

makes the Englishman feel at home in this far-off land, and that is the sanctuary to which the tribes repair. On Sunday I attended at the Congregational Chapel, where preaches the Rev. Mr. Mann, son of W. H. Mann, of Cowes, a minister well known in his day. So far as I can learn, Congregationalism under Mr. Mann has been a success. In connection with the church at Durban is a handsome chapel erected in the lovely suburb of the Berea, and there are preaching stations besides. Mr. Mann is assisted by two co-pastors and several lay preachers, who all seem to work harmoniously together. I noted that the offering at Durban on the previous Sunday amounted to nearly £10, a very respectable sum. The Congregationalists and Baptists and Wesleyans are welcomed by the Episcopalians as a defence against the High Churchism rampant everywhere. 'I have great sympathy with them,' said a leading Churchman to me one evening as we were discussing church matters. It is curious to note how here as elsewhere what slaves we are to words. I read in a paper an account of a public meeting attended by clergymen of all denominations. The editor describes as a happy feature of the proceedings that Churchmen and Dissenters were equally active on the occasion.

There are not many monuments in South Africa at present, save to officers and men who have died like heroes on the battle-field. I was glad, however, in the Episcopalian Church in Durban, to find one to record the name of one of the greatest—as well as the most gifted—of the noble army of African explorers :

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS BAINES, F.R.G.S.,
THE ARTIST AND TRAVELLER
WHO EXPLORED A GREAT PART OF THE
SOUTH AFRICAN INTERIOR AND
WESTERN AUSTRALIA,
PORTRAYING THE SCENERY AND THE
NATIVE LIFE OF THOSE COUNTRIES
WITH RARE FIDELITY AND GRAPHIC POWER
BY PEN AND PENCIL,
AND WHO ENDEARED HIMSELF TO HIS
MANY FRIENDS BY THE
UNSELFISHNESS, SIMPLICITY, AND NOBILITY
OF HIS CHARACTER.
HE WAS BORN AT LYNN, NORFOLK,
ENGLAND, IN 1822,
AND DIED AT DURBAN, NATAL,
ON THE 8TH APRIL, 1875.
THIS TABLET
WAS ERECTED BY HIS OLD AND SORROWING FRIEND,
ROBERT WHITE,
FORMERLY OF GRAHAM'S TOWN, NOW OF LONDON.

This inscription is supposed to be on a scroll;

under it we read, 'He was a man to whom the wilderness brought gladness, and the mountains peace.'

Now that attention is being drawn in an increasing degree to Mashonaland, a fresh interest attaches to the labours of Baines in that far-off land. There are many thousands of readers who will remember his splendid paintings, when exhibited at the Crystal Palace, the Dublin Exhibition, and the Alexandra Palace. With regard to their merit, it is sufficient to quote Sir Roderick Murchison, who declared, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society, 'that, with an artist like Mr. Baines, who has sent home such admirable coloured drawings of South African scenes—particularly of the Falls of the Zambesi—those of us who are never destined to penetrate into the southern part of Africa may quite realize to their mind's eye the true character of that grand continent.'

As a harbour for the steamers from the Cape, on one side, and the Mauritius and Mozambique and Delagoa Bay on the other, Durban is a place of considerable business. I find it also goes in for the jam trade—the great district round is chiefly devoted to sugar, mealies, beans, tobacco, coffee, arrowroot—to which has lately been added tea, said to be as

good as that of Ceylon. As to sugar, a writer in a local almanac, says sugar is grown more extensively than anything else, and employs a great number of men. It also pays, he contends, though it may not always have paid each investor, or investors with insufficient capital or less common-sense. He writes:

‘ Sugar-growing as carried on here has always been done by two distinct kinds of planters. One has grown for his own mill, and the other has grown for the mill of someone else. The latter has always had the easiest and most comfortable life; the former has always been the biggest man, but has always had the most worry. Of late years, and with the advent of a nearer approach to the central mill proper, the planter for someone else’s mill has had a better defined position, and has been able to go on more largely. There are now planters of this description cultivating their 40 or 50 acres; there are others cultivating their 400 or 500 acres. There can be no question about it, with sugar at a fair price, that planters grow cane at a profit; and there is room for more of them. The writer of this has been a grower for central mills for fifteen years, and has no hesitation in saying that sugar-cane cultivation pays. A man can bring up a family on it, and with a moderate amount of gumption

can add to his wealth. If he is a wise man, he will not go in for a mill—that is better left to rich men and companies. The other kind of sugar planter—the man who does his own milling—has not such a good time of it. The manufacture of sugar from cane is an industry requiring large capital, exact knowledge, and a certain supply of the raw product—cane. In the milling history of Natal these things have all been wanting, and the result has generally been worry, involvement and loss. The growth of cane for a central mill is a nice gentlemanly occupation; unlike most kinds of farming, it is one a man may do very well at without grubbing in the dirt all day. At it, the time of the master is better occupied in keeping all hands well up to the collar than it would be actually doing the physical hard work of one of the departments himself. Of course a planter's money return depends largely upon his miller; for instance, last season one planter was credited with a ton of sugar for every 1,450 gallons of juice, another only got a ton for every 2,000. The sugar of the first averaged £16 per ton, that of the second £13. The difference between these is a handsome profit, and one made money while the other only held his own. But these are extreme cases, and do not materially affect the

position taken up—that cane-growing pays. And as millers get to understand their business better, and bring their factories nearer to the perfection of the beet-sugar makers, it will pay better and better.’

