

# Sketches in Mafeking & East Africa

By  
Major-General  
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**SKETCHES IN MAFEKING**  
AND  
**EAST AFRICA**

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ZAMBESI GORGE BELOW VICTORIA FALLS

SKETCHES IN MAFEKING & EAST AFRICA

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SKETCHES IN MAFEKING

AND

EAST AFRICA

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL R.S.S. BADEN-POWELL

C.B., F.R.G.S.

LONDON

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## ASTERISKS

I READ somewhere the other day of the 'beauty of asterisks.' The beauty of asterisks is that they bridge over any difficulty of composition in story-telling. Thus, if in writing your story you get into a complicated love-scene which you don't know how to finish, you have merely to put a line of asterisks and begin your next phrase with some such words as, 'Years passed. Our hero, now ranching as a cowboy in the West,' etc., etc.

On a similar principle - though not so much to save myself trouble as to spare the reader an unnecessary amount of detail - I propose to use asterisks to a rather large extent in the following notes, where they may be understood to take the place of such remarks as, 'On Monday, 26th, I had breakfast at eight, and besides bacon and eggs had some excellent marmalade,' etc.

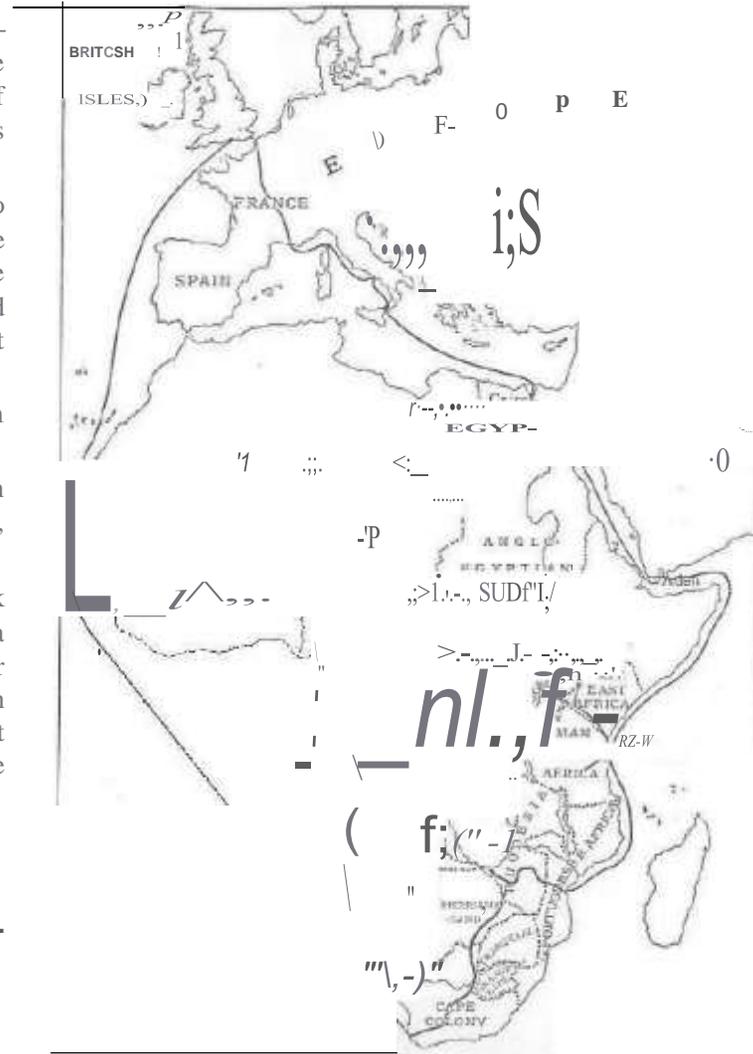
These notes are really extracts from diaries, from letters, and from sketch-books strung together with asterisks in place of unnecessary verbiage.

They are merely scraps and impressions gathered by the way in an ordinary, unimportant little trip of three months round South Africa, Rhodesia, and East Africa.

Anyone wishing for real information on these regions should seek elsewhere for it. I merely put forth such minor points as occurred to me as a globe-trotter. Their perusal may (or may not) give the reader some better knowledge of Colonial geography; and if it should add a trifle of interest in his fellow subjects across the sea, or tempt him to try the trip for himself, it would be a greater reward than I deserve for venturing to publish these sketches.

\* \* \* \* \*

R. S. S. B.-P.



KO:TTI: TO WHICH THESE SKETCHES ARE REFERRED

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I

SOUTH AFRICA

AT SEA

OUR great grey, red-funnelled leviathan is pushing southward.

\* \* \* \* \*

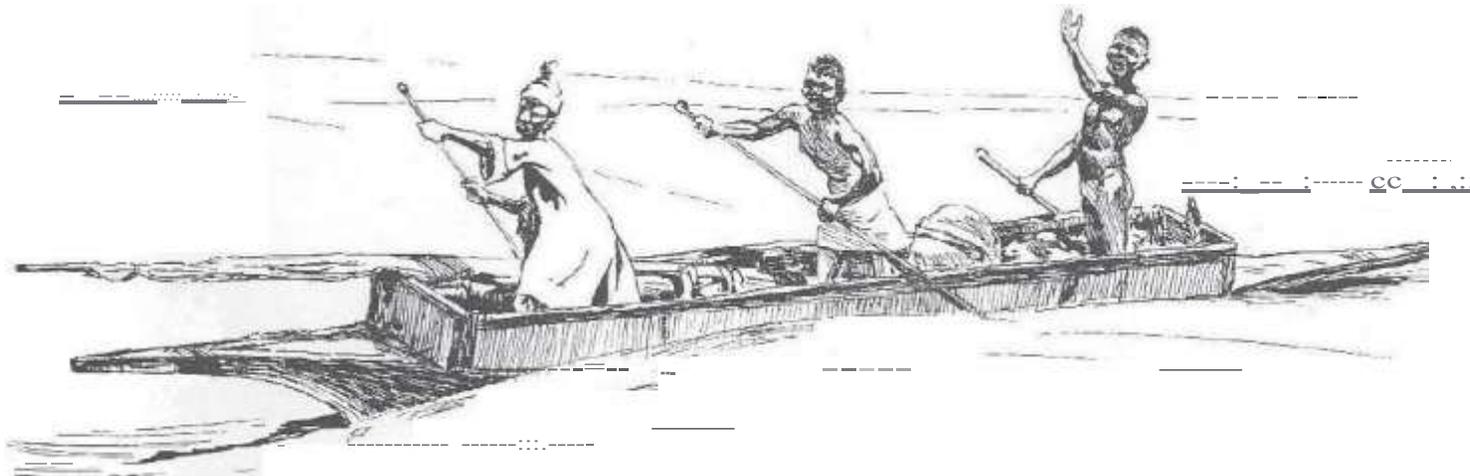
The first black men that we see are those strong, bronze-modelled Krooboyes fishing in their canoes off Cape de Verde, the western point of Africa.

Fine fellows they look, and stout-hearted they should be, floating by there in their crazy craft among the heaving, oily, grey swells of

the ocean, out of sight ofland; but-don't we know them? Bodies of giants with hearts of mice.

The sight of them, the smell of them, the sound of their song, carries one back to the West Coast there beyond the haze, behind the creeping malarial 'smokes.'

\* \* \* \* \*



KROOBOYES OFF CAPE DE VERDE

Sun-baked, historical Cape Coast Castle fronting the roaring surf;  
and its memories.

\* \* \* \* \*

The forest beyond - the beautiful, cool, alluring, deep, dark,  
weird, squelchy, never-ending, imprisoning, maddening, damnable  
forest.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the dead friends haunting it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back to the sunlight and the crash of the shingly beach, and the  
breezy green rollers and the song of the surf-boat men; that sweet,  
weird, deep-throated chant, with its haunting, pathetic refrain that  
makes you lean on the rail and gaze - and gaze.

\* \* \* \* \*

'What ho! We are waiting for you to pull yollIT heat in the Turtle  
TollTnament.'

\* \* \* \* \*

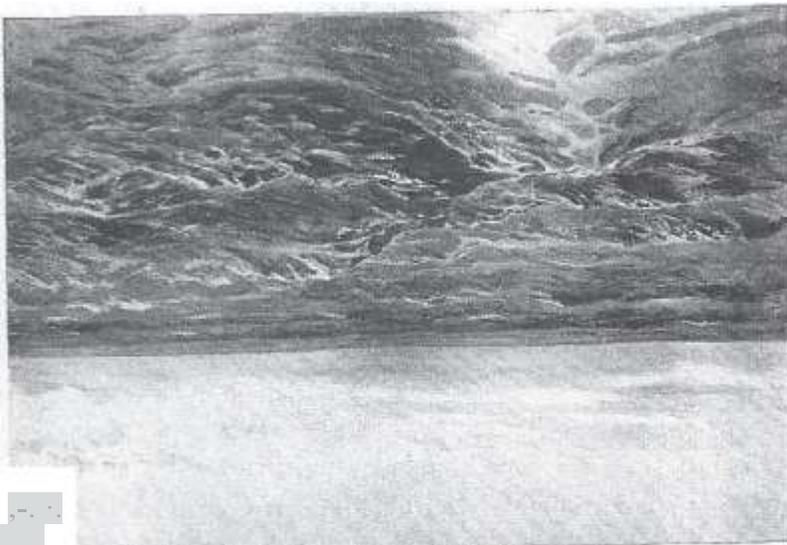
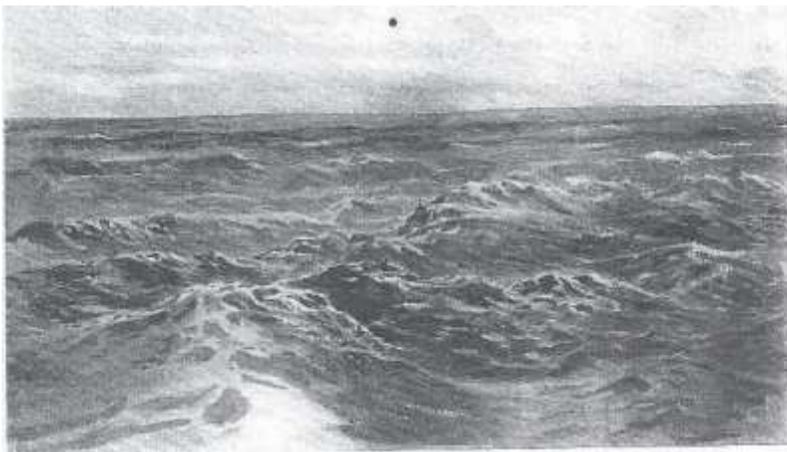
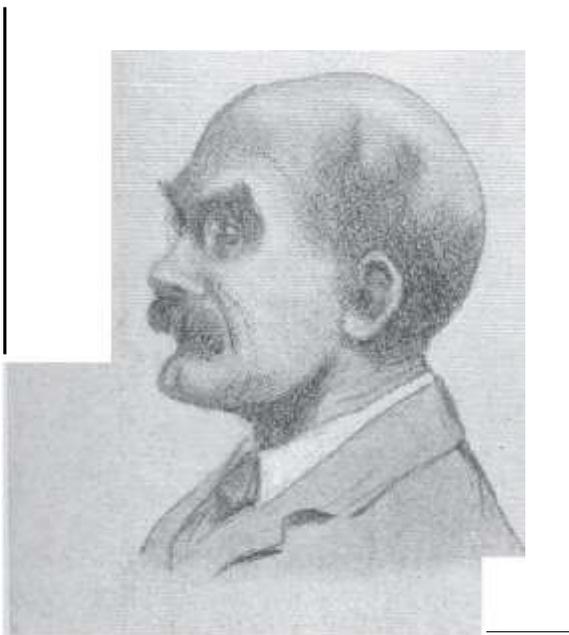


TUG OF WAR ON BOARD SHIP

The only interest about this attempt at a sketch of the sea is that Rudyard Kipling, looking at it the wrong way up, got a false idea of its intention, which he promptly set down (on the lid of a match-box that he happened to have in his hand) in the following lines:-

This is the ocean bright and blue  
That *the Armadale Castle* plowtered through,  
But if you tum it the other way  
It's the lonely veldt on a cloudy day,  
That is if you hold it upside down  
It's the gathering storm on the desert brown;  
And very seldom since Art begun  
Could you get two pictures by drawing one.

\* \* \* \* \*

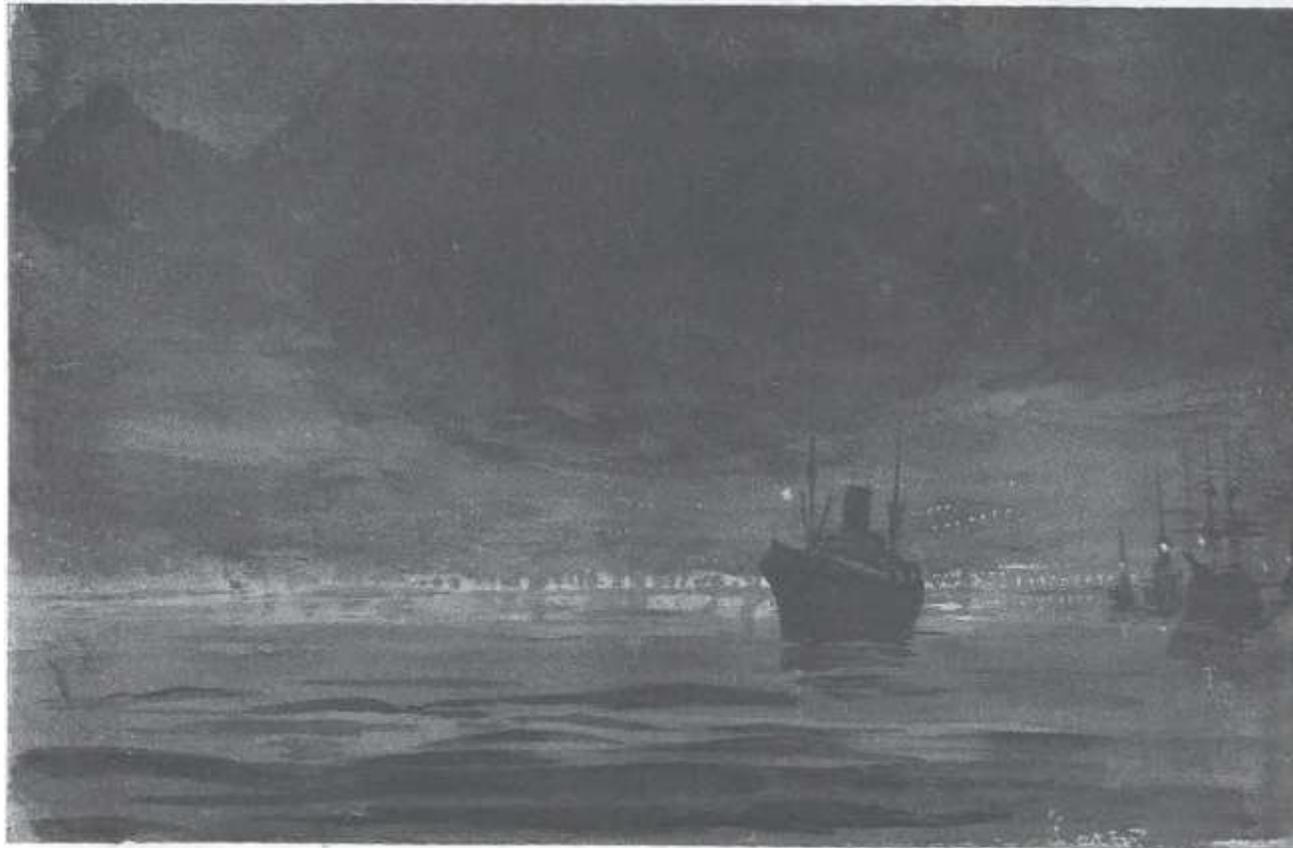


The Southern Cross is a very particular friend of mine. He has seen me through a heap of trouble. I am grateful to him, and am always mighty glad to see him again.

Seeing that a hymn had been written to the Southern Cross in 'Ironbark Chips' by G. Herbert Gibson, I looked it up, and found an

able lecture on the subject as well as the ode. The following extracts give an idea of that writer's view of the Cross:-

'We wrote the following paper intending to read it before Royal Australian Astronomical Society. We are now told there isn't any such society, and that it wouldn't listen to us if there were, so we put it in here:-



ARRIVAL i\T C\PI: TOW\''

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

'We have a solemn duty to perform ... We do not wish to be unnecessarily severe or harsh: we merely desire, calmly and dispassionately, to enter our mild and temperate protest against the exaggerated panegyrics, the hysterical hyperbole, the lurid imbecility which it has been the fashion, since the days of Columbus, to write and circulate about that overrated constellation, that celestial "Ally Sloper," that astral impostor - the Southern Cross.'

' "You arch sidereal hypocrite!  
 You patent stellar fraud!  
 What *can* they see in you to so  
 Extravagantly laud?" '

\* \* \* \* \*

I suppose he *is* a bit disappointing to anyone seeing him for the first time; but he is a very useful and reliable constellation.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning before daybreak we awake to find, in place of the accustomed swish and breeze of the rolling ocean, an unnatural stillness in the ship. Occasional footfalls on the deck echo sharp and loud, and the only regular sound is the trickle of waste water over the side from the silent engines.

Outside all is dark; but away over the water is the glow of a long line of electric lights, and high in the sky above them, dimly outlined against the stars, is the dark, flat-topped bulk of Table Mountain.

It is Cape Town. Our voyage is ended.

CAPE COLONY: SIZE- Co...1pAR1W WJTH THAT OF UNITED KINCD01[

Uo;<cd K;ngdom  m,370 sqna" m;I

Cap, Colony  m, = sqna« mH

UP COUNTRY BY TRAIN

THEN the rackety train. The bright moonlight, with the peaks and mountains delicately silhouetted in the opal haze beneath it as we clamber through the Hex River Pass up on to the main plateau of Africa. And overhead the stars of Orion's Belt and the Southern Cross gleam out of the deep, soft sky - standing out from it in perspective as if quite near. Even the Dutch family in the next compartment sit up half the night watching the wonderful scene.

I am now writing in the glorious dawn that seems peculiar to the 'Karoo' desert. The whole atmosphere is so clean and clear. Away across the endless waste of stones and scrub the distant mountains stand clean-cut in the most delicate of tints. Not a tree nor sign of life except once a family of Hottentots in a bush-built bivouac, and further on a solitary white tramp, plodding with his billy and his bundle on his back along the sunny, shadeless railway track towards the goldfields.

The sweet scent of the dew and the twittering song of the morning lark are but little things; still they give the finishing touch that makes one realise one is 'Back to the veldt again!' They have broken the spell, and the dream that we were in England is dissipated. I don't believe that such a thing as London or a tall hat exists in reality

\* \* \* \* \*

It grew warmer as the day came on, till it was fairly hot. Then a little cloud appeared in the sky, looking for a friend. He did not have to wait long; they popped up from all directions, until in a short time the heavens were overcast with them. From sultry stillness the hot wind breathed, then blew, till suddenly we were in the midst of a burst of warm rain-showers like the tears of a passionate child.



TRAMP ON THE RAILWAY, IN SOUTH AFRICA.



J[AL,TIRS BBCL:INC 1"1(0M THE TRAIN IN A 'HOWLINC WILDEWVF.SS'

And then our Karoo became what is very aptly described as a 'howling wilderness' - a racing dust-fog blots out all view beyond a few yards distant, and is accompanied by a screaming wind. Even the Kaffir boys running alongside the train for cigarette-ends give way to the blinding cloud. A sandy grime at once covers all your possessions; closed windows may remedy this, but at the risk of stifling you with heat. The flies become unpleasantly tame and familiar - and what started out to be a lovely day can only now be described as the Duke of Cambridge once described the modern development of the old right-wheel of companies - beastly.

\* \* \* \* \*

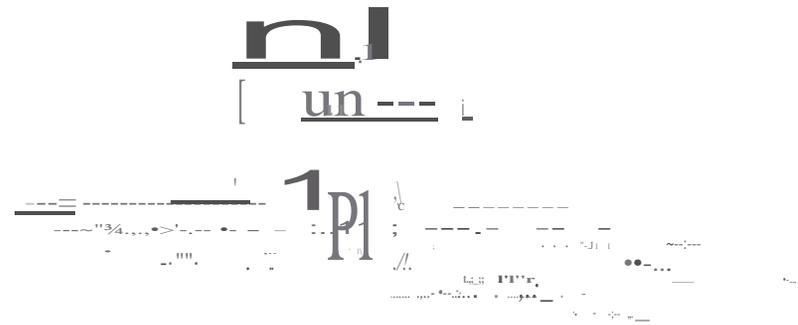
The countries as we travel through them seem to wear their late national colours in nature.

The 'Karoo' desert, belonging to the British Cape Colony, wears the red, white, and blue of the Union Jack in its red stone koppies, its distant blue mountains, and its white bleached scrub and sandy wastes.

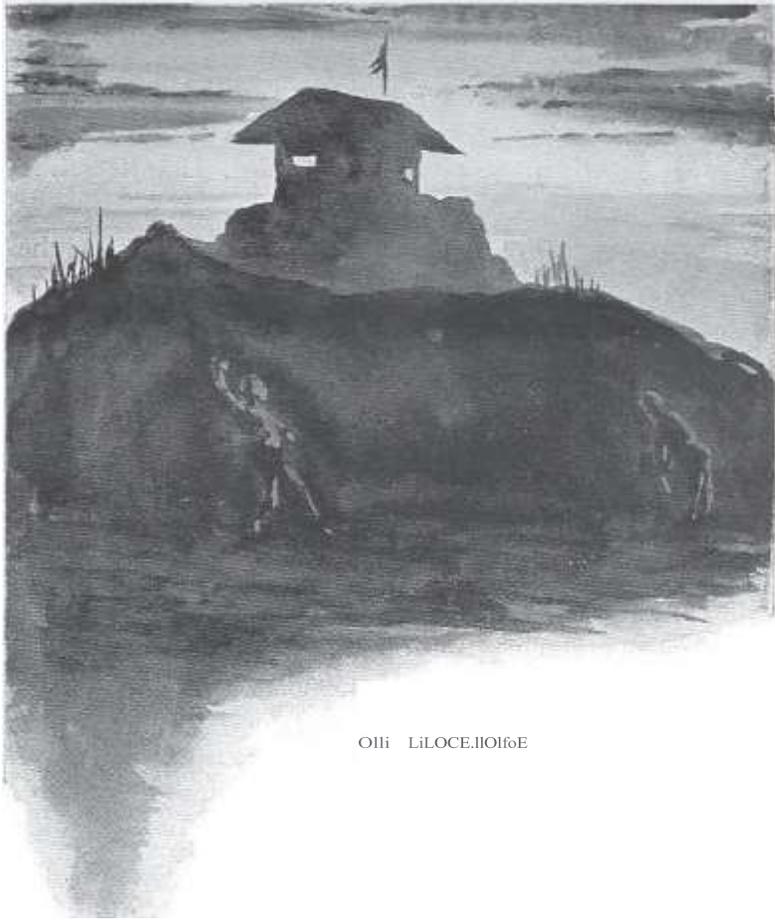
As you come into the Orange River Colony, under the yellow and white flag, the endless veldt with its stunted grass and dusty soil looks yellow and white; and a total change of colour comes as you cross the Vaal River and get on to the waving green grass downs of the Transvaal, to match the green flag of the country.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is more than interesting to see again in peace the spots which bring so many memories of war. To a traveller visiting the land for the first time the little signs which catch the eye mean nothing. But to those who know, the earthen mounds along the line mark the foundations of blockhouses since removed; here and there parts of the wire entanglement still stand with their old meat-tins hanging to ring the alarm when stumbled on at night; a broken girder in the



GRAVE WITH CROSS :HHADE OR DOORS 01' R.\,ILW,\V CARRIAGRS



Olli LILOCE.IIOI&E

spruit shows where a culvert had been destroyed; hundreds of blackened rusted tins at one spot show where at one time you might have waded ankle deep in jam when De Wet blew up a supply train; and in this hollow one can in memory see again the wrecked hospital

train, and the grave close by with its cross extemporised out of two compartment doors taken from the train.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now and again we come on a blockhouse standing intact, and one of these not only had its wire fence round it, but two figures were wearily playing cricket within the enclosure. Could it be that these two men have inadvertently been overlooked and left behind on the withdrawal of the troops? Perhaps they still keep watch at night, and do not know the war is over!

A case of the kind occurred in Canea, where, upon occupation of the place by our troops, a Turkish officer was found in charge of a guard where he had been posted fifteen years before, and had been forgotten. His relief had never come.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ot,ANC!! RI\F.R Cor.OKV: COi\II'\RATIVE SFF.

United Kingdom  
121,370 square miles



Orange River Colony  
50,000 square miles



\* \* \* \* \*

We are now on the open grass veldt of the Orange River Colony.

Sitting as I now am at the open window of the luxurious dining-car, with its clean napkins and glass and its bill of fare, and politest of English attendants, it is difficult to realise that not so long ago we came banging and bumping along over the same old line in a grimy, smelling mule-train, when we hadn't bathed for a week. Even now temporary slowing up makes one instinctively think, 'Boers on the line!' We can hear again the signal whistles, the 'gawh-garrh guggarrh' of the buzzer reporting matters over the wires. Then a distant rumble, which develops into the clank and rattle of iron as the heavy

armoured train comes sliding past us to the front, in an oily, businesslike fashion, that makes it seem a cross between a torpedo-boat and a policeman. You can almost hear the rattle of the tin plates as the crew put away their tea things ready for the fight. (They did themselves well on the armoured trains, and seemed always to be at tea when they passed us!)

\* \* \* \* \*

The railway passes not far from Boomplatz, where in 1848 General Sir Harry Smith defeated the Boers and annexed the Orange Free State for the first time.

He was a fine soldier and a grand administrator, being beloved by both Boers and natives, yet this was after he had hanged a Boer named Dreyer as a rebel, and personally threatened to hang Adam Kok, the President, if he did not change his tone; and he also shot a native chief, Hintza, but was in consequence recalled home by those who supposed they could judge his actions better at a distance. The men on the spot, *i.e.* both Boers and natives, who ought to have condemned him if anyone did, showed every kind of regret at his departure.

His brave deeds in America, the Peninsula, in India, at Waterloo and in South Africa should be read by every British boy. They make one feel very degenerate.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was interesting some few years ago to meet Sir R. Southey, who actually served with Sir Harry Smith; and I met his son the other day at Middelburg, who also remembers meeting and talking with the great general. Also I met, when travelling down Mashonaland, the paymaster of the line, whose father was aide-de-camp to Sir Harry Smith, and he recounted an episode in which his father figured, when several young officers agreed after mess to ride a moonlight steeplechase, not merely in their nightshirts, as that had been done before, but with nothing on at all. Their steeplechase led

them far afield; the dawn was early in breaking; Sir Harry Smith and his wife were early risers, and in their morning ride they met the cavalcade of young officers returning. These promptly dispersed into concealment, but not before the General had recognised his aide-de-camp among them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The battle of Boomplatz had its little lesson for scouts. The British force was moving across the open plain, on which were a few low hills to its right front.

A herd of buck, startled by the approach of the column, cantered off towards these hills, but on reaching them suddenly turned and came tearing back as hard as they could. This made Sir Harry suspicious, and he sent out scouts to investigate. These found the main force of the enemy lying hid there as an ambush. The buck had upset the Boers' calculations, which the British proceeded still further to do by smashing them up and annexing the country.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Imperial South African Association's (66 Victoria Street) scheme for settling farmers on the land in counties as far as possible - on most advantageous terms, is a patriotic move. They help an intending settler and his family to get out to one of their farms. He then has a year's training on the farm under an instructor, and at the end has the option of taking that farm, about 1,500 acres, or another at !. per acre, which he gradually pays off in thirty years. The farm has buildings, fences and water, seed, stock, and tools, for which the buyer pays at a low rate. Apparently all that the settler has to do is to show that he has a good character and a capital of at least 500!. He deposits 25!. on joining as earnest money, which is refunded to him at the end of his year of training. Otherwise he only has to pay his going out, 15!. He gets his board and lodging free during his year if he works satisfactorily. After his year, if he elects to take the farm, he gets clear of the Association and deals direct with the Government



Sketch of a woman and two men standing near a sign that reads 'SACVILLE'.

of the Orange River Colony.

We cross the muddy old Vaal at Vereeniging (where the peace was signed), and the new line then takes us direct to Johannesburg, through the country where every yard has its tale of fighting, including the finale of the Jameson Raid.

At Roodepoort still stands - and it would take an earthquake to move it - the old Constabulary Fort which defied the attempts of the Boers. When they could not gain it by force they attempted it by ruse. They tried to approach it in the guise of a British force dressed in khaki and moving in 'column of troops' with officers out in front. But though there was green on the hats of the S.A.C., there was little of it in their eye, and the Boers got nothing better than a rush of vicious bullets for their pains.

\* \* \* \* \*

TRANSVAAL: COMPARATIVE SIZE

United Kingdom  93,370 square miles

Transvaal  1,177,730 square miles

\* \* \* \* \*

Down the line from Germiston to Pretoria we pass again over old fighting ground.

At uurfontein Station a little graveyard, already much grown up with trees, stands close beside the platform as a memento of the attack on this small post.

At dawn in our camp, some four miles off, we got a telephone report that the enemy in force were attacking the station then held by a detachment of Militia just out from England: 'Would we kindly help, as the enemy had already captured one of their defence-works?' The Boers had captured it with their usual astuteness. At early dawn a British patrol had ridden out from the

station as was its wont, to see that the neighbouring woods were all clear as usual. The woods were not so clear, and the men of the patrol only realised this when they found themselves exchanging clothes with a party of Boers, who, leaving them well guarded, mounted their horses, and thus disguised as Britishers, rode back in a leisurely fashion to the station, in through the gate in the wire entanglement, past the sentry and into the nearest work. Here there was a

slight scuffle; and a few shots were the first warning to the rest of the garrison that something was wrong. Hence their telephone message to us.



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But they soon remedied matters themselves, as a young officer, followed by his bold Militia lads, left the work which they were defending and rushed the invaders; these mounted their horses and fled, leaving one of their number dead inside the fort and three more

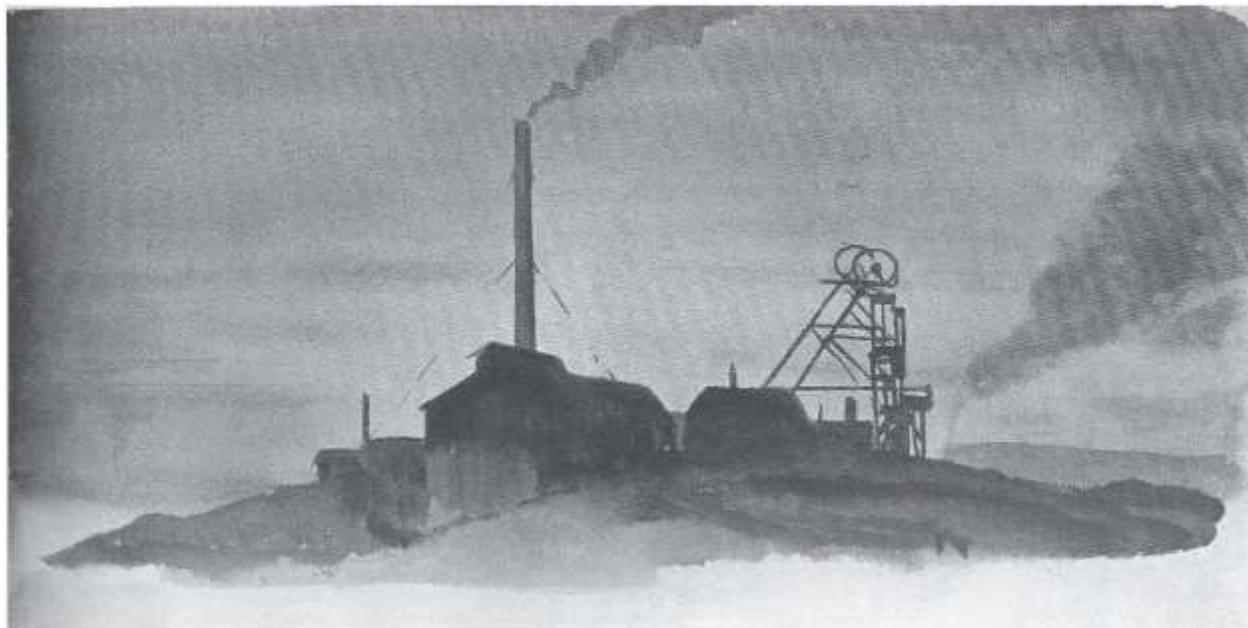


### JOHANNESBURG

FROM journeying over the oceans of grass veldt one suddenly runs into a region of tall chimneys, high staging with wheels and winding-gear, great refuse heaps, houses, tanks, and plantations which extend in a long narrow line for about eighty miles, and constitute the 'Randt.' In the centre of this one arrives at the city of Johannesburg, a collection of tin bungalows and eight-storied buildings all tawny red with dust.

The people one sees on the platform alone are sufficient evidence as to the cosmopolitan nature of Johannesburg: Jews and Gennans, ulus and Chinese, Kaffirs and Christians all mixing together on equal terms.

To anyone accustomed of old to Johannesburg this is not so wonderful, except for the new feature of Chinamen among the crowd. Their presence is accounted for when one hears of the numbers available for labour in the country, and the number still required. Thus, in agricultural work 52,000 are wanted, where only 28,000 are available; on the railways 40,000 are wanted, and 16,000 only are at work; in the mines they could do with 130,000, but until the Chinese came they had only half that number. And though 50,000 Chinese are now at work, more are still wanted in other branches besides the mines. The average English unskilled labourer is not worth the extra expense of his housing, hire, and hospital - especially hospital, for mining is not healthy for white men on the Rand.



JGHAX \ t-s.lmlm

On the other hand, the average Chinese has many good points. It is true that there have been outbreaks among them, but every flock has its black sheep, and the danger to whites was worse in the old days when the Kaffirs had faction fights in the mine compounds. Dr. Sauer, who was the official medical officer for coroner's inquests under the Boer *regime*, states that he took as much as £400 in one day in fees for viewing bodies of natives killed in these rows.

The want of labour is not merely felt by the companies owning gold and coal mines, but falls very heavily on the farmers and

settlers, who need farm hands; and it has handicapped the railways, which need development to cheapen the cost of living. Both classes are now being outbid by the mines, which are obliged to compete with them for the limited amount of native labour that is available, since they cannot get more Chinese labour.

In East Africa our neighbours, the Gennans, also find the difficulty of getting adequate labour on the spot, and their military forces are recruited all the way from New Guinea, while they are importing Chinese for their railway and other works.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Just a bit of luck that I kept my old tall hat by me.  
Who would have thought of Royalty coming here?'



**THE CHINESE ON THE RAND**

YOU all know in England how the Chinese are used at Johannesburg, but it was interesting actually to see it on the spot.

One couldn't get much out of the Chinese themselves because, for one thing, they talk a silly language that isn't English, and for another, they wear faces like masks, which give absolutely no

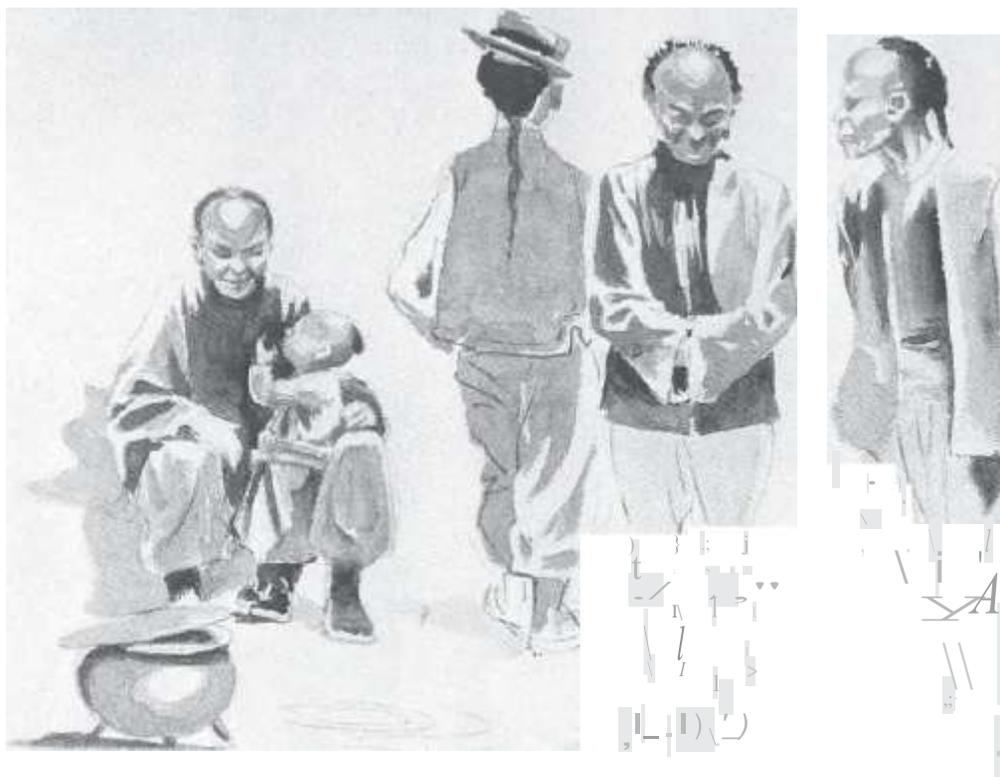
indication of what they may be thinking or feeling. Their mask is one of universal type and, as far as it shows anything at all, it would rather lead you to suppose they were pretty contented. Occasionally their faces light up and smile, that is when they are playing with their children. I defy anyone, whether Chinese or English, not to smile at these delightful little people.



MIXED LOT AT JOHANNESBURG STATION

Their service is much on a par with that of the British soldier, since they are enlisted (at their own request) for a certain term, and housed and paid, and repatriated at the end of their period of engagement. But they are not so badly off as the soldier, because they are not so strictly disciplined, and they are not liable to work at

all hours of the day or night, but have certain fixed hours of labour. And they are still able to call their souls their own because they are not, like some workmen, the slaves of trade unions. Theirs is a form of slavery that is not a bad one to go in for.



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**BOER OPINIONS.**

I SAW again, with pleasure, on this last trip, many of my old friends among the Boers, and we compared war-notes with mutual interest.

I have always had a feeling of sympathy with the Boers, and when I was on a joint Commission of Boer and British delegates to Swaziland in 1889, I got to know and understand them, and to recognise the many sterling qualities which, especially among the older generation, they possess. But I don't pretend to be blind to the fact that many of their standards are different to our own; it does not do to invariably believe all that they say, nor do they expect it of you unless they have a poor opinion of your intelligence.

A very good sign of the times is that to which Lord Selbome has lately drawn attention, namely, that their relations with the South African Constabulary in all parts of the country are particularly satisfactory.

And I think that when Mr. Carl Jeppe's new book comes to be properly studied it will do much to explain the Boer side of the question in the late war and to further develop among all fair-minded Englishmen a good feeling and respect for their new fellow-subjects.

\* \* \* \* \*



m.Jrns



CHIEFS IN STATE OF CIVILIZATION

Some of the native chiefs of the Bechuanaland Protectorate assembled at Mafeking to welcome the Duke of Connaught as they had also done on the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's coming there. But though loyal, and with interesting histories, they did not look an imposing lot, got up as they were in modern European dress.



CHAMBERLAIN INTERVIEWING BOERS

Mr. Chamberlain during his tour of South Africa very much impressed the Boers by the evident interest he took in them and their views. This sketch was made while he talked with a Boer family and, as usual, without intermediaries.

LAND SETTLEMENT IN TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

ENGLISH farmers settling even on good fanns, where they are among Boers, find these unpleasant neighbours.

Mr. Owen Thomas in his exhaustive book on 'Agricultural Prospects of South Africa,' gives the reason very clearly, in saying: 'Supposing we had been conquered by Germany and German farmers, and their families came and took to farming amongst us with the idea of gradually making us think and talk German - should we be very friendly with them?'

As Homer makes Achilles say: 'As there are not faithful leagues between lions and men, nor yet have wolves and sheep according minds, but even meditate evils against each other, so it is impossible

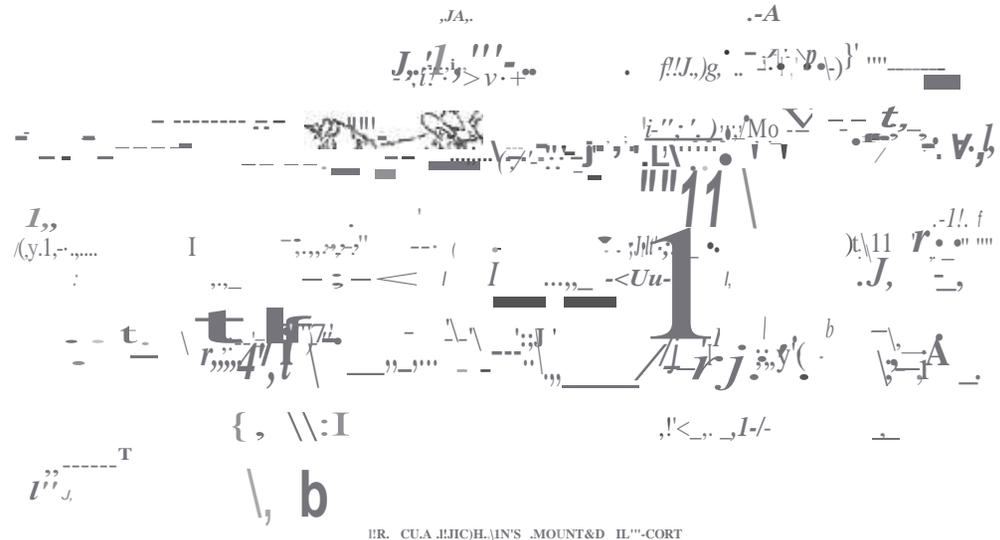
for me and thee to meditate friendship.' The only natural result is that English Fanners scattered among Boers eventually become Boer. Their vote in Parliament goes with the Boers.

A possible remedy is 'County' land settlements where in any case the British Boer will remain Imperial. Mr. Thomas fw1her suggests that we fill up the Eastern Province and Natal and Rhodesia with English, not the Transvaal, consolidate them to overrule rest of South Africa in one whole State, leaving the Boer no worse off, either to prosper if he agrees with his neighbours or to go down grade if he elects to differ with them, as he could not carry out evil against so consolidated a section of English surrounding him.

\* \* \* \* \*

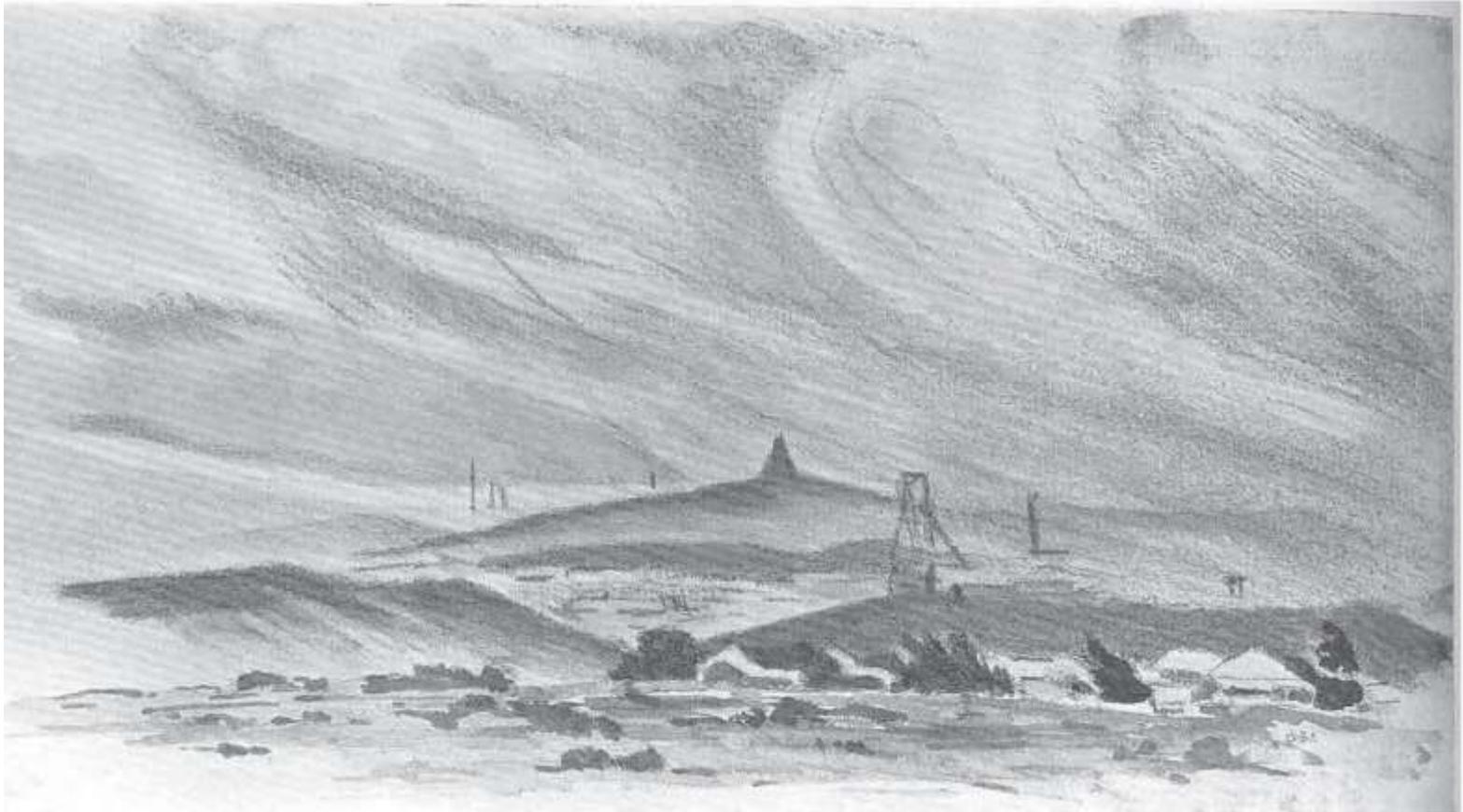
When Mr. Chamberlain, in trekking over the veldt, approached one of the larger towns a mounted cohort of citizens came out to meet him, and to escort him into the place. Unfortunately no regulations had been made

down about the pace of the procession, and it therefore arrived in the town some time before it had been expected.



