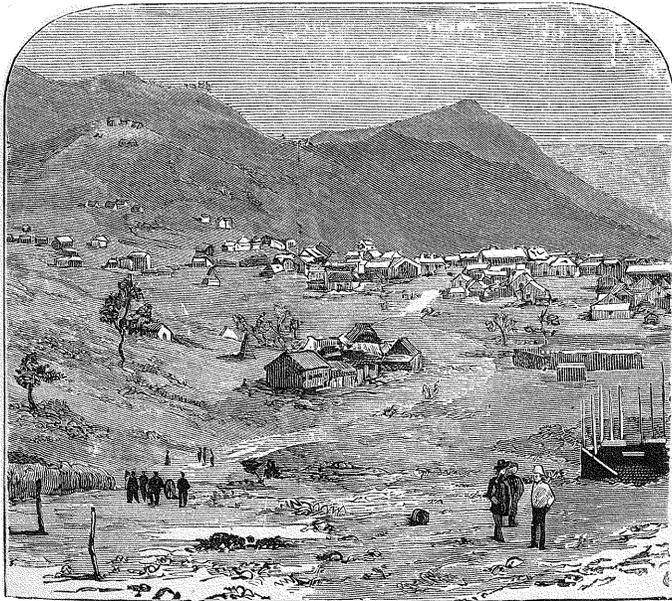


started to build another. And the building which was then erected, styled the De Kaap Stock Exchange, is certainly a very handsome building, and the only regret is that it is so little required for stock business.



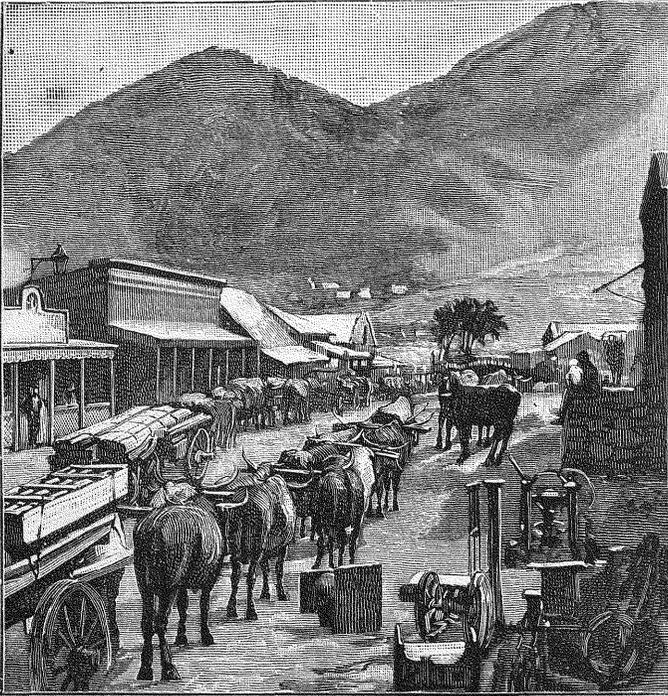
BARBERTON, THE CAPITAL OF THE GOLD FIELDS.

There is a very comfortable club, and the hotels are well managed. Living, I was told, was rather expensive, but not more so than might be expected in a town as yet far removed from the domains of the producers. When the share boom was at its height, there were scenes in

Barberton bringing back the early days of Ballarat, when men, in that inexplicable delirium which attacks some natures on the sudden acquisition of unaccustomed money, had foot-baths of champagne, and lit their cigars with five-pound notes. There was this difference, though: the Australian digger who "knocked down" the coin he made digging went back to the earth for more. At Barberton the spendthrifts and gamblers only flung away the money the public subscribed as premiums on shares, and this was done to an almost inconceivably foolish extent. The infatuation of the subscribing public at that time seemed to exceed all imaginable bounds of inflation. Men who but a little time before had hardly anything decent on their backs got some hundreds of pounds on the strength of a few inches or feet of outcrop, and the result was that nobody but canteen-keepers benefited.

Times are changed now ; and although some of the people will not admit it, they are changed distinctly for the better. A well-informed observer says that "a certain class of Barbertonians—a class which I am glad to say has diminished considerably now—sought to win fortunes from bubble companies ; the general inhabitants, the large bulk of whom really do mean to do general business, must now 'learn to labour and to wait.' They are realizing this, and are wonderfully cheerful, notwithstanding. There is more meaning now in the examination of specimens of quartz at the corners of the streets than there was before, and more anxiety depicted on the faces

watching for the tail of gold in the panning dish. Pestles and mortars are kept at work pounding to powder the specimens which come into town nestling

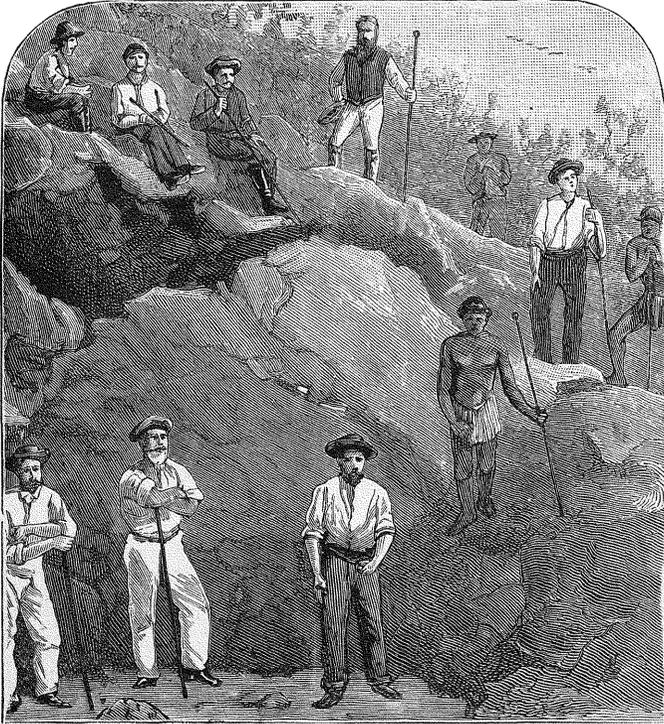


MAIN STREET, BARBERTON.

in the satchels of prospectors; in short, there are evidences that a stern lesson is being taken to heart at last.”

The name best known in connection with the Kaap

fields is Moodie's. And it was a name to conjure with. Moodie's was declared to be the most prolific gold field in South Africa, and consequently there was a great rush to it. Expectations, however, were far from realized, and the early settlers—those who could—sought fortune in other parts. Nearly all trace of their habitations has vanished. The lower camp, with its tattered marquee signs, bidding the traveller to poison himself with cheap gin, is gone; and the rugged ascent scarred out of the hillside, and up which many a heart palpitating with hope was carried, has given place to a made road. At the top of what may be called the first stage of this road there are to be seen one or two trim cottages with flowers blooming by well-kept fences; while on distant craggy spots are several domiciles and an odd store or two. But they are the homes and possessions of the few. Where hundreds before formed the population only units now are to be counted. The tents which flecked the slopes and mountain sides have been folded up, and their owners have silently stolen away to other scenes. The main path which led to the middle and upper camps is scarcely visible; a lower road carries all the traffic. The once bustling camps are now but names, and the men who congregated at them have become scattered. Not a few of them—fine fellows too—have done their last day's prospecting, and gone down before the privations of a genuine digger's life.



THE SHEBA REEF.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EUREKA CITY.—THE FAMOUS SHEBA REEF.