The next industry to sugar is mealie-growing. This is increasing year by year, and bids fair to soon pass sugar in point of acreage. It is chiefly carried on, says the writer already referred to, by free Indians, who, preferring independence to working for a master, have leased land and gone in for farming on their own account. By trusting to no one staple alone, and by working hard, these men have certainly made it pay, and that too in spite of heavy rents and, where they are borrowers, high rates of interest. Their mode of cropping their land is to plant most of it with beans directly after the first rain; these are planted in rows about three feet apart. As soon as the beans are fairly established, mealies are planted between them. The beans are ripe when the mealies are about knee high; as the mealies are approaching maturity, beans are planted again, and ripen among the dry mealie stalks. Thus a coolie gets three crops, which will amount to about eight muids mealies and ten muids of beans per acre, of a money value on an average of £2 for the mealies and

£5 for the beans. The whole of the work is done by hand. The rest of the Indian's holding is planted with tobacco and condiments, from which perhaps a better return per acre is obtained than from the other, but it is necessarily attended with a greater cost for cultivation. So far as I know, no European has tried farming on the coolie plan, but there is no reason why he should not succeed at it. A European farmer with a pair of horses and ploughs can up-country manage sixty or seventy acres of land. This, at a return per acre equal to that obtained by a coolie, would bring in a capital income.

The free Indian farmer is a quiet, hard-working, sober man; it has been stated in the public press, and has not been contradicted, that he has bowed no one out, and is cultivating land that would otherwise be idle. If this be true, the Indian farmer is benefiting the colony, for his work runs into big figures: he is cultivating on lease some 15,000 acres of land in Victoria County alone, and from one railway station in five months of last year 55,000 muids of coolie-grown mealies had been sent, mostly for export. The settlement of these people is an illustration of what can and may be done by men farming on a small scale near lines of railway—and the natural

supposition is, that if the recent settlements of European immigrants had been made near existing railway lines, instead of in such out-of-the-way places as Marburg and Wilgefontein, better results might have been expected. In Africa, as well as in England, it is the small farmer who can make a decent living, while his more ambitious neighbour goes to the wall.

Riding one day in the beautiful suburb of Berea, just out of Durban, with Mr. Mann, the respected Congregational minister of the place, I was glad to hear him say that 'there was a strong temperance feeling in the colony.' The great enemy to be grappled with is the Dutch Boer, and he is absent in Natal. He grows grapes; he wishes to see the grapes turned into wine, and to sell that wine; and at elections he is an adversary not to be despised. Where Dutch influence prevails, there the liquor trade flourishes. I met a gentleman from Johannesburg who told me that one day when he was there he counted 300 applications to the magistrates for liquor licenses. No wonder we hear of so many failures at the gold-fields; of so many who have returned poorer than when they went there; of so many lives lost by fever and sickness. Drink is rather an expensive curse. At this present time the price of a bottle of beer is no

less than 4s. In the palmy days of Johannesburg, before the boom had burst, you had to pay as much as 5s. a bottle, but it was the fashion then to drink champagne, or what was sold as such, and to pay for it at a still more exorbitant rate.

In the Garden of South Africa, as Durban is very properly called, there is a good deal of drinking at the bars, but it does not show itself in the streets. One day at Maritzburg I saw a sad sight, that of a decent white, respectably dressed, being conducted to the lock-up by two Zulu Kaffirs, who were acting as police. The spectacle, for an Englishman, was not a very pleasant one. Let me add further that it was rather a dangerous one. The Kaffir is very acute in his way, and has a very great contempt for a white man when a fool. Compared with the Kaffirs, the whites are a handful in Natal, and their prestige and power are gone if they take to drinking. If anywhere it becomes a white man to live soberly, it is surely in Natal.

One is astonished at the stuff published in England about South Africa. As I write, I have before me a copy of *Truth*, in which there appears a mare's nest of a most astounding character. A correspondent writes: 'It appears to be a fact beyond all question

that, while the sale of intoxicating liquors to natives has been absolutely prohibited by Natal law for forty years, exemptions from the operation of this law are officially granted to natives embracing Christianity. Such natives are distinguished by a badge, and all such, together with their wives and families, may purchase liquor in any quantities from both wine and spirit merchants and canteen keepers.' Naturally, the people at Natal are very indignant at this absurd statement, as the one thing on which they specially pride themselves is their honest attempt to keep the native sober—not always successful, it is to be admitted, but highly creditable to them, nevertheless. When I was at Maritzburg a white man was severely punished for selling a Kaffir a bottle of beer. Christian or heathen, a Kaffir may not be supplied with liquor in any form. The Christian natives exempted from native law do not wear a badge, nor are they exempted from the operations of laws made for their own peculiar benefit, but they are exempted from the operation of their own native laws. The fact is, in Natal there are two codes of law recognised. It is a pity it should be so, yet such actually is the case. A native who comes into English territory for his own pleasure or profit should learn that he is under British

law. Had that law been in existence, Natal would have been free of the native difficulty altogether. However, the whites are so few, and the natives so many, that the Government failed in its duty in this respect. There is in existence what is called a native high court, where nothing but native law is administered, and a whole network of lesser native law courts presided over by administrators of native, that is aboriginal, law, where cases arising amongst the natives are adjudicated upon strictly in accordance with native law and custom. These courts recognise, and are often called upon to adjudicate upon, cases arising out of the polygamous habits of the natives and the custom of paying cattle for the wives the Kaffir male desires so ardently, not as a matter of affection, but that they may save him from the need of working for his own living, which custom, by-the-by, is denominated *lobola*. It is from the operation of these laws that the native and enlightened Christian is exempted, and not, as *Truth* in its ignorance suggests, from the law prohibiting the sale of drink to the Kaffir native.

It is not much to be wondered at that the temperance sentiment is spreading in Natal. It is intensely hot there—especially on the sea-coast—and

it is a clammy, moist, unpleasant heat, which is more suitable to the consumption of soda-water and ginger-beer than to drinks with which alcoholic spirit is in any way mixed up. The new-comer soon learns how pernicious are the effects of whisky and soda, and the total abstainers are the people who withstand the heat of the climate best. Besides, in the summer season there is an abundant supply of bananas, and oranges, and mangoes, and pineapples (the pineapple of Natal I hold to be the most delicious species of pineapple extant), and these help to minimize, if not destroy altogether, the acquired taste for alcoholic drink.

