoured, but somewhat intemperate, gentleman who slept in "the other corner," was somewhat addicted to coming home on all fours, at 3 a.m., and opening the door with his head. Barring this and a few stray fleas, and perhaps a score or so of bugs, I was very happy (I write now of the primitive days of Johannesburg).

After a wash and brush-up, I set forth to view the city; in the course of that walk, I met men from all parts of south, east, north, west, and central Africa: amongst whom I may specially mention Corry of Swazieland fame, and Stanley, who is a connection of the Congo traveller. A round of the bars, canteens, and music halls resulted in a most favourable impression of the town. Although the population of the place is estimated at about seven thousand, principally of the rough-and-ready sort, I only saw three fights and four drunks, all of which were of a very good natured description. The Market Square, which is a large open space in the centre of the town, proved to be a most interesting study. Jewish pedlars auctioned "real" gold rings at two and six-

pence a dozen, sets of silver studs at ninepence a dozen, and complete suits of clothes at fifteen shillings. Stalls bearing fruit, garden produce, and nick-nacks, were to be seen on every hand, and but for the total absence of naphthaline lights, which were rendered unnecessary by reason of the fierce African sun, one might almost as well have been in Leather Lane. A blind and lame man was wheeled about on a barrow to the soul-stirring tunes of a hand-organ, whilst his daughter went round with the hat, in which I noticed silver coins only, copper being a coinage but little used in the Transvaal. In another corner of the Market Square, horses were being auctioned, the prices ranging from £4 10s. to £100. In yet another corner, stood ox-waggon heavily laden with fire-wood, which is still the main fuel, although coal of exceptionally good quality was at that time beginning to come forward as an article of commerce. Leaving the square, with its perspiring throngs, I turned into the office of the *Mining Argus*, one of the leading papers in the town. The editor, Mr. Decker, of Du Val and Pretoria fame, was snugly quartered; while his office, which would have done no discredit to a provincial town of England, was well provided with the latest appliances of the age.

To speak of Johannesburg as having grown, conveys but a faint idea of the speed with which it has attained its present size. On the 20th December, 1886, the territory was proclaimed a public gold field, the township marked off and named. Capt. Von Brandis was appointed first Commissioner, and on the 8th of December, 1886, the first sale of building sites took place, and resulted in the realisation of £1,302; some of the stands in specially valuable positions brought £280. In January of 1887 another Government sale took place, resulting in the sum of £19,921. Gold laws and regulations were then framed and circulated, and licenses granted for prospecting and mining. Owing to the wonderfully rich finds, the settlement went on daily increasing until, on the occasion of my last visit, 68 companies were established, with

a nominal capital of £3,063,000 and 1,761 stamps at work, or in a fair way of commencing. It would be rash on my part to attempt any extensive geological explanation of the Witwatersrandt system at present; suffice it to say, that the gold-bearing strata of the region consists of reefs or lodes of conglomerate rock, formed of quartzose pebbles bedded solidly in disintegrated schists. This is cut out into claims for a distance of about fifty miles, and there is one almost continuous line of claims, numbering, at time of my last visit, 1,760; each claim measures 150 feet along the reef and 300 feet across it. The deposits in many cases are of great width,



Opening a Reef in Witwatersrandt Gold Fields.

and shafts of 300 feet and over have been sunk, proving the stability of the formation. Each claim may be considered as containing 90,000 cubic feet of gold-bearing stone, reckoning on 100 feet of depth only (and it has been proved to be over three times that), and reckoning 20 cubic feet to the ton, gives a total of 4,600 tons of banket in each claim. The average assays run considerably over 2 oz.; calculating on 1 oz. only, with a value of £3 10s. per ton, we have a gross claim value of £9,000; this, counting the number of claims, represents the grand figure of £15,840,000, and this, as I have already said, includes a surface valuation over a portion of the district only.

The amalgamation of gold in all countries and at all periods, has been, and always will be, a matter of consider-

able chemical difficulty. The Witwatersrandt formations, however, are singularly free from those re-agents so common in reefs of the ordinary description. Arsenic is almost unknown, sulphur occurs only in the faintest traces; antimony, so far as I could learn, being conspicuous by its absence. In fact, the chief difficulty appeared to be the recovery from the tailings of such gold as was chemically associated with the black sand.

I was especially privileged by the authorities of the Bank of Africa to enter their strong-room and feast my eyes on a fortnight's result of milling by fourteen small companies. Scattered on tables, floor, and benches lay piles of ingots of gold, while ranged in vessels along the walls stood heaps of spongy-looking retorted gold awaiting the smelter's attention. The value of this mass would be about £45,000.

The present output of gold averages about 100,000 ozs. per month, while the conglomerate formation, proved now to a depth of over 300 feet is as massive and permanent as at the beginning. There is no doubt that speculators, for purposes of their own, will circulate reports that the deposits have "pinched out," and it is equally certain that speculators in different parts of the world will, as they are ever wont to do, take fright and sell out at ruinous prices. Those who have taken sufficient interest in the country to read this book are strongly advised to believe no such idle rumours. Here and there, doubtless, particular properties will give out, but the Witwatersrandt Fields will, in my opinion, see the next century to a close without any appreciable falling off.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE KOMATIE AND OTHER FIELDS.

HIS mining centre lies about thirty-five miles to the south of Barberton, and adjoins the frontier of Swazieland. It is connected with Delagoa Bay by a waggon road, the distance being about 120 miles. In the dry and healthy season this road is in considerable favour by carriers. Steynsdorp, the little township of the district, takes its name from Mr. Steyn, a Transvaal official. In July, 1885, mining life began in earnest, and it has gone on spasmodically ever since. There is no doubt whatever that the reefs in this vicinity have a great future before them. The population of the town is about 600; shops, hotels, churches, &c., are to be numbered amongst its institutions.

Of the other Gold Fields, I may mention those of Malmani, of Heidelberg, of Lydenburg, of the Blyde River, of the Tati, Matabeleland, Damaraland, Bechuanaland, Griqualand West and the Knysna. On each of these gold-bearing districts a book might well be written. The conditions are so similar to those which have already been dealt with, that such a course is unnecessary at the present time. Especial mention, however, might be made of the recent discoveries within the frontiers of our own colony of Natal. About forty miles east by north east of the village of Greytown, in the uplands of Natal and on the northern frontier of the colony, there is a wild region, hemmed in by mountains, most of which range between 1,500 and 2,000 feet of altitude. The district presents to the traveller a constant series of magnificent combinations

of mountain, forest, and river. The mimosa trees with their yellow buds, the wild pear trees with their wealth of snow-white blossom, the Kafir broom with its gigantic crimson flowers, clothe the mountains with a glory that must be seen to be appreciated; while the grass lands are literally emblazoned with daisies and lilies of every hue; here and there giant aloes spring from the earth and impart a wild and foreign aspect to the scene. Looking down into this valley, the tourist will appreciate the beauty and majesty of this portion of our Colonial Empire.

Taking horse from Greytown, where those animals may be hired at 14s. per day, six hours will suffice to bring us to this interesting place; two hours of a scramble down the rugged forest-clad hills will bring us to the verge of the Tugela River. If the scene was grand and interesting while spread out at one's feet, as it were, it assumes a tenfold interest when viewed from the river level.

The great mountains assume the most fantastic shapes, while the lonely forests with their intertwining creepers and branches form a barrier between the traveller and the outer world; the river, lashed into foam, dashes along at an eight-mile speed over a bed strewn with boulders as large as average cottages. Wherever one looks quartz greets the eye: one has only to move the luxuriant foliage aside in order to reveal the delicately tinted masses of white, pink, blue or brown stone, some of which is gold bearing. The strata on the face of the hills on both sides of the river are not only very marked, but also very curious. The surface stone is principally trap rock, whinstone, and yellow clay-slate; that immediately below it varies—I saw yellow sandstone, conglomerate, and in places argillaceous and mica-schists. Many of these strata are broken, and instead of lying flat as in their original state, they stand on end for miles, banking generally, but not always, white glassy quartz of the azoic period on their northern sides. Now and then these slabs are split and contain very interesting leaders which yield gold; deeper

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down, say, in some cases, six to eight feet from the surface, this quartz becomes spongy and assumes a burnt-clinker appearance. This latter always gave a good colour, both in my hands and in those of others who tried it. The lean or pitch of the reefs is to the southward, with an angle of about 45 deg., and their direction N.E. by S.W., generally speaking.