WISHING my kind hosts at Barberton farewell, and a new lease of prosperity more lasting than the old, I set out for Eureka City. This is about twelve miles from Barberton. The road runs for a short distance in

a northerly direction in the Kaap valley. It then turns to the right, and, proceeding due east, curves along the base of the mountains which encircle this beautiful stretch of country. On reaching the bottom of Sheba Hill there is a long stiff climb before one. And as you ascend some fine mountain gorges come into view. One of these is the thickly wooded Elephants' Kloof, where are to be seen a collection of elephants' bones. The tradition is that a lot of elephants were driven into the kloof at one time by natives, and there slaughtered. The road becomes at some parts so precipitous that you must dismount and lead your horse. Toiling on, you at length pass through what is called Paradise Gate, and you then find yourself on the busy plateau of Eureka City.

It was first settled upon in 1888 ; and from the scene of a rough mining camp, with more canteens than shops or houses, it has developed into a rising town, with a full complement of hotels, markets, and general stores. It owes its origin to the discovery of the Sheba Reef ; and as this is a famous name in South African records, it may be useful to give here the account of the discovery, as told by the fortunate prospector to Mr. E. P. Mather.

"It was early on a peaceful Sunday morning that I descended from Eureka City into the Sheba Valley to see the world-renowned Sheba Reef, as well known at one time by the name of Bray's Golden Quarry. I was accompanied by a friend who had offered to

introduce me to Mr. Edwin Bray, who, as the discoverer of the 'Quarry,' and as one who did well by and for the fields, will always be closely associated with their early history.

"A down-hill walk of about twenty minutes brought us to the residence of the fortunate and popular pioneer. Little did I think as I stood for a moment viewing the scene around me that very soon this bright, smiling home would be turned into a house of mourning. I expected to be impressed by the appearance of the great reef, but was unprepared to find such evidences of progress and civilization as the abode of its discoverer offered. In traversing the Kaap Hills even a specially well-built thatched hut is found to be but the occasional scene of habitatic and hospitality, and very comfortable such houses are when constructed with due regard to elbow room and shelter from the elements. There was therefore a sense of novelty in finding Mr. Bray housed in a pretty brick villa residence, standing with its spacious verandah in a well-stocked, well-cultivated, and trimly-kept garden. It was yet only a few minutes after sunrise, but Mr. Bray was ready, as always, to receive visitors with a hearty welcome.

"A fine-looking, stalwart, elderly gentleman with a long white beard and heavy moustache came out to greet us, and in Yorkshire accent apologized for his house being as yet unfurnished. Dressed in pyjamas, a loose jacket, and Tam o' Shanter cap, and smoking an affectionately

coloured meerschaum, he looked the picture of a successful man taking his ease. But Mr. Bray was by no means an idle man. Though after long wooing Fortune had at last smiled on his patient suit, he led a busy life in safeguarding the interests of the various companies which claimed him as an honoured director.

“Yes, with great pleasure would he go down to the ‘Quarry’ with us, if we would excuse him while he donned walking garb. Meanwhile, would we care to look round the garden? The saunter through the grounds was a refreshing pleasure. Our cicerone was Mr. Bray, junr., the worthy son of a worthy sire. First the fine view from the broad verandah was to be admired. Below was the sleepy valley with its famous gold reefs, and far away lay Swazieland. Stepping from the verandah into the grounds, it was difficult to realize that in six months a mountain-side wilderness had being transformed into the flowery domain around us. And what is already to be seen is only token of what will be before many years have rolled away. Bed upon bed of young lemon, orange, and other trees form the nursery ground upon which the estate of the lamented gold king will yet be finely wooded. Five hundred blue gums have been planted round the house, and some of them are already a respectable height. A wealth of mignonette and other sweet-smelling flowers scent the morning air. The house stands on the topmost of a number of terraces bound round with heavy stone walls, and each terrace vies with

its neighbour in affording evidence of its late owner's taste.

"Mr. Bray was a vegetarian, and his kitchen garden would make a Barberton housewife sigh for the possession of some of the fruits. . . . Great cauliflowers, resting on stalks four feet high, were the especial pride of the grower ; while the rhubarb and tomatoes would shame many a Natalian into a fit of remorse over lost opportunities. But the opportunity of seeing the Golden Quarry is not to be lost, and Mr. Bray, with alpenstock in hand, awaits to conduct us to his rocky treasures below.

"In the hands of our cheery guide we begin the descent again. Comfortable workmen's quarters are passed, and we are shown the spot to which the first seven hundred tons of ore from the quarry were toilingly raised, to be as tediously unloaded again and again on to sledges and waggons for conveyance to a Barberton battery. A kind of irregular stone staircase, fashioned by pedestrian traffic, leads us to the wide platform in front of the Golden Quarry ; but we are still some hundreds of feet from the level of the valley. And can it be that it is from this big rugged-looking hole in the side of the hill that such a steady pactolean stream flows ? It is so. All we see is a veritable quarry, just such as building stone might be excavated from. Around us, too, are stacks of broken rock, that one might pass for heaps of road metal on an English highway. But it is this very

evidence of a common abundance which creates the wonderment as one attempts to grasp the fact of the rich reality above, beneath, to the right and to the left.

“The jagged cutting, over a hundred feet wide and some fifty feet high, has made but little impression upon an apparently inexhaustible supply of stone, which has so far proved itself to be varyingly worth from £15 to £30 a ton. Let us hear what Mr. Bray has to say himself about the quarry, as he stands with a sparkle in his eye surveying it for the hundredth time. He tells us that the discovery of the quarry was not at all a matter of chance. Down in Fig Tree Creek, some miles off, a mate of his was working for alluvial, and he went to see him one day. While there Mr. Bray picked up the nugget which he now took from his purse and lovingly showed as the source of his wealth. Where that nugget was would not be far from a reef was his train of thought, and he determined not to leave the locality till he had found that reef.

“Accordingly he prospected till he arrived on a likely spot above the quarry. There he sunk a shaft, and continued working on it for five months. He had come across no visible gold except in small particles on the surface. He ran short of dynamite, and had to give up the shaft working. He began prospecting work again, and commenced cutting in the hillside in an attempt to strike the Nil Desperandum reef hard by. Almost the first stone he struck down with his pick contained visible gold,

and on persevering he found himself opening out what is now the Golden Quarry. The first crushing he had from three stamps worked by 'boys' yielded him over eight ounces to the ton, and 50 tons sent into Barberton gave a slightly higher return than that. Then came the crushing of 650 tons, which finally established the wonderful richness of the reef or whatever it is he struck.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Bray, 'it is very similar to a cutting from which you would take stone for road-making, with this difference though—that it all bears gold.'

"'And does it all run eight ounces to the ton?'

"'No, I would not say that,' replied Mr. Bray, 'but it did run that, and the whole will run from five to six ounces to the ton. People come here asking to see the gold, and expecting to see a quarry glittering with the precious metal. We have not cut through the casing yet,' pointing to a quartzite body 50 feet thick, 'and that is what we christened the Sheba Reef first. We have put a drive in below about 150 feet, just cutting through the quartzite base, and have struck visible gold in it. This drive is 200 feet below the present workings. All the fine quartz is put in sacks, and the rough stuff is taken loose to the waggons. We carry it first by aerial tram, and then it is loaded into waggons at the rate of 30 tons a day. A new aerial tram will be finished in a fortnight's time, and that will enable us to get down 80 tons a day. It has to be carried just now about four miles to the 10-stamp

mill at Fever Creek, where it is crushed at the rate of 12 to 14 tons a day. Another 10-stamp battery will soon be erected alongside the other one, to be worked by a turbine. We contemplate erecting 60 stamps on the Kaap River, at the spot to which the tram-line which will pass along the road below up to the Nil Desperandum will be laid.'

"'Are you sinking on the quarry elsewhere to prove it?'

"'We have put in a drive down below,' said Mr. Bray, 'and we get visible gold at from 200 to 300 feet. There is another at 140 feet, and we get visible gold in both. We shall take the face of this down just like a quarry.'