The traveller who stops at Durban will miss a good deal if he does not take the train and run up to Maritzburg, the capital where the Governor resides, and where the House of Assembly meets. In the plain cathedral Bishop Colenso preached, and here his ashes lie. The line is a contractor's line, and has all the faults incidental to such lines. In the first place, it is two or three miles longer than the common road, and, in the second, its awkward curves necessitate a slow rate of travel.

As I was to arrive late, I had telegraphed to the Imperial Hotel, which is the most comfortable hotel I

have yet seen in South Africa, and accordingly at the station there was a driver with a pair of horses to take me to my destination. I was rather unprepared for my reception. Not a soul was awake in the hotel, but in one room a candle was lit, and to that I made my way. The thoughtful landlady had placed there a bottle of soda-water, a small quantity of whisky, and a plate of biscuits—refreshments which I really did not need, for at one of the stations we stopped twenty minutes, and there I had supped on coffee and sandwiches, while many of my fellow-passengers indulged in a more substantial repast. It was with some perturbation that I got into bed. Behind the door was hung a gentleman's coat, on the sofa was a gentleman's hat, and close by was a big pair of boots. I feared I had got into the wrong room, and expected to be turned out on the arrival of the rightful owner. However, I dropped off to sleep till breakfast time. That meal was served up in the dining-hall, where we were waited on by really good-looking Hindoo girls, who would be much prettier if they did not persist in wearing silver ornaments to their noses. One must draw the line somewhere. I don't object to silver rings on the toes—as the women do not wear shoes, I don't see why they should not have them there as well

as on their fingers—but a little bit of silver on the side of the nose, especially when that nose is a dark one, does not strike the stranger as an improvement or adornment of any kind. At breakfast we had the finest hens' eggs I have ever seen, double the size of the English ones, but laid by the common barnyard fowl.

One of the ornaments of the hotel is exceedingly interesting. It is an old chair, to which a curious history belongs. Once upon a time Panda, the Zulu King—grandfather of our unfortunate friend Cetewayo—sent an embassy to the Cape. They returned with a reply which the old savage did not like, and in so short a space of time that he believed they had not been there at all. To prove that they had been there, they were required to make something like what they had seen at the Cape on pain of instant death. The result was this chair, in imitation of a hall-chair, cut out of a solid block of wood. It is rather clumsy, I own, and so heavy that I could scarcely lift it, but, at the same time, an admirable specimen of native ingenuity and capacity for work. I had one deal with a native in the street, which amused me a good deal. He had a knobkerrie, of which I was anxious to become possessor, and for

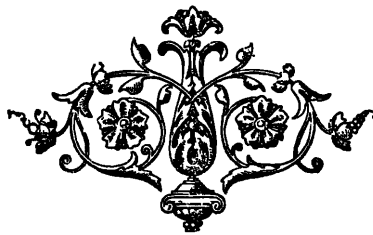
which the shopkeepers—as they do with regard to all African curiosities—ask extravagantly high prices. I stopped him, and he grinned. Kaffirs, like niggers, always grin. He could not talk a word of English, and I was equally ignorant of Kaffir. Accordingly, we had recourse to signs. I pointed to his knobkerrie, and then displayed a couple of shillings. I naturally expected that he would hand over the knobkerrie, and then that I should give him the money. Unfortunately, it was clear that he feared a trick on my part; perhaps had been ‘done’ by a white before. However, I got hold of the stick, while he grasped my hand with the money so tightly that it was impossible to chisel him even had I been so disposed; and thus I gained the stick, which I marched off with as a trophy. At Maritzburg, as in Durban, the native is everywhere dressed in every variety of costume—from an old sack to the most elaborate of costumes of the grandest colours. He has always wonderful ornaments in his hair, rings around his neck, and arms, and ankles, and a stick of some kind or other in his hand. Mr. Froude talks of his smell as peculiarly objectionable; but the fact is, he has to undergo so much washing when in white employ that he has nothing objectionable about him in that way. His women folk are not

so good-looking as himself, and much did I pity the babies whom they carried in a shawl behind them, swinging with their little bare heads exposed to the burning sun. The creole female, in her gaudy print dress, is much more picturesque to look at. In the fruit market they congregate in great numbers, and you can get a good look at them all.

Situated in a fertile plain, with mountains to be seen from afar on every side, Maritzburg, if warm to an Englishman, is at any rate cooler than Durban, and it has this advantage, that, if too hot, you have only to resume your journey in the train, and you are some 3,300 feet above the sea-level, and find blankets and greatcoats, and even a good fire, pleasant. Durban lies about 2,000 feet below. A man could live, I fancy, happily at either place. Maritzburg is a picturesque town, with its red-tiled houses and numerous gum-trees, and now and then you find an old thatched house overgrown with flowers, and built in an old-fashioned style, which reminds you how the town was originally built by the Boers, and named Pietermaritzburg in memory of one of their wisest men and greatest leaders, slain infamously by the Kaffir King. Like Durban, it is one of the prettiest and

best laid-out towns in South Africa. But Durban has one advantage which Maritzburg has not—that is, the sea. In both towns the streets are lined with deep gutters to carry off the rain, which indicates that at some period of the year there is a good deal of wet. In Maritzburg there are some very fine shops, and it will present a far more imposing appearance when the new railway station and new town hall, now in course of erection, are completed. At the House of Assembly I had an agreeable interview with Sir John Ackerman, the Speaker, a gentlemanly personage in the prime of life. But my chief impression of Maritzburg was the beauty of the situation—on a green plateau—with fine hills rising up all round. It rejoices in a grand park, which my kindly landlady insisted on my seeing, sending me in a very handsome carriage and pair on purpose, and with a gentleman to point out all the beauties of the grounds. One of the buildings we passed was a new college for the higher education, which I was glad to find was already unequal to the demands of the increasing number of pupils. And then there was the ride back to Durban, in company with an old acquaintance, Mr. Duncan, Chairman of the Press Association, and proprietor of the *South Wales Daily*

News, who was the last person I should have expected to meet in that distant quarter of the globe. Surely the pressman is everywhere nowadays. Like the schoolmaster, he is very much abroad.