**KIMBERLEY.**

PASS through Kimberley at any time of year and at any hour of day or night, and you will probably agree that it is well described as being the city of diamonds, dust, and warm hearts.



KJ MTIERLEY DUST STORM

## II

### MAFEKING

THE following notes regarding Mafeking will be found disappointing if it is expected that they are going to give a full account of the so-called siege. They are mainly merely explanatory of a jumble of sketches which I made while there. For information of the actual military operations you should read the War Office official account, or the ' "Times" History of the War,' or the more popular narratives of Mr. Angus Hamilton and Major F. Bailey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you ever met your early love in after-life?

To you there is still in her very much of the old charm to fascinate. It may be the quaint turn of the lip or toss of the head, and so on. But these points do not appeal to the cold eye of an outsider to the same degree; and if you proceed to dilate on these he is apt to get bored.

So it is with Mafeking.

On looking over my diary of this period of my trip I find that it refers so much to little details of the siege, which, though they bring it all back to *me*, would probably not appeal to an outsider except in a very small degree. However, in case anyone should care to wade through these, it may help their understanding if I give a very short recapitulation of the episode, together with a sketch-map of the place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mafeking is a very ordinary-looking place.

Just a small tin-roofed town of small houses in rectangular streets, plumped down upon the open veldt close to the Molopo stream, and

half a mile from the native town - better known as the 'stadt' - consisting of red-clay circular huts with thatched roofs, housing about seven thousand natives. All around is open, undulating, yellow grass prairie.

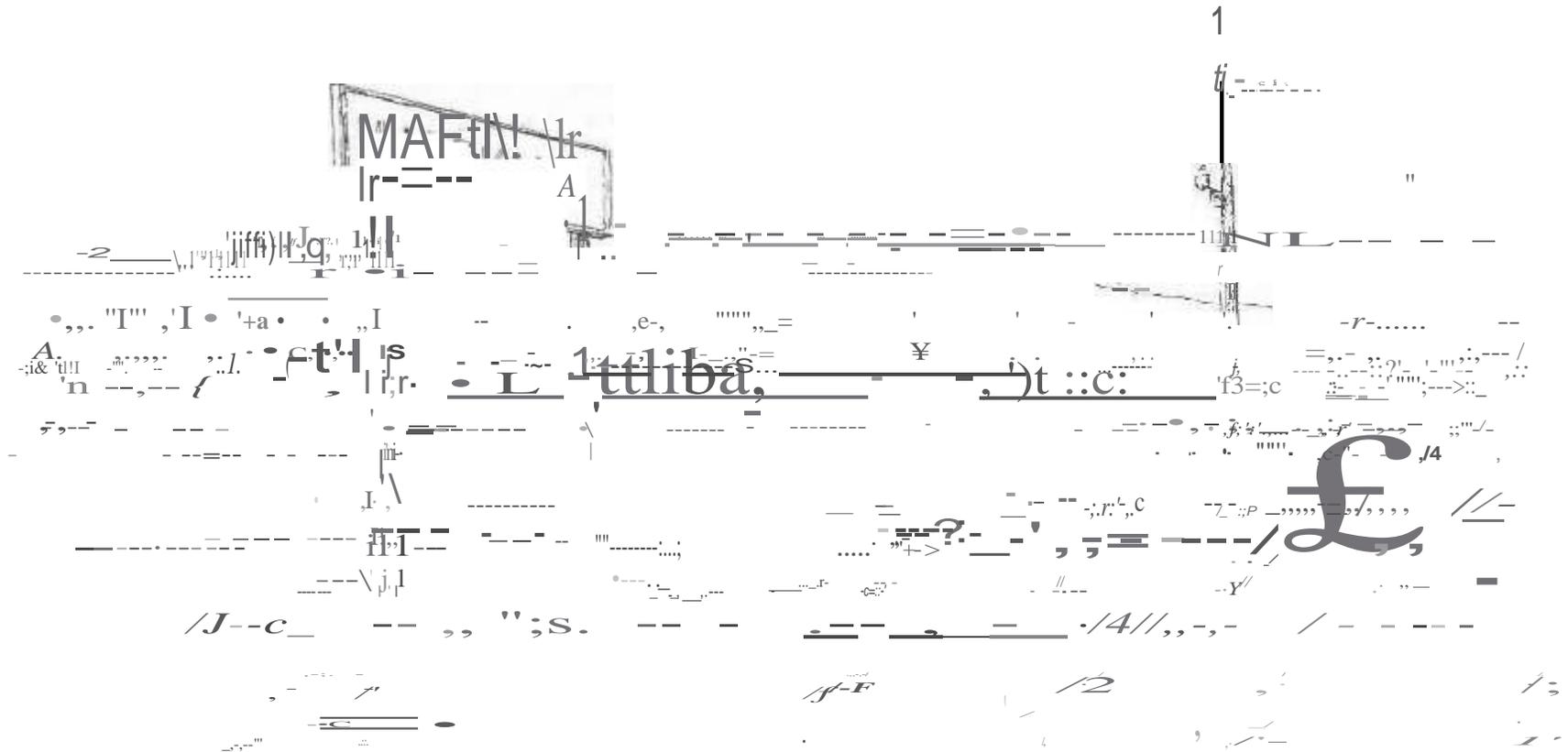
\* \* \* \* \*

It may be remembered that in 1899, two or three months before the war, we prepared a force on the North-West frontier of the Transvaal, to guard Rhodesia and Bechuanaland, and to draw the Boers away in that direction pending the arrival of British troops in South Africa when war broke out, and to maintain our prestige among the vast native tribes of the North and thus keep them quiet.

Half this force was placed under Colonel Plumer in Rhodesia, and the other half under Colonel Hore in Mafeking, with myself in general charge. On the outbreak of war we in Mafeking were surrounded by the Boers, while Plumer drove back their attempts against Rhodesia, and eventually pushed southward until he was able to co-operate with us in the neighbourhood of Mafeking.

The so-called siege has from various causes been given an exaggerated reputation, when it was in reality an investment - of rather a domestic kind at that.

At the same time the objects of our holding on in Mafeking have if anything been under-estimated. They are best stated in Creswick's 'South Africa and the Transvaal War,' where the author points out that on the outbreak of war there was a conspiracy between the Cape Dutch and the Federal Boers (of the Transvaal and Orange Free State), and the capture of certain towns was to be the signal for the joining of the allies to drive the British out of South Africa.



'M.\.FEKI"IG IS A V1".RY ORDINARI"\*.1.00KF"<G Ple\_CE'

'It was thought that the apparently insignificant village of Mafeking would be among the first to fall, and the conspirators congratulated themselves that, once the place went under, the door to Rhodesian would fly open.

'Cronje could then have gone North and defeated Plumer.'

Also 'the capture of Mafeking would have unhinged the natives, and would have forced them to side with the Boers.

'Disaffection would then have spread (among the Cape Colony Boers) even to Table Bay, had Cronje at the outset not kept tied to Mafeking.'

This statement was exactly corroborated by local information during my present trip. It is now in fact known that twenty thousand Boers were to rise in Cape Colony alone on the receipt of the news that Mafeking had fallen.

That Cronje, with some eight or nine thousand men, was so tied was however due, I think, not so much to our defence as to the unwillingness of the Boer to be shot in getting possession of a rotten little town which did not appeal to him. Kruger refused permission to Cronje to storm Mafeking if it were likely to cost more than fifty burghers. - 'Harper's Magazine,' May 1900, p. 827.

Captain Mahan writes, in his 'South African War,' p. 123: 'Mafeking very possibly was not 'in itself worth the lives of fifty burghers, but it was worth more if it was to be the means of detaining them before it to their exclusion from action elsewhere, which their numbers would have gone to make overpowering.

'It is an interesting commentary on Kruger's decision that there was ultimately a fruitless attack by the Boers which cost more than that presumed for the attack at the outset, which a competent general on the spot believed would be successful.'

He points out the danger of overruling the man on the spot by 'control exercised by an obstinate old man at a distant capital.'

Our own national history is not without examples of this same danger.

\* \* \* \* \*

After a few half-hearted attempts under Cronje the Boers sat down to shell us into submission, and in the whole of the remaining seven months they only made one real detennined attack, that under Eloff, which came late in the siege, when our defences were perfected, and when to come within their ring meant little chance of getting out again - as Eloff found to his cost.

Eventually, on May 17, 1900, Colonels Mahon and Plumer, who, after some fine marching and fighting, had joined hands outside Mafeking, successfully attacked the Boers and relieved the place.

The sketch-map gives a bird's-eye view of Mafeking and its defences and attacked positions.

From this it will be seen that we made a circle of small detached defence-works completely round the town and native stadt, which were held by our seven hundred enlisted men, while an inner ring round the town itself was manned by the three hundred townsmen. The perimeter of our outer line of defence was at fast over five miles, but we gradually pushed back the investing enemy at various points till it was extended to over eight miles - an absurdly large allowance for so small a force under ordinary circumstances, but one which we found necessary to keep the town out of close rifle range.

We acted as much as possible on the principle that 'aggression is the soul of defence,' and delivered kicks at the enemy whenever we could with our small numbers find opportunity; and these, together with various ruses for shaking the Boers' confidence in themselves, had the effect of toning down any ardour they may have had for attack.

But that it should have resulted successfully in the end was entirely due to the good spirit of the men and officers which was maintained throughout - and under pretty trying circumstances at times.

Cronje, who for the first month commanded the Boers against us, did us the honour afterwards to say that 'the garrison of Mafeking are not men, they are devils.'

#### STRENGTH OF THE 8.-P. FRONTIER FORCE.

September 11, 1899.

RHODESIA (Colonel Plumer): 91 officers, 1,989 men, 1,107 horses.

PROTECTORATE (Colonel Hore): 28 officers, 626 men, 651 horses.

TOTAL: 119 officers, 2,618 men, 1,758 horses.

SUMMARY OF THE SIEGE

*From the Hobart 'Mercury.'*

OCTOBER.

THE Boer Republics declared war on October 11, 1899.

The first shot fired by the Boers on the 13th, and they destroyed an armoured train at Kraipan Siding, near Vryburg, taking Lieutenant Nesbitt and thirteen men prisoners.

Kimberley was isolated on the 14th, and an engagement was fought outside Mafeking, the Boers being repulsed with heavy loss.

The defenders of Mafeking, on the 24th, made a successful night attack on the enemy's advanced trenches, getting in with the bayonet.

The Boers attempted an assault on Cannon Kopje, Mafeking, on the 31st. The south-east corner of the town was also attacked most gallantly, notwithstanding a hot shell fire. In both engagements the enemy lost heavily.

NOVEMBER.

The siege was continued, the enemy gradually closing their lines, and the besieged strengthening defences and making frequent sorties. Colonel Baden-Powell commenced the defence with about 700 irregular troops, the town containing about 7,500 natives, and 300 men, 600 women and children, white inhabitants. The attacking force varied from 8,000 to 3,000 men.

On the 7th instant, Commandant Cronje's son was killed while directing an assault on Mafeking.

Colonel Baden-Powell reported on the 22nd that the number of the enemy around Mafeking was decreasing, but that shelling still continued.

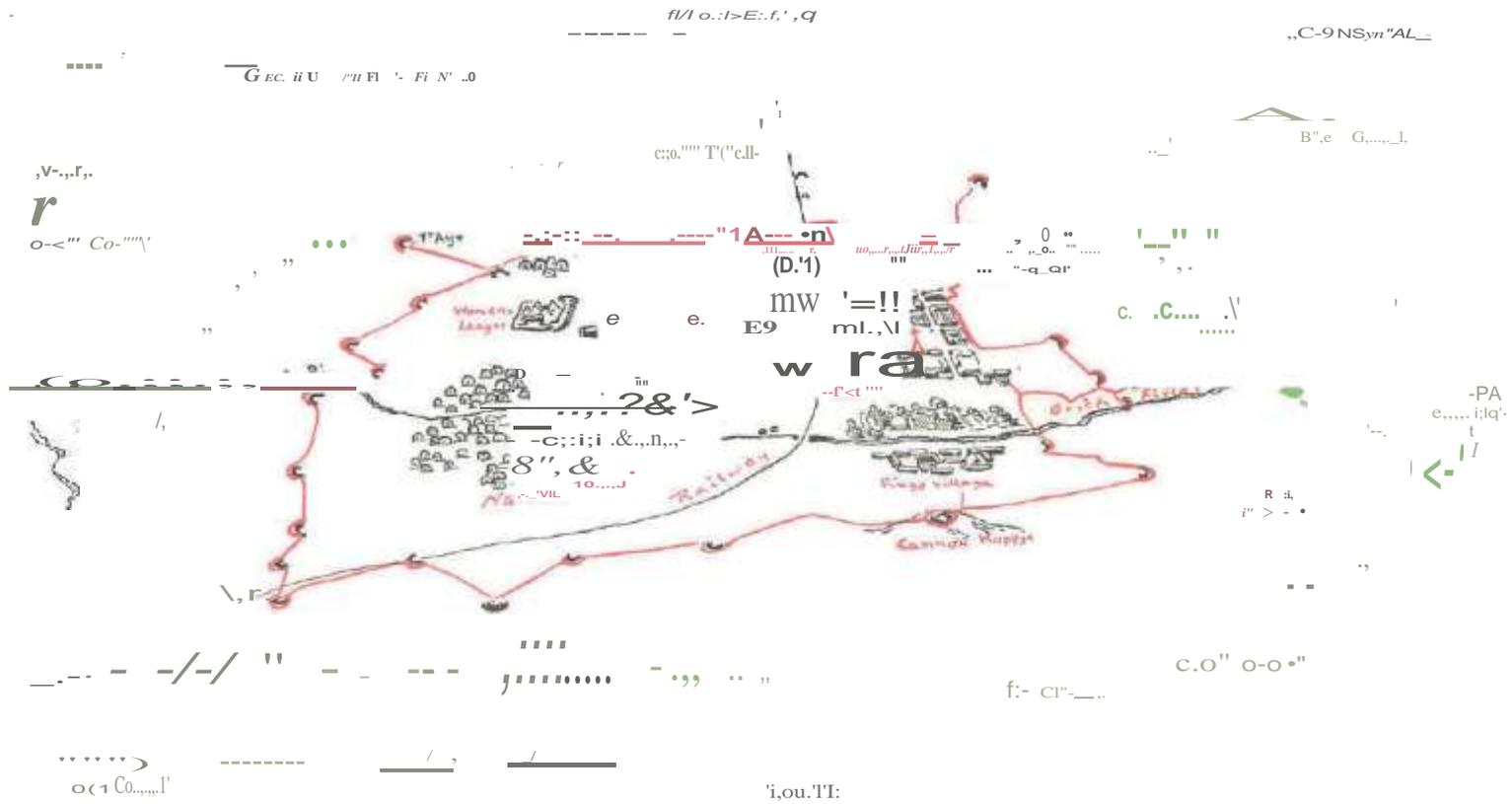


MEN OF THE PROTECTORATE AND RHODESIA REGIMENTS

(These horses did not remain for long so well filled as this one)

SKETCHES IN MAFEKING & EAST AFRICA

Noi tt,



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MAFEKING BESIEGED

The township at this date was thoroughly entrenched, shell-proof shelter had been obtained. The place was also well provisioned.

The gallant little garrison had, at this stage, become engaged in a series of lively encounters with the investing enemy under General Snyman.

As early as November 12, owing to the fact that the ordinary sources of supply had been cut by the investing Boers, the garrison was troubled by the scarcity of water.

On November 17, Colonel Baden-Powell commenced the issue of rations at cost price to such of the townsfolk as had money; to those that had none, the issue was free.

It was abundantly evident by this that there were active spies in the town, as the Boers without were fully acquainted with all the arrangements of the garrison.

#### DECEMBER.

Comparatively little authoritative news of the condition of the besieged reached the outside world during December.

It was reported on December 4 that since November 27 the enemy had continued to shell the town with increased effect.

Rations had been reduced, meat by half-pound, bread by quarter-pound, in view of a probably long siege. Water was plentiful.

On the 3<sup>rd</sup>, the garrison again succeeded in forcing the enemy to evacuate strong and commanding fortifications to the north-east of the town.

Authentic information showed that the Boers had a fairly daily loss of life from rifle fire, while the casualties of the garrison were small.

The total casualties up to the 12<sup>th</sup> were thirty-three killed and fifty-five wounded.

On the 26<sup>th</sup> Snyman reported to Pretoria that the garrison had attacked one of his forts with cannons, Maxims, and an armoured train so persistently that fighting was carried right on to the walls of the fort - which, however, the Boers succeeded in holding.

The British loss was fifty-five. Later, from British sources, it was reported that the Boers were treacherously warned from Mafeking of the intended attack. It was also reported that the Boers used explosive bullets, and plundered British dead and wounded.

#### JANUARY.

The Boers renewed bombardment with great briskness on New Year's Day, firing especially at the women's laager, killing one little girl, and wounding two others. Only one man was killed.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> there was again a good supply of water, and adequate provision of indifferent cattle and tinned meats.

Later, Lord Roberts cabled to the War Office:- 'Mafeking reported all well on January 17. Trenches have been pushed out towards the enemy's big gun batter, causing it to be evacuated. Enemy are now pushed back on northern, southern and western sides, well out of rifle fire. Otherwise no change in situation.'

On the 16<sup>th</sup> the enemy succeeded in firing thirty-four shells into the convalescent ward of the hospital.

On the following day the garrison sent forth a message that they were 'suffering chiefly from lack of news of the outside world.' But Mafeking evidently had its full share of excitement. The enemy, bombarding from a new position, was doing enormous damage to the buildings of the town.

Siege rations were now served out of the garrison, which was on 'short commons' of bread and meat, and provisions were commandeered, for the purpose of economising against any very great protraction of the siege. Tea, milk and matches were not permitted to be publicly sold.

Thus, with a powerful and unscrupulous enemy without, and various forms of death on fever and starvation lurking within, the position looked gloomy at the end of January. But there was no faltering, and no suggestion of surrender.

#### FEBRUARY.

There was an improvement in early February, the town being again put on full rations.

On February 2 General Snyman, in reply to a letter with regard to deliberately shelling women and children's laagers, offered no excuse or apology, and by a transparent falsehood practically admitted that he ordered it. He was told that temporary premises for the Boer prisoners had been established in the women's laager and hospital in order to protect these places from deliberate shelling.

On the 4th, the enemy mounted a fresh gun, and thereafter shelled the women's laager with increased persistence.

Colonel Baden-Powell reported to C.S.O. - 'We are all well here.'

#### MARCH.

News as to the condition and prospects of Mafeking - partly owing to the strict press censorship enforced during this period of the campaign - was baffling and unsatisfactory. Subsequent reports show that early in the month the Boers mounted a new siege gun, which raked the streets with damaging effect.

Garrison, 'despondent but determined,' gave no sign of faltering, and the townspeople stood staunch in face of all discouragements.

Some of the Fingoes objected to eating horse-flesh until they found that they could not get other food, and would have to take to it.

Enormous clouds of locusts visited Mafeking, and the natives gathered hundreds of sacks full and fed on them.

Bread was made from horse-forage. Diphtheria added to the list of prevalent diseases. Sufferings of the women and children were terrible.

The indomitable garrison stood to its guns. The new siege gun of the Boers became increasingly troublesome, but a gun was constructed in the harassed town - a gun capable of carrying its projectile 1,800 yards, very useful for repelling attacks.

Baden-Powell reports general health and spirits good. The locally made gun, searchlight, and ammunition worked successfully, also the paper currency, to which he added one-pound notes.

As to the chances of relief, rumours were rife and contradictory the whole month through. At one time it was stated that the siege had been raised; at another, that Colonel Plumer had succeeded in relieving the town. In Australia the rumour of relief was taken, in many places, over-confidently, and there were temporary rejoicings of a very enthusiastic character.

No news of an unquestionable official character came till March 25, when Lord Roberts cabled from Bloemfontein: 'Telegram just received from Nicholson, at Buluwayo, forwarding news from Baden-Powell, who states all well on March 13, and that during the past few days enemy's cordon had been much relaxed.'

#### APRIL.

On April 1 a joint committee of the Town Council and Chamber of Commerce was formed to consider question of compensation for damage and losses sustained during the siege, and formulated a request for relief to the Imperial Government.

It was estimated that the damage sustained to houses amounted to I 00,000/.; other losses to inhabitants, 100,000/.; losses to the municipality, 50,000!.; total, 250,000!.

On the 4th, Lord Roberts sent an encouraging message, asking the garrison to hold out a little longer, till the arrival of relieving force.

On the 5th, thirty-one of a band of Kaffirs, escaping from Mafeking, were massacred by the Boers.

Lord Methuen reported steadily advancing. Lieutenant Smitheman, of the Rhodesian Regiment, penetrated Boer lines, and found Mafeking 'all well.'

Reported on the 17th that General Snyman was bombarding the western defences with five guns.

Garrison's gallantry extorting expressed admiration from the besiegers.

Direct news from the garrison on the 21st, Colonel Baden-Powell intimating that the garrison was well, and resolute.

Reported on the 25th that the relief then rested with Sir Frederick Carrington's Rhodesian Field Force, half of which consisted of Australasian soldiers.

On the 26th it was stated that garrison and townfolk were becoming despondent; mainly dependent for food on husks and oaten bread.

Rumours on the 30th of a combination of the forces of General Sir A. Hunter and General Sir F. Carrington, for the relief of the town and garrison, co-operating in joint attacks from north and south respectively.

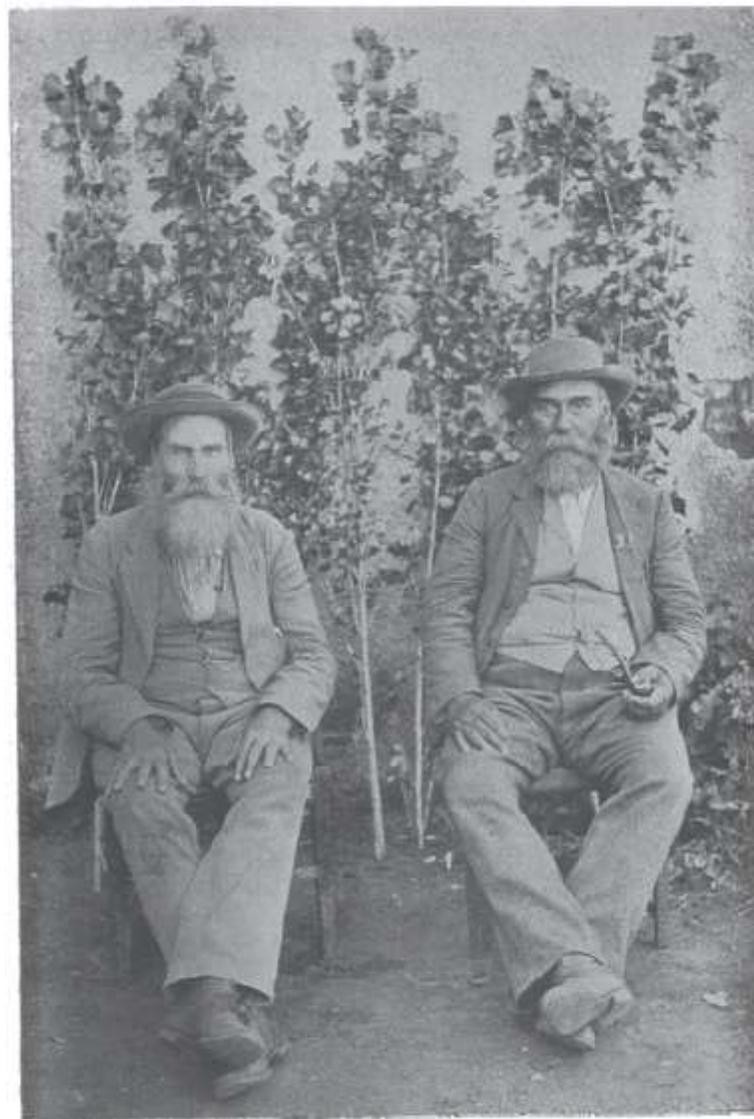
'All well' on April 29.

Casualties to March 31, 368.

**MAY.**

On the first it was stated that Sir A. Hunter was commencing his advance to relieve the garrison.

News to hand on the 2nd that the Boers had dynamited the railway in the vicinity of the town. Besieging force 3,000 strong.



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Lord Roberts asked the garrison to hold out till the 18th.

Reported on the 4th that the town was in desperate straits for food. Unsuccessful attempts to catch a swarm of locusts. Rations of oaten bread cut down to 4 oz. daily.

On the 6th, news to hand that General Hunter's division, 10,000 strong, was steadily advancing northward from Kimberley.

A brilliant engagement was fought at Windsorton, where a large force of Boers had been strongly entrenched with the intention of opposing advance northwards for relief of Mafeking.

Three thousand Boers were discovered posted between Windsorton and Klipdam, with a front extending for four miles.

A severe engagement immediately ensued, the Boers opening fire on the British at a distance of 500 yards, but with little effect. General Barton's Infantry and the Imperial Yeomanry carried the positions effectually.

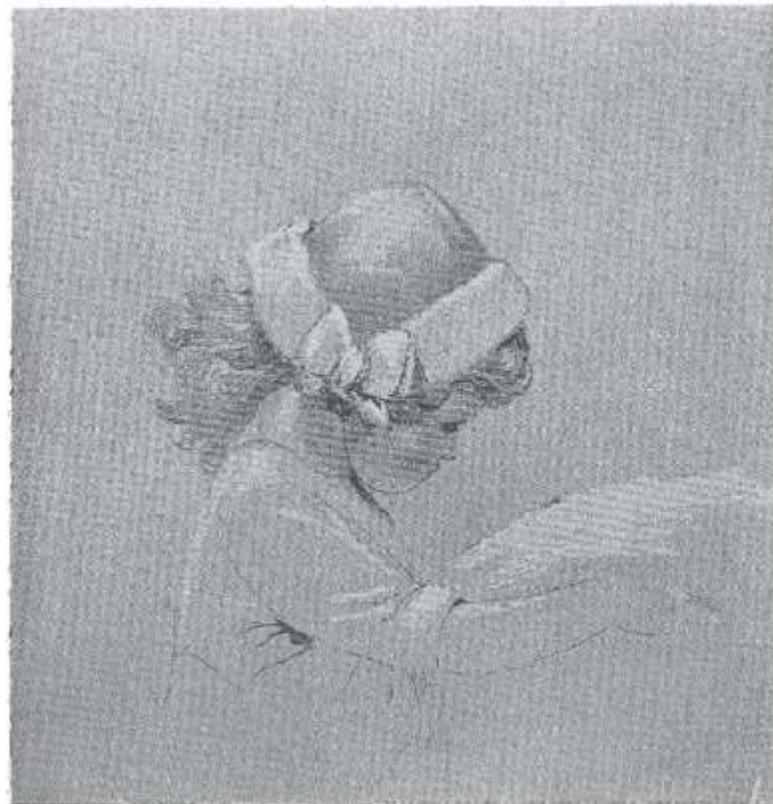
A flying column was sent forward from General Hunter's division under Colonel Mahon to relieve Mafeking.

On May 12 Commandant Eloff led a bold attack on Mafeking. The storming party effected an entrance into the place, but its supports were driven back - Eloff and the advanced party were surrounded and eventually captured, with loss of some 50 killed and 108 prisoners.

Meanwhile Colonel Mahon's force had driven its way through the Boer force sent out to oppose it, and joined hands with Colonel Plumer's force from the north on May 16.

The two forces combined then attacked the Boers investing Mafeking, and relieved that place on May 17, after it had been cut off for 7 months (218 days).

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For the first month of the siege General Cronje commanded the Boer investing force of some 8,000 men. After he went south to Kimberley General Snyman was in command, and, occasionally in his absence, General Dantje Botha.

Snyman was a cowardly creature who shelled the hospital, convent, and women's laager, but had not the pluck to lead an attack. His own men had no opinion of him, and he was reduced to 'private' after his failure. Dantje Botha was, on the other hand, a fine type of old Boer - a dour, stolid man who, though he had been friendly

with Englishmen before the war (being a good sportsman and an owner of racehorses) took up his country's cause with a whole heart, and went through the campaign to the bitter end, though he could easily have obtained good terms for surrendering after the relief of Mafeking.

\* \* \* \* \*

The 'Spectator,' in reviewing the ' "Times" History of the War,' says: 'The siege of Mafeking (like Wepener) was played on a public stage. It was carried on with the breathless attention of the whole nation focussed upon it. If all battles could be fought as much before the public eye as were the sieges of Mafeking and Wepener the percentage of heroic actions would be substantially higher than it is.'

That might be so if you knew that the public eye was on you, but we in Mafeking knew nothing of this, and hardly realised it for some time after the siege was over; if we thought at all about it we supposed that everybody's attention was naturally fixed on the major movements of the forces under Lord Roberts, and that, being a very insignificant garrison in an out-of-the-way place, we had little or no share of the public's attention.

It was quite a surprise to us to learn afterwards how everybody was anxious for news of us. Even the children read the newspapers.

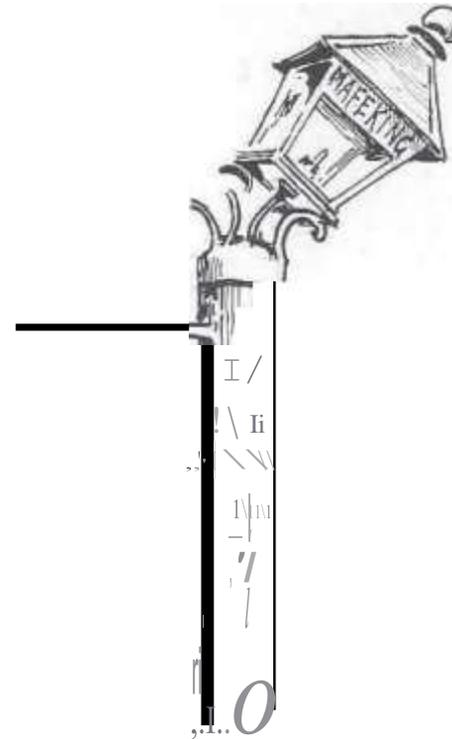
\* \* \* \* \*

We little knew that our bombastic messages were going to appear in the papers at home. These messages were sent for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, but clothed in such wording as would dishearten or mislead the Boers if they fell into their hands - which they very frequently did.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mafeking: January 30, 1906. 7 AM.

I have just got in from an early morning stroll round the old spot. It seems hours since 4.10 this morning, when my train rumbled



THE DRUNKEN-LOOKING STATION LAMP

across the Malopo Bridge and pulled up the incline into the station. Even then, in the darkness, I could see that the old station lamp with MAFEKING written across it was no longer in the drunken-looking attitude conferred upon it by a shell, but was now set up again taut and trim, typical of the whole place whose name it bears.

It was scarcely worth going to bed on arrival at that hour of the morning, although the clean English bedroom at the Residency was mighty tempting, and I strolled forth in the early dawn to revive old memories. This did not require any great effort. As I walked

through the outskirts of the sleeping town towards the reddening east, the cocks were crowing and the scent of the dewy veldt was in the air. Far across the open flats a wisp of smoke hanging along the grass showed where some camp fire was kindled, just as when the Boer outposts, in making their morning coffee, betrayed their hidden lairs to us.

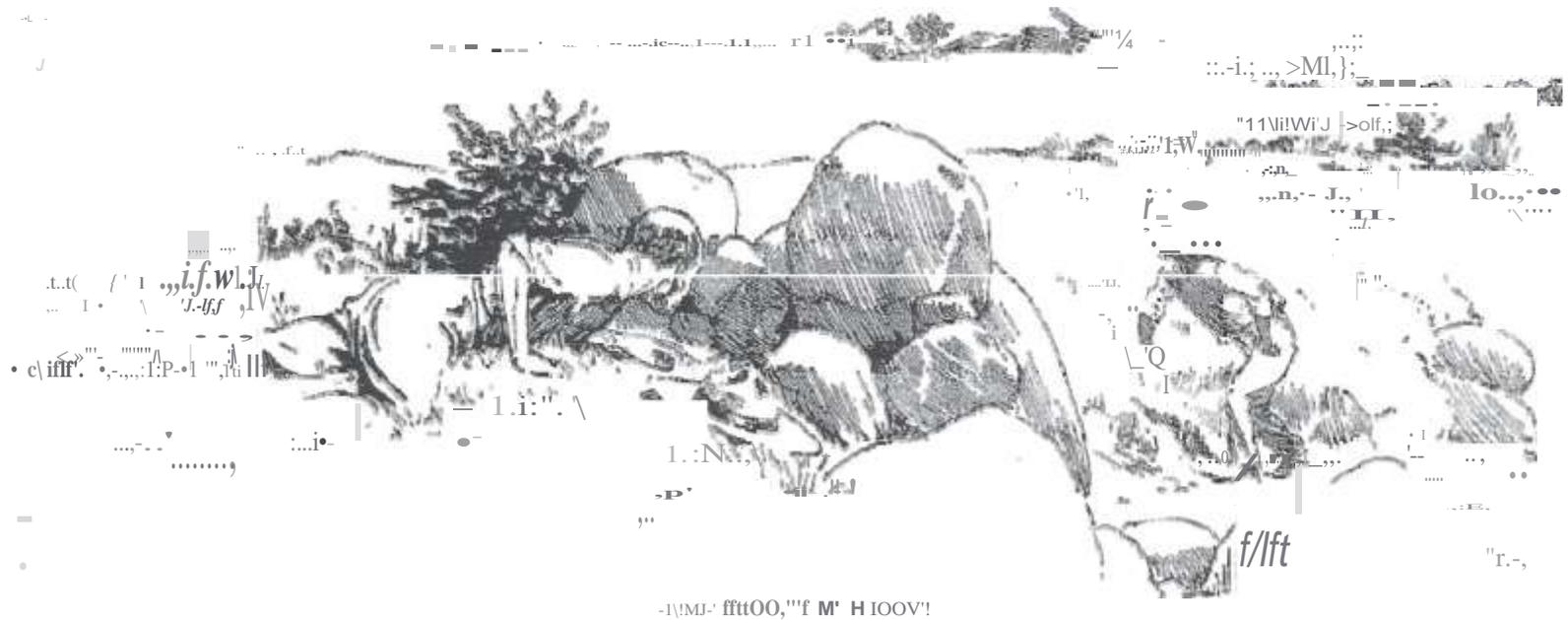
In the rising light a familiar figure met me, just as on any morning already six years ago. It was Mussen. We greeted each other, feeling as if it were little more than six days since we last met.

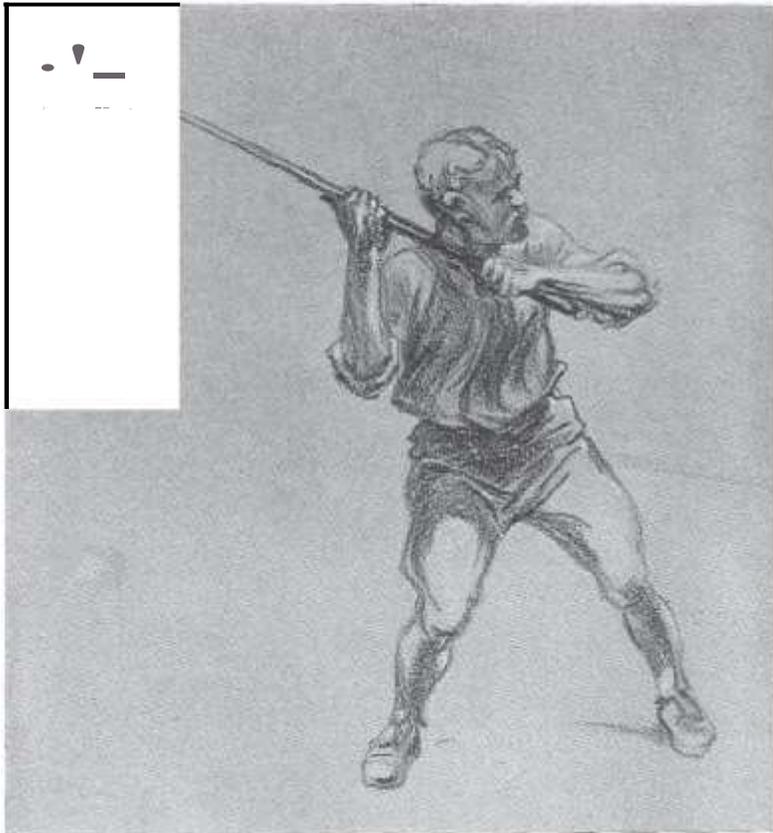
A minute later and another figure strolled across my path, a particularly familiar figure at this time of the day: it was Cook, at one time a modest scout, now raised to the dignity of Deputy Mayor - though still retaining the early-rising habit and alertness of his nature.

On a former occasion we had similarly met, but under rather different circumstances. I had crept out in the early morning to reconnoitre the position of the enemy's big gun, and while lying hidden amongst the rocks I saw a man with a black face cautiously stalking towards the town. Presuming him to be an enemy I laid low until he came close, and I then saw that he was a white man in disguise, and recognised him as one of my own men returning from scouting the enemy. It was Cook.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was lucky enough to see the first Boer artillery appear on the scene, as well as the first shot fired in the investment of Mafeking.





THILOWJN; IJYN.>.nJTF, IJOJfrl WJTR A IISRING•ROTI

It happened that I was looking to Signal Hill, a rise about six miles to the N.E., where we usually had a look-out post of Cape Police. I wanted to see whether they were making any signals yet of an enemy in sight. To my surprise no one was on the hill, but while I looked two or three figures came in view from the far side, and, after an interval of a few minutes, three little groups of men and horses at equal distance appeared on the sky-line. They were guns coming into action. A puff of smoke, a distant bang, and a cloud of dust 200

yards away from the town showed that the bombardment had begun; but the Boer gunners soon found that the range was too great, and they moved to a nearer position and were thus enabled to throw their shells into the town. While watching what effect these were having I turned round and found a lady cycling up the street. I did not know who she was, but I called to her and suggested it would be wet I if she took cover as the shells were flying about. She said, 'Sorry; did not know they were shells,' and 'thanked me very much' and rode away rather apologetically with the air that she had been intruding - not a bit frightened. And that was the spirit of all the ladies, as I soon found out.

\* \* \* \* \*

The brickfields down along the Malopo rivulet look as uninteresting and hannless as any other village brickfields. It is difficult to imagine them the scene of continuous struggle and danger.

Yet here and there the mounds or deep-cut trenches still show where the Boers pushed out their works against us; and where we in our turn laboured nightly cutting saps and trenches under heavy fire week after week, to bring us nearer to their forts.

This little group of bushes gained the name of 'St. John's Wood,' where Inspector Browne of the Cape Police had is 'villa' residence underground in the trenches. Near these same bushes I only escaped capture by a ruse. On that brick-kiln the old long-bearded Boer marksman was eventually shot. Here poor Webb, who was wounded in the first skirmish, was killed the first time he went on duty after coming out of the hospital. Hardly anything remains to show the maze of trenches that gradually brought us within 200 yards of our objective, when the Boers brought a gun to bear in prolongation of our trench, while they quickly cut a counter sap across it and there entrenched themselves. And there we were with loopholes facing at sixty-five yards distance.

Their hand-grenades may have been of high-class workmanship,



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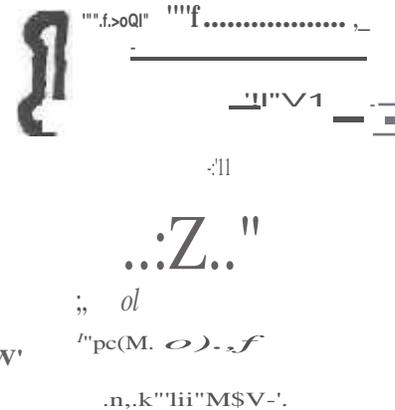
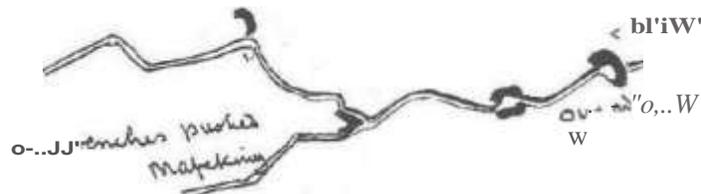
but our potted-meat tins filled with dynamite and thrown by Sergeant Page from a line on a whipstick were the most effective; their sandbag loopholes were cunningly contrived, but ours were lined with steel plates and let nothing through; so, boring through their parapet by Maxim-fire we eventually drove them from their outwork, and one night they retreated, leaving two fine forts in our hands. Their somewhat noisy retirement made me suspicious, and two scouts were sent on to see if all was clear. They found some wires, quite newly laid, and a mine of nitro-glycerine, so something equally soothing, awaiting our entrance into the work. The wires were therefore cut and wound in for future use against the layers. And while we sang 'God save the Queen,' the Boers were probably touching the button at the other end of the wire with considerable impatience at their failure of their fireworks.

\* \* \* \* \*

A striking and, to visitors, a disappointing feature about the town is that it shows very few signs of ever having been bombarded. The only house which I saw this morning showing traces was the old steam mill near Ellitson's Comer (S.E.). The many shrapnel and bullet holes in this roof had been plugged up but not painted over. Otherwise, slightly damaged houses have been restored, badly damaged ones pulled down.

The Market Square looks exactly as before the war: my look-out tower has disappeared from the roof of Minchin's office. Nobody would suppose that the prosperous-looking 'Mafeking Hotel' had thirteen 94-lb. shells into it.

There is no sign of the public shell-refuges (holes which were made in the Market Square to accommodate wayfarers on the approach of a shell).

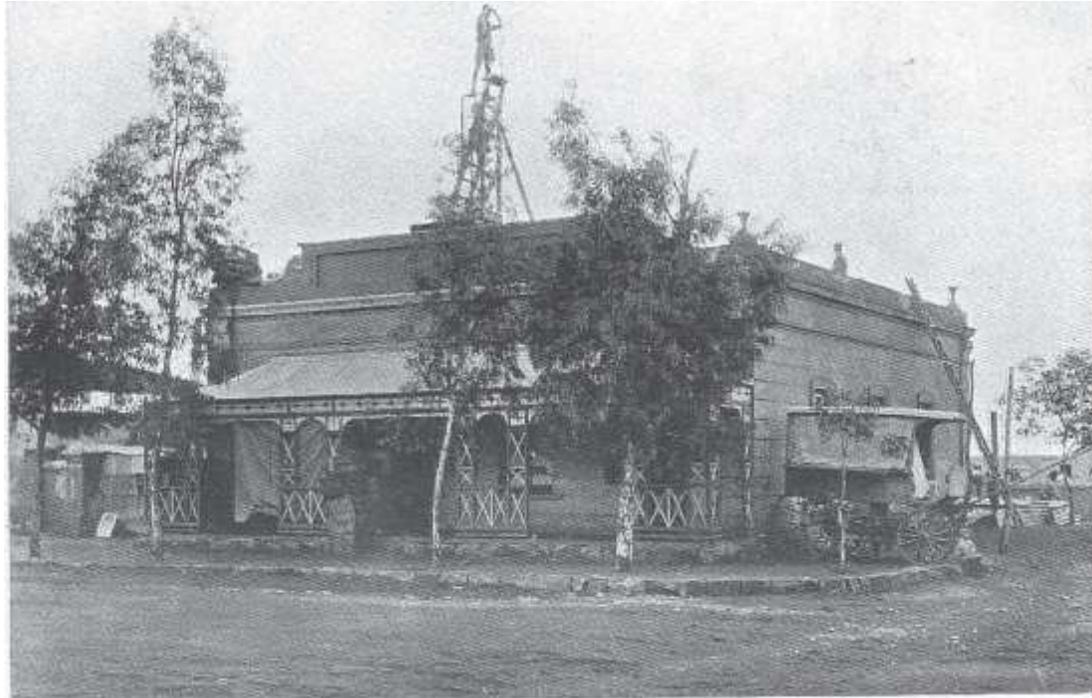


## SKETCHES IN MAFEKING & EAST AFRICA

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The story is still going strong of a certain well-known citizen who was for once taking his walks abroad when there was apparently no possibility of a shell coming in. It had been raining pretty heavily. Suddenly, as he was crossing the Market Square the bell clanged out,

'Shell coming to the Market Square!' He did not wait to go down into the refuge by the ordinary way, but jumped over the mound alongside it clean into the trench, and found himself in a plunge-bath of muddy water.



MY LOOK-OUT PLACE, MAFEKING.

Sandbag 'pepper-pot' refuge from bullets on left-hand corner of room.

Entrance to my bomb-proof office in gateway on left of house.