Turning down the river, the road (if the bouldery path might be so called) lies between huge conical and forest-clad mountains. Some of them were almost solid masses of quartz; others, again, gave promise of nothing beyond rocks and thorns. At intervals Kafir villages are to be seen, with their throngs of undraped, but exceedingly healthy and greedy inhabitants. No sooner does the traveller arrive at one of their settlements than he is surrounded by a gang of savages, who breathe hollow flatteries in his ears for the purpose of obtaining "bansello" (gifts). The word "U'shillin'" (shilling) is one that falls trippingly from their lips; babies lisp it, young fellows shout it, women squeal it, and old men thoughtfully and huskily whisper it. But my counsel to all and sundry is to be sternly economical, for the fame of a bestowed shilling will pass ahead, and life will be no longer a source of pleasure. If a native once gets the idea that the white man who sojourns within his gates is either lavish or "soft," there will be no longer any pleasure or profit in travel.

Several extensive workings for gold have been made in this beautiful and romantic region; while the Government, valuing the importance of the matter, have offered and awarded £1,000 for the discovery of payable gold. The valley of the Tugela will yet be a centre of mining importance, but apart from that, it is well worthy of a visit from the passing tourist.

On the other side of the river, in Zululand, considerable workings have been made and gold found, but as yet the results are not known.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ZULUS AND ZULULAND.



NO play was ever so rich in dramatic incident, or so full of romantic adventure, as has been the history of this unfortunate and blood-stained country. For the past ten years, its frontiers have shifted from place to place with a bewildering rapidity, whilst the chief actors in the manufacture of its history have pursued such a perverse and erratic course as to render an intelligible and brief *resumé* of events a task of considerable difficulty. Having, as a lad, spent much time amongst the dusky warriors of the "land of Chaka," it is but natural that I should regard them with something more than philosophic interest, for I have dwelt in their villages, partaken of their food, and journeyed far and long in their company. Yet never, in all my experience of them, have I suffered even the slightest annoyance or inconvenience at their hands. In times of peril, they have stood bravely shoulder to shoulder with me, and in sickness they have tended me, faithfully and kindly.

The country, as will be shown further on, is now a portion of the British Empire. It is bounded on the south and south-west by the Colony of Natal; on the west and north-west by the New Republic (now the Transvaal); on the north by Amatongaland; and on the east by the Indian Ocean. Its population may be set down at 200,000. Its climate is in the south and west, very healthy; but in the north and north-east, the East-coast Fever Belt commences. It possesses one harbour, St. Lucia Bay, as yet unopened.

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The earliest records we have of the Zulus date from the close of the last century. At that time they were scattered over South-East Africa, between the Umzimvubu and Limpopo rivers, the Drakensberg and the sea. There appears to have been no union amongst them, each clan leading an independent life, ruled by its own hereditary chief. The land was fruitful, the climate mild and their herds numerous.



A Zulu Warrior.

Marriages were freely effected between the several tribes, and wars but little known. One of these tribes was ruled over by a supernatural sort of king called Zawete. Another, and perhaps the leading clan, was under the control of a chief named Umtetwa. It appears, from national traditions, that this old warrior had two sons, named Tana and Godongwayo. The former, becoming impatient at his father's longevity,

plotted his death ; but, before his schemes could be carried into effect, the father found them out, and, dispatching a party of warriors, surrounded the kraal of the two young chiefs. Tana was killed, but Godongwayo managed, although wounded by a spear, which still quivered in his side, to leap the stockade wall and escape. When, next day, the story went abroad, Undulu, a sister of the youth, set out to search for her wounded brother ; and, on finding him, nursed and watched over his safety until his wound was healed ; then, supplying him with a kaross (robe), which possessed certain magical powers, sent him in safety out of the country. Many years passed over, yet the name of Godongwayo was not forgotten, and a belief sprung up that he would, some time or other, come back in great glory and triumph.

It is supposed that he made his way to Cape Town, where he learned something of European modes of warfare, for after an unmentioned number of years, he did in truth come back, mounted on a horse. By this time the old chief was dead and another ruled in his stead, but on the appearance of the prince, the usurper was removed, and Godongwayo, changing his name to Dingiswayo (the Wanderer), was proclaimed chief. Then commenced a reorganisation of the whole affairs of the tribe. An army, divided into companies, was established : badges of feathers and different coloured shields being used as distinguishing marks. Drill became the amusement of men and boys, and war and conquest their constant dream. Before very long, the system began to bear fruit : one tribe after another was crushed or amalgamated, and in a few years Dingiswayo was hailed as king of a considerable nation. By the judicious selection of his commanders, he contrived to go on piling up victories and adding to his power.

At this time a young Zulu, named Chaka, appeared before the king, for the purpose of obtaining admission to the army ; this was accorded to him. Before very long he attracted attention by reason of his power of command, and when a vacant chieftainship offered, which happened to be over the

Zulu tribe, Chaka got the post. Following the lines of Dingiswayo, the new chieftain set about drilling his men and bracing them by all manner of exercises and hardships.

As years began to press heavily on Dingiswayo, Chaka's pretensions rose, and when that wise and temperate chief was gathered to his fathers, the latter seized the supreme command, and set out on a course of conquest. We have already made mention several times of the effect of this tyrant's terrible wars. Natal, at the time of the arrival of the first settlers, had been depopulated by him. The tribes of the district were scattered and starving, while in the west, Moselekatse, one of his absconding generals, was carrying out his model's policy in slaughtering Bechuanas and emigrants whenever he got a chance.

But the tyrant's fate soon overtook the emperor, as he was by title, and in the year 1828 he fell a victim to the ambition of his kinsmen, one of whom, Dingaan by name, became ruler. This chief was, if anything, worse than his predecessor, for he added treachery and cowardice to his other vices. It will be remembered that he caused the murder of Retief and the band of emigrant Boers who were his guests. In this act of treachery he signed his own death-warrant, for the Boers made an onslaught on him, and in flying from them he fell a victim to the spears of an independent nation called the Amaswazies, whose territories lay contiguous to, and north of Zululand.

The result of this disaster to the Zulus was, that the Boers claimed the region now known as Natal, and at the same time proclaimed an almost unknown native general, named Panda, king of the district lying between the Tugela River and the Limpopo. As war in the country was now almost an impossibility, the new king, it is said, sent marauding parties out to the north, where they came in collision with the Amaswazies, the Gazès, and other nations as far north as the Zambesi, and even to Lake Nyassa. Dr. Livingstone speaks of them several times; and always credits the depredations to the warriors with whom we are dealing. Among Panda's sons were two

named Umbulazie and Cetywayo. The former was the recognised heir to the kingdom, but he was of an easy-going, unambitious nature, while Cetywayo (or to spell phonetically—Ketchwayo) was as fierce and blood-thirsty as Chaka.

Before long, matters between the two brothers became strained, and shortly afterwards, when old age began to tell on the king, civil war broke out. One party, the aggressive, being for Cetywayo, and the other for Umbulazie. The battle was fought over a space of forty miles, reaching from near the Royal Kraal to the Tugela River. Umbulazie's party were defeated, and it is supposed that he himself was carried away by the flooded boundary stream.

During the remainder of Panda's life, Cetywayo held the reins of government, and when the old king died, he was proclaimed Paramount Chief by his warriors, and crowned in state by the English Government.

Shortly afterwards, in 1879, Sir Bartle Frere, Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa, conceived the idea that the Zulu power was a source of danger to the British Colony of Natal, and the result was the invasion and conquest of the land by British forces under Lord Chelmsford, Sir E. Wood, and other generals. The Zulu power was broken, Cetywayo captured and exiled for a time to the Cape Colony, and the country cut up into thirteen divisions, which were placed in charge of chiefs chosen by the Government. At the same time a strip of country along the frontier was reserved as a sort of No-man's-land, where those who feared to dwell under any of the petty chiefs might settle in peace and security. But alas for the so-called settlement, no sooner were the British officers' backs turned, than war and strife broke out between the districts, and in the space of a few days many thousand warriors fell in tribal conflicts. To crown all, Cetywayo was restored to his kingdom, with the exception of the strip of country along the frontier, which was called the Zulu Reserve, and another portion, which a chief named Usibepu, ruled over.