CHAPTER IX.

The Church in Natal.

At this time there is a curious struggle amongst the Episcopalians in South Africa. I came out with a Canon of the Church in Natal, who felt quite indignant when I spoke of his body as divided into two parties, and assured me that in every respect the Church of South Africa was one with the Church of England at home. I had not been long in Natal before I was quite undeceived on this point. There is a very real difference. At this time there is an endowment of about £80,000, and an income for the Bishop of Natal bringing in £800 or £900 a year; and the question to whom it belongs is not yet decided. In one street you see a place of worship which is in connection with the Church of South Africa, and in another one which claims to have no communion with it, and to be part and parcel of the Church at home—governed by its

laws, and subject, like that, to the Queen as head. To elucidate the question, let us retrace the history of the Church. When Bishop Colenso came to Natal at first, he sided with the Ritualistic party; but when he found how unpopular the practices of that body were with the people of his diocese, he had the good sense to throw the Ritualists overboard. Unfortunately, the Bishop became mixed up with the intelligent Zulu, and in consequence indulged in arithmetical conundrums, his solution of which proved vastly unpopular with the community both in the colony and at home. It is a matter of history what an effort was made to displace him, but in vain. The great law authorities at home decided in his favour. He died as he had lived, a Bishop of the Church of England, a heretic in the opinion of many; but in spite of that his people still stuck to him and the Church at home. They were represented as heretics: they were nothing of the kind. They had no sympathy with the Bishop's heresy. Many of them knew nothing about it. On the ground of sentiment they wished to remain members of the mother Church. It reminded them of the old home, of the old village, of the old parish church, of the graveyard where their blessed ones slept; and, besides, they felt that there was a larger

tolerance at home. When Bishop Macrorie came out they refused to have anything to do with him—a Bishop who owed allegiance to Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, the Metropolitan of the Church of South Africa; a church which, by one of its provisos, as the Chief Justice of the Cape decided, has cut itself off, root and branch, from the mother Church. By the third proviso of the Church of South Africa, a clergyman binds himself to abide by whatever interpretation of the standards, doctrines, canons, etc., of the Church of England is given by the Court of the Metropolitan at Cape Town, and not by those interpretations of her own laws, doctrines, etc., which have been, or may be, given by the Ecclesiastical Court of Final Appeal for the Church of England herself. The effect of this third proviso is to make the Court of the Metropolitan at Cape Town an absolute Court of Final Appeal. The members of the Church of England in Natal say, ‘We object to this proviso. We believe in the unbiased and impartial judgment of the Queen’s Court of Appeal, consisting, as it does, of the eminent and able judges of the land. We do not trust ecclesiastics as judges, because of necessity they must be party men. We will never,’ they say, ‘bind our consciences or surrender our freedom and privileges as loyal sub-

jects of the Queen and members of the time-honoured Church of our fathers to the Metropolitan of an alien and exclusive Church.' Why exclusive? you ask. The reply may be given in a few words. The Church of South Africa is entirely under the control of the Ritualistic and High Church party. Bishop Gray, its founder, the Hildebrand of South Africa, who has left his mark everywhere in the Cape Colony, declared that 'Evangelicals are rapidly losing their moral sense, and are coming more and more under the influence of an evil spirit;' and in the Provincial Synod, which was sitting at Cape Town when I was there, it is a fact that not one single Evangelical delegate was present—in reality, I believe, because no Evangelical of the old Low Church pattern is to be found in the Cape anywhere. I travelled home with one of the High Church clergy dressed like a Roman Catholic priest, and calling himself Father—a good preacher, a clever conversationalist, a perfect gentleman, I must own, though he beat me at chess; and I do not wonder such men carry all before them: he did, I am sure, on board the *Dunottar Castle*, though we had able and popular representatives of other Churches on board. Surely the Evangelicals are rather reckless in some of their statements. At Maritzburg I had a

long chat with one of their leaders, the Rev. Mr. Edwards, an able man, who seemed confident of success; and I travelled some way with a very intelligent layman, Mr. Manisty, of Durban, who is a leading layman in the Church of England in Natal, and who seemed equally confident on the point. While in the latter city, as regards the Evangelical party, the Rev. Mr. Clements, of the church of St. Thomas, in Durban, wrote how it was slighted at the Cape Conference: 'although it is in a vast majority in South Africa, as in every other British colony.' The reverend gentleman is not exactly correct in his statements. The Evangelicals have been beaten, and I fear they must die out, as they have no bishop, and an Episcopalian Church without a bishop is nowhere. There was a time when the Evangelicals had a chance, but that is gone. They lacked the courage, said a friend of mine to me, a keen observer, in Cape Town.

Bishop Macrorie, the late Bishop of Natal, was in a singularly unpleasant position. He was consecrated at Cape Town in direct disregard of objections raised by the Secretary of State, as well as in the Lambeth Conferences, and of the written protests of the late Archbishop of York and the late Archbishop Tait; but he was supported by the S.P.G., and many of the

bishops at home. Clergymen coming out to the colony as ministers of the Church of England lie under a cloud. They are marked men. It is thus that the Bishop of Wakefield, when a clergyman came out from England, wrote : 'I did most expressly say I hoped it was not his intention to go out to that party which calls itself the Church of England in Natal, and did most clearly warn him he would have a difficulty in finding a bishop in England to welcome him back did he go out in that connection.' I dare not say more ; the subject is inexhaustible, and the literature connected with it unreadable. Colenso, Gray, Archbishop Tait, all are dead ; but their lives have been written, and they are full of a strife that has long ceased to interest or edify the English reader.

