

So

my friend and colleague

P. K. R.

A memento of twenty months

of

happy association

the greater part of which was

passed

among the scenes described here.

Durban Club.

22<sup>nd</sup> Jan. 1929.

**THE PILGRIMS' WAY  
IN SOUTH AFRICA**

*By the same Author*

LADY ANNE BARNARD AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 1797-1802. *Illustrated by a series of Sketches by Lady Anne Barnard.*

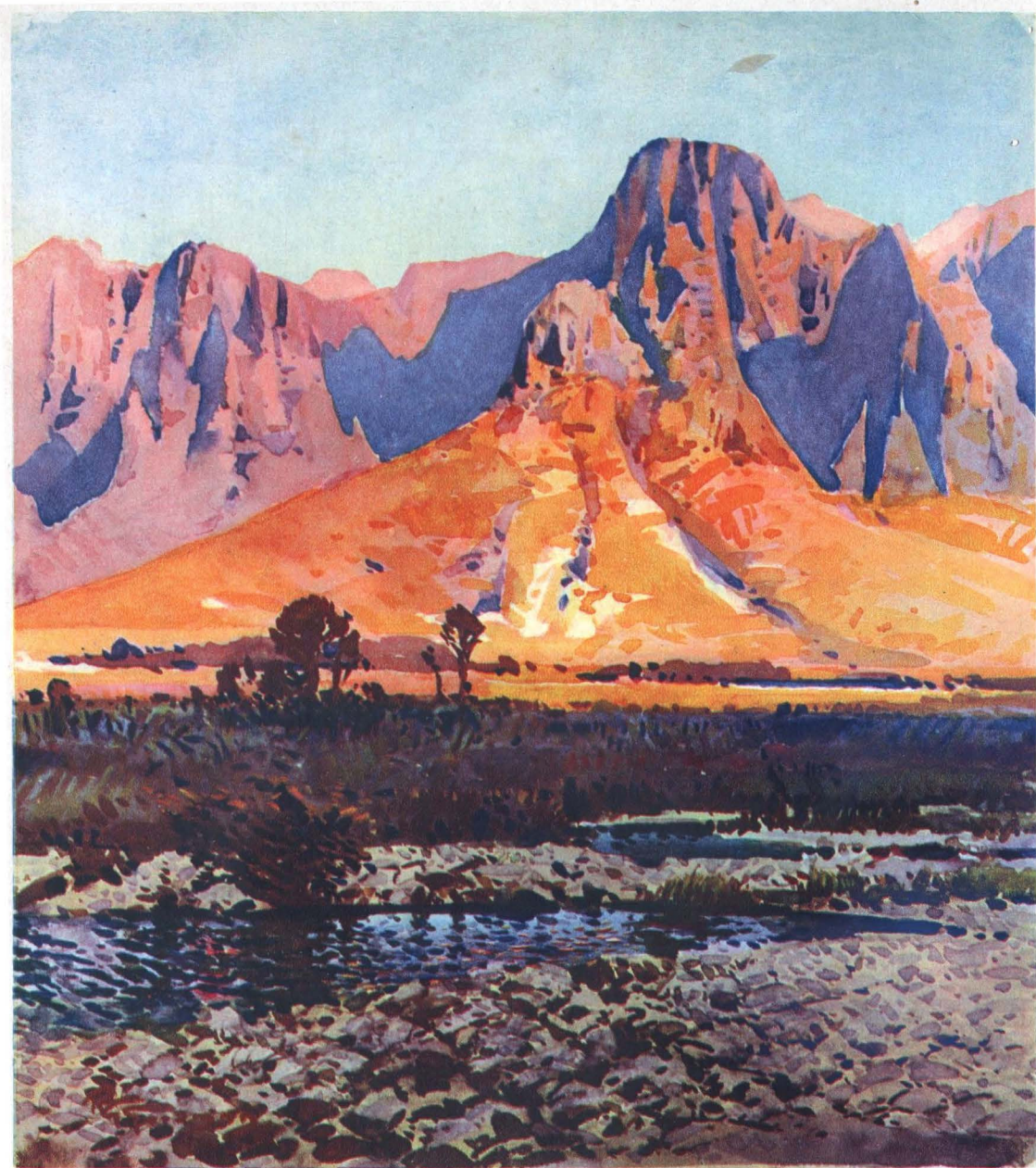
LADY DUFF GORDON'S LETTERS FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 1861-1862. *With an Introduction by the late Janet Ross.*

HISTORIC HOUSES OF SOUTH AFRICA. *With a preface by General J. C. Smuts.*

A HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.

SKIDDLE. *A Nature Story of South Africa.*

*Published by the Oxford University Press  
London : Humphrey Milford*



THE HEX RIVER VALLEY

*From the original by Gwelo Goodman*

THE PILGRIMS' WAY IN  
SOUTH AFRICA  
BY DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE

WITH A FRONTISPIECE  
IN COLOUR BY  
R. GWELO GOODMAN

32 PHOTOGRAVURES  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
LANCELOT USSHER

AND MANY OTHER  
ILLUSTRATIONS



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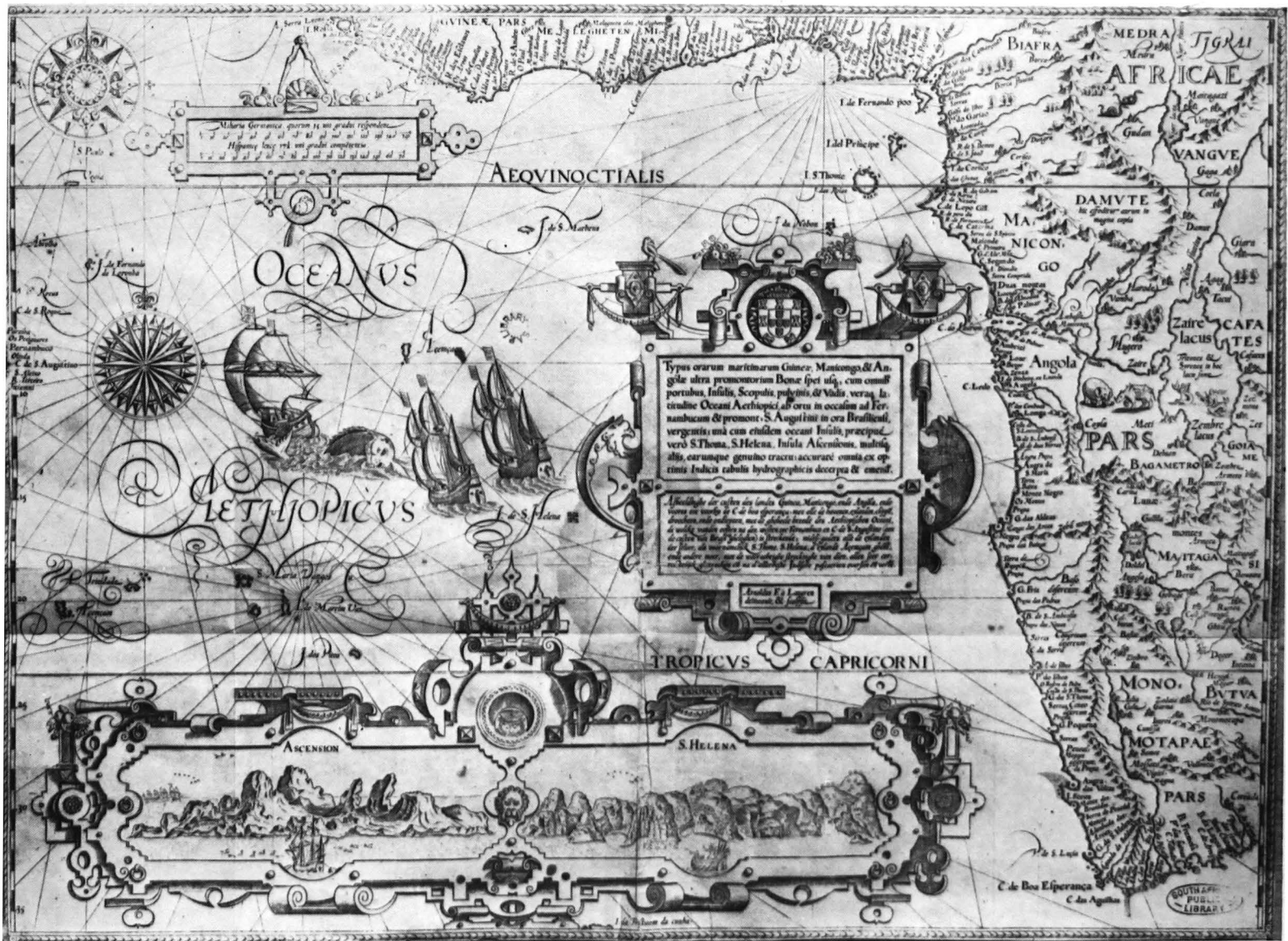
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An early Portuguese map

(A. Elliott)

## INTRODUCTION

### THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND

LONG before the white man came into South Africa, it was peopled by a race of little yellow-brown folk, the Bushmen, creatures of a prehistoric age, though living on into our own times. They were hunters, and subsisted on the game and birds which they killed with poisoned arrows. They were artists, and painted pictures on the rock walls of caves, as prehistoric man was painting them in the caves of southern Spain. There are those who think that these widely separated folk were once one people, who came into Africa from Arabia and split into two streams, one going north and the other south.

But we know very little of the early Bushmen beyond these bare facts and surmises. Their skeletons are sometimes found, wreathed round with shells and beads made of ostrich eggshells. Their paintings still exist on the walls of caves, and here and there a wizened old man is found who has Bushman blood in his veins, usually in the Kalahari desert.

Later on another people possessed the land. These were the Hottentots, who called themselves the Khoi-Khoin, or Men of Men. They came down from the north, and the Bushmen were swept away into obscure corners of the country. For though the Hottentots were also a primitive and yellow folk they were more powerful and considerably higher in the scale of humanity. It is thought by some authorities that they were a blend of the Bushman women and men of a conquering race from central Africa.

## INTRODUCTION

Their language differs from that of the Bushman, but the two bear a similarity in the clicks and the hissing sounds.

The structure of the language is, however, richer in the Hottentot tongue. It has features in common with certain languages of northern Africa, and here we are confronted with another theory which suggests that both the Bushman and the Hottentot may have strayed down into South Africa from the north when the world was very young. On the whole we know very little about the origin of either race.

The Hottentots were the possessors of the land when the first Portuguese explorers rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1487; but the great wave of the Bantu race was pouring southward after them, and when the Dutch took possession of the country in 1652 the new-comers—speaking in centuries—were in occupation of the eastern side of the land as far down as the Great Fish River.

These people, whom we call by the comprehensive name of Kafir—given to them in the eighth century by the Arabs who had settlements on the East Coast, as meaning unbelievers—are a fine and virile race. There are three outstanding families amongst them—the Ovampo of Damaraland, the Basuto and Bechuana, and the great people of whom the Zulu and the Xosa of eastern South Africa are the chief. To-day most of the tribes use clicks in their speech. These they adopted from the Hottentots whom they dispossessed, for the original Bantu tongues were clickless.

This South Africa is a mysterious land and guards its secrets well. Perhaps we shall never know how far it was touched by

### THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND

other countries before the dawn of its authentic history, though for a moment the curtain is lifted when Herodotus tells us that, about 600 B. C. the Pharaoh of Egypt, Necho, sent out an expedition from the Red Sea which sailed round Africa, stopping at various places on the coast to grow and reap the crops raised from the seeds of corn and beans which they took with them on the journey.

A little Phoenician coin, dug up in a Durban garden and preserved by the monks of Marianhill, sheds a side-light on this story. The ancient Egyptians were not the bold mariners that the Phoenicians were, and it is possible that some of the latter were employed on this expedition, in the same way that the men of Hiram, king of Tyre, manned King Solomon's galleys when they went a-roving in search of ivory, apes and peacocks. You cannot build up history on a stray coin, but it is of interest in the light of the story told by Herodotus.

After this the mists of time begin to roll back.

We see dimly the Arabs, creeping southward down the eastern coast of Africa. We see the white wings of the dhows as they beat into the strange, mysterious seas. We stand by Prince Henry the Navigator, as Europe awakens to the knowledge that somewhere in the far south lies the sea-route to India, we dream with him of the greatness that should come to Portugal when this route should be found. And we stand by Bartholemeu Diaz when he turned back broken-hearted from the little island in Algoa Bay where he had planted the last of his crosses that were to mark the way to the East. For he thought that he had failed, whereas he had actually rounded the southerly point of the great African continent and had prepared the way for Vasco da Gama and



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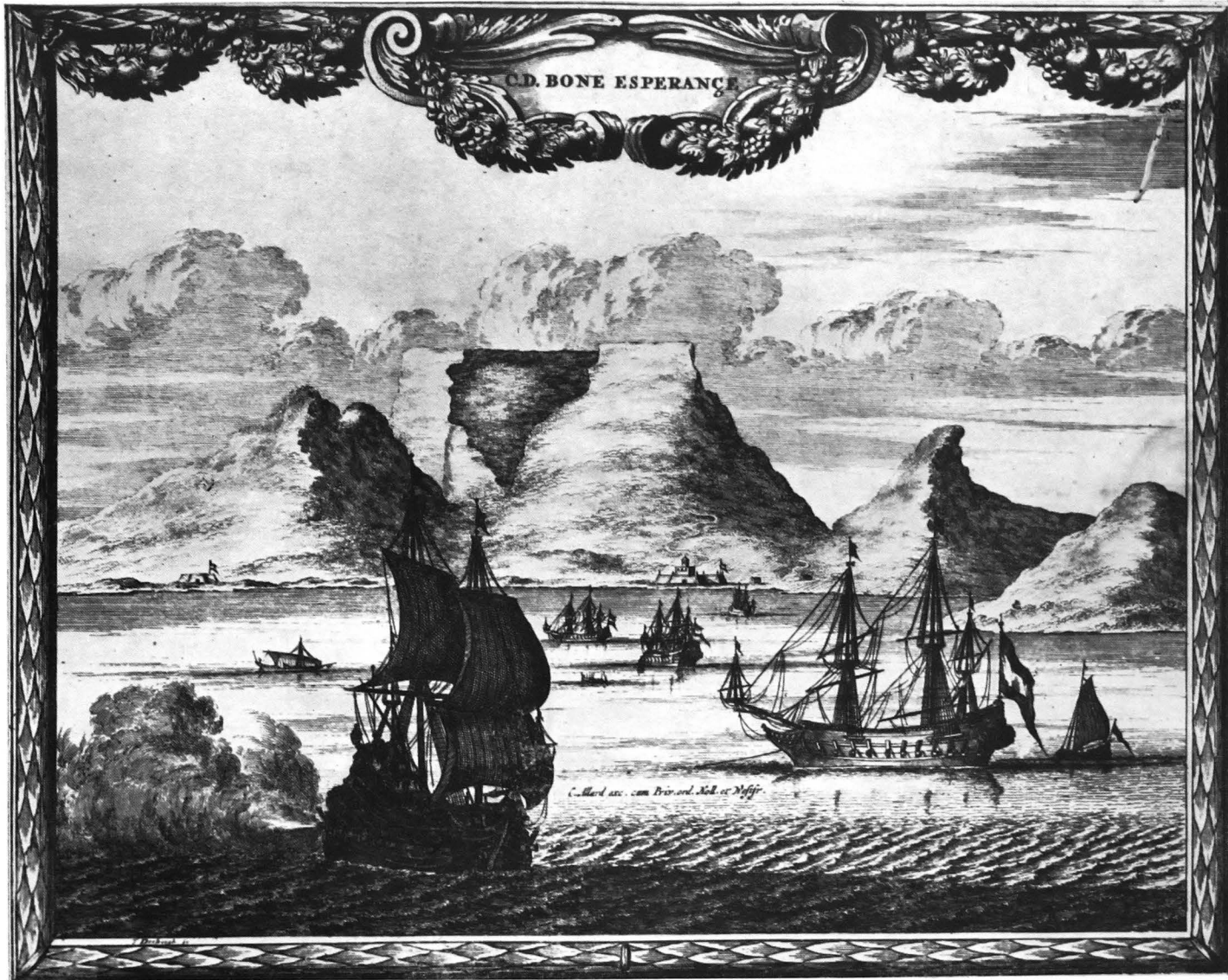
his triumphant journey to India in 1497, whose chronicle was written by Camoens in *The Lusiads*.

Diaz is one of the great and sorrowful figures of history. But, for all his own personal disappointment, I think that perhaps his soul was fine enough to rejoice when he heard of da Gama's success and the honour and glory that had come to Portugal.

To-day South Africa is a land of plenty, if not always of peace; a land of wide pathless deserts, of snow-topped mountains, of rich pastures and fruitful farms, of busy towns and corn and wine and gold and diamonds.

But three hundred years ago, in 1620, when Humphrey Fitzherbert and Andrew Shillinge landed on the shores of Table Bay, annexing to England 'the whole continent near adjoining', and hoisting on the Signal Hill the flag of King James—the newly made Union Jack—it was a land empty of all voices save those of the uncouth little natives (Bushmen and Hottentots) who stared with startled eyes at the white men and at the flag that broke and fluttered over their heads. Not the first white folk who had passed that way, for their great-grandfathers and kinsfolk before them had seen on the horizon the ships of the Portuguese explorers on their search for the road to India, Bartholomeu Diaz first, and after him Vasco da Gama. Then, in 1510, had come the great galleons bearing back to Portugal the ex-Viceroy of India, Dom Francisco d'Almeida; the white men had landed and there had been a horrible fight on the shores of Table Bay.

The flower of the Portuguese fleet, caught in the shifting white sands, had fallen before the primitive darts of the frightened little people, and there they lie to this day, Almeida and his men.



An old print of Table Bay  
(A. Elliott)



**Eighteenth century Dutch types**  
*(From drawings made c. 1799 by Lady Anne Barnard)*

## THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND

It is said that Portugal sent a punitive expedition, and that hundreds of Hottentots were blown away from the mouth of a gun which was, they imagined, being given to them. Not a very chivalrous story, and perhaps not a true one. So, at least, one would prefer to think, remembering the gallant spirit of Portugal in those days.

Then, in 1620, had come Fitzherbert with the flag of England, which he hoisted with high hopes, taking possession of the land in the name of King James. But England's hands were full nearer home, and, though later on she needed a half-way house to India, where the fleets of the East India Company might take in fresh food and water, she thought St. Helena large enough for her purpose, the Dutch having vacated that island in 1651.

The Dutch East India Company also wanted a half-way house for their fleet, having given up St. Helena, and in 1652 they sent Jan van Riebeeck to occupy the Cape of Good Hope, and to lay out a vegetable garden in the shadow of Table Mountain. Without the need for this garden, this place of refreshment for the weary and scurvy-stricken sailors on their way to and from the Spice Islands of the East, who can say what the fate of South Africa might have been?

Unheeded, ignored, into whose hands would she have passed, had the government at Batavia found the opportunity which they subsequently desired and rid themselves of the incumbrance of the little colony of the Cape of Good Hope? They went so far as to take St. Helena again in 1673, meaning to use it in place of the Cape, but as soon as England had recovered her breath, she took it back, and it has been English ever since. If she had had

## INTRODUCTION

the foresight to take the unwanted Cape instead, the history of South Africa might have been a more placid one.

From this date onward we hear little of any desire on the part of the Dutch East India Company to abandon the Cape, though much censure of those amongst its administrators who desired to develop its rich hinterland resources. The Company wanted nothing but a provision-station and had no use for men with wider ambitions for the land.

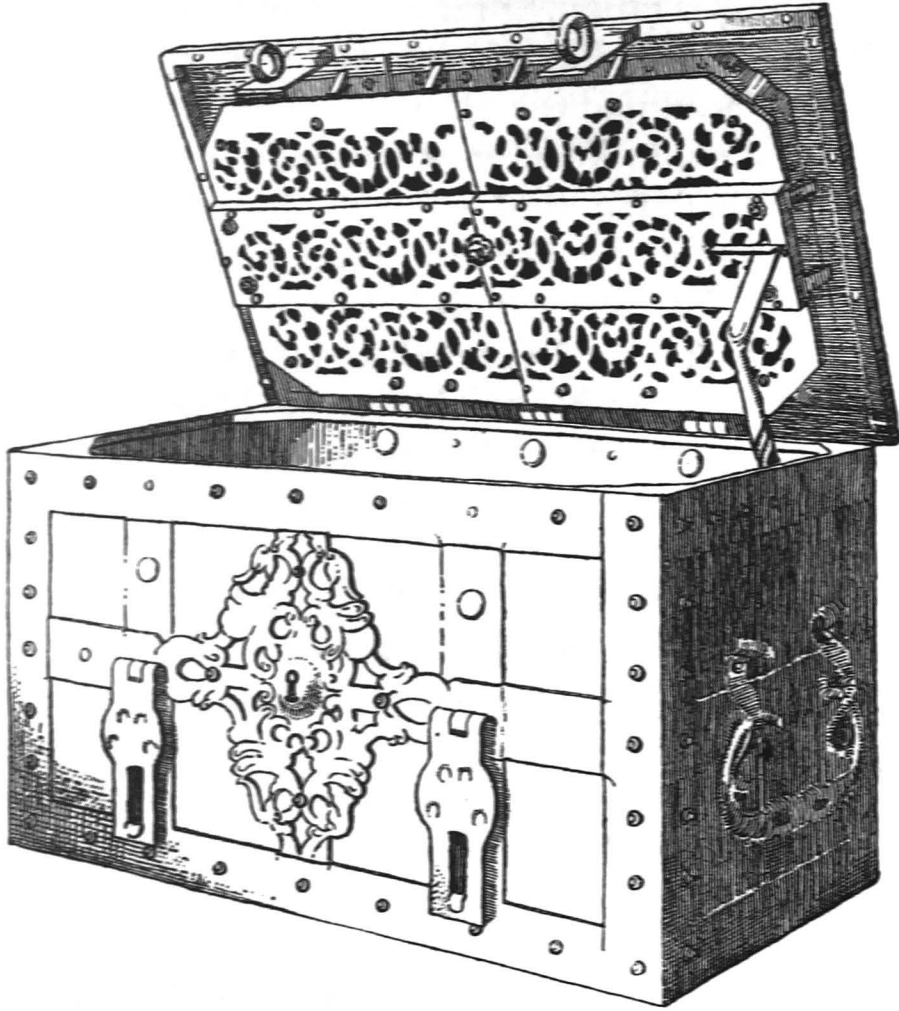
They could not, however, altogether retard its development, though they did not encourage it. Little by little, bands of the more restless spirits amongst the early burghers broke away from the restraints of government and made their way inland. Stellenbosch was the first inland settlement, founded by Governor Simon van der Stel in 1679. The land of Waveren—now Tulbagh—was colonized in 1700 under his son, Willem Adriaan van der Stel, who succeeded him as governor. But the more adventurous amongst the people were still pushing northward and eastward, their progress in the latter direction only being arrested by the Great Fish River and the Kafir hordes on its other side.

When England took the Cape from the fast-failing Dutch East India Company in 1795, to prevent its being taken by the French, these Dutch farmers on the frontier were amongst the least tractable of her new subjects; they had on several occasions rebelled against their own government, and formed 'independent republics' at Swellendam and Graaff Reinet. When, after its brief restoration to Holland, war broke out once more, and England took the Cape again in 1806 and settled down to possession, the Dutch in the more urban districts accepted the new order with philosophy, and in many cases with contentment, as an improve-

## THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND

ment on the rule of the Dutch East India Company in its later years, which was one of petty tyranny founded on weakness.

But the frontier farmers—the Boers, as people began to call



An old money-chest of the Company

them—resented any rule, however benevolent, as they had resented the rule of the Dutch East India Company. It was a monstrous thing, they felt, that they should be asked to pay land-taxes. They liked to own the land as far as they could see

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it, but not to pay taxes on it. And they did not think that they had sufficient protection against the natives across the frontier. Nor did they like the manner in which the slaves were freed—and, in truth, in this matter England showed more enthusiasm in freedom's cause than discretion in the manner in which the emancipation was carried out. But under and above all was the restlessness that was in the blood of these adventurers, which had already driven them far afield. So they harnessed oxen to the tented wagons and drove their flocks and herds northward, and in the course of time they peopled the lands which came to be known later as Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State.