"'Is that the proper way to move it?'

"'It is the cheapest way to work it,' replied Mr. Bray. 'When the tramway is finished, we shall make use of the bottom drives to let the waggons run into the quarry. It is my intention to lift all the stuff down a shaft from the quarry, and so let it down into the trucks below.'

"'Have you tested the quartz that you have found at these levels below?'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Bray.

"'What does it run?'

"'Some of it gives a good prospect, but we have not got far enough to prove it. The 140-foot level gives the same prospect as the quarry.'

"'Have you made any calculation as to the length or depth of the quarry?'

“‘No,’ replied Mr. Bray; ‘it is not possible. We have a shaft 300 or 400 feet from the face of the quarry, where we struck visible gold at 35 feet deep on the line of the reef.’

“‘You are quarrying on the reef then?’

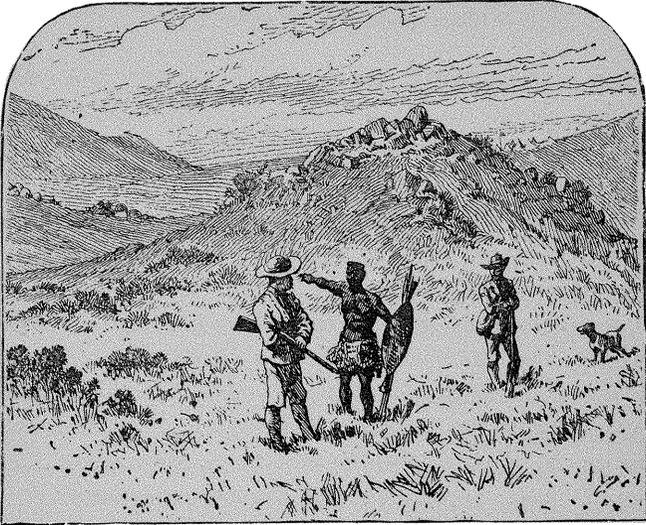
“‘Yes, we are running on the reef now.’

“‘Are you sure of that?’

“‘That is my opinion,’ replied Mr. Bray. ‘There are so many different opinions, we don’t know who is right.’

“We now spend some time in trying to find a piece of the quarry with visible gold, and it is no easy task. To encourage us in the search Mr. Bray says, ‘The beauty of the stone is that you can’t see any gold in it.’ The heaps are ‘tried in vain for piece with ‘visible;’ and the quarry, with its loose stone, narrowly seamed here and there with hard brown clay-like veins of Fry’s Rock Cocoa, gold-bearing also, is picked about for the coveted specimen. At last, after much chipping and hammering, we are able to carry off as a memento of this most interesting visit a tiny block with just enough visible auriferous deposit to swear by.”

Very shortly after Mr. Bray died suddenly. Mr. Mather’s interview with him is on that account—apart from its own value, as embodying the opinions of a successful pioneer—an interview of more than ordinary interest,



EXECUTION HILL, SWAZIELAND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SWAZIELAND.

RETURNING to Barberton and spending a night there, I set out next morning on a long and rough journey. And this to the borders of Swazieland. It is a toilsome ride or tramp, if you prefer walking, of forty miles, involving much mountain climbing, and other hardening exercise. To rough travelling, however, you have by this time become accustomed. Though starting on horseback, you have to do so much walking in ascending and descending hills, that you begin to wonder where the advantage of

having hired a horse comes in. The track, however, improves as you draw near to the Komatie Valley, and get on the direct route to Steynsdorp.

As you ride along you see on every side evidence of mining. Shafts have been sunk in all directions, and now and then you hear the booming of dynamite explosions. There was a great rush of gold-seekers in 1885, and it was believed that the Komatie Fields would prove among the best in South Africa. Certainly an immense amount of money has been sunk in support of this belief. The capital of the fields is Steynsdorp, a small town built on the banks of the Umhlondosi, a tributary of the Komatie, into which it falls half a dozen miles away.

It was originally a canvas town, but tents were soon replaced by substantial structures. There are one or two good hotels and stores, and fewer grog-shops than are seen near a mining town. Steynsdorp is reported to be one of the healthiest camps in the Transvaal. Wood and water are plentiful, and there is no lack of labour. Of the formation of the country some authorities have spoken very encouragingly. There are many valuable properties in the neighbourhood, and, being favourably situated for water, the prospects of a large out-put are considered good.

Leaving Steynsdorp, which is in the Transvaal, you cross the border and are in Swazieland, the late king Umbandini's country. This, for a good many years, has been the favourite grazing-ground of the Boers living in

the high country. The veldt is warmer, and, in the winter months more especially, is more suitable for flocks and herds than that of the higher region. Obtaining grazing licences, the Boers squatted with their flocks, and have ever since regarded Swazieland as a country to which no people had a better right than they had themselves. They were bound, however, by treaty to regard Swazieland as independent, and this, of course, they have done officially.

The king's kraal is about forty-five miles from Steynsdorp in a south-easterly direction. The ride thither, though over a rough road, is a pleasant one, and lies for a considerable part of the way through grazing ground. I passed some cattle-stations, and at one of these was struck with a troop of horses which had belonged to the late king. There was good shooting on the way, a fine herd of rhebok showing that the dogs of the Swazies have not yet killed off the small game in the country. Crossing the Tillan River a short way, the largest kraal in the country is seen on the right. This consists of five hundred huts, in which are lodged a regiment of Swazie soldiers, near which is the residence of Sandhlana, the Prime Minister.

This functionary is regarded as a man of no mean ability. No questions of state are settled until Sandhlana has given his opinion respecting them. He is a little shrivelled man, with keen but frank eyes. Before the royal kraal is reached, Execution Hill, the scene of

many a ghastly tragedy, and the burial-ground of the Swazie kings are passed. In the distance are the mountains containing the great caves, capable of accommodating the whole nation in time of war.

The king's kraal during the late king's life was usually a scene of noise and revelry. The royal huts are small and infested with cockroaches. The entrances are very low, and the king himself, when entering any hut but his own particular one, had to crawl in. What are called the king's huts are in a special enclosure, the reed-work of which is different from the others. On the roofs of the quarters in which his wives lived the horns of animals are piled. Here and there long sticks are planted, and rise into the air, and from them wave discoloured rags of different colours.

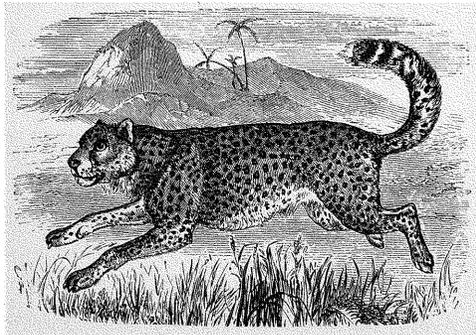
King Umbandini was a very big man, his skin a light copper colour, his eyes a light hazel, and he had a double chin, sensual lips, slight beard and moustache, a huge paunch, and immense calves and hips. He had many wives, and each royal wife was followed by a girl, a Swazie maid of honour. The king was very fond of greyhounds, and would give any sum for a dog he desired. He had all sorts of magical powers vested in his royal body. He could do many things that other kings could not do—at least, his people thought he could, and that was enough for him. In a bag of goat-skin, in his own particular hut, he had all sorts of odds and ends. A peep into that bag disclosed knuckle-bones of

men and beasts, pieces of dried flesh, bits of hair, roots and stalks of plants, rocks, scraps of broken bottles, and the like.