In the meanwhile, it seems to me that the Church of England, persecuted as its members are, flourishes, to a certain extent, in Natal. In Durban alone, in addition to its churches, it has ten native schools in full work. It has now fifteen preaching stations and twenty-three native preachers, while kraals are also visited by the native preachers. Of the fantastic tricks before high heaven played by the clergy of the Church of South Africa, let me give the following anecdote of a recent occurrence : A gentleman, on

finding that his wife had been prevailed on to go to confession and observe other objectionable practices, sent for the clergyman. 'Sir,' said he, 'you know we have always been good friends, and I am always glad to receive you at my house. But mark my words—if you go on as you do now, and interfere between me and my wife, I will give you the [using a wicked word which I may not quote] best hiding you ever had in your life.' It is to be presumed that the clergyman took the hint. At any rate, I never heard that the irate husband ever carried out his amiable threat.





CHAPTER X.

Politics in Natal.

A BURNING question has just been decided at Maritzburg, but by a small majority—a majority so small that it is to be questioned whether it will be considered a satisfactory one by the Home Government. In the colony a cry has been raised for Responsible Government. It prevails at the Cape, but not in Natal. The Legislative Council there, which meet in a stately chamber—one of the ornaments of the town—consists of members elected by the people, and of members nominated by the Crown; and the battle has been fought with a great deal of spirit on both sides as to these nominated members. They have been abolished, and the place that knows them now is to know them no more for ever. The innovators have triumphed, and the people are free—the people being that exceedingly limited number

of the community of white origin, if not of white colour; for under the burning sun of Natal it is, somewhat difficult for the white man or woman to remain so. There was a great jubilation on the question, for Natal has long been asking in some quarters for Responsible Government, and it is hard to see how they can form a federal alliance with the Cape unless they have Responsible Government. As usual, a great deal has been said on both sides. If we go back to original principles, Responsible Government ought to exist as well as universal suffrage, annual parliaments, vote by ballot, and the rights of man.

Unfortunately, Natal cannot be governed on abstract principles. Unfortunately, it would be inconvenient there either to raise the standard of the rights of man or of woman. The blacks form the majority, and the blacks all round under their savage monarchs have to be taken into account; and among them government of the people, and by the people, and for the people, is a formula never used. The idea is not in their way at all. Once the Kaffirs, I believe, rushed into war at the Cape on this one question alone, and refused to accept the terms offered them by Sir Gordon Sprigg. 'Who is he,' they indignantly asked,

‘that we should make a treaty with him?’ The Queen they knew; the Queen they would obey. They wanted no quarrel with her. But as to Sir Gordon Sprigg, that was quite another affair. He was the creation of a Parliamentary majority, which to-morrow might be a minority. The Queen alone remained, and on the Queen of England alone would they rely.

It is anticipated by some that a similar difficulty will arise in Natal, when the natives find that they have to deal with a Minister elected by a Parliamentary majority rather than a council nominated by the Crown. At the Colonial Office little difficulty will, I anticipate, be created on this score. Mr. Froude told the people at the Cape that England is quite prepared to let her go. England got Natal into a precious muddle when it allowed the Zulu Kaffirs, at the time of the troubles in Zululand, to settle to the number of 200,000, at the least, in Natal; and Responsible Government will help it out of the very serious difficulty of its own creation. I fancy the present popular Governor of Natal, Sir Charles Mitchell, will have no objection to Responsible Government. At present he has to work for his living. He has to look after the finances of the colony;

under the new constitution that weight will be taken off his shoulders, and he will have nothing to do.

That question of finance was one of the strong arguments against the new constitution. In England improved administration is always a costly matter. I am not a young man, and I have seen a wonderful amount of reform of administration and organization. We have got our whistle—as the sovran people always do in the end—but whether it was worth the cost was not in all cases clear. In the first place, old servants have to be pensioned off, and in England a man in the enjoyment of a good pension never dies—at any rate, hardly ever. Then a lot of new hands will be taken on, and they are sure to make blunders, for which the taxpayers will have to suffer. When I was in America, I heard of an employé who was to be dismissed for embezzlement. Said he to the directors of the company of which he had been the servant: ‘You had better let me stop on. It will be cheaper in the long-run for you to do so. I have made my pile. I have no temptation to rob you any more, but when a new man comes he will have to do what I have done;’ and the man, from a low, practical standpoint, had reason on his side. In most cases, I fancy, it is

cheaper to keep on old servants than to engage new ones, and I fear that Responsible Government means extra expense in every way. Apparently it does so at the Cape, where the rate of taxation is far heavier than in Natal. As a victim of local boards at home, I know it does. In the train, at the hotel, or at the club, the feeling I have heard expressed has been much the same.

In spite of its small majority inside the House, Responsible Government, apparently, has few friends outside. The agitators say that the farmers are on their side—that if they have the handling of the Kaffir in their own hands, they will get more out of him than under the present system. If I were a farmer, I would not be very sanguine on this head. No one seems to work very hard in Natal, and the intelligent Kaffir least of all. Again, said one of the leading opponents of the scheme to me: ‘Really, in the colony there are not enough men capable of becoming the responsible members of a responsible administration.’

Statesmanship is a plant of slow growth. It presupposes the existence of a class with means and culture and leisure. Unlike the poet, the statesman is made, not born. There is not a man in the colony of

Natal who would become an M.P. unless his expenses were paid. He says, and truly, that he has his own business to attend to, and that he cannot afford to serve the public at his own expense. The people in Natal are men of business, and little else. They are worse off, as regards materials of which Responsible Governments are made, than they are in Canada or in Australia. Mr. Rhodes, the Cape Premier, may be flung in my teeth. There are many, however, who think that Mr. Rhodes had better not have been Premier—that he has too many irons in the fire, and that no man can serve two masters at once. One thing the Natalians have done that may be regarded as an innovation in politics: they have resolved to have no Second Chamber. It is true that they never had one, and that the proposal to form a Second Chamber was one of a very doubtful character, utterly inconsistent with any idea of Responsible Government. In the Cape they have what its opponents call an effete Second Chamber, which they say is only a useless expense—one which ought to be got rid of at once. But at any rate, the Cape Second Chamber is elected by the people, and is responsible to them. In Natal the idea was to make it an assembly of nominees, which might be expected to be perma-

nently strength to the Opposition, and weakness to the Responsible Government or *vice versâ*.