To understand South Africa it is necessary to know something of the causes that have moulded the characters of those people—the Boers. Cut off from education and from all intercourse with their fellow-men, they developed a mentality as different from that of the Dutch families which remained under the shadow of Table Mountain, sending their sons to Europe for their education, as from the English who had settled in the land.

There is no space here wherein to write of South Africa's wars, either with natives or between her white races.

For a time the Transvaal War cut a gulf between the dwellers in the Dutch republics north of the Vaal and the English, with whom were many Dutch, in the Cape Colony and Natal. But, with the welding of the four provinces into the Union of South Africa in 1910, men, with the oath of loyalty sworn at Vereeniging in their ears, dared to hope that the rift was closed. Its scars might show for awhile, but underneath was healing and fusion, they thought.

England herself was generously optimistic when she looked



Jan van Riebeeck

*(From the original in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam)*





Elizabeth Drake 927.

ANREITH'S PULPIT

GROOTE KERK · ADDERLEY ST · CAPE TOWN

## THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND

from afar at South Africa settling down to peace. Some people thought that she was too optimistic; others that she was too generous. What she really was, events have yet to prove. The history of South Africa is still in the making.

Meanwhile, here is this vast country, with its sparse white population, its overwhelming numbers of natives, and all its unsolved problems. Intensely interesting, if one could look on from some remote spot, such as England or the moon, but, to those who live in it, a problem to which no man holds the solution.

It may come in the complete union of the two white races, who stand for civilization, against the great wave of uncivilized Africa which is growing daily in volume. Can they dare to stand apart in the face of a common responsibility?

She is a rich land, this South Africa, dowered by the sun with all the fruits of the earth, carrying in her bosom treasures of gold and diamonds, bearing in her arms yellow sheaves of corn and grapes for the wine-pressing. A land made for health, wealth, and happiness, needing only peace and unity to make her the most radiant jewel in the Empire's crown of jewels.

## I. THE CAPE PENINSULA

THE Cape Peninsula is separated from the rest of Africa by a broad belt of sandy land, known as the Cape Flats.

In the days of the early Dutch governors, an attempt was made to cut a navigable canal across this land, so that ships might sail in safety from Table Bay to False Bay without the dangers incurred in rounding Cape Point. Many a good ship, laden with treasure, was lost on this part of the coast before the days of steam, and a canal would have saved the *Crayenstein* and others.

But the sand silted in as fast as the workmen dug, and the plan was reluctantly abandoned.

Table Mountain, with its attendant Lion's Head and Devil's Peak, is to-day the splendid and rugged centre of a long curved line of suburbs, extending from Camp's Bay to Simonstown. They present an infinite variety of climate. The northern suburbs face the Atlantic and their rainfall is considerably lower than that of places on the southern side of Table Mountain. The southern suburbs extend from the richly wooded slopes behind the mountain to Muizenberg and Kalk Bay and Simonstown, on the blue and sparkling waters of the Indian Ocean.

The villages which form this *banlieue* are the residential districts of the peninsula, and there are many pleasant houses in them, set in delightful gardens.

But the heart of the peninsula is Cape Town.

This, the oldest city in South Africa, older than St. Petersburg, lies on the southern curve of Table Bay, and looks out to



Cape Town and Table Mountain.

[*Lancelot Ussher*



Muizenberg from Wynberg. [*Lancelot Ussher*]

## THE CAPE PENINSULA

the north-west. Few cities in the world have such a setting. Behind it rises the great grey wall of Table Mountain, flushed with rose-colour at sunrise and sunset; at its feet gleam the azure waters of Table Bay.

As the half-way house to the Far East, Cape Town has seen the faces of many famous men who landed on her shores, on their way thither, for refreshment to their weary, scurvy-stricken crews, from Antonio de Saldanha, who climbed to the top of Table Mountain in 1503, to the Duke of Wellington who left the name of Waterloo Green at Wynberg to mark his passing by.

The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 diverted this stream of travellers to the north of Africa, but the canal could be very easily blocked in time of war and the Cape would once more become the key of the East. England, with her great Indian Empire, cannot afford to look with indifference on the destiny of South Africa. It is too closely linked with her own.

The *fons et origo* of Cape Town—indeed, of all civilized South Africa—was a vegetable garden. When Van Riebeeck was appointed in 1651, by the Dutch East India Company, to establish a settlement at the southerly point of the African continent, he was instructed to lay out a garden, in order to provision the ships of the passing fleets.

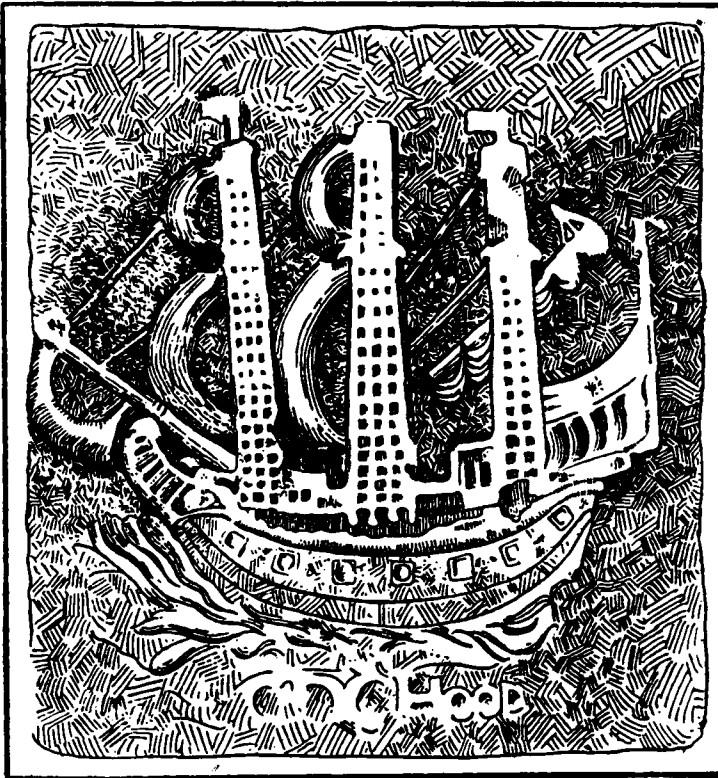
He and his small company set sail in the *Dromedaris*, *Reiger*, and *Hoop*, on the 24th of December 1651, and he landed on the shores of Table Bay on the 7th of April 1652. The Skipper Coninck went ashore first and returned with a packet of letters, left under a post office stone by the Commander of the fleet which had passed on its homeward way two months earlier.

Many of these post office stones may be seen in the South

## THE CAPE PENINSULA

African Museum at Cape Town. They have the names of the ships and their skippers carved on them.

With van Riebeeck was the gardener Hendrik Boom, and as soon as the fort had been begun on a site near the present railway



Ship on the seal of the Dutch East India Company, carved on a stone in the Castle

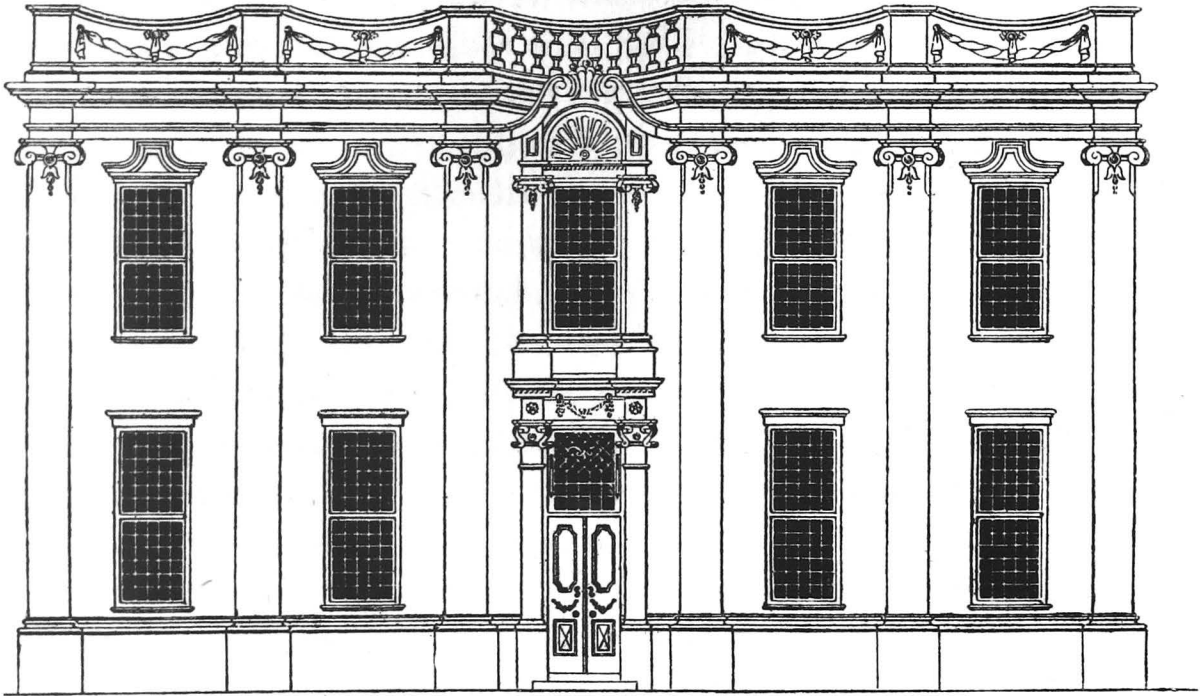
rains and many tribulations, recorded triumphantly that they had found wild asparagus and clover, which, with the radishes, lettuces, and cress that had been raised by Boom, enabled them to have 'a mess of Dutch vegetables'. They 'expected much from the richness of the soil' and by October they were able to have 'fowls, peas, spinach, chervil, asparagus, and cabbage-lettuce', so their faith was justified.

station, the Commander set out to look for good garden ground. The first vegetable garden was on the site of the Dutch Reformed Church in Adderley Street, but cultivation was rapidly extended towards the mountain, and the Public Gardens of Cape Town represent a portion of the land laid out in trees and vegetables.

By June the new colonists, after heavy

## THE CAPE PENINSULA

From this humble beginning grew the city of Cape Town. The castle of the Cape of Good Hope was begun by Isbrand Goske in 1665, continued by Simon van der Stel, and finished by his son William Adriaan. The Church in the Heerengracht



House of the Koster (Sexton) which stood in the Heerengracht

From a drawing by H. Schutte

was a fine gabled building when it was completed in 1704, but to-day only the tower remains of its former beauty.

For a considerable time the town consisted of a few streets only—the Heerengracht (now Adderley Street) the Kiezersgracht (Darling Street), Zee Straat (Strand Street), Eerste and Tweede Berg Straat (St. George's and Bree Streets), Plein Street and a few more. The free burghers had grants of land in Table Valley, and some of their old houses still remain.

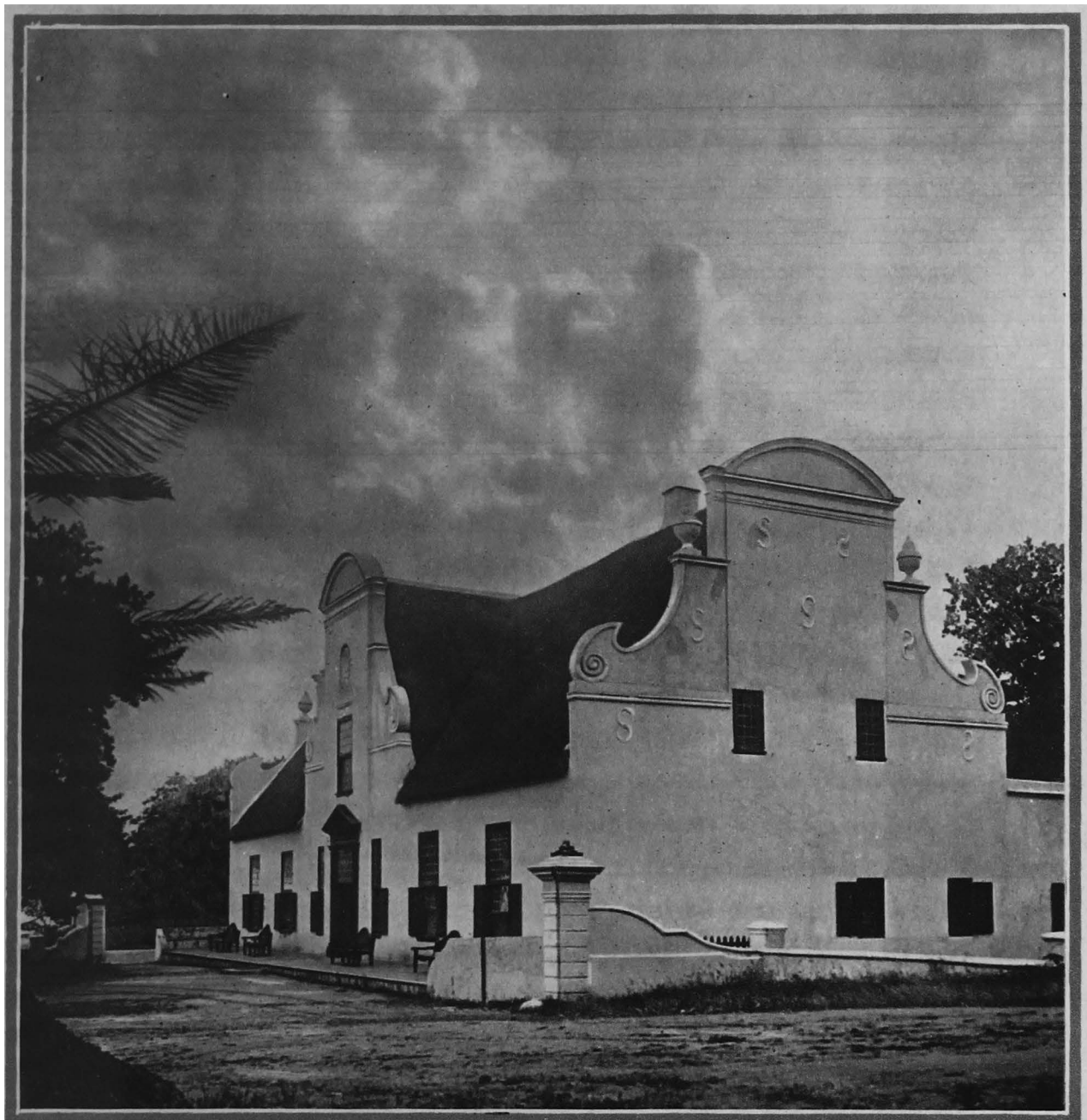


## THE CAPE PENINSULA

The houses in the town were at first gabled and thatched, as many country houses still are, but there were so many disastrous fires that the Seventeen—the Directors of the Dutch East India Company—sent out instructions from Holland to the effect that in future all houses in the town were to be flat-roofed. These houses were charming, if we may judge them by those which remain to modern Cape Town. There are still a few of them in existence. The Koopmans-de-Wet dwelling, in Strand Street, is a typical burgher's house of the eighteenth century. Leeuwenhof above the gardens, is larger and finer. It was the residence in 1700 of the Fiscal Blesius, and had been owned earlier by the wealthy burgher Guillaume Heems. The old Burgher Watch House, which now houses the Michaelis gift to the city of old Dutch paintings, is a stately building. The rooms of the houses were always lofty, with great sash windows, formed of innumerable panes of glass, which were usually set in teak frames, and the doors, floors, and ceilings were all of rich woods. Sometimes this was teak, brought from the East Indies, but more usually it was one of the native woods, yellow-wood or stink-wood. This last had a more euphonious name—oreodaphne—which might with advantage be renewed.

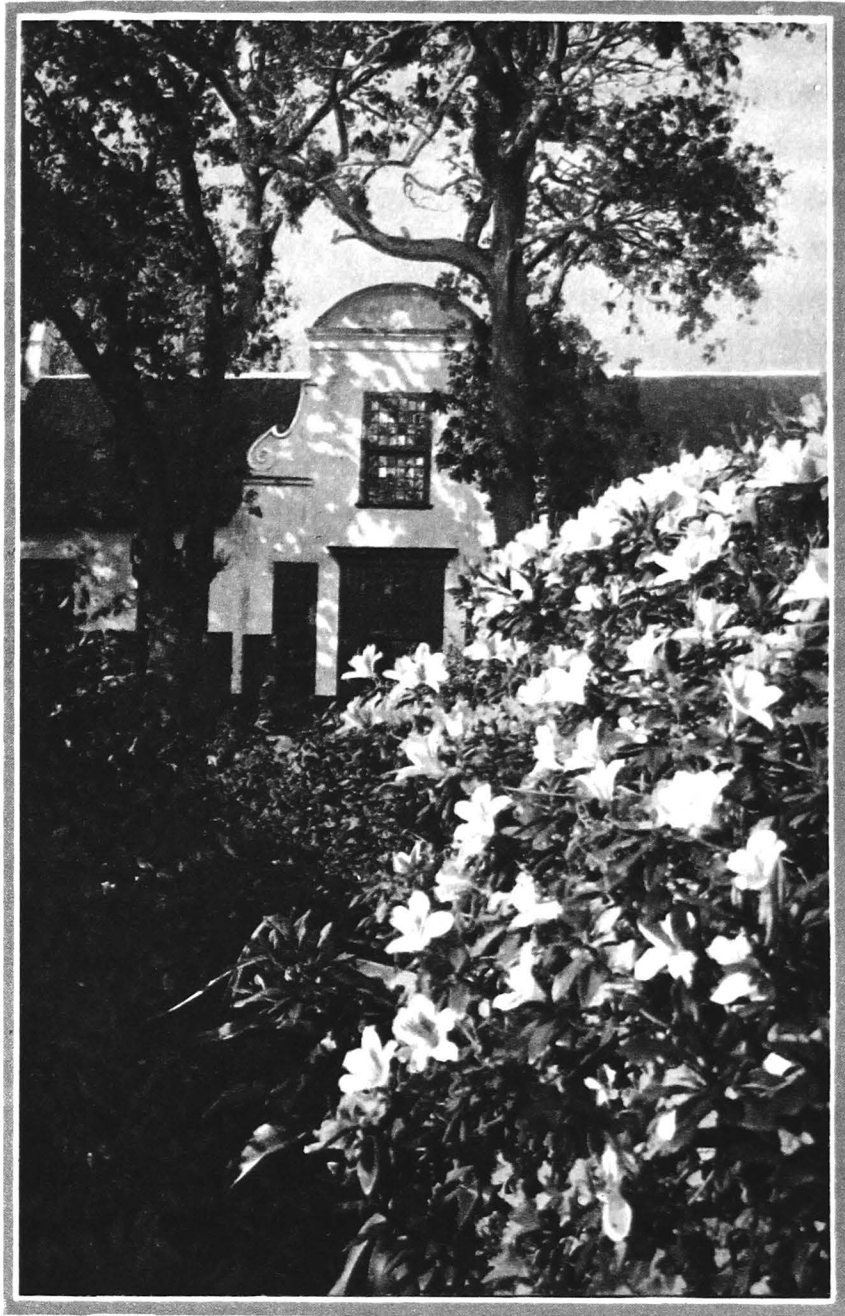
Before each burgher's house was a paved brick platform, the stoep, and at each end of this was a curved seat on which the solid Dutch burghers and their wives sat and drank coffee. These stoeps must have been inconvenient to the pedestrian in muddy or dusty weather, and sedan chairs borne by slaves were in use, and much needed, in old Cape Town.

The slaves formed a large section of the population. There is a mistaken impression abroad that the coloured folk of Cape



Groot Constantia.

[*Lancelot Ussher*]



Stellenberg, at Kenilworth.

[*Lancelot Ussher*

## THE CAPE PENINSULA

Town are a blend of the Dutch burghers and 'Hottentot slaves'. This is incorrect. In accordance with a compact made between the Dutch East India Company and the Hottentots, the latter were never enslaved. They were employed as paid labourers, mainly on farms. The ancestors of Cape Town's coloured people were the slaves who were brought from the Dutch possessions in the East, though some of these no doubt mingled with the Hottentots, while many of their descendants show traces of European blood. They came from Ceylon or Batavia, while from Mozambique were brought others of a rougher type.

The Moslems of Cape Town, descended in the main from these Eastern races, sometimes with a dash of white blood, sometimes with traces of the Mozambiquer or Mongolian, are classed together as Malays. Their houses and mosques are in the quarter of the town nearest to the Signal Hill. It is very picturesque, with an aspect that is wholly oriental. The dark-eyed Malay girls and the old men in turbans are of a world far remote from that of Adderley Street. They are a courteous, law-abiding folk, with nothing remaining of their habit of 'running amok' which sometimes complicated life in old Cape Town.

On a Friday you may hear the voice of the muezzin as he chants the call to prayer from one of the minarets of the simple mosques, and if the imaum permits you to enter you will find yourself looking on a scene that might be half a world away. The sonorous Arabic of the imaum drones on and on, the 'Allah allaha il Allah' is said, and you come out into the sunshine as every man turns his face towards Mecca, past the shoes of the Faithful at the door, past the white-robed, turbaned figures kneeling in prayer, feeling as though you had stepped out of the Arabian Nights.

## THE CAPE PENINSULA

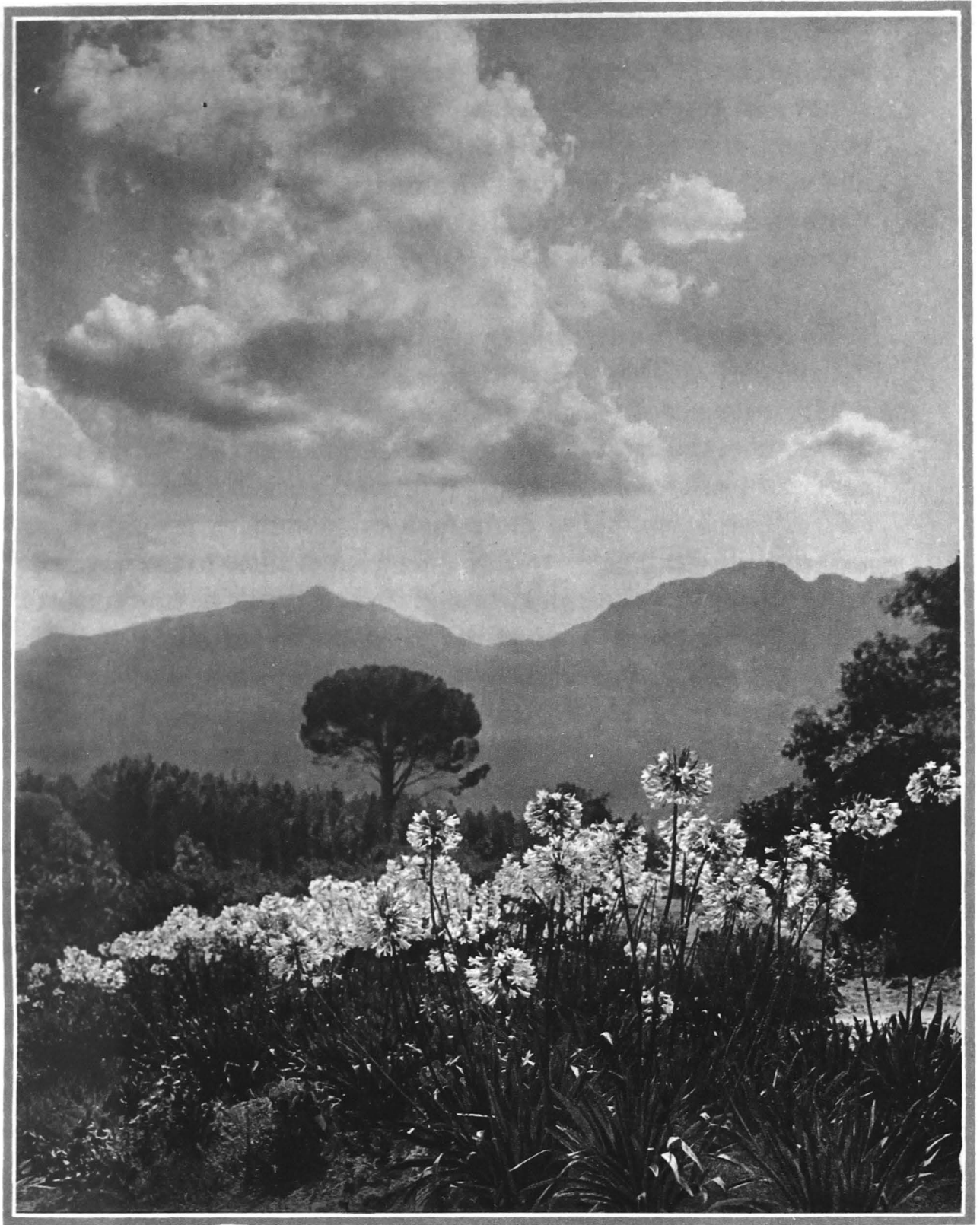
Amongst the Moslems brought to the Cape in its early days were political prisoners from the Far East, small princelings and rajahs and great noblemen, such as Sheikh Yussuf who lies in a mosque near the Eerste River. He died in 1699, but many of his friends survived him, and became imaums and teachers of the Faith in old Cape Town. There is much dignity still to be seen amongst the Malays of the better class.