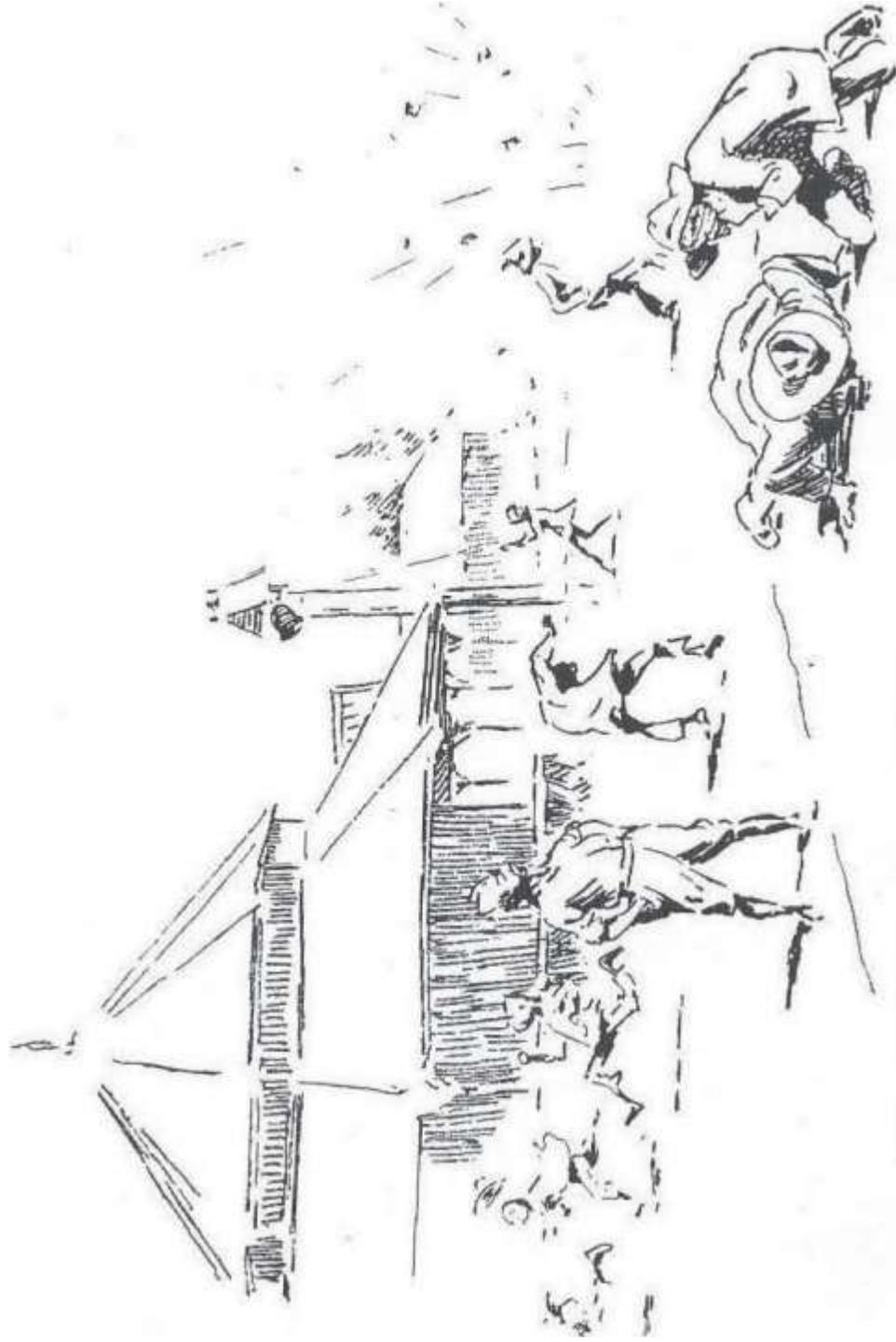
My bed was in the verandah behind the curtain: with wall of biscuit-boxes on each side, filled with earth, to keep away stray bullets.

The wagon on the right was my office - and afterwards went on trek with me.

Our bomb-proof kitchen under the side-walk is just beyond the wagon.

The right-hand tree was cut in half by a shell.





THE SHELLS IS A LIAR



M\ L001--(1)JT "FOW1'E'R

A bombardment is very like a thunderstorm. When you are safe inside your shelter you look out and say to yourself: 'I don't think I'll go out till it clears up a little;' but if you *have* to go out on business it is wonderful how light it seems once you are out in it.

People take shells in different ways, according to their temperament. Some run like hares, others fling themselves flat, many just hunch their shoulders, and one there is who merely takes a passing but critical interest in them; when a shell bw-sts within ten feet of him he merely growls, 'What a rotten bursting charge!'

It is not so much the report of the bw-sting 94-pounder that impresses one as the shaking thump that it gives the ground; and when it rebounds without bursting, and travels onward hurtling through the air, its course is well described in the remark I heard from one of the men: "Ere come another-- luggage-train!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was, I believe, *apropos* of shells that the American concisely explained the difference between the quick and the dead - 'If you're not quick you're dead!'

\* \* \* \* \*

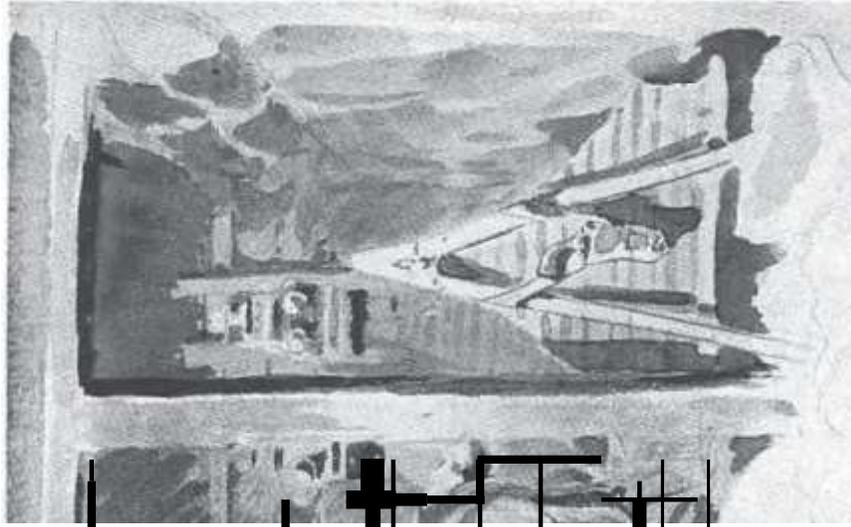
This was my look-out tower on the top of a house in the Market Square. I spent many happy hours here - in fact most of my time by day. There was a writing-desk on top, and a speaking-tube which communicated with the underground telephone exchange below, which connected me with our forts, etc. From here I was able not only to see every one of our own defence works but also all the works of the investing Boers, and could observe what went on in their main camps.

Close to the tower on the same roof was my 'pepper-box' refuge made of sandbags, into which I could retire when bullets came too thickly.

\* \* \* \* \*

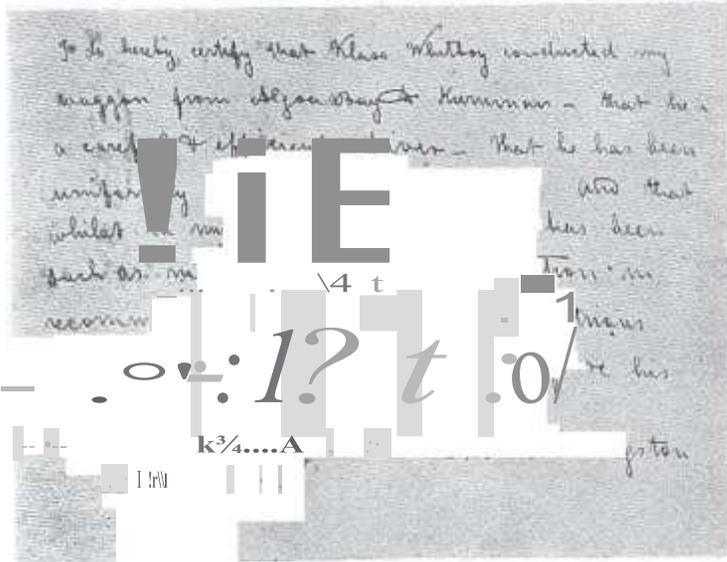


V5 V Y R & S @ I r/J E C H X r/J



V 2 J E H I N O C O C I

Our bomb-proof headquarters and telephone exchange was a queer dark hole in which an officer was always on duty, and most of the staff passed many weary hours there.



PH.INT Or-- /I KOTF. OF UVJN(STO'-J's CJVF;J ?IE m- MR. Gf.RR.-u.-s.  
MAFEKIN"G

The earthen roof was covered with a tarpaulin to prevent it getting soaked and over-heavy in the tropical rains that fell: the front door was protected from bullets by some bales of hay. We flew a tiny Union Jack on weekdays to give as little mark as possible for the Boer fire, but we flaunted a big one on Sundays, when there was no firing.

In the early days of the siege we also had here the bell which rang out the warning to the town when our look-out men saw the enemy loading and aiming their big gun. Small handbells signalled when she fired and gave people twenty-two seconds in which to gain the shelter of their bomb-proofs.



TAKING CQ'itcK  
(I,i the rush politenes was somet'mr.s forgotten.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Besides the steady decrease of our supplies, our finances began to run low towards the end of the siege, because anybody who possessed or obtained money took good care to bury it, not knowing what the next day or night might bring forth.

So we started to make paper money, in the shape of banknotes. Banknote-making does not unfortunately come in our Army curriculum either in practice or theory; in fact, at our ruling rates of pay junior officers hardly know what a banknote is, even by sight.

We tried various dodges - drew a design on copper, bit it out with acid all right, but could not get sufficient pressure to print it even though we tried it through a mangle. Then we cut a croquet mallet in half and made a woodcut; but this again, owing to improvised tools, was not a great success, and finally we merely photographed a design on to blue paper and this became our currency.



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MAFEKING D.P. 1'..-0T.F'

As everybody kept these after the siege as mementoes instead of redeeming them, Government scored to the extent of several thousands of pounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some time after the siege I received from some postal authority in England an objection to the stamps we had made for ourselves in Mafeking, saying for one thing they were not legal tender, and for another that they were of no use to collectors as a genuine issue of stamps.

I felt inclined to reply that I did not care much for either reason, because they had done their work. We had to employ messengers inside the defences to run with notes and messages from one fort to another, which enabled friends to send messages without going themselves, but the cost had to be defrayed somehow, and the only

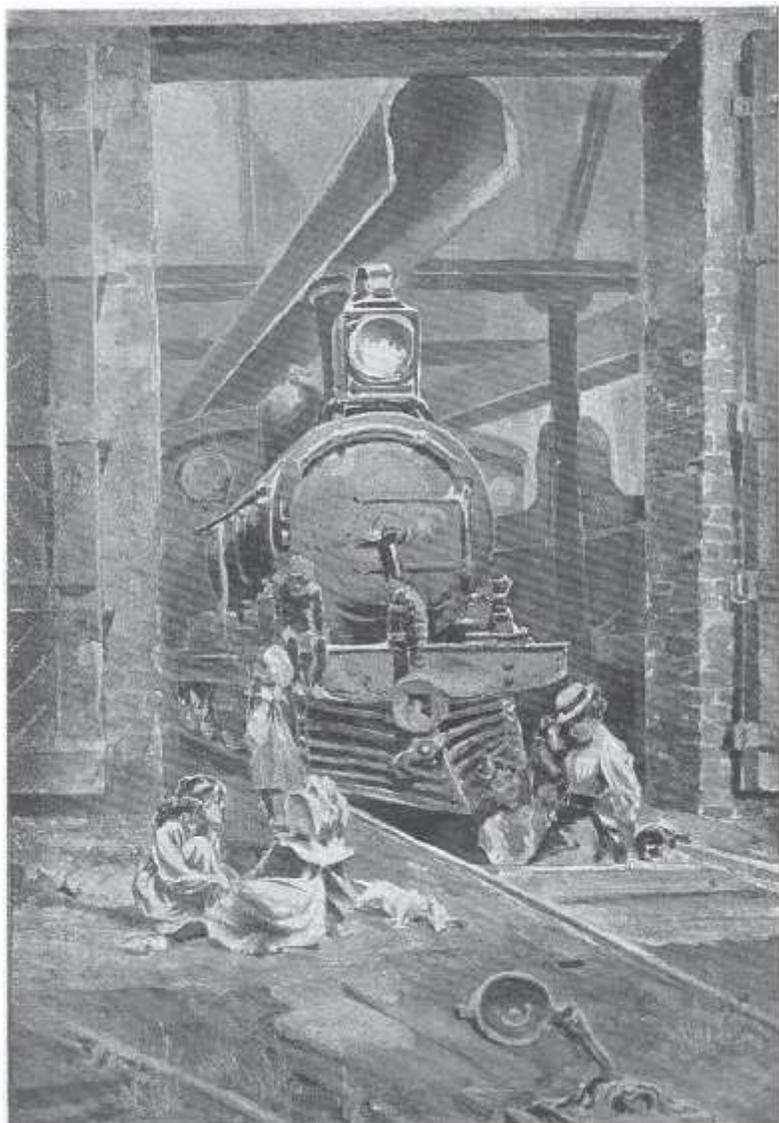
way was to organise a local postal system with stamps. Similarly for sending letters out of Mafeking we had to pay natives 15! to get through the Boer lines and deliver the letters to an agent who was stationed in a native village some fifty miles distant; he then forwarded the letters on to Buluwayo. In order to enable us to pay the runners we used stamps of local manufacture and value.

That these should have become of value to collectors in spite of official objection I did not foresee: if I had I should have kept some myself.

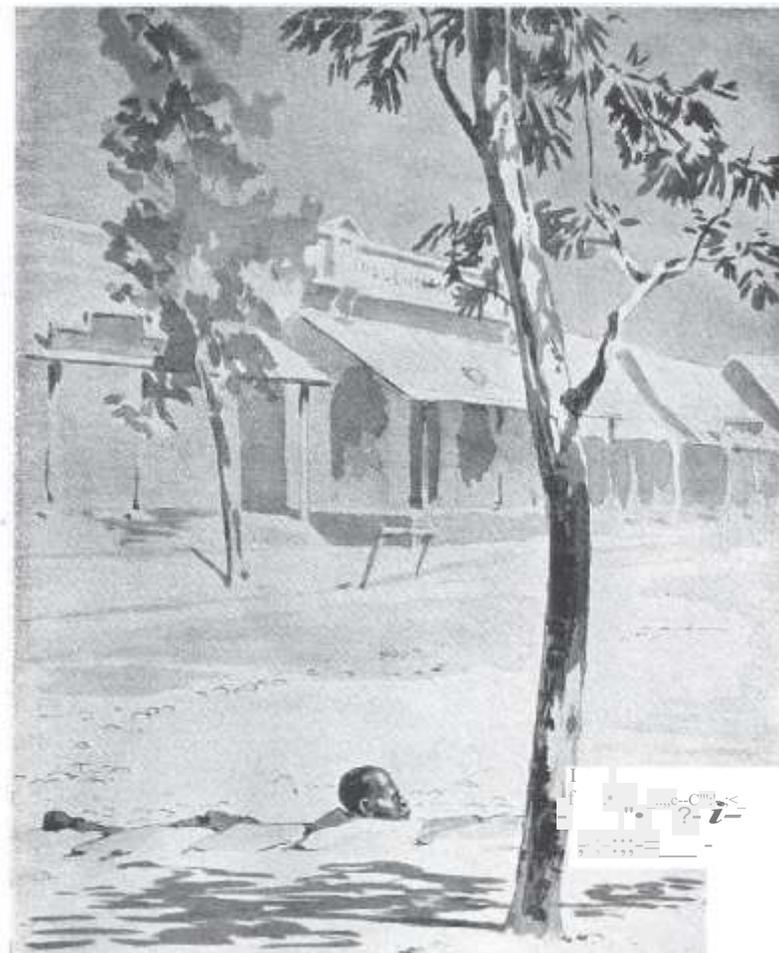
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KXIVF. CHRISTIAN SCHOOL CHILDREN



RAILWAY FACILITIES UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



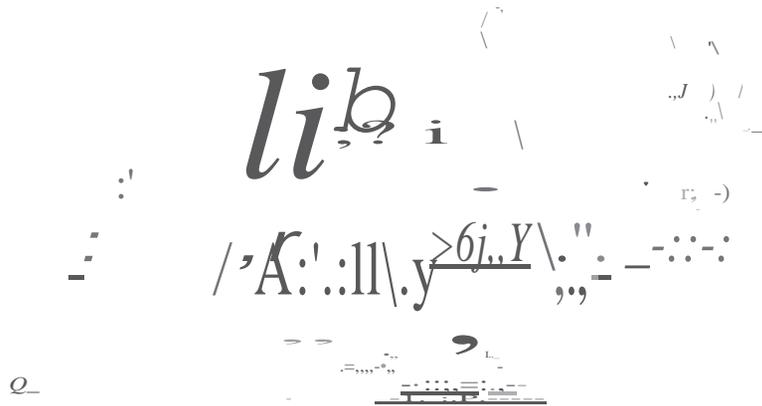
LE?i-0\*1'6 SIOT' WITH TWO U[ACK EYES. .,U.FF.KJ-;c; 1'1AI<Kisi' SQUARE II<OI.I Jff VEK\XDAB

Th: puzzle is to find lh<: native policeman. (I\J3.-The alarm bell has just rung to give waroin a shdl is .about te, an;v j



On past the horse-soup factory (now a stable) whose smoke the Boer newspapers used to report as conflagrations started by a well-directed shell - we come to the new Town Hall, a fine building on the site of the old Lawn Tennis Courts, faced by a handsome red Buluwayo-stone obelisk to the memory of those who gave up their lives in the defence.

At the foot of the monument are drawn up three guns. One, taken from the Boers, was that which was captured by them from Jameson in his Raid after it had got to Rhodesia disguised as a pump.



'GEKTLR \,KiVJE' SHJELLJW L'S \VIEN WJ:: PLALJW POLO

On the left is a small 5-pounder, also taken from the Boers in an attack on their trench on the Malmani Road on the last day of the siege. Owing to its comparative harmlessness we had come to know this gun as 'Gentle Annie.'

She only killed one of our men, and he, poor fellow, said to me smiling as he lay in hospital, 'I don't mind - but it does seem bad luck to be killed by "Gentle Annie" of all guns!'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Gentle Annie had also had the duty of shelling us in the early part of the siege when we essayed to play polo; and though she never did us any material damage she enlivened the game pretty considerably.

\* \* \* \* \*

The third gun was one which Mr. Rowlands dug up from his garden: an old muzzle-loading ship's gun with a history.

We had it cleaned up, sighted, and mounted on a carriage, and it did right good work. Owing to its ancient Naval connection the gun was named 'Lord Nelson.'

It was made in 1770 and weighted 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 10 lbs. These figures 8.2.10 were inscribed upon it and led some people to suppose it was made on February 8, 1810. It also had the initials 'B. P.' Upon it, which might have led such people further to suppose that it belonged to me in former times. It didn't really; those initials stood for Bailey, Pegg & Co., the makers, of Brierley Foundry, Staffordshire.

The absence of the Royal Cypher showed that it had not been a Royal Navy gun but belonged to a privateer.

According to local tradition two Germans brought it to Linchwe, a neighbouring chief, some forty years ago, and he sold it to the Baralongs for twenty-two oxen, to aid them in their defence against Boer freebooters.

It fired a 10-lb. shot, and carried 2,000 yards, though not with great accuracy. We found its sister-gun in Rustenburg, where in 1881 it had been used by the Boers to shell the British defence works. And a third gun of the same family was found by General Burn-Murdoch near Vryheid; while a fourth stands, I believe, at Brierley Hill, having been presented to the town by the makers.

\* \* \* \* \*

A certain Irish newspaper had a long and wonderfully imaginative description of how the siege was 'faked,' as they expressed it.

The Rev. Father Ogle, our Roman Catholic pastor in Mafeking, was questioned on his return home on the subject of this 'faked' siege. He answered: 'During almost the whole of the seven months' siege the Boers were so close that the town was always within rifle range. Not a house or wall but showed marks of shell or rifle fire. The convent on which the heroic nuns spent so much toil was soon a mass of ruins, and the little Catholic Church had its sacristy blown up by a shell, the Altar being wrecked, with the exception of the Tabernacle. Nor was there much of a "fake" about the hundreds who fell in action, or succumbed to the disease and privations consequent on the siege - a grim total of 480 in all. Of those who fell in action some forty per cent. Were Catholics and chiefly Irishmen. In fact, so many were the number of Irish in the beleaguered town that somebody said that Irishtown was its proper name.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Hospital in spite of all its sad memories looks very orderly and smart now, very different from the time when it was ventilated by a shell or two and its windows were faced with bullet-proof screens, and additional wards were extemporised in marquees around the building.

In the grounds too were picketed out some of our Boer prisoners and suspects, with a view to stopping the enemy from shelling the Hospital, but the result was not a success: they fired on it more than ever, and for very humanity we had to send the prisoners to a safer place.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Convent too looks very smart and prosperous now with its new wing, and fast-growing garden trees around it.

Here we find the same cheery sisters under Mother Teresa who were there during the siege, all wearing war medals, which looks almost as incongruous as they themselves did in contrast with the fighting and shelling that was going on round them.

Inside, the positions of the numerous shell-holes in the walls of the various rooms have been marked by the word 'Shell.'

The Duke of Connaught remarked that they must have had a hot time of it in one room which was freely so marked, whereupon (no, I will not record the fact that one of those present who ought to have set us a better example said, 'Yes, Sir, it would have been quite to the point if the painter had omitted the "S" from that word in this room').

\* \* \* \* \*

Our artillery was not much of an arm, although we had expected it to be something very powerful when we first heard from Cape Town before the beginning of the war that they were going to send us two 4'7 guns. We prepared our plans of defence accordingly.

When the guns arrived we went to the station to meet them and found they were only old ?-pounders, which would hardly fire as far as a rifle would carry, and we had quickly to alter our high-flown plans of defence to a much smaller system.

The fact was that in the telegram informing of the despatch of these guns a wrong code-word had accidentally been used.

One reason afterwards given for our being supplied with short-range guns was that if the enemy captured them they would not be so harmful when used against us! That is what you call foresight in war.

\* \* \* \* \*



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Two farmer-refugees might be seen on almost any afternoon quietly riding out towards some favourite spot where they could leave their ponies and creep out and get a shot at Boers. And they were both exceptionally good shots.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was interesting to read in the Boer newspapers after the siege of Mafeking how it looked from their point of view. For instance, on November 7 they reported as follows:-

'The town is practically demolished and cannot hold out for many days.' 'The fall of Mafeking is imminent.' 'The President has received a very important telegram from Cronje relating to Mafeking, where final developments are imminent.'

'A few Boer gunners slightly wounded by the continuous fire of the defence of Mafeking.'

'The big gun in Mafeking did great damage to us (Boers) but the burghers stuck stubbornly to their position.' (It is not very clear which of our guns they called the big one, as at that time 'The Wolf

had not been manufactured.) On November 8, a leading article appeared in the 'Standard and Diggers' News' to this effect: 'The delay in reducing Ladysmith and Mafeking may seem strange to outsiders, but it is done with a reason. It would of course be easy to starve these places into submission, but that would take time.' 'The Boer is impatient, all eagerness to be moving, and is in no mood to waste time; his object is now to be done with Ladysmith and Mafeking and to proceed to Durban and into Cape Colony. Ladysmith and Mafeking are doomed. Their fall is a matter of hours.'

October 21. - 'It is expected that General Cronje will effect the downfall of Mafeking on Monday next. Only one result is possible and the surrender of the town is inevitable.'

November 5. - The same paper reports 'Natives in Mafeking dying of starvation. Maxim fire from the convent silenced.' (There was no Maxim there to silence.) 'Town practically demolished and cannot hold out many days.'

On the 17th, General Snyman said: 'It is a hard nut to crack, but we will now crack it with our big cannon.'

November 21. - 'Messenger captured going from Nicholson to Mafeking to advise them to surrender as the people in Buluwayo are starving.' 'A carrier pigeon shot flying out of Mafeking with message to Plumer saying they can hold out no longer.' (The Boers are good shots, but to hit a carrier pigeon with a rifle requires an exceptional marksman. Homing pigeons do not usually carry messages away from their home, but to them.)

\* \* \* \* \*

We manufactured megaphones for use in small detached works which were not connected up by telephone. These were made by Mr. Fodisch - of tin with vibrating wires inside. They carried the voice well over 1,000 yards. Some people used them at night, with the bell turned towards the Boer trenches, and carried on a ventriloquial entertainment, pretending they were commanding a force coming out to attack. The effect on the Boers was a sleepless



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night and the waste of a great deal of ammunition.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Eloff's camp the day before his attack was made a notice was posted up to the effect that breakfast would be taken by the burghers in Mafeking next morning. And so it was - in the gaol.

\* \* \* \* \*



If the war did nothing else, it produced a wonderful number of poets, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, a number of wonderful poets.

Poems came to me by the sheaf, the first of which began thus:-

One thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine year  
 Shall long remembered be;  
 Also one thousand and nine hundred year,  
 The present year live we.

Of all the sad misfortunes then  
 To be recorded thus,  
 Is the war in South Africa land,  
 This is certainly far the most.

I will not go through the remainder of the sheaf.

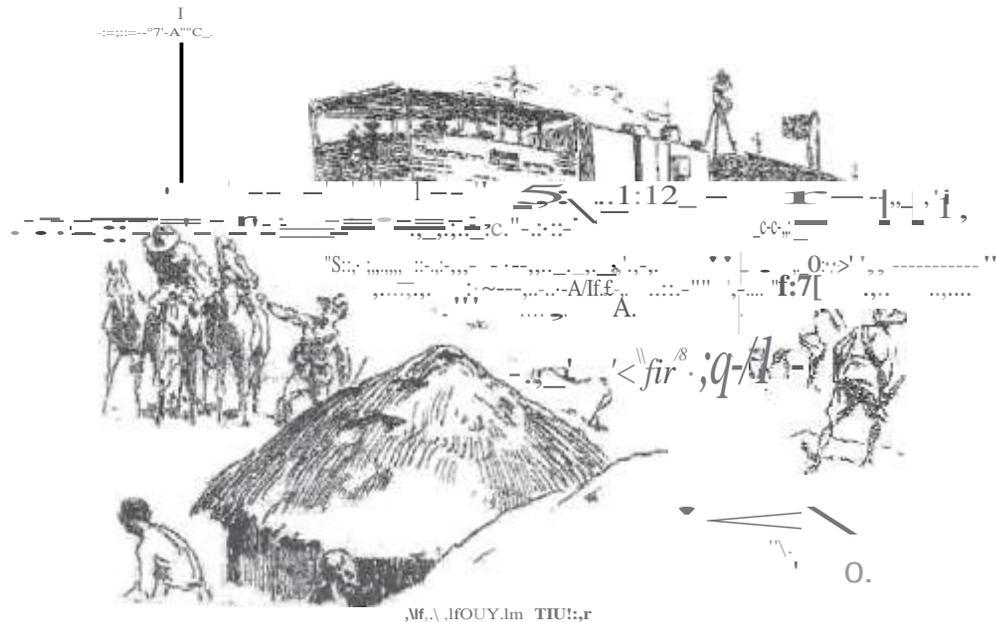
One of the poets wrote a personal introduction to himself, saying that after reading his ode I 'might suppose that he was a poet; but he was not- he was a coachman at Upper Norwood.'

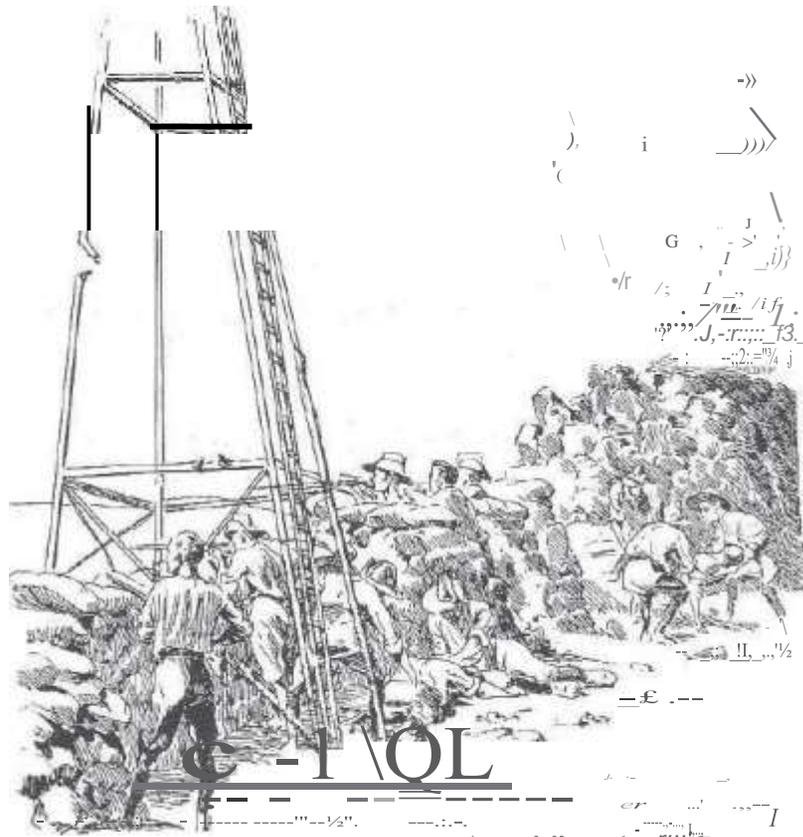
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Round the north front we had laid a branch railway line, to run our armoured train out against the enemy when required. This line has now been extended for peaceful uses right up to the Transvaal border, eight miles away.

Our armoured trains were very useful to the defence, especially in the first fight of all, when the Boers were just commencing the investment. Our train ran out to the North supported by mounted and dismounted men, and gave the enemy a blow which rather sw- prised and discouraged them.

\* \* \* \* \*





DEFRNL OF CANNO)s KOPPIE.  
 (Sketched through field "e-lnses)

At Game Tree the impregnable fort of the Boers has almost entirely disappeared. Nothing remains to show that here our men made their gallant attempt to storm; and though driven back from the very ditch of the work with heavy loss, they rallied and went at it again, and in the end only retired sullenly and slowly, with over half their number down, killed or wounded.

The Duke of Connaught got his main impression of the lie of the place and its defences from Cannon Koppie - a rising ground about a mile south of the town on which was built the fort occupied by the British South African Police.

It was on several occasions the object of the Boers' attacks and bombardments, and we lost here several good men. The enemy called it Bavian (or Baboon) Fort, because we had rigged up a windmill pump tower as a look-out tower, and the look-out man appeared to them not unlike a monkey on a stick.

This sketch was made through glasses from my look-out tower during the progress of a fight.

On one occasion the enemy's firing line got within 500 yards of the place and endeavoured to entrench themselves there, but the flanking fire of our guns made it too hot for them, so they hoisted Red Cross flags and proceeded to look for their wounded and gradually wandered back out of range.

It is not a bad way of conducting a retirement if your adversary will 'cease fire' for it - as we unfortunately did. Our men in the fort could not see what was being done beyond the fact that Red Cross flags were flying - so they ceased fire.

I could see, but I could not communicate, as our telephone wire had accidentally been cut by a bullet in the action. So they got away scot-free.

\* \* \* \* \*



This sketch I made in the stadt during the siege - 'the mother and her child were there.'

\* \* \* \* \*

A favourite game among the native children was to play 'Siege.' They built little earthworks within range of each other with loopholes, etc., complete, and then flicked pellets of mud at each other from the end of whippy canes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gerrans' shop for coach-building and iron-working was an important workshop for us in the defence, for here our guns were furbished up, repaired, and mounted on serviceable carriages.

And Mr. Gerrans himself is a leading light among the citizens, and is loyalty personified.

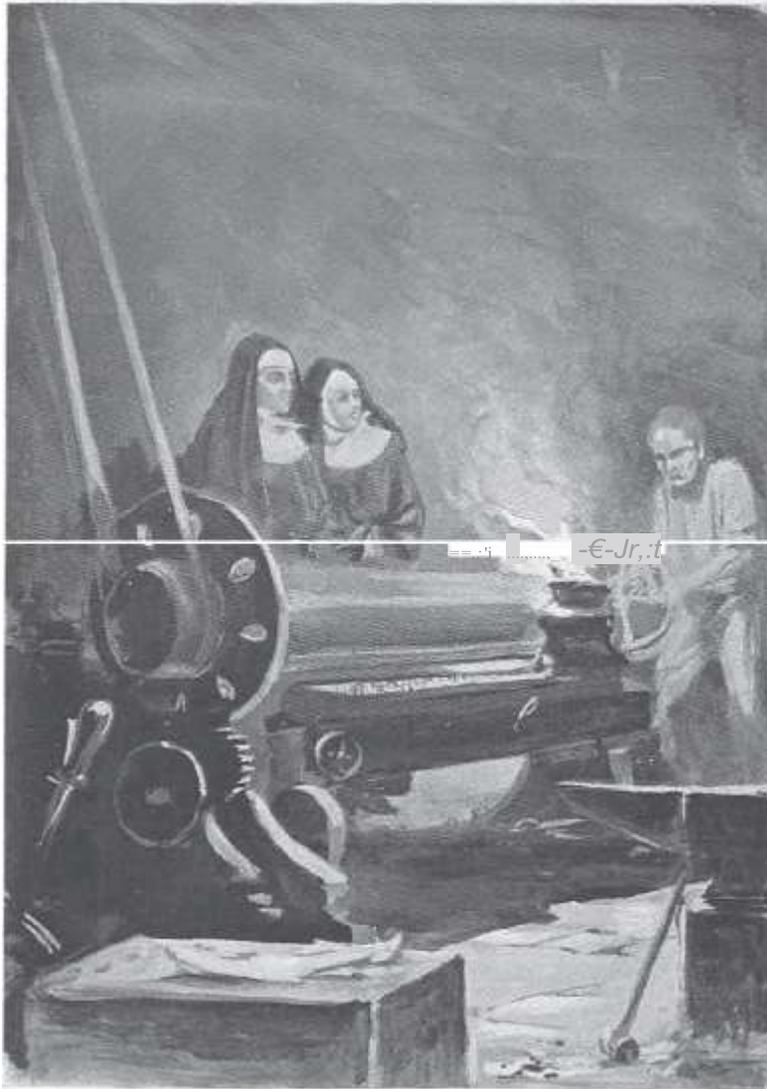
\* \* \* \* \*

Our great gun was our home-made one, 'The Wolf (my nickname from Matabeleland). This was made from a steampipe round which were lapped iron rods which were welded and turned till a good strong barrel was made. The breech and trunnions were bronze castings. The whole was built up by the railway workmen under Mr. Coghlan, the energetic and ingenious foreman, and under the general supervision of Major Panzera. The blast furnace for making the castings alone was a triumph of ingenuity made out of a water-tank lined with firebricks - the blast being introduced through a vacuum brake tube.

\* \* \* \* \*

Great minds clash! Now that details of the siege of Port Arthur have come out one finds that a great many dodges were employed there which were very much like those that we found useful in Mafeking.

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This is not a scene from the Inquisition: it is the manufacture of a gun in the railway workshop at Mafeking, watched by two nuns.



NATIVE FIGHTERS PLAYING AT SIEGE.

Trenches were dug and then roofed in to make them less conspicuous and more liveable.

A steel shield on wheels was used at the head of a sap to protect the foremost sappers.

The Japs put up screens of maize-stalks to hide their moves: we found it quite as good as digging a communication trench to put up a screen of canvas to hide men passing from one point to another.

They threw dynamite bombs from a wooden catapult by means of a strong spring: we made a strong spring for the same purpose in the form of a crossbow, but it did not work so well as the dodge which we adopted in the end, namely, throwing the bombs with a fishing-rod.

The Japs rolled a steel wheel or drum loaded with dynamite down a slope on to the Russian works: the Boers sent a trolley loaded with dynamite rolling down the railway into Mafeking, but it luckily exploded before reaching us - about a mile outside.

\* \* \* \* \*

We found it necessary to use steel loopholes in our works as bullets came through the sandbags: the Japs did the same, and also used millstones, putting their rifles through the hole in the centre.



VARIOUS KINDS OF PEOPLE VISIBLE IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT ONE TIME

\* \* \* \* \*

Also a very great many of the ruses and shifts adopted in Ladysmith and Kimberley were employed by us also. The trouble came when those places were relieved while we were still besieged, and the newspapers, without a thought of what it meant for us, gave away all these dodges to the world in general and consequently to the Boers in particular.

Both in Manchuria and in the Transvaal similar means were employed to hide the position of smokeless guns, which are apt to betray their position by kicking up dust with the shock of their discharge. The Japanese watered the ground near the muzzle: the Boers stretched ox-hides over the ground: we spread blankets.

We also hung up blankets in front of the guns at night to hide the flash which was usually the warning that a shell was coming.

\* \* \* \* \*

In December 1899 the enemy's artillery against us included:-

- ] 94-pounder Creusot gun
- 2 14-pounder quick-firing Krupps
- 2 7-pounder Krupps
- I 12-pounder Armstrong
- 2 5-pounder Armstrongs
- 2 ]-pounder Maxims (Porn-porns).

\* \* \* \* \*

This photograph of the Boers firing their big gun against us at Mafeking was found in Snyman's laager when we rushed it the morning of our relief. The officer standing near the trail was

afterwards captured by us in Northern Transvaal, and recognising him from this photograph I charged him, much to his surprise, with having been in command of the big gun at Mafeking.



THE PHOTO OF THE BOERS' LIGHT BATTERY AT MAFIKING 1881  
This photo was found in the Boers' laager after the battle.

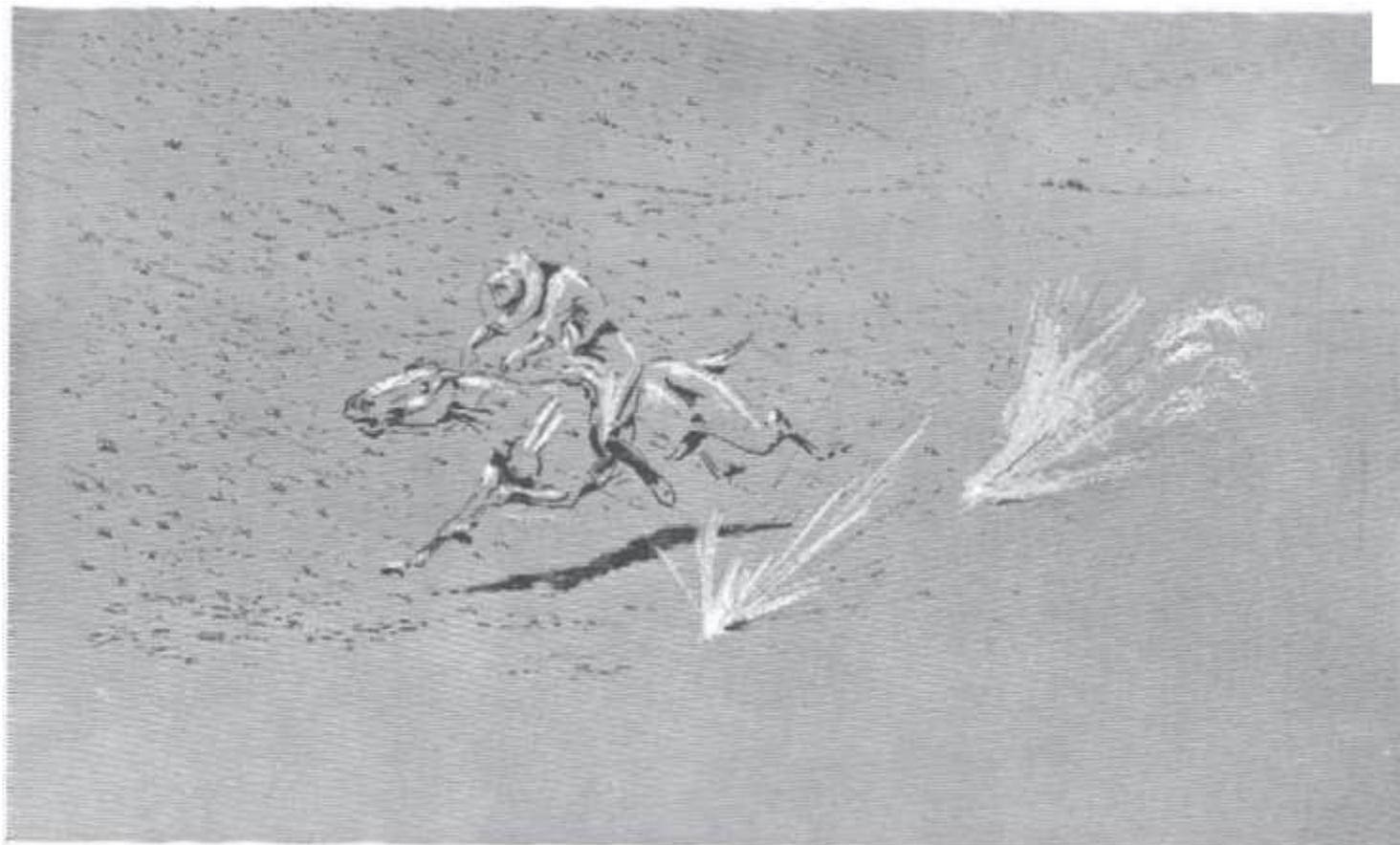
SKETCHES IN MAFEKING & EAST AFRICA

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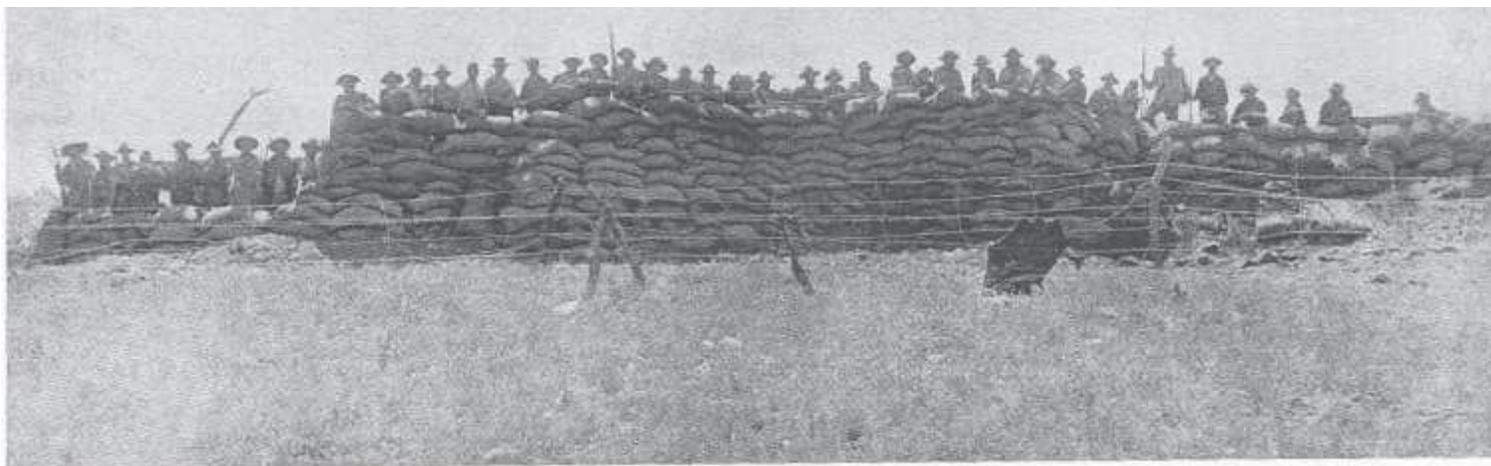
A record was kept by two men of the number of shells sent into Mafeking by the Boers' big gun, and it totalled 1,279 up to March 17 - the worst day being November 20, when 43 of these shells landed in the place.

I was once asked what was my most unpleasant experience, and I had no hesitation in saying that it was when I had to ride in a hurry against a flight of locusts coming down with a gale wind in my face. (The reason for my being in a hurry was that the Boers were firing at me with a Porn-porn.)

\* \* \* \* \*



" G,w TIMR Dt;J'WEE.N I'OII-POMfi ANT) Locusr



PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE BOERS' WORKS (FORT 'SUNILAY') OUTSIDE MAFEKING, ON SUNDAY

This photograph of one of the Boer investing forts outside Mafeking as seen on Sunday, when, owing to mutual arrangements, firing ceased, and the Boers used to sit on the top of their defences watching us.

Through field glasses we could see upright posts all round their forts, and by the actions of the men moving about outside the fort we perceived that these posts supported wire entanglements. We therefore made similar entanglements round our forts, but having no wire we put up posts and then went through the motions of stepping over and creeping under imaginary wires for the information of the Boers watching us through their glasses.

These investing works of the Boers were very cunningly made. A party of men carrying a large number of empty sacks and spades

would move in the night to a spot previously determined on, and there start digging and filling their sacks with earth, and building these into a work. Then, when the sun rose next morning, we found a brand-new fort opposing us at a new point which had previously been clear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Armour, of Chicago meat-canning fame, has written a book on 'Packers and the Public,' in which he describes how every part of the slaughtered beast is utilised. The 'Tribune,' in reviewing the book, says, 'Waste no' is the packer's creed, and his list of by-products is a vindication of the assertion:

Fertilisers of various kinds, blood albumen used by calico printers in fixing pigments, glue for the furniture makers, bristles for the

brush maker, tallow and grease for soaps, horns for buttons, gelatine, isinglass for brewers, glycerine, pepsin, extract of thyroid gland for treatment of certain forms of idiocy, oil from the wool of sheep, etc.