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Before many months had passed, war once more broke out, for it was quite impossible either to expect Cetywayo to rest content in his curtailed dominion, or Usibepu to settle down in peace while his late royal master's eyes were fixed with covetous desires on his territory. In order to secure the whip-hand of events, Usibepu made a grand attack on Cetywayo's main settlement, and in the resulting battle, the unhappy king was wounded and defeated. Attended by a small party of warriors, he took refuge in the depths of the Inkandhla Forest, which is situated near the Natal Frontier, and in the midlands of his country.

Meanwhile Usibepu arrogated to himself a sort of royal power. Once more the British interfered, and after releasing Cetywayo, brought him down to the coast lands, where the camp was. But by some means or other, an enemy obtained access to him, and he died, it was supposed of poison. After this, Dinizulu, his son, was proclaimed king. Usipebu continued his aggressions to such an extent, that the boy-king, despairing of help from England, appealed to the Boers to aid him in destroying his adversary. Those astute and land-hungry settlers were not slow to respond. Entering into a contract to beat Usibepu, in consideration of certain land concessions, they, to the number of 600 or 1,000, swept down from the Transvaal, and, after a severe engagement, shattered the forces of the turbulent Zulu prince. History repeated herself here, for Dinizulu soon learned that in crushing one foe by employing an alien race, he had raised another who would practically have the same effect on him, *i.e.*, swallow up his kingdom. After sundry squabbles, the Boers settled on the inland parts of the country, and formed the new Republic, which has since been incorporated with the Transvaal.

By this means, Zululand was so reduced in area as to be practically ruined. So in order to save the remnant of the nation, Her Majesty's Government, in 1887, formally annexed the country, and took the Zulus permanently under protection as a portion of the Empire.

CHAPTER XIX.

CUSTOMS AND LEGENDS OF ZULULAND.



Zulu Prophetess.

IN order to take an intelligent interest in Zululand it is absolutely necessary that the reader should know something of the superstitions and customs of the country. The Zulu tribes are especially interesting in this section. For years the effort to thoroughly master the thought-life of these savages has baffled the ingenuity of both missionaries and travellers. Whether it is that they fear the influence of English thought on their ancient traditions, or whether it is only a natural reserve, I know not; but the fact is, that a Zulu will go to any amount of trouble to conceal the beliefs of his fathers. However, by a long residence in the country, and by much conversation with the late Dr. Oftebro and others, I have been enabled to collect much interesting information, a summary only of which can be given here. According to the most cherished traditions of Zululand, which may be only told with bated breath, the creation of the nations took place in this wise:—

Long ago, when the hills were young, the Great Spirit, Inkuluinkulu, looked on the earth, which was without men; presently, as he looked, there came a rustling in the reeds, and the tribes of the earth bursting forth, climbed out on the dry land and spread themselves over the country. The Great Spirit having regarded them carefully, approved of them; and, in order to mark his approval and express it to them, called up, as a messenger, the Inwabo (chameleon), and dispatched

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it, saying, "Go and tell the nations that death shall never come amongst them; that they shall live for ever." Setting forth on his journey, the chameleon, who is a slow traveller, put off time on the road by eating berries. During this interval the Great Spirit changed his mind, on account of the wickedness of the people, and calling up the Intulu (lizard), he dispatched it, saying, "Go tell the people, if the other message has not been delivered, that death shall be their portion." With lightning speed the lizard went on his mission, and, passing the chameleon, who was still loitering, delivered his dread message. The people, not knowing anything of the pain of death, replied, "It is well; we accept the command." Presently, after the pains of death had terrified them, the chameleon arrived, and, delivering his useless message, was declared by the people to be a curse from that day forth; hence his tottering gait and constantly changing colour.

Witchcraft is another of their institutions, which is much used—or rather misused—by the rulers for purposes of personal aggrandisement. This subject divides itself into several sections, the worst of which is called the U'Swellaboi. This especial kind of witch or wizard is possessed of the spirit of murder, and treats his victims in somewhat the same fashion as the celebrated "Jack the Ripper," who attracted so much attention in Whitechapel, in 1888. Another description of witch or wizard is alleged to have the power of causing the death of whomsoever he will, by the exercise of charms and curses; others, again, have the power of keeping off rain. In order to cope with these, a race has sprung up, called Inyanga-u-ku-Bula, or prophets and seers. These are the national ministers of vengeance on all evil ones. When anything goes wrong, such as a continued drought, an epidemic amongst the cattle or people, a national disaster or defeat, they are ordered to Bula or prophesy, and detect the wicked one who is maliciously causing the trouble, for it is a canon of the Zulu faith, that no calamity, not even death, can occur without the aid of some Umtagatie or witch. Now and

again, when a private man's herds of cattle attract the king's attention, it may happen that he will be accused by the wizards and slaughtered, his flocks and herds being, of course, confiscated.

The king, by virtue of his royal office, is supposed to have supreme control not only over all mankind but over the elements. It is by his command that the seasons come and go, and he has power to influence the rain and sunshine. When, by any chance, a long drought overtakes the land, the nation invariably appeal to the king for help, and the ingenuity exercised by him on such occasions is extremely amusing. I have more than once noticed a potentate's eye critically studying the heavens while such appeals were being



Zulu Village or Kraal.

made to him. By temporising, he generally contrives to give Nature time to come to his aid, and then, when the rains are lashing down, he looks upon the people about him with the air of a man who has done the right thing. In the event of the rain still holding off, however, somebody is condemned to death, and the simple folk are contented.

Their marriage laws are extremely interesting; they are, of course, polygamists, the first wife, in ordinary cases, having authority over the others. Their dwellings are beehive-like structures of grass, and each woman enjoys one to herself and family. The first wife's hut or house is always placed on the right-hand side of that of her husband, the second on the left, and so on, until the village assumes a horseshoe shape;

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the centre of this is occupied by an enclosure, called the "sebia" or cattle kraal. Outside the houses there is a stockade, which serves as a protection against attacks by man or beast. This little digression is necessary, in order to pave the way for the description of the marriage ceremony. When a youth realises that his heart is no longer his own, he announces the fact to his father or his uncle; the matter is talked over and discussed in all its lights, and, should there be no objection to the maiden's family, a messenger, driving an ox as an offering, is despatched to her father's village. Should the overture be received with respect, negotiations are entered upon touching the number of cattle to be paid by the young man to his adored one's father, as a sort of indemnity for the trouble and expense of having reared her. This question settled, preparation becomes the order of the day; both sides have new songs and dances. The bride elect collects her stock of mats, spoons, calabashes, earthen pots, &c., which she has been preparing. When the eventful day arrives, the bride, attended by a large following decked out in their very best plumes and beads, set out for the bridegroom's kraal, which they only enter by night. Certain huts are set apart for them, and no one of the bridegroom's family must look upon their approach. All night long the maiden wanders about the village wailing, or pretending to do so. Next morning, the bridegroom, his family and friends, take up their position in the interior enclosure, or cattle kraal; the bride and her party follow them, and take up a position opposite. At this point a spear is put into her hand, and, while she holds it, some water is poured into a gourd, which she throws at her future husband; at the same time she advances and strikes the women of his household, thereby symbolising that, for the future, she has authority over them; she then breaks the shaft of the spear as a token of her submission to her master. She then suddenly makes a rush as though to escape, but the young men of her husband's party seize her and bring her back a captive; after this the girls of her family wail for the one who is no more of them; and then

come feasting, dancing, and sometimes fighting. No widow who remarries is permitted to break the spear. The mother-in-law joke of civilisation is carefully guarded against among these barbarians; for if a man had ten wives, and if the father of each wife had also ten wives, the result would be one hundred (100) mothers-in-law. Such a condition of affairs requires special legislation, and we find here that no mother may enter her married daughter's hut or partake of her food under the most awful penalties; she may not even look upon the face of her son-in-law; and in the event of occasion requiring her advice, such as illness or child-birth, she may, on the request of her son-in-law, conveyed by messenger, converse with him over a fence, each turning their back towards the other. According to Kafir law, if no children result from the union the wife may be returned or compensation claimed.