To see Cape Town aright you should look down upon it from the summit of Table Mountain.

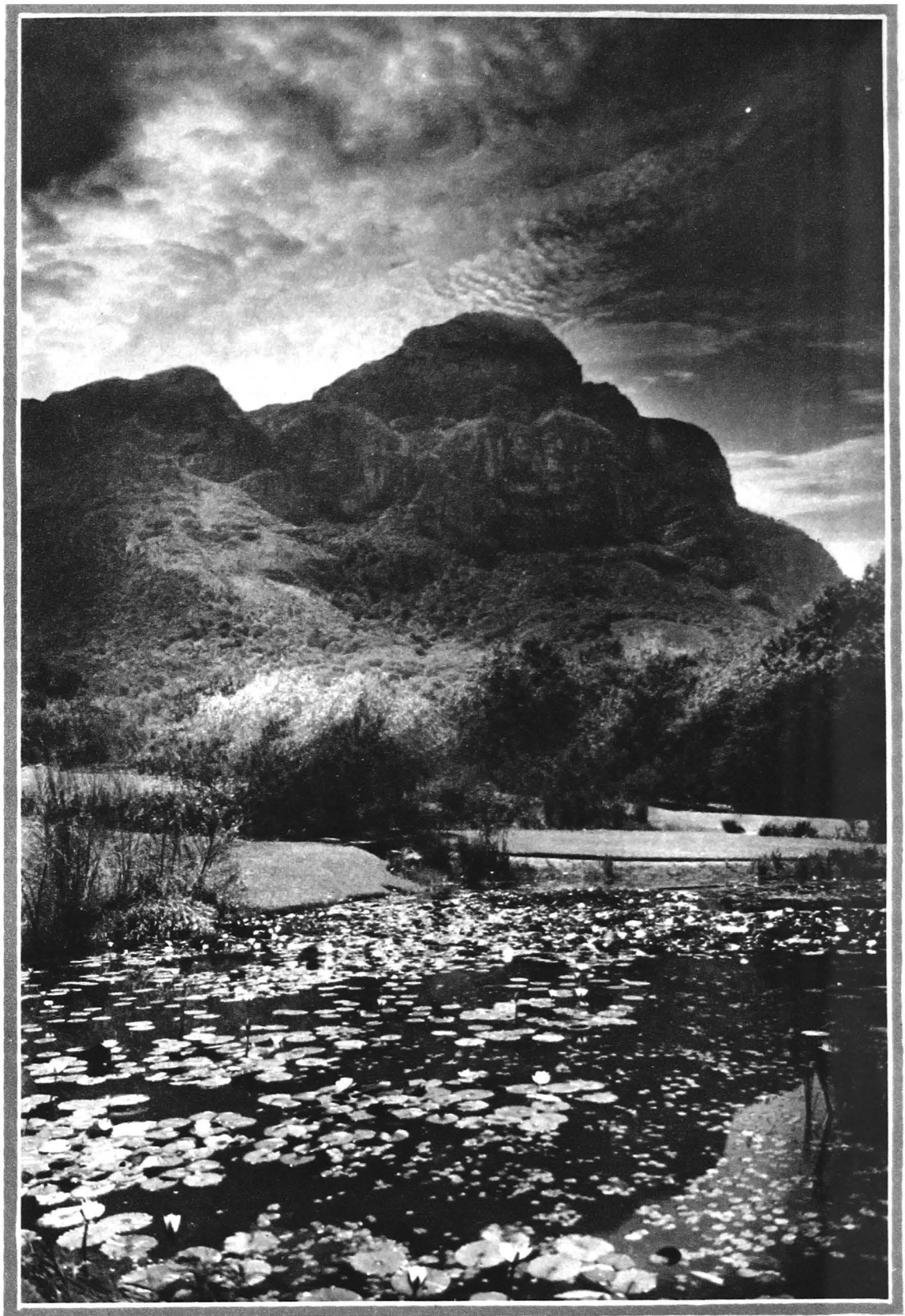
When the aerial railway is completed, which is to take tourists to the top of the great flat-topped mountain, half the charm of the adventure will have vanished. But, on the other hand, the other half will be accessible to more than twice as many people as are able to scale the heights to-day. So what is a loss to the few, will be a gain to the multitude, though it is difficult to contemplate with pleasure the invasion of the mountain's solitude by crowds.

To-day you may ascend by one of various routes. Perhaps the most direct is by Platte Klip, straight up from Cape Town, up and up, while the loose stones and ground slip from under your feet and for one step forward you feel certain that you have slid two steps back.

At last, after toiling upwards for some two to three hours, you find yourself in the icy shade of the ravine. A few minutes later you struggle to the summit and all the glory of the earth is spread out below you. Following a natural law, the attendant peaks seem to have risen with you and the Lion's Head and Devil's Peak look queerly distorted. The horizon line of the sea has risen too, and you seem to be standing in a mighty basin.



Agapanthus at Kirstenbosch. [*Lancelot Ussher*



A pool at Kirstenbosch. [*Lancelot Ussher*

## THE CAPE PENINSULA

But gradually your eyes become focussed. Cape Town reveals itself as divided by its streets into rectangular white blocks. Peak behind peak, the Drakenstein Mountains stretch away into Africa. Everything seems very far off and remote, and you are surprised to hear the crowing of cocks and the whistle of trains coming up to you from between three and four thousand feet below.

On the summit itself the table-land stretches for some distance. Thence you make your way down to the level of the reservoirs, passing the disa gorge where the glowing red orchids grow in safety, for no one may gather them. On the next level there is a spot where acres of pink watsonias gleam amongst feathery brown grasses, and another where the bright blue blossoms of *Aristea capitata*, like a grove of delphiniums, display their brilliant flowers from sunrise to midday. At noon they close, and show nothing but dull brownish stems.

Another radiant flower is the blue disa, but volumes would not suffice to contain a description of all the flowers of Table Mountain. The scarlet crassulas, the white velvet harveyas, the gold-spangled nerines, the graceful Cape anemone, the proteas, the ericas, and a thousand more.

From the level of the reservoirs a path leads downward through Skeleton Gorge, which brings the pilgrim of the mountain down to Kirstenbosch, the Botanic Garden which has been established in the hope of saving from extinction many of the treasures of veld and mountain which are being swept away by cultivation and tree-planting. It is not easy to look with equanimity upon the blue-gums and wattles that are taking their place on the slopes of Table Mountain and on the Cape Flats.

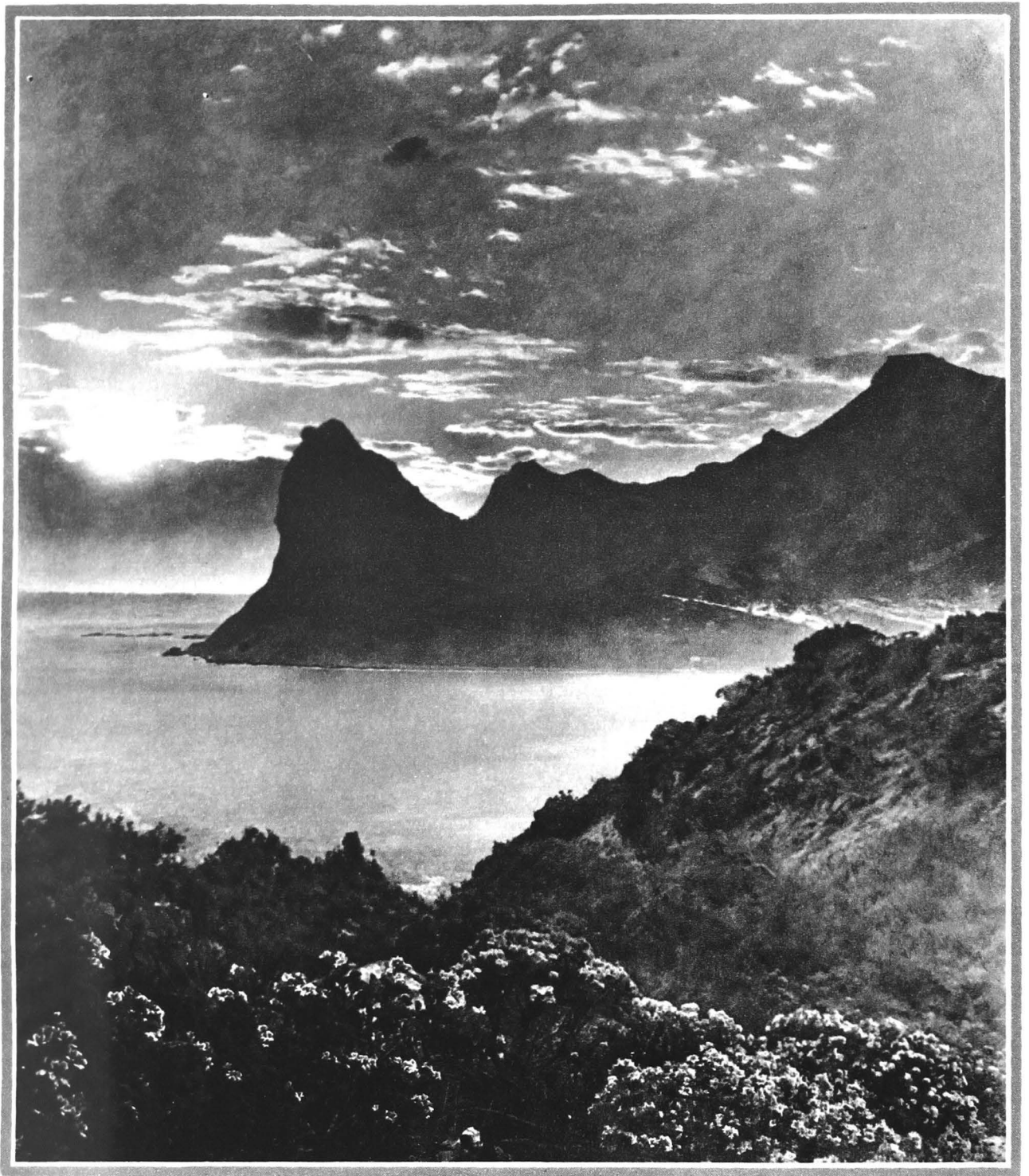


## THE CAPE PENINSULA

There are many glorious paths in the Cape peninsula. One, from Sea Point to Hout Bay, hangs between sea and mountain in the manner of the Cornice, or of that less known but lovely road that leads from Orotava to Icod de los Vinos in Teneriffe. From Hout Bay it winds round Chapman's Peak, where the towering crags on one side are partly of manganese formation and are flushed rose-red after rain, while the sea below is blue and glittering.

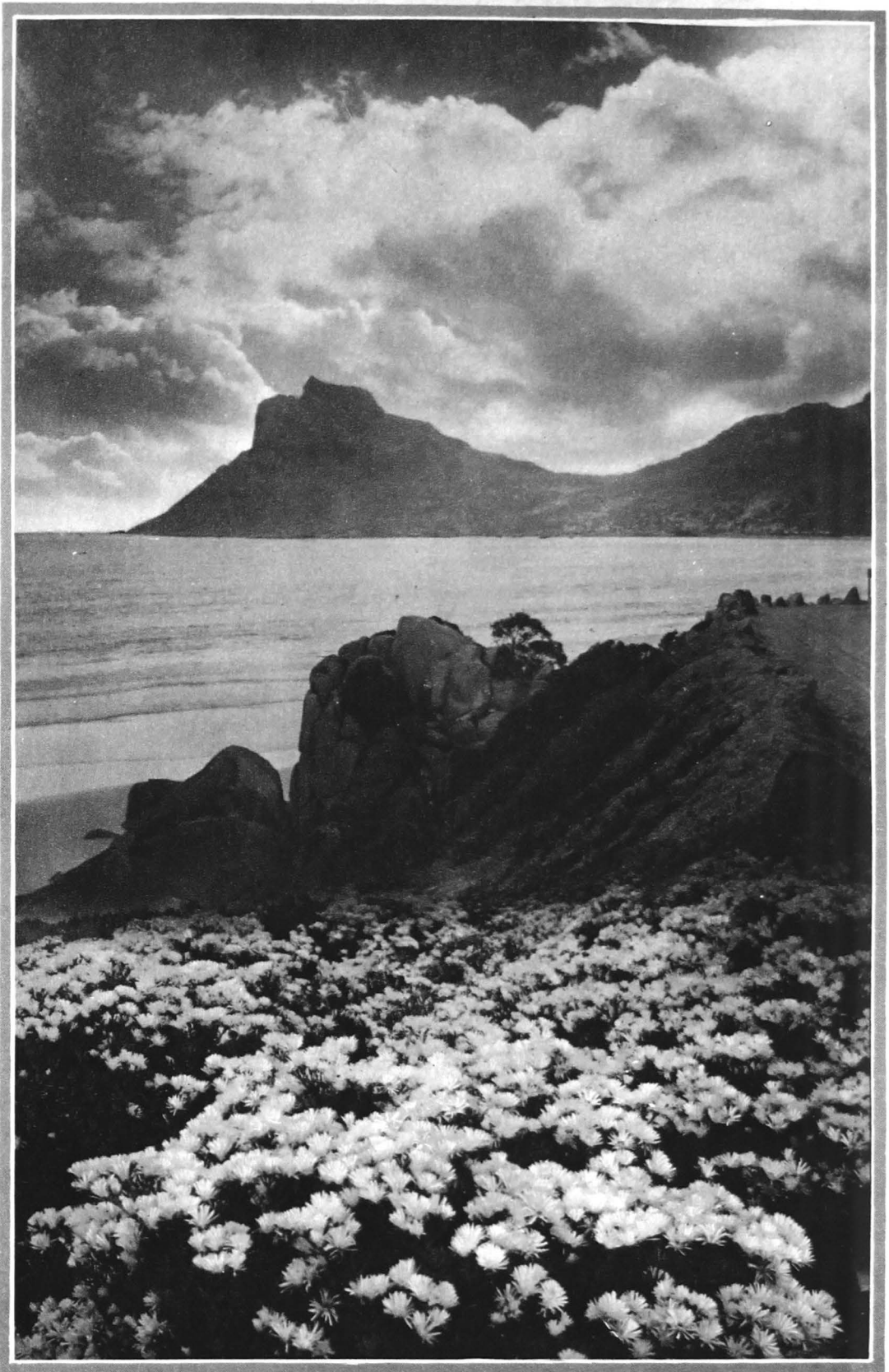
Or you may turn inland at Hout Bay and climb the hill from whose summit you see the Indian Ocean and the Valley of Constantia spread out at your feet. Amongst the trees below you lies the lovely old house of Groot Constantia, built by Simon van der Stel in the seventeenth century and partly destroyed by fire recently. Happily, the walls and gables were left standing, and it has been given a new, deep roof of smooth brown thatch (which is admirably like the old one) and new windows, but the old glass has gone and, of course, the mellowness of age has vanished. Its destruction was a grievous calamity, though there is room for thankfulness that the walls and gables escaped, and that the work of restoration was put into able hands.

Yet another fine road leads to the little naval station of Simons-town, past Muizenberg, to the thatched cottage in which Cecil Rhodes died, and on to Cape Point, again between the mountain peaks and the sea. The water is a marvellous shade of blue here, true aquamarine, and the mountain peaks that jut out into it are often deep violet or amethyst; while, if you come at the right season, the slopes above you show great patches of pink belladonna lilies, or grey agave aloes with mobs of brilliant sun-birds scuffling gracefully over the nectar in the flowers borne by the long spikes.



Hout Bay.

[*Lancelot Ussher*]



Mesembryanthemum at Hout Bay.

[*Lancelot Ussher*

## THE CAPE PENINSULA

Byron wrote of Portugal:

'What heaven hath done for this delicious land!'

The words fit the Cape at her loveliest.

But she can sulk, too, and wrap herself in a mantle of grey clouds, and pour torrents of water on your head, and make you thoroughly wet and uncomfortable.

And she can storm and rage, when the wild south-easter vents its Berserker wrath upon all things animate and inanimate, and you are whirled away with the dust and are lucky if you recover your footing unhurt.

Then the wind drops and the clouds melt away, and she stands forth again in her penitent loveliness, and you forgive her her misdeeds because of her great beauty.

## II. FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

WHEN van Riebeeck stood on the silver-tree clad slopes of the mountain at Kirstenbosch above Bishopscourt, which was then his farm of Boscheuvel, and looked out across the Cape Flats, he saw—as we see to-day—ranges of blue mountains, stretching from left to right, from the Great Winterhoek to little Hangklip running out into the sea.

In the summer months these mountains are sometimes misty under the haze of the south-easter which blows across them from the Indian Ocean. But in spring and winter and autumn they stand out sharply, glowing amethyst or powder-blue or fire-opal, or lightly tipped with snow, according to the hour and the weather. From the early South African writers we learn something of the joys and sorrows, the failures and successes, upon which they have looked down since the white man came into the land.

When van Riebeeck looked out towards them, nearly three centuries ago, it was with the belief that somewhere behind them—and not so very far behind—lay the great kingdom of the Monomotapa and the Land of Gold. So great was his faith that this kingdom could be reached with little difficulty that he sent out a small expedition to look for it, commanded by the Fiscal Abraham Gabbema. It was to proceed in the first instance to 'Cortado', which he thought would be found about 110 miles north-east. Then, past another mythical town called Belugaris, to the Monomotapa's capital of Davigul, on the banks of the river Spirito Santo, where the Emperor's great treasure of gold was kept.

## FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

It was a wonderful fairy-tale. Had the explorers been successful in penetrating far into the unknown land behind the blue mountains van Riebeeck's golden dream would have been abruptly shattered, for the great river Camissa, and the fine town of Davigul past which it flowed, would have resolved themselves into the African streamlets and the grass huts of the Hottentots. It is true that there was a Monomotapa, but he was only a Bantu chieftain, not a mighty emperor, and his kingdom was very far from van Riebeeck when he looked at the mountains and dreamed of what might lie beyond them. But, although the explorers did not find the kingdom of their dreams, they found other interesting things, such as zebras and a little folk who 'clucked in their talk like Calicut Cocks', meaning turkeys.

In an earlier and less adventurous expedition made by Gabbema, names had been given to Klapmuts, the Paarl and Diamant, and the Great Berg River, and where the white homesteads and orchards and vineyards of Dal Josaphat were to spring up some thirty years later they had found hippos splashing in the river and rhinoceros in the tall grass.

Following the mountains to the right as we stand on his hill, we come to Sneeuwberg and the range behind Wellington. The valley below is rich in cultivated farms, and there are still some fine old homesteads, though others have been modernized out of all beauty. It is strange that a people so conservative in many ways as the Cape Dutch should, with such lightness of heart, be eager to transform the dignified houses of their fathers into commonplace suburban villas. But the old houses that have been spared are still charming, and the wave of destruction is slowly being stayed.

## FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

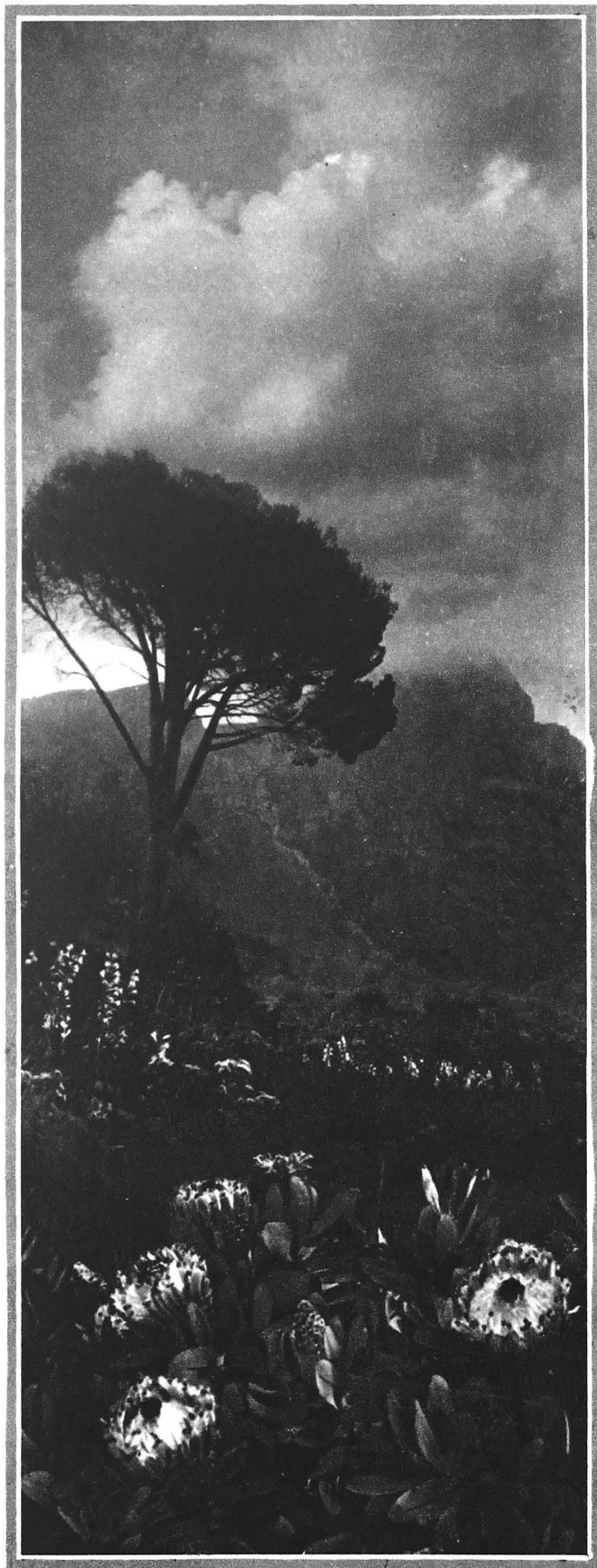
In some parts of the country their preservation is due to the foresight of the Englishman Cecil Rhodes. He bought several of the old farms and homesteads and the houses were treated with care—places such as Nooitgedacht near Stellenbosch and Rhone and Boschendal in Groot Drakenstein owe their escape from destruction or disastrous alteration to him.

On the knees of the mountains above Wellington lies Welvenpas, where Piet Retief, one of the leaders of the Great Trek, was born. It was another farm in this district—Doolhof—that Lady Anne Barnard visited in the company of Landdrost van der Riet. Above these farms is Bain's Kloof, that splendid engineering feat, the road by which you may cross the mountain on a level with the eagles' nests, while the Witte Rivier murmurs far below.

In 1657 another band of adventurers made their way into 'a fine moist valley through which a beautiful river flowed, edged with bitter almond trees'. So rich and lovely was the district that the natives, who had heard Holland lauded to the skies, said proudly that this was *their* Holland—and we know it as Hottentots' Holland to this day.

And that was all that van Riebeeck learned about the land behind the mysterious mountains.

Following the peaks from left to right, as we stand on his hillside, we see first the Witsenberg, so named by the Governor Willem Adriaan van der Stel, in 1699, when he rode across the Roode Zand Pass into the Land of Waveren, which is now Tulbagh. His heart rejoicing in 'the pleasant and serviceable country for agriculture and pasture', he wrote a persuasive letter to the directors of the Dutch East India Company, urging on them his plan for colonizing the new-found district. A year later he writes



Proteas.

[*Lancelot Ussher*





Muizenberg from Tokai.

[*Lancelot Ussher*]

#### FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

of 'the people who have spread themselves inland. Consequently' he adds, 'under the blessing of God, the Cape promises to grow by the increase of its own people, who—not knowing another fatherland—will not do as the majority of those who come out, and who, when they have managed to scrape together something, again depart. Which—as Your Honours will be able to perceive—tends to the great injury of this growing colony'. A far-sighted man, with wide views for the future of South Africa.