Well, in Mafeking we were not far behind Chicago, except perhaps in the matter of cleanliness, which, according to the above book, was something dazzling; our by-products from slaughtered horse made a goodly list too: the manes and tails went to fill mattresses at the hospital, the hide after having the hair scalded off was boiled with the head and hoofs to make brawn, the meat was cut off and minced, the interior arrangements were cut into lengths and used as sausage-skins for the mince, the bones and shreds of meat were boiled into soup, and the bones were then collected and pounded into dust and used for adulterating the flour, so that the summing-up of the Chicago industry applies equally well to ours - namely, 'Everything pertaining to the animal was utilised except the squeal.'

\* \* \* \* \*

However few may be the signs of the siege in other parts of Mafeking, the Cemetery at any rate shows the tale - writ large and for all posterity to read.

It was at the gate of the Cemetery that immediately after the relief we of the garrison held our Thanksgiving and our Funeral Service for those who were killed, and then broke up to go our various ways - but with a bond between us that links us for the rest of our lives on earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the many good commanders I shook hands with that day was little Sergeant-Major Goodyear, the thirteen-year old chief of the Cadet Corps. This Company was organised by Lord Edward Cecil among the boys of the town for orderly work, to release all men to their duties in the defence - and a very smart, useful, and plucky lot of boys they proved themselves; and the Corps still continues, and was inspected by the Duke of Connaught during his visit to

Mafeking. On my return to Mafeking this time I found that one of these Cadets, Sidney HARRY, had recently died, leaving a most pathetic little message for me with his mother.



:S1'.KGK\,NT-I\AJOK GOODYK\R OF T.Hi.; I\XFETNG CADET CORPS

These boys were a grand example to the boys of England to organise themselves to take the place of men should these be required any day for defence of the Empire.

\* \* \* \* \*



C:J-ff.1))CN PJCICTN\* UP SH LU (m,r -OT On T'UJ, SF:A-&ROK)

Our first work in the siege had been to make a shelter for the women and children to protect them from shell-fire. We dug out and roofed in a large underground gallery capable of accommodating the whole 600 of them. It was well outside the town, close to Mr. Rowland's house, and was quite a wonderful structure with its extra trenches designed to serve as playgrounds for children and for laundries, &c., where, owing to their depth and narrowness, the people would be safe from shell-fire although in the open air. Close by was a large camp of waggons and tents in which the families slept at night when no shelling was going on.

Snyman shelled this place purposely on more than one occasion. One day he fired twenty-six I 00-ob. Shells into it, aided by an observation party on a neighbouring rise, who heliographed back the results of each shot. Their messages were taken down by our signalling sergeant, Moffat, late 3rd Dragoon Guards, who in order

to intercept them had to place himself practically on the spot where all the shells were falling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our extreme Western fort was called Fort Ayr, originally so called because it had to be made detached from the remainder of the defences, *en l'air*. The reason for our making it so was that there was a small ridge which the Boers one day showed signs of occupying by a number of artillery officers visiting it, so we observed through our glasses a spot on the ridge where a meer-cat was sitting up which showed us that at least one portion of the ground was soft and not rock, otherwise the cat would have no burrow.

Taking the compass-bearing of the meer-cat we moved there at night, found soft ground, and dug a fort before morning. When the Boers came with the view of occupying the ridge they found us already in position, and had to make their work some 800 yards further back.

\* \* \* \* \*

A curious little episode happened at this fort one Sunday when the garrisons of both works were sitting about looking at each other. A man in our fort accidentally fired the Maxim, and the Boers at once sought cover and prepared to retort to what they considered an act of treachery. Lieut. Greenfield, commanding the fort, considered that he was to blame, and walked straight out to the Boers without a white flag to apologise. Fortunately they were sporting enough *not* to open fire on him and accepted his explanation over a mutual exchange of cigarettes and newspapers.

This fort of the Boers we styled Standard and Diggers' Fort, because the garrison were generally willing to exchange copies of the 'Standard and Diggers' News' for cigarettes, especially when there were any accounts of British disasters in the paper; when they declined to part, we always took it as a negative sign that our army had gained a success somewhere.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the South-west of the place was our chief grazing ground and the works protecting this were manned by armed natives acting as grazing guards. They were frequently attacked by the Boers, but they always managed to hold their own; in fact, they pushed out and took one of the Boers' works and occupied it.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was on the Western side that the Boers under Eloff made their great attack on May 12. It began by heavy long-range fire from the East side at 4 A.M. One of the bullets (an explosive one) fell under my bed, having come over the wall of biscuit boxes with which I was protected, which showed that it must have been fired at a great elevation and therefore at a great distance. Heavy fire was maintained from the same direction, which soon showed that it was merely a demonstration, and we telephoned therefore to the defences on the opposite side to warn them to be on the look-out for something more serious in their direction. About half-past four the Western defences telephoned that a party of about 300 Boers had made their way up the river-bed and had got into the native stadt.

I ordered the Western defenders then to close in and occupy the river-bed so as to prevent any supports from coming in after the leading body, and sent a reserve squadron down to assist them.

They succeeded in driving off about 500 of the enemy without difficulty and then applied themselves to preventing the advance party from getting back. These Boers in the meantime had pushed their way through the native town, setting fire to part of it, and had rushed the old police fort in the centre and had made prisoners of the men in it, viz.: 3 officers and 15 men, the regimental staff of the Protectorate Regiment, who in the darkness mistook them for friends.

The Boers had in passing through the native town got split up into three parties, and when it became light we were able to surround and attack them in detail. The first party surrendered, the second were

driven out with loss by three squadrons of the Protectorate Regiment under Major Godley, and the third in the police fort, after holding out all day and making a vain attempt to break out, surrendered.

During the day while the struggle was going on in the stadt the enemy outside made a demonstration as if about to attack and kept up a shell fire on the place, but without much effect.

We captured 108 prisoners, among whom was Commandant Eloff, Kruger's grandson, and several German and French officers; we also found IO killed and 19 wounded Boers, and their ambulance picked up 30 more killed and wounded. Our losses were only 4 killed, IO wounded.

Our men, although weak from want of food and exercise, worked with splendid pluck and energy for the fourteen hours of fighting, and instances of personal bravery were particularly numerous.

During the action barrows of refreshment in the shape of horse soup and other such delicacies went round to the men who were fighting, and one of these good fellows on passing me after the fight was over said he would like a fight like that every day if it were going to bring such an increase of his rations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eloff, while sitting at supper with me immediately after his capture, attributed the recent Boer defeats to Joubert's refusal to buy sufficient modern guns before the war. Eloff had brought the question before the President himself, but Kruger sided with Joubert and said, 'Don't be nervous about the result of the war. God will help us to bring it to a successful finish.' To this according to his own account Eloff replied, 'God will help you to enjoy eating roast goose, but he will expect you to do the roasting and the putting it inside yourself; you cannot leave everything to Providence.'

\* \* \* \* \*

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**At the We tern Gate.**

**Stormed nnd Shelled.**

**Fort After Fort Captured.**

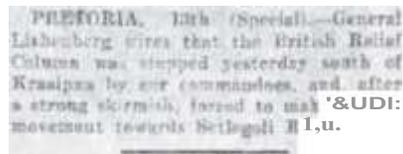
**The End Approaches.**

**Baden-Powell Hard Pressed.**

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**Advance Arresteg.**

**Relief Turned Back.**



This newspaper cutting is from a copy of the Transvaal paper, the 'Standard and Diggers' News,' found by me in the Boer camp after our relief. It was not much truer than many other newspaper reports.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following touching note was written to me by one of our prisoners, a German officer caught fighting on the Boer side under Eloff:

Mafeking: May 2, 1900.

I beg your pardon that I allow me to write you again. Ill and weak as I am I fear very much to become foolish in prison because I must always think how I have left a beautiful position and that now I can never return to it, and not knowing what will become of me I always must have quite desperate thoughts. If I could only have any distraction. I should be very obliged to you if you would allow be so that I can do any work in the town.

A German officer's 'parole d'honneur' would be safety enough that I would not leave the town without your permission.

I am,Sir,

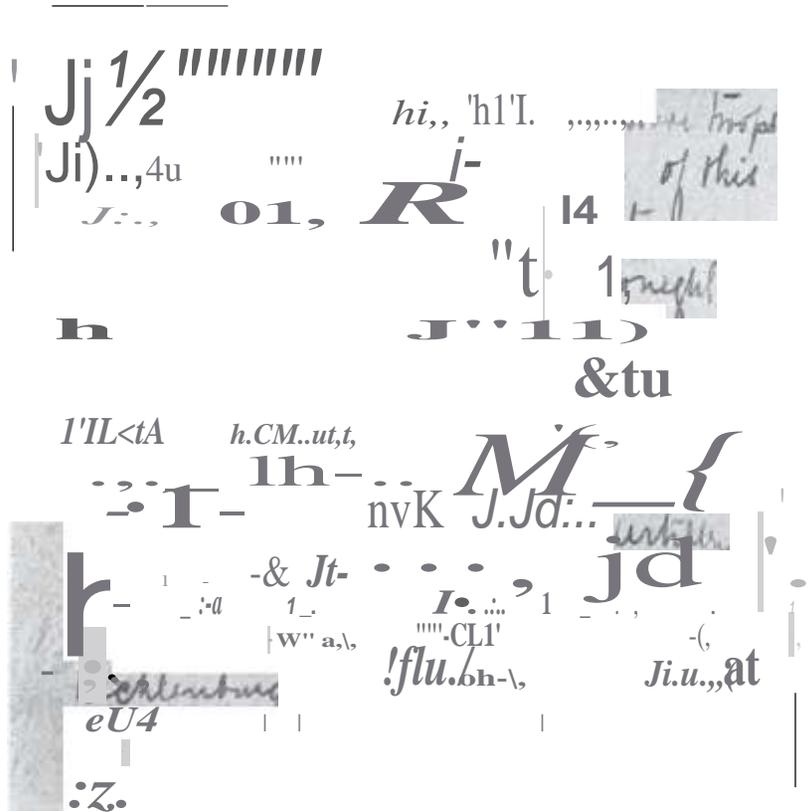
Your most obedient servant,

**R---**

\* \* \* \* \*

This note came to me from some unknown friend in the Transvaal immediately before war was declared. The note was rolled up into a small ball about the size of a pea, inserted in an old walking-stick which a native carried and handed to me in Mafeking - the information in it was pretty correct.

During the siege I had two letters from Cecil Rhodes in Kimberley; they were sent by native runners who managed to get in through the Boer lines; they were rather to the effect that I should appeal for more troops to be sent to help Mafeking, but I was not able myself to see any reason or necessity for this.



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Two notes were put inside shells which were then fired into Mafeking, without bursting charges. They landed in waste open spaces, evidently with no intention of doing harm, and were picked up and opened.

\* \* \* \* \*

A thermometer of hope was printed in our newspaper for some days after we had received information from a native woman that a relief force had started from Fourteen Streams to come to us. The

thermometer showed various stages of its advance and probable dates. The old lady described the appearance of the force, and especially commented on the 'big bubble,' as she called the balloon. But it eventually transpired that her story was a big bubble: she was not quite right in her head, and she was describing some previous expedition of years ago, before khaki had come into fashion, when our men wore red coats and white helmets. This knocked our hopes to pieces, and the following day the thermometer was printed upside down.

**Olr Thermometer or Hope.**

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Mr. Baden Powell  
 Please excuse me for sending this iron  
 messenger I have no other to send at  
 present he is rather eccentric but forgive  
 him if he does not behave well  
 I wish to ask you not to let your men  
 drink all the whisky, as I wish to have a  
 drink when we all come to see you  
 Kindly tell Mr. Scantley that Mrs. Mother  
 & I remain all quite well,  
 I remain yours truly a  
 R. Scantley

A NOTE WHICH ARRIVED IN MAFEKING IN A SHEET FROM THE BRITISH

A gold coin of Philip IV. Of Spain (date I 640) was found in Mafeking when digging one of the entrenchments. A similar one was found some time ago in the Vaal River near Kimberley.

What was their history?

I don't care to speculate. Whenever I get romantic I find myself pulled up with a round turn.

When an old pair of trousers, lost by a Polar expedition going up the West side were subsequently found on the East side of the farthest North, Nansen said it pointed to the floating of the ice across from one side to the other, till another Arctic authority, Admiral Markham, or some one equally renowned, gave it as his opinion that a Laplander or Esquimaux had put them on and walked across in them, and had discarded them when worn out. It does not do to give too much credence to romances.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was out on the Western front that our relief took place.

On May 16 and 17 the Boers around us were seen to be sending parties round to the West. We had complete information now by runners and carrier-pigeons of the approach of a relief column from the South to join hands with Plumer, who was too weak in numbers to effect anything himself, but was standing ready to help us not thirty miles away.

On May 17 (afternoon) the sound of guns to the westward showed us that our relief was coming. Some of us climbed up on to the high engine-sheds of the railway works for a better view.

We could see the dust and smoke of the bursting shells in the distance, and even mounted men hurry about from point to point.

At last came the flick-flick of a heliograph through the haze - to which we promptly send acknowledgements.

Then we got the following:-

**FROMXCOLONELXMAHONXHOWXAREXYOUXGETTINGXONX.**

There was a pause of a long time. Again the flicker went on. **WEXAREXFIGHTINGXHARDXBUTXGETTINGXONXWEXAREXDXFXHX (Diamond Fields Horse) ANDX--**

And that was the end of it - evidently the enemy interfered with their position.

However, it was good enough for us.

With a small party of men who had volunteers themselves as fit to march five miles (though we soon found that several could not do it) and a gun we moved out to the front of Fort Ayr, and made a diversion against the rear of the Boers who were barring the advance of the Relief Force. This was late in the evening.

The Boers cleared away from being between two fires, and in the night the relief force came in, much to our surprise, as we thought they would probably not attempt it till daylight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Karri Davies, with three or four men, turned up in the darkness first, bringing me a box of Queen's chocolate and the welcome news that the relief was practically accomplished.

So I went to bed.

A few minutes later I was awakened to find my brother in the Scots Guards was there. He had come up as Intelligence Officer of the Relief Column.

Then I walked out, and near Fort Ayr found a whole crowd of men coming along in the darkness. It was the Relief at last!

And in a few minutes Mahon, Plumer, Frankie Rhodes, Maurice Gifford and a host of unexpected friends were foregathering over a cup of cocoa in the old Police Barracks, where a few days before Eloff had been in temporary possession.

\* \* \* \* \*

And early next morning to our surprise we found the enemy on the east side of the place still in their positions. They did not seem to realise that the relief force had got in.

They were quickly deceived when we pushed out against them and rushed them out of their headquarter laager into a rapid retreat to the Transvaal.

We got one of their small guns and a flag which they used to flaunt on an exceedingly high pole in front of the town; and, best of all, we got 'Boy' McLaren, who had been kept a prisoner in their hospital with a shattered thigh and two wounds from bullets fired into him as he lay helpless on the ground after a fight just outside Mafeking.

\* \* \* \* \*

I never realised before the siege how deep-seated was the feeling of loyalty and regard of our aged Queen among our otherwise rough and free-minded Colonials.

If she was satisfied with what they were doing, that was all that they wanted.

On January 27 we sent her this message:-

'Mafeking, upon the 100<sup>th</sup> day of the siege, sends loyal devotion to your Majesty and assurance of continued resolve to maintain your Majesty's supremacy in this town.'

And on the relief we received from the Queen a message of which nearly every man kept a copy. This was what she wrote in her own hand, at her dinner-table, on receipt of the news:-

I AND MY WHOLE EMPIRE GREATLY REJOICE AT THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING AFTER THE SPLENDID DEFENCE MADE BY YOU THROUGH ALL THESE MONTHS.

I HEARTILY CONGRATULATE YOU AND ALL UNDER YOU, MILITARY AND CML, BRITISH AND NATIVE, FOR THE HEROISM AND DEVOTION YOU HAVE SHOWN. - V. R. AND I.

\* \* \* \* \*

The recent visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to Mafeking was a genuine pleasure to those who were left of the garrison, and he made it the more so by his evident interest in them and in what they did.

This feeling of personal loyalty to the throne is a great asset to counterbalance the otherwise damaging strokes dealt by party critics at home on our Colonial fellow-subjects.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although our numbers were small in the North-West Frontier Force and much of our work unknown to the public, it is remarkable what a number of our members did great deeds, and in many cases, though by no means all, obtained honours and rewards.

General Plumer (since appointed Quarter-Master-General of the Army); Colonel Godley (Commandant of Mounted Infantry in England); Colonel Nicholson (Inspector-General of South African Constabulary); Major Fitz-Clarence (Victoria Cross); Lord Edward Cecil (Military Secretary in Egypt); Major Goold-Adams (Governor of the Orange River Colony); Colonel Mahon (a general's command in India); Colonel Vyvyan (Commanding the Buffs); Major Panzera (Assistant Resident Commissioner, Bechuanaland); Captain McLaren (Staff Officer for S.A.C. in England); Captain Rott (Inspector of Gymnasias in England), and others, were noted for their good qualities and subsequently selected for employment in responsible positions.

Quite a number received honours and decorations, including also those ladies like Mother Teresa, Miss Hill, Miss Craufurd, and Lady Sarah Wilson, who devoted themselves to the care of the sick and wounded.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the list of others who did well, and who in some cases got rewards and in others did not, is an exceedingly long one and good

reading. It give such inspiring examples of what even the humblest trooper can do for his country, that I hope I may get a chance some day of publishing them for the study of our rising generation. The doings of 'Dynamite Dick' Feltham, of Currie of the Cape Police, of Lowe and his gun; how Sergeant Martineau and Trooper Ramsden won the Victoria Cross, and how Stevens, Shepstone, Mullahue, Moffat and others deserved it - these should appeal strongly to boys; as also the less showy but equally useful work of Conolly and Coghlan in making our gun; of 'Mac,' our telegraph linesman; of Page with his dynamite-bomb throwing; of Captain Ryan and our food supply; and the scouting of Smitheman, Cook, Taylor, MacDonall and others; the armoured-train work of 'Jack' Spreckley, Llewellyn, and More, and the railway repairing by Wallis; the devotion of the doctors and of the chaplains like Father Hartmann; and the care of our women and children by the Mayor, Mr. Whitely, Mr. Rowlands, and Bell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the many corps who distinguished themselves the Bechuanaland Rifle Volunteers (of Mafeking) were in no way behindhand, both in Mafeking and afterwards in the Transvaal, under their energetic and capable commandant, Major Cowan.

I was a proud Honorary Colonel the day that they were inspected by the Duke of Con naught at Mafeking.

His Royal Highness also opened with becoming ceremony the new Drill Hall which they had just erected.

The key with which the opening was effected was made in Mafeking from the fuses of Boer shells fired into the place.

\* \* \* \* \*

We all remember the lesson of the Boer war; the Boers were allowed to go on arming themselves when their armament could have no other objective than ourselves. Yet we took no steps to

prevent or even to meet it, and we were consequently caught unprepared for war when it suddenly broke out. 'We never thought they would declare war; of course it was possible, but so entirely improbable.'

Yet it was a lesson; and our national apathy in peace at that time cost us a heavy sum in men and money in war. But I sometimes wonder whether we have learnt the lesson - or have we already forgotten it?

Another nation is now arming herself - building two *Dreadnoughts* to our one, and arming them more powerfully. There is no navy in the world for her to fight except ours.

Are we not already again using the same old phrases: 'We are at peace; why think of war?' War might of course be possible, but it is so very improbable; why worry?'

Mafeking is not naturally a wet place, but on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught a heavy shower at midday rather interfered with the sight-seeing and somewhat handicapped the street decoration; and the same thing happened at Mr. Chamberlain's visit, when the rain canle down during his address to the large crowd which had gathered to hear him; but the audience sat it out - damp but by no means depressed.

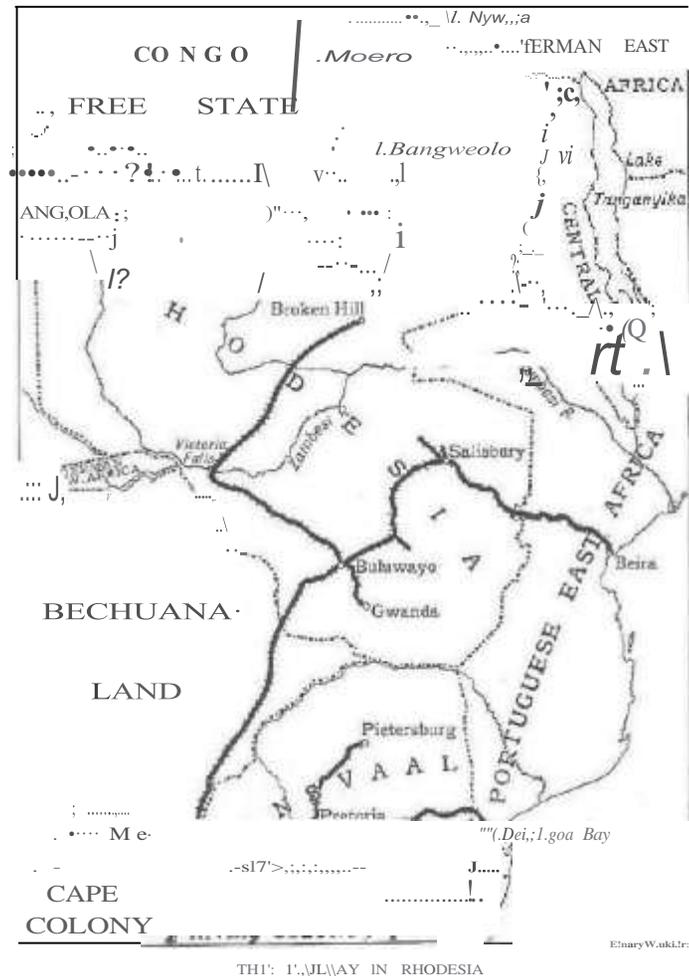
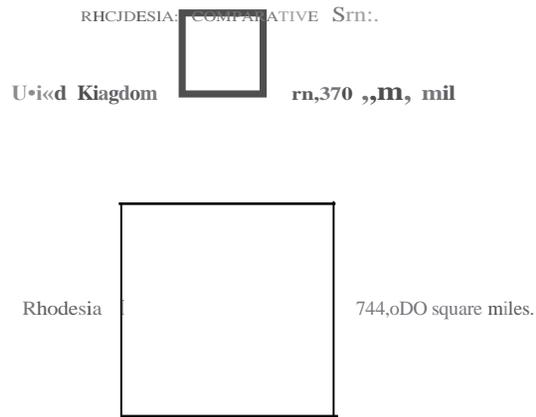


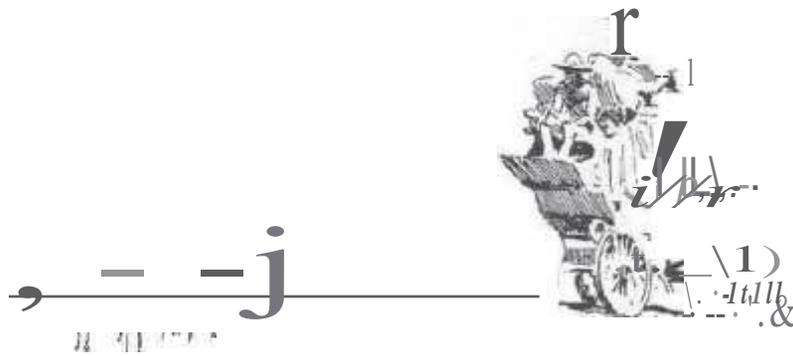
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### III

## RHODESIA

THE train to Rhodesia is a delightful one to travel in, with its clean, roomy cabins, dining-car, library, smoking-room, verandahs, bathrooms, electric light, etc., even the children (and such rosy, healthy examples of Rhodesian 'kids' they are) getting their nursery-bath before going to bed. One looks out from the windows into the park-like veldt, over undulating downs of waving grass (for they have had good rains this year), but here and there with the red sand roads, and wooded with bush and trees as far as the eye can reach. It looks almost ultra-civilised - and yet not ten years ago I was doing the same journey under very different circumstances. Mafeking was then the end of the railway, and the remaining five hundred miles to Buluwayo had to be done by coach; and with tired mules on a deep sandy, waterless road, running into bushes at night, or striking on tree-stumps, the journey was a very spun-out and tiring one, and took us ten days' and nights travelling to accomplish.





COA.CH JS RHO.nY.SI\

In the Boer War the railway immediately north of Mafeking was the scene of many encounters between General Plumer's column and the enemy. At the first ganger's hut Lord Charles Bentinck had the first fight of our investment with such effect as to establish among the Boers a very wholesome mistrust of their own fighting power.

\* \* \* \* \*

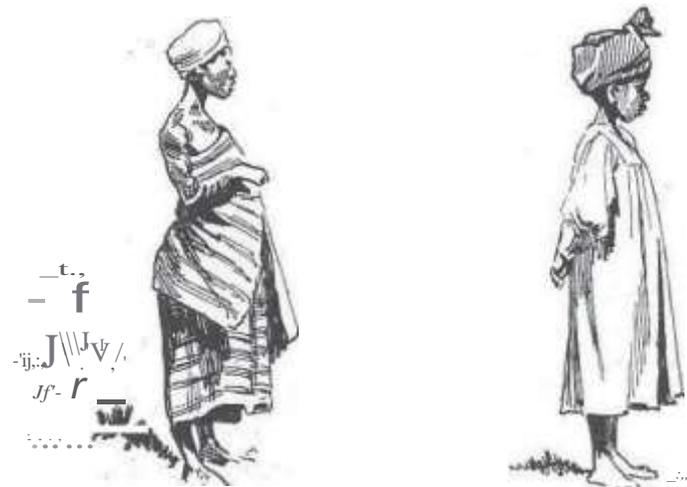
Ramathlabama, 28 miles north, was the spot where we formed the Protectorate Regiment because it was outside Cape Colony, and by

some truly British law we were not allowed to raise a force in our own colony even when war was brewing, because that colony was at heart rebel and objected. After our force had vacated this place some Boers came and took the nameboard of the station and sent it to Kruger as a trophy in proof of their report that they has 'captured Ramathlabama.' It was here, too, that Plumer made a strong reconnaissance towards Mafeking in April 1900, and in the withdrawal Major McLaren's squadron was hard pressed and Captain Crewe (the scout) and Milligan (the cricketer) killed, and McLaren himself very severely wounded.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lobatsi, 40 miles, was the scene of many encounters between Plumer's force and the enemy among the rocky bush-grown hills. It was here, too, that the Boers laid a trap - a trap which failed - for the annoured train; they dug away the embankment from under the rails, then inserted an old waggon to keep them temporarily in place, and covered it lightly with earth - but the trick was discovered by our scouts.

\* \* \* \* \*



HECUAN\ LA\U) UFT.1.1.;

TOPS\

Crocodile Pools was for a time a theatre of fighting between Plumer and the Boers when he was pressing southward towards Mafeking and they were doing their best with superior forces to stop him.

It was here that a gallant attack was made upon the Boers' fortified position (visible to the east of the line) and young French was killed as he gained the entrance of the fort through a network of mines and wire entanglements.



A KOPPIE IN THE MATOPO

This is all country of large native tribes under their chiefs, *e.g.* Bathoen (who has a great fat crocodile - not unlike the one in 'Peter Pan' - stamped as his crest on his writing paper); Khama, a powerful Christian chief who allows no one, even a white man, to be in possession of liquor within his territory; Linchwe, of fighting instincts, and whose tribe extend far through the Transvaal, even into the Orange River Colony.

Francistown is the only white settlement on the road; this is a mining hamlet and magistracy.

\* \* \* \* \*

After entering Rhodesia the bush and grass country is occasionally varied by outcrops of granite boulders piled up in quaint-looking koppies. At Mangwe we come into the theatre of the campaigns against the Matabele in 1893 and 1896. 'Fig Tree' station was one of our posts, and from the train you can see the Matopos away to the south-east, and the Inugu Mountain, one of the enemy's strongholds, rising like a dome among the other hills.

The Matopos are a range, or rather a tract, about sixty miles long, of granite hills lumped together in a bewildering mass of boulder-

koppies and intricate bushy ravines. It was here that the Matabele, on being worsted in the war in 1896, took refuge and carried on bush-fighting of a tricky and unpleasant kind. Inside the koppies are caves, and often streams of water, so it may be imagined what excellent strongholds they afforded for the natives. They used to live inside these places, and after plastering up the holes and crannies between the rocks with mud, leaving a peephole through which to watch the approach, they would lie in wait for the unwary attacker with a well-filled blunderbuss or old elephant-gun loaded with stones.

I spent many a night scouting in this country, and found it - to say the least of it - interesting.

Jan Grootboom, the native scout, used to accompany me, and was the pluckiest and cheeriest, most reliable comrade one could wish for.

When the Boer War broke out he was somewhere up in the interior, with George Grey, I fancy. But he made his way down country and followed me into the Northern Transvaal, and at last joined me at Warmbath. He had come through the Boers and had annexed *en route* a horse and a rifle, as well as a few unconsidered trifles, such as a mule and a milch-cow, etc. The mutual grin of pleasure which we let fly on meeting is on (photographic) record.

Poor chap! He was afterwards killed in a fight up in Central Africa, whither he returned after the war.

On the other side of Inugu, but within sight of it, stands the 'World's View,' the dome-like koppie on the top of which Cecil Rhodes lies entombed, encircled by the almost Druidical ring of great granite boulders which Nature had placed there as a freak.

It is the unique and entirely appropriate resting-place for him.

'Mzilikatze, the first king of the Matabele, lies buried on another of these same mountains; and on a lower spur stands the monument to Wilson and his party, who were killed on the Shangani in 1894.





**BULUWAYO**

*February 6, 1906.-* At Government House, Buluwayo, once more.

The great drive of two miles straight between a double row of shrubs (which are progressing indifferently well towards becoming trees) led us up to the top of the rise on which the house stands in its English-looking garden. Half-way along the drive the road fords a little stream. It is pathetically curious that in his last hours Rhodes's mind frequently wandered to this little drift, and to his scheme for bridging it.

There is much of the Dutch farmhouse about Government House, with its deep white pillared stoep (built, of course, by Cecil Rhodes) and its dark thatched roof.

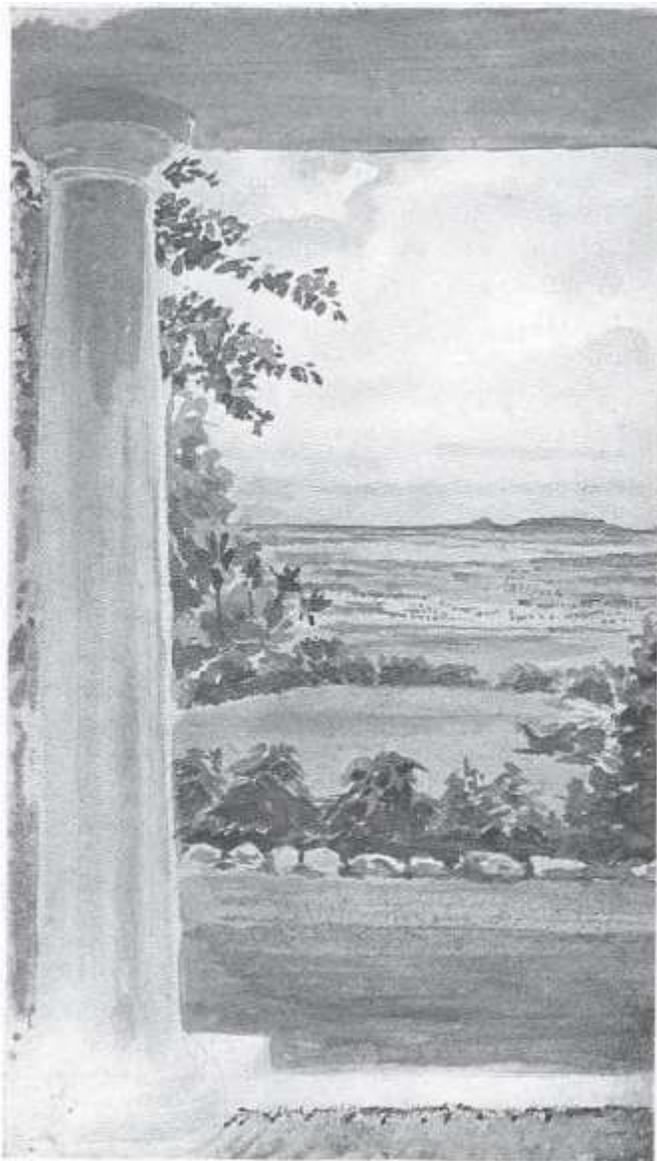
It stands on the site of the kraal of Lobengula, the last king of the Matabele, and commands a magnificent view over a vast horizon of wooded flats.

There is nothing now left of the huts of the kraal, which I remember seeing at my first visit here. All is garden now. The stunted thorn tree still stands under which Lobengula used to sit to watch his victorious warriors bringing in the cattle and other spoils of war; but it is not longer solitary and unique. Like the nation it represents, it is now surrounded and outgrown by a civilised English garden with beautiful shrubs, soft grass and flowers and birds.

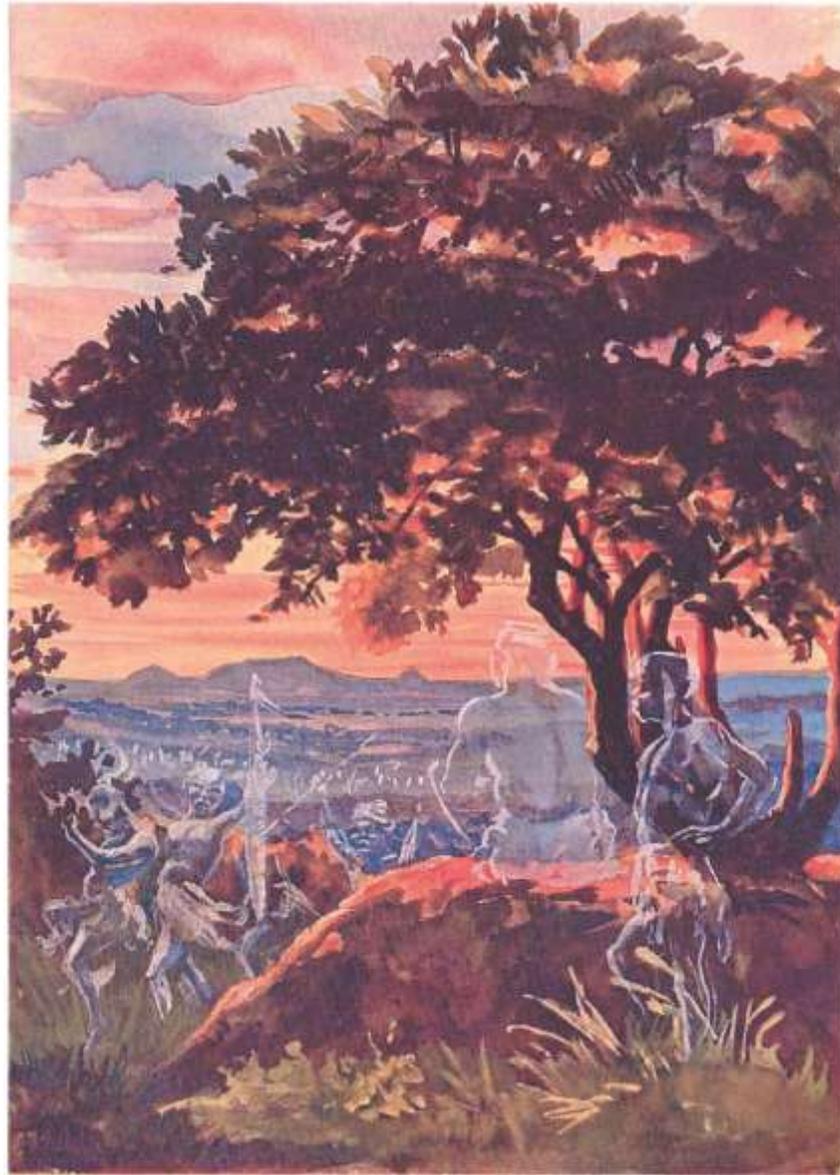
Looking from my window, away across the broad green lands, the flat horizon is broken by the sharp outline of the koppie, Thaba Induna, or Hill of the Chiefs, from which in the good old days 'Mzilikatze, the king, hurled to death a number of chiefs, including his own brother, who had been so ill-advised as to elect a new king during his prolonged absence on the war-path.

\* \* \* \* \*

My first visit to this house was in the night after my arrival at Buluwayo in 1896, when Burnham, the American scout, reported an



"THABA INDUNA," FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BULUWAYO



LOBENGULA'S TREE AT BULUWAYO

impi of the enemy close by. And so we found it.

When we attacked them next morning, at dawn, poor Jack Spreckley showed that he had the true cavalry spirit in him, although he had no soldier's training; instead of dismounting his men to fire, he charged straight into the position, galloped it, and had the enemy all on the run in a few moments. And we pursued them as far as Thaba Induna. This body of Matabele had been sent by their prophet to sit on the ridge which they occupied when we attacked, and to witness the destruction of the English; for when we crossed the brook that lies along the foot of the ridge the earth was to open and swallow us up. For some reason the machinery of nature got out of gear, or ran out of petrol, or something, and at the critical moment failed to do its task, and left them to bear the brunt of our attack.

\* \* \* \* \*

The boys of Buluwayo are all trained as cadets to drill and to use of the carbine. They take pride in their position as volunteers, and one continually sees them walking about with their carbines on their shoulders.

Some of them are very good shots, and have proved themselves pretty tough competitors at the South African Sisley when shooting against grown-up marksmen.

Parents and schoolmasters here see the desirability of the cadet-training, and a boy would be considered an awful outsider and milksop by the others if he did not join a corps.

It is a pity that the same feeling does not exist at home to a similar extent.

But the people in England do not as yet realise that they are living on very thin ice. Nor do they see that by discouraging training for defence they are encouraging enemies to aggression, and thereby increasing the danger, which is already sufficiently imminent, of disaster to the nation.

\* \* \* \* \*



"6

The Volunteers are on a very good footing in Rhodesia, where a man would be thought a real outsider if he were not in the force. The young men of England might well take a lesson from their brothers in Rhodesia - indeed in most parts of South Africa - in this respect.

They don't complain about the expense of joining and the inconvenience of attending drills, and so on: they look on these as the necessary crosses to be borne by a man who has his country's good at heart. All volunteers learn to ride and to shoot.

The Headquarters Drill Halls at Buluwayo and Salisbury are fine buildings, and well found in every detail, with their armouries, gymnasias, officers' and sergeants' messes, men's clubs, etc.

\* \* \* \* \*



IIIILKI\IAN IN BULUWAYO

Since I wrote the above notes the call to war has fallen on Natal, and the Militia and Volunteers of that Colony have now the satisfaction of seeing that their patriotic step in training themselves to arms in peace time has enabled them to carry out a difficult campaign to a successful issue, and to win it entirely off their own bat.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Buluwayo opposite to the fine statue of Cecil Rhodes stands a pedestal to the memory of the pioneers who fell in establishing Rhodesia. It was originally designed to support a statue of a lion; but the lion was of so small a size in proportion to the base that strangers were apt to ask, 'What was the name of Rhodes's dog?' or 'What had the dog done to deserve so fine a memorial?'

Finally the Lion was taken down and the pedestal remains awaiting an idea. Why not put up a statue of one of the pioneers - poor Jack Spreckley for instance, one of the foremost pioneers, who afterwards fell in action in the Transvaal?

\* \* \* \* \*

A peculiar notice greets you at the railway station at Buluwayo. 'Bicycling on the platform is strictly forbidden.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Buluwayo is much as it was before the Boer War- standing in a state of arrested growth.

Wide, straight streets of great buildings and small; fine bungalows, and gable-ends of what were going to be palaces.

The wide streets, after the rain and from absence of traffic, are grass rides, but still it is not the deserted city that it was immediately after the war. Then there were only a few shops open, and if you looked in at one for a moment you ran the risk of drawing from the interior a weary salesman, who would beg you to come inside and see if he could not meet your wants.



AK IUEA L. OR TH PIONEJ. 'R.S.' MF. MORU.T.

In those days I met P. D. Crewe at the club, and I asked him 'How's business?'

'Oh, very fair,' he replied. 'I am *turning over* a good lot of money every day. I grow vegetables now, and sell them to the club here every morning - for a very good price, too. Then I come and dine here and eat them; but they charge an awful lot for dinner.'

\* \* \* \* \*

But Buluwayo is no longer in that somnolent state. Her best men drifted away for a time to see if there might be better openings in the Transvaal, but they are all coming back again now to Rhodesia.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then by train - I am almost ashamed to write it - *by train* to the Zambesi. It is a journey of twenty hours, through forest all the way; and though the line is still a bit bumpy in places, and as winding as a Kaffir footpath, the train is comfortable - almost luxurious, for it has its dining-car; the seats and sleeping-berths are of woven cane for coolness; and the windows are made of wire-gauze to keep out the fever-bearing mosquitoes.

One used rather to jeer at the theory of mosquitoes giving one fever, but the proof of the pudding is that those who live in wire houses can afford to throw stones (or jeers) at those who don't. The railway and police, etc., both in the Zambesi valley and on the Portuguese frontier in the Transvaal, find that in practice it pays them to fit up the houses of their employes with wire-gauze doors and windows on spring hinges so as effectually to keep out the 'anopheles' or malaria-bearing mosquitoes. This beast is distinguished from the 'culex' or harmless mosquito by having his head and back in the same straight line instead of being hump-backed, and a T mark on his wing, and a voice that is deeper than the shrill singing of his cousin; and he has the silly habit of standing on his head instead of behaving like an ordinary mortal, which at once betrays him. Thanks to the experiments of Dr. Low, who successfully tried living on the Roman marshes in a mosquito-proof

house, the sick-list in the malarial regions of South Africa has been very materially reduced.

\* \* \* \* \*

Colonials, especially those in any form of service, are generally supposed to let visitors shift for themselves, as they are accustomed to doing for their part.

But Rogers, the hall porter at the Grand Hotel, is a very notable exception to this rule.

Take the best and most energetic of Cook's interpreter-courier-baggage-masters and pit him against Rogers, and Rogers will win - partly because he is so excessively cheerful over hard work, and partly because he helps everybody with equal zeal, whether it is the

moneyed travelling gent or the tired irresponsible settler's wife and her baggage.

He was wounded through the shoulder in the attack by the Matabele on our column at the Inugu Mountain in 1896. I took a small relief column to them during the night, and in order to show them we were coming I ordered my trumpeter to sound the 'Salute; call every now and then.

Rogers, lying in the quiet of the hospital tent, was the first to hear our trumpet, so he called to one of the men and told him that he had heard it. The man went out and the wounded man then overheard him say to a friend, 'Poor old Rogers! He's going now - says he can hear trumpets!'

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV

### VICTORIA FALLS

TWO hundred miles north-west of Buluwayo, the Zambesi River flows in a great even sheet of water over a mile in width, when, without any warning, it suddenly slides over a cliff some four hundred feet high running straight across its course. The whole river falls into a narrow chasm of some fifty yards wide. The opposite face of the chasm is similarly a cliff, densely wooded at the top owing to the continuous drizzle and rain of spray upon it. The outlet for the water is through a deep narrow gorge at the northern end of the chasm and at right angles to it. Through this gorge the restricted mass of water rushes with enormous force, in a sharp zigzag course, for over forty miles, when it again resumes its normal conduct as a respectable river.

The falls were first made known by my relative, William Cotton Oswell, who after being the first Englishman to visit Lake Ngami out in the Kalahari Desert, made his way to the Zambesi River and mapped the country up there, including Barotzeland, in 1851. He shows the Falls on his map with the remark that their spray is visible ten miles distant, and he called them by their native name, Mosi-ao-Tunya, meaning 'The smoke that roars.' Dr. Livingstone visited and described them three years later, and named them the Victoria Falls.

\* \* \* \* \*

They compare thus with the Niagara Falls:-

	Victoria Falls	Niagara
Width of river	1,936 yards	1,300 yards
Depth of fall	400 to 420 feet	158 to 167 feet
Probable horse-power	35,000,000	7,000,000

This 'power' question is one which naturally much excites the practical mind of Rhodesia, and proposals to transmit it not only to Buluwayo (200 miles), but even to Johannesburg (700 miles), are being estimated for and considered, and it is claimed that the required outlay of two millions to gain 20,000 horse-power can be repaid by a charge so low as  $\frac{3}{4}d$ . Per unit; but it will be interesting to see how the difficulty is to be overcome of protecting and patrolling such a length of line; and also there seems yet to be some difference of opinion as to the amount of water and consequent horse-power that is available now or is likely to be in the near future (especially as there are reasons for suspecting that the volume of water is gradually decreasing).

\* \* \* \* \*

At about 130 miles north of Buluwayo we arrive at 'Wankies.'

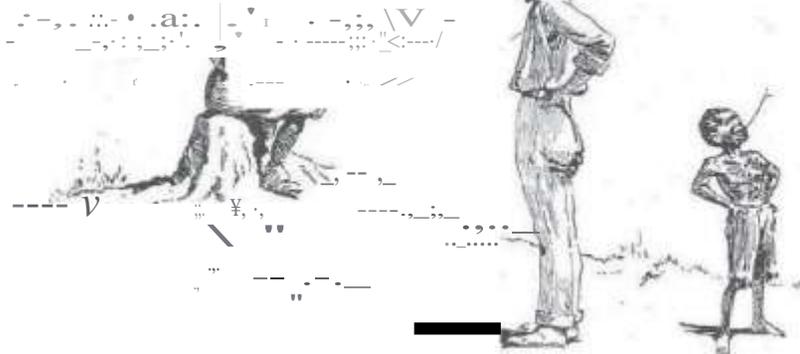
Since I first read books of adventure and sport in South Africa, 'Wankies' has been to me a place of romance, and though it is not identically the same as 'Wankies' on the railway, it is not far off. It was from this kraal that all hunters' paths seemed to radiate; from it they dived into the jungle for months together, leaving behind them the waggons and oxen with which they had trekked up-country from civilised parts; hither they returned with their spoils, their ivory, their lions' heads, and giraffes' hides - if they were lucky; or if otherwise, they were brought back sick to be nursed to health or to die.