Since the arrival of the British resident, Mr. Shepstone, life and property have been made more secure, and some notions of civilization are now being manifested. The hunting veldt teems with game of all kinds. It is related that some Europeans, while stalking a herd of "Impalla deer," stumbled into a dry water-course, and right before the face of a black-faced lion. There was an awkward pause on both sides ; but the hunters were men of nerve, and the lion, realizing the fact, gracefully withdrew in their favour. Later on, however, he took a mean advantage of them. They left a buck in a low tree to be skinned on their return at sundown ; but the animal crept up and had first cut, and it was a big one. He left the hoof, skin, bones, and horns for the wearied-out men, who, on discovering the theft, went out again and killed the lion that night, making a tent carpet of its skin. There have been as many as thirty giraffes killed in a week's hunt. Leopards, alligators, and boa-constrictors are very common, and often give good sport. One day a party of hunters heard the low growl of the spotted monster close to their resting-place. They got their arms ready, and started off in pursuit. In a short time they came up with the game, which proved to be a leopardess with two lively little cubs. While the leopardess was bouncing about, showing any amount of fight, one of

the native hunters got the cubs and made for camp with them, the others covering his retreat. The mother cleared out at the time, but for a week she besieged the camp, and that so cautiously that it was impossible to get a glimpse of her. At length a spring gun ended her life. The cubs died a few weeks afterwards; but so long as they were in the camp the hunters were never free from annoyance, the whole community of leopards taking up the cause, and only ceasing to trouble on the disappearance of the youngsters.

Within recent years there have been rich and extensive gold discoveries in Swaziland. This led to a rush of miners and company promoters, and in consequence there has been a large yield of gold, notably from Forbes' property. The mining works are well advanced, and the different concessions appear to be in the hands of energetic men of business.



AFRICAN LEOPARD.



MATABELES.

CHAPTER XXV.

BAINES' ADVENTURES IN MATABELELAND.

To the gallant explorer Thomas Baines is due the honour of having first mapped out and drawn attention to the resources of Matabeleland. He was at one time Livingstone's assistant, and between these two remarkable men strong ties of friendship existed. Baines

for many years before his death explored and hunted in South-East Africa, and so good was the influence which he exerted on the native mind that his name is still greatly revered among the chiefs and tribes of the regions through which he travelled. He was regarded as a just, a generous, and a man of great intrepidity. In Matabeleland King Lo Bengula gave him a great mining concession ; and if the company with whom he was willing to share it had given him other than half-hearted support, he and they would have reaped much advantage. But he got little or no support, and the right fell through by lapse of time, and thus a great opportunity was lost. As it was, no doubt, the account given by Baines of his labours, in his book "Gold Regions of South-East Africa," that originated the idea that set the South African Company in motion, reference to Baines' work should precede any mention of the new expedition to Matabeleland ; and this cannot be done better than by giving Baines' own account of his journeyings.

"King Lo Bengula," writes Baines, "has given me the country, with all facilities and privileges necessary for gold-working, but carefully reserving to himself the territorial right ; and I have as carefully explained to him that I do not wish to impair this right, but that, on whatever terms he allows me to occupy the land, he will remain king of it, and I shall look to him for protection. My privileges extend from the Gwailo to

the Ganyana Rivers, and during the past year (1870) I have done considerable exploring within those limits, and found extensive reefs and ancient workings. These—and, indeed, our whole track from Potchefstroom—I have mapped as carefully as my opportunities would allow, by compass courses, trochometer distance, and stellar latitudes—the latter specially cool work when the stars serve from twelve till two, and the thermometer is below 30°—in April and May. The map is $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch to the mile, and I intend to give a copy to the Surveyor's Department here for public use.

“You know, of course, that one of the chief objects of our company is to secure to Natal as large a share as possible in the advantages of the gold fields; and now that the affairs of Matabeleland are satisfactorily settled, I trust that this will soon begin to be accomplished. The king, Lo Bengula, is well disposed to white men, and is fully alive to the advantages to be derived from their visits to his country. Some of the regulations he enforces may at present seem rather hard and arbitrary; but, I believe, as the confidence and friendship between him and the white man increases, and especially when he gets over the fear that was at first entertained that the gold-seekers wanted to deprive him of his country, many of these will be relaxed, and made much easier to us. It must be remembered that the search for gold is a new thing to the Matabele. They were naturally suspicious of men whose object they did not understand,

and they watched most narrowly every movement of the first adventurers. Even our staunch friend 'Oude Baas' (Hartley, a noted elephant hunter) did not dare to assist us until he was assured by our Matabele guide that I had in due form obtained the sanction of Um Nombati, the head of the nation, during the interregnum, to explore the country for gold.

"Our success was in a great measure due to Mr. Hartley's personal knowledge of my name as an artist and traveller. I first made his personal acquaintance when he went up in 1869. He had believed me dead; but being convinced of his error, at once offered to pilot us up to Matabeleland. I visited Matjen, but declined to pay tribute, as not intending to work in his district; and passing Tati, Mr. Hartley introduced me to Mr. Lee, who held a farm and hunting-ground, by grant, from the late Moselekatzie. I showed him an introductory letter from his Excellency the Governor of Natal, and from that moment Mr. Lee took up our cause. He said he had often told Moselekatzie that when the Government sent a message respecting the gold fields, it would be sent in openness and friendship, and he only regretted the old chief had not lived to see the fulfilment of his words. We went on to the outpost at Manyami's, and Mr. Lee followed next day and told Manyami that he must send a special messenger in to obtain leave for me to enter, and that when I did so all the chiefs must assemble to hear the Governor's letter.

After several days two indunas, or petty chiefs, came down from Um Nombati (the counsellor of the late king, with whose name I was familiar through the writings of Captain Harris). I had a very good interpreter (W. G. Watson, of Durban), and in answer to their questions I told them I was come on friendly business in connection with the gold in the country, and had a letter from the Governor, but I would not go into details till Mr. Lee came.

“When he arrived he gave them a severe lecture for exceeding their duty by prying into my business instead of waiting till they had guided me to their chief, and letting me state it to him. He called Manyami, showed him the outside of the Governor's letter, with her Majesty's name on the envelope, and the royal arms on the seal (and also, in consequence of this, on the pannels of the waggons), and explained as much as he considered they ought to know. He accompanied us about a hundred miles to Um Nombati's kraal, to which he insisted on going direct, and in half an hour the venerable old regent sent for us. I had left Jewell and Watson at Kumalo, with a heavy waggon and tired oxen, and Mr. Lee, Mr. Nelson, and I at once responded to the summons.

“We were received in a friendly, unaffected manner; and after the first greetings, the old chief, who in a bodily sense was infirm and helpless, but in mind as vigorous as ever, adjourned to a sunny spot in the kotla, or

court of audience, and there Mr. Lee opened our business. He said we had been sent by a great company in London, where Queen Victoria lived, many thousand miles across the great water, to pay him a friendly visit, and to ascertain whether the report were true that there was gold in his country ; and that I had also a letter from the Governor of the English in Natal, asking him to give me leave to travel, and to protect me in doing so ; that I might acquire information, and to send it to his Excellency, so that we might be able to make laws for those who came to seek gold if there were any, or tell them to stay away if there were not.

“The chief said he was glad to find the English the same people he had formerly known them. He had been twice sent by his king to the borders of the great water, to the Governor of Cape Town, and he thanked me for coming so far to bring the letter. He gave me leave to travel and explore, but requested my promise that I would not go out of his country by another way, but would come back and tell him truly what I found, so that he might know what to say to our Governor. I made him a suitable present,—a musket, ammunition, and a railway rug,—and next day he told me I might keep the gold I found.