In the foreground of the Drakenstein range, as we see it from van Riebeeck's hill, lie the Paarl mountain and Simonsberg. The valley between them, with the districts of French Hoek and Stellenbosch, are amongst the richest fruit-producing areas in South Africa.

From French Hoek almost to the mouth of the Berg River were settled many of the Huguenots who were driven out of France into Holland after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They were given grants of sixty morgen of land, the grants being long and narrow, so that each settler might have a water-frontage. The names borne by these fruit-farms to this day testify to the aching hearts with which the exiles looked back to the fair land of France—Orléans, Nantes, La Motte, La Cotte, Cabrière, Dauphiné, Burgundy, Picardie, Rhone, and many another. A Dutch name in this district is the exception rather than the rule.

But many of the Malherbes and Celliers and du Plessis and du Toits and Fouchés have forgotten that they were once French. They are often more Dutch than the Dutch—who, by the way, are often German. Witness names such as Kruger, Sauer, Hertzog, and many more. With the most gallant spirit in the world, Holland was too small to provide sufficient men to serve in her

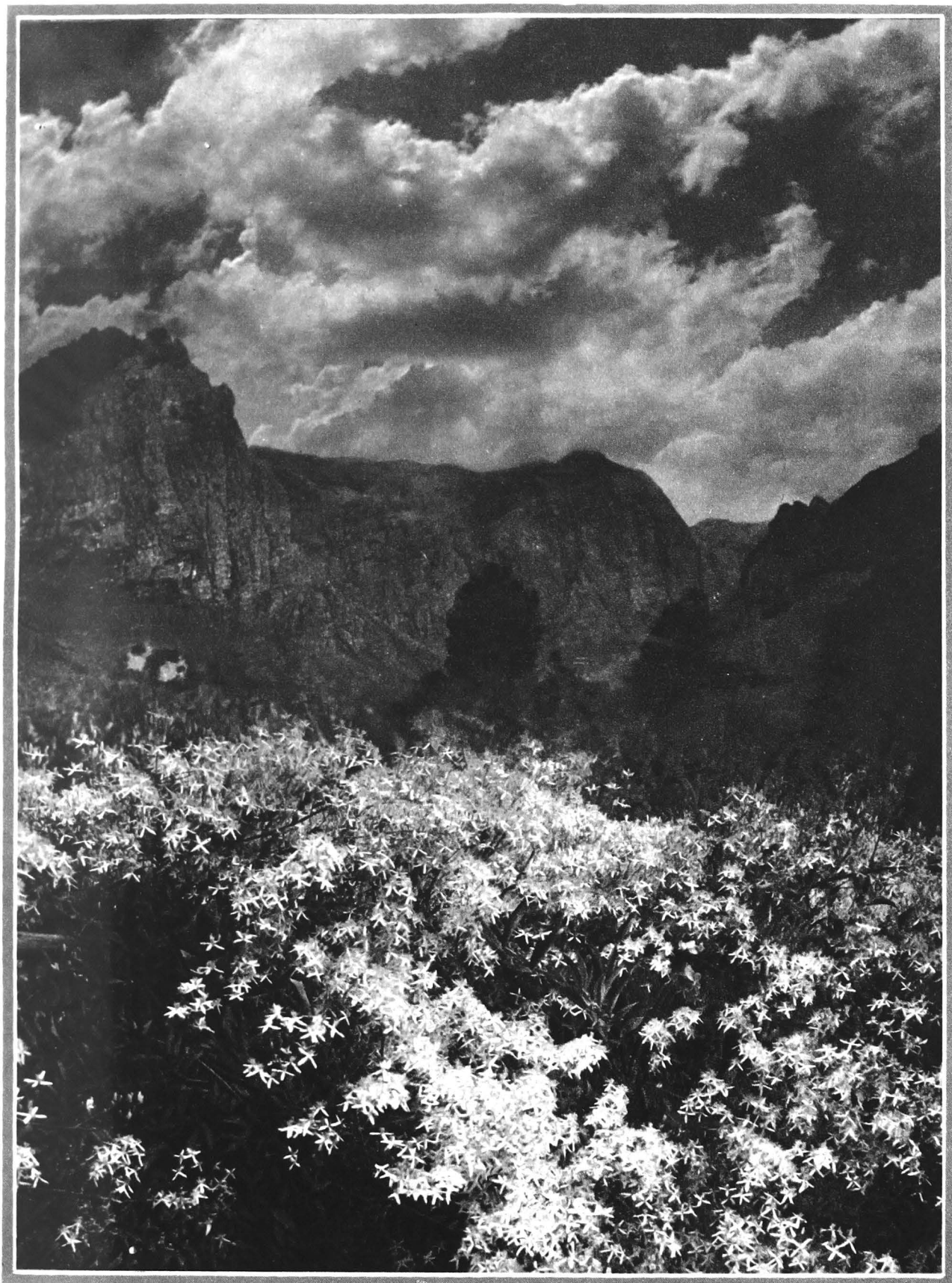
## FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

fleets and colonize her distant possessions and was glad to avail herself of her neighbour's surplus.

Hopes were entertained by the Directors of the Company that the French settlers would cultivate the olive, but—whatever the reason may have been, whether the ease with which the grapes grew and wine could be made, or from any other cause—little advance was made in this direction until a few years ago, when a descendant of Jean Mesnard of Provence established fine olive groves on the slopes of the Paarl mountain.

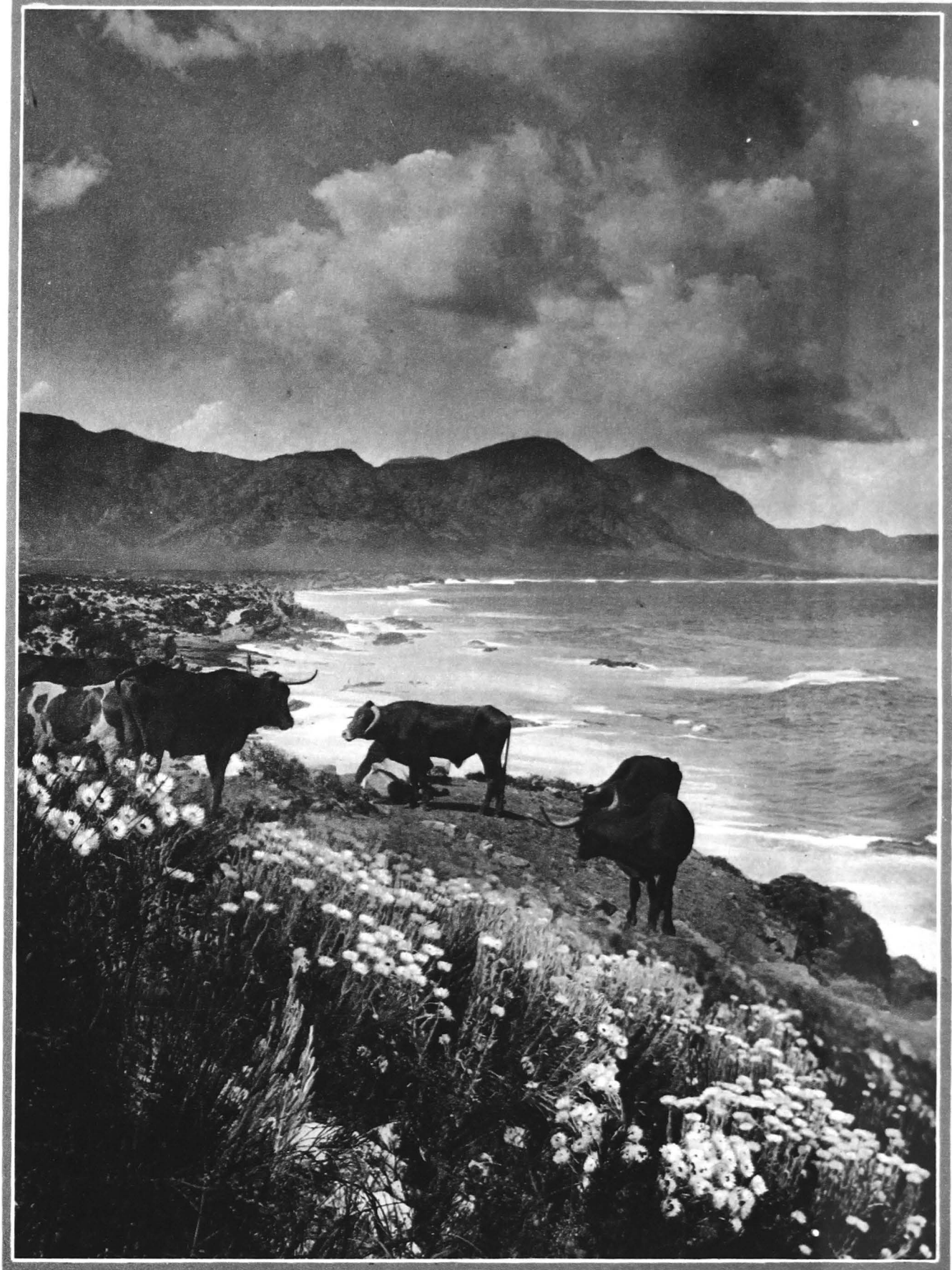
At the Paarl the railway, which may some day run from Cape Town to Cairo, halts for the first time on its way to the north.

Let us for a moment forget the Paarl of to-day, with its houses and vineyards and schools and churches, and take our thoughts back again to that October morning in 1657 when Gabbema and his men set forth to discover the great kingdom of the Monomotapa. If we are tempted to smile at van Riebeeck's credulity, secure in our superior knowledge of the African continent, we must remember that the great Portuguese explorers of a century earlier had described that kingdom as extending from the Zambesi nearly to the Cape of Good Hope. When, therefore, van Riebeeck was told by Eva, the Hottentot girl who had been semi-civilized by the Dutch and had learned to speak their language fluently, that there were people living behind the Drakenstein mountains who had white skins and long hair, that they lived in stone houses and had churches in which they prayed to God—just as the Dutch did, she said—that they had pearls and gold and precious stones, it was no wonder that he was impressed. They had no diamonds, she added regretfully—and one wonders



Bange Hoek.

[*Lancelot Ussher*



Hermanus.

[*Lancelot Ussher*]

#### FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

why she should have boggled over such a little thing as a diamond when the rest of her story was pitched in such a vein of high romance. Eva was a brilliant novelist lost to the world.

However, it was a very fine story, even under the disadvantage of being untrue, and to the early Dutch settlers it wore an air of the greatest probability. Who knew what lay behind the Drakenstein mountains, after all? And had not Eva told them that she herself had been brought up in the house of a great lord named Chobona, whose wife was such a magnificent lady that she spent all her days seated in state, decked with jewels and golden ornaments and waited upon by crowds of slaves? And, apart from all this splendour, there was the necessity for procuring cattle from the Hottentots by barter, in order to provision the East India Company's fleet, which was expected before long. So the expedition set out with high hopes, but, as we have seen, they found nothing but the Hottentots and some wild animals.

Let us turn a page in the book of history and see the Paarl again in the days of the van der Stels, more than two hundred years ago. The Hottentot kraals have vanished from the banks of the Berg River and in their place are thriving farms and white homesteads thatched with smooth brown reeds, with curly gables and wide stoeps. Into the lovely valley Simon van der Stel, who loved the land and wished to see it expand into something more than a provision station, had put settlers, many of them the French refugees, and we have a glowing account of their prosperity from the pen of François Leguat, who visited the Cape in 1698. At the entrance to the Paarl was the farm of Picardie. It belonged to Isaac Taillefer, and its neighbour Laborie to his son

#### FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

Jean. The wine made by Taillefer was very good, says Leguat, and Madame Taillefer had aviaries of singing-birds. Civilization had wrested the land from the Hottentots.

Not in the Paarl only, but down the long valley of Groot Drakenstein to French Hoek the early settlers planted the peach orchards and vineyards for which the Cape is famous to this day. Divided from them by the five-peaked mountain of Simonsberg, Stellenbosch lies in the shade of her ancient oaks. This, the second town built in South Africa, was founded by Simon van der Stel in 1679. Thatched and gabled houses were built, and a church and a mill, long avenues of oaks were planted and water from the river ran in little runnels down the sides of the streets. Then, in 1710, came a fire which destroyed many of the thatched houses, and from that time date many of the square buildings, of the type that England calls Georgian. A few of the charming old thatched buildings remain, though many of them have been deplorably roofed with corrugated iron, but the town is still a pleasant place, with oaks and running water and lovely gardens. If you drive along the shoulder of Helderberg, from Stellenbosch towards the sea, you will see the glory of the Cape peninsula spread out on your right. And the road will lead you at last to Somerset West, in the Hottentots' Holland, of which van Riebeeck heard from the natives.

Three miles from the village lies Vergelegen, where the younger van der Stel made his home. Providence, which has slept while some of the owners of the old homesteads have altered them, was wide awake when it guided the footsteps of Lady Phillips to Vergelegen. It would have been so easy to spoil it in adding on the necessary bedrooms and kitchens, for although the



Vergelegen. The old wine-cellar  
(*A. Elliott*)





Door of a burgher's house in old Cape Town  
(*A. Elliott*)

## FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

rooms were large and lofty there were only a few of them. But the work has been done with the utmost care and judgement, leaving the old building almost detached, so that the design is not lost, and restoring the fine wooden window-frames and doors. The last owner had substituted deal for the original teak. The old wine-cellar has been converted into a very fine library, and Vergelegen to-day is one of the most beautiful places in South Africa.

William Adriaan van der Stel, who built the house in 1700, was a great gardener, but he was not given time to carry out his plans for the planting of Vergelegen in their completeness. A cabal was formed against him and he was recalled to Holland, but not before he had put in the camphor trees which to-day are mighty giants, and laid out his avenues of oaks and his orange plantation. The orange trees were enclosed by an octagonal wall, and in this garden I sat on a May morning in the shade of a camphor, looking up at the old house upon which love, knowledge, and money have been lavished, until all South Africa feels a mighty pride in the place which it ignored for so many years.

The octagon garden is divided across the middle by tall camphor trees. The whole is grassed with the 'fine quick' of the Cape, a smooth lawn of the purest green. The half nearest the house is still studded with old orange and apple trees, laden that day with the ripening fruit; in the other half is set a formal rose-garden with clipped pillars of *Pittosporum eugenioides* amongst the roses. Entirely round the inner side of the octagonal wall runs a pergola covered with bougainvillaea and roses and many other lovely things and in front of the pergola and following its course is a wide border massed with flowers.

## FROM VAN RIEBEECK'S HILLSIDE

Although it was the end of summer, almost winter in fact, the garden was rich with colour. There were trellises heaped high with the pure blue of *Ipomoea Leari*, looking like the crushed lapis lazuli that came from Fra Angelico's palette, and the sky-blue of rubro-cerulaea. There was a beaumontia, stretching out its splendid arms over the old wall, and near it the fine mauve bignonia from Zimbabwe.

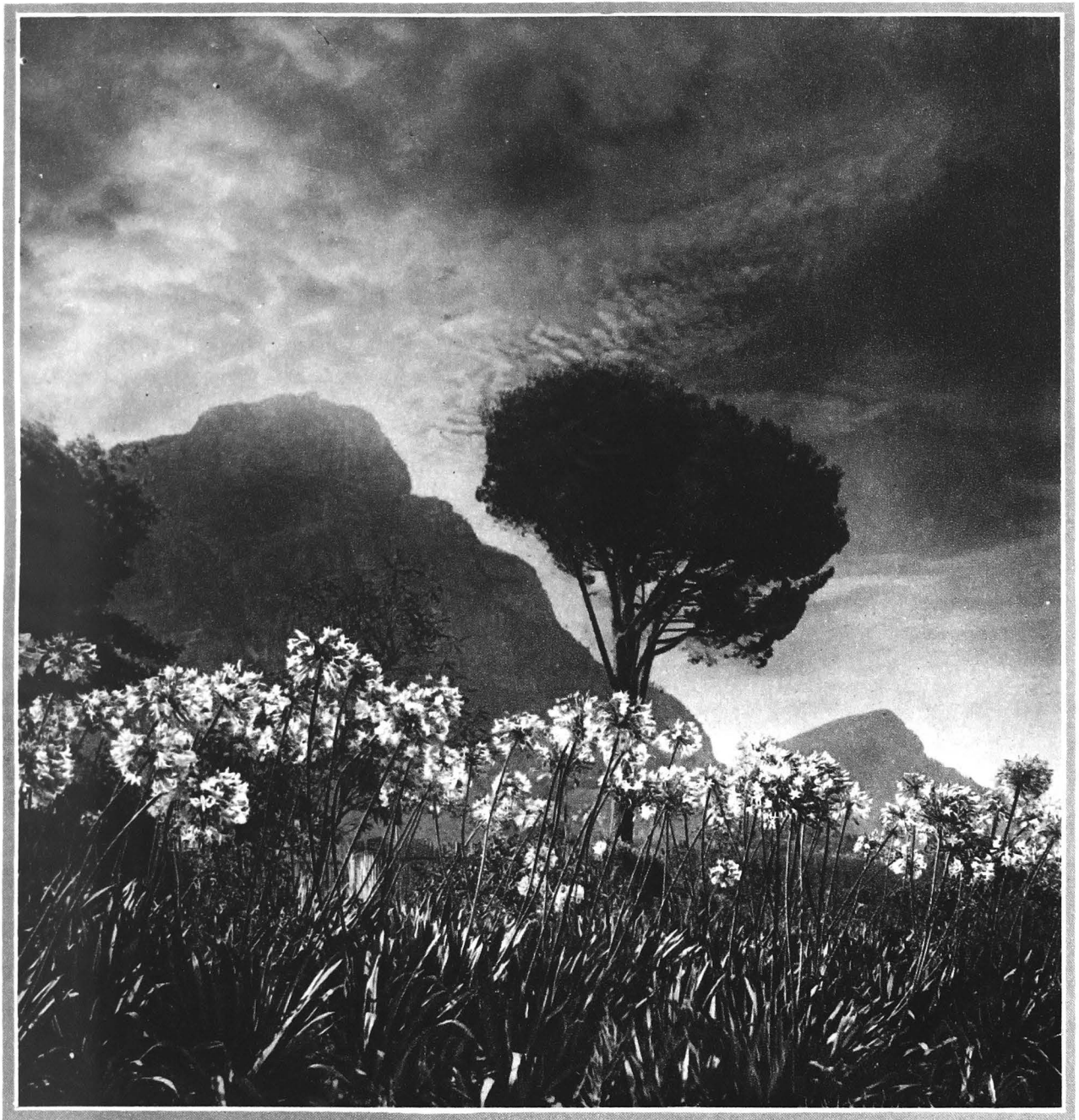
On the other side of the house are enormous camphor trees, and a long bricked walk leading between China roses and trellised vines to another lovely garden near the river. And, in the midst of all this beauty, the fine old house itself, and behind it the mountains which at sunset are flushed ruby red.

. . . . .

But we must not linger too long, even at Vergelegen. For, beautiful as the Cape and its neighbourhood are, all the rest of South Africa is waiting for us.

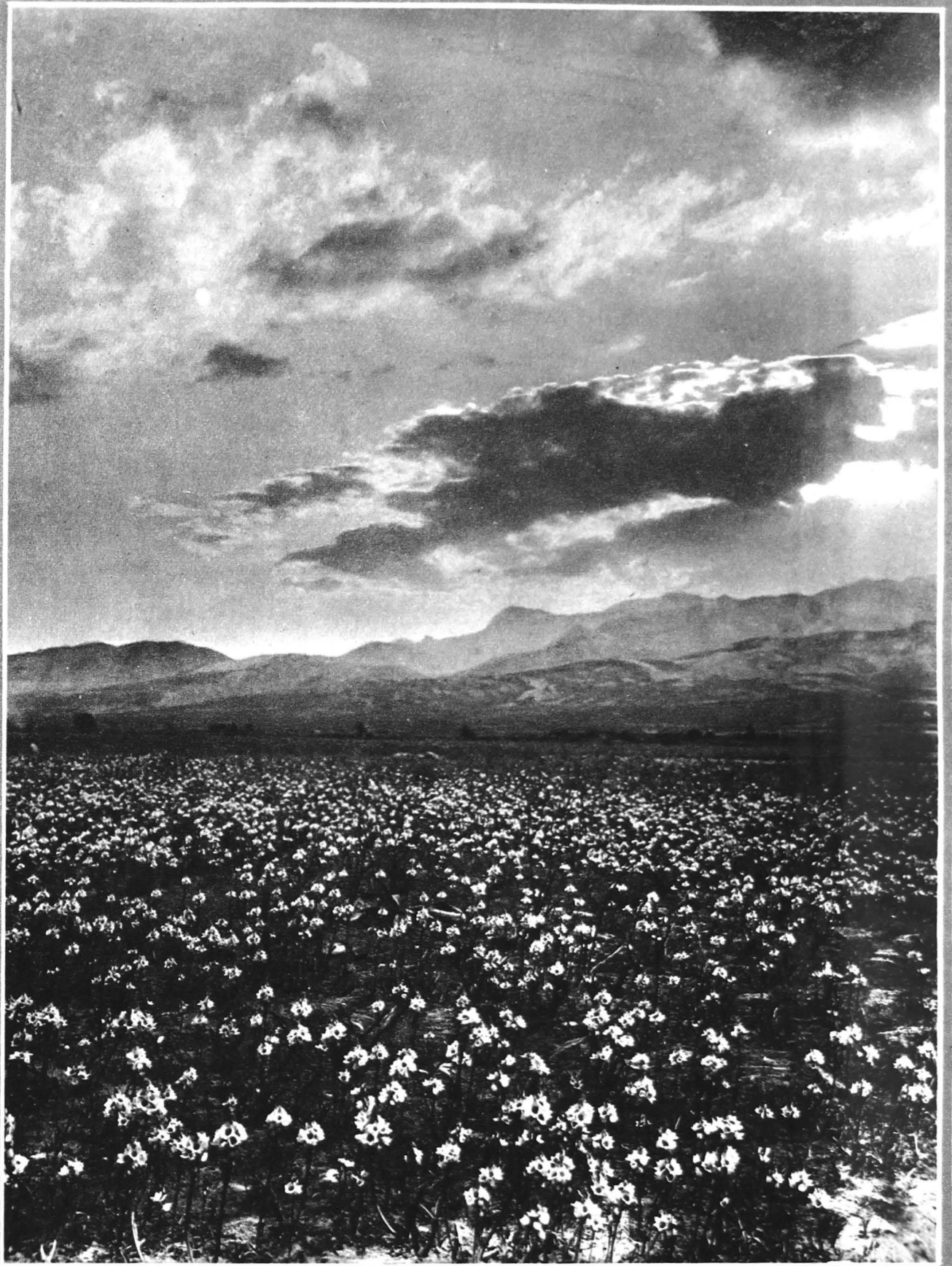
For a moment we may let our eyes rest on the Hottentots' Holland mountains, and on the faint track that shows where the railway scales the heights that once ox-wagons toilsomely ascended. On the top lie the farms and plantations of Elgin, Caledon with its famous hot springs, and the village of Villiersdorp, and all about them are the hills which at evening are flushed with the colours of a fire-opal.

Switzerland has splendid sunsets; the limestone hills of Egypt glow with the loveliness of evening; but nowhere on earth is there the unearthly radiance that illumines the mountains behind Vergelegen.



Stone pine and agapanthus at Kirstenbosch.

[*Lancelot Ussher*



Ornithogalum at Tulbagh. [Lancelot Ussher

### III. NORTHWARDS

IT was a misty morning in June when we left Cape Town, but as the train steamed out across the Flats I looked back and saw that the mists had rolled away, leaving the great mountain standing clear, indigo at its base and crowned with opalescent light.

Through the rich vine-lands and orchards of the Paarl we passed, and at last the engine drew breath at Tulbagh, where the blue mountains that lie about that lovely district stood out sharply. In September the Tulbagh veld sparkles with gazanias and ixias, babianas and countless other jewels. The flora of South Africa is a wonderful treasure, but it is being imperilled in places by the unrestrained spread of the Australian wattle known as the Port Jackson Willow. Planted originally with the best of motives, it is fast becoming as disastrous an intruder as the rabbits from England have proved themselves in its own country. But the districts round Caledon and Darling and Tulbagh are as yet free in a great measure from this scourge, and the flowers in these places make you catch your breath in wonder.