And what do I find at Wankies? A hot, low-lying basin, among a circle of bushy hills; a great bustling coal-mine, with its tall chimney, works, and refuse-heaps; employes' bungalows on all the

surrounding knolls; the railway station with its smart British South African Police, and the usual crowd of clean, young English loafers in shirts, ties, and immaculate trousers, Panama hats, and cigarettes.

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nu; PIONKER

The hard-bitten, tanned old pioneer, in his last month's shirt, who has come through many a native war while these lads were yet at school at Tooting, ought to despise them with all the heartiness he possesses; but he doesn't and the reason he doesn't is that they are all voluntarily drilled men and good shots, and as such he has hopes of them. Youth and cleanliness are their main faults, and he recognises that these are temporary failings. Those of them who don't keep too near to the bar and die may probably become tough, and possibly even dirty; but, at any rate, they will some day be *men* and worthy comrades or successors to himself. As he expresses it, 'They'll be all right. They've got English guts in them, and they can shoot. They're "white."'

\* \* \* \* \*

This conversation I overheard at the station.

'Any news?'

'Young Smith died yesterday.'

'Smith! - Blackwater?'

'Yes. We buried him this morning.'

'I knew him. Good chap he was. Have you had much rain here?'

\* \* \* \* \*

A notice showing the growth of civilisation:-

**VICTORIA FALLS HOTEL LAUNDRY.**

**LINEN WASHED AND RETURNED AT VERY SHORT NOTICE.**

The Quickest and Best Way of Visiting

**THEMATOPPAS & WORLD'S VIEW**

and other places of interest near Buluwayo

Is by means of **DULY'S MOTOR CARS.**

\* \* \* \* \*

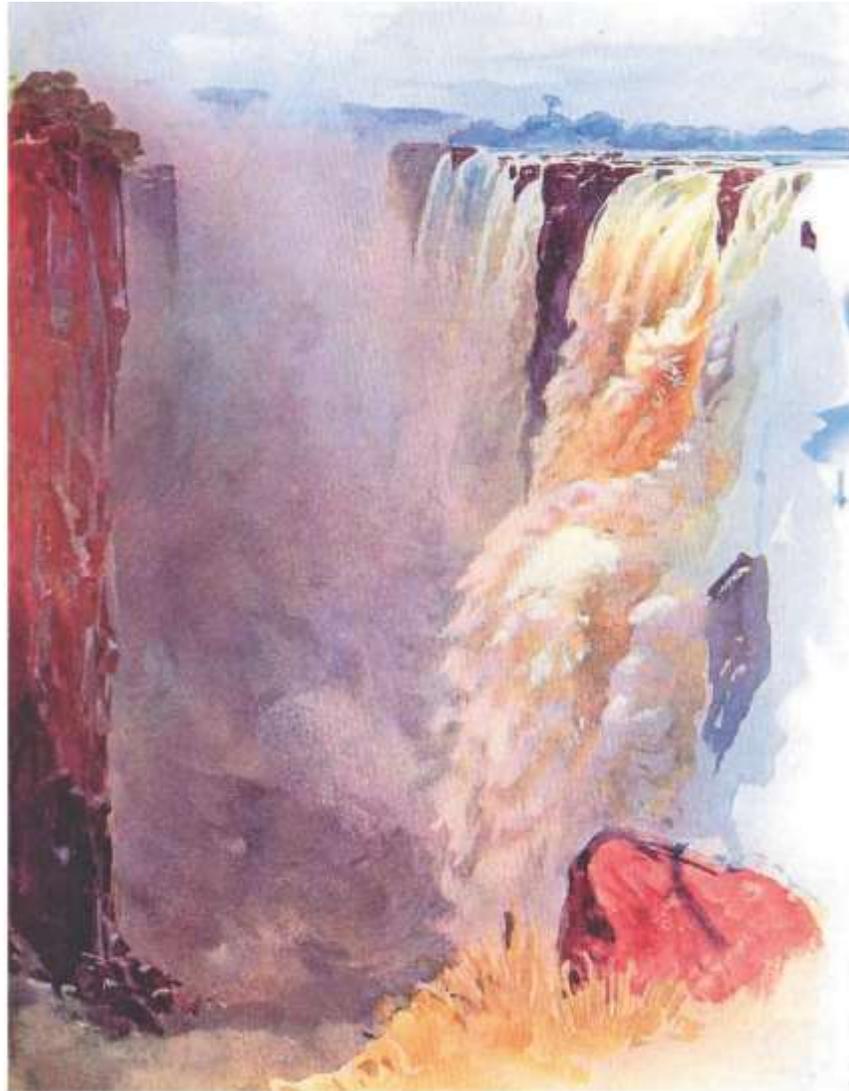
Presently the train gains high ground, by dint of an infinity of puffing and hauling which makes one's heart bleed for the poor hardworking, panting monster.

The view now is delightful, over miles of tree-tops in a succession of ridges, from brilliant green in the foreground to delicate blue in the far distance.

In the valley alongside us there is a great red cliff with blue shadows; you can trace it running for miles back among the trees, and there - there to the right front - not three miles away, a long white steam-cloud rises at the back of the trees thinning away to nothing high up in the sky. It is the spray of the Falls!

\* \* \* \* \*





VICTORIA FALLS FROM EAST SIDE

glistening rocks like a bundle of snakes writhing dark and shiny in an inferno where the roar and booming are everlasting.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the beautiful tangled Rain Forest facing the Falls we find numbers of flowers, the most attractive of which, since they are more or less peculiar to this place, are the yellow *Gladiolus primulinus* ('Maid of the Mist'), the Calanthe (purple orchid), also the Ipoma:a convolvulus - scarlet, yellow, etc. - and the *Dissotis egregate*, a purple-flowered water-plant.

Moving through the Rain Forest parallel to the front of the Falls, we come now and again to openings in the bush which give us wonderful glimpses through a dark frame of greenery of the gleaming falling foam just opposite - and one never seems to want to leave it for further progress.

\* \* \* \* \*

Out of the Rain Forest we come to a bold grassy head-land which ends abruptly in a pile of black rocks jutting out over the great chasm, exactly at the point where the river escapes therefrom through the narrow gorge which forms its onward course. This is 'Danger Point.'

From the bright calm of a summer day as you step on to this rock you pass into a glorious tornado of wind and drenching mist. You face the immense stretch of the Zam besi where it falls over the long straight precipice into a gorge, and the crash and boom of the great creamy avalanche before you, with the rush and roar of the swirling torrent 400 feet below give you a new sensation of life, and one that fascinates and chains you to the spot.

\* \* \* \* \*

The height to which the spray rises in the sky has been variously estimated, but an average of 1,000 feet does not seem excessive.

When I was there it was exceptionally abundant, and among us we came to the conclusion that it ascended - there is nothing like being very exact in these matters - to a height of 2,019 feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

The marvellous formation of the Falls and the great zigzag cañon below them has given rise to much speculation among geologists and others. Many people were started on the wrong track originally by Livingstone (I think it was), who first described the formation as probably the result of an earthquake, but closer study of the ground has shown that the strange course of the river is probably due to 'natural causes' - that is, to the gradual wearing away of one part of the basaltic wall which forms the Fall. The moment that one portion begins to give it naturally draws a constantly increasing force of water on to itself. It is evident that in the past the river flowed along over the surface of the present zigzags; that each of them in tum formed the barrier over which the water fell until in process of time it found the weak spot where it bored its way down to the level of the lower river-bed.

The same process is probably being repeated now at the western end of the Falls, where a channel is gradually being cut.

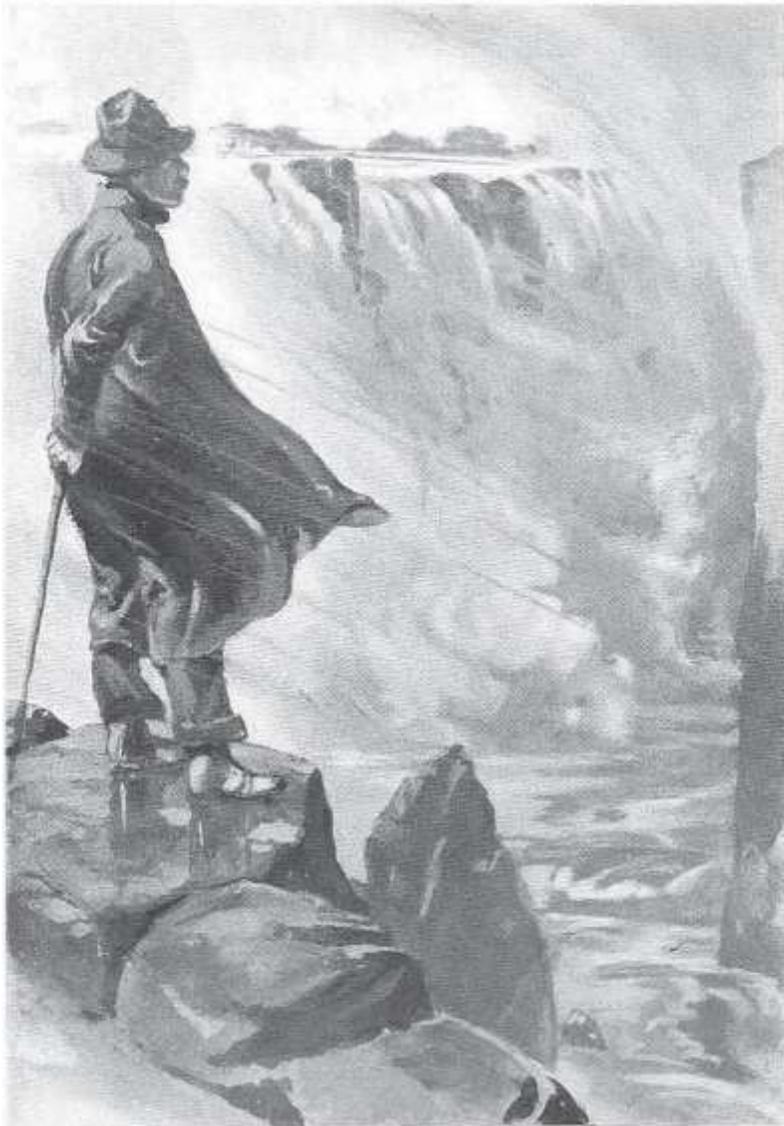
In the dry season the eastern end of the Fall runs down to a trickle, while at the western end it is always in full force.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Government of Rhodesia have enclosed the land for a wide distance all round the Falls as a Government Park, so that no building will desecrate the scene.

Otherwise monster hotels would spring up and choke the view in no time.

They own the ground round the Falls on both banks of the river, but not *underneath* the river. The river is changing its course, developing another zig-zag which will leave part of the present bed bare and dry. They must look out for enterprising builders annexing



ISI \,;D WJ)D) AXD FRIVING SPRAY

this as an eligible hotel-site. It is true that geologists reckon that it has taken 31,000 years for the existing zigzags to form, but Ritz can afford to wait.

And everything comes to him who can wait.

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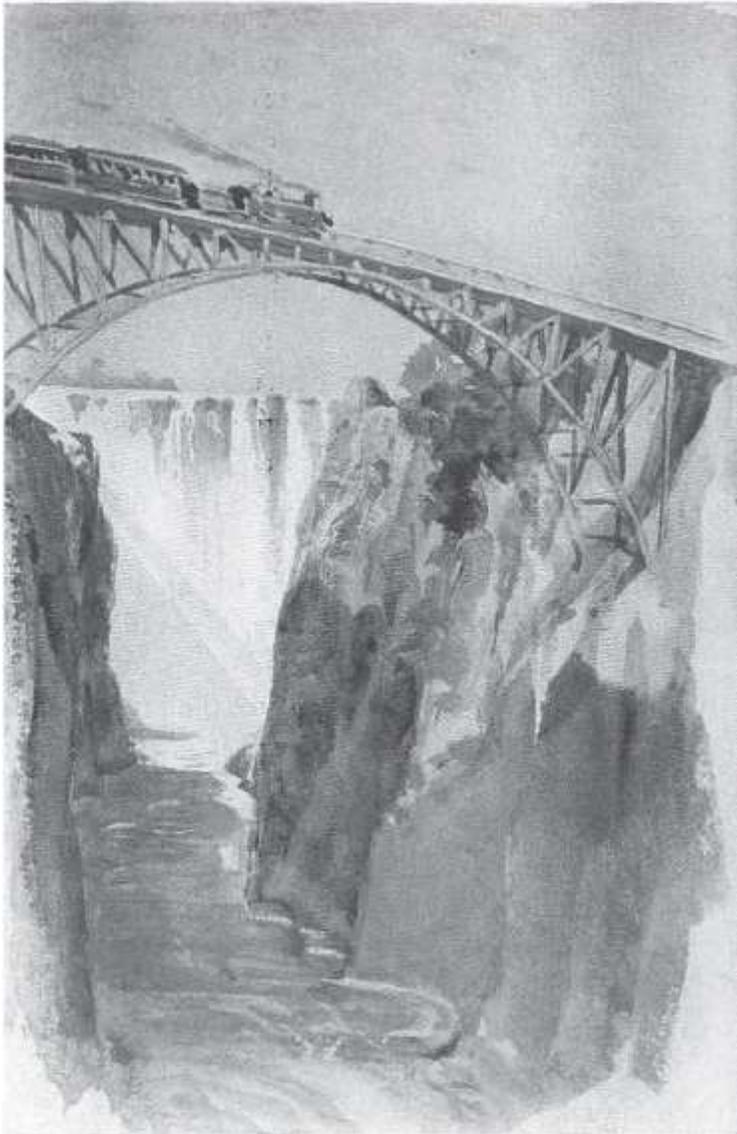
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The bridge over the Zambesi crosses the narrow gorge, just below the Falls, by a single arch, and being of light construction and inconspicuously coloured, it does not offend the eye. And beyond this one necessary erection there are no buildings or other signs of civilisation within sight of the Falls.

The bridge itself was begun in October 1904, and was worked out from both banks simultaneously, material for the far bank being carried over by a 'motor-traveller' on a tight wire rope. The two abutments grew till they met in the middle on April I, 1905. Overnight the ends had nearly come together and appeared to overlap, but the cool of the night shrunk the steel to its proper length,



THE BRIDGE

and on the eventful morning the two ends slid into each other with scarcely the eight of an inch difference.

\* \* \* \* \*

The view from the bridge is one of the best. Looking towards the Falls these form a background to the sharply defined outline of Danger Point on the left and the dense bush of the 'Knife-edge' on the right, while the pent-up river swirls along underneath your feet 400 feet below.

Looking the other way, downstream, through a straight gorge of high red cliffs, the river runs to the foot of the cliff on which stands the hotel and then turns sharply to its zigzag course, which it continues for the next forty miles.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Captain Grogan wrote his book 'From Cape Town to Cairo' Cecil Rhodes wrote to him that he would like to see the railway follow his footsteps, and cross the Zambesi where the spray of the Falls might fall on the carriage windows. This fancy of his is now accomplished.

Above the Falls the great river is a mighty expanse of smoothly flowing water over a mile wide, with thickly wooded banks and islands - it seems to be slowly, slowly drifting forward under the bright sun and blue sky quite unconscious of the awful fate that is lying in ambush for it over there where the smoky curtain rises through the trees in silent warning. Hulloh! There's a motor-launch - oh! and a smart up-river boat with a fellow fly-fishing! Yes, you can get very good fun with the 'Tiger' fish here.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five miles upstream and some little distance inland on the North bank is the town of Livingstone, quite a promising town with its stores, and its newspaper (typed, it is true, not printed as yet) and its local politics.



VICTORIO FALLS FROM THE WESTERN SIDE



result of the ebb of population from that country into the Transvaal under the difficulties of continuous war and internal troubles since 1893, especially cattle diseases.

Agriculture by itself seems unlikely to pay fully, but cattle-raising should do well so soon as vets. and police take the diseases in hand and suppress them.

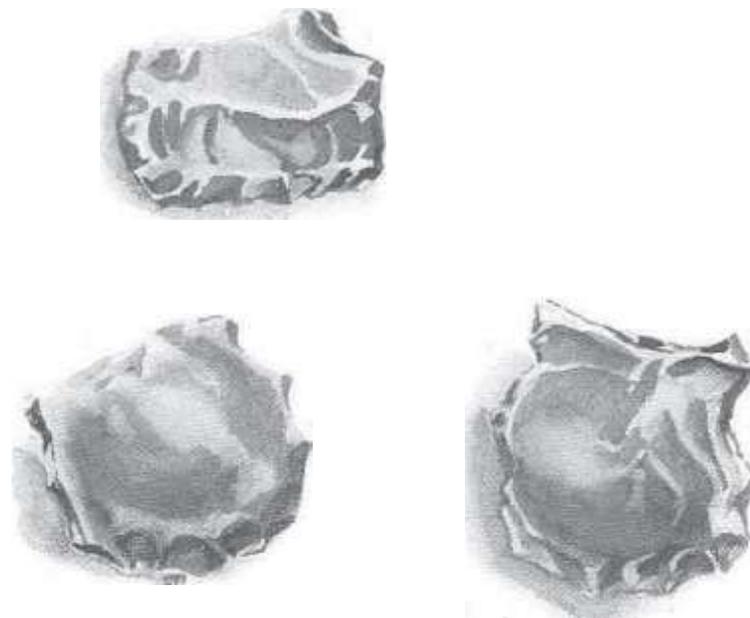
The British South Africa Company have lately issued a scheme for colonising the country on the report of Mr. Charles Wise, an expert in agricultural management, who had been investigating the capabilities of the country on the spot.

Men of a good class are to be assigned to settle there on a central farm under the instruction of a sub-manager for about a year, cultivating a holding of their own in the neighbourhood as part of their instruction and as making a start with the farm that they will eventually occupy - the whole cost of starting a farm of 1,000 to 1,500 acres being about 700/., including the passage out, erection of house, furniture, implements, stock wages, rent and food for the first year, for the man and his family.

The agricultural and pastoral prospects of the country are further backed up by its mineral wealth. In gold the output in 1898 was 24,500 oz.; I 90 I, 172,000 oz.; I 903 23I ,800 oz. Great coalfields have been opened up in the north-west and the railway has now reached Broken Hill, 300 miles north of Zambesi, the centre of a wonderful copper-mining district.

Also wonderful results have attended experimental crops in cotton and tobacco. Rhodesian cigarettes are already of value in the market.

The addition of this colony, six times the size of its mother-country, to the Empire, without any cost to the Government, is the work of Cecil Rhodes and, as Mr. Lionel Dece very justly points out, of Alfred Beit, his coadjutor.



Two-thirds size.

V

## MASHONALAND

EVERY few miles of the 1,600 of the railway you pass the white ganger and his gang of native platelayers at work.

In the civilised part of South Africa he is of no special interest. I even found him at the beginning of the late war, in some instances - in Cape Colony at any rate - a rebel.

It is in Rhodesia that the ganger appeals to one; there he lives a solitary life in the sultry jungle. He has to be careless alike of fever and heat and native risings - his whole attention being directed to keeping the line in running order for long clattering trains of waggons running north with material for further extensions, or slowly rumbling south with their loads of Wankie coal. And amid the heavy rains of summer he has to be ever on the look-out, prompt and resourceful to stem a wash-out or to check and underflow.

Almost every ganger has a history or is a character. Very seldom do you see one take any apparent interest in a train, yet to some of them it must bring thoughts and memories even if they don't care for gossip or news of the world. That one who was an officer in the Life Guards, or the one who was formerly a Dragoon officer, can they see dining-cars glittering by, filled with ladies in summer dresses, without remembering other scenes?

\* \* \* \* \*

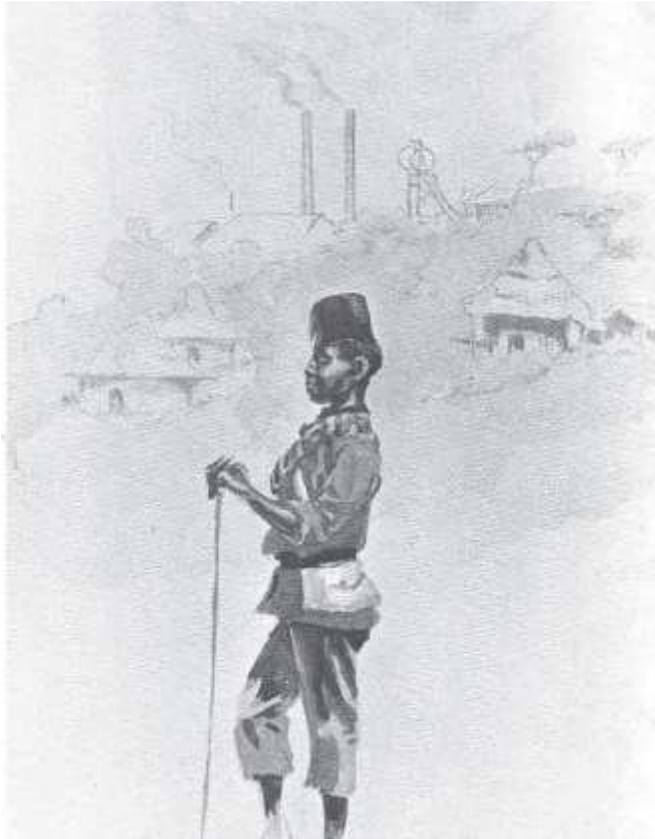
From Buluwayo to Salisbury is about 200 miles. The last time I did the journey was in 1987, and I did a great part of it on a bicycle.

About one-third of the way you come through a corner of the Somabula Forest, which, as far as trees go, such as are usually associated with a forest, is disappointing, but as a collection of saplings and bush of a most confusing kind, it spreads over a fine



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THE GANGER WITH HIS PLATE



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area of country.

We hunted the Matabele about in this tract in the war, and finally collared Uwini, the so-called Mlimo or God of this part - and shot him.

It is here that Sir John Willoughby has started his newly opened diamond fields. At present the industry does not make a great show on the spot. The train pulls up opposite a small tin house on the veldt, and round about are a number of small trial diggings. But machinery is all on its way up to start things on a big scale.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gwelo is the halfway town between Buluwayo and Salisbury. It is quite a pretty, flourishing-looking village; but when I knew it of old it consisted of little more than a billiard-room with a fort round it. The reason for this was that the former buildings had been wrecked by the Matabele, who, however, could make little impression on the billiard-table, so it remained standing in the open till by-and-by a column of troops came along, and in selecting their camping-ground so arranged it as to include the billiard-table.

Then they rigged a roof over it, from which grew up an hotel, and finally started the whole town.

\* \* \* \* \*

Salisbury, a widely spread-about town, is now the headquarters of the Government of Rhodesia and of the British South African Mounted Police under Colonel Bodel, C.M.G. Formerly it was the capital of Mashonaland, while Buluwayo was capital of Matabeleland, but these countries have been merged into 'Southern Rhodesia.'

Its wide spaces have filled up considerably since I last saw the place.

But the wonder in developments greeted me when we reached Umtali.

When I was here in 1897 the only signs of a town was a number of pickets driven into the ground, some spit-locked lines, and a few notice-boards; and now there is a great flourishing town, on, as I described it then, one of the most charming sites in the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

The original town of Umtali is some eighteen miles from the railway. When we arrived here in 1897 we were travelling with Rhodes. The townspeople had just heard that the railway, which was then being pushed up country, would not come to the town as had always been understood, but owing to certain engineering difficulties would pass at a distance of eighteen miles from it.

Indignant house-owners came to see Rhodes to protest. He had them in one by one, went into the amounts they had expended on building, and bough their houses, giving them at the same time facilities for building ones at New Umtali. In this way he acquired the whole town in the course of a few hours, and went about appealing for suggestions as to what to do with it.

It is not every day you get a chance of buying a ready-made town complete with post office, jail, hotel, and shops, etc. I advised him to offer it to the Salvation Army for their colonisation work. I don't know whether he ever did so.

\* \* \* \* \*

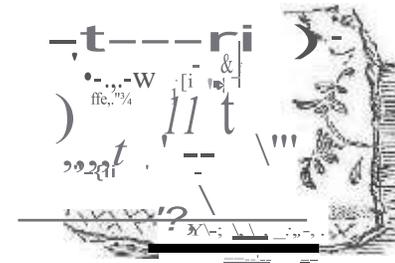
From Salisbury down to Umtali and beyond, the character of the country changes a good deal. It is well wooded and watered with occasional streams and rivers all running, and not, as in other parts, underground. On every side one sees frequent outcrops of great granite rocks of most fantastic shapes.

At Umtali almost every kind of fruit and flower seems to grow and to grow well - whether it is a Scotch fir or an Indian mango tree. But there *are* white ants!

Umtali is altogether such a sweet place, that after looking in vain for its bad points I asked an inhabitant confidentially, 'Now what *is*

the krab of this place?' He replied he didn't know; he had never been able to discover one.

\* \* \* \* \*

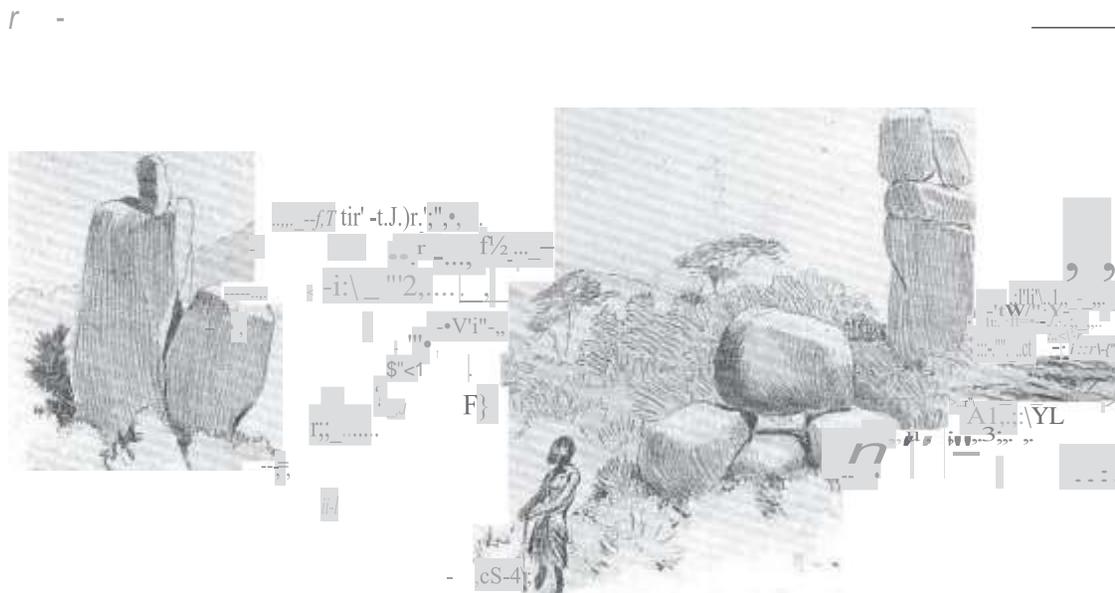


NANKIN POTTERY

In the museum at Buluwayo are many interesting relics from the imbabwe and other ruins in Mashonaland. Theodore Bent and others have written on the subject of the origin of these ruins, which were generally supposed to be Phœnician or in some way connected with the Queen of Sheba, but Mr. Randall Maclver shatters these stories with a piece of crockery which shows them to belong to a comparatively recent age, *i.e.* mediaeval time, and that the inhabitants were no outsiders but rather clever native tribes. He points out that the herring-bone pattern or Oriental building is common all over Africa: and similar stone fortified kraals exist in Rhodesia. The orientation of the building is not regular nor exactly astronomical, as Mr. Swan had made out.

He considers Zimbabwe of the same age as the ruins at Dhlodhlo; and under the cement flooring of the latter he found assegais, beads, bangles, and Nankin china of the sixteenth century.

Nanatali is a good example of similar building; and the well-known Khami building produced a number of mediaeval



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implements, including a key, and he therefore gives the date of all these between 1400 and 1500. But he does not mention that at that date De Barron wrote of the Zimbabwe ruins that they were then described by the natives as of unknown origin, 'work of the devil'; nor does he allude to the contemporary industry of gold mining, which is computed to have produced 75,000,000! worth of gold, with high-class engineering and an immense number of labourers, of which accounts were written **in 1000 A.D.**

He does not take much account of the ancient gold ingot of practically the same shape as that used in the Phrenician tin mines in Cornwall; nor does he refer to the pitted monoliths

round which the ancients seem to have liked building elliptical enclosures, whether in Mashonaland or in Malta (Hajiar Kim).

After Umtali we leave Rhodesia, with its hidden though romantic past, and its strenuous, progressive present teeming with possibilities for the future under the hand of the present generation of hardworking pioneers.

\* \* \* \* \*

A girl was practising on the piano before breakfast this morning. She played through a piece to get it done. She did not realise that outside the window a man was listening with all his heart to the melody he loves - only to hear it murdered.

Similarly many a pioneer of civilisation, slaving his life out in doing his duty in tropical exile, under hardship and disappointment, must at times feel inclined to slack off from want of encouragement and recognition, and just to play through his piece to get it done. He does not realise that he as often as not is acting as an inspiring example to many another

to work at his duty, and that it is the very thanklessness of his task that makes it so forcible an object-lesson.

It may perhaps come as a surprise to some of their armchair detractors at home to learn that many of these pioneers are really inspired with the thought of working for the advancement of civilisation and for the prestige of their nation rather than with any idea of gaining wealth or personal kudos.

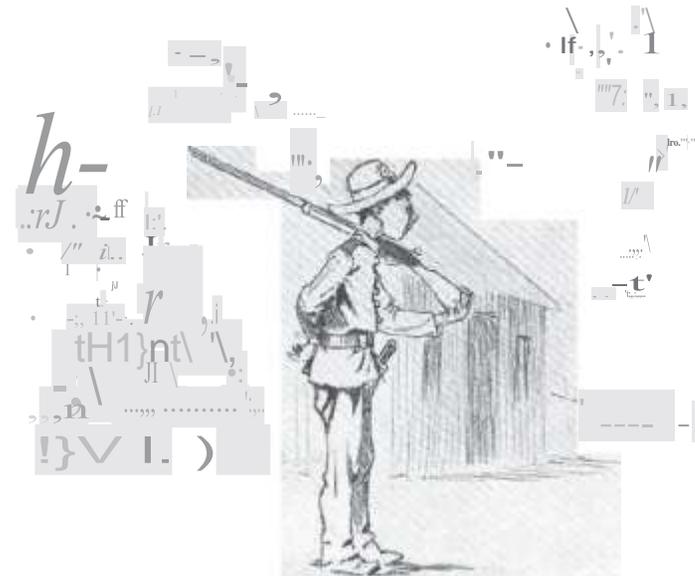
PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

A PORTUGUESE sentry at Mace Quece guards the border between British and Portuguese territory to prevent raids. This place was the scene of one of Dr. Jameson's earlier raids when a small Rhodesian force was attacked by a Portuguese one, which it overthrew and then pursued. It captured, among other things, a very good one-pounder Hotchkiss gun. The gun was afterwards of great service to us against the Matabele in the Matopos in 1896, and again against the Boers at Mafeking in 1899-1900.

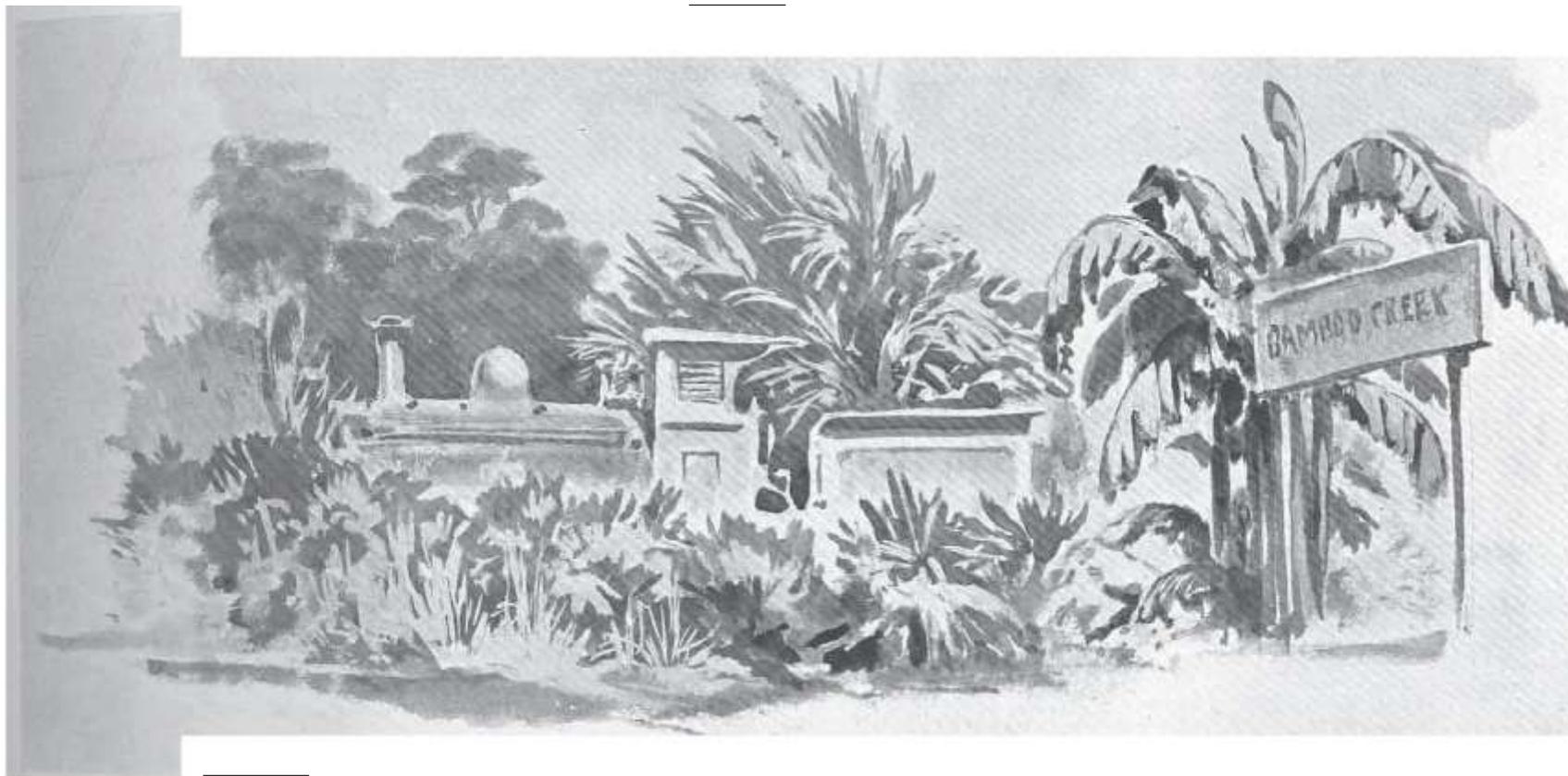
This was not Jameson's only other raid. There is some story of a few choice spirits who one fine night thought it good to force their way into the fort at Lourern;o Marquez and to disarm and eject the guard. They carried out their idea, slept in the fort, and declined to surrender it until assurance was given that they could march out with all the honours of war.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bamboo Creek, a hot station lying out on the flats, was an important centre for transit of our troops through Portuguese territory, both in the Matabele War when Alderson's Mounted Infantry came up by this route, and in the Boer campaign when General Sir F. Carrington's force of Australasians and Canadians



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came through.

The line was formerly a narrow-gauge one, and when that was altered to broad gauge much of the old rot lying stock was run off the line at this point, and stands there slowly rusting and rotting away among the rank vegetation.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Portuguese mother who owns a baby that squalls at night on board ship has an excellent system. She takes the baby and deposits it in the gangway between all the cabins and goes to bed again. If the child continues to squall - which it invariably does - other people wake up and cuss, try to sleep, swear, and finally some more motherly one comes out and takes charge of the child and coos it to

sleep. Meanwhile the mother in some unknown cabin is enjoying a peaceful night's rest.

Beira is a Portuguese coast town in East Africa. Like most of these coast towns its streets are so sandy and horses are so scarce that

small tram lines are laid everywhere, and people drive about in little tram carts driven by native runners.

There is rank and fashion in Beira which needs to be seen to be appreciated.



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RANK AND FASHTON IN BPIRA

VI

EAST COAST OF AFRICA

MOZAMBIQUE

A LONG narrow spit of coral reef hold a long narrow town with a great stone fortress at the point. This, and the monuments, and dates on buildings, are living evidence of the greatness of the Portuguese as a nation in the seventeenth century.



OLLI PORTUGUESA FORT, MOZAMBIQUE

"MOZAMBIQUE ; E.-PLANICE GA"BI TO "I-JJ; PORT

But the town has a very dead-and-alive appearance now, and Buluwayo with all its slackness, or Norwich 'Close' with its Episcopal peace, cannot be compared with Mozambique for somnolent stagnation.

Here we first saw sailing dhows, queer pitched-forward looking boats, but good sailers and safe sea-boats, since they sail hence right across the Indian Ocean.

### ZANZIBAR

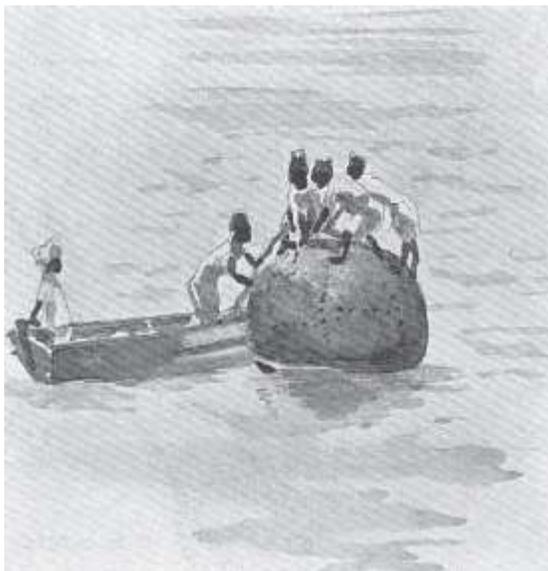
THROUGH small numerous small islands and sandbanks we came to the great island (fifty miles long) of Zanzibar.

The water takes the most beautiful colours, from the deep intense blue of the ocean, through a transition tint of light topaz blue, to the brilliant light green over the sand shallows.

The main island is a long low one of rich vegetation and palm groves, and shows very little outward sign of being populated as it is by a quarter of a million people.

When one comes at last to the town, half-way along its western side, the great size of the ordinary buildings at once strikes one. It is in situation and size not unlike Cowes - without East Cowes. The British Consulate occupies the place of the Castle, the Palace that of the Gloucester Hotel.

The Palace is a terrible excrescence of iron verandahs to four storeys, with a red iron roof.

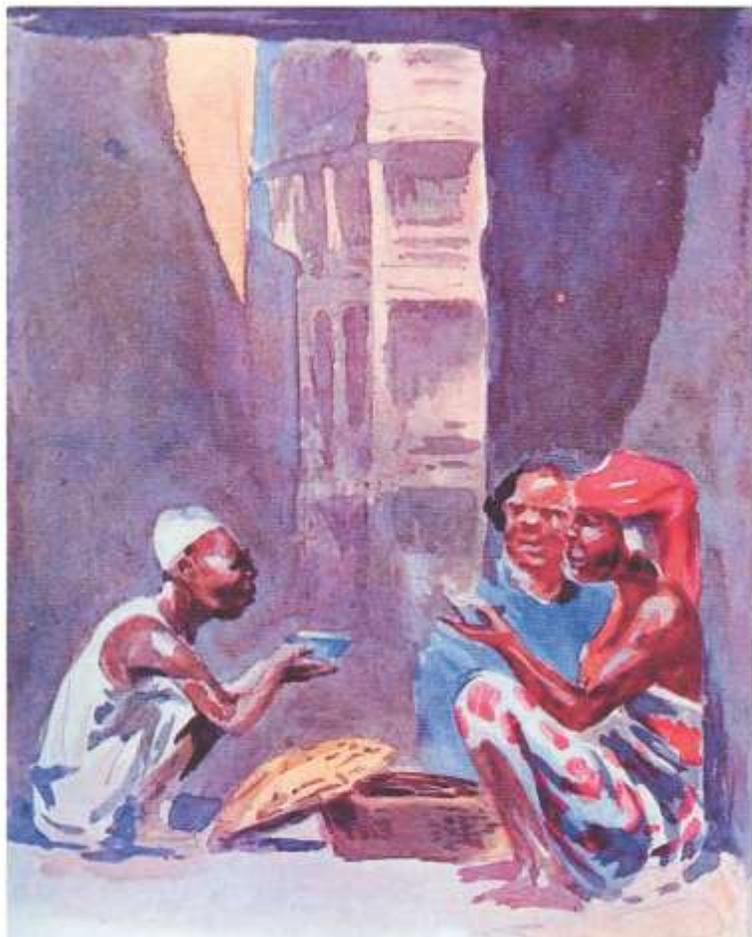


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\* \* \* \* \*

This is where the young Sultan of Zanzibar and Pembah lives, and keeps up a small Court under a Council nominally composed of Englishmen, while he himself is generally looked after by a British Resident Commissioner. But judging by their works as well as by popular report, the administration of the country is not exactly 'strenuous,' and the country, though rich by nature and of great promise, is not making much progress.

\* \* \* \* \*



EARLY MORNING COFFEE IN ZANZIBAR



LIGHTING A CIGARETTE AT PUBLIC EXPENSE,  
MOZAMBIQUE

The chief exports are cloves and copra (for making oil) and these are can-ied away by German ships. German officers receive special attention and hospitality at the Palace. There is more German shipping than British in the port throughout the year.

German flags are on sale in the bazaars, but I never saw a Union Jack.



7.-ZIBAR IJO.VTAFAN

A favourite pattern on the native ladies' dresses, called 'Leso,' which takes the fon-n of a cotton print toga, is a representation of the Palace with the flags of America, Germany, and Zanzibar flying - but no Union Jack.

These cotton prints are made in Belgium and brought in German ships.

Zanzibar is a British Protectorate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Americans have the trams and railway in their hands. The railway is a very diminutive affair at present, little more than a steanl tram running for six miles - but it is going to grow.

No British enterprise, private or official, is visible in the place - in fact none has been shown si nee I 896.



In that year a Pretender to the Sultanate seized the Palace. Within twenty-four hours Admiral Sir Harry Rawson was on the spot with six men-of-war. How he got wind of the incident and how he managed to concentrate so many ships so rapidly is one of those secrets of organisation for which our Navy is celebrated, but those who do not know can only account for it by supposing that the various ships had, months previously, arranged to meet at Zanzibar on this date to play a cricket tournament, and the unfortunate Pretender happened to choose this very date for his little show! Whatever may have been the means used for concentrating our fleet, the consequence was disastrous, for after a war which lasted thirty-seven minutes his Palace was shelled to rags, 500 of his men were killed or wounded, and his one man-of-war, the *Glasgow*, was sunk to the bottom of the harbour, where she still remains with her masts

showing above water as a memorial of a short innings. The Pretender himself fled to German territory on the mainland, and there he still remains.



COSSULATF: AT 7.AN7.IH.-R

The Zanzibar Railway Company, being American, has done something Napoleonic in applying to ordinary strategy something quite unexpected but quite sound strategically. That is to say that, apart from their railway, they work the electric lighting and fanning of the Palace.

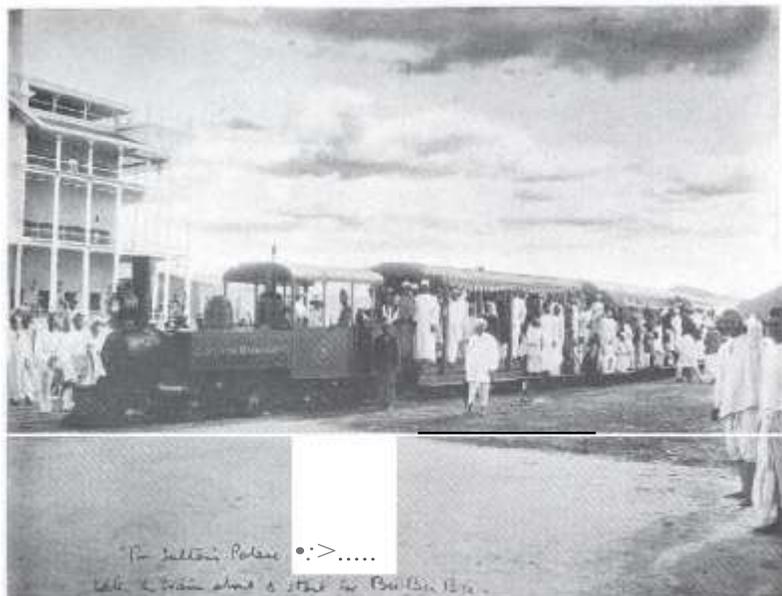
The story is that the Sultan, in deference to British representations, proceeded to cancel the concession for the railway to run through the bazaars, etc., when the Company retorted that in that case they would no longer be able to maintain the plant for lighting and cooling the Palace - lamps would go out and fans would cease to fan. So the railway still runs through the bazaars.