When a child is born, it is fed for the first few days upon sour milk, and it is only, I think, on the third day at earliest that it obtains its natural sustenance. In the rearing of children the natives show great wisdom—the little dots are neither coddled nor neglected. When they get a little older—say eight or nine years of age—the boys are expected to herd the calves, and the girls to help their mothers about the house. It is an interesting fact that the lying-in period of Zulu women seldom exceeds three days; in fact, I have seen many scores labouring in the cornfields the day after their confinement. This, perhaps, is owing to the fact that Nature is allowed to work her own cure. The men devote themselves almost entirely to warlike exercises and the hunt, the only domestic department proper to them being the milking of the cows, a duty which no woman under any circumstances will undertake. It is especially important that the traveller and settler should be reserved, yet kindly, in his behaviour both to those who serve him and those amongst whom he travels. As I said some time ago, I have always received the utmost consideration and kindness, not only at the hands of the Zulus but from all the tribes with whom I have been brought into contact. I attribute this mainly to the fortunate fact of my

acquaintanceship with their language and customs. All African natives, and especially the Zulus, are quite willing to admit the superior wisdom and ingenuity of the white man. One must abstain from exhibitions of temper, excesses of any kind, or an appearance of indolence. Like all untutored men, they will, when they can, take advantage, but this is easily guarded against. The average wage of a Zulu ranges from 10s. to £1 per month, food inclusive, which will cost about



A Zulu Chief.

the same ; for this consideration, he will serve you faithfully night and day. His idea of complete attire is strictly confined to the Limited Liability Act ; a girdle of cat skins around his waist, a blanket to sleep in at night, and a feather to stick in his wool are quite sufficient. The girls, until of a marriageable age, go quite naked, and, as a consequence, are healthy athletic, and happy. Their principal diet consists of maize, millet, sour milk, and flesh. Fish they regard with abhorrence and will only handle it under protest ; fowls, also, used to be regarded as undesirable, but this prejudice is disappearing.

CHAPTER XX.

SWAZIELAND AND THE SWAZIES.



AS Swazieland is rapidly coming into prominent notice, both as a gold field and a hunting ground, it deserves especial attention. The geographical importance of the country can scarcely be over-rated, lying as it does between the Transvaal and the sea, while in a geological and mineralogical sense, it is a veritable treasure land. The boundaries of the countries may be laid down as follows:—North, west and south by the Transvaal, and east by the Lu Bomba Mountains, which separate it from Portuguese Africa. An important trade route runs right through the country from Delagoa Bay to the New Scotland district of the Transvaal, and it is the illegal traffic here which is principally to blame for the leakage in the Natal and Cape Colony customs revenues in the winter or dry seasons.

The country measures, roughly speaking, about 150 miles by 80, and is of an oval shape, its greatest length being north and south. Its physical geography partakes of the nature of the rest of South Africa, *i.e.*, steppes or terraces, two of which are within the boundaries of the country. The highest level, which lies somewhat lower than that of the Transvaal, is open and grassy, with occasional forests and numerous rivers, chief amongst which may be mentioned the Assagai, Great and Little Usutus, Inkompeece, Umbeloose (Black and White) and

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Komatie. There are countless smaller streams flowing into these.

The lower stretches of the country are covered almost throughout with dense and tangled forests of thorn trees, amongst which innumerable herds of game of all kinds move in battalions—lions, leopards, wolves (hyenas), jackals, wild dogs and ant-bears, koodoo, veldebeeste, buffalo, giraffe, eland, red-deer, reed-boks, and a long catalogue of others are to be had at very little trouble. Fever at certain times of the year (summer) renders this rather a dangerous locality. The rivers, before they gain these plains, unite for the most



Dalker Buck.

part, and flow through it at considerable interval; as a consequence, water is often not to be had for a stretch of fifty miles or more. Travellers would do well to fit themselves with vessels of sufficient capacity to stave off thirst until these dry reaches have been passed. The productions of the country are similar to those of Zululand.

The Swazie nation is doubtless a branch of the great organisation commenced by Dingiswayo. Their traditions record that they were established where they now are, and in the region to the north now occupied by the Boers, about the time of Chaka's glory. They almost exterminated the Makatele tribe, and conquered the Amatongas, who pay a sort of tribute to them up to the present time.

The first king whose history is authenticated is Umswazie, the father of the present king. Lu Donga took his place when

he passed away : but Lu Donga was found dead in his kraal one day, and rumour credited his mother with the crime, her idea, it is asserted, being to wed the prime minister, and bear an heir ; while all this was taking place, she hoped to reign as regent, but the loyalists at once elected Umbandine, Lu Donga's brother, the present king, and made war on the plotting and unnatural mother, who fell in battle. With her there died over three thousand warriors in one day, I have been told. From that time (1870) to 1889, Umbandine has reigned in almost unbroken peace.

Touching the people, they are a strange jumble of good and bad. Greedy to the last degree towards strangers, they are lavish to their friends, whether they be black or white. Brave when actually put to it, they have shown in recent years a nervous fear of war, and would rather lose ground than fight the filibustering crew of Dutch adventurers who, from time to time, sweep down on them and nibble away the edges of their realm.

The Government is a limited monarchy, consisting of a king, prime minister, and council of chiefs. The land is national property, and the disposal of it lies with the king and council. As the manners and customs of the people are closely related to those already detailed in the Zulu section, no special mention need be made of them. But in order to impart an idea of what one must expect while travelling in their country, I will relate some of the events of my recent journey of exploration. After purchasing waggons, oxen and necessary fittings—such as camp stores, picks, shovels, pots, pans and kettles, and engaging as driver a solemn-faced Zulu, who was learned in the art of swinging a thirty-foot whip and guiding a team of cattle over the roadless wilds—we started, accompanied also by two or three other attendants ; after a couple of weeks' journeying through Natal and Zululand, I found myself outspanned on the southern bank of the Pongola River, which was “up.” To attempt the passage would have been fatal ; for in addition to being flooded, it was well stocked with quick-sands, while an

occasional alligator lifted his expectant nose out of the stream. While sitting engaged in considering my position, I heard behind me a musical whistling of whips, co-mingled with the alto voices of sundry Kafir boys. Presently a heavy lumbering Dutch waggon, to which a span (team) of oxen was attached, came rolling over the stony hill side and halted beside me. Seated on the front box was a venerable Boer of magnificent dimensions. He had a long, flowing white beard, a sun-burnt face, and wore cord clothes, untanned shoes, and smelt most unmistakably of gin.

Approaching me and extending a hand as big almost as a leg of mutton, he in a husky voice asked God to bless me; he then invited himself to dine with me. Over this meal my new friend, whom we will call for convenience and brevity sake Myneer Otto Von Blisterschlapen, proposed a union of expeditions. Seeing that he owned a fine team of cattle that might be available in helping me over a bad bit of country or a deep river I consented. So pledging each other in another cup of tea, we retired to our respective couches in great good humour. Next day, as the river still continued impassable, we resolved to cruise further upstream in search of a better crossing. The journey proved like so many others that South African travellers have to endure—full of hard work, under a burning sun, and over miserable roads, but the indescribable charm of the country and the free open life, more than counterbalanced our vexations. By sunset we had found a safer place to cross, and after a few hours' rest plunged into the stream, which was broad, deep and rapid. An hour's struggle saw us standing exhausted and dripping on the northern side. The ascent from the river was like the path of life, narrow and thorny, with pitfalls on every hand.

Having gained the summit, we had a magnificent view into the valley of the White River, so called because of the immense deposits of marble in the vicinity. A journey of ten miles brought us to the edge of this river, over which I passed in safety, whilst Myneer Blisterschlapen stuck fast in the mud.

His wheels became buried to the axles and sank deeper each moment; his oxen got sullen and would not pull; his driver broke his fifteen foot bamboo whip-stick, whilst the little Hottentot boy, who led the oxen, lifted up his piping voice and wept, for he knew that lashes were laid up for him, as the whole disaster was of his bringing about. Despite our efforts the huge structure of canvas and planks slowly and majestically capsized, drawing from the Dutchman as it did so a deep and hollow remark, which I may not translate. After nearly a day's labour, we righted the waggon and passed on to a little spruit, where a small colony of pioneer Dutch were settled.