“I sent down by Mr. Lee for a fresh span of young oxen, and while waiting for them received a letter written by order of some of the chiefs, to the effect that Um Nombati was considered imbecile, that his

permission was of no avail, and that I could not be allowed to travel because they had bound themselves to let no one but Sir John Swinburne and his party do so. I rode over to the mission station at Inyati, where I found six men deputed to fetch me back. I asked the Rev. Mr. Thomas to interpret for me, and told them that, having received permission from their great chief (Um Nombati), I should not pay him so poor a compliment as to ask any one else, but should hold the liberty he gave me valid till he himself recalled it.

“Jewell brought up the new cattle, and Nelson and I went in with one waggon, having made the old chief a parting present of a warm coat, and received from him a guide named Inyassi.

“My time was entirely occupied in looking after the waggon and the route, in sketching, making geographical observations, collecting botanical specimens, and hunting for food, and Nelson's in prospecting the country. He found several reefs on either side of our path, and broke out occasional specimens with gold in them, sometimes visible to the naked eye and sometimes microscopic. In one place I believe he found alluvial gold, but it was infinitesimal. I constantly walked ahead with the guide, hunting on either side of the road. One day I broke the leg of a wildebeeste at four or five hundred yards, and chased him for a long distance. Inyassi asked for my rifle, as he could get nearer than I could, but he could not

shoot, and I had to take it in hand again, and was well tired before I got a chance to bring the animal down. Another day I fell in with a herd of buffaloes, and got near enough for a good shot, but they looked so much like our span of black oxen that I felt great compunction in firing.

“I killed a fine cow, and wounded some others, one of which turned out of the herd and took refuge among the nopanie trees and low bushes. I crept within forty yards, but could only see a portion of its black body without being able to distinguish the form. I fired as near as I could to the shoulder; and the creature, bleeding from mouth and nostril, rushed straight at me, with gory muzzle, flashing eyes, and sharp, black, polished horns. I was close enough to distinguish the malignant expression of every feature. One glance satisfied me. I turned at full speed, and swung myself round a clump of nopanies on the left, while Inyassi did the same on the right, letting the buffalo go straight as an arrow between us. Nelson came up on horseback, but the buffalo had got clean away, and could not be found again. Shortly after Nelson found a lioness sleeping on the sands; and after I had sketched her, we put two bullets into her shoulder. She roared and sat on her haunches, looking at us, her white teeth showing, and her white chest also forming a capital mark; but though my Wilson rifle loads very quickly, I could not succeed in getting ready in time, and she fell into the reeds.

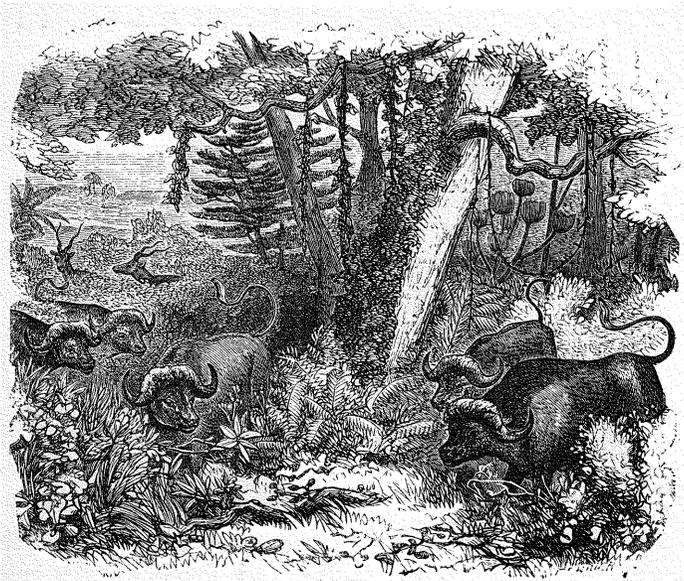
“We searched in every direction, sometimes skirting the edge of reeds, sometimes climbing overhanging trees from which we could look down upon them, sometimes crossing the river to get a view from the other bank; but though the dogs—little Jack especially—did their work gallantly, we could not find her again. We made the boys fire shots whenever we thought there was a chance, standing ready, if there was any advantage, to follow it up with our rifles. But they were afraid to come even in line with us, armed only with the miserable tools miscalled firearms, which sometimes, ‘when much enforced, gave a hasty spark, and straight were cold again;’ but more frequently did not give a spark at all, to say nothing of a discharge, and I rather wished I had the manufacturer or the purchaser of them on the spot to make them shoot a lion with the weapon they had provided for us.

“Finding this getting tedious, I went in, sometimes followed and sometimes preceded by an impudent little fellow named Maatchaan (a small stone, or, as we might translate it, a little brick), and beating through every pathway in the long, overarching reeds and grass, we at length came to a clump from which the dogs seemed to be driven, a low growl being just audible among angry voices. I urged them in again, and this time the deep bass of the lion’s growl was solemnly heard as they scattered out with confused yelps. I fell back two or three steps to the line formed by the people; and Nelson, who was on higher ground than I, saw a lioness (which

he considered not to be the same) retreating from the other side of the reeds. We followed for some time in vain, and, making a circuit round the country, came suddenly on a rhinoceros in the long grass. I put a bullet into his shoulder, and as he turned repeated the dose. He made off at once; and young Maatchaan, armed with my stocked Colt's revolver, gave chase at a speed which soon left us far behind, firing the miniature pellets into the neck or shoulder of the immense beast.

"I took my horse (kept only for great emergencies), and rode on in front between thirty and forty miles, till I overtook Mr. Hartley and the other hunters at the Imbeela River, and from this time we again had the benefit of his local knowledge in pointing out where reefs or quartzose country were likely to be found. We went on to the Ganyana River, in 17° 45' S., our farthest waggon camp, and from this I rode about thirty-five miles north-west, to the kraal of a Mashona chief, named Maghoonda; he keeps three or four cattle, but is on the border of the fly country, and dare not let them go in that direction. He gave me, as usual among the Mashonas, a bowl of massa (sour milk mixed with thick paste, from Kaffir corn-meal), and a little dish of meat boiled in a little water, forming gravy to the massa, and then (according to the statement of my guide) they discussed the propriety of sending me to a better world before my time, but at length concluded that it was safer to let me enjoy the present.

“It is the custom of the Mashonas to claim from the Portuguese and half-caste hunters the tusk that touches the ground of every elephant they shoot. I had told Dr. Livingstone, ten years ago, that Englishmen would not submit to this, and now the question was settled. It never came to the English at all, but was proposed to their Matabele servants, who rejected it with scorn. ‘Our master and king, the great Umzelegasi, never took a tusk from an English hunter; and shall you Mashonas, who are only dogs, dare to attempt that which he refrained from?’ They took me three or four miles north-east to a quartzose valley, in which were several holes, from three to six feet wide, and from three to ten feet deep; but said they had forgotten what sort of metal used to be extracted. A Mashona jumped down into one, and picked me two or three pieces of quartz, and I wondered whether his ancestors had ever done the same for King Solomon, and furnished material for tales of genii and demons for the Koran and the ‘Arabian Nights.’ In returning I saw other extensive diggings. Mr. Hartley told me of more; and Nelson went prospecting daily, coming once upon a full-maned lion feeding on a dead elephant, of which I made a sketch from his description for the *Illustrated London News*.”



HERD OF BUFFALOES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OLD DIGGINGS—SHOOTING BUFFALOES.

“OUR camp was broken up, and we reached the Sarna or Salagazaan River, named to commemorate the exploit of killing a little old woman. There we were met by a party of warriors, of whom half a dozen with white shields stood out to the front to show that they were friends. They brought a letter requesting one of the hunters to come to Inyati to explain some annoyance which had been experienced in the Transvaal by messengers

who had been sent to look for Kuruman, a missing prince of the nation. We were told verbally that all white men would have to come out of the country. We answered that they could see we were on our way, and they then went on to combine business with pleasure by doing a little marauding among the Mashonas farther north, where, I believe, they killed seventy men and women, and took a few cattle.