After Tulbagh the land grew more golden, under the spell of a fine autumn—which by the calendar should be winter. The radiant crimson and gold leaves were not yet stripped from the pontac vines and from the peaches and pears. Here and there was still to be seen an old thatched homestead, peaceful and lovely amongst the tin roofs of the newer houses. There were not many flowers, being winter, when I passed through, but the ditches were filled with tall white arums and now and again a

## NORTHWARDS

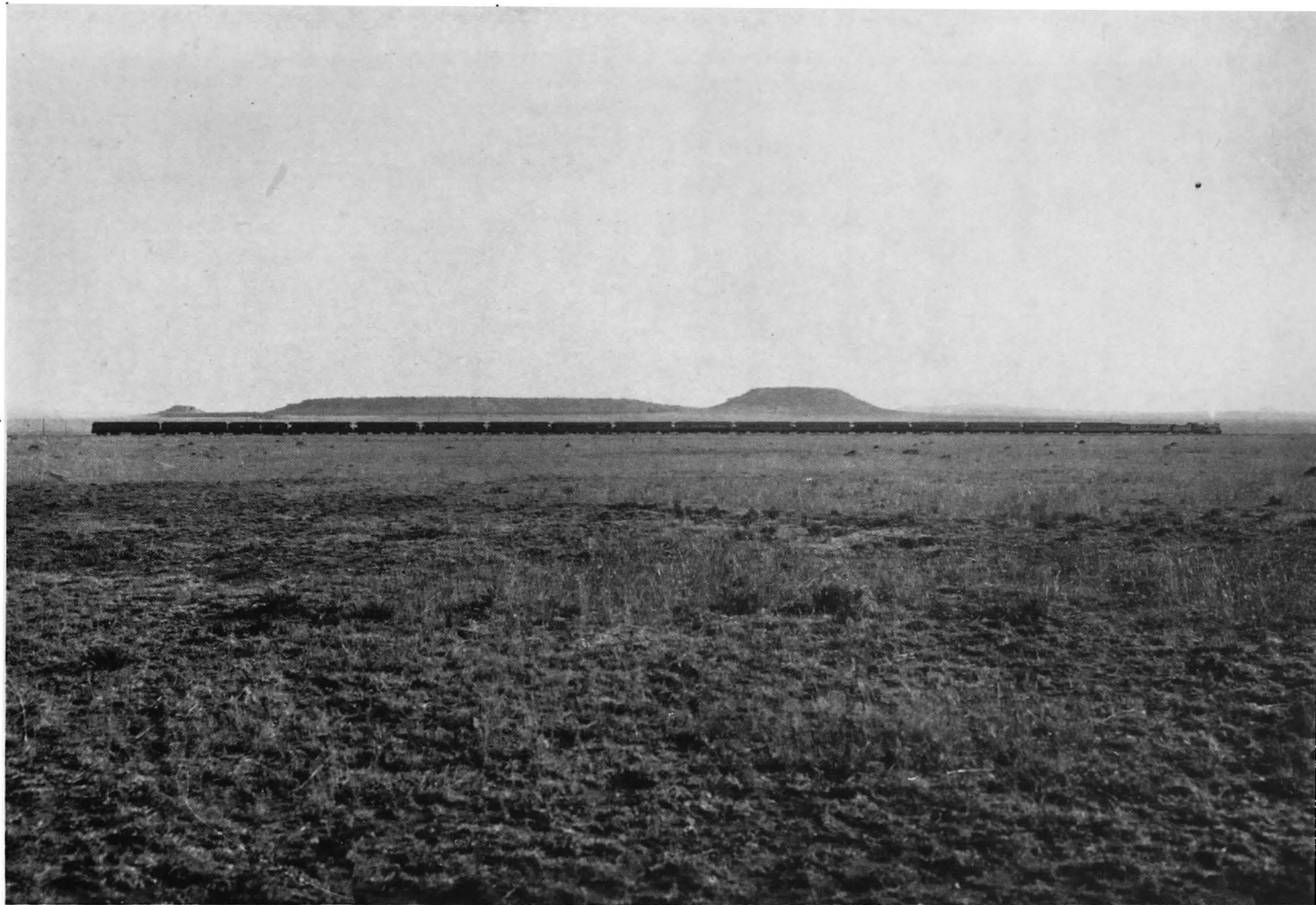
patch of red or pink erica showed amongst the silver-grey of the rhinoster bush.

After a time we passed Worcester, set amongst its fruitful orchards and vineyards. Then we came to the Hex River Mountains, splendid peaks lightly touched with snow, looking down on the fertile valley at their feet, where corn and fruit come to perfection and where the finest raisins in South Africa are dried in the sun.

After Hex River the aspect of the country changed, and the land grew drier and drier as we climbed higher, and more and more arid as we neared the Karoo. At Touw's River, 2,552 feet above the sea, the air struck cold after the mellow warmth which we had left at the Cape, and an unpleasant little wind was blowing the dust about. An uncanny contrast to the land from which we had come, with its spreading oaks and rich vineyards.

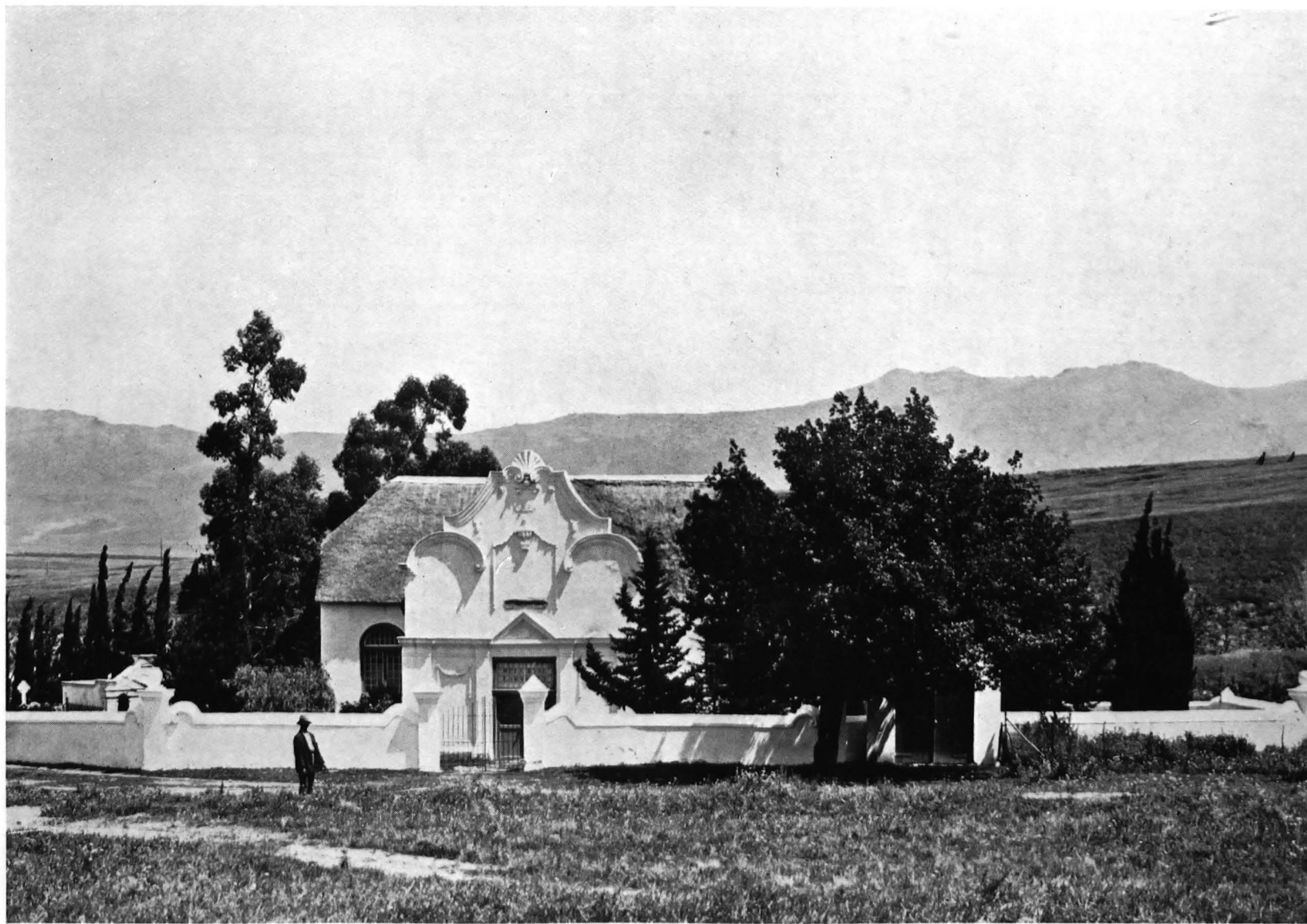
A stern land this seemed to be in winter. We had passed from the region of winter rains to that in which rain, when it falls, falls in summer. No cultivation was visible from the train. There was a desolate little farm homestead in sight, with a windmill, but not a green leaf to indicate that it ever drew any water from the depths of this hard-bound earth. We were on the edge of the districts which had suffered from an abnormal drought, and the earth was hard pinkish iron, with little black bushes scattered over it, like the kinks of hair on a Hottentot's head. A fine-looking white woman, wearing the frilled kapje of the country, came across the parched veld to stare at the train. She must have belonged to the desolate farm, incredible as it seemed that it could support life.

No sheep or cattle were visible. Perhaps they had died in the



The mail train in the Karoo  
(*South African Railways*)





The old Dutch Reformed Church, Tulbagh

*(South African Railways)*

## NORTHWARDS

drought or—more cheerful thought—perhaps they had been driven away to some less austere part of the country. After all, we were not very far from the green country, though here the land seemed very dreary and empty.

This, however, was only a superficial impression. There are people who love the Karoo, to whom its fine, pure air is as the breath of life—is the breath of life indeed in cases of weak lungs. The great plains have a charm for them which they miss when they come from its vast emptiness to the life of cities, or even of rich farming districts. And, in truth, the Karoo can show you sunrises and sunsets that would have been Turner's despair, and when the rains *do* fall it is a glowing carpet of flowers in a surprisingly short space of time.

After a while the train paused at Laingsburg, and here one of the splendid Karoo sunsets flamed above the roofs of the houses in a glory of crimson and amber and jade. Then night fell, and I shut out the Karoo and slept dreamlessly. The South African railways are kind to the traveller. They do not charge you fantastic sums for so-called 'de luxe' apartments, but for a modest three shillings a bed is made up in your compartment while you dine—and the dinner is better than many that I have eaten on trains in France and Italy.

To those of us who came from the Cape the air had an unfamiliar tang of frost in it when we awoke at Kimberley next morning. Under a radiant and cloudless sky the veld was as dry as on the previous day, as we left the diamond city behind us.

From time to time South Africa has been snatched dramatically from the brink of financial disaster, and it was the discovery of diamonds and the opening of the mines in 1871 that set her

## NORTHWARDS

securely on her feet. Kimberley has a wonderful winter climate, cold and sharp, with crystal-clear air.

The country beyond was as flat as a billiard-table, studded with bushes of thorny mimosa (*Acacia horrida*) which are a glory of perfumed gold in the spring. From the trees hung the nests of the weaver-birds. Then we passed a borehole and five Friesland cows. Then some kopjes set in waving yellow grass—yellow was the prevalent colour of the scenery, but when the rains fall this district is green as far as the eye can reach. The atmosphere was exquisite, light and sparkling; it almost made up for the absence of verdure or of animal life. The nests of the weaver-birds and the great ant-heaps, with here and there a secretary-bird stalking silently, were the only indications of the latter. But you do not need to go far from the railway-line to find springbok and other game, and at Kimberley we had left behind us several men with guns.

By this time the exiguous trees at the little railway-stations through which we had passed since leaving the Cape had settled down to a steady monotony of eucalyptus and pepper-trees. In novels about the Riviera these trees are always mentioned in terms of deference, as though they gave the impression of a rich and luxuriant vegetation. I should like to take the writers for a tour through the central uplands of South Africa in winter. Blue-gums and pepper-trees—varied only by pepper-trees and blue-gums—are the only green things to be seen in a landscape which is all golden grass under an azure sky. After some hundreds of miles of them the sight of a tub full of petunias was almost dazzling.

It seemed incredible that I had only just left behind me the



Harvest in the Hex River Valley  
*(South African Railways)*



The great hole at Kimberley  
(*South African Railways*)

## NORTHWARDS

fields of arum lilies and the daffodils and roses of the Cape, or that in other districts there were hedges of scarlet poinsettia aglow and splendid masses of bougainvillaea and azalea. This was a world all to itself, high, remote and lonely, with an austere monotony that was not without charm.

A lover of the Karoo, Mrs Byron, writes—

‘ Then winds her cloud-veils send her,  
And, where the light shines through,  
Red flames in skies of blue  
A purple glory lend her ;  
And, robed in borrowed splendour,  
Night falls on the Karoo.’

Another night passed in the train, and the morning light fell on the dumps of Johannesburg, a thousand miles from Cape Town. Here we halted for a day, on the way to Rhodesia.

#### IV. RHODESIA

WE usually think of Rhodesia as a new country. To some people it is merely a land for English settlers, secured for England by the patriotism and foresight of Cecil Rhodes. It is this, but far more than this, for we forget that we were not the first civilized folk to look upon its wide spaces. Nor do we always remember that white South Africa cannot live to itself alone.

No country holds its secrets more closely than does Africa, and we can only guess and surmise as to who those earlier people were and what form their civilization took.

Great Zimbabwe, ancient though it may be or medieval, as you accept the two theories that have been put forward regarding it, is not the oldest expression of man's presence in the land. The gold-workings are far older—and so, for that matter, is *Homo Rhodesiensis*, whose skull was found in 1920 in a cave at Broken Hill, and set all the world of anthropology astir.

But of him we know little, except that he represents an extinct type of human being, unlike those who now walk this earth. We cannot even guess how far the land he knew, and in which he lived and loved and died, resembled the Rhodesia of to-day—whether he ever looked with awe upon the rushing torrents of the Victoria Falls, or whether they belong to a later period of the earth's history. We find stone implements which may have been his scattered over the country, and that is practically all that we know about him—except that he was more closely allied to the Neanderthal man of Europe than he is to us, the latest seed of

## RHODESIA

time, or to the Bantu people who are, comparatively speaking, new-comers to this part of the world.

How long after him came the Bushman, and where he came from we do not know. Indeed the things we do not know about prehistoric South Africa are overwhelmingly many compared with those upon which we have any trustworthy light. There are Bushman paintings in Rhodesia, but it is possible that they do not date from any remote period. Their value lies in the probability that they do not differ essentially from the work of the prehistoric Bushman. They bear a strong resemblance to the paintings of Aurignaceous Man in the caves of Cogul and Altamira in southern Spain.

It is not thought that the ancient gold-mines which have been found in Rhodesia were worked by this little race of hunters, nor by the Bantu folk who followed them and the Hottentots southward some thousand years or so ago. In 1894 Mr. John Hayes Hammond, Consulting Engineer to the Chartered Company, sent in a report to the effect that the workings were very ancient, and showed skill beyond the capacity of any negroid or Bantu people. The methods employed were the same as in ancient mines in Asia, and he considered that there were evidences that gold worth many millions of pounds had been extracted and sent out of the country at some early period. Old workings are constantly being discovered, and many of them have been reopened and are being worked on modern methods. It is supposed that they were abandoned before all the gold had been extracted, owing to the presence of water in the mines, and the lack of any means for expelling it. The reports on the old workings were taken to England by Cecil Rhodes in 1898, and the mining



## RHODESIA

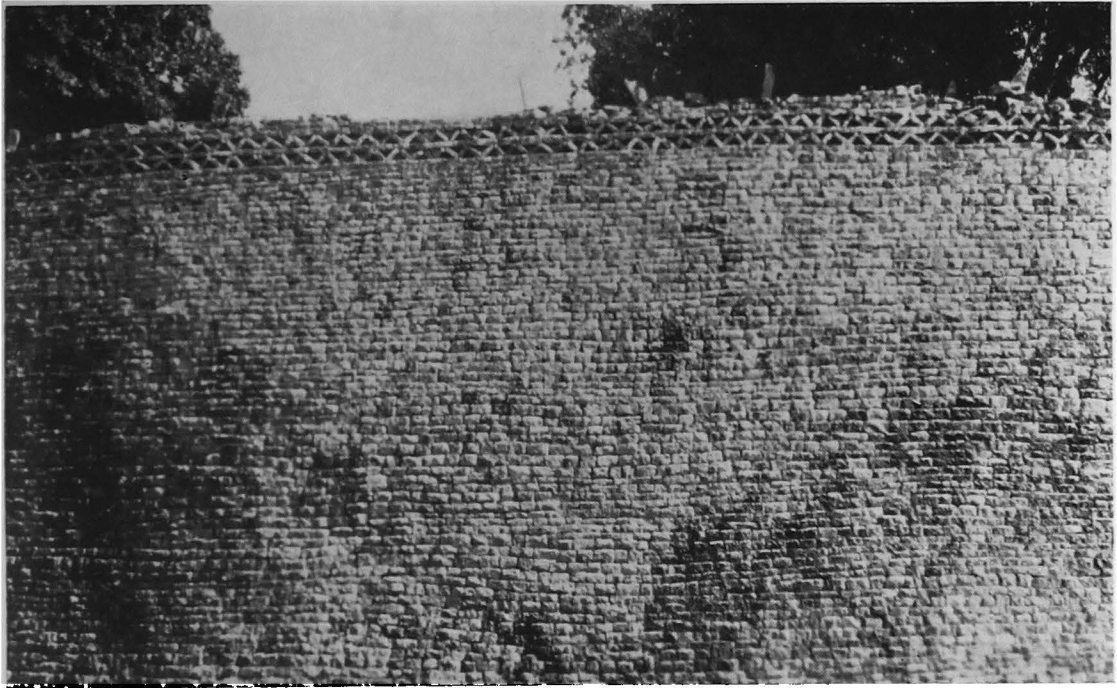
authorities in Europe agreed with Mr. Hammond's opinion that the older mines had been worked by Asiatics. Only the newer and shallower ones show any traces of a negroid people.

Here is a field for conjecture. When the Kings of Arabia and Saba gave gifts did they send across to Africa for their gold? We do not know anything certain of South Africa's earliest miners, except that at some early period they found gold and sent it overseas.

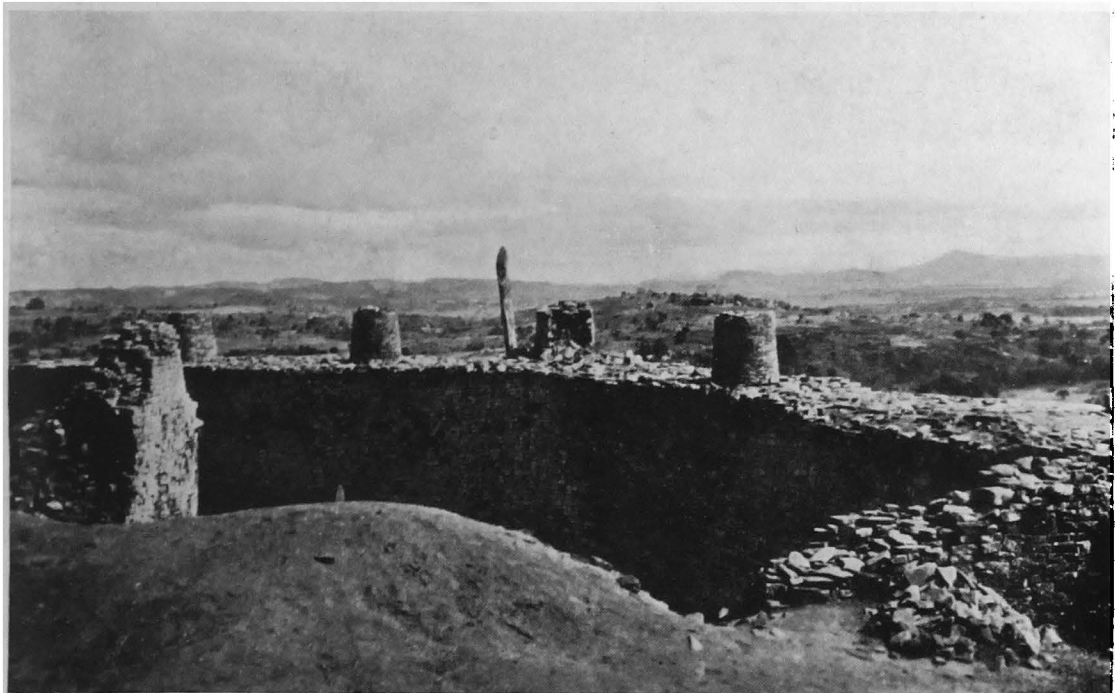
Coming down to history, we do know that, about the middle of the eighth century of our era, an Arab tribe that had been defeated in civil war under their leader, a descendant of Mohammed, fled southward, where they settled on the Arabian coast below the gulf of Aden. They were great adventurers and their ships traded across the seas. They formed trading stations down the African coast as far south as Sofala, and they built for themselves fine houses and mosques. It was from them that the Bantu received the name of Kafir, meaning unbeliever.

They took wives from the Bantu women, and the types blended—to this day the native of the East Coast has traits and qualities which he has inherited from the Arab, and which are wholly lacking in the West Coast African native.

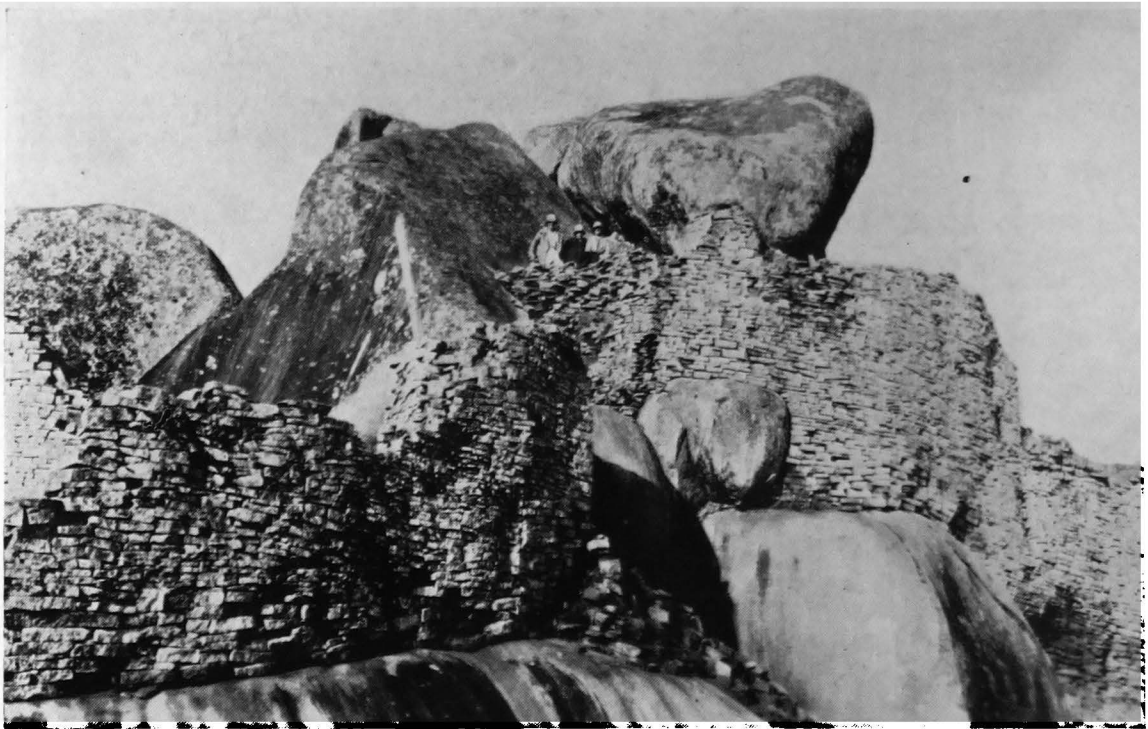
Probably they traded as far as India. Humboldt, the great traveller, says that the Cape of Good Hope was known to Indian sailors as Cape Doab, meaning the two waters, as far back as the thirteenth century, two hundred years before the adventurous voyage of Diaz and the discovery by Portugal of the sea-route to India. Diaz, as we know, was forced to turn back at the Great Fish River, but three years later, in 1497, Vasco da Gama followed him 'to make discoveries and in search of spices', says



Zimbabwe : Chevron pattern on SE. wall of Elliptical Temple  
*(Southern Rhodesian Publicity Bureau)*



Zimbabwe : Interior of Western Temple, Acropolis  
*(Southern Rhodesian Publicity Bureau)*



Zimbabwe: Platform of Western Temple, Acropolis  
*(Southern Rhodesian Publicity Bureau)*



Zimbabwe: Conical Towers and Monoliths  
*(Southern Rhodesian Publicity Bureau)*

## RHODESIA

the old chronicle, and he sailed round the Cape and past Natal to the mouth of the Limpopo, which he called Rio dos Reys, it being the Festival of the Wise Men. Here they found a friendly people, entirely unlike the Hottentots whom they had seen further south, and they brought food and copper and ivory for sale. No gold is mentioned. Probably the Rhodesian workings had been abandoned long before. Then they sailed on to Quilimane, where they found the inhabitants wearing Indian stuffs, and on to Mozambique where were trading vessels from India.