A trip on the Zanzibar railroad is thus faithfully described by Miss Kirkland, the American writer, in her realistic description of a trip on the East Coast:



.BATH-W.\(TRR CARRItsl<: Z.INZIJAR

'Have you ever been to Bu Bu Bu? If not, do not call yourself a travelled person. Perhaps you do not even know where it is? Then do not make any claims to education. Bu Bu Bu is a settlement in a shady grove on the island of Zanzibar, and is the terminus of a new and most important American railroad - six and a half miles long.



'On train runs daily to this place. At the starting of the train there was a tremendous clamour of voices, for a crowd always assembled for this daily departure. The engine shrieked in piercing fashion, its bell clanged, the white-gowned throng pulled each other excitedly off the tracks, the heat blazed up from the dazzling square, the perspiration rolled down our faces, for not a breath of air was stirring, and finally with a plunge the train rumbled slowly away.

'It turned almost immediately from the sea front into one of the narrowest, queerest streets in the world. The foot passengers flattened themselves against the walls of the low plaster houses to let

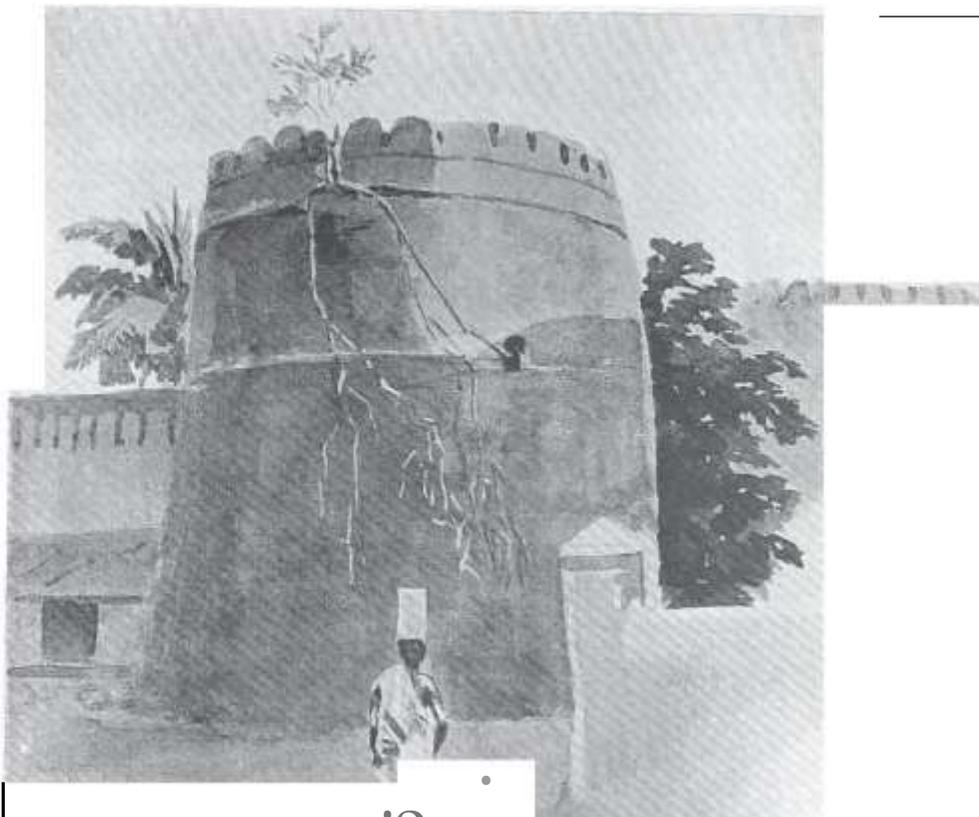
us by. From their little shady porches men and women from every quarter of the Orient and Tropics looked out at us in swarming thousands, chattering and gesticulating. The shrill whistle of the engine screamed frantically the whole of the time, filling the winding, close-packed way with a deafening din. Speech was impossible. We hung out of the windows in order not to lose a moment of the curious scene, with its gorgeous mingling of bright colours, strange types, fierce clamour, and weird smells.

'Long before we reached the fish market we knew it was coming. There we saw sharks, swordfishes, and many unknown kinds of sea food hanging up or lying in odoriferous heaps on the steaming earth. When one realises the way in which these people live one understands why bubonic plague is chronic in Zanzibar.

'After we left the crowded quarter we ran near the sea. On the shores many camels paced across the sands with their haughty, melancholy tread, bearing loads of cocoanuts and cloves. We passed crumbling walls inclosing overgrown gardens full of tropical shrubs and trees, with perhaps here and there a seraglio peeping out of the depth of the dark foliage. It took us a little over an hour to traverse that six and a half miles. The road ended in a clay bank, up which we clambered, the native crowd dispersing in jabbering groups under the rattling palms.

\* \* \* \* \*

'We sought an old Arab waterway, a straight channel of running water in ancient masonry, which bubbled along through a delicious greenery composed of moss, ferns, acacias, and palms. It was cool and shady and most exquisitely refreshing after the heat and glare. The land swarmed with black and brown people in gaudy colours or dazzling white. The sun was dropping in the west and glinted through tall, straight tree-trunks. We visited one of the Sultan's summer palaces, a strange, forbidding structure, with a many-storied, dreary seraglio standing at the end of a bare court. A deep, dank, dark pool at one side of the palace, under black trees, suggested midnight drowning, with muffled shrieks from heavy sacks.



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(The lady dressed in a Leso is c.tn)'ing a krosene-till of ware, on her head.  
This is the regular method of water supply in Zambar.)

'The return trip was accomplished with the same clamour, excitement, and confusion, as the outgoing one, and the last crimson glow of sunset flooded the sea and land as we alighted from the train after one of the most thrilling railway journeys of my life.

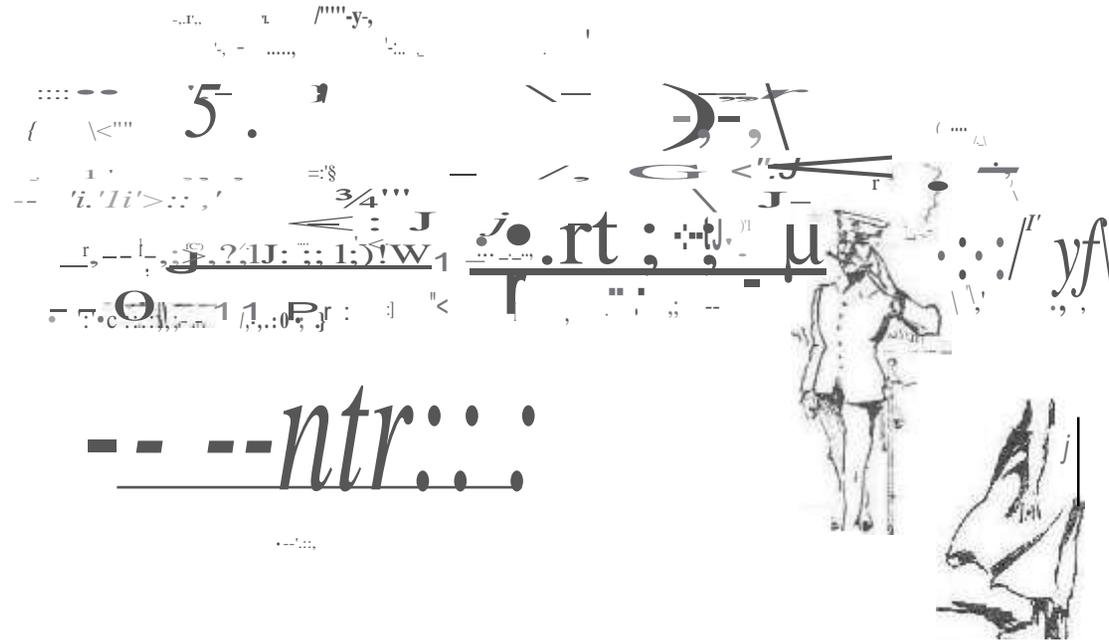
'That night we dined with the American perpetrator of the road and his wife, who lived in a queer old Arab house. We mounted many steps, passed through large airy rooms furnished with richly carved teakwood chairs, tables, and screens; climbed still more stairs, and found ourselves on the dizzy heights of the roof, with the dazzling canopy of the tropical night overhead. A breeze from the bay made the candles flicker. A huge Indian silver bowl, richly chased, holding some heavily scented unknown blossoms, stood in the middle of the table.

'On a still higher elevation of the roof the comfortable lounging-chairs that every Eastern household boasts invited us to rest, while the many servants padded noiselessly about bringing cool drinks and arranging to serve the dinner. Again we had the wonderful panorama of the city at our feet and saw strange lights flickering up against white walls and minarets, and heard all the mysterious sounds blending and rising in a vast whisper to the stars. It is a rare treat thus to dine high above an eastern city with night winds just stirring the hot air and a sense of infinite space above and around one.'

\* \* \* \* \*



DAR-ES-SALAM



DAR-ES-SALAM (WELL BEARS OUT ITS NAME AS THE PLACE OF SALUTING)

(Saluting is a perfect disease here. The native troops do the 'parade' in saluting.)

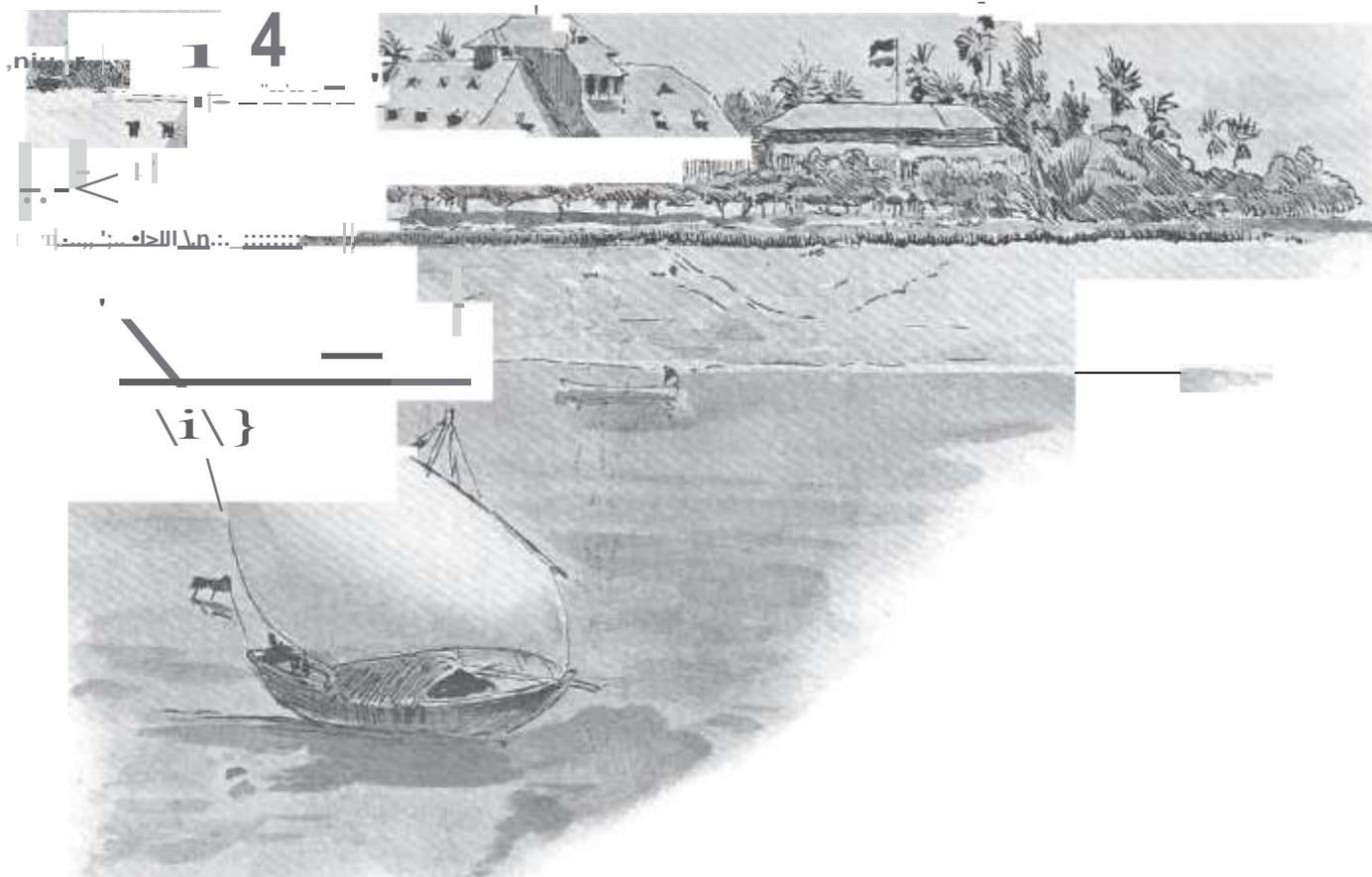
IN four hours across the straits from Zanzibar you reach Dar-es-Salam, the capital and chief seaport of German East Africa. It consists of a pretty circular harbour, completely land-locked. The town of red-tiled chalet-bungalows surrounds it on two sides among beautiful palm groves and gardens, among which stand a handsome Governor's house, hospital, churches, officers' mess, aquarium, etc.

Wharves and railway are in process of being made, and the work goes on by night as well as by day. A smart German man-of-war lies at anchor in the harbour. The whole place is beautifully orderly and clean, and the natives appear clean and happy, and are always

punctilious in saluting Europeans - in fact, saluting and returning salutes appears to be one of the occupations of the place.

The Governor, Count von Goetzen, is not yet forty and has great experience; he is very straightforward and full of energy. He carried out the exploration of Central Africa from East Coast to West, and was the discoverer of the only active volcano in Africa. He lives in some state at the palace, where he is assisted in the social functions by the Countess, a typical American lady.

The troops consist entirely of natives under white officers and non-commissioned officers - but it is found very difficult to raise



men in the country. Soudanese have been imported, and now they are trying the experiment of bringing men all the way from New Guinea. These are a curious people, accustomed to the use of stone and hardwood weapons, and said to be addicted to making a meal off their enemies when killed. This reputation gives them a very high prestige among the enemy here, who, like some others, have the curious trait in that they don't mind being killed but they hate the idea of being killed *and eaten!*

\* \* \* \*

Everything in Dar-es-Salam is in apple-pie order, amid beautiful tropical woodland - in a very, very warm climate.

\* \* \* \*

DAR-ES-SALAM, 11.  
 COUNTRY OF TANZANIA, AFRICA

The administration of the country is in very capable hands as far as the superior officers go, and is almost entirely a military one. But it falls away in the minor officials, who in very many cases are non-commissioned officers invested with powers beyond their ability; and oppression has in some cases resulted, though under the circumstances this is scarcely to be wondered at. The chief obstacle to their progress is somewhat similar to that which often handicaps

our colonies, namely, political interference from home, and the strangling power of red tape.

Left to themselves, with a fair amount of assistance and recognition, the local officers would no doubt by this time have made it a paying colony. As it is they have expended their resources in laying foundations for a colony that might never come to anything, unless the Home Government second their efforts.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TANGA

TANGA is another port in German East Africa, like Dar-es-Salam, in a land-locked harbour surrounded by wooded banks, on which stands a neat little township of modern houses, including two fine new hospitals with deep stone verandahs, and high-pitched red-tiled roofs.

A notice greets you on landing at the pier, printed in English as well as German, giving you the various tariffs for boat or car hire, etc., and giving them in equivalent coinages of each country. And the post on which the notice-board is affixed is painted with German colours. It is typical of the method and smartness in detail with which the Germans carry out their rule.

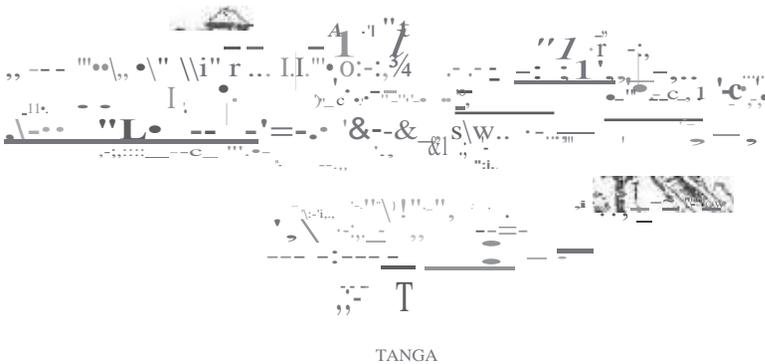
Its best admirer will not try to make out that Tanga is a cool place, even if you visit as we did after dark.

At that hour there was nothing much to do in the city, which apparently retires to rest very early - but it was something to get away from the ship if only for an hour or two to escape the aroma of the copra with which she was loaded, and the stinging of the red pepper.

\* \* \* \* \*

Copra is broken-up cocoanut, used primarily for making a sickly kind of smell that pervades everywhere, and ultimately for making oil when it has arrived in Europe.

Red pepper we know on the dinner table; but to really appreciate it at its proper worth one has to be on board ship with it, and while it is being stowed everybody goes about with streaming eyes and



The native town again is a model with its wide streets and cleanliness.

All is in apple-pie order. Little single tramcars pushed by runners are the sole and very pleasant means of locomotion.

stinging throats. You cannot escape it except by going away from the ship.

\* \* \* \* \*

The public gardens at Tanga must be very beautiful by day, though we only looked into their dark shadows at night; but their winding paths were arched over with great trees and slender palms, and a variety of giant ferns and aromatic shrubs, that made a jumble of beauty even in the night, under those brilliant stars.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is in Tanga that one sees in greatest profusion the curious prehistoric-looking Baobab tree with its great fat trunk - round and pink as if it had elephantiasis, with hide on it like a pachyderm, and topped with a few short, bushy branches. Its contract with the neighbouring graceful, slender palms is very much that of the hippopotamus alongside a giraffe.

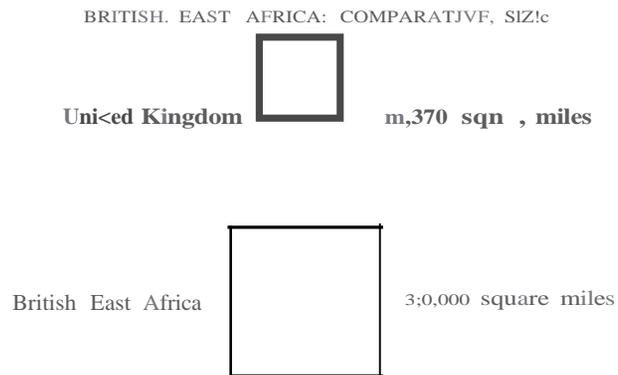
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## VII

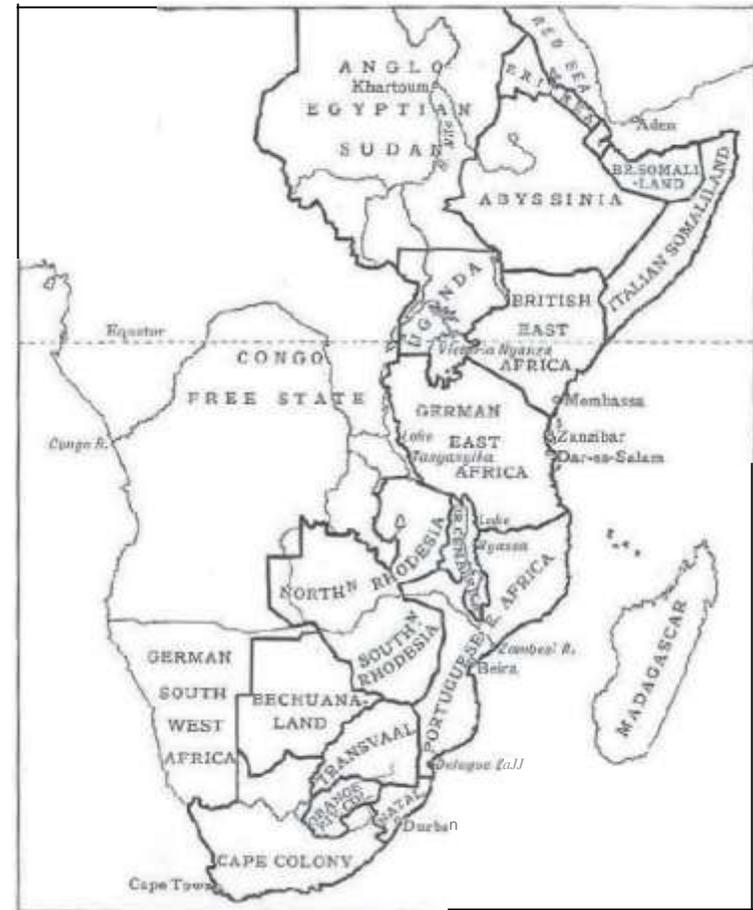
### BRITISH EAST AFRICA

IT is disappointingly instructive to find in England how little is known of our East Africa possessions, especially British East Africa, in spite of the fact that it is nearly as large as France and Germany combined, and has been fully written about by Sir A. Lugard ('Rise of the East African Empire'), Sir Harry Johnston ('The Nile Quest'), Sir Charles Eliot ('East African Protectorate'), Lord Hindlip, Powell-Cotton, Portal, Vandeleur, Robley, Kidd, and many others.



Our existing ignorance of Colonial geography at home is surprising. People scarcely realise how Rhodesia (more than *twice* as big as France, Germany, and Great Britain combined) connects South Africa with Central and East Africa and Uganda (equal to four Great Britains), and that these join on to the Soudan and Egypt, of similar enormous areas.

The accompanying diagram is intended to help explanation of this, and more particularly of the relative positions of British, East



Africa and Uganda, about which there is so much ignorance.

Much of the confusion is no doubt due to the singular misnomers which we use in naming our Colonies.

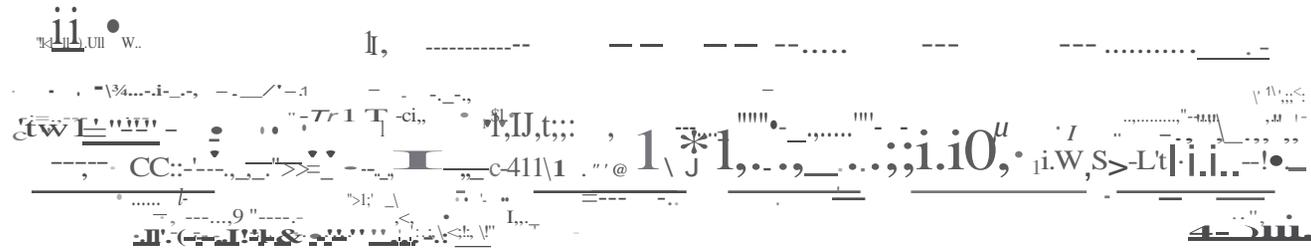
Thus 'British Central Africa' is not in Central Africa at all, but lies north-east of Rhodesia.

The Uganda Railway is in British East Africa and does not go within 100 miles of Uganda, but this misnomer is no doubt responsible for the confusion that exists in many people's minds between Uganda and East Africa.

As a matter of fact they are two totally distinct Colonies under distinct Governments.

British East Africa runs from the coast, inland, from Mombassa, a distance of some six hundred miles to Lake Victoria Nyanza, and is generally of high altitude and cool, although on the Equator.

North and north-east of this lake lies Uganda (the same size as Great Britain), which on its northern border adjoins the Egyptian Soudan, and is a more low-lying, muggy country.



## MOMBASSA

MOMBASSA, the port for East Africa and Uganda, is on an island with narrow, deep waters between it and other islands and the mainland. Thus a splendid land-locked harbour is provided, and, surrounded as it is with low heights thickly wooded, it is also a beautiful place to look upon.

You land at Kilindini, and go by the little hand trams of this part of the world two miles to Mombassa. It is curious to see here the usual Indian bungalow with its compound, but instead of a drive a branch line of rails runs off the main road up to the door.

The road runs through beautiful scenery of rich mango foliage topped with feathery palms and brightened below with the light green fronds of plantain trees.

The statue of Sir William MacKinnon stands in the public gardens at Mombassa. It is of bronze. When it was first put up some of the leading natives attended on the Governor and thanked him for the kindly thought which prompted him to have the white man reproduced in black. That is the sort of act that brings black and white into closer touch.

I saw a party of natives just in from the country, who were looking at a statue for the first time in their lives. At first they were rather afraid of it. Then they thought it must be some kind of automaton, and they waited for a long time to see it move. When at length they found it did no parlour tricks they went away continually looking back roaring with laughter at it for an 'old spo11.'



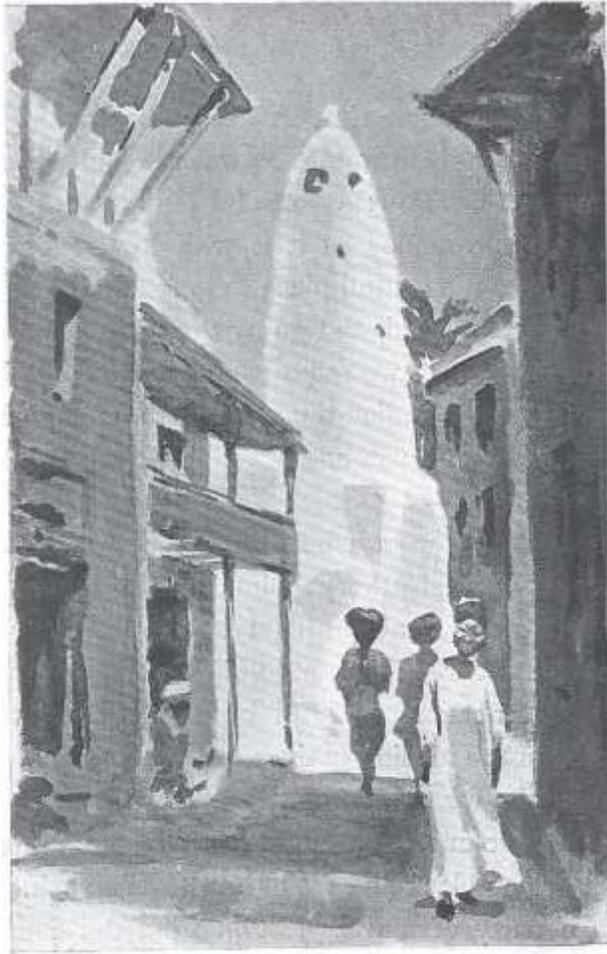
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Mombassa as a town does not appear to have very distinguishing points. An old Portuguese citadel dominates the whole. The European quarter has some fine new red-tiled banks and public buildings on a rise half a mile back from the sea. But the older European town crowds itself down to the water, jammed up with Indian streets and alleys, and there for a long distance a great native

village of thatch huts, etc., spreads itself into the palm woods and beyond. The best feature in the town are the dwarf minarets of the mosques from which the Muezzins call to prayer. But Mombassa shows very little in its buildings of its wonderful history of the thousand years. The native name 'Mvita' signifies 'the place of fighting,' and it has, owing to its natural strength and riches, always been the coveted prize of adventurers of all races.

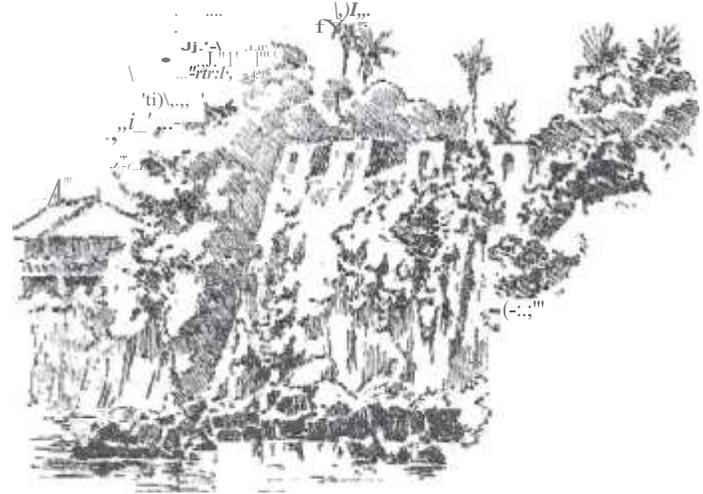


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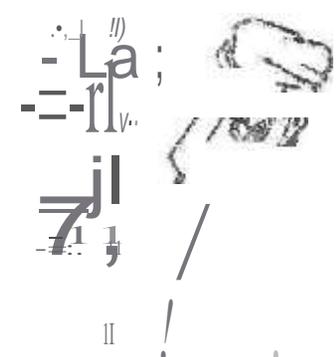
MIKARET OF THE MOSQUE 1-N M-OMR,SS->\_

Sir Charles Eliot wrote of it in his book, 'The East African Protectorate,' that 'there can hardly be any place in the world where a town has been besieged, captured, sacked, burnt, and razed to the ground so often in so short a time.'



THOHU/9J/r  
<JfCl.mo: YJIT MOllm>l

In various parts of the island ruins of old defence works, overgrown with jungle or crumbling away on the coral reefs, testify to the fighting that went on in the days of old, while modern buildings and apparatus, electric light and wireless telegraphy, show that it is still 'the place of fighting,' if not of man against man, at any rate of man against uncivilised nature.

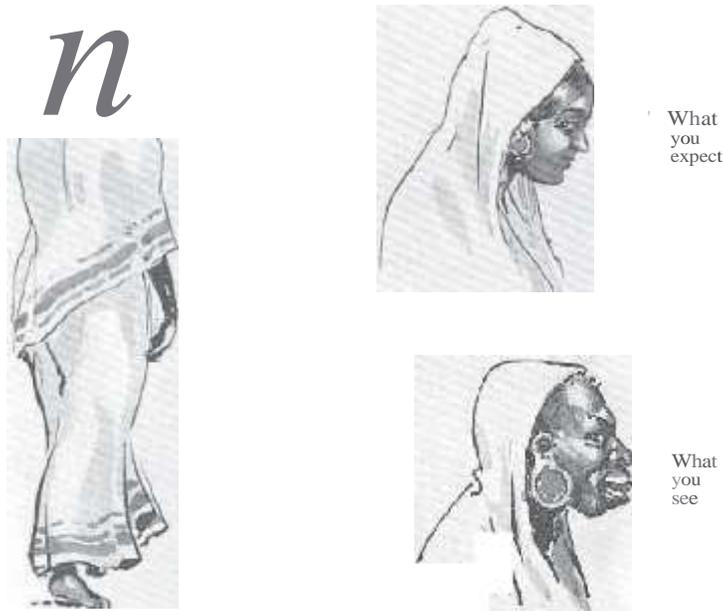


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DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

ONE great obstacle to development in this country is the babu (or Indian office clerk). He has to be kept on the tightest of bearing reins in his routine duties by means of check and countercheck.

the higher branches, and binds and blinds them almost without their knowing it. It is the outsider who, looking at the tree, recognises that it is almost hidden by creeper.



THE KA'11VIG WOU;N IM[TATE THE DRESS OF THE IXDL^N VOI1IEN, FROM DI1HIND IT LOOKS\_\.1.L RI0HT

The amount of bother there is if you want to send a telegram, deposit luggage, or register a claim! Forms in triplicate, initialing of erasures, signing back, front, top, and bottom, etc. etc. That would be all very well if it stopped with the babu and at minor details, but the system has crept in - and red tape is a wonderful creeper; plant a sprig of it and it grows all over the tree in no time; it clings round



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"-Ct{)\_ a.; -

Sir Charles Eliot in his short reign recognised that something of this kind was amiss in British East Africa, and he wrote (in recommending the institution of an advisory council) thus:

'I am an official by training, and am well aware of the advantages of official procedure and the necessity of many things which seem to the public merely pedantry and red tape. But it cannot be denied that the bureaucratic genius is regulative rather than inventive: we are inclined to keep people quiet rather than to raise fruitful controversies: to let well, or even ill, alone, and to feel happiest when the day's work has been successfully distributed between those two great solaces of official life - the waste-paper basket and the pigeon-hole.'

\* \* \* \* \*

This native had a rupee with which to buy his ticket, but the babu has no change nor time to spend on issuing tickets, he was busy, the man must wait for the next train (the next train was two days later). But time is not money in that country.



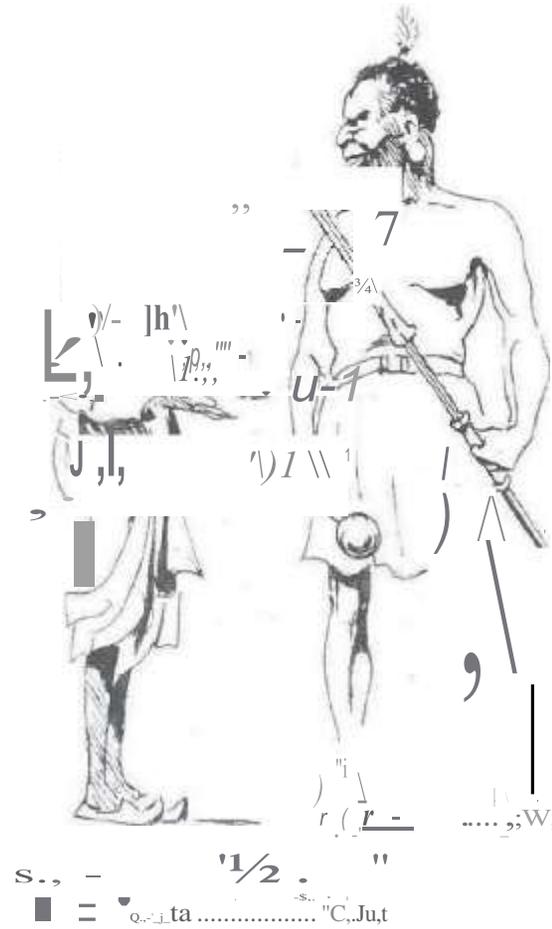
BABU STATION-MASTER HAS NO TIME TO ISSUE A TICKET

\* \* \* \* \*

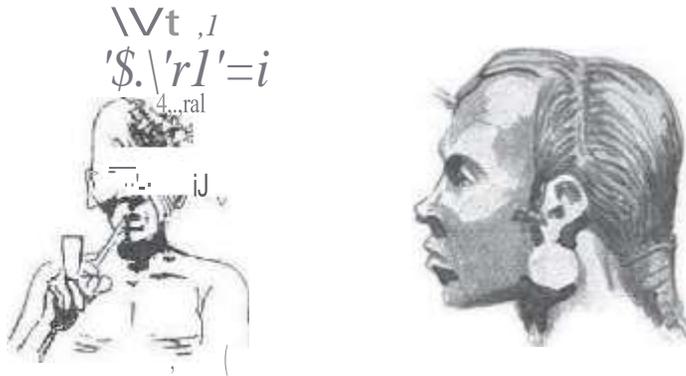
There are not a few who see in the administration of the East African Protectorate something of greater national importance than the mere administration of one of the Colonies: they believe that its development if carried on on a large and broad basis would mean the opening up of the new world and its destinies would influence the whole continent of Africa.

A pamphlet by Mr. Chiddell, though fanciful and erratic in many ways, points to Cecil Rhodes's idea in this direction when he

considered that East Africa, from its position, climate, and resources, might in the future form the headquarters of the British nation for the regulation of its world politics, Great Britain being left as the home of arts and sciences in its bad strategical position; but it would take a very large-minded Government to give the required scope for the development of such a future.



\* \* \* \* \*



COIFFI."RF.5\\_TIC"HORO:\J STATION

Mr. Alleyne Ireland, in his book 'The Far Eastern Tropics,' deals with various forms of colonial administration by the different Powers in the Far East, and of these he considers Sarawak the best. In Hong Kong and British North Borneo, he says, the ignoring of the views of local people capable of judging is working evil, and the worst failures in the administration of British Colonies seem to arise from home interference with the man on the spot. There seems to be a want of knowledge and interest at home with a fear to give responsibility or to devise a system. He suggests that an Inspector-General of the Colonies would do much to remedy the difficulties, by going round and seeing that all are working on a proper standard and on the best lines according to their opportunities.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems as though many embryo colonies had been run on a system that did not give out a general broad policy and allow a free hand and responsibility to local Commissioners, but that merely exacted continues reports and returns as the test of good stewardship and progress! There were generally too many departments, all

working separately. 'A lot of strings don't catch fish except when knit together as a net.'

Then when development was found to be at a standstill they complained that 'it is the fault of the Treasury.' It was not the Treasury a bit: it was that they did not look round and see where to make revenue for themselves.

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)!ORE CQIFFURiS ,!7IG!HORCI:-I SI'\TIO\

In East Africa the railway has been the making of the country; but at the same time its cost has been beyond the bounds of reason, and is a permanent incubus on the finances of the country.

Six millions, or 10,000l. per mile, for a road which presents no special engineering difficulties, is rather startling as compared with the cost of other pioneer lines in Africa.

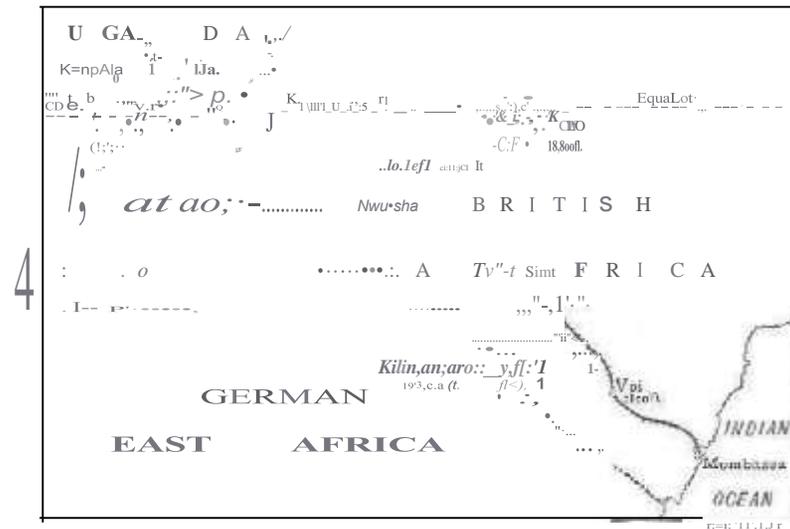
In fact the greatest difficulty that had to be faced in the construction was the lions which persisted in eating the navvies imported from India, and construction was seriously hampered. A party of three sportsmen stayed the night in a carriage on a siding intending to put a stop to this, but a lion got into the carriage, ate one, and put a stop to their expedition.

A high authority in German East Africa spoke of the Uganda Railway to me in this wise: 'Here are we Germans steadily laying the foundations for a great colony with a great railway system, on sound economical lines; we have been laying it for some years, and we are likely to go on laying it for some years; but you English come along,

and all in a hurry you must have a railway, you get money somehow and then fling it out like water, but you get your railway.'

And that railway is to-day paying expenses; but the capital debt will take a bit of clearing off!

The line is well laid, but is by no means yet perfect: curves have to be straightened, and bogey rolling stock needs introduction in place of the present fixed axels to reduce the thrust on the rails and consequent heavy working expenses. The ascent from sea level to its highest altitude of 8,000 feet is fairly gradual.



The carriages are of the Indian pattern and the staff, station-masters, engine-drivers, police, etc., are Indians. To anyone accustomed to travelling in India you are at once back in the 'shiny East' again - especially when you find food and accommodation at the station Dak Bungalow.

But the country through which you travel is very different. At first the line twists and turns among small hills exactly like the coast

parts of Natal. Then it runs through over a hundred miles of bush exactly like Rhodesia.

Later on come the great open Athi plains of undulating grass land where game is to be seen in plenty. (The A in Athi is pronounced like the A in Arthur.)

At one stopping-place I looked out with my glasses, and on whatever spot I directed them I did not once fail to see some sort of beast. Hartebeest, zebra, wildebeest, ostriches, antelope of all sorts great and small. Nor did the game seem in the least afraid of the train.

On one occasion we nearly ran into a hartebeest standing on the line, and he only cleared out of the way just in time at a lumbering canter like a tired cab-horse.

The train was said to be delayed once by some giraffe running across the line and getting their heads entangled in the telegraph wires; it had to wait till they could clear themselves.

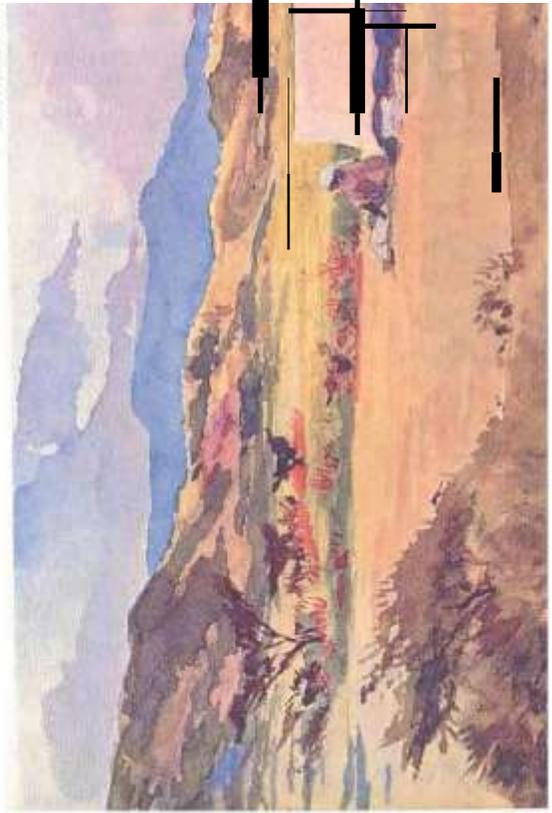
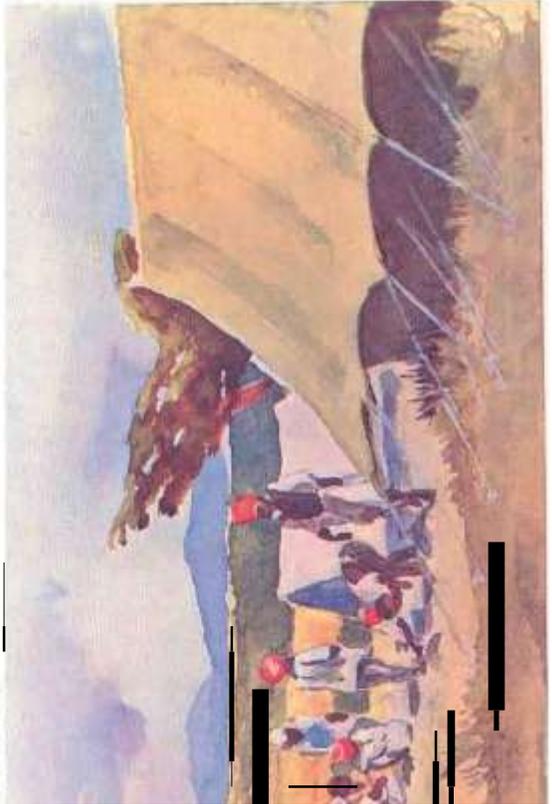
'From how small agents do great things spring.' A great assistant to the preservation of the game on the Athi Plains is the tick; no sportsman wants to go there twice after one experience with this pest.



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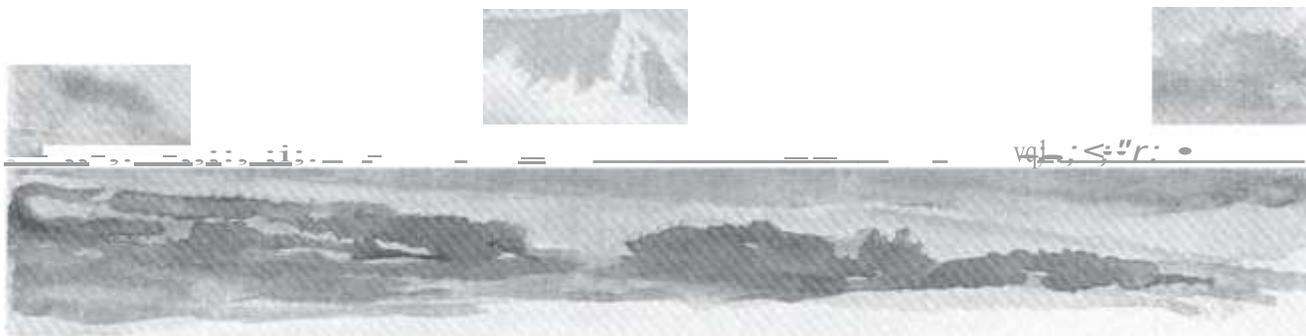


NATIVE THINGS AT WORK (4)



NAIROBI

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AT about 300 miles from the coast, and 5,500 feet above the sea, we reach Nairobi, the capital of East Africa.

The town is build on a flat at the extreme end of the Athi Plain, where wooded hills commence.

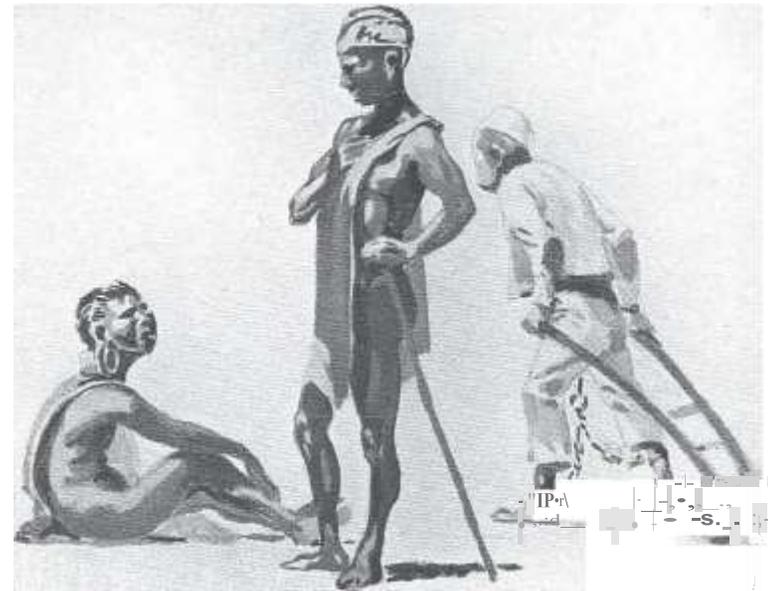
The suburbs of charming single-storied bungalows, in gardens where turf and English as well as sub-tropical flowers grow luxuriantly, are situated on these hills with wonderful view over the plains to Kilimanjaro in the south, and to the bold snowpeak of Kenya in the north.