“ We crossed a small rivulet called the Simbo, a tributary of the Umvuli, where we broke our disselboom (pole). Having repaired this, Mr. Hartley showed me an extensive reef with old workings, and persuaded his head man, Inyoka (the serpent), to take me over the old diggings. In many of these were large thorn trees, eight inches thick, showing that they must have been abandoned forty or fifty years ago, but not proving for them a high antiquity. I suppose they were worked by the Mashonas when the Portuguese colonies on the Zambesi were prosperous, and the gold either carried to those settlements or sold to traders visiting or residing more or less permanently among the native tribes—in fact, Mr. Hartley found the ruins of a house between Imbeela and Umvuli, and an old man in his service says a white man lived there in his father’s time. Mr. Nelson, my mineralogist, was away prospecting at this time, but after his return he examined this reef, and advised me to take possession of it in presence of our guide ; and we did so, naming the granite kopjies near it ‘Hartley’s

Hills.' Three good stellar observations subsequently taken place this in $18^{\circ} 11' 39''$. Sir John Swinburne had built a hut and sunk a couple of shafts about seven furlongs south, on the Umvuli.

"We again received a summons to come out of the country, and as we toiled on with our weary oxen the army overtook us. We had killed an eland, and gave over to them what meat we could spare; and when we got into difficulties in the Umnyati River, Setlaasi, the chief,—who, except in professional matters, such as killing Mashonas, etc., was a very good-hearted fellow,—set his men to help us through. The oxen were outspanned, and a hundred and fifty warriors, laying down their arms, manned the trek-tow, and, after a little cargo had been discharged, succeeded in starting the waggon, and hauled her out with a run, chanting the while in unison. They had an intense desire to taste coffee and sugar, so I made them a great brew, and kept kettles of hot water ready. Setlaasi and I had the first cup; then he diluted it and served it to his officers and men—the latter getting it warm, but exceedingly pure. However, we sweetened it a little as it went round, and afterwards I gave strips of calico for head-bands to the men—a hundred and fifty in number.

"Reaching Inyati, I rode to Um Nombati, the chief and regent of the country, who had removed to Inthlathlangela, and I found I had been accused of having dug the holes, which in reality had been dug by Sir John

Swinburne ; but several native friends had given evidence in my favour, and now my guide added his testimony, and I was completely cleared. I was requested to go out of the country while the successor to Umzelegasi was being chosen, but I was also told that if I only went a little past Inthlathlangela they would be satisfied, as they were too friendly to me to drive me much farther. However, I had to go to Tati for supplies, and spent the summer on Mr. Lee's farm, meanwhile making a visit of friendship to Lo Bengula, who had been requested to accept the dignity of king. He refused for a long time, and made every effort to find his elder brother Kuruman, but at length evidence, satisfactory to the nation, was brought forward that Kuruman had been killed at Thaba Induna, and Lo Bengula accepted the offer, and was installed in the dignity and power of his late father—ten thousand warriors being present at the ceremonial, while one thousand five hundred remained disaffected. Mr. Lee was invited to be there, and was asked whether he accepted Lo Bengula as his king ; he said he coincided in the choice of the nation, and was told that the grants made to him by Umzelegasi were confirmed. He brought forward the affairs of the company, and the king told him, ' Yes ; Mr. Baines can have the northern gold fields.'

“ In April I started from Mr. Lee's place, and reached the king's new town of Gibbe Klaik, where he received me in the most friendly manner, and desired me to make

my request. I asked for the country between Gwailyo and Ganyany Rivers, and he gave me liberty to go in and explore and dig for gold, to erect houses or machinery, to use the roads and exercise all privileges necessary for that object, telling me that all details were my business, and included in his general grant. He asked particularly after Mr. Nelson, who had gone down to Natal to lay the specimens, etc., before Mr. Behrens, the agent of our company, and to convey information to his Excellency the Governor, and requested me to remain a few days and go down with him to a new kraal on the Limpopo side of the watershed, in a warmer situation than the bleak site of Gibbe Klaik.

“ We were happy to receive the new missionary, Mr. Thompson, who at the king’s request held service in my tent on Sunday—Mr. Watson interpreting, which he does very fluently, and reading from the English Scriptures, translating (or rather reading it into Zulu) as he goes on. Mrs. Thompson also became a great favourite with the king’s wives and sisters.

“ Of course we had to give presents. Mine was a salted hunting horse, valued at £75, though by paying in beads I bought him for a trifle less—a saddle, bridle, and rifle making it up to £100. This was our entrance fee, besides blankets, beads, clothing, etc., occasionally.

“ We went on to Inyati, and thence to Emampangene, to buy goats and corn. We were nearly a week going thirty-five miles, the waggon axles even sinking into the

swampy ground. We actually ploughed up with the wheel a great burrowing frog that thought himself perfectly safe till next season, but when he came to the surface we cooked and ate him, like a chicken.

“Watson was a great adept at setting spring guns for wolves, *i.e.*, hyænas and jackals. He digs a hole in the ground so that the creature has to put his head in for the bait, and in tugging at it he discharges a gun which shoots him through the head. Sometimes he gets away, but generally wounded, and it is to be hoped the sudden alarm bears fruit to repentance, and makes him a sadder and a wiser wolf. Other things are taken with snares and springs; even an eagle (a Bateleur) was caught one night thus. At Emampangene we saw a man who professed to be ‘the Son of God’ (as Watson translated it), who exhibited wondrous feats of strength and endurance—the principal of which was dancing, or rather jumping, by the action of the ankles and muscles of the foot alone, keeping all the rest of the body rigid, and only once now and then indulging in a few *ad libitum* capers as a relief to the monotony of the performance.

“I believe he was in reality the son of a man who lives in a mountain not far from Inthlathlangela, and who, by shouting from a cave with peculiar echoes, contrives to pass for something supernatural. It is certain that some rocks and particular places are held sacred, and the Mashonas go to them to perform some act of worship, and some of the Matabele follow their example—though

to them generally their king is their god, and they know no other. Still there seems to be some kind of religion, natural or acquired, among them. My cousin, Mr. Richard Watson, of Sydenham, heard a Matabele mention God, and, to try him, he asked, 'Where is He?' The reply was, 'Here, all around us, everywhere; the sky is His roof and the earth is His floor.' 'But,' continued Watson, 'I do not see Him.' 'No,' said the Kaffir, 'but you may see His things—the oxen on the hills, the corn in the fields, the water in the rivers, and other things everywhere.' I fancy, however, such advanced views as this are rare.

"We kept along the high lands to the south of our former road, crossing the Umvungu and Gwailyo about twenty miles higher up, and came into it again near the Quaequae. I generally walked ahead with the guide, sometimes finding a quartz reef, and sometimes shooting a buck. At Sebague we turned out in force to hunt buffaloes, and in a clump of nopanies, about a mile down the river, we came upon a herd. At first, however, I only saw one, and I gave him a shot in the shoulder; this forced him to turn back into the bush, from whence another immediately came trotting out towards me. I had a Wilson breechloader, which is very quick and handy, and was ready to give him a shot in the shoulder also; but Jewell coming up to support me, delivered his fire and helped me to turn them out. I now closed with the first bull, whose

shoulder appeared to be broken, and after two or three shots succeeded in breaking his hind leg. Leaving Jewell to despatch him, I ran after the other, shouting to the men to turn him in front. I got one shot into his ribs, and then lost sight of him for a moment; but the men had headed him, and before I could get up to the chase again they had overturned him with a broadside.