From that time onward Portugal sent expeditions inland, to the court of the great Bantu chief, called by his people the Monomotapa. Unfortunately, the Portuguese translated this word as meaning Emperor, and from this arose many errors and wild inventions, including van Riebeeck's golden dreams of the country of marvels which he hoped to find north of the Drakenstein.

The Monomotapa held his savage court at Great Zimbabwe, and here we touch another of Rhodesia's mysteries. Apart from the great building, there are more than four hundred Zimbabwes scattered over the country; they are buildings of squared stones, and over them students of the subject are at grips. These are sharply divided into two groups, the disciples of the late Mr. R. N. Hall, who examined the Great Zimbabwe in 1890 and those of Professor MacIver who was sent by the British Association for the Advancement of Science to investigate the matter in 1906. Mr. Bent, who wrote of them in 1892, assigned the buildings to pre-Mohammedan Arabians, with Phoenician influence.

Mr. Hall considered that Great Zimbabwe was built by Bantu labour under Asiatic influence, on the site of an earlier settlement

## RHODESIA

of Asiatics who had been for centuries engaged at work on the gold mines. It was thought by him that these were Phoenicians, or people from the Persian Gulf—Nature worshippers, as he considered that the emblems found in the building known as the temple testified. Everybody accepted the Phoenician theory and the soap-stone birds found in the ruins were thought to be the vultures of Astarte.

Then came Professor Maciver, who knocked this theory about ruthlessly. He had investigated seven sites, he said, and found nothing more ancient than the fourteenth or fifteenth century A.D. He did not see a trace of European or oriental architecture, nor did he find any inscriptions. On the other hand, he found a piece of Ming china and some other fragments of imported medieval articles. He considered the type of architecture African.

Another theory was once suggested to me by the late Dr. Peringuey, Curator of the South African Museum at Cape Town. Might not the oldest buildings be African, he said, but of a very ancient African civilization, as old as anything in pre-historic Egypt? He was, I understood, at work on a monograph on the subject at the time of his death.

Yet another suggestion is that of Mr. H. B. Douslin, in a paper read before the Rhodesian Scientific Association in 1921. He does not attribute any profound antiquity to the existing surface buildings at Great Zimbabwe, but he records that in 1915 he excavated below the walls and found, at a depth of about ten feet, the remains of ancient dwellings. 'The workmanship', he says, 'is of a character superior to the ordinary Mashona work, and is quite unknown by the present-day native.'

So there the matter rests for the present, while the supporters

## RHODESIA

of the Hall and Maciver theories hold tenaciously to their divergent faiths. There is clearly a good deal still to learn about Great Zimbabwe.

We come down the centuries to something that approximates to history. The Bantu people had followed the little Bushmen and the Hottentots southward, and had peered with amazement into the deserted gold mines. The Portuguese had taken expedition after expedition inland, only to meet with disappointment and to perish of fever. But their hearts were set on the riches of India, and they soon gave up all thought of Africa, beyond colonizing certain ports that were necessary to their fleets, and the trading station of Sofala. The Arabs continued to go inland and to trade with the Bantu of Rhodesia for ivory and such gold as they could extract, but they were now only vassals to Portugal.

The Bantu of Rhodesia at this time were called the Makalanga, the Children of the Sun, and from them the Mashona are descended. They were the owners of the land when, in 1837, M'Zilikazi, Chaka's fierce general, left Zululand with his impi and swept through the Transvaal and northward into Southern Rhodesia, his Zulu warriors driving the terrified tribes before him. In Rhodesia he halted, and here he became the head of the people whom we call the Matabele, though many amongst them are Makalangas and describe themselves as Children of the Sun to this day.

When M'Zilikazi died, later on, he was succeeded by his son Lobengula, whose royal kraal was near the present town of Bulawayo. In the garden of Government House is the great tree under which he gave audience.

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Then we come to the Englishman, Cecil Rhodes, who saw the danger of Lobengula's kingdom falling to the Transvaal or to a foreign Power. Bringing all his influence to bear, he obtained concessions from Lobengula to open up the country. In the same year a Treaty of Peace and Amity was entered into between the Matabele Chief and Great Britain, and on the 29th October 1894 a Royal Charter was obtained and the British South Africa Company formed.

The Company controlled the affairs of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, through various native wars and rebellions, until the 1st October 1923, when the country was formally annexed to the British Crown. Responsible Government was granted to Southern Rhodesia and a Governor, Sir John Chancellor, appointed. Northern Rhodesia is administered as a Crown Colony under the Imperial Government, and all mining rights are still controlled by the British South Africa Company.

A year before responsible government was established in Southern Rhodesia the question of amalgamation with the Union of South Africa was considered, but the majority vote of the country went in favour of responsible government.

It was a momentous decision, and no one can foretell to what it may lead. There are those who foresee Rhodesia's fusion with the central African colonies. There are other Rhodesians who feel that union with the southern states might have led to the great and strong South Africa of which Cecil Rhodes dreamed.

There is sometimes much good stuff in a dream, and though to-day it is not unusual to hear Rhodes referred to, by those who do not understand South Africa, somewhat slightly, as a



Wagons laden with mealies  
(Lent by British South Africa Company)





Government House, Bulawayo, built by Cecil Rhodes on site of Lobengula's Kraal  
*(High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia)*

## RHODESIA

visionary, a would-be Elizabethan, a filibuster, and so forth, there are many others to whom all that was greatest in the man remains an inspiration.

His work lives after him, and you have only to cross the border between the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia to understand how great and selfless a work it was.

## V. A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

FOR Rhodesia you leave Johannesburg by the evening train, passing in the darkness through the Marico district, once ravaged by M'Zilikazi, and through Zeerust, where the old voortrekker Coetzee built his house in the heart of a savage land. Coetzee's Rust—Zeerust—is now a thriving town with a big Dutch Reformed church and magnificent roses in its gardens.

It was early morning when the train came to Mafeking. Here the country was still brittle-dry, long miles of golden grass studded with the mimosa which apparently no drought will kill. The station was shaded by the inevitable pepper-trees and eucalyptus from the blazing sun which shone from an azure sky.

Mafeking is a name which to English ears has come to mean a hilarious jollification, recalling the scenes in London after the raising of the siege during the Boer War. But to those in South Africa, who took the news of the Relief with tears of thankfulness, the name of Mafeking has more sober associations. There was very little life to be seen on the veld here. The game and the stock-farmers alike had trekked to districts where some pasturage was to be found.

Then we came to Pitsani. Again the echo of the past—of the December day in 1895 on which Dr. Jameson and his troopers rode out from Pitsani Potlugo on their way to the Raid which was meant to demonstrate to England the position of her children overseas, but which was destined to leave so many sorrows in its wake. To-day Pitsani only consists of a store and a few native

## A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

huts. The men who rode out so gaily are dispersed or dead, and their leader lies near his friend Cecil Rhodes in the granite of the Matopos, his one mistake washed away—save in ungenerous minds—by the devoted service which he gave to South Africa in his later years. The deep friendship which grew up between Dr. Jameson and General Botha before both men died was a very fine thing.

After a while we stopped at Lobatsi. Little naked and bronzed boys were selling oranges on the platform, heaped up in the charming baskets which their mothers were plaiting. The platform was shaded by tall belhambra trees, a relief from the pepper-eucalyptus scheme of all the other stations. The belhambra has been sometimes contemptuously described as a giant spurge, but it has its very useful place in the scheme of the universe. It grows with almost the rapidity of Jack's beanstalk. It has leaves like those of an india-rubber, which cast a grateful shade, and it asks for little in the way of soil or water.

Lobatsi is a little oasis of civilization, set round with hills which in the winter are yellow, but which the first rains of summer cover with green grass. There is a station of the Bechuanaland Police here, for at Mafeking we had passed out of the Union of South Africa into the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

This is a large tract of country which, up to 1885, was ruled by the chiefs of various native tribes, of whom Khama, Chief of the Bamangwato, was the leading spirit. Trouble having broken out with the Transvaal Boers, an expedition under Sir Charles Warren was sent from England to settle matters, and a British Protectorate was proclaimed over the territory.

At Lobatsi the Union Jack was fluttering as cheerfully in the

## A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

breeze as though its existence in the Union were not at that moment in peril.

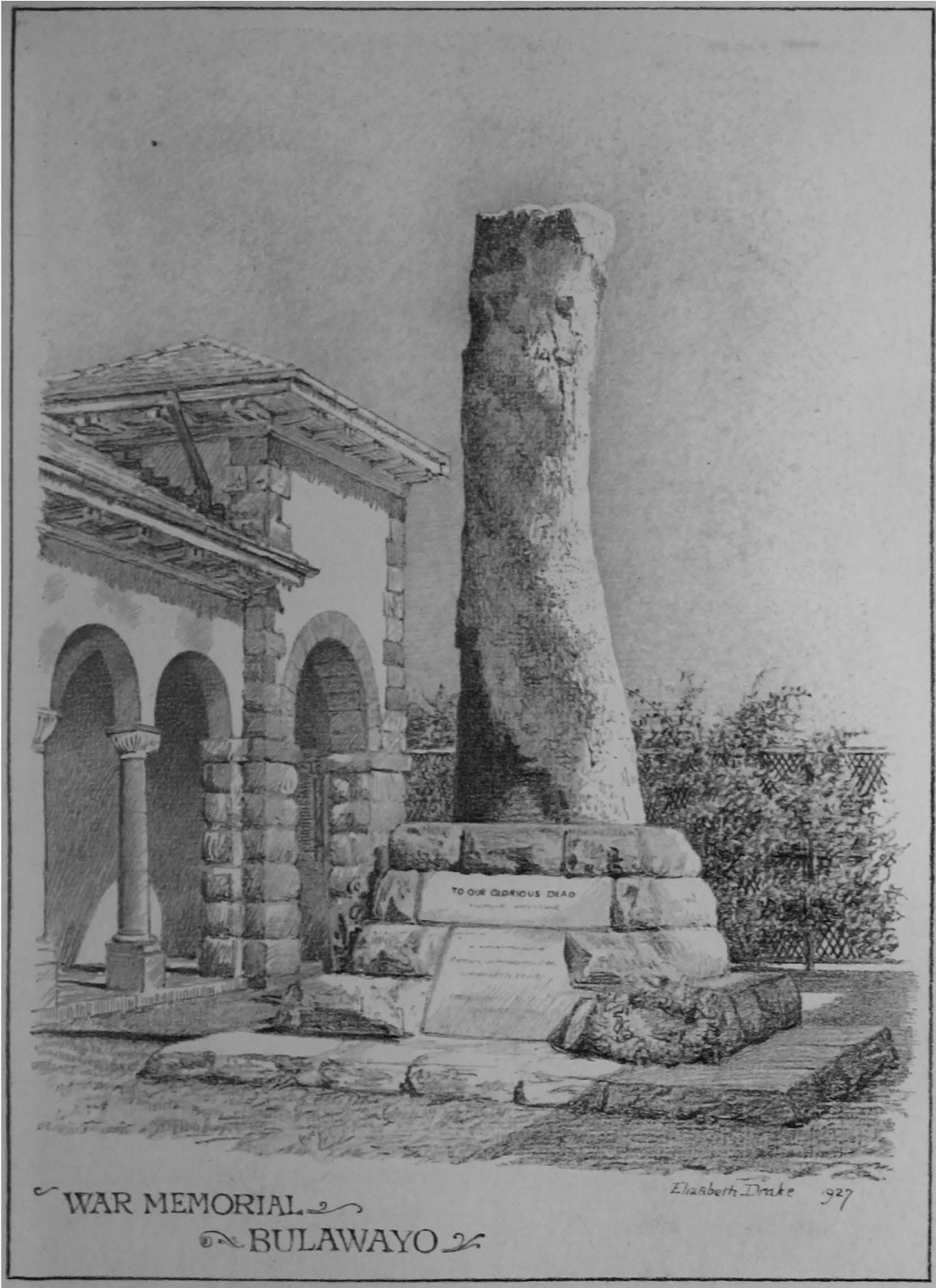
After Lobatsi we passed a hill studded with tall aloes, carrying aloft their crimson torches—drought has no more effect on an aloe than if it were made of painted tin. Then we came to yet more hills and breadths of thorny mimosa which, with the first shower, will be a glory of golden, scented bloom. Glowing colours began to creep over the hills as the day advanced—deep indigo shadows and pale yellow patches where the mealie stalks in the dried fields were being eaten by the native cattle. There is more nourishment in a mealie stalk than you would suppose from its appearance. It was a curiously empty land through which the train passed on its northward way, but a land through which great names echo. The Moffats, David Livingstone, Cecil Rhodes—all these have had a share in its destiny.

And, as I remembered these things, I thought of the pioneer of his people who lies in the heart of the Matopos, and the wheels of the train beat out the words of his requiem:

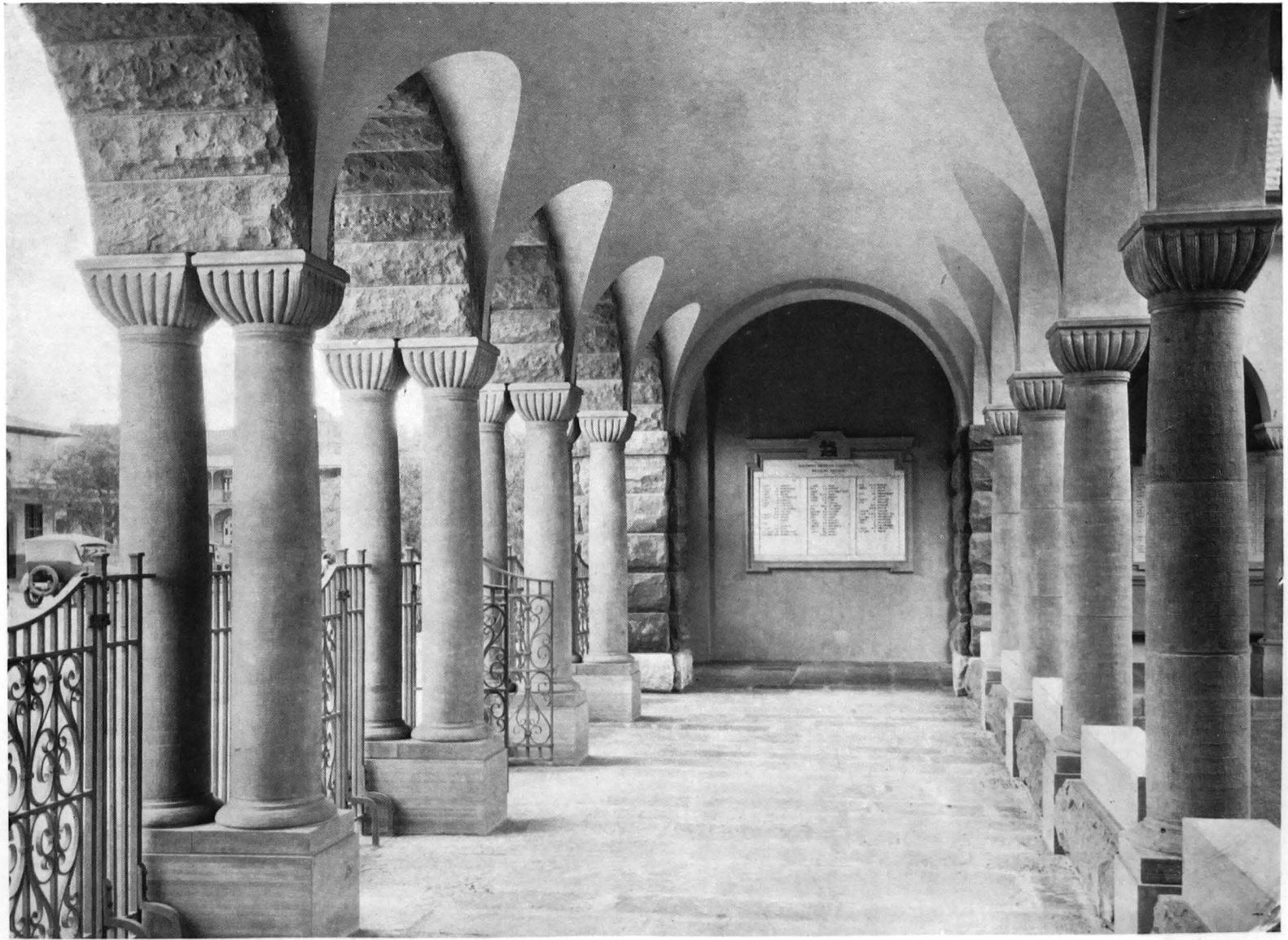
And there await a people's feet  
In the land which he prepared.

Almost, one could hear them on the empty veld—the feet that some day will follow—follow—follow—a people's feet—the refrain only ceased when we reached Ramoutsa.

Here, in a treeless land, were some fine Persian Lilacs—*Melia Azedarach*—the leaves now golden against the eternally blue sky. A native kraal near by disgorged a crowd of Bechuanas in gay blankets, with naked piccanins, selling karosses and earthen pots. The Kafir in his blanket is often a noble figure, though he was a



WAR MEMORIAL  
BULAWAYO



The cloister, war memorial  
(*H. T. Healey, Bulawayo*)

## A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

finer one when he draped himself in his kaross of Golden Jackal skins, instead of selling it to the white man. But the Kafir in cast-off European rags is the first cousin to a scarecrow.

At Artesia young boys were selling absurd little tables and chairs made of porcupine quills, evidently the only product of the neighbourhood. One of the boys, draped in rags which he wore as if they had been royal robes, held aloft a bundle of quills in each hand and danced with surprising grace—a native dance which he accompanied with odd whistlings and hissings. He was a genius, and an enterprising impresario who found him and took him to London would provide it with a new sensation. He was the Dancing Faun come to life, a thing of sheer beauty.

Then Palla, a village in the sands of the Kalahari Desert. There were native huts with naked children tumbling about them, native boys selling more karosses and the queer carved wooden toys made by the Bechuanas. Every animal known to them is reproduced in wood, on lines that would enchant Epstein, and some of the human figures have animal heads—with an unexpectedly Egyptian effect. There was a clever model of an aeroplane, though the native artist could only have had a fleeting glimpse of the original.

It was four o'clock in the morning and dark as Erebus when my compartment door was flung open and a light flashed into my eyes. This was Rhodesia, said a sprightly young man, and what was my name and occupation? After that, sleep was impossible. This, as he had said, was Rhodesia, the land in which great dreams had been dreamed, the land in which the dreamer still lies waiting for the people who should follow him.



## A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

Far behind me lay the Union of South Africa, in the throes of its Flag Bill and other intricate problems.

Here was the young land. For all its Zimbabwes, the dominant note of Rhodesia is one of splendid youthfulness. This shows itself in the fine optimism with which she has laid out the town of Bulawayo, where we arrived three hours later. Streets of a width to make an old city gasp have been planned with a lavish hand. If Bulawayo lives to be a thousand she is never going to have any narrow slums or picturesque but insanitary alleys. Alongside her wide streets she has planted long avenues of *Grevillea robusta*, crowned with flames of fire in the spring-time, and jacarandas with the feathery leaves which follow their masses of violet blossoms. Neither of these was in flower at the moment, for it was mid-winter, but there were great groups of scarlet poinsettias in the gardens and over the verandahs of the houses trailed masses of bougainvillaea, crimson and magenta. It was only winter in the early morning or at night. Throughout the day the sun shone unblinkingly, and people played lawn tennis in their silk clothes, with a warm coat at hand for sunset.

That was the cheerful side of this glorious winter of the north. The other was that the farmers were longing for rain, with little prospect of getting any for three months to come. The tobacco growers were fortunate, for they had gathered their leaves earlier, and were busy drying them. But the mealie-farmers and the natives were looking with disapproval on the radiant skies, for it was eight months since a shower had fallen. I had arrived in a season of unusual drought, but with the rains that were due three months later the desert would rejoice and blossom as if by magic.

## A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

South Africa is the land of friendship. Its white people are scattered over a vast surface, and the spirit of kinship between them is strong. On Bulawayo platform I found an old friend waiting for me, and we drove away to his charming house four miles from the town. It was a bungalow, with airy rooms, set in a garden in which all manner of flowering trees flourish. There were hedges of poinsettia and yellow *Tecomastans*, with many other glorious flowering shrubs. Indoors, Mrs. Jesser Coope had created the illusion of an English country house, with chintzes and flowers and old china. In Sir Bouchier Wrey's garden near by forest trees have been planted experimentally, and in their shade grow the great violets which sweeten the short South African winters.

Through the wide streets of the town we drove to the War Memorial. After the restless effigies of fighting men with which the land is sprinkled—and do not mistake me, each of which is worthy of reverence for the cause which it immortalizes—this stands out above all others in South Africa as that of Winchester College dominates all school memorials in England.

It is very simple. Merely a cloister, surrounding a small square space, and in the centre of the space a granite monolith from the Matopos. The columns and capitals and the interlaced arches were inspired by those of Glastonbury and Durham Cathedral, and the stone of which they are made is a fine rose-red sandstone from Pasipas, a few miles away. When Bulawayo is a great city this little cloister will stand in its heart, exquisite and lovely, bearing the names alike of the white men and of the natives who died in the Great War. The design was the inspiration of Sir Bouchier Wrey and it is a noble thing.

## A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

On one of the unfailingly cloudless days, under an azure sky that stretched unbroken from horizon to horizon, we drove out to the Matopo hills. Around these hills cluster many ancient native traditions, and in one range known as the 'Rain-dance Hills' the Makalanga maidens still dance, each October, garmentless and graceful, and make offerings to the spirits of their ancestors, so that the rains may be timely and plentiful.

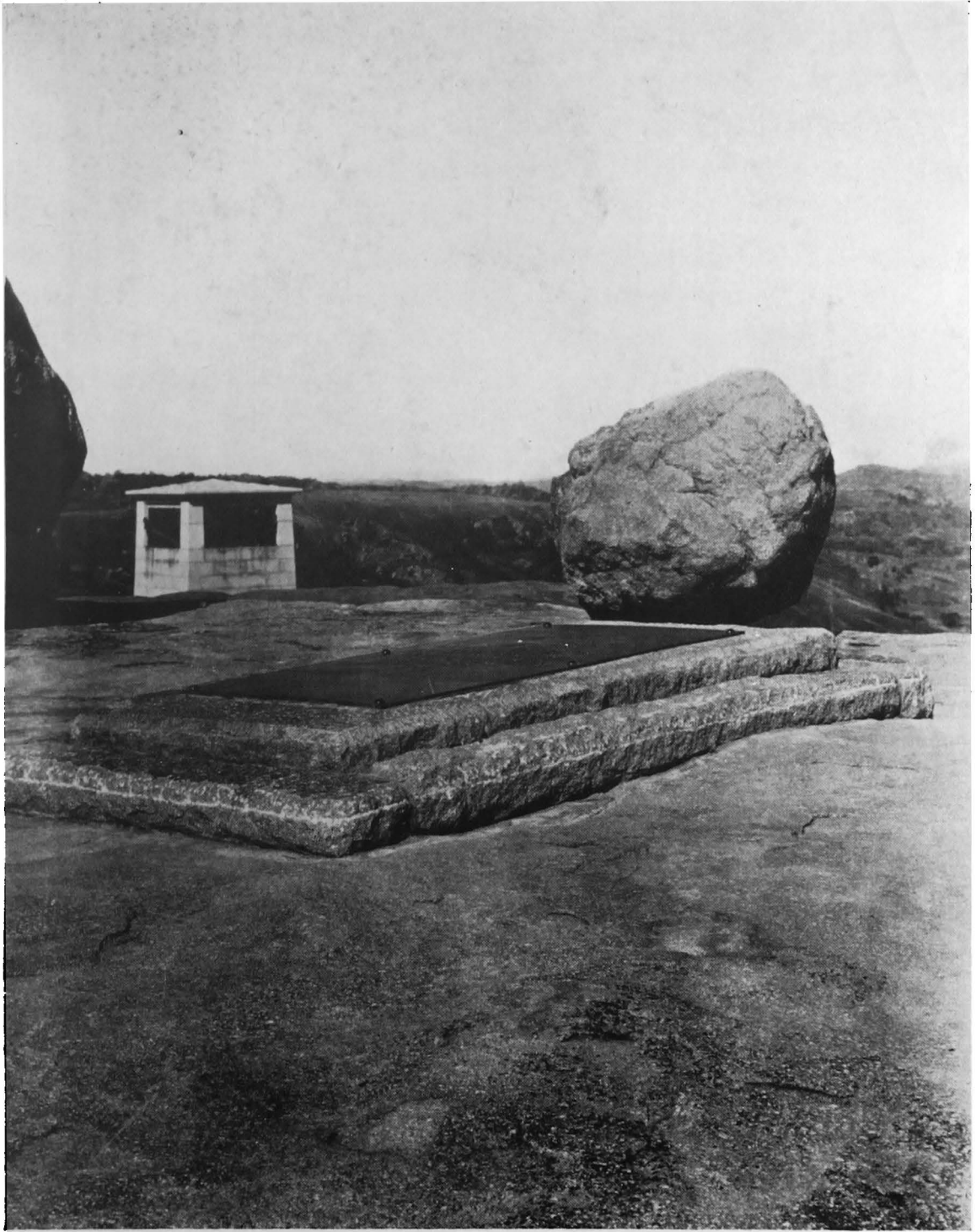
In the granite of these hills lies M'Zilikazi, Chaka's mighty general, who rebelled against his master and burst out of Zululand with his impi, sweeping all the native tribes before him. He finally established himself as paramount chief near the present town of Bulawayo, and when he died his people buried him in the Matopos.