This region comprises a narrow strip of territory which was ceded by the King of Swazieland to the English when the Transvaal Republic was a British Colony, for the purpose of putting a belt of English farmers between his nation and the Zulus. On the restoration of the Transvaal to the Dutch, this district, of course, came into the hands of the Boers.

That night, as I was retiring to my customary perch, I was disturbed by one of the settlers, who implored me to come and see his wife, who was ill. Resuming my garments, I followed my guide to a small stone hut, in which I found about fourteen unkempt children, three dirty young ladies in tears, and two grizzled specimens of the genus Fillibuster. On a pallet in the corner laid the sufferer. She was a monstrous mountain of flesh, and was sobbing with the face-ache. Mixing a little liquid ammonia and sweet oil, equal parts, which forms harts-horn, and telling her husband to rub it in, I hurriedly took my departure, for the smell of the place was sickening.

Passing on from here, still in a northerly direction, we towards evening sighted another Boer camp, where we halted. As my fellow-traveller claimed kinship with this lot, we went in to pay our respects to the ladies and gentlemen of the household. The former I found seated in a circle on the ground in the backyard engaged in cobbing mealies (removing the grains of Indian corn from the cobs). The lord of creation leant against the back door of the house and smoked. He

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was a tall, grey man, with a thoughtful, though a dirty, face. His long, flowing locks fell in tangled masses on his shoulders, and a pair of sharp grey eyes flashed from under a set of heavy and fierce eyebrows. Hostility was plainly stamped on his face, for I was an Englishman and he a Fillibuster. Before very long, he commenced to boast of his prowess in the Boer War of 1881. According to his own account, it was from his unerring rifle that all the most fatal bullets sped at Amajuba and Lang's Neck. His cheer it was that encouraged the Boers and crushed the English. In the course of his conversation he told me that he hated an Englishman like poison; and if he could starve, shoot, poison, or injure one of them he would consider himself doing the God of Boerdom a service. After assuring him that I admired him for his outspokenness, we parted—I to my camp, he to his thoughts and his everlasting pipe.

This specimen of humanity and his class are quite distinct from the Boers who are settled in the Colonies and the more trodden parts of the two Republics.

The next day we won our way to the bank of the Assagai River, which may now be called the southern frontier of Swazieland. Crossing this stream, which has a bouldery bed, we pushed on, over the highlands of Swazieland, without trouble until we gained the bank of the Inkompeece River (the place of leopards and wolves). As this stream is about fifty yards across, with a bed of boulders, over which about five feet deep of snow-white foaming water sweeps, I resolved to halt until morning, and cross with freshly-rested cattle, for to "stick fast" in such a place would mean disaster and death. Next morning I swam across, in order to test the speed and depth, and finding it so much more dangerous than I had supposed, I resolved to pass on on foot to a Mission Station which I had heard of, in hopes of obtaining another span of oxen, for my Dutch friend had resolved to settle amongst his kinsfolk, whom I had just left.

Meeting a passing Swazie on the hill, I learned that a

trader, the only one in the country, was encamped within six miles of me. Turning in the direction indicated, I soon sighted his camp, which was situated on the other side of the Umblatan River. Crossing, I learned to my delight that the white trader was my old comrade in arms, Harry Darke Bayly. Then, behold, there was joy in the land as we sat down on a log and shook hands with each other. Harry's cattle were sent back for my waggon, which arrived that night in safety. Next day a notable hunter, named Martine, having heard from the natives of my arrival, came up to see me, and together we journeyed on. That night we encamped on the crest of the far-famed M'Kaiyan Mountains.



CHAPTER XXI.

SWAZIELAND AND THE SWAZIES.



AT this point the country falls suddenly from the High Veldt, with its bare grassy and stony hills to a depth of about two thousand feet, where the Usutu River can be seen meandering like—

“A silver cord
Through all, and curling loosely both before
And after, over the whole stretch of land.”

It was a fairy scene, wrapped as it was in its hazy mantle of soft and luminous grey, with the mysterious hills beyond it, and in the nearer valley, close apparently at our feet, the great timbered mountain crests, with their frowning fronts of gold quartz and their soft-toned forest slopes. There, right in sight, lay the “great place” of the king, and the villages of the nation. Later in the evening the mist lifted from the eastward, and disclosed the Lu Bomba Mountains, hazy and unsubstantial looking; here it is that the lion has his lair and the slave-dealer his sanctuary. The moon rose very late that night, yet, as she looked down into the huge chasm and tinged the cliffs with her soft silvery light, I could not but resolve to do all that one man can do to avert the ruin that threatens the land, and even now advances greedily towards it, as we have seen in the outposts of the Boer fillibusters whom I had just left.

The descent of the M’Kaiyan range is an event in one’s life. For years I had heard the fame of it, and travelling natives had told me that it was “a place for birds and

not for men." The round and jolly face of Martine lengthened somewhat as he looked down the hill and then regarded the wheels of my deserted ship. Selecting a promising-looking dry gully we plunged over the edge. Fastening ropes to the hand-rails, Martine and I hung on and strove to check the headlong descent, while Bayly stood to the break like a hero. Away we went, for going down M'Kaiyan is like going into action—the less one reflects on probable dangers the better. Reach after reach was passed in safety; at times my rope-fellow and I had to take flying leaps, in order to keep pace with the rapid descent of the waggon. When about halfway down, we struck a huge boulder with such a shock as to send us rolling heels-over-head; recovering ourselves on we went again. Several times the cattle fell headlong, and cut themselves on the sharp-edged stones. The yells of the drivers and the shouts of encouragement directed to the Kafirs and the cattle, were taken up by the echoes before and behind us. But we had but scant time to listen to echoes; a deep watercourse crosses the track just where it is most sidling, steep and stony. Into it we went with a crash—out of it with a cheer, and on again with a dash—down, down, down! We were in the forest belt by this time; wild cactus trees lifted up their arms as though in surprise at the unwonted disturbance, the rock rabbits crouched in their nests, and the convolvuli-draped water boom trees rustled their over-laden branches in welcome to us, for once more we stood in the region of palms and ferns, of flowers and sunshine.

The next day brought us to the bank of the Great Usutu River, which at this point separates into two arms, enclosing an island of about two miles by half-a-mile. Crossing the southern arm, we pitched camp for a few days, in order to explore the beauties of the district. On the southern bank of the river I noticed several reefs, which, however, I had not time to test. On the island itself, and on the mainland to the north, copper ore appeared; while in the last I found several

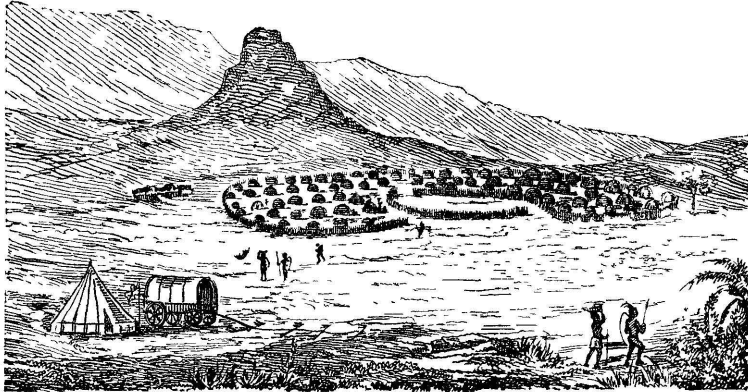
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traces of silver. The appearance of the country was most picturesque and impressive, the mountains being all of great height, and crowned with beetling cliffs; while the valleys, for the most part, are clothed with one continuous forest, in the glades of which countless flowers of every hue are to be met with.

Passing on again refreshed from our rest, we, after ten hours steady travelling, arrived at "Lu Dittin," the village of Sandhlana, the Prime Minister. Before long that dignitary himself appeared, attended by about forty warriors. Seating himself in my tent, he bade me welcome to the "*Land of Gangwan.*" Sandhlana is a light made, thin man, with a thoughtful face and a deliberate manner of speech. The first salutation over, he asked, "When is England coming to help her children? we are being eaten by the wolves from the west (pointing towards the Transvaal), and yet, as they are white, we dare not make war on them, knowing full well that the English chiefs in Natal and Cape Town would take part with their own colour against ours." On my replying that the Queen knew nothing of this trouble, he seemed surprised, and asked, "What are her chiefs and governors doing?" After a long and interesting chat he withdrew, and sent me presents of meat and corn. An hour or two afterwards, the king's brother, Umkopolo, a captain in the "Hlavella," or Royal Regiment of Spearmen, approached, and delivered a long and friendly message from the king—who is a very different man to the anointed of Pondoland, who visited me while travelling near St. John's. Here there is real power, authority and state, simple, perhaps, but none the less real. Closely following the prince's visit came more corn and meat, together with a few fowls and some milk.