“Still he was not dead, although unable to rise, and his dark eyes glared upon us most expressively as we gathered round. Jewell gave him an eleven-to-the-pound ball from his Westley Richards under the ear, but I believe that the bullet split upon the hard bones and scattered itself, instead of penetrating to the brain. I took my sketch-book from the boy who carried it, and who had orders not to run after wounded beasts nor mix with the chase to the detriment of aforesaid book, which orders, of course, he always forgot in the excitement of the fray; and being anxious that Jewell should get a photograph, I sent for the trek oxen to haul the carcasses home. The second was a fine old bull, with a splendid pair of horns; the first a young one.

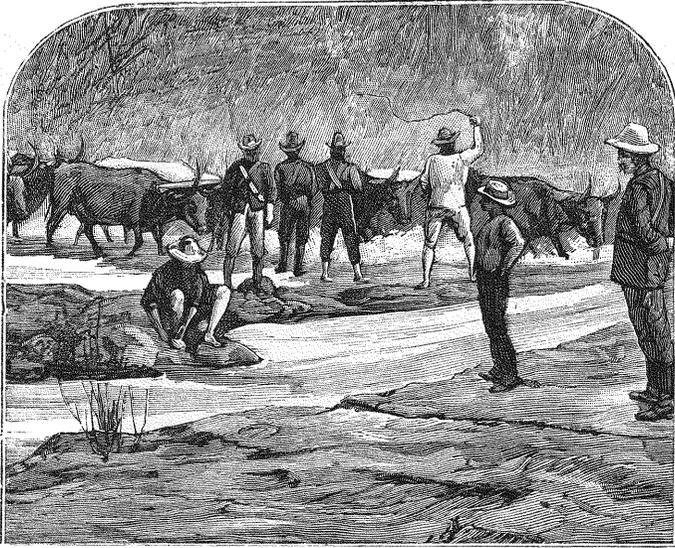
“I also observed the latitude of our camp, and marked it on a tree. I have done this in several places, in order to make definite points of departure. We remained some days here, and made a trek-tow out of the hides. Watson shot some wolves, and we turned out at night to shoot a lion; but though he only retreated slowly, he

would not give us battle, and we could not by any means get sight of him for a fair shot.

“ We crossed the Bembesi, called Bembesienia, or the ‘other Bembesi,’ to distinguish it from one of the same name at Zwong Endaba ; here also I found quartz reefs, and hills with the ruins of the stone kraals and huts of the Mashonas upon their summits, the inhabitants having been massacred by the Matabele in former years. Then again we crossed the Umnyati (or Buffalo), with its castellated granite hills around the drift ; the Umgesi, so named from a famous Mashona chief, Umgesa, who governed the country from Umnyati to Umvuli ; and the Umgesana, or little Umgesi, sometimes called Umgwassaan, from a word signifying to stab ; but I believe the former to be the correct name. Next came the Umzweswie, a very picturesque little stream, the drift overshadowed with tall trees, amid which the spreading soft-wooded pao pisa (of the Portuguese), mosaawe (of the natives), or *Kigelia pinnata*, with its long inedible fruit, like great polonies or cucumbers, pendent from cord-like stalks three feet long ; while near it grows a kind of strychnia, called the Kaffir orange, bearing a hard-shelled fruit, filled with seeds embedded in a pleasant orange-like pulp ; then, turning to the left and north out of the hunters’ road, we crossed the Umvuli, at Kigelia drift. The natives, who now seemed to think the acquisition of a pretty pebble a certain means of getting a pipe of tobacco, picked up several

bits of quartz, agate, and coarse jasper. We passed the unfortunate holes 'dug in the king's country when there was no king to give permission,' and reached our first location at Hartley Hills.

"I made a trip about twelve miles down the river, and saw several reefs; but did not succeed in killing anything, and at once set about erecting a house for the accommodation of Mr. Nelson and the workmen I expected him to bring up from Natal. My plan was two rooms of fourteen feet square and ten feet high to the wall-plate, a six-foot passage between, and pitched roof to give plenty of air and room in case any one should be attacked by fever. We went round the forest and selected nopanie poles, which Watson with a gang of Matabele cut down, while Jewell and I saw to the digging of the holes to insert them; and in a few days we had the satisfaction of seeing the walls in frame, the gables and ridge-poles, and some of the principal rafters, in place—not forgetting a tall, straight pole in an open space in front, from which the Union Jack floated daily."



CROSSING A SOUTH AFRICAN RIVER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MASHONAS.

“WHILE we were thus at work one morning, we heard heavy guns at a distance, and our friends Molony and Leask arrived on horseback about noon. We went to greet them, but all our cheerful hopes were dashed, as by a thunder-stroke, by the news that not less than seven of their party were dead of a fever, and nearly all were more or less affected—Molony himself being ill, and Leask almost the only one in tolerable health. Mr. George

Wood had lost his wife and his child ; Mr. Jebbe, a talented German explorer, was dead, having previously, in his delirium, destroyed his papers. Mr. McDonald, Toris (a half-caste waggon-driver), and poor Willie Hartley—a gallant young hunter, who bade fair to rival the fame of his well-known father—had also succumbed.

“ They invited me to visit their camp, nine or ten miles to the south-east, and next morning I set out on foot, Mr. Wood kindly sending a horse to meet me. It was a sorrowful sight to witness the weakness, both of body and mind, left by the fever among so many dashing hunters, whom I had known but a few months before in the full pride of health and strength, ready for chase or battle with any beast, no matter how fierce, how swift or cunning. It was almost impossible for me to gather the details of the fatal season with anything like correctness, because their memory had been so disturbed that they could not give me a consecutive account, and of course I did not like to press them on so painful a subject.

“ George Wood returned with me next day to Hartley’s Hill, and all the waggons were afterwards brought on, crossing the Simbo River and camping at Constitution Hill, about a mile north of us—the latter name being because Mr. Leask, who gained the brevet rank of doctor, made the invalids walk to the hill once a day. Those who could rode out now and then, and began to shoot game as they gained strength ; but we subsequently

heard that Mr. McGillewie, with Jennings' party, and Mr. Saunders, remained ill for a long time.

“Jewell and I took my waggon, and one belonging to poor Willie, and went south-east, crossing the Zinlundasi, and the sources of Umzweswie, Umgesi, and Umnyati Rivers, and then passing over the watershed, 4,700 feet high, as nearly as I remember, or perhaps 4,470. On the way we enjoyed a fine view of the mountain called Inthaba-wahella, and the plains beyond and below us. Then descending by small spruits, running to the Saabi or Sabea River, we crossed the Kitoro, also one of its tributaries; and winding among granite hills, with Mashona villages perched on them in almost inaccessible situations, where they had been placed for fear of the Matabele, we came to the village of Umtigesi, whence men came out to guide us to the plateau about half-way up the hill. We outspanned not very far from the grass and pole house formerly occupied by George Wood. The people came readily and unsuspectingly out to meet us from all the villages; but had Matabele been seen not accompanying English waggons, they would have run like the coveys of their own hills to securest shelter.

“We could not open the market for a long time because Mr. Wood had bought largely, and having satisfied their present demands for beads, they had enhanced the price; and it was not until evening that I bought the chief's goats for supper, thereby fixing the price and opening the traffic.

“I got a good observation at night, and I think the latitude was $18^{\circ} 47'$. The next day was a busy one; large crowds came with corn, but goods were sparingly bought, and pack oxen only promised. Umtigasi came himself, and generally sat with me to see that his people kept order, while Jewell and the people purchased corn; but sometimes the chief would mount on the waggon-seat, and, flourishing a sjambok over his unruly followers, drive the idle and disorderly to a distance.