Perhaps it was only coincidence, perhaps design, that led Cecil Rhodes to plan for himself a burial-place in these hills. The thought that this should be a Valhalla alike for the native and the white man may well have been in his mind.

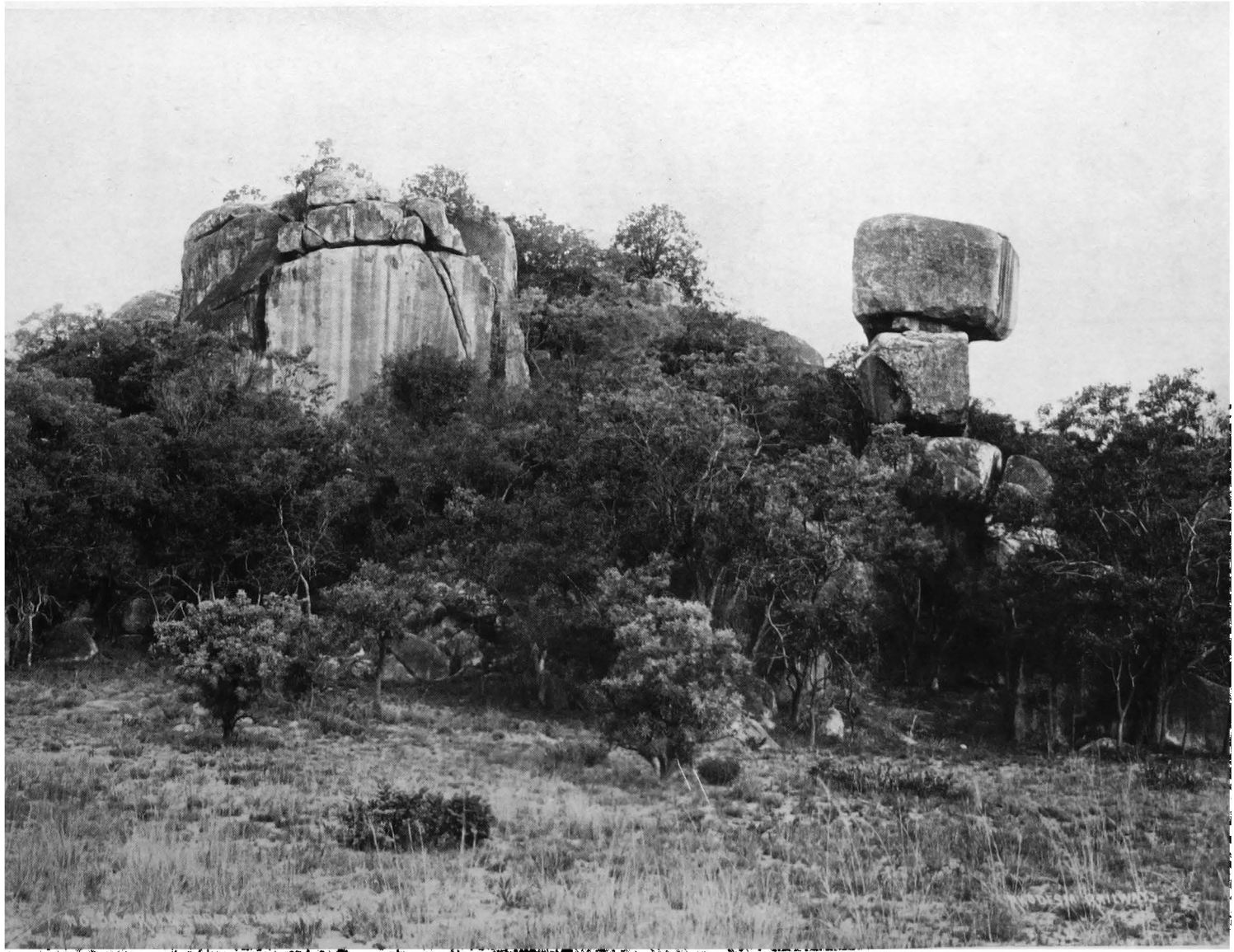
On and on we drove, along the way that Cecil Rhodes travelled when he went on his last trek. For this was a pilgrimage on which we had set forth—a pilgrimage to the rugged shrine in which lies all that was earthly of the Dreamer Devout.

It was not until I came to Rhodesia that I realized how deeply the country is imbued with his spirit, how true it is to all Rhodesians that 'living he was the land, and dead, his soul shall be her soul'.

It is so easy to get entangled with cause and effect. So difficult to say whether the fine wide outlook of Rhodesia is a heritage from the man who served her so well or whether he himself drew his inspiration from her wide spaces and cloudless skies. Which-



The grave of Cecil Rhodes  
(*Rhodesia Railways*)



In the Matopos. Grey Granite and Red Foliage  
(*Rhodesia Railways*)

## A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

ever it may be, for all time the spirit of Cecil Rhodes and of Rhodesia are inextricably blended. For miles we drove, until we came to the great tract of land which he set aside for the use of the people (as he set Groote Schuur on the slopes of Table Mountain), and where he had his farm. Suddenly, on the crest of a hill we paused and saw, lying below us, a great sheet of sapphire blue water. In any other land than South Africa it would bear a romantic name, but Rhodesia merely calls it the Matopos Dam.

Then we slid down into another valley, where was Rhodes's farm-house, now a Government Agricultural College. On a hillock is a little summer-house, all roof and uprights, and here the gun-carriage rested for the night on that last and sorrowful journey. A few miles farther on we came to the point where all cars stop at the foot of the hill, and the rest of the pilgrimage must be made on foot.

The great granite crags were splendid now, the mighty boulders gleaming like silver above our heads, their feet wrapped in wild forest trees, with the crimson plum and the scarlet mopani gleaming amongst them.

Here they had harnessed mules to the gun-carriage for the last steep mile of the way, but after a while the mules had to give place to oxen, as the slopes grew more sheer. In the track of the gun-carriage we followed—I and the friend who had been one of Dr. Jameson's men when he rode out from Pitsani and who had stood by the open grave of Cecil Rhodes. It is an unexpectedly lovely spot when you reach the summit, where on the granite surface lie the mighty boulders that look as though only the Titans could have placed them there. And between the boulders,

## A PILGRIMAGE FROM BULAWAYO

with the great hills around it, is the flat slab of granite with its plain inscription.

At its head stood a silent figure, a native guardian. When the white men who had buried Cecil Rhodes turned sorrowfully away, the crowd of natives standing a little way off sent forward a spokesman. Might they guard the tomb? Needless to say, their request was granted, and they guard it to this day, gravely and reverently.

A few steps away from his friend's resting-place lies Dr. Jameson. Still farther off is the memorial to Major Alan Wilson and his men, who fell at the Shangani River, gallantly fighting against the overwhelming numbers of Lobengula's troops on the 3rd of December 1893. It is a fine memorial by Mr. John Tweed—but I wish that it could have been placed in another setting. Lower down, among the scarlet and green of the trees, set on a wide expanse of green sward, it would have found surroundings more in keeping with its sophisticated beauty than is that rugged hill-top, where it is out of harmony with the noble severity of its surroundings.\*

This stern granite hill, rising above the lovely valley and looking out into the far blue distance, is in truth Rhodesia's Valhalla. It is a holy place, and none should approach it save with deep reverence for the mighty dust that lies beneath his feet and the mightier spirit that fills the land about him.

\* Since my visit to the Matopos I have met Mr. Tweed. He tells me that he too would like to see the Memorial in a more appropriate setting, and that Dr. Jameson shared his wish.

## VI. THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

FROM Bulawayo to the Victoria Falls the train runs for two hundred and eighty miles through the primeval forest. Primeval, but with a curious illusion of cultivation. Again and again the well-worn simile 'so like an English park' rises to the mind. Perhaps there is a better one, but so far no one has found it.

The trees were golden and amber, crimson and jade and dark red, flaunting their winter colours under a blazing sun. There was the splendid tree that looks like a prunus, deep ruby against the pale yellow of the acacias and the rose-red leaves of the Msasa. Rhodesia has many fine forest-trees, and some of them yield good timber for building and furniture. There is the native mahogany, *Afzelia cuanzensis*, called by the Makalanga the Mkampa. This wood, with that of the Rhodesian teak, has been used with good results in the panelling of the Union Buildings at Pretoria.

Some of the native names for the trees come with difficulty to the European tongue. There is Mkamamasama, the Gonioma; Kemeswana, the wild orange; Umshashanyama, the golden Cassia; and, worst of all, Mgqugqugqu, the Erythrina or Kafir Boom. Some of them, such as the Maroola, are fruit-bearing.

There was very little sign of man near the railway line. At Umgusa there were timber works, great piles of native wood cut into lengths that looked like railway sleepers, heaped up in railway trucks and waiting to be carried away. It seemed an ignoble destiny for the lovely lengths of shining red wood.



## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

Here and there we passed a group of huts or a small dry mealie patch, but for the most part this was an unirrigated district and empty. At Gwaai there were more native huts, a boy trying to sell a snake-skin, and a white inhabitant. The latter found an acquaintance in the train and was so entranced that he leapt on to the foot-board and was carried along, conversing volubly, until the bridge over the dried-up Gwaai River compelled him to drop off. Life must be a little monotonous at Gwaai, where the passing trains are the only points of contact with the rest of the world that is not native.

Then we passed a really picturesque kraal. So far the native huts had shown the deteriorating influence of contact with the arts of Europe, as distinguished from the tradition of the old builders. We had seen some that had round walls of corrugated iron, others of mud with loud-checked linoleum panels let into the sides. But these were charming—made entirely, walls and roof, of the long golden grass of the neighbourhood. In the structure of his huts, at least, the native has nothing to learn from the white man. A guardian of the huts, with six ostrich feathers jutting out of his head, stood leaning on a long stick and regarding us with the immobility of a bronze image.

Dinner intervened at this point—the very good dinner which the Rhodesian railways provide.

One of the pleasant features of travel in the middle of Africa is the friendly readiness of every one to tell you of their experiences, and on this Congo-bound train there were men and women who had seen life in the strange places of the earth. A charming Scotswoman was my companion at dinner. She came from two hundred miles beyond the Falls, from a place called Chitombo,



The Big Tree on the Zambezi (see p. 61)  
(*Rhodesia Railways*)



The Rainbow Falls  
*(Rhodesia Railways)*

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

close to the spot where Livingstone died. Her husband—who, by the way, is Livingstone's grandson—is a medical missionary, and, with a few other members of this Presbyterian mission she and her husband and little boy live there contentedly. The natives around them are the Awisa, and speak a dialect unlike that of any other Bantu tribe. Missionary life in these remote African places is not the perilous thing that it was fifty years ago, now that we are better able to keep the mosquito and the native in check, but it is difficult for the soul of the ordinary man or woman to grasp the sense of selflessness that must make its isolation bearable.

Everywhere on this journey and at the Falls I met people who had come hundreds of miles for a glimpse of civilization, from places with names like B'wana M'Kubwa, and Tshinsenda, and Bukana. The women looked like women anywhere—perhaps they had saved up their trousseaux for the jaunt—the men were hard-bitten and keen. Northern and Southern Rhodesia are producing a fine type of Englishman and Englishwoman, who meet difficulties with a cheerful optimism. They are, however, spared one of the troubles of settlers in other lands. Native servants are cheap and plentiful and very often good. Only the men go into domestic service in this part of Africa, and they can run a house as deftly as any neat-handed Phyllis. They make excellent cooks, but—like natives everywhere—they need the eye of the Inkosi-kaas upon them at times.

Long before dawn I was awakened by leaping flames in the sky. Wankie and its wonderful coal mine lay outside the railway station. This was once the land of the Barotse tribe, who knew nothing of the great wealth beneath their feet but spent their days

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

in fighting other tribes and in hunting game. The district contains giraffe, elephants, hippos, zebra, lions, sable and roan antelopes, koodoo and wildebeeste, and other buck. It is a great land for the hunter.

But it is for its coal that Wankie is most valued by Rhodesia. Only about a square mile has so far been worked, and the resources of the mine seem to be almost unlimited.

By day Wankie is a vast township, with good buildings, a hot but healthy place. By night it flares up, the sulphur in the coal burning in tones of orange and green and crimson as the flames leap out of the tall chimneys, while the long rows of coke-ovens glow fiercely in the darkness. It has a weird, unearthly beauty then, but daylight is less flattering.

Early that morning we saw the smoke of the Falls rising into the sky.

Three thousand years ago another woman made a long journey to see and hear the wonder of the world. And when she had seen and heard that which she had come to see and hear, she bowed her head in humility and said:

'I believed not the words until I came and mine eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me.'

It was in the spirit of the Queen of Sheba that I stood in the presence of the Falls and knew how inadequate was all that I had been told of them.

Stand at the end of the Eastern Cataract, beyond the bridge. The Falls are a mile and a quarter wide, and they pour over a long ledge of basalt into a crevasse four hundred feet below. The

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

water here is green—jade-tinted and translucent—with masses of whipped-up foam atop and great misty clouds of spray rising into the air like smoke. From the depths below emerges a rainbow, so vivid in its colour that it almost seems to be a solid thing, a magic bridge from the rushing water to the rocks and trees that overhang the ravine. It has a lesser brother of a rainbow behind it, fainter but lovely, as the spray breaks it up into a myriad glints of colour and builds it up again, destroying but to create anew.

A tiny island near the eastern end of the cataract carries a group of tall palms, and the water tears at it violently as though each moment it would dislodge its foundation and sweep island and palms into the abyss four hundred feet below. You can only see a portion of the Falls from here. The rest is swallowed up in spray, and to see the Main Falls you must face the Rain Forest and a thorough wetting—but never was a wetting better worth while. That, however, is not on this far side of the bridge.

Before crossing this wonderful bridge on the return journey turn aside from the path and climb down the steep kloof which leads into the Palm Grove. Here are great palms, wreathed with creepers across which climb monkeys. There are orchids here, and the exquisite *Gladiolus primulinus* known as the Maid of the Mist.

On the way back you pass over the graceful railway bridge, hanging apparently in mid-air, slender and delicate as Al Sirat. It is the highest railway-bridge in the world, suspended four hundred feet above the Boiling Pot, into which the united waters of the cataracts pour through a steep-sided gorge. The mist from the Falls washes the windows of the railway carriages when the water is high in the summer months. Cecil Rhodes, with his

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

gift for seeing the poetic in the practical, desired that this bridge should cross the chasm at this point—the ordinary man might more readily have looked for a drier spot, and half the romance of the bridge would have been lost.

As you stand on the bridge and look down into the basin in which the waters swirl sullenly round and round, moved by the force that has swept them through the narrow gorge, it seems almost incredible that such immense masses could be compressed into so limited a space. The depth must be tremendous. With one final swirl they make their way through another gorge, and then settle down placidly for their long and peaceful journey to the sea.

Stand at the western end of the long crack extending for a mile and a quarter from shore to shore, and only eighty feet wide in many places. It is a great fissure in the rock, into which the roaring waters plunge down four hundred feet.

Here is the Devil's Cataract—or the Leaping Waters, both names being given to the mighty torrent that rushes between the bank on which you stand and Cataract Island—it must be remembered that the Falls are not one unbroken breadth of water, but are divided here and there by islands which seem to hang precariously on the lip of the chasm. Smoothly gliding along for hundreds of miles, the blue Zambezi suddenly plunges over the edge of the abyss, churning itself to fury and dropping with a roar into the narrow ravine below. Other raging torrents make their way over and round the islands and are swallowed up in the clouds of misty spray which rise like smoke three hundred feet into the air.



## The Main Falls

*(Argus Co. photograph, lent by Rhodesia Railways)*





## The Boiling Pot

*(Rhodesia Railways)*

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

It is strange to see plants and trees growing on the very edge of the overwhelming masses of water. How did the seed find foothold, or the little saplings resist the raging flood which, after the rains, must engulf them? Even aloes, children of the dry lands and the desert sun, have found ledges to which they cling. The trees here are perennially green in the cloud of spray—no doubt they shed leaves in due season, but they do it unobtrusively.

Eternal motion. Eternal force. That is the spirit of the Falls. 'For ever—for ever—for ever' the waters chant, for from out of the mighty roar comes a song, splendid and majestic.

. . . . .

You must walk through the Rain Forest, and along the edge of the crevasse opposite to the cataracts if you would see the Main Falls, which divide Livingstone and Cataract Islands. At the western end the light breeze blew back the spray-mists, so that at first I walked dry through palms and other tall trees that were wreathed far overhead with the wild vine. Every here and there a path had been cleared through the tropical vegetation to the edge of the crevasse, from which one looked across the narrow width of the deep chasm to the noble sweep of water. First came the Devil's Cataract, which gains in beauty and terror by being seen from the opposite cliff and at close quarters. Then came the Main Falls, and again the breeze was kind and swept the mists aside.

Who can describe the indescribable? In the presence of perfect majesty, perfect loveliness, language sinks into humble silence.

'I believed not the words until I came and mine eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me.'

. . . . .

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

At this point, as I stood mutely gazing, three tourists from New Zealand came through the palms and made conversation. It was very fine, they said, but I *ought* to see the tree-ferns in their country. Then I was overtaken by a cheerful band of Boy Scouts, from somewhere in the south, who were singing at the top of their voices 'It ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo', when, as though the outraged deities of the waters resented the boast, the wind shifted and masses of spray fell heavily on our defenceless heads and into our shoes. In a moment I and the rash singers were drenched.

The patron saints of the Falls should be St. Crispin and St. Crispinian. A shoemaker would soon grow rich here, judging by the piles of battered shoes which the native who squats all day at the bedroom doors spends his time in cleaning. If you walk to the Eastern Cataract you come back with your shoes heavily coated with thick red sand. If you take your way through the Rain Forest you emerge with your feet still more heavily clogged with red mud, and for the rest of their lives your shoes carry the traces of mingled earth and Zambezi.

But what a wonderful experience has been yours. You have stood on the edge of the steep cliff facing the broad torrent of water that empties itself into the abyss four hundred feet below you. At one moment the 'Smoke that Thunders' has enveloped you, drenching you in its fine spray and shutting out everything but itself. Then, as a light puff of air carried it away for an instant, you saw the Falls in their splendid glory, pouring over the edge of the opposite cliff.

What would the Greeks have made of this wonder of the

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

world if they had known it? Would a new worship have grown round the rushing waters? It is strange to think that for the thousands of years that this earth has known civilization the secret of the Falls had been kept, and that no white man had seen these waters until David Livingstone stood by them in 1855. *Mosi-oa-tunya*—the Smoke that Thunders—was the name given the Falls by his natives, who were Makololos, but the people of the country used the name *Shongwe*—boiling water in a pot.

Day after day the sun shone in a cloudless sky. The spreeuws whistled and sang in the great native trees below the hotel stoep, and the go-away bird lurched from bough to bough. The cool air blew from the rushing waters, preventing the heat from becoming oppressive. One only knew that it was mid-winter at four in the morning, when a faint chill crept in at the open window.

On one of the most radiant of the days that were slipping relentlessly away we left the hotel in a trolley and slid down the slope to the edge of the Zambezi, pausing at last near a tall clump of palms that marks the landing-stage some little distance above the Falls.

Spread out before us was a wide expanse of aquamarine water, moving slowly to its great destiny a few hundred feet below. Little islands are scattered over the shining surface— islands covered with papyrus, others crowned with palms and yet others that might lie on the bosom of Windermere, so English does the rich growth look. Trees that might be elms or cedars of Lebanon rise above others that might be copper beeches, and the whole has an extraordinary air of neatness, as if it were the property of

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

well-to-do riverside owners, with armies of gardeners and comfortable villa-residences tucked away in the shade of the trees.

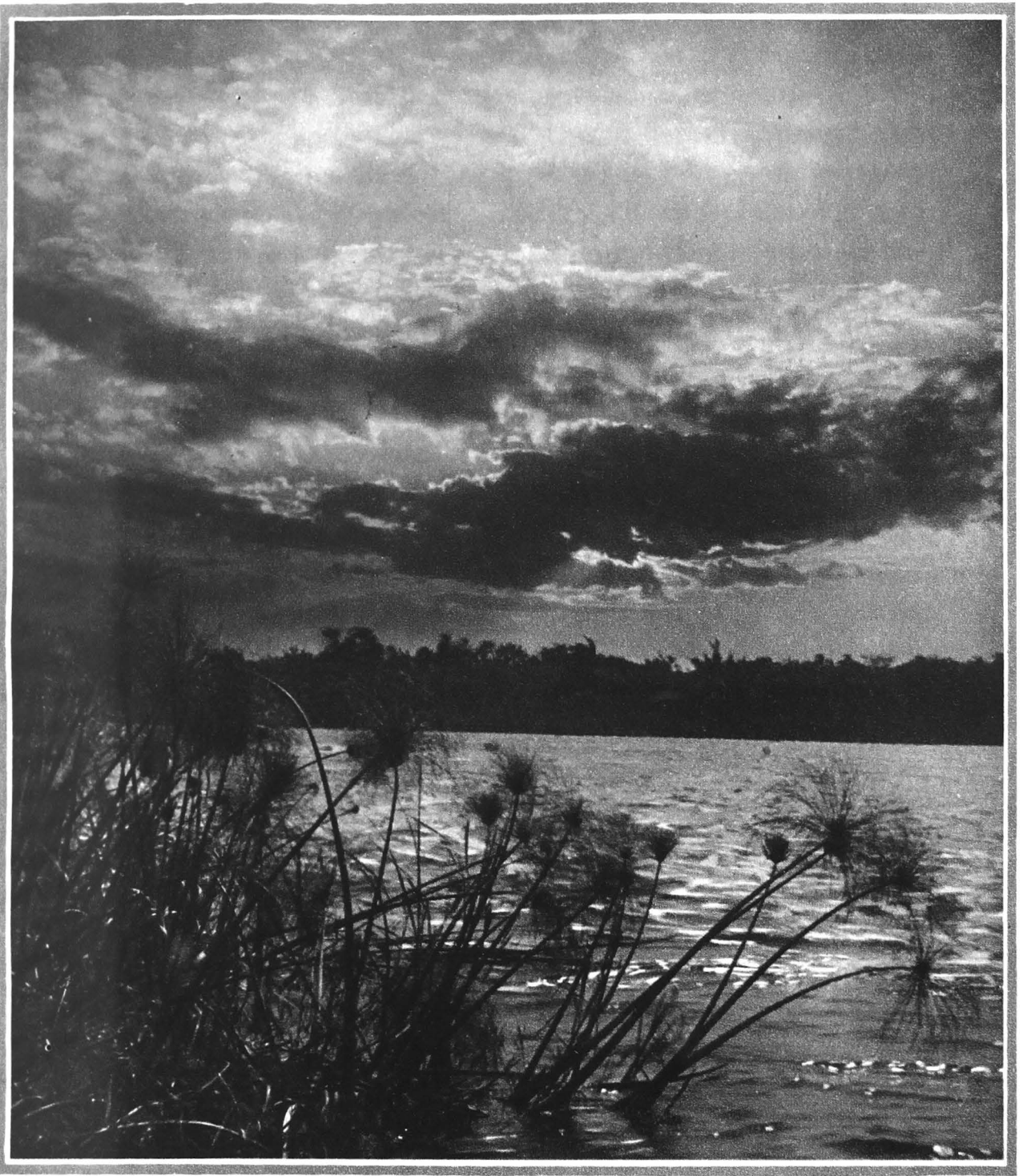
It is almost impossible to believe that you are in the heart of Africa, save for the blazing sun.