Next day, having sent carriers ahead, I rode over to see the king. The "Great Place" (Umbegelin) is close to the village of Sandhlana, and overlooking the tiny brook Umtillan. Towering over it is the Umtemba Mountain; with its refuge caves and maze of bouldery roads, where in times of peril the

royal family retire for security. The settlement itself consists of about 600 huts, of the usual beehive character. The portion set aside for the king and his wives and servants, is situated near the upper side of the central enclosure, or cattle-pen; while flanking it on all sides are long semi-circular rows of stockaded dwellings, devoted to the accommodation of the regimental detachments in attendance on the king. On arriving at the main entrance I dismounted, and my horse was led away by an attendant. Followed by my four natives, I was taken into the cattle-pen, where, surrounded by a throng of



Royal Kraal or Great Place, Swaziland

over a hundred men, stood the king. In appearance he is tall and portly; his skin, like all the royal stock of South-East Africa, is of a light copper colour, his eyes are large and expressive, and his hands and feet are, considering his size, remarkably small.

Turning, he came forward to meet me, and after shaking hands, repeated the Prime Minister's welcome. "We want Englishmen, and Englishmen only, here," he said; "but instead, we get these," indicating a couple of Boers, who were standing about a hundred and fifty yards off, awaiting his pleasure to grant them an interview. After a little time he

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signified that they might approach, which they did. Their mission was to crave a few blades of grass, *i.e.*, the right to graze their cattle and squat on his uplands. In return for the permission, which was granted, they presented him with a horse, a gun, and four blankets. The king knew well that he was virtually selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, but, as he explained, there was no other way of preserving peace; and be it remembered that this man had and has absolute command over at least 15,000 gallant warriors, who have more than once, in England's service, during the Seccacunie War, proved their bravery and devotion.

Turning into his private dwelling, we partook of some steamed meat, beer, and sour milk. After a couple of hours' gossip on the affairs of the world generally, I withdrew and returned to camp, having made an appointment for an official interview next day. (I was at that time acting as correspondent to the press.) Next morning I found the king and his counsellors assembled in state when I arrived, and took the seat assigned to me beside him. Sandhlana, the prime minister, then rose, and in a low, but very clear voice, pointed out the danger the country was in from invasion by irregular gangs of fillibusters. "What do you propose as a remedy?" I enquired. "You are a writer of letters in the papers," was the reply. "We wish you to make our condition known to the English people, both in Natal, the Cape, and in England. When the Government know of our trouble, they will aid us; for General Wood, when here, on his way to Delagoa Bay, promised that if ever we were in danger, the Queen would act as our friend and serve us, as we did her generals, when they called upon us." In answer, I said that I would do my best to make the matter public; at the same time, I suggested that a petition to the High Commissioner would perhaps, if it came straight from the king, serve a good purpose. This petition was then drafted, and signed by Umbandine and several of his chiefs. I forwarded it to Colonel Cardew, the Sub-Commissioner in the Zulu Reserve, and there,

as far as I was concerned, the matter ended. After several months spent in this vicinity, I started for the hunting grounds, where those interested in sport may perhaps care to accompany me.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF SWAZIELAND.

EASTWARD HO! Away down from the open hills, lichened rocks, and flower-strewed prairies, to the wilderness of forest, where the game dwelleth and where the nights are made hideous by reason of the howls of the beasts of prey. After passing the "Monain Kraal," where one of the late king's widows resides, we entered a valley where no stones, save crystalline quartz, are to be seen. Towards evening of the same day, we passed a number of deserted villages whose inhabitants had been killed off on a charge of witchcraft. Calling a halt for a few hours we pressed on again, in order to, if possible, reach water; this, however, we failed in doing, and it was noon of next day before either cattle or men could slake their thirst.

The next night saw us encamped in a beautiful park-like country, where we found abundant signs of koodoo, zebra, and lions. After this we had to remove the hood of the waggon, in order to get through the forest, for the tracks were what our American cousins would call eye-openers.

The stone in this region is quite different to that over which we had previously journeyed. Great lodes of ironstone crossed the path at frequent intervals, and my unfortunate waggon stood a good chance of being rattled to pieces. The country soon began to form into long east and west ridges, between each of which were slimy-looking pools covered with green spawn; to get over these was no small labour, and it was with delight that we struck the thick forest and level plains again.

Going ahead in order to pick out an open course, I found

myself suddenly confronted with a large herd of zebra, koodoo, and veldebeeste ; they were scarcely a hundred yards distant, and stood gazing with curiosity at the approaching waggon ; before I could get my gun ready, however, they went off to deeper shades. In another hour we pitched camp in an open space, and felling some thorn trees formed a circle of the branches round the camp, in order to protect the cattle against any possible attack. The sky was cloudless, the air balmy, and but for the almost continuous howling of the wolves, we should have slept comfortably and soundly.

Next morning, leaving the waggon in charge of some friendly Swazies, I set off on foot for a celebrated cave on the Umbelusie River, about fifteen miles from camp. Accompanied by Bayly, Martine and four native hunters, we had a merry time of it, and before eleven o'clock had killed more meat than we cared to carry. Early in the afternoon we arrived at the cave, which we found well stocked with animal life ; for I killed a sixteen-foot-long boa-constrictor, while Bayly discovered two young wolves, and hosts of vampire bats. Having cleared and swept up the cave, which is simply a pile of conveniently arranged sandstone rock, we sat down to supper, and then lay down to sleep. About midnight we were suddenly aroused by the loud and angry snarling of a lion, who, doubtless attracted by the smell of the fresh meat, had climbed on top of the cave, with dishonest intentions ; finding himself baffled, he gave vent to his displeasure. The three of us turned out, and delivered some well-meant but ill-directed bullets in his direction ; it being dark as pitch, we failed to catch sight of him. He withdrew to a safer distance, however, and spent the rest of the night—to judge by the tone of his voice—in high displeasure.

By the very earliest streak of dawn we were *en route*, each taking a native hunter and a separate road. My native led me in a bee-line eastward, where, before long, we were hammering away in good earnest at the red deer. But I was never much of a Nimrod, so, ordering the native to hold

his hand, I passed on still further, being intent on obtaining a sketch of the mountain ranges.

While pushing my way through the tall grass, I heard a sudden rustling right in front. On pausing, the rustling ceased: so creeping forward stealthily, followed by the hunter, I raised myself to peep at what sort of creature we were disturbing. At the same moment a black-faced lion did likewise. We were not ten yards apart, and by all appearance he was as much disconcerted as we were, for, bristling his mane in a threatening manner, he gave a low sniff and stalked off, for which I was duly thankful. When he had attained a sufficient distance to insure me an opportunity of placing three or four bullets at least, I opened fire, but his majesty would not wait. As I was in no special need of his company, we were both satisfied to allow the intimacy to drop, which it did. Returning to the cave, we found the others snugly reclining on rugs, imbibing steaming coffee, and regarding with extreme complacency a ghastly row of slaughtered deer.

Having dried the flesh, we returned to the waggon and started off on a short visit to the Lu Bomba Mountains, where, I was informed, a company of white and coloured slave-dealers were carrying on their traffic. Owing to a slight miscalculation of distance, we once again suffered some inconvenience from want of water; but after twenty-four hours of thirst, gained the foot of the mountain and found a pool. Halting close to it, we sent a man down for some. When the precious liquid came to hand, we were not surprised to find it thick, slimy and tepid. Still, for even that we were "truly thankful," and not only drank with relish, but baked bread and boiled meat in it.