“The Mashona men wear their hair long, just as you see it on the old Egyptian monuments. They tie little tufts of their crisp wool up in bandages of red bark, till they look like the cockscombs of our own clowns; each of these tufts they saturate with the oil of the ground-nut or Mashambana, till they force the ringlets to a length of nine or ten inches, or even a foot. These are parted in the middle, put back over the ears, and confined by a snood, giving an effeminate look to the features. Grease and charcoal are liberally applied, and the dandies carry a small pillow (or rather a three or four-legged stool), on which, when they sleep, they lay their necks to keep their well-oiled heads high off the ground. They remind me very much of the Damaras on the West Coast, only that the Damaras use red clay instead of charcoal.

“The Mashonas are clever smiths. They seem to keep a supply of smelted iron at the mountain Wahella, already mentioned (which is also called Coedza, the giraffe). This they bring to their smithy, and, raising a

sufficient heat in a charcoal fire by means of a clever pair of goat-skin bellows, the smith picks the metal out with a green withy, and, laying it down on a flat stone, makes his 'hammerman' deliver heavy blows with another stone, weighing, perhaps, 50 lbs., and then he follows up his work with an iron hammer of 3 lbs. to 6 lbs. *with a handle*—a most unusual thing among savages. Hoes, axes, assegais, barbed and bearded in the most cruelly ingenious manner, arrow-heads, and keys for musical instruments, as well as walking-sticks, rings, beads, and personal ornaments, are made very neatly. Wire is drawn by forcing the small end of a bar into a hole formed by two grooves made in the faces of two blocks of iron, placed face to face in a hole in a stout tree, and wedged closely into contact. A lever is used to draw the iron through, and the blocks are then wedged more and more closely to reduce it, and when necessary blocks with smaller grooves are substituted.

“Their cassansas, or musical instruments, consisting of a number of iron springs arranged on a hollow key-board as big as a quarto volume, and tinkled with the thumb-nails, are very ingenious and well arranged. They have a regular scale; I can play part of 'God Save the Queen' on them, but cannot get through the whole of it. They have various recognised tunes, which are very popular, and I have known Portuguese on the Zambesi who can play them most melodiously. The sound is increased by enclosing the key-board in a

calabash hung round with loose discs of shell, which jingle slightly.

“The Mashona pack oxen are trained to carry burdens laid upon their backs without being girthed. When they are offered for sale, a huge sack of Mashambana nuts, like a great mattress, bulky but light, is laid on them, and they are required, without being led, to walk up to the purchaser without throwing the pack off.

“We returned to Hartley’s Hill, where we found Watson had shot a crocodile—a very bold act, as the Matabele suspect that a man doing so intends to use the liver for witchcraft against the lives of his neighbours. I had great difficulty in persuading the Kaffirs to haul it ashore, though I went into the water myself to make the line fast. Jewell and I travelled twenty-two miles down the Umvuli to the north-west, where I shot a waterbok and wild pig, and we saw some ‘sea-cows,’ but they were so wild we could not approach them. We saw several reefs and old workings, and ruins of Mashona villages. Some of these I named ‘Waterbok Reef,’ ‘Jewell Reef,’ and ‘Mackenzie Reef.’

“Mr. Hartley arrived at our house some time after, and was greatly affected on hearing of the loss of his son. I was also much disappointed at finding that our mineralogist (Mr. Nelson) had not returned, and that I should have to take upon myself his work without his skill to qualify me for it.

“Mr. Leask offered to guide us to Willie’s grave, and

we set out one morning, I having my sketch-book and Jewell his photographic camera; but we came across elephants' spoor on the way, and Mr. Hartley, sacrificing his private feelings to the welfare of his fellow-hunters, gave the word to follow. They took us eleven miles up the Umvuli, then crossed to the south, and passed within a mile of Willie's grave; it was a hard trial for the father to pass the spot where his dead son lay; but he pressed bravely on, and after twenty-five miles of travelling we caught sight of the elephants. Hartley shot two, and Molony, Leask, and Giffard one each. Subsequently we went out again and found the grave, about twelve miles E.S.E. of Hartley's Hill. After Mr. Hartley had been left a little space alone beside it, I made a sketch and Jewell photographed it. There was no stone there, and only a heap of bushes were laid over the mound, while the initials 'W. J. H., 19/5/71,' were cut on one of the trees above it. I am afraid that when a few years of grass fires shall have passed over the spot, there will be no sign of the brave young hunter's resting place.

"Afterwards Mr. Hartley took me about twenty miles N.N.W., to see the ruins of a Portuguese house he had found, and which had been inhabited forty or fifty years ago. We saw very extensive reefs and old workings; but next morning, while we were looking for the house, we came on elephants' spoor again, and turned away to track it presently; a piece of grass kicked forward

indicated the fact that the elephants had begun to run, so we galloped on through bush and brier in hot haste, but they had gone into the 'fly country,' and we dared not follow them. We saw more reefs and workings as we returned to camp.

"I spent several days in digging about three feet deep in our reef at Hartley's Hill, and with Mr. Hartley's assistance found several specks of gold in stones which I have preserved. Mr. Hartley also very kindly sent his head-man Inyoka and the same Mashona who had guided Herr Mauch, and showed me several other workings. Then Mr. George Wood arrived, and invited me to his camp, very near Maghoonda's village, where I was in 1869, and showed me where the Mashonas, no doubt incited by the inquiries I had then made, had resumed their ancient industry, and had commenced picking out quartz, laying it in piles with dry branches alternately and firing it; then, when sufficiently burned, crushing it on a stone with a round pebble, as the Hottentots grind coffee, or a painter does colours, and afterwards washing the grains of gold out. He gave me some of this in a quill which he had bought from them. I am preserving it as a valuable evidence; for if they with their imperfect means can get gold, what can we do with proper appliances? We also saw extensive reefs, both in going and returning.

"As Mr. Hartley had commenced his homeward-bound trip, I broke up our establishment and followed. We

shot a sea-cow on the Umgesi, and at Umnyati I cut a specimen of the bark of the baobab, which is said to be as good as quinine in cases of fever. I have sent it to Dr. J. D. Hooker, at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, to be tested. We went out again on the spoor of elephants, and came across the edge of the shales and slates; but I cannot say much about gold quartz, for we came in sight of a herd of about a hundred and fifty elephant cows and calves, and another of about forty bulls. It had been agreed that the whole herd should be driven till it was weary, and then the hunters should kill all they could; but the rule was soon broken. It was a magnificent sight. I had the pleasure of being in at the death of seven out of eight that were killed, and of being chased by one. Mr. Hartley's Mashona took me to some rich reefs and workings down the Bembesi and Sebaqui Rivers; but I shot a rhinoceros, a buffalo, and two pigs, and the people lived so well they made a conspiracy to go no farther, and concealed their knowledge of reefs farther on. However, I can find them for myself when I want them.

“At Inyati we were most hospitably received by the Revs. Sykes and Thompson, and their wives—the latter had actually grown a crop of English wheat during his first year's mission. He accompanied us to the king's village. Mr. Hartley and I went to see the spot he had chosen for a mission station, to be called Hope Fountain. I am happy to say my agent, Mr. Lee, was mainly

instrumental in procuring the grant of it from the king, who now, for the first time, has the principles of a Christian mission society explained to him.

“The king has made me an official visit, and I showed him a bag of quartz, pulling out a single piece in which a speck of gold was visible. Mr. Lee explained how little gold there was to so much stone, and how great was the labour of extracting it.

“Mr. Lee asked if he were fully satisfied with the manner in which I had acted on the privilege he had given me, and he said yes, he was perfectly satisfied, and would not withdraw his favour till I should myself do something wrong to forfeit it; in fact, Mr. Lee assured me that, so far as the king’s favour was concerned, I was perfectly safe.”

This, in his own words, is Baines’ account of his work in Matabeleland.