From the landing-stage you sail or steam for many miles between these lovely islands, still with the odd sensation that you are on some greatly magnified English lake or river, though under a sky of unchanging blue that is not English. But after a time the palms refuse to be ignored. They grow thicker and taller and closer, and a red-fruited tree appears and a great purple ipomaea tangles itself in the papyrus.

It is Africa—and one of the loveliest things that Africa can show you. Then the native boy at the tiller gives a piercing whistle and points at a harmless log of wood—no, at a crocodile. And more crocodiles are lying on the shore. And some one tells a story of the man who dangled his fingers in the water one day last week, and a crocodile caught his arm in its jaws. Then some one else mentions the hippo that got under a boat last year and upset it—this was a tragic tale and we all sat silent.

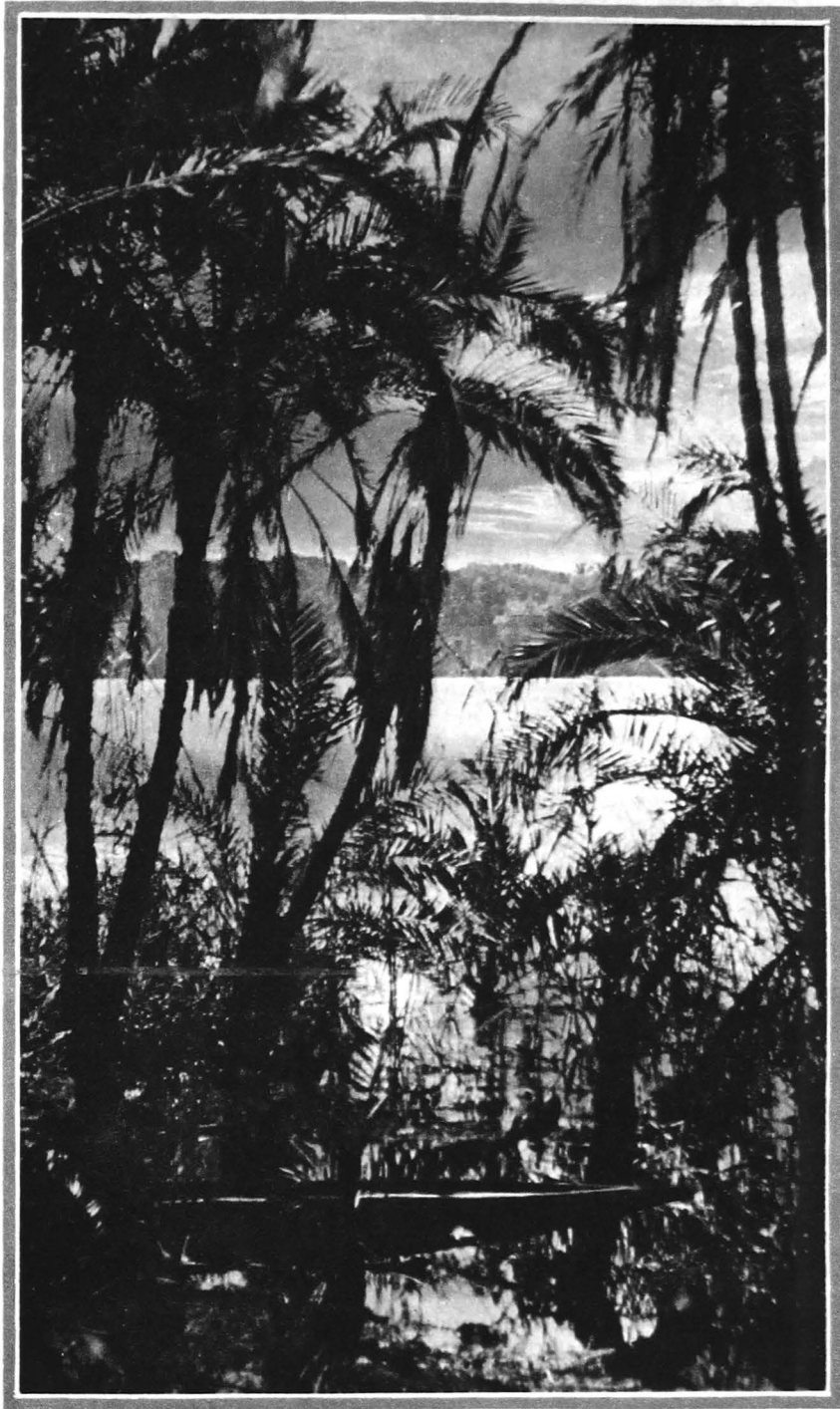
After that more lovely islands, with black and white kingfishers and herons flying out of them and a snake-bird wriggling his curious course from shore to shore. Then Candahar Island and tea in the shade of the palms. On all the islands there are wide tracks through the rich vegetation, made by the hippos on their way to and from the river.

On the return journey we saw from afar the spray of the Falls, with a glorious rainbow spanning the whole mile and a quarter of them, from the spot whence Livingstone saw them for the first time. He had discovered the Zambezi and followed its course



Papyrus on the Zambezi.

[*Lancelot Ussher*



Palms on the Zambezi.

[*Lancelot Ussher*

## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

until he came to the wonder of which the natives had told him. This is his description of the scene :

We came in sight for the first time of the columns of vapour, appropriately called 'smoke', rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and bending in the direction of the sound, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose arms would form the trunk of a large tree, beside groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted against the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean 'far from home', for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or landscape. The silvery mohonono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark colour of the mot-souri, whose cypress form is dotted over at present with its pleasant fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oaks, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts: but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England.

It had never been seen before by European eyes, but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight.

Some one read the words aloud, and, as we looked, the rainbow that we had seen spanning the Falls broke up in tall spouts of exquisite colour, darting three hundred feet high into the heavens and sinking again into nothingness, as the caprice of the breeze that swayed the clouds of mist dictated. And sometimes the mist hung copper-tinted above the cataracts, or pearly grey or delicate blue. Never for two consecutive moments is the loveliness of this lovely thing the same.



## THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

The village of Victoria Falls consists of a collection of rondavels. Two or three of these round huts, set in gardens and fenced round with bamboo, make very pleasant small dwellings. I saw one of these gardens made glorious by a lemon tree, hanging out giant fruits which looked like lanterns among the dark green leaves. A flamboyant stretched out sheltering arms above the huts, and bougainvillaea, Maréchal Niel roses and lantana grew together in a tangle of colour.

The native trees are magnificent here, and the air is always full of the sound of the birds that they shelter.

The natives are less magnificent—compared with the Zulu and Xosa. They are blacker, more bullet-headed, and much less intelligent. But it is not fair to classify them all as Zambezi boys, for many of them, with the wandering instinct of the African, come from other districts.

## VII. A RHODESIAN TOBACCO PLANTATION

AFRICA is a land in which friendships stretch out over wide spaces, with personal contact at long intervals, but losing nothing in warmth for the rarity of meeting. At Bulawayo, on my return from the Falls I went again to my friends the Jesser Coopes and spent a few more days in their charming house.

It is only thirty-seven years since the first English pioneers came into this part of wild Africa, then a savage country under a fierce king. To-day it is a settled and thriving land, full of pleasant English homes and gardens. Here the scarlet poinsettias were a glowing hedge, the blue plumbago defied the drought and the golden *Tecoma stans* was a mass of blossom. The *duranta* hung out clusters of yellow berries, and from the tall pepper-trees dangled trails of scarlet seeds. In spring and summer it must be a garden of delight.

Major Jessor Coope has interests in a tobacco plantation some miles away, a new venture which has been developed during the past year under his guidance. Over good roads we motored out to see this estate, Dovenby, on one of the unfailingly glorious mornings. The land through which we passed was dry, for there had been no rain for months, but the flaming glory of the trees cast a burnished splendour over the landscape. There was a tree like a large *Prunus Pissardi*, with deep red leaves. Another had foliage shading from pink to crimson—the *M'sasa* is its native name; another was a gleam of silver, and yet another might have been an English elm. They all seemed to flourish in the drought.

## A RHODESIAN TOBACCO PLANTATION

No doubt untold centuries of dry winters have rendered them immune.

On the horizon lay a small hill—Thabas Indunas, where M'Zilikazi had one of his royal kraals.

After a while we passed a great plantation of Turkish tobacco, still lightly green. Then we swerved down a sand road and in to the Dovenby estates. A year ago this was a group of detached farms. Now it is a fine tobacco plantation, with drying sheds and machinery, and the crop from three hundred acres of Virginian tobacco was being dried and graded and baled for the coming sale in Bulawayo.

It is a fine achievement, for the bricks for the sheds had to be made on the land by inexperienced natives, the houses had to be built against time by men who had never built before. But somehow, with that driving power and grit that Rhodesia puts into her work, it all got done, and we were shown tobacco in the final stage before baling, at which my host looked with pardonable pride.

On another part of the estate we saw an even finer crop being graded. The leaves which when green were as long as a man's arm were still of a mighty size when dry and of a fine golden colour. Dovenby prides itself on the brightness of its tobacco, and no leaves are admitted for baling which do not come up to the required standard of colour. This tobacco culture is a matter which needs unflagging care; the wise grower does not slacken for one moment between August, when the seed is sown, to July in the following year, when the bales of dried leaves are sold in the market.

We saw the late green leaves being dried in bunches, to let the sap die down naturally. We saw the dried wisps that they had



Natives planting tobacco  
(Lent by British South Africa Company)



A citrus nursery  
*(Lent by British South Africa Company)*

## A RHODESIAN TOBACCO PLANTATION

become being steamed and expanding into leaves again, but golden this time. Finally, we saw them being graded and baled, and at every stage every man, white or native, was tensely absorbed in his own particular job.

Outside the sheds, another group of natives was making bricks for the further development of the industry, working with curious neatness, in the shade of an overhanging wild orange tree.

From the plantations we drove to the manor house of Dovenby, a low bungalow with two gables and a wide stoep, with a purple bougainvillaea climbing up the pillars. The owner was away, but we were received with polished courtesy by a son of the land, known to European tongues as Fifteen, the garden boy. When he proudly described himself as a Makalanga, a Son of the Sun, and pointed with a slender forefinger to the sky, I felt that his English godparents might have done better by him.

There is a bore-hole near the house, and within the radius of its benevolent activities Fifteen grows vegetables of a green that look almost arsenical in the surrounding golden sand. He is also a mine of information on native lore. When I asked the name of some fine trees which grew in a group near the house, he said:

‘Cheta muzi, and that means the Breaker of Homes.’ But of course he said it in Makalanga, which had to be translated.

‘Why?’ I asked.

‘Long and long ago,’ said Fifteen, ‘before M’Zilikazi came into the land we had a king of our own called Mamba. And he made a law that no one should carry the wood of that tree into his hut to burn it. And we keep the law of Mamba to this day.’

‘But why?’ I asked again.

Here Fifteen began to talk vaguely of the smoke from the wood

## A RHODESIAN TOBACCO PLANTATION

getting into the children's eyes and making them quarrel, because it burned badly, but I felt that all that was on the surface. In his heart was a dread of something devilish that might overtake him, did he defy the law of Mamba. His father, he told us, was killed fighting against the English at the Shangani—and here was he, contentedly growing carrots and lettuces for the new masters of the land.

The natives of Rhodesia are a courteous folk. Everywhere we were saluted with a punctilio that could not have been exceeded at the court of the *Grand Monarque*. That is, by the men. The women, walking erect with heavily filled woven baskets or three-legged pots on their heads, had the grace of the duchesses of tradition, and they merely looked at us with ox-eyed tranquillity.

The Children of the Sun still hold to their totems. It is usually a bird or beast, from which they are descended and which may not be eaten by them. Sometimes it is a crocodile, and its descendants are not so easily led into temptation as are the children of the succulent antelope.

We drove home through the burning bush, more fiercely crimson-scarlet than ever under the evening sun. The light flamed through the trees. Steenbok and duikers hurried across the road and dived silently into the forest. Guinea-fowl flew alongside the car, and partridges ran foolishly ahead of us, while in the trees the black and white hornbill and the grey go-away bird rested undisturbed by our passing. They knew us for friends. There are sable antelope in these forests also, and at evening, so Fifteen had told us, they come down to drink at the pools which were all that the drought had left of the river.

## A RHODESIAN TOBACCO PLANTATION

Rhodesia is the home of many birds. I made the acquaintance of the following:

The yellow Bishop Bird, *Pyromelana xanthromelana*, which builds a hanging nest in the rough grass.

The Lesser Glossy Starling, *Lamprocolius bispecularis*; there were many of these at the Victoria Falls.

The Red-winged Starling, *Amydra morio*.

Andersson's Oriole, a fine yellow bird.

The black and crimson Shrike, *Laniarius atrococcineus*.

The Go-away Bird, *Schizorhys concolor*; a bird with a filmy grey crest, grey feathers, and a harsh voice.

The Purple Roller, *Coracias mossambicus*; with blue, green, and purple plumage, and his magnificent cousins the Cinnamon Roller and M'Zilikazi's Roller.

Then there were the Grenadine Waxbills, the Paradise Widow Bird, the lovely Weaver Birds in great variety, the Pied Kingfisher, the Mousebirds, the Green Pigeons, and many more.

As is usual in most lands, it was difficult to get their names from the residents, and I am indebted to the kindness and patience of Dr. Arnold of the Bulawayo Museum.

On another day we drove to the Khami ruins, about fourteen miles from Bulawayo. As with Great Zimbabwe, the origin of Khami is unknown to us, but it is thought that the ruins are part of a long series of forts and storage-houses for grain. Most of the ruins are on kopjes which command the surrounding country, and only a portion of them have been explored.

We climbed up a steep place to Precipice Ruin, overlooking the Khami River. Here is a wall two hundred feet in length,



## A RHODESIAN TOBACCO PLANTATION

built in two tiers and twenty-seven feet in height. It is decorated with a check pattern in stone, and the stones of which it is built are neatly squared. As I looked at them I thought of the 'stone-squarers' mentioned amongst the builders of King Solomon's Temple.

No one claims an Asiatic origin for Khami. It is thought that it was built by a Bantu race who had seen Great Zimbabwe and followed its methods, as far as they were able to do so. The work is not as good, but the squared stones are there, and it must have been a very redoubtable series of forts and dwellings in its prime. One would like to think that that prime was the date which has been assigned to it—prior to A. D. 915—and that while Alfred's grandson was welding England into a solid nation the builders of Khami were squaring their stones and raising their walls. But, if the Maciver theory is correct, Great Zimbabwe itself was not built earlier than A. D. 1400, and this would imply that Khami is later.

However this may be, we can see that it was a finely planned fortress; occupying an important strategic point, and probably it played a prominent part in the history of the country when M'Zilikazi and his fierce impis burst into the land of the Children of the Sun.

There are still virgin fields for the archaeologist in Rhodesia. But it is Rhodesia of to-day, with its mealie-fields and coal-mines and tobacco-plantations, upon which much of the hope of the British Empire in southern Africa is stayed.

Perhaps the most important farm lands of Southern Rhodesia lie near Salisbury, the capital of the country. Here the effects of the drought were less apparent than in other districts, and the



## Khami Ruins

*(Basch & Co. Lent by Rhodesia Railways)*



Mazoe Dam

*(Lent by British South Africa Company)*

## A RHODESIAN TOBACCO PLANTATION

farms appeared to be thriving, while at Salisbury all the amenities of a new civilization are to be found—a pleasant Government House, a race-course where the Mashona Turf Club holds meetings, a golf-course, polo and cricket and lawn-tennis clubs. There are fine public gardens, and the gardens of private houses are often lovely places in which flowers come to great perfection.

It is difficult to believe that magic has not been at work, when you look on a spacious town, filled with comfortable houses and set amongst flourishing farm-lands, where twenty-six years ago was nothing but the huts of the raw Mashona and a few patches of Kafir corn.

A great work has been done for Rhodesia in the building of the Mazoe Dam, and the development of citrus plantations in its neighbourhood by the British South Africa Company.

The Mazoe Dam is situated at the head of the Mazoe Valley, impounding the waters of the Mazoe and Dessura Rivers and some small streams which drain a catchment area of about 136 square miles above the narrow gorge in the Iron Mask Mountains, where the dam wall has been placed.

Construction was commenced in November 1918 and completed in February 1920. The wall is of the type known as an arched dam and is 539 feet long (including spillways), 100 feet high and 33 feet wide at the base, narrowing to 10 feet wide at the top.

The whole of the construction material used was of Rhodesian origin and included 25,000 tons of crushed granite, 13,000 tons of sand, and 6,000 tons of cement.

The dam was designed to irrigate about 6,000 acres, the reservoir, when full, holding approximately 5,000,000,000 (five thou-

### A RHODESIAN TOBACCO PLANTATION

sand million) gallons. The submerged area is  $4\frac{1}{4}$  miles in length and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles in width and the water is 95 feet deep at its deepest part.

The life-blood of Africa is water. Given water, there is nothing that cannot be grown magnificently in some area or another, according to its requirements.

## VIII. JOHANNESBURG

TWO nights in the train, and a long day spent in looking at Bechuanaland again from the carriage windows, lie between the Victoria Falls and Johannesburg. We arrived at dawn, and I drove through the early-morning streets to other friends, the Patrick Duncans, who live in the house built by Sir Herbert Baker for himself, perched on a ledge overlooking pleasant houses and charming gardens.

The town of Johannesburg is a wonderful achievement.

Think of a bare expanse of rolling veld, broken by a line of inconsiderable hills with valleys between them, and here and there the primitive homestead of a Boer farmer. It is curious to notice how, as the Dutch burgher of the Cape developed into the Boer, he lost his sense of beauty—even a plain farm wall had been built with gracious lines and curves by the early settlers at the Cape. In these new lands men were naturally merely concerned with getting a roof over their heads and protection for their cattle that roamed over the veld. But there was clearly no instinctive feeling for line and curve, and this suggests the possibility that at the Cape the old houses owe more of their loveliness to the eastern slaves, who were the actual builders, than we have supposed.

But we must take our thoughts back to the bare and treeless veld, and to the men and women who had braved dangers from wandering hordes of natives, from the malaria which no one understood, and from wild beasts, before they founded the little

## JOHANNESBURG

town of Pretoria and spread themselves out on farms in the Witwatersrand district.

They were a reserved and silent folk, without much education or the lighter graces of life. Stern Calvinists, with a narrow religious outlook. Farming after prehistoric methods, where they farmed at all, but able to shoot straight and ride well. Uncouth in many of their ways they had become, in others dignified, with the dignity that comes to a man who lives a silent life in wide and bare spaces. Speaking the somewhat illiterate Dutch (with native and other words thrown in) that was in common use in South Africa, and unable to speak or read any other tongue, even if there had been anything to read, with the exception of their bibles and psalm-books. Ignorant wholly of the world outside their farms and little dorps. Suspicious of the stranger, but overflowing with kindly hospitality towards him.

Such was the Rand and such its people forty years ago.

Johannesburg owes its existence to the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand in 1886. The site of the city was marked out a few months later by the Boer Government, and both the town and the mining-industry grew apace.

It is not necessary to elaborate its history here. All the world knows how the new gold-fields drew people from the ends of the earth, and especially from England. How, after a time, these people desired to have political rights in the land in which they had settled, and where they were paying the bulk of the taxes, and how this claim was refused by the Boer president, Paul Kruger.

Then came the formation of the Reform Committee, with the



The Terrace at Northwards, Johannesburg  
*(Photograph by Alan Yates, lent by the architect, Sir Herbert Baker)*





From the Terrace, Northwards  
*(Alan Yates, lent by the architect, Sir Herbert Baker)*

## JOHANNESBURG

object of achieving political rights, followed by the Jameson Raid and all the complications that arose out of it. Finally, when the grievances of the new settlers came to a head, and the President refused their request and sent an ultimatum to Great Britain regarding the disposition of her troops, war broke out between England and the Transvaal in October 1899. After three years' fighting all over the land peace was declared, and the government of the Transvaal and Orange Free State passed into British hands.

Since those days it has thriven and prospered, as if by magic. Fine buildings have sprung up on every side, beautiful houses were built, many of them by Sir Herbert Baker, and gardens have grown up around them. Trees were planted and the bare veld was clothed with beauty.

Probably there is no other town in the world that can match this wonderful achievement of forty years.

In keeping with the town is the spirit of its people. There is a sense of energetic youth in the air, of youth that is ready for any adventure. There is also much kindness and great efficiency. The houses are admirably run by native servants—the little housewives of Natal and the Rand did a great work when each woman taught a raw native how to cook or scrub and so laid the foundation of a great army of trained or trainable servants throughout South Africa.

And the mines continue to prosper and to pour out gold for the whole world. Sometimes a mine is worked out, but so far others have always taken its place. The total output of gold up to 1924 was £800,000,000, and 1925 was a record year.

Through the kindness of Mr. John Martin of the Corner House (the Central Mining, Finance, and Investment Corpora-

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tion) I spent one morning on the New Modderfontein Mine. We drove for miles through the seemingly endless suburbs of the city, through Germiston, through Boksburg and Benoni, with their sorrowful memories of the Great Strike, and reached the mine at 9 a.m. Johannesburg keeps early hours.

We were received by the manager as cordially as if we were not intruders taking up the time of a busy man, and put into capable hands for guidance.

All the way out, as we passed mine after mine, I had found a charm in the dumps, seen in the early morning light. They are formed from the refuse of the crushing, after the gold has been extracted. It is piled up into small mountains, and the cyanide in the refuse prevents vegetation from growing on the smooth white sides. They look like miniature Alps in the tempered light, but the full light of day is not so kindly to them—in it they take on the air of stage scenery set out of doors, and slightly shabby.

Along the tops of the dumps were running the busy little cars that carry away the refuse—the skips, which add daily to the size of the dumps. They looked like animated toys against the skyline, and the head-gear in their vicinity had a grim, gaunt beauty of its own.

We were taken to the head of a shaft and watched the operations of the skips close at hand, as they ran about on a small circular railway. A full skip would be hauled up to the mouth of the shaft. Giving it a moment to settle down on the rails, the empty skip behind it would run forward down a little slope, but the full one vigorously away down another slope, like a cheerful young calf at play, and then sink abruptly to take its place two thousand feet below. When full, it would be hauled to the

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surface and butted away in its turn. Meanwhile the other skip would run on until it came to a place where it was gripped by giant hands, turned upside down to release its cargo of rock, and set on the rails again, now to pursue its career as an empty skip.

‘Let us follow the fortunes of the rock,’ said our guide.

He showed us how this was carried by machinery into an adjacent building, where the non-auriferous bits of rock were quickly picked out and thrown aside by natives. The remainder was run off on a sort of sliding stairs, to be crushed into liquid mud by the mighty stamps that were roaring away close at hand.

This mud is in its turn run over wide slopes lined with corduroy plates. The heaviest particles of gold sink to the bottom and are caught in the corrugations. But much gold still remains, though invisible, and the liquid—which by this time looks like water—is poured into tanks lined with zinc shavings. A slight electric action is set up, which attracts most of the gold that remains, though not all. The final extraction is made by means of cyanide, and by this time all but three per cent. of the gold has been taken out. It would cost too much to get that last fraction, but the man who finds out how to extract it without undue expenditure will make eightpence on every ton of rock—and over fourteen million tons are at present milled every year on this mine. When its new shaft is working the amount will be doubled.

The rough gold is taken to the refinery, smelted and run into bricks and sent to the mints of the world.

We went on to the Power House, where we saw the powerful machines that direct the hauling up and lowering of the skips. The man in charge sits up aloft in a crow’s-nest and directs

## JOHANNESBURG