Next morning, just as we were on the point of starting, dense clouds of smoke came whirling down the slopes towards us, and a few moments later the whole mountain range seemed to become a mass of flames. The natives were hunting, and, in order to drive the game, they had fired the prairie. The conflagration seemed to leap over the tall dry grass, great tongues of flame floated in the air, while countless

birds fell quivering into the fiery mass, and game of the smaller sort went skimming on at top speed ; but not for long, for as suddenly as the flames appeared on one hand, a band of native hunters sprang out on the other. Clad in their fluttering girdles of fur, with their lithe and sinewy forms, they seemed very demons, as they dashed hither and thither, spearing or firing at the deer. In half-an-hour the fire was past and the hunters out of sight. We found the slaves in their huts and stockades, near the Umbelusie Poort, or pass of the mountain, and I satisfied myself that the traders were in truth dealing in boys and girls, whom they either purchased or stole, on one side of the mountain, to sell on the other.



Dead Buffalo.

One might purchase a boy, of ten or twelve years of age, from £8 ; while girls were worth from £10 to £15, according to their age and appearance. I reported the matter at the time, in the Colonial press, with considerable effect ; for, after the to them most undesirable publicity, they found it convenient to scatter and dodge about the country for a time.

While in this region I obtained some good partridge shooting, but an injury to my right hand and arm pre-



DELAGOA BAY.

(From a Photograph by the Author.)

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vented a full enjoyment of the sport. Besides, my duties and anxieties kept me hard at work, oftentimes all day and far into the night.

The Boer fillibusters, having heard of the king's public appeal through me, were also very active; but, as they failed in their attempts to silence me, I bear them no ill will.

Before closing with Swazieland, I may mention that the gold discoveries within recent years have been most extensive and rich. The Forbes concession, 50,000 acres in extent, is at present being worked, while several other mills are in course of erection.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PEEP AT EAST AFRICA—DELAGOA BAY—LORENZO MARQUES—RAILWAYS—AMATONGALAND.



THE Port and Colony of Delagoa is situated about three hundred miles north of Port Natal, and eleven hundred miles from Cape Town. It forms the southernmost of the Portuguese possessions in East Africa. The coast between it and Durban possesses but few features of picturesque interest, the shore being flat in many places. From Cape Vidal to Inyack Island the sea line trends in a north-easterly direction, and possesses an almost continuous series of sand hills, ranging from fifty to one hundred feet in height. After passing Inyack Island, which will receive attention in due course, the first object that attracts the traveller's attention is a long flat-topped ridge named Reuben Point. It has an elevation of two hundred feet. The sides, which are precipitous, consist of a superstratum of red earth, beneath which the yellow clay shines out in strong contrast; here and there, water ruts have been formed, and the bright red earth having been washed down them, presents a curious pillar-like appearance at a distance. The vegetation on the table land is very beautiful, consisting of bright green sward, plentifully besprinkled with clusters of mimosa and other trees, amongst which is situated the trim quarters of the South African Telegraph Company's officials.

After a mile or two of voyaging over smooth water, we arrived at the town, which is situated on a low bank. This is the far-famed and much-abused Lorenzo Marques. The first object that arrested my attention, was the red tiled fort over

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which floated the royal standard of Portugal. A long column of white smoke flew out from an embrasure in its walls, and the heavy boom of a gun roared a hoarse welcome to the good ship *Danube*, of the Union Company's service, which bore in addition to the Mails the genial Captain Edward Baynton, R.N.R., General Brownrigg, C.B., together with myself and attendants. It was the purpose of the first mentioned to extend the operations of the Union Steam Ship Company in that direction. General Brownrigg was on a simple holiday excursion, whilst my duties were to describe and illustrate the place.

As the present development of the mineral wealth of South Africa has added considerably to the interest attaching to this place, and as it is, in a sense, one of the routes to the Gold Fields, it deserves considerable attention at our hands.

The discovery of the bay was due, as in the case of Natal, to the explorations of Vasco de Gama, in 1497. It extends from Cape Inyack to about latitude 25 deg. 35 min. south, a distance of twenty-five miles. The principal part of this distance is obstructed by shoals, caused by the deposits ejected from the rivers which flow into the bay. Inside of Cape Inyack and to the northward of it, Inyack Island is situated. It is six miles long by three and a-half broad. The north-western part of the island is low and encloses a shallow lagoon, which is fronted by Elephant Island on the west and open to the southward. Port Melville is formed by the shelter afforded by these two islands.

Shefeen Island, on the other side of the bay, is long and low, trending E.N.E. and W.S.W. It is covered with dense bush, and is said at one time to have abounded in game. There are dangerous shallows and reefs all round it. Slightly to the west and north is situated Reuben Point, already mentioned, and one mile and three-quarters inside of this is the town of Lorenzo Marques. Within recent years great improvements have taken place here. On the occasion of my first visit the town was almost surrounded by a noisome fever-breeding swamp, which has since been remedied. English

was scarcely understood, and legarthy was the distinguishing feature of the town. Owing to the infusion of fresh blood from the Cape Colony and Natal, new buildings soon began to overshadow the old flat-roofed Eastern ones, and the placidity of the streets was broken in upon by the appearance of waggons from the interior; new roads were laid down, and agencies from the leading commercial houses were established. The Portuguese, awaking to the importance of the place, re-buoyed the river and adopted a more liberal policy towards strangers.

Passing from the town, which has at the present time a population of about 2,000, we next come to the Berea, which is a low sandy ridge, covered with luxuriant foliage, amongst which the cocos palms form a conspicuous feature. Some of these trees attain a height of sixty feet, and bear well. In this vicinity is situated a large and commodious hospital, capable of accommodating half the town; close to it is a trim little Roman Catholic Chapel. Turning eastward through some delightful foliage, we soon arrived at the quarters of the English and South African Telegraph Company, where the hospitable officials bade us welcome. The view of the town from this point is especially interesting, and while enjoying a rest in the commodious cantonment, I learned that the productions of the region are sugar-cane, indigo, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, orchilla weed, rice, maize, millet, tobacco, cereals, honey, bees-wax, dye woods, tortoise shell, amber, gum copal, india rubber, and a plentiful supply of Nature—hippopotamus, deer, leopards, lions, snakes, and others too numerous to mention. Insect life—owing to the moist nature of the climate—is extremely prolific, whilst flowers, for the same reason, abound in great variety. Indeed it would be hard to imagine a country better calculated to meet the views of the naturalist, botanist, and sportsman.

Looking westward and northward, a grand view of open water greets the eye. English River extends from Reuben Point for seven miles inland; in fact, there is room in this

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part of the harbour for thousands of ships of all tonnages. The Temby River is the southernmost of the tributaries of this inlet, which it joins about ten miles above the town. The steamship *Somtseu* has several times towed lighters forty miles up. It is about three-quarters of a mile wide at its junction with the English River, but about twenty miles up it narrows very considerably. The banks, for the most part, are lined with trees, and the country, though lying low, is open and beautiful; in places, extensive marshes occur, which are eminently situated for the production of rice. This river forms a waterway for the conveyance of machinery to the Swazie and Komatie Gold Fields, which are distant about 130 miles.

The climate of Delagoa Bay in winter is considerably hotter than that of Natal; but in summer when the heavy rains prevail, the East African fever is apt to make its appearance. Care and temperance form the traveller's chief safeguards, but sportsmen and tourists are strongly recommended to choose the cooler and drier seasons. It must be born in mind that, in these latitudes, midsummer occurs in December, and midwinter in June. The most desirable months are May, June, July, and August.

It would scarcely be fair to close a chapter on Delagoa Bay without especial mention of the natives, who differ entirely from those with whom we have already been brought into contact. They are, for the most part, members of the Amatonga tribe, and come from an independant territory, which is situated between the colony of Delagoa Bay and Zululand. These natives are not nearly so warlike as the Swazies or Zulus; this is perhaps due to the relaxing nature of their climate and the prolonged association with the undesirable specimens of white adventurers who have for so long found a sanctuary in their territory. As a labourer, the Amatonga native is not to be surpassed; but he is not, in my opinion, to be very extensively trusted.