This ought to be well understood. Natal has not got rid of a Second Chamber; it has only refused to sanction the formation of one of a peculiarly objectionable character. The leader of the successful party in the House was Sir John Robertson, to whom I brought an introduction from a friend, which was rendered unavailable, as Sir John was up in the country. He is the proprietor of the *Natal Mercury*, and a member of the House of Assembly, where, in 1890, he carried a resolution to the effect that 'Whereas the Council was unable to accept the suggestion offered in Lord Knutsford's despatch for the protection of native interests in the event of a change in the constitution of Natal, it nevertheless claims for the colony full control of its own affairs and all sections of the population in accordance with the constitutional power exercised in all colonies where Responsible Government has been established.'

By the end of January the forward party had won the victory. The Assembly did not take long to make up its mind. They claim to represent a majority of 7,000 voters, and in Natal that is a good deal, apparently. The responsible control of local affairs, and

of all sections of the population in accordance with constitutional usage elsewhere, was the shibboleth of the forward party. The Bill as it now stands fulfils this condition more completely than most colonial constitutions of self-governed colonies. If a Bill is sent to the Crown, of which the Crown disapproves, that Bill is read a second time, and generally the Crown has to give way. The new Bill provides for the establishment of Responsible Government by the creation of a movable Ministry, chosen from, and accountable to, a single elected Chamber. The only question now is, whether that Bill will receive the royal sanction.





CHAPTER XI.

The Native Question in Natal.

THE colony of Natal is situated on the south-east coast of Africa, about 800 miles from Cape Town. It comprises an area of some 21,150 square miles, or about thirteen and a half millions of acres, and has a seaboard of about 180 miles. It is a land of valleys and hills, of rivers and waterfalls—of every variety of climate, from the oven of Durban to an ultimate height of 8,000 feet above the sea-level, where of a night there is a run on blankets and fires. In the moist heat of the sea-coast all the fruits of the tropics flourish. English emigrants of the common order do not prosper there, but there is a small settlement of Germans about twelve miles from Maritzburg, who are spoken of as doing remarkably well, growing and making everything they require for themselves. A good deal of the market gardening in the neighbour-

hood of such places as Durban is done by the coolies, who in this way are as useful as the heathen Chinese in Australia, and who in many parts are equally unpopular. The great difficulty Natal has to face is the question of race. Shut up in a small area are a handful of whites, in the midst of 500,000 Kaffirs—Sir John Ackerman, Speaker, is my authority—and an increasing quantity of coolies, who are required to work on the sugar plantations. Naturally one thinks a good deal of the Zulu Kaffir—as Dean Disney wrote :

‘There was a Zulu of Natal
Who had a Bishop for a pal ;
Said the Zulu, “Look here,
Ain’t the Pentateuch queer ?”
Which converted my Lord of Natal.’

In 1876 the total Indian population was 10,336, which in thirteen years had increased to 30,353, or at the rate of 200 per cent., and if the increase should continue only at the same rate of increase for another thirteen years, Natal will have an Indian population of 90,000. Just as ‘the mean white’ in the United States has made use of the negro, so will the wily Hindoo, it is contended, make the Kaffir his tool. ‘We are allowed,’ says the *Natal Witness*, ‘to refuse the

franchise to the Kaffir, who, except the character of colonists very much altered, would not be likely to use it to the disadvantage of the white man, but may not exclude the Indian or Arab, who is clever enough already to see what may be done with it.' Again, there is a further difficulty. The natives increase, but the land remains the same. The farmer has taken lately to wire fences, and the Kaffir feels more cramped in his location than ever, and he has less chance of picking up a stray bullock. Soon there must be a land question for Natal as well as at home. A good deal of the trade of the country is also getting into the hands of the Arabian or Hindoo, who has an unpleasant way of every now and then becoming bankrupt, much to the disgust of the Durban merchants with whom he does business. The complaint of the whites with regard to the Kaffir is that he will not work, and hence the farmers are compelled to supply his deficiencies by the importation of coolies; and then when an attempt is made to educate the Kaffir, so that he may become a skilled workman and earn his twelve and sixpence a day—as their advocate, Dr. Sutherland, of Natal, says some of them do—writers in the Press are indignant, and declare that the British workman is being robbed of his birthright.

Already it is contended that the native is dealt with too liberally by the ruling powers. Now, says a local paper, the hut-tax, which is a direct tax, brings in about £72,000 per annum, and if we give the native £20,000 for educational and civilizing purposes, with £16,000 for wages, rates, and police, we return him just one half of his direct tax. Again, it is contended that he is but a small contributor indirectly to the revenue of the country. He grows his own food stuffs; he does not require tea or coffee; and if he smokes, it is native tobacco. It is true, occasionally he purchases a plough, but the revenue gains but little by that; nor from the dress he is required to wear when in towns, as, once outside their boundaries, he appears in his primitive costume, reserving his garments for future use. He goes in for woollen blankets and rugs; but it is questioned whether the natives purchase more than 70,000 pairs of them, and those of the cheapest description. It is evident that the native's wants are few, and that it is but natural that as soon as he has earned enough to purchase the requisite number of wives to work for him, he prefers to clear out and settle among his fellows, and live like a gentleman all the rest of his life. At any rate, the Kaffir leads a happy life. He is well fed, well