The town consists of extremely ugly tin buildings for the railway works and *employes*, a long boulevard of small English shops, hotels, etc., and a large well-built Indian bazaar.

\* \* \* \* \*

All races in the world seem thrown together here, and the platform of Nairobi station is of greater interest than the bridge at Galata. It exhibits the young English colonist of good type, the hard-bitten Colonial wanderer, the shooting man from England, Sikh

policemen, Soudanese soldiers, Masai warriors, and Portuguese waiters.

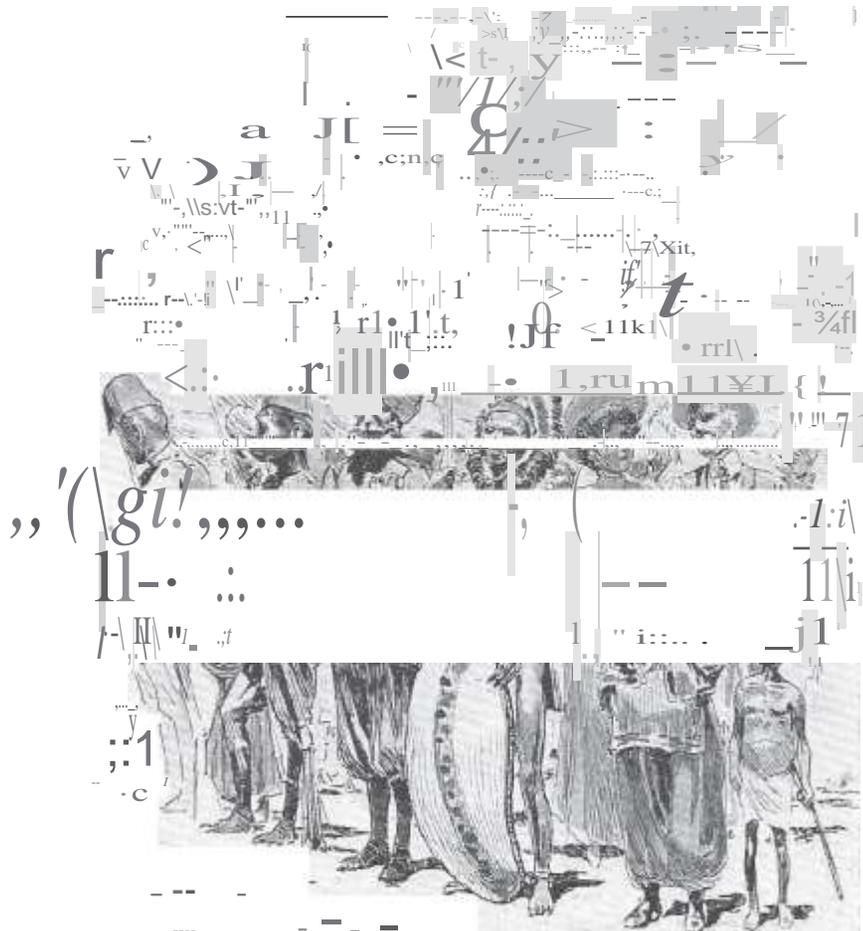


SKETCHES ON THE PLAINS AT NAIROBI STATION. NATIVES WAITING TO GO BY TRAIN. THE PRISONER OF THE RAILWAY PORTERS

There is another class of inhabitant for whom there is room here, and who is not as yet in evidence - the ex-soldier.

It is a white man's country to a great extent, yet all the Government clerks, and railway minor officials such as station-masters, guards, gangers, etc., post and telegraph officials, Customs officers, and so on, are Goanese half-castes or Indians, generally on high pay and of inferior ability.

And yet there are hundreds of excellent officers and non-commissioned officers, of good training and high character, continually leaving the Army and unable to find employment at



Soudanese Sikh Marni English Hindoo Boy

NAIROBI

(With its polyglot population *en fitte* to receive H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, :Viard 17, 1906)

home, who would be the best of settlers in this country and of great value as Government servants.



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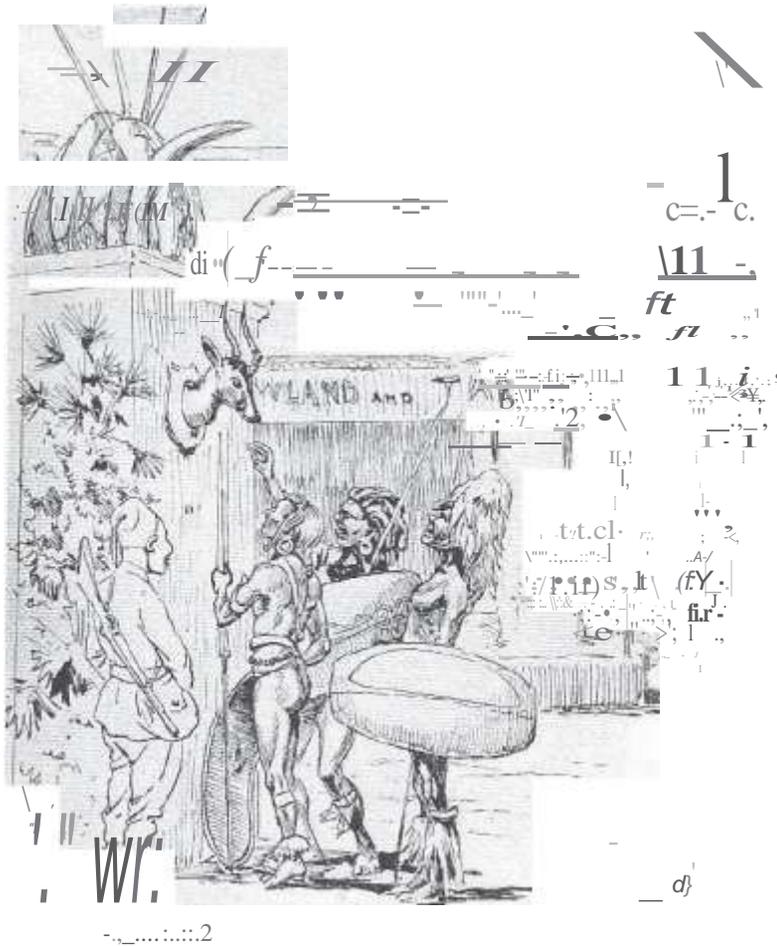
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Masai warriors came into Nairobi, East Africa, to welcome the Duke of Connaught. One of the decorations of the town was a trophy of the chase. The warriors had never seen a stuffed buck's head before; they thought it must be a live buck imprisoned inside the pillar with his head sticking out, and they tried to frighten him to see what he would do.

\* \* \* \* \*



IS IT ALIYE?

THE NATIVES OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA

THE native tribes are a very interesting lot, but they have been put away into certain districts of the country, leaving the remainder of it clear for European settlers. In this way there will be no troubles about trespass, and the settlers will be more secure from thefts and native aggression.

The chief tribes are the Masai, a fine fighting race; the Nandis, also a tribe of warriors; the Kavirondo, a more peaceful and very interesting people, who wear no clothing and yet morally are the most respectable in the country; the Suks; the Tarkhana, a very big race, who are distinguished by wearing enormous wigs of their own and their ancestors' hair; the Kikuyu, an agricultural people; and the Wandarobo, a wild, nomadic tribe of hunters.

Nairobi lies in the Masai country, and of all the tribes in East Africa the *Masai* are the most interesting. Although like the Zulus in many of their customs and ways, they do not come up to them in physique, or cleanliness, or morality. Nevertheless they have made a name for themselves as a bold fighting nation. They take a pride in themselves, and like the Greeks of old call all other natives 'barbarians.' They are rather slight and lithe in physique with features not of the negro type.

The men wear only a single piece of linen hung round their shoulders and reaching to the knee. They decorate themselves with beads, and wear enormous ornaments in the lobe of the ear, usually a metal ring some two and a half inches in diameter or a snuff-box of that size.

They carry an uncomfortable-looking iron assegai some seven feet long, of which half is blade and half a pointed rod; and they carry a hide shield coloured red, grey, and white in designs according to their regiment that is their age, regiments as in Zululand being divided of men of the same age.

The women wear a single toga-like garment of thin leather. Their arms and legs are completely covered in neat-fitting iron-wire bangles, and the married women wear round their necks a series of iron-wire rings of graduated size which have exactly the appearance of the old gorget of men in armour.

The married women also wear long pendant earrings which with the extreme length of the lobes of the ears reach almost to the breast.



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[MASAI] WOJIAN"

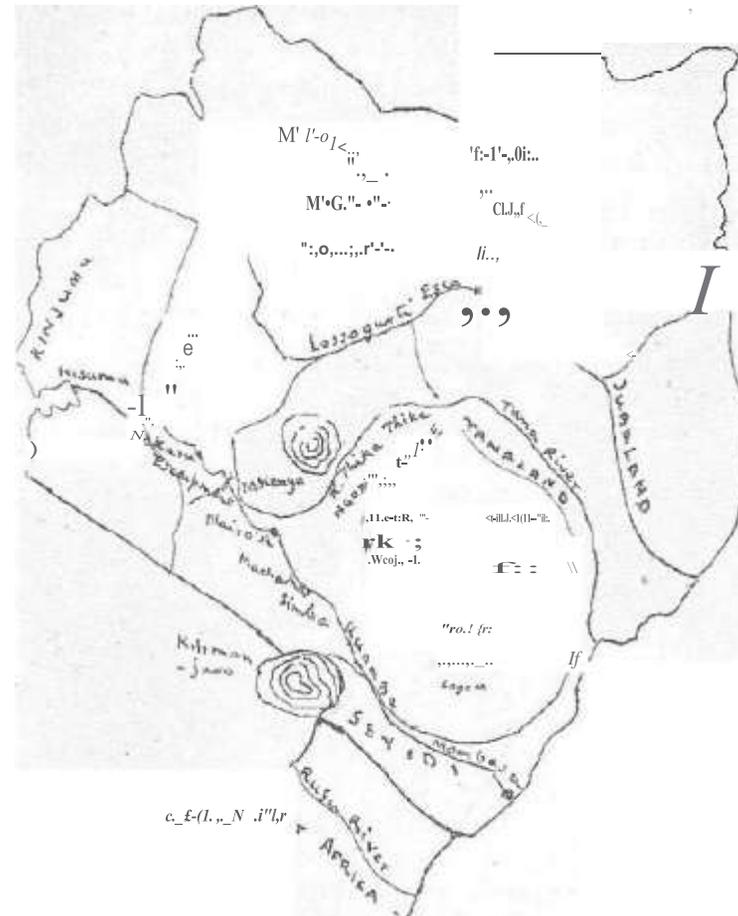
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The Masai have no regular religion, but the women pray to a deity, especially in times of drought, or when the men are away at war, and make libations of milk and grass.

They do not believe in life after death except for a few men of higher rank or wealth who become snakes (as is also believed by ulu and Swazis). The women worship the sun, moon, and stars, and recognise certain constellations. For instance, Orion's belt and dagger mean with them three old bachelors pursued by three old maids! (The Matabele call these stars the three pigs pursued by three dogs.)

When a Masai sees the new moon he throws a stone with his left hand and wishes himself good luck. When a Masai sneezes his friends remark, 'Good health to you.' They also have a saying, 'The ebra cannot change his stripes.'

So they are almost as civilised as we are!



SKETCH OF TIRIHSIT IN EAST AFRICA

From which you can see at a glance (if you half close your eyes; that, though young, it is an extremely up-to-date country



-J

MASAI CONUNDRUM: WHAT IS  
LIKE A EUPHORBIA TREE?



ANSWER (ADJUDGED CORRECT): A  
MASAI WARRIOR WHEN HE  
STANDS ON ONE LEG

They, like the Dinkas and several other Nile tribes, have the habit of standing on one leg with the other foot planted against the inside of the knee. Among their many popular conundrums is this, 'Who looks like a Euphorbia tree?'

The correct answer is, 'A Masai when he stands on one leg.'

Like others also they are fond of drinking quantities of fresh blood, which they extract from the neck of a live bullock by driving an arrow into a vein.

They have the two centre teeth of the lower jaw extracted, not so much for ornament as to enable them to be kept alive in case of tetanus, which is said to have been very prevalent some years ago.

One of their favourite sayings is that an argument between two people is like trying to make a cooking-pot balance on two stones, it is never-ending. If a third is added the difficulty ceases at once.

They said of the maker of the Uganda Railway that he was as cunning as Konyack. Konyack is a hero in their fiction compared with whom the slimmest Boer was simple, which looks as though the

Masai understood something about the economics of railway building.

\* \* \* \* \*

They have a good phrase which we might well employ in the army in the same way. When issuing secret orders for a military movement, instead of labelling the order 'Strictly confidential' and having it known to everyone within a few minutes, they simply say 'Cover the goat's eye,' and not a word of it leaks out - in fact, steps are taken to deceive anyone as to its possibility. This is derived from the practice that when a goat is about to be killed he is thrown down on his side ready for the operation and his open eye is carefully covered with his ear so that he shall not see the preparations.

Finally the nation has a good fighting motto, 'Erisyo laikin Kaa' - 'Being defeated and dying are the same thing.'

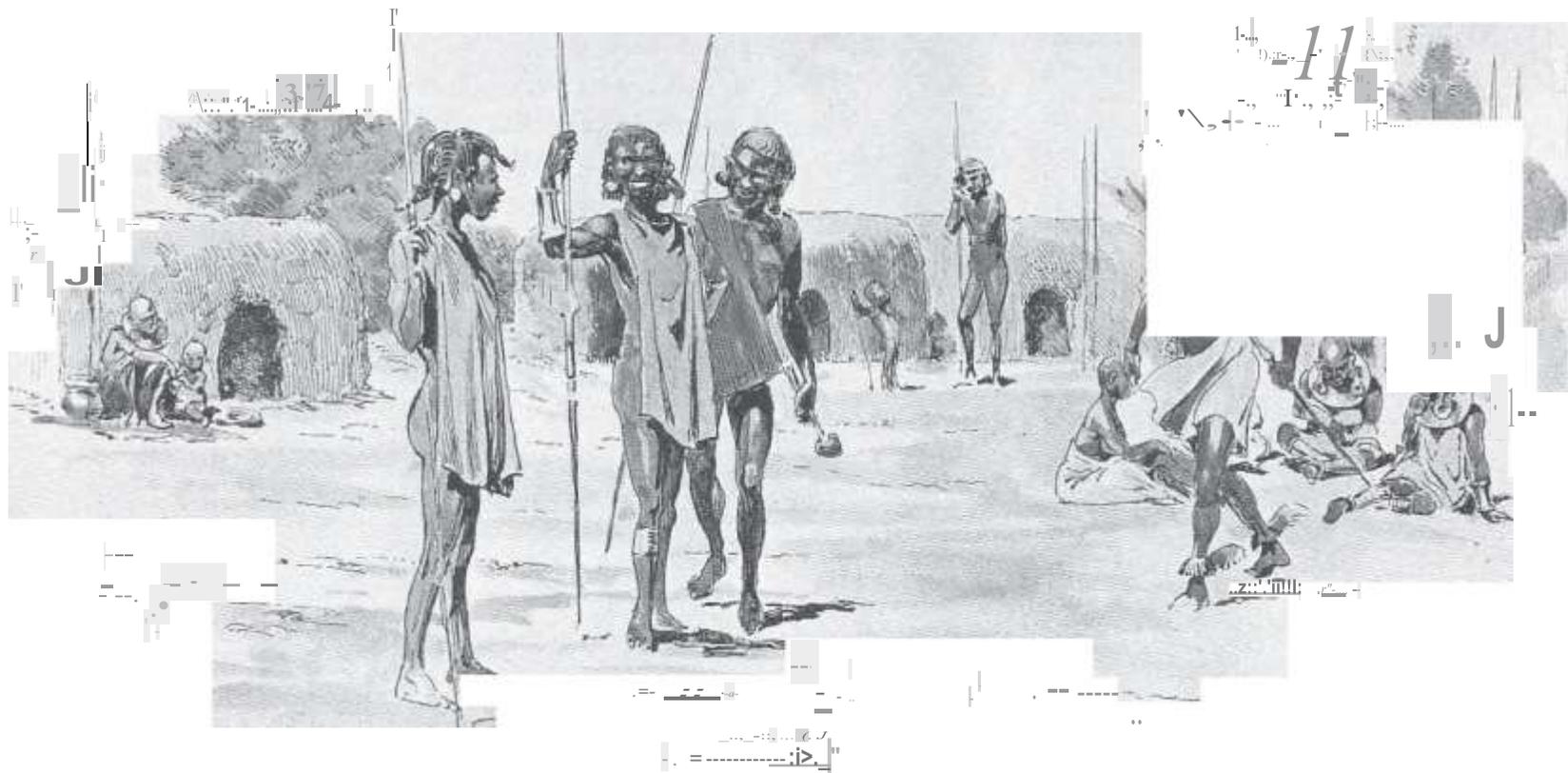
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The kraal which I sketched this morning was a military one and therefore the more interesting, being inhabited chiefly by young warriors.

The huts are different from those of any other South African tribe, being long low cabins of wattle and daub instead of the more usual thatched beehive. They are built in a circle round the cattle kraal.

When I went into the kraal there were a few women sitting chatting and working at bits of leather. They looked very small in their great ruff-like necklaces of iron wire and with their arms and legs in shining armour of the same kind. These were chiefly the mothers of the men, who in this regiment were still unmarried.

Outside every hut stood a number of spears stuck upright in the ground. As a warrior came out of his hut he took his spear in hand if only to walk across the kraal. Each man was dressed merely in a single piece of cloth slung over one shoulder and not reaching quite down to his knee, and had his face and hair, shoulders, and legs smeared over with red ochre mixed with oil, which gave him a



A HILLSAI KR. (AL: WARRIORS PAINTED WITH MURB, WOMEN WITH ARTING; STIFF-NECKED; C.R.S. (R:11 (J))'D L&C O&N (HINTS, UHAS; I, ARRINGS, ETC.

" -



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fearsome though filthy appearance.

They were all tall, lean, supple young fellows and walked with a very graceful, swaggering, noiseless stride.

Intelligent-looking faces, capable of any crnelty. In manner very friendly and cheery.

The head man had been house servant to an Englishman, and one of the others, a very handsome savage, had been a sergeant in our native police; but both, having saved money enough to buy some cattle, had thrown up civilisation and had returned to no clothes and red ochre, and I fully sympathised with them.

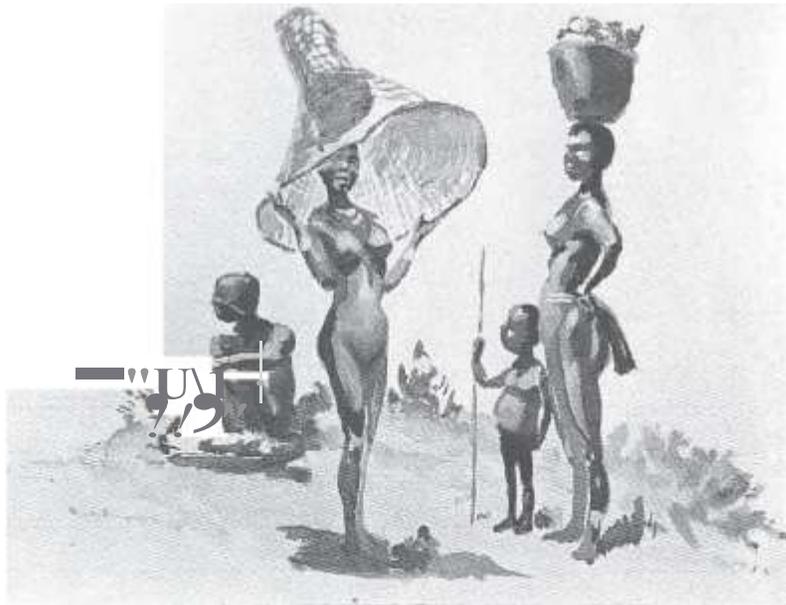
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The Masai men do not do a stroke of work from the day they are born till the day that they die. They don't even hunt as the Zulus do.

A small portion of the tribe are by heredity the assegai-makers for the rest, but they are looked upon as a very inferior lot by those who use the assegai.

Much of his time is spend by the average Masai in paying or returning calls on his neighbours, and as these often live at a distance of fifty miles or more this duty keeps him in good physical trim.

\* \* \* \* \*



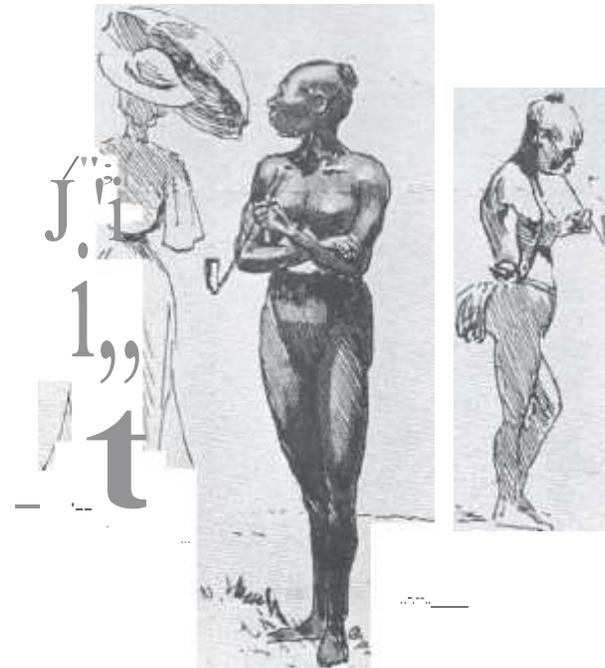
A KAVIRO'<DO FISHER-GIRT., AND MARRIED WOMAN (W'ITI-I TAIL)

The *Kavirondo* people, although they wear not a stitch of clothing except a pipe in their mouth, are very moral and full of etiquette.

A married woman wears a little tail behind and when she puts it on for the first time her husband presents her with a goat. She is allowed to take off the tail when working in the fields or about the

house, but should the woman neglect to put it on when serving her husband's food, he is held to be justified in refusing the food and throwing it in her face. On the other hand, when she is wearing her tail nobody is allowed to touch it, not even her husband, and should he do so, even by accident, he must kill and present a goat to her.

Unmarried girls are not allowed to wear tails except on one occasion, and that is when they are going on a long journey, when they may pretend to be married women - as is not unknown in more civilised countries where young ladies wear wedding rings when travelling.



KAVIRONDO (UJUDENS, MUDING FA).CY I"REP., DRESSED UP!..Y-IN .1.  
THE A:-JJ A JE:NCJF OF UJ"TUCE LEAVES

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Busoga* tribe are estimated to have lost some 45,000, or nearly half their number, during the past five years from sleeping sickness.

They are great society people; fond of attending dances. And their method of becoming engaged for marriage is, invariably, for the young man to elope with the young lady from a ball; it is not considered etiquette for an engagement to come about in any other way.

The *Tarkhana* tribe inhabit Northern East Africa. They are very tall and wear great 'buns' of hair down the back - that is, those of old families do, for the hair is that of their forefathers matted together and passed on as a heirloom - plus the last inheritor's hair - from generation to generation. Like the Ashantis, all the men of consequence carry about with them a little wooden stool for sitting on.

This tribe indulge in some very wonderful dances in which the action of various jungle animals are imitated - the movements of a wounded elephant and of a festive giraffe are said to be particularly clever.

The *Wandarobo*, like the Masai and Kavirondo, drink fresh blood. They also eat monkeys. There is no accounting for tastes in this world.

The *Wakamba* are a big but uninteresting tribe. During the last great famine their women went and lived with coolies who were building the railway - as these were well supplied with food. The husbands had no objection provided that they got the children afterwards.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Acholi*, in the Nile Province of Uganda, have a public nursery or *creche* in each village, in which all the smaller children are put at night and the door securely fastened, so that hyenas cannot come and walk off with them.

## THE NANDI EXPEDITION

THERE are four battalions of the King's African Rifles in this part of the world. These are native troops under British officers.

Two battalions are quartered in British East Africa, one in Uganda, and one in British Central Africa.

The men are largely composed of Soudanese, Yhows, and two companies are of Sikhs.

Last year the Nandis, a warlike tribe in the centre of British East Africa, took to stealing the fish-plates and bolts off the railway to make spears with. Policemen were set to watch the line, and sixteen of them were murdered at different times by the Nandis while on this duty. The tribe had had a tract of country assigned to them for their occupation, but they continually trespassed and settled themselves on other people's land. Warning had been given them on several occasions, but they paid no attention to it and became insolent. So in October, 1905, an expedition was sent against them. The force, under Colonel Harrison, was divided into four columns, with a fifth as base-force with two armoured trains on the railway.

It was composed of King's African Rifles augmented by some Masai levies for collecting and driving captured cattle, and numbered about 3,000 all told, while the Nandis mustered about 6,000 warriors, and possessed some 14,00 head of cattle.

In civilised warfare the objective of a campaign is usually the capital of the enemy's country; in savage warfare in this country the objective is the enemy's cattle.

The four columns entered the Nandi country simultaneously at different points, and in less than two months had captured 10,000 cattle, 18,000 sheep and goats, and a number of prisoners, and had killed about 600 of the enemy, and had driven the tribe into its own proper district. The chiefs then sued for peace, which has now been concluded. Our losses were ninety killed and wounded.

In the ranks of the King's African Rifles are a number of most interesting fighting men, many who fought under Emin Pasha, others

who fought against us at Khartoum and in Somaliland, and against the Italians in Abyssinia. And among the Sikhs are many who have seen service in the campaigns on the North-West Frontier of India.



TBli' l:xc:'s FRICA::S RIFL S  
RR:TURJ:i'IKG FROJ THE NANDI EXJ'EDITIO"r



HACK 'HIL\_W



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m· AX ELEG\,-1 (?) LJPV'

NAIVASHA

A FEW miles beyond Nairobi the railway comes to the wonderful Rift Valley - a great crack in the skin of the earth.

You run along open rolling downs till suddenly you come on a long line of cliffs overlooking a tossed and jumbled volcanic valley, thirty miles wide, beyond which the cliffs, or 'escarpment' as it is called, rise again and bring you on to the undulating upland as before.

In the Rift valley are many extinct volcanoes, and certain lakes, including that of Naivasha.

Its surface is dotted with islands, most of which are, however, merely floating masses of growing reeds, and according to the direction of the wind do these islands congregate temporarily at different points of the lake.

The reeds harbour numbers of hippo; and the one real island of the place possesses a fine herd of waterbuck.

To the south of the lake a high ridge is a point of wonder, with its great gorge of basalt pillars and its dozen natural steam geysers.

\* \* \* \* \*

The township of Naivasha includes a railway station on the flat, and half a dozen houses, Government offices, etc., on a bluff overlooking the plain and lake.

The Commissioner of the District has a very charming house there, commanding a splendid view.

The Government buildings are contained within a fortified enclosure; and although this is not all that a fort should be, since it has no interior water supply and is overlooked by neighbouring ground, still the principle of having a fort ready against native aggression is a very sound one.

At least one farmhouse in the neighbourhood also has its fortified building for defence purposes should emergency arise.

It is difficult to understand how settlers can be such fools as not to take this simple precaution when building their homesteads. You never can tell when natives may break out in any country; the historical teaching is that they will certainly do it one day; experience shows that they won't effect much harm, even if they attempt it, against a prepared defence, but that they will murder all whites whom they find without defences.

Government is doing well in insisting, when granting any lease, that a defence work on approved lines should form the first building of any settlement or homestead.

\* \* \* \* \*

FARMING AND SPORT

NOT far from Naivasha (at Njoro) both Lord Delamere and Lord Hindlip have started farming on a large scale, as also has Mr. MacMillan further south. And the Government experimental farm near Naivasha is doing good work.

The introduction of good strains of English cattle and sheep into the native breeds is beginning to have most satisfactory results. In cattle the cross with Herefords seems to give best promise; while with sheep a first cross of Welsh with native, and as a second cross the result of this union with the Merino, is expected to be very satisfactory.

It seems a great pity that the experiment of breeding zebras and then taming them, although commenced, is not seriously being carried on. And also the domestication of the eland as cattle is an experiment well worth trial before that fine animal becomes extinct.

The utility and success of the experimental farm, like many other institutions in the country, are not yet fully developed. The farm is at present not progressing as fast as it might, not is it the useful object-lesson to settlers as regards its financial side as it probably might be if it were made to run itself on its own money for say a term of five years.

Really valuable results could then be got, and without expense to the Government.

\* \* \* \* \*

The big-game shooting is par excellence the feature of East Africa. It is certain sport, in a good climate, under easy conditions.

A very complete little guide to it all is 'Verb. Sap.' Published by Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, London.

In this pamphlet Sir Harry Johnston makes an earnest appeal against the destruction of game for the mere sake of shooting. Where the hunter is a naturalist making a genuine collection, or photographing the different species in their wild state by means of tele-photo lens, it is another matter. To this class of sportsman East Africa offers special advantages, owing not only to the number of animals to be seen, but the great variety of species and their size.

For going on 'Safari,' *i.e.*, camping, carriers have to be taken, and can be supplied by contractors at a cost of about 35/. per month in pay, and 5/. in food, for about forty men, including head man, gun bearers, cook, etc., etc.

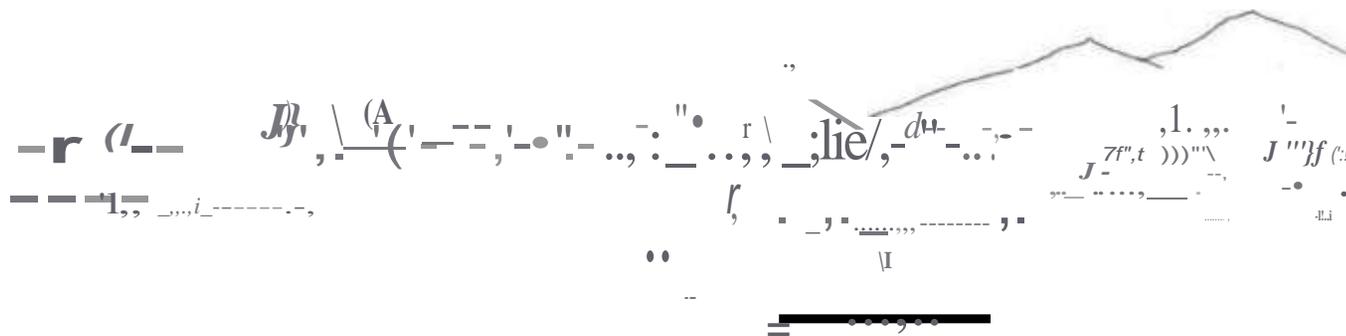
A licence to shoot costs 50/. and entitles you to shoot two of most big game species and more of the smaller kinds.

\* \* \* \* \*

It has been said, by one who knows, that all that British East Africa requires to make it a highly prosperous colony - seeing that it is already so gifted by Nature as regards richness and climate - is the importation of settlers and its government by a business man possessing imagination and 'push.'

'In British East Africa a man cannot starve, and he *may* grow very rich.'

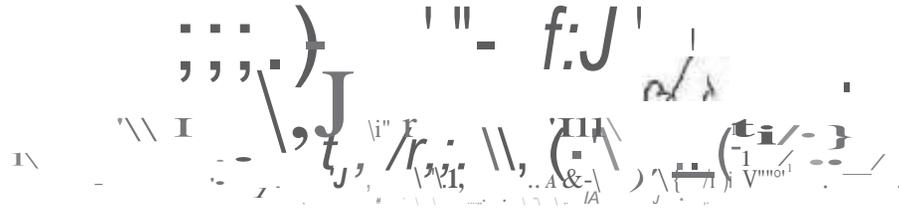
GAME IN EAST AFRICA



A DOT-AN0-0.e:SR IIESCR!TION OF \ RI:1 AFTER H...ARTEDb:FST'

Following is a list of the Game which is to be found in East Africa, and the attached notes as to the haunts of the various species may be of use to intending sportsmen:-

- |                                      |                          |                     |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Elephant.                         | 17. " Cavendish's.       | 34. Oryx Callotis.  |
| 2. Rhinoceros.                       | 18. Haggard's Oribi.     | 35. " Beisa.        |
| 3. Hippopotamus.                     | 19. Zanzibar Antelope.   | 36. Bushbuck.       |
| 4. Giraffe (3 species).              | 20. Steinbuck.           | 37. Bongo.          |
| 5. Hartebeest, Nuemann's.            | 21. Klipspringer.        | 38. Kudu, Greater.  |
| 6. " Jackson's.                      | 22. Waterbuck.           | 39. " Lesser.       |
| 7. " Coke's.                         | 23. " Deffa's.           | 40. Eland.          |
| 8. Hunter's Antelope.                | 24. Thomas's Cob.        | 41. Buffalo.        |
| 9. Topi.                             | 25. Reedbuck-bohor.      | 42. Wart Hog.       |
| 10. Wildebeest or White Bearded Gnu. | 26. Reedbuck, Chanter's. | 43. Bush Pig.       |
| 11. Duiker.                          | 27. Impalla.             | 44. Zebra.          |
| 12. " Harvey's.                      | 28. Gazelle, Thomson's.  | 45. Lion.           |
| 13. " Isaac's.                       | 29. " Grant's.           | 46. Leopard.        |
| 14. Dik-dik, Gunther's.              | 30. " Peter's.           | 47. Cheetah.        |
| 15. " Kirke's.                       | 31. " Waller's.          | 48. Serval.         |
| 16. " Hinde's.                       | 32. Sable Antelope.      | 49. Ostrich.        |
|                                      | 33. Roan Antelope.       | 50. Marabout Stork. |

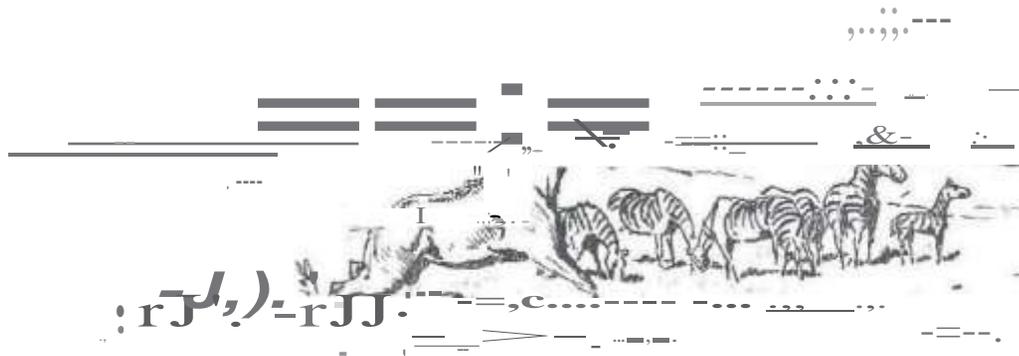


'Now, I want you all to notice what the white man is like: then, one by one, you must skip away with a whisk of your tail: the moment you get out of sight in the long grass you must creep and crawl till you have got to leeward of him, then follow him, always keeping him to windward, so that you know where he is.'

COAST. - On the Coast there is comparatively little game, though Elephant, Hippopotamus, Eland, Sable Antelope, Buffalo, Waterbuck, some smaller bucks, Leopard, and, more rarely, Lion are found. With the exception of the Sable, these species may be obtained in more healthy districts.

TARU DESERT. - Beyond the coast belt comes the Taru Desert, waterless, and therefore unattractive to sportsmen, though, at any rate during the rain, game is fairly numerous.

VOITO MAKINDU. - Along the edge of the desert, and extending as far as Makindu, is a belt of bush and park-like country. This is the only district in which Oryx Callotis is found. The other local species are Waller's and Peter's Gazelles and Lesser Kudu. Eland and Giraffe are extremely numerous in this part, as well as several common species.



(.)AILE OX TUE ATTT PL\INI> AS SEEN )"JLOlo! THL 'r<.US: H\RTETI'J-ST C.I\H'!:RI>:G Lib-1.; AN  
OLII C\D-1-10HSF.



Things not drawn because we did not see them. But we only missed them by a few hours. Mr. Abel Chapman as his brother had got to the



place just before us as he killed four elephants in

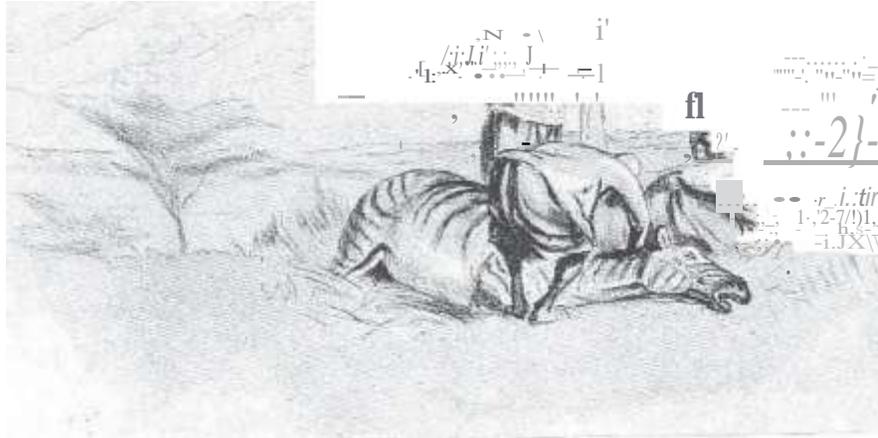


the first hour they were there - and three times the following day - as we met them coming away.

as we arrived.

1. March. 06





SKINNING II 7-F.BRA

Very good bird-shooting is to be had, the Vulturine Guinea Fowl, Spurfwol, Bustard, and Francolin being common.

SERINGETI. - A few miles beyond Makindu the country becomes more open, and the game more noticeable. Round Simba Station very fair sport may be had, Lion in particular being numerous, though by no means easy to bag.

The ordinary species of Antelopes are found here as on the Athi plains.

ATHI PLAINS. - At mile 180 the Railway reaches the great Athi Plains and from here until the train reaches Nairobi game is never out of sight.

Owing to the scarcity of water it is impossible for a spoiling party to do more than follow the Athi or stony Athi rivers.

A favourite shoot is down the Athi river to Donyosabuk, with a day or two at Lucania and Koma Rock to the east of the river, at both of which places water may be obtained, returning across the Athi plains to Nairobi.

The game to be obtained on the plains consists of Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Coke's Hartebeest, Waterbuck, White Bearded Gnu, Duiker, Steinbuck, Klipspringer, and Chanter's Reedbuck (or Donyosabuk), Thomson's and Grant's Gazelle, Impalla, Eland, Wart Hog, Bush Pig, Zebra, Lion, Leopard, Cheetah, Serval, Ostrich and Marabout Stork, as well as Great Bustard and various game birds.

RIF VALLEY. - Extremely good sport is to be had in the Rift Valley round Lakes Naivasha, Elementeita, and Nakuru. Game is plentiful, and a very good variety is to be obtained.



'J SAYS Th HYSJ>U', "JT'S JJ.IST ro I.F.T SLF.EP!NG |JOCs LIÉ"

(The gang r ill charge of a mall-making party had met a pec\ish lion. but did nut shoot it for re!lso115 ofllis own.)

This is the only part of the country where Neumann's Hartebeest is found.

LAKE BAR.INGO. - Lake Baringo, some six days' march to the north of Nakuru, a favourite and usually a successful shoot.

Rhinoceros swarm in the bush country, Hippopotamus in the lake; Oryx Beisa, splendid Impalla, and most of the ordinary species of game are also to be found.

MAU AND THE HIGHLANDS. - The game to be obtained, Jackson's Hartebeest, Topi, Oribi, are all local species. Buffalos are numerous in the forest, and Elephant are to be found at times.

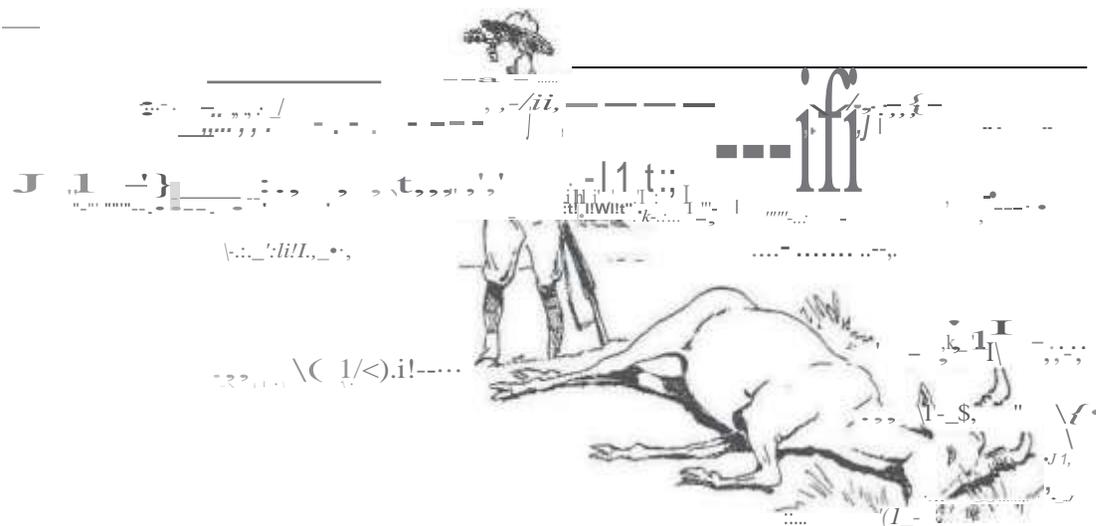
\* \* \* \* \*

The hartebeest is not the most beautiful of the animal kingdom, but he is a satisfactory quarry to hunt, for in spite of his lumbering gait, which has been likened to that of a tired cab-horse trying to canter, he covers the ground at a great pace and in an untiring way



OP.I::!"KG GP II:IF. COU TIH": M.MUNG n ROAD TUROUCH THE FORF.5".1."

The big- tree on the right is a sacred one with the Masai, who in passing by make offerings, in the shape of bunches of grass. Grass with the shape of the tree is looked on as a valuable commodity because it is the staff of life for cattle.



THE HEAD OF THE CBASJ., TAKING OFF HIS MURICUS

which often carries him safely away from pursuing horsemen.

On getting this one after a good run of some four miles I looked round to see if there were any inhabitants near from whom I could borrow a knife. I saw a little tin hut in the distance. On riding up I found at the door a little English girl guarded by a pet gazelle. An

English lady and a French governess occupied temporarily this bright little home while their larger one was building.

On one occasion I stalked an Impala buck for nearly two hours, one hour of which was spent trying to flatten myself out while he stood and stared at the few blades of grass behind which I was trying to hide. I got him.



FLATTENING ONESELF

## VIII

# VICTORIA NYANZA

KISUMU, or Port Florence, is a small European township with native hamlets for miles round it in the north-east corner of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

The railway from Mombassa, 600 miles distant, runs down on to a small pier alongside which the steamers lie.

From this point you can embark for any spot on the shores of the lake. At Kisumu the most interesting feature is the native market. It is attended chiefly by the Kavirondo tribe, who wear no other kind of clothing than a few armlets, sometimes a straw hat, and generally a pipe, and the married ladies (whose simple costume is depicted on an earlier page) a short tail behind tied round the waist with a string.

The 600 ton steamer on which you cross the lake - there are two of the kind, the *Sybil* and the *Winifred* - is quite one of the most wonderful things in the country, for here, 600 miles from the sea, you have a perfectly appointed, smart-looking, sea-going steamer with electric light, electric fans and all the conveniences and fittings of a modern ocean-going steamship on a small scale, with smart officers and black crew, Goanese stewards, etc.

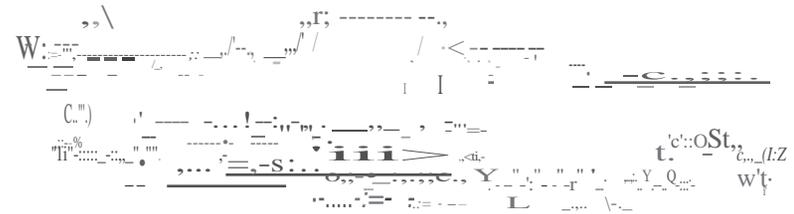
The steamers were of course brought up in pieces from the coast and put together in the docks which have been made at Kisumu. Yet when one sees them they strike one like the fly in amber.

'It ain't that the thing is so rare or so fair -  
The wonder is how in the world it got there.'

\* \* \* \* \*

British ingenuity and energy have overcome all difficulties, and there are now on the lake three big steamers and half a dozen tugs and launches, and these are now being supplemented by another still

larger steamer and a number of lighters which the steamers can tow through at every part round the lake.