Before visiting the country of Amatongaland, something must be said touching the much-talked-about Delagoa Bay

Railway. It will be remembered that, in the section dealing with the Transvaal Republic, President Burgers, in 1875, proceeded to Europe for the purpose of obtaining a loan of £300,000, with which to construct a railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria. The story of his failure has already been recorded in these pages. Another concession, in 1876, was entered into between the Portuguese Government and Mr. Moodie; the intention, in this case, being to form a company within six months to carry out the contract, which was to be completed within three years. The Transvaal Government, after paying Mr. Moodie the sum of £5,000 as honorarium and compensation, took over the contract. This was formed in Pretoria into a company, called "Lu Bomba Railway Company," with a capital of £110,000. Disaster, however, awaited this effort. Railway plant had been landed at Delagoa Bay, with the result of a loss of £5,598; shortly after this the Transvaal became a British Colony and the matter came to an end.

In the December of 1883, all previous concessions having lapsed, the Portuguese Government granted a new one to a company formed in London by Colonel McMurdo. The capital of this new venture was £500,000. The intention was to lay and work, under a concession for 99 years, a railway between Delagoa and the Transvaal, the Portuguese Government, meanwhile, being precluded from conceding or constituting any other railway to that Republic.

In June of 1887 the first sod was turned, and owing to the exertions of Sir Thomas Tancred, the first section of 55 miles was opened for traffic in November of the same year.

A further line, from Komatie Poort to Nels Spruit is now under consideration.

The kingdom of Amatongaland lies to the southward of Delagoa, and is bounded on the east by the Indian Ocean, on the west by Swazieland, and on the south by Zululand. The population is as yet a mere matter of conjecture, but it has been estimated at 85,000 to 90,000. The country is ruled

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over by a boy king, named Ungwanase, with Zambili, his mother, as regent. It is, for the most part, low-lying and unhealthy, except in winter. Game abounds, and owing to the warm and moist air, vegetation is luxuriant. The Amatongas have been frequently defeated by neighbouring tribes and their war-spirit knocked out of them. The best protection they have is to be found in the fever which, as I have said, at times prevails.

Sport is to be had in great variety, both in the rivers and woods; in short, the description of Delagoa Bay applies in almost every respect to this country. The natives, like the other African tribes, dress in a primitive sort of way, and the tourist, in preparing for a campaign in the land, will have to find out what kind of glass beads and trinkets are most acceptable at the time, as local tastes and fashions change as rapidly there as in civilised lands.

In my opinion, Amatongaland will be extremely useful to the Empire as a Native reserve, but in no other way. Owing to its position on the coast, and in view of the uncertainty that still over-hangs the future of Swazieland, it is imperative that the treaty entered into between Her Majesty's Government and the chiefs of Amatongaland should be upheld.



CHAPTER XXIV.

GENERAL INFORMATION—ROUTES TO THE GOLD FIELDS.

THE Gold Fields of the Transvaal may be approached by a variety of routes, but the two most popular ones are, Cape Town viâ Bloemfontein to Johannesburg, and Algoa Bay via Colesberg and Bloemfontein to Johannesburg.

There has been a considerable quantity of ink and energy wasted in advocating the several routes to it from the sea coast. But the march of events has settled the matter beyond any dispute—for the present, at all events. The Cape Colony claims preference owing to her direct line of railway from Cape Town to Johannesburg; while Natal still labours under the double disadvantage of an additional 800 miles of sea voyage, and incomplete railway communication, but when this latter defect has been remedied by the connecting of the Natal lines with those of the Nederlands Company of the Transvaal, the two routes will be more on a par. The cost of the routes are about equal. The Delagoa Bay route, though necessitating the longest sea voyage, is by far the shortest land journey; but in summer, serious climatic drawbacks, together with the extreme roughness of the road and scanty accommodation, tell heavily against its popularity.

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The passenger fares from Delagoa Bay to the Komati are at present : 1st Class, 12s. ; 2nd Class, 8s. 6d. ; 3rd Class, 5s. From Barberton there is a regular service of Coaches to all Transvaal Centres.

The rates for Goods to the present terminus at Moveni are at present :

£2 10s. per ton for ordinary goods.

£3 10s. ,, ,, hazardous goods.

Terminal charges extra.

In the preceding chapters, full particulars of the several countries have been given, and a traveller may well be left to make his own selection.

The outfit suitable for an explorer or prospector will of course depend on what his intentions are. Should he intend to plunge into the western portions of the continent, Kimberley or Vryburg would be his point of departure. If to the north, or even east, it would be Pretoria. Having arrived at either of those centres, his first duty would be to provide himself with waggon, oxen, and men ; these may be hired, but such a course is expensive, and not always satisfactory. His wisest course would be to consult some responsible citizen, and in those latitudes careful and experienced advice is always to be freely obtained, provided the traveller shows himself to be a decent man. The selection of a waggon is a most important task, as it will be his home for a considerable time. Especial attention should be paid to the wheels, which must be strong and of well-seasoned wood. It is a good plan to have the tyres in segments, similar to the wheels of a field artillery gun ; but when this is not possible, the metal should overhang the wood by a quarter of an inch. The axles should be examined for flaws, and attention paid to the bolts. The tool chest of the waggon should contain 3 gimlets, 2 augurs, shifting spanner, 2 screw jacks, hammer,

screws, nails, and waggon grease. The tent of the waggon should be of strong wooden bars, covered with an inner layer of painted canvas, and an outer of ordinary canvas. The inside fixings of the waggon should be two long box seats, running the entire length of the vehicle; these serve for provisions, clothes, trading truck, and books.

A good plan to lessen the jolt over rough roads is by fixing four carriage-springs inside the floor of the waggon and laying a false bottom on them. The hood may be covered inside with holland pockets into which a looking-glass, combs, brush, towels and spare every-day clothing, together with log-books, &c., may be put. Canvas flaps at either end, buttoning over well, transform the vehicle into a cosy chamber. I ought to have said that by this arrangement four companions may comfortably sleep in one waggon. Underneath the waggon, buckets and pots are suspended. Guns and revolvers ought to be fastened on the top of and inside the hood; these ought always to be clean and empty when put away. Some of the most terrible accidents have occurred by allowing weapons to lie about loose and loaded.

Draught cattle vary from £6 to £8 10s. per head. It is well to be sure that they have been inoculated against "lung sickness" and that they are not too old; before purchasing, a trial ought to be insisted on. As a rule, small Zulu oxen are the best, especially on the coast, for the following reasons:—They are less liable to sickness, they satisfy their hunger quicker, they are more enduring and not nearly so sullen as the heavier-built cattle of the uplands. Their disadvantages are a lack of bodily weight, rendering a greater number of them necessary, especially in crossing flooded rivers. The heavy or Dutch cattle are quite unsuited for the coast, but answer well on the great plains. Sixteen form a complete "span" though twelve would be quite enough to convey a ton or half-load anywhere.

The waggon and cattle having been secured, their outfit next requires attention. The method of harnessing African teams is simple; a strong yoke is laid across the ox's neck

and a couple of " wooden keys " put through holes in the yoke on either side of each ox's neck ; a rheim or thong of hide with a running noose is next put over each beast's horns ; the heads are then lashed together at a convenient distance, a neck-strap is now fastened to the keys under the ox's throat ; by this means the yoke is brought to bear on the natural hump of the bullock. The yokes are then linked together by a chain at about nine feet interval. Of these rheims double sets ought to be provided : that is to say, two or even more for each ox, as they are liable to rot ; and besides, should a wheel be broken, one of them soaked for a few hours in water and lashed firmly round the broken part will contract when dry and effectually remedy the damage. I have journeyed many hundred miles with such a splice.

Having thus acquired a waggon and oxen, attention is next called to the selection of men, of whom there must be at least three, viz. :—

First, a driver, who should be required to produce proof of his ability to guide a waggon over rough roads. On the wise selection of this man much of the success and pleasure of the journey will depend. Should he prove incompetent, cowardly or drunken, no end of trouble will be the result. There are always plenty of the right sort to be had. His wages range from 30s. to 60s. a month, and food.

The next is a lad whose duty it is to lead the cattle when on the march, to guide them into and out of dangerous places, and to herd them while grazing, as well as to be always at the beck and call of the driver, under whose command he is supposed to be. The wages of this lad range from 10s. to 20s. a month, and food. He is called a " forelouper."

The third is a cook, and may be another lad like the last, or a Parisian *chef*, just according to taste, though I would strongly prefer the savage. The wages of the cook are similar to those of the " forelouper." These three servants must be kept well in hand, otherwise they will take advantage. Any neglect of duty should be visited with swift punishment, which may take the form either of a fine, short rations, or a flogging.