built, and apparently content. Be firm and kind with him, and he is all right. We have had a good many Kaffirs at work clearing up the ship. They are paid three and sixpence a day, and have their food and board as well. We have tens of thousands at home who would be glad of such work and on such terms. But it is no use to send them out to Africa to do it. They must be gentlemen, not hewers of wood and drawers of water as at home, as soon as they are landed at the Cape or Natal. I heard of a German missionary who one day gave one of his Kaffirs a good thrashing. The people remonstrated. Were they not taught by the good Book that Kaffirs and whites were all on an equality? 'Yes,' was the missionary's reply, 'in heaven—not on earth.' This is on the principle of a certain major-general, who, when speaking of the wisest way of treating the Indian native in a certain district, said: 'First knock him down, then pick him up.' Such is evidently the feeling of ninety-nine men out of a hundred at the Cape and in Natal with respect to the Kaffir. As long as he remains in his native state he is a useful servant, and may be turned to good account. I meet ministers who tell me that the Kaffirs make excellent Christians. Then a colonial tells me that

he knows them to turn out arrant knaves. Even a clergyman told me he preferred the native to the Christian Kaffir. Which am I to believe? Possibly both are right, and there is a good deal of truth on both sides. Perhaps the best way of Christianizing the native is by teaching him the blessed influences of hard work. Did not Thomas Carlyle spend his life in proving that work is the everlasting duty of all men born into the world, whether black or white or dirty brown like the Kaffir? Did he not declare in the clearest manner that no black man who will not work according to what ability the gods have given him for working has the smallest right to eat pumpkin, or to any fraction of land that will grow pumpkin? Yet work is lost sight of in the desire to proselytize. It is argued by the Bishop of St. John's—who has shown himself the beau-ideal of a missionary bishop since his consecration as the Bishop of the Transkeian diocese in 1883—that our rule has taken from the native his good qualities by removing his old restraints and responsibilities, and that Christianity is the only thing to put in the place of what we have destroyed. I quote, at any rate, one telling point from the Bishop's address at the recent Synod at Cape Town: 'The missionary's work was to

awaken the conscience of the native. Most people were struck with the total inability of the native to distinguish right from wrong, and a striking proof of the effect of missionary work was the fact of conscience-money being sent from Cape Town into far-off Kaffirland, to make some reparation for a theft of long ago.' But even the Bishop would own that the missionary has not much to show for his money. His testimony was that though good progress had been made, there was a great need for more workers, especially of native teachers as factors in the advancement of the Kaffirs. We are bound to do something for them. It is better to give them the Bible than the gospel of despair according to Schopenhauer. But it is vain to write on the subject. It is a question that has two sides to it, in the opinion of most South African colonists. Missionary work of some kind is wanted in most places. Even London, with its nominal Christians and its real sinners, might supply the cynics with an argument, as well as the Kaffir.

The Rev. Mr. Macdonald, a missionary of twelve years' standing, writes: 'Stock thefts and cattle raids have done more to disturb the peace of the frontier than all other causes combined; and in these the educated native seldom takes part. Whatever in-

dividuals may have done, the educated section of the community have not joined their countrymen in time of war, and they have more than once been the means of avoiding bloodshed and much woe. This must be traced in large measure to Christian work and influence. This testimony is an argument in favour of Christianizing the natives not to be overlooked.

The labour question in Natal has been immensely increased by the opening up the coal-mines, an industry the value of which to South Africa it is needless to point out. I quote from the *Burghersdorp Gazette*. I might give many more cases, but one will suffice. I read :

‘ Native labour for coal-mining purposes is always difficult to obtain. When natives are engaged, it takes them some months to gain experience as experts in handling the pick, and to become accustomed to work in a confined space of three feet six. When proficient as miners, they will not engage themselves for any definite period. The pay is weekly, and when the men are dismissed on Saturday nights, the manager never knows how many will turn up on Mondays to work, or how many have left for pastures new. On Mondays, moreover, very few will go to work, preferring to sleep off the effects of the Saturday and Sunday booze.

Some are contented to work three days a week, earning sufficient in that time to maintain themselves for a month. If ordered to work or leave the place, our independent native miner will coolly take his blanket and march off to another mine, or go on to the railway works, or to Kaffirland, and rest on his oars for four or six months. When mealie crops ripen in Kaffirland there is an exodus from the mines to participate in the harvest feast and beer festivals. In winter, our sable friends (who are very thin-skinned as regards cold) fly to warmer regions, which provokes managers to express a fervent wish that they may drop into hotter regions, never to return.'





CHAPTER XII.

Gold, Diamonds and Ostriches.

IN that charming little book of Mr. Froude's, 'Oceana,' in which he managed to offend all his Australian readers, he tells us how at the Cape a South African came on board, who had made his pile at Kimberley and was leaving the country, as he held it to be quite used up. Since then there has been a wonderful change in South African affairs. The discovery of gold has done it all. Most of us are in need of gold—few of us feel that we have enough of the precious metal; and as long as the gold lasts, South Africa is bound to go ahead. No sooner was it found that gold was to be had, than the district drew to it men from all quarters of the globe, who, like the eagle, scented the quarry from afar. In Cape Town the change was marvellous: barristers, lawyers, surveyors, members of the Cape Legislature, officials of the Cape

Government—all rushed to the gold-fields, and some made a good thing of it. The tradition still exists at Lydenberg, where many a one found a fortune, that if a child asked his father for a sixpence to buy sweet-stuff with, his reply was: 'Take a pan and go and wash it from the sluit.'

It is strange that all this rage for gold has sprung up within the last ten years. Strange is it that gold was not discovered before. Our Ben Jonson had an inkling of the truth when he wrote—

'Here's the rich Peru—
And there within, sir, are the golden mines—
Great Solomon's Ophir.'

It is strange how ignorant our great travellers and explorers seem to have been of the enormous wealth lying under their very feet, waiting the advent of the coming man. Gold-mining in Africa, as an industry, was entirely neglected by Europeans till an abortive attempt was made in 1868 to work the mines in Matabeleland.