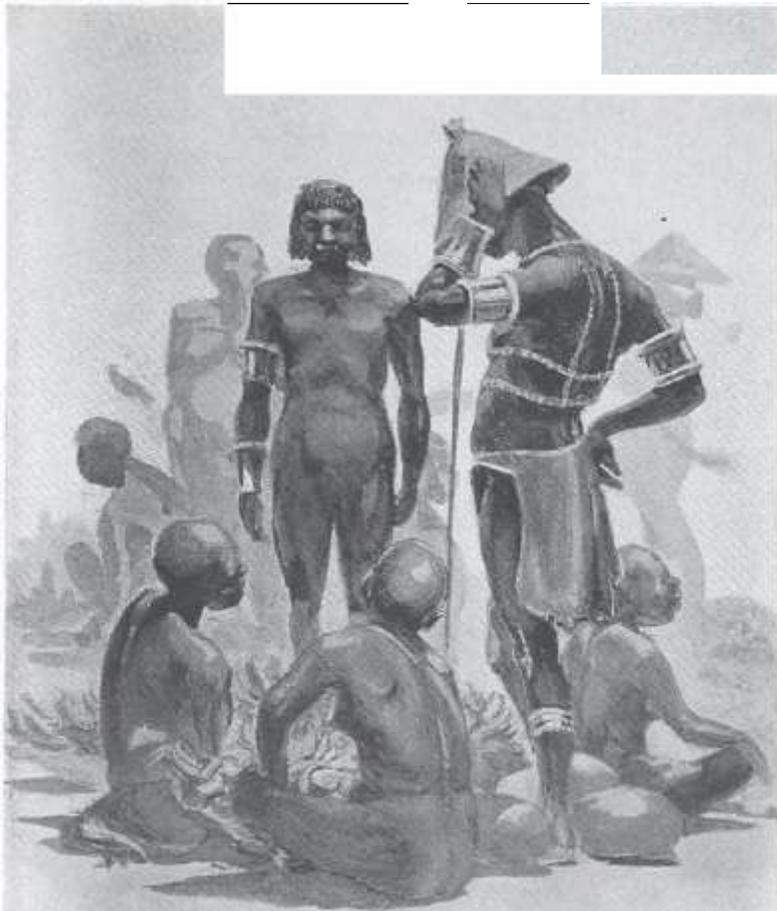
PO-11' FT (R 1' NCI? (KISUMU), ON VICTORIA NYANZA

Goods are brought for transport in far greater quantity than can be carried - it only seems strange that the railway company to whom the shipping belongs has not a fleet of sailing dhows already engaged in bringing these goods to the railway head at Kisumu.

This point, with its many lines of boats to various parts of the lake, is like a junction with numerous branch lines, and at present not only carries our own trade but that of German East Africa also.

\* \* \* \* \*

Victoria Nyanza is actually the source of the Nile and has for centuries been the goal of many travellers: even the Phcenicians are reported to have had a try for it; but this seems tradition rather than history, although it is certain from Herodotus' accounts that 200 years before his time Phcenicians in Egyptian service built ships in the Red Sea and sailed down the coast of Africa. When they ran short of food they landed, sowed crops, and waited for them to ripen



K.WTRONDO 11< "ISUMU MARKE"

and then went on again, till at length they found the sun rising on their right hand, and eventually, after three years, they got back to Egypt from the westward, having completed the voyage round Africa.

\* \* \* \* \*

The source of the Nile in old days was what the North Pole is to us to-day. Cesar said he would give up soldiering if he could find it. Nero sent an army up the Nile to carry out a systematic search. Ptolemy sent an expedition inland from the east coast. Definite information was then obtained that the river started from three lakes, and was so shown in Hipparchus' map and later on in Ptolemy's (A.D. 150).

D'Abbeville's map (1635) shows Lakes Victoria Nyanza and Albert as the sources of the Nile. Incidentally he also shows a mission station existing east or north-east of Victoria Nyanza. Finally Speke discovered Victoria Nyanza in 1858, and visited it with Grant in 1860 and 1863, and followed the Nile down to Gondokoro, where he joined Sir Samuel Baker.

The lake is nearly 200 miles across and 300 miles long, so that voyaging on it is much the same as being at sea: you go out of sight of land and can come in for nasty gales and heavy seas.

In sailing across to Uganda from Kisumu the first part of the voyage is among wooded islands and mountain headlands not unlike a Norwegian fjord, but eventually you get on open water with a few mountain tops showing above the horizon and a bit of a sea which sends the ship heaving and rolling along - so much so in our case that some of our passengers were not quite well.

\* \* \* \* \*



SIKHS RETURNING FROM EXPEDITION: MORNING T

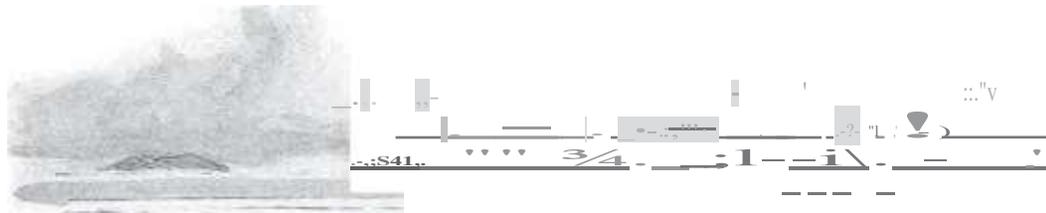
CANOES



NA'PHE CANOE ON VICTORIA ISLAND

THE scarcity of European boats on Victoria Nyanza is very marked. One would have expected to see sailing boats at Kisumu, Entebbe, and Jinja, as there are native boatbuilders and plenty of material.

But the picturesque dug-out and native canoe are plentiful. The dug-outs are simply the trunk of a tree hollowed out. The other canoes are made of thin planks stitched together with fibre. They often have a very imposing prow in the shape of a turned-up beak which is topped with antelope horns and decked with beads and fringe, etc. The boatmen use a kind of chant to give time to their paddling; but it is not the musical chant of the boatmen of the Gold Coast.



CLOUD 01' LAKES, VICTORIA NYANZA

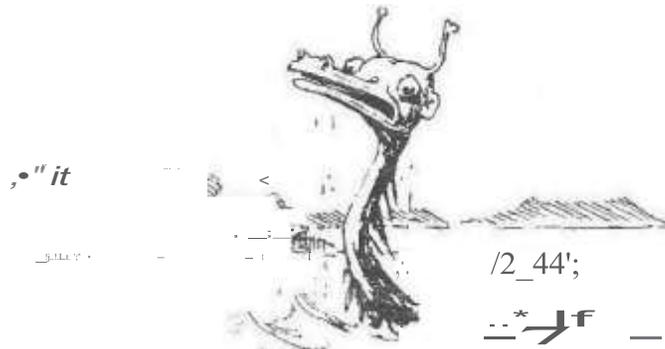
IX

UGANDA

(Comparative size about the same as the United Kingdom)

AFTER a day and a half with a night at anchor under the lee of an island, you run in between wooded islands into the Bay of Port Alice, otherwise called Entebbe.

It is only when you get near the shore and land among reeds and water-lilies that you realise that you are on a lake and not on a sea coast. The lake not only contains hippos and several kinds of fish, but also, according to the testimony of two white men and many natives, a 'prehistoric peep' kind of sea-monster which the natives call the Iquata.



THE LIQUATA: RAJ-E VICTORIA NYANZA

Sketched 7/12/1906, on 'mud the Fert' Aniler.1011, at 9 A.M.

(N.U. - 1 dictn. [v.] tually .1-11 Lhis 'pi:::ep/ hIE 1 'Mas rml d it was thi..ln:.)

I did not see it, but I drew a sketch of it while on the lake in order to give local colour.

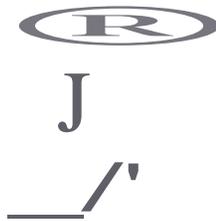


VIRI' I-HZUMI A RICJ SHA  
(N.B. -iWy feet in the foreground)

Entebbe is the modern official capital of the colony of Uganda, at the north-west corner of Victoria Nyanza. From the lake it looks like a small group of red-roofed bungalows among heavy green foliage on a knoll overlooking the sea. It is only after you have landed and got into the place that you realise it is bigger and much more civilised than you expected, and very pretty indeed; well-ordered

suburbs and shady bungalows with flowering gardens under the shade of great forest trees with vistas between their stems of the blue waters below.

In the Government House ground, botanical gardens and a herbarium have been started under charge of an expert from Kew, and a beautiful and interesting garden is the result; various kinds of fibre, coffee, tea, cocoa, and other useful plants are being grown with wonderful results; everything seems to do well here in this warm, damp climate. The palm grove with a natural fernery in its deep cool shade is the sight of the garden.



THE HISTORY OF SLEEPING SICKNESS WRITING ABOUT A DISEASE  
 CONTAINED IN THE BLOOD

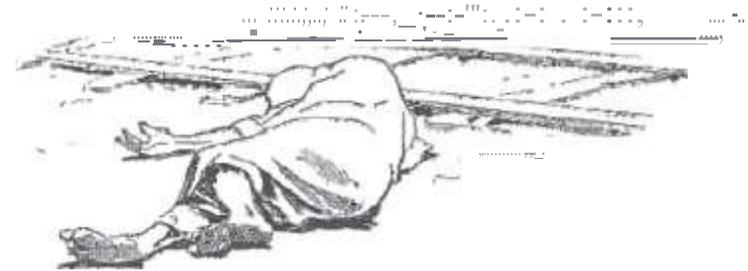
\* \* \* \* \*

All over Entebbe working parties of natives are to be seen cutting away the rank undergrowth and burning it. This is done to destroy the tsetse fly, which abounds here, and which has now been definitely proved to be the conveyer of the disease called sleeping sickness. I went to the hospital to see the laboratory where experiments are being carried out by two young army doctors. They have a mixed menagerie consisting of tsetse flies, monkeys, rats, and microbes. The flies have these microbes as parasites inside them, and when they bit an animal or person to get some blood for food, they generally leave some bacilli behind which get into the victim's

blood. Then, by some step at present unknown, these bacilli get from the blood into the spinal cord or brain and gradually kill the patient. The disease takes months and even years to run its course, but no cure has yet been effected.

Dr. Koch claims to have discovered one recently, but it is apparently the same that has before been tried by a Liverpool physician - unsuccessfully.

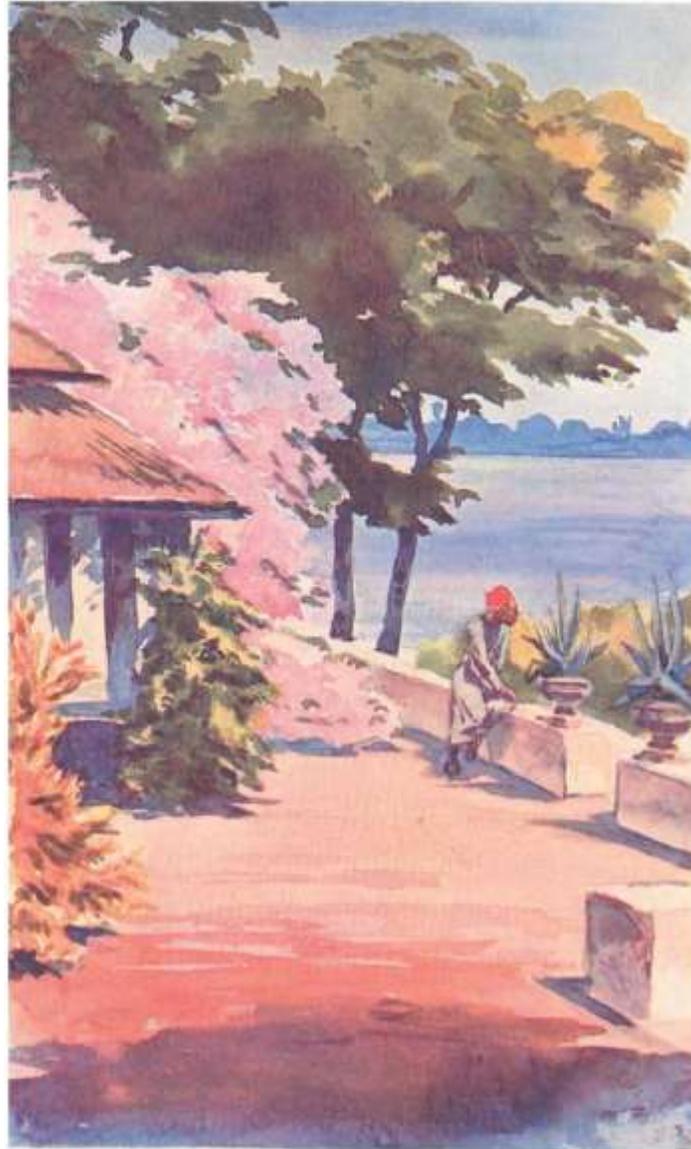
The natives, especially those living near the lake and neighbouring waters, have been decimated by the disease - of the Busoga tribe alone it is estimated that some 45,000 have died in the last five years, and three white men have already been infected at Entebbe, and have died on return home to England.



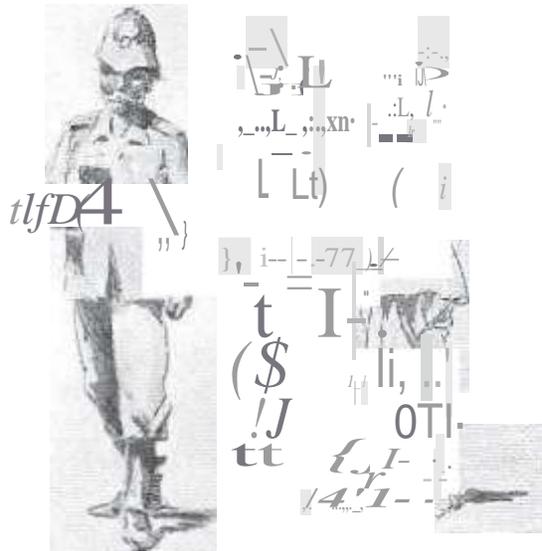
1:U:t\ QP S.J. l>Pl).(0 \$rCKNK%  
 (Skelcherl 01)he ?i,r n l'c>:,t .. It>r@.e:: )

The bacillus is a nasty squirmy little eel (I saw some just taken from the tail of an infected rat) which darts about the blood in a hurried, restless way - tail first too.

The tsetse fly never goes far from water, but is spreading rapidly along the waterways and shores of this part of Africa. Reports of his progress are gathered from the natives, who are given rewards when they bring in specimens from a new place; the consequence is that they consider it pays them to lie in the sun as baits to lure flies, and when they are bitten they catch the fly and bring him in, but when you tell them that he is dangerous and causes disease, they only



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ENTEBBE.



CHRMMAK SOLD...ORS RETUR...II" f, via KISHIJU FRO)J  
 THEIR C...i\IP\IGN liS" G.E!C\LN EAST .J'RfC\

laugh and do not believe you.

On the pier at Kisumu I noticed a native lying asleep with his head on the railway line. I pointed this out to a Sikh policeman who was standing by, and suggested he should wake the man up, otherwise he ran the risk of losing his head if the train were shunted. The policeman replied, 'He is not asleep, he is sick.' I argued that it did not matter: in either case he would lose his head if he did not move. At this moment a white man came along and gave the native a passing kick with a warning to get up and move elsewhere, but the native did not move, he was dead! Sleeping sickness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The natives of Uganda are almost disappointing at first. After getting to the stark naked wild native of Kavirondo at Kisumu one expects to find something almost inside out in the way of wildness so

much further into the interior; but instead of that not only are these natives clothes and industrious, but they have their king, council, district governors, and regular codes of law of their own, and all belong to one form of religion or another. Indeed their system of government has been found to work so well that the British Government on taking over the country have continued to use their laws, and to administer them through the medium of their own kings.

\* \* \* \* \*

SALUTATION IN UGANDA

<i>Salutation</i>	<i>Reply</i>
Otya	Otyana
Ahaha	'M-m-m
Agafaya	'Mlenghi
Ahaha	M-m-m
Weraba	Weraba

Ahaha!



KAMPALA

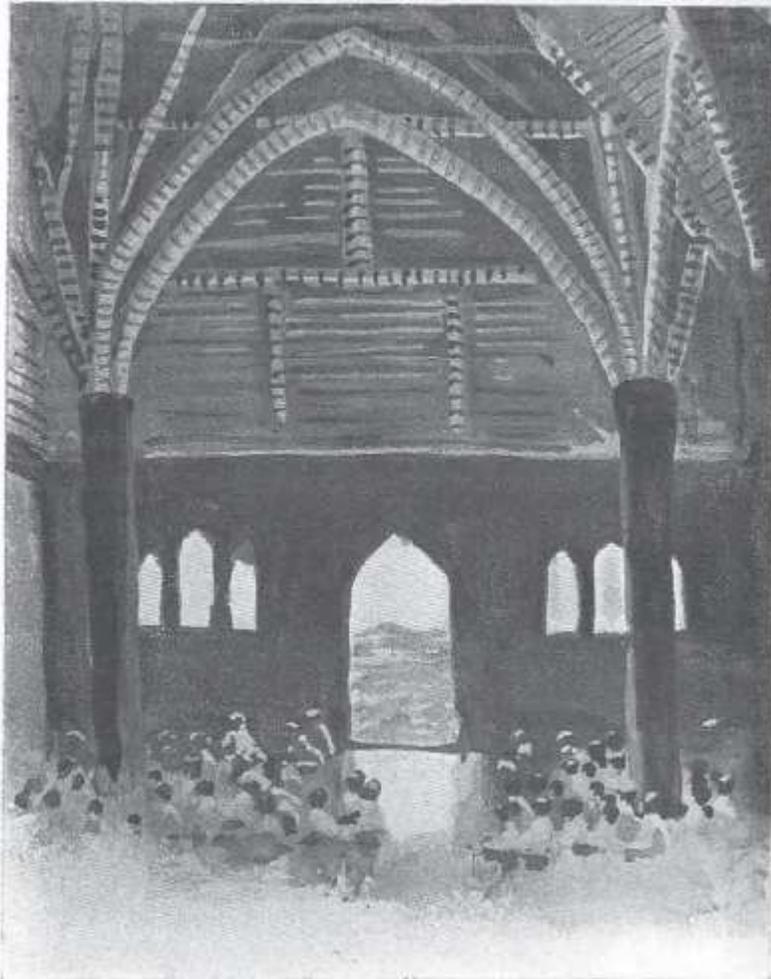
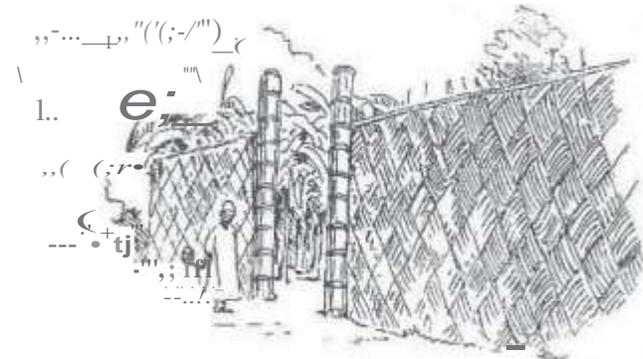


Fig. 1. C. (Tfii::DRAL (PRQTJ,SL\NT), KA IP\_-\,L\ (Brick, with thatched roof stppoi- ted by :irche3 and girlei-5 made or reeds bo\nd with black cord. It holds 3-000 people.)

KAMPALA is the native capital of Uganda. You get there from Entebbe, the official capital, by steamer (three hours) and rickshaw (one and a half hours), or direct by rickshaw, twenty-five miles, in either case a pretty journey through jungle and plantain groves.



K. \,c!PALA: GA.li.DEN 11,\TL ::lf.-1.DI! OF .PL.1heEJ RKCD8

Although a capital it can hardly be called a town, for it consists of a tract of country where each native hut stands in its own grove of banana trees, and this tract extends for some ten miles in every direction.

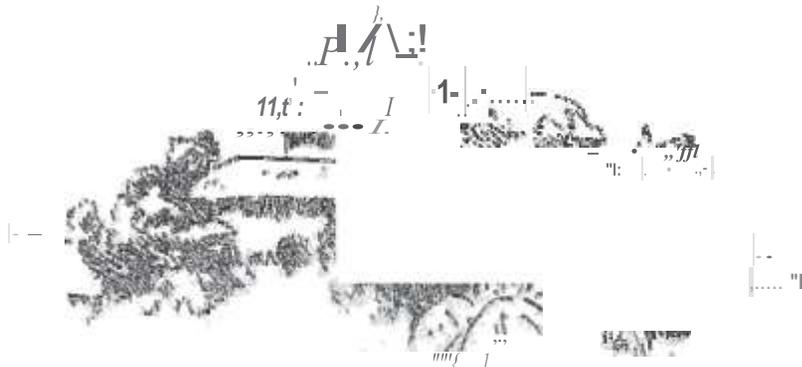
Kampala is the centre of this district and consists, like ancient Rome, of seven hills, on each of which a part of the community has established itself. Thus, on one hill stand the fort and barracks, on another the civil administration buildings, on the third the King has his house and staff quarters, and on three others stand the buildings of the different missions. The most striking of these is the Protestant native cathedral (Bishop Tucker's) with its three steeples and high-pitched roof entirely thatched with straw.

\* \* \* \* \*



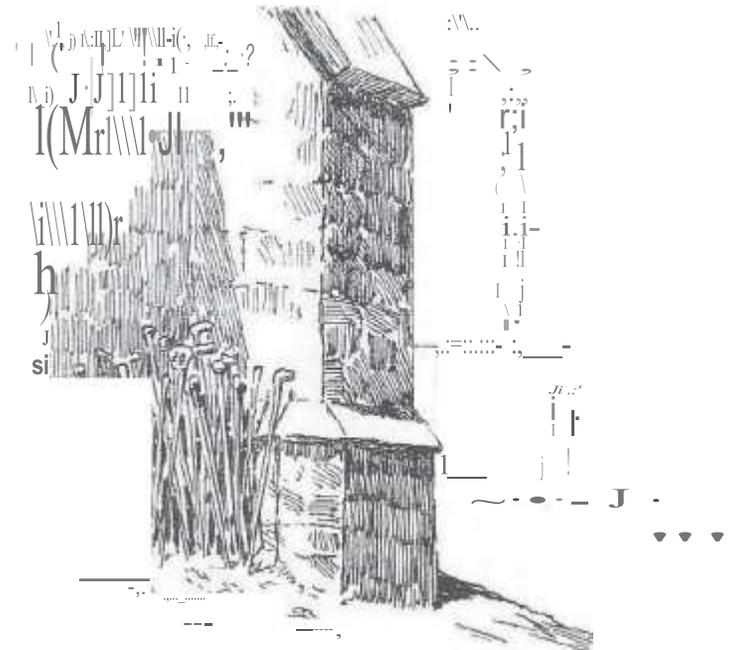
LYCH-GATB, KbMP.L\ C\THEIRAT.

Inside, the cathedral can contain two to three thousand people. When I saw it (on a Tuesday afternoon) the cathedral was fairly full, the congregation all squatting on the floor and three overflow services going on in the neighbouring schoolrooms.



1-H:t.'PJ-Q1;:W'":i;)IT C.L'FW.TIFUL. i;)L'J.L.L\ 'J(QAJ<"TA

Natives seem to enjoy going to church for going to church's sake. It was the same at Sierra Leone, where the cathedral was filled to such an extent that an extra congregation outside the building was crowded round each window.

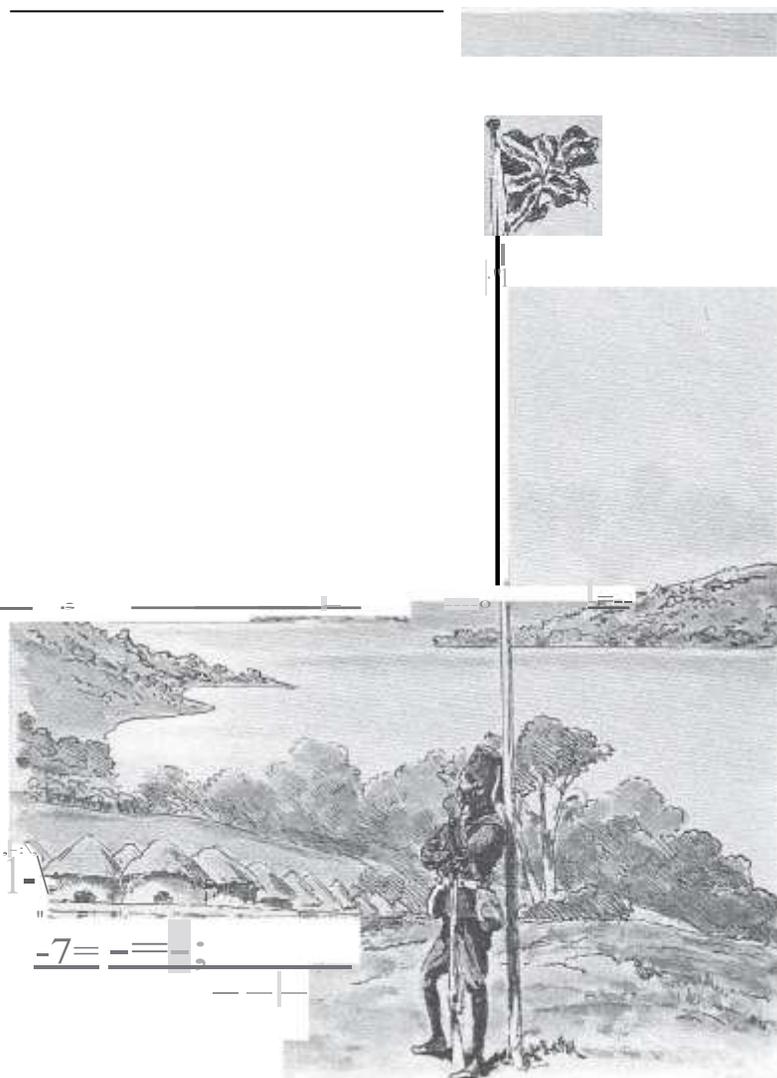


WALIG'G-S'ICJ::S 01' THE CONGREG.\TIO'I AT KA:\P,\Li\ C,III,eDH.\L

At Kampala every man carries a walking-stick when going to church and leaves it outside when he goes in, so that the collection of sticks outside the cathedral is a very quaint and tempting one.

The ceiling and arches of the interior are made of reeds tied together with black hide binding, which has a very neat effect.

Instead of a chime of bells a mighty big drum is used to bring the natives together.



JIN.F., \HT'RI:; THP. '<TLF, FLOWS OFT OF VICTORJ,\ :s/1'."-NZ\

Alongside the cathedral are the graves of Raymond Portal and of Sir Francis de Winton's son, and also of Major Thurston, pioneers who fell in the development of the country.

\* \* \* \* \*

The colony of Uganda includes two kingdoms, Uganda and Inyoro. King Daude of Uganda is at present a small boy of about fourteen (Daude is the native rendering of David), bright and clever, and well trained and directed by his English tutor.

His throne is of European make, hung round with the Union Jack. The reason for keeping a king is that he should act as a go-between with the natives and the British Government in the country. While under age he has three regents to assist him, and naturally the leading missions at Kampala have tried to get hold of these men, with the result that they have each got one; but the regents have no great voice with the King, as the Government took a wise step in getting as tutor for him an old Carthusian who was ranching out West in America, a gentleman and a sportsman who is the best possible guide for the young chief

The King lives in a modern brick house among the old grass-work huts which used to form the palace, and which are beautifully constructed and picturesque.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five hours' ride in a rickshaw, although it is not all joy, is not quite so bad as might be expected; the cart is pulled by one man and pushed by three with relays of fresh men every two hours, so that you get along at the rate of six miles an hour over fair road through beautiful jungle scenery.

The runners are cheery beggars and keep up a chant which seems to help them along. There is a certain sameness about the chant, the leader usually running through a list of places or people whose names he knows, the others grunting a chorus, somewhat in this style:-

Leader: 'Entebbe - eh?' Chorus: 'Eh? eh!'

Leader: 'Massindu - eh?' Chorus: 'Eh? eh!' and so on.

\* \* \* \* \*

## UGANDA JINRICKSHA SERVICE

To General Baden Powell, C.B.

Address, Bweya Rest House.

about 1/2.

A Relay of men is sent to your esteemed order for Entebbe A.M. P.M.

RUNNERS:-

- |                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| 1. Zelda (head boy) | 6.  |
| 2. Bassani          | 7.  |
| 3. Erikisi          | 8.  |
| 4. Matayo           | 9.  |
| 5.                  | 10. |

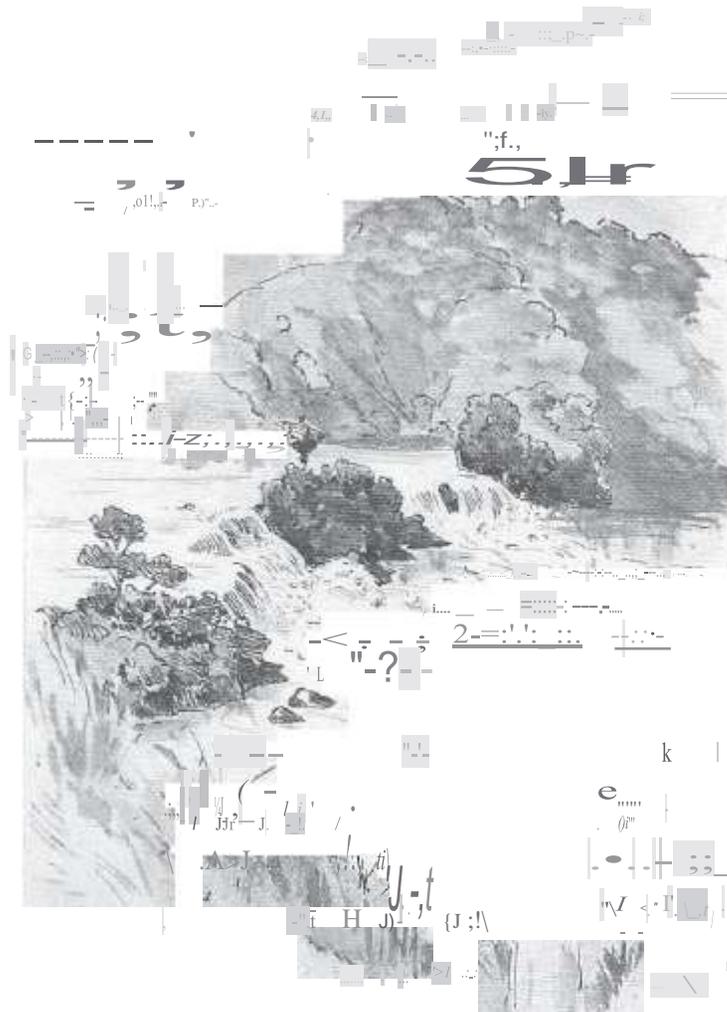
If you have any complaint to make about the conduct of the boys please forward same with names to either.

A. E. BERTIE-SMITH,  
Entebbe.

W.E. HOYLE,

Uganda Co., Ltd., Kampala.

Date, March 6th, 1906.



The Hittrey  
RIPOCI YAL.LS. ON nim )CJLE, I;J:AR \_II:(JA, UGANDA

The Nile flows out of Victoria Nyanza at a place called Jinja, and is already at its commencement quite a respectably sized river of two hundred yards width.



KI)-IG D.-\LJDE 01" UGAND\

Jinja is a military post and the seat of the Administrative Government of a pretty large district. It is the home of the sleeping-sickness tsetse fly, and it is the port from which chillies are shipped to America - to make whisky!

Life on board ship while this cargo is being embarked is scarcely worth living - everyone going about coughing and sneezing and weeping.

The Nile has not gone many hundred yards of its great course before it starts showing itself off in a succession of rapids, commencing with the pretty Ripon Falls close to Jinja. On the path

to the falls at Jinja were the recent footprints of hippo leading to the officers' gardens. The creek is also said to have been the haunt of the prehistoric water animal the "Iquata" described on page 153, which has been seen by Sir Clement Hill, Mr. Martin (a Collector, of Entebbe), and the engineer of the *Sir William Mackinnon*, in addition to a number of natives, all of whom fully believe in its existence.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Nile is still a very interesting study, especially as regards its supply of water for the irrigation of the crops below Cairo.

Sir William Garstin and Captain H. Y. Lyon have studied the matter on the spot, and their reports tend to show that the rise and fall of the river result from causes in Abyssinia, and not much from those in Equatorial regions.

Sir W. Willcocks states that low Nile inundations coincide with a deficient monsoon in India.

Sir Norman Lockyer states that both the Nile floods and the Indian monsoon depend on the state of the sun.

Professor Fritz in 1880 said that the rise of the Nile flood varied according to sun spots.

\* \* \* \* \*

Colonel Delme Radcliffe writes of the Nile in Uganda: 'One can speculate on the possibility of utilising the immense amount of power available in the falls and rapids of the Nile within Uganda. The discharge of the Nile is, according to Sir William Garstin, between 1,530 and 2,300 centimetres per second. In a country without coal, so far as is at present known, the utilisation of this power for the proper development of resources may soon become a practical question, especially as the transmission of electric power to a distance is now being effected with constantly increasing economy.'

\* \* \* \* \*

From Entebbe one can come home *via* the Nile if preferred and when time is no great object. A couple of months should be allowed, though it can be done in less.

From Entebbe you go by road marching, by rickshaw, or bullock cart to Butiaba, 180 miles. Then across Lake Albert to Wadelai, on to Gondokoro on the Nile, 112 miles.

From Gondokoro steamers run monthly to Khartoum, eleven days' voyage, whence you can take the train for Cairo.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Verb. Sap.' gives a very sound piece of advice which applies not only to travellers visiting East Africa, but also to those going through the journey of life- in whatever line it may be:

'The voyager may take the word of an old traveller (a rather bad sailor and a married man) that unless the entire arrangements, from the writing of the first "Dear Sir" to the slipping of the last quay cable, are undertaken in a vein of humour and hard-heartedness combined, comedy and cool calculation, there will result sadness and much MUDDLE! A verb. sap. here. Don't trust agents.'

I quite agree. And if you want a thing done, **1** don't say do it yourself, but see somebody do it.



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X

ADEN

THE 'Dust-heap' is a much better place than its reputation allows - except as a place to live in.

It *is* hot and arid. But for the tourist it is very interesting and picturesque.

From the ship one sees a mass of crags and peaks rising from the sea with barracks and buildings along their lower spur and fortifications everywhere, but not a particle of vegetation at any point; nor have the inhabitants so far adopted the method of those in the Island of Ascension, who have to some extent repaired the resthetic omission of Nature by painting bits of the island green. One does not see from the ship the native city which lies in the old volcanic crater in the midst of the crags, and which is full of interest and picturesque details.

While we were there the Duke of Connaught unveiled the statue of Queen Victoria, and this drew together a wonderful collection of inhabitants, including almost every race of the middle East, from Somaliland, India, Persia, Soudan, etc., from the silk-clad Bombay merchant to the naked gamin of the desert.

The amount of fortification, tunnelling, and rock-cutting which has been done to secure the defence of the place strikes one as almost stupendous.

The tanks for catching and storing the rainwater *when* it falls are one of the wonders of the world. Though ascribed by tourists to Solomon, Alexander, Napoleon, and other well-known characters in history, the truth is that these tanks were discovered some fifty years ago under heaps of mountain debris, and were evidently of ancient origin. They have been repaired and are now in full working order - but empty and dry. There are twelve great masonry pits capable

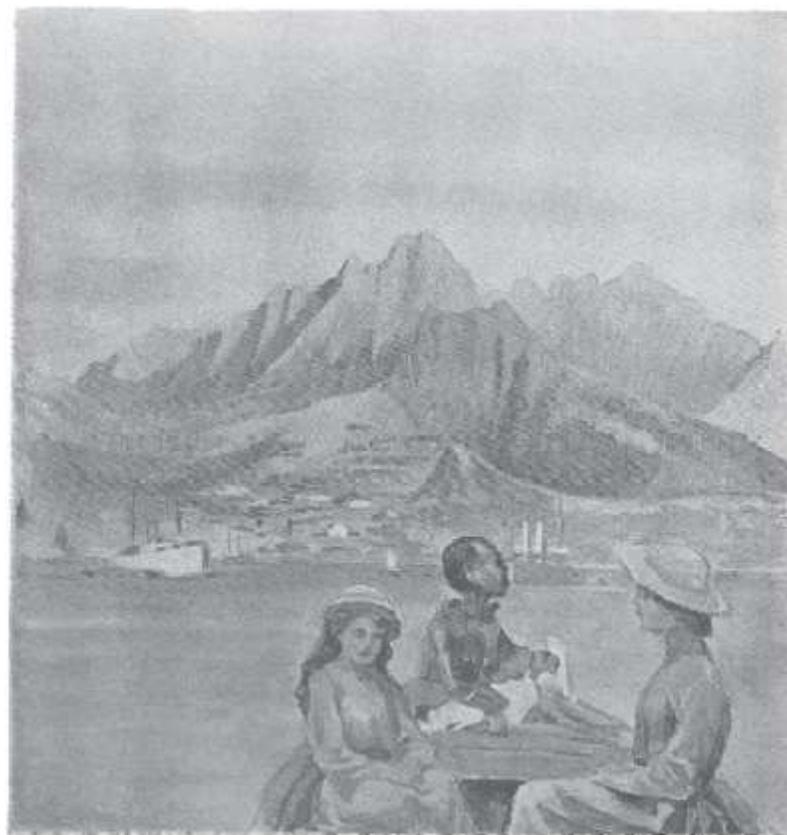
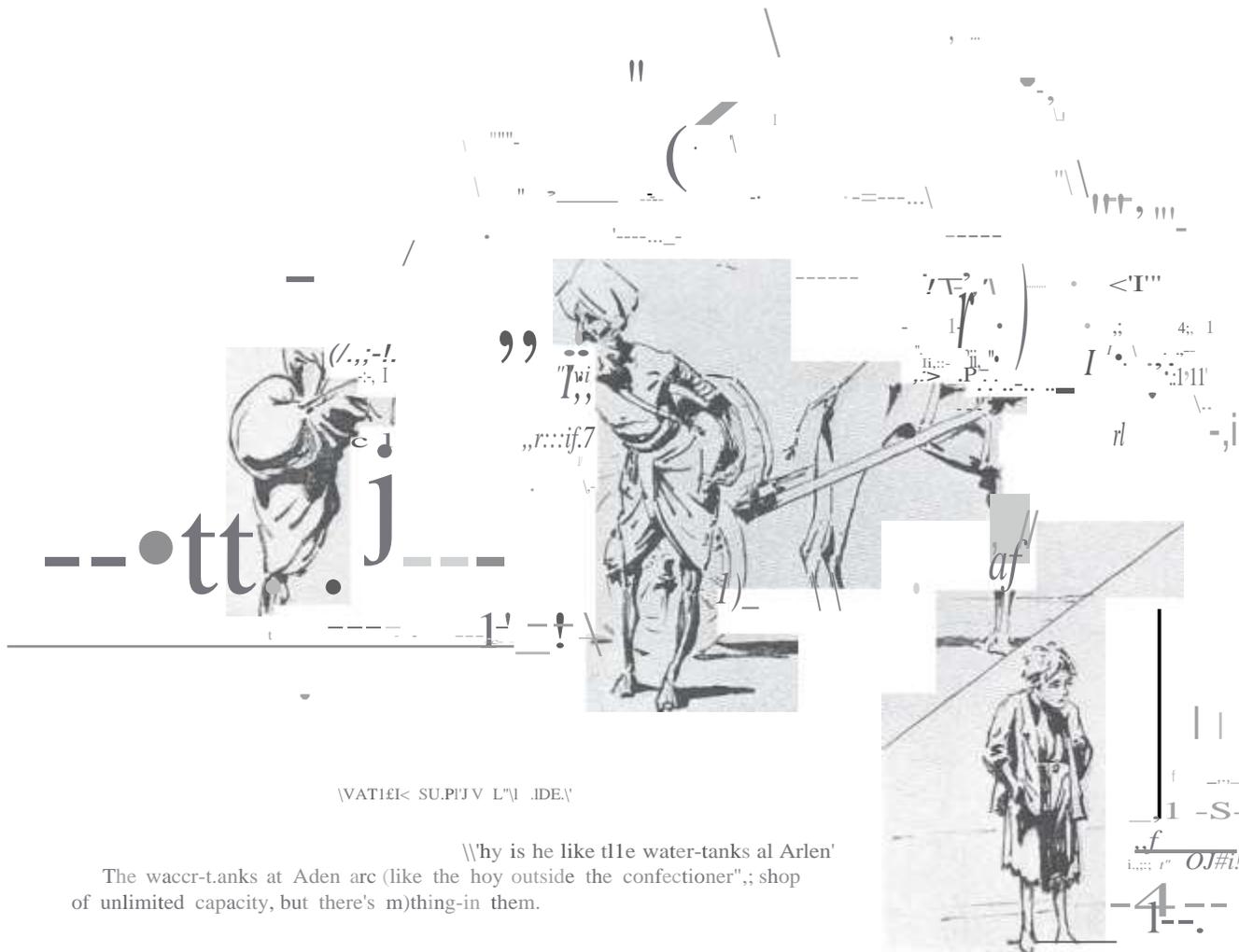


Fig. 1. "Aden". "21."



\VAT1E1< SU.P1'JV L"V .IDE,\

\\hy is he like t11e water-tanks al Arlen'

The waccr-t.anks at Aden arc (like the hoy outside the confectioner"; shop of unlimited capacity, but there's m)thing-in them.

of contammg twenty million gallons of water if it liked to come.

One of the features of the tanks which strike a stranger is the pathetic notice which greets him at more than one point sternly

forbidding him to give gratuities to anyone in or *near* the gardens or to pluck the flowers. It takes a good deal of searching to find which is garden and which rock; and no amount of searching revealed to us a flower, or even the possibility of its existence. So we did not pluck it.

The 'Park' on the Esplanade in Aden is the only other attempt at a garden, and even that does not exist at night, as the 'trees' which form it are all growing in tubs, and are taken indoors at night and brought out again in the morning - so I was informed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aden brings us once more on the beaten track of travel, and into a different atmosphere with ownoses turned for home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Had I recorded my journey in the more terse, up-to-date Transatlantic style I should have said, 'I got through 15,893 miles this trip; and took 108 days to do it.' And I might thereby have saved my reader a great deal of time and patience.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a certain class of lady in England who takes upon herself the duty of a Vigilance Committee.

When I got back from America not long ago I was asked by such an one - a total stranger - for my reasons in writing for travelling by a North-German Lloyd ship instead of patronising a British line, and now again on my return from Africa, instead of being glad to see me and welcoming me home, they write to know why again I came in a German ship.

Well, I will save a postage stamp and give my explanation here:

The reason why I did not come in an English ship from East Africa is that there are no English ships running thence.

The British Colonies of Uganda, East African Protectorate, and British Central Africa and Zanzibar, with practically the main part of the Central African trade, are served by German, Austrian, and French lines of ships, but no regular British lines.

And it pays these others!

The German East African line has built itself up within eight years, on its takings, without subsidies, into a fine business of first-class ships carrying British produce and passengers between England and her Colonies.

Although it is right that other nations should have their fair share in the commerce of the world, it does look as though the British are wanting in either spirit or in organisation to allow themselves thus to be ousted from their own carrying lines.

\* \* \* \* \*



PIC(U)RIC PUZZLE, \_-u>.CN :| 1JND THE FLOWKRS

Nor is it only on the East Coast of Africa that Germany is getting the carrying trade.

'Depeche Coloniale,' April 24, 1906, points out that the scientific organisation of the North-German Lloyd enables it to reap at all times of the year maximum profit at minimum expense. In the Melanesian Archipelago its ships are threatening the trade of the Australian ships. Australia is completely invested with German ships.

The North-German Lloyd Co. has now made contract with the planters of New Britain and New Cleveland for the monopoly of carrying copra for the next five years at very low freights such as no others could offer.

But I do not insinuate that enterprise is evellywhere absent in Africa: far from it.

It is as good as a sea-bath to go round - even on a short inconsequential trip such as this has been - and to see something of the great territories where chaos is quietly being shoved into order by strenuous, level-headed young Britons in the different parts of that vast continent.

And when one gets home and finds oneself in a crowd entirely ignorant of this and all over-excited about their little local politics - it makes one want to go bathing again.

Only one ought to take some of the more blatant of these would-be politicians with one just to wash their ideas before they pose as authorities on Colonial matters. I don't believe that fifty per cent. of them are even now very sure about the difference between Uganda and East Africa!

\* \* \* \* \*

CONCLUSION

A WIDER knowledge of Greater Britain and of what our race is doing in savage lands for the spread of civilisation and the betterment of the native peoples ought to form a much more important item than at present in the education of our rising generation.

If put in proper form it can be made a most interesting and popular study with them, and would give them the inspiring example of men devoting themselves to the carrying through of their duty at all costs and with minds far above party criticisms.

Many of us as we grow older seem to grow pessimistic and to complain that 'the country is going to the dogs,' that 'the young fellows are not what they used to be,' and so on.

If things are so, which I very much doubt, whose fault is it?

Surely it is our own, for not telling our lads what is wanted of them; for not impressing on them the examples which, thank God, are still existent around us; and for not *expecting it* of them to be patriots first and cricketers or politicians afterwards.

It seems reasonable that training in such matters should begin early - even at the mother's hands - while the boy's mind is receptive, and before he becomes a school 'sloucher' - for a sloucher at school is a sloucher for life.

And that the lad might be shown, through the fascinating study of our Colonies and their makers, how great are the possibilities and responsibilities for him if he schools himself to avoid the too ordinary British insularity and selfishness; and that he ought, as a first step, to put his own desires and comfort in a secondary place while he sets duty always in the first, and prepares himself by previous thought to sacrifice everything should his duty require it of him at any time.

For it is only by previous thought and under example of self-sacrificing patriots that men become prepared and know instinctively, when the emergency arises, what to do - and do it, even to the flinging down of their lives for the good of their fellow-men.

\* \* \* \* \*

If these sketches and fragmentary notes should be the means of stimulating the curiosity of any British boy to a further study of our African colonies, I shall be better rewarded than I deserve for my presumption in having published them.

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