There are some 450 South African gold companies in existence, absorbing, and often with little profit to the shareholders, many millions of capital, chiefly raised in London; indeed, the whole thing has been awfully overdone, as many a poor English investor

has found to his cost. The collapse of the share market has had the effect of hindering the rise of reckless promoters and equally reckless speculators. It has taught the directors of existing companies the necessity for mine development and better management; it has also helped to open the eyes of the investing public, who have lately learnt the bitter lesson that even gold may be bought too dear. No wonder that there is weeping and wailing on the London Stock Exchange.

The nominal capital of the gold mining companies having property in South Africa is:

De Kaap Gold-Fields - - -	£5,902,205
Klerksdorp - - - - -	3,995,000
Witwatersrandt Gold-Fields - -	22,736,625

making £32,634,125 floated in South Africa, and £13,837,000 in Great Britain, or a total of £46,471,125.

At the present time, the Witwatersrandt Gold-Fields are by far the most promising of any yet discovered in the Transvaal, owing to the economy with which the mines can be worked, the continuous formation of the reefs, which have a thickness varying from two to fourteen feet, and the enormous body of conglomerate, which can be traced for some sixty miles.

It was about 1879 that a man named Arnold is said to have discovered the existence of gold on the farm of a Dutchman, who was easily persuaded to part with it for a substantial equivalent. These Dutch farmers, much as they dislike the miners or the English, have not done badly by them on the whole. Sometimes a farmer has sold his farm for £100,000, and many a farmer, I am told, has got a cheque for £20,000 for a farm not worth as many pence. News of the discovery of gold soon brought up people from all parts of South Africa and Australia. A mining company was formed in 1886, and the Transvaal Government marked off a site for the town of Johannesburg. Last year it had grown to be a town with a population of 18,000; now it has declined—the boom for a time at any rate is over, and its population has decreased to 15,000. It is already, however, the second town in South Africa, and it is prophesied that in a another ten years it will be the first. Its market square is the largest in South Africa, being about the same size as the Grand Parade in Cape Town. At the present time it is no place for loafers, but lawyers seem to flourish as well as speculators. As a local writer says: ‘If there were any vacancies, the favourites of directors

and others of influence would soon fill them, possibly preventing miners from occupying positions for which they would be infinitely better qualified than many of those to whom they are given, being often colonial farmers and youths fresh from school.'

The greater part of the rough work in the mines is carried on by coloured men, who come from all parts, chiefly, however, from Natal and Basutoland. The whites there are rather gay—much addicted to sport, great drinkers of bottled ale, for which they pay 4s. a bottle, and of champagne, for which they pay 20s.

Gold is found in various rocks, sand and gravel—as a rule in very small quantities. Sometimes only a few grains of gold are discovered in a ton of rock. It is generally discovered in the form of coarse green flakes and fine flour throughout the hard rock, or in cavities filled with a yellow brown or red oxide of iron, caused by the decomposition of pyrites. To obtain the gold, the hard rock must first be crushed to a powder, after which it requires a special treatment which it is needless here to explain. Alluvial gold is that which has been washed down the mountain-sides and carried down with gravel and soil. It is thus the great nuggets have been discovered which astonish the stay-at-home public, and

which lend a romantic charm even to such dull work as that of the gold-finder. Alas! such nuggets are now rarely found. The romance of gold-digging has long passed away. The gold-digger has long since ceased to drink his champagne out of a pail, free to all, or to light his pipe with a five-pound note.

The gold-fever is dead for awhile. There is not a family in the Cape or Natal but has suffered in consequence. Shares, chiefly in rotten companies, are to be had anywhere, and when the mania was at its height it was the custom for the directors to place the mines under the management of friends and relatives who were as ignorant of the proper way of working a mine as if they were Suffolk peasants. But for a time the game went on merrily, and English capital was squandered like water; men were taken in in the most barefaced manner. I heard of a gentleman who offered, if he were elected, to reduce the value of shares in a certain mine, in order to bring them within the reach of his constituents. He did so, and they all became purchasers, and then he sold out all his shares, till they became utterly worthless, when he bought them all back again. One night when I was at Cape Town, it was found that the names of two leading men at Johannesburg had been engraved on

the glass of a window of a first-class railway carriage (in the Cape everyone travels first-class), with three stars under each name, to intimate that at one time they had been convicts at Cape Town—and so they had, and had there formed the friendship which was to lead them on to fame and fortune. It is impossible to give the palm in wickedness to any particular individual. Too many cheat to the utmost of their power. I met a man who had just lost £38,000 owing to the advice of a friend, who let him in for that amount of shares, on condition that he gave his word of honour that he would not put them in the market till six months had elapsed, when they would be worth double. No sooner had the dealer got rid of these shares than the vendor flooded the market with the remainder of the shares, and my friend lost all his money. This is the sort of thing which has gained for Johannesburg an unenviable reputation. It was the boast of Chicago that it was the wickedest city on the face of the earth. If what I heard of Johannesburg be correct, in the race it will win in a canter. But this gold-fever will have this merit—that it will open up the Cape, and that it will attract a large population, just as the discovery of diamonds made Kimberley a big town. People will

come out and stop, just as the gold-fever in Australia made big cities of Ballarat and Melbourne. I saw plenty of wealthy men in Australia, but they had not become so by holding gold shares, but by plain, honest trading. Romance is one thing and reality another.

Romantic indeed is the history of the diamond-diggings in South Africa. As Thomas Baines wrote, the purchase by a trader of a glittering stone with which a child was playing in that country, once described in the British Parliament as 'the most barren and worthless desert on the earth's crust,' was the beginning of that industry which has planted a British colony in that wilderness, has flooded the markets of the world with diamonds, and now bids fair to fertilize the desert itself with the water that impedes the diggers by collecting in the mines during the rainy season, and saturating the surrounding earth. Those few acres of ground containing the Kimberley diamond-fields yield, perhaps, the most paying crop the world has ever seen. It is estimated that eight tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the South African diamond-fields during the last eighteen years. These represent a total value of £56,000,000 sterling.

As I write, a curious tale of a diamond is told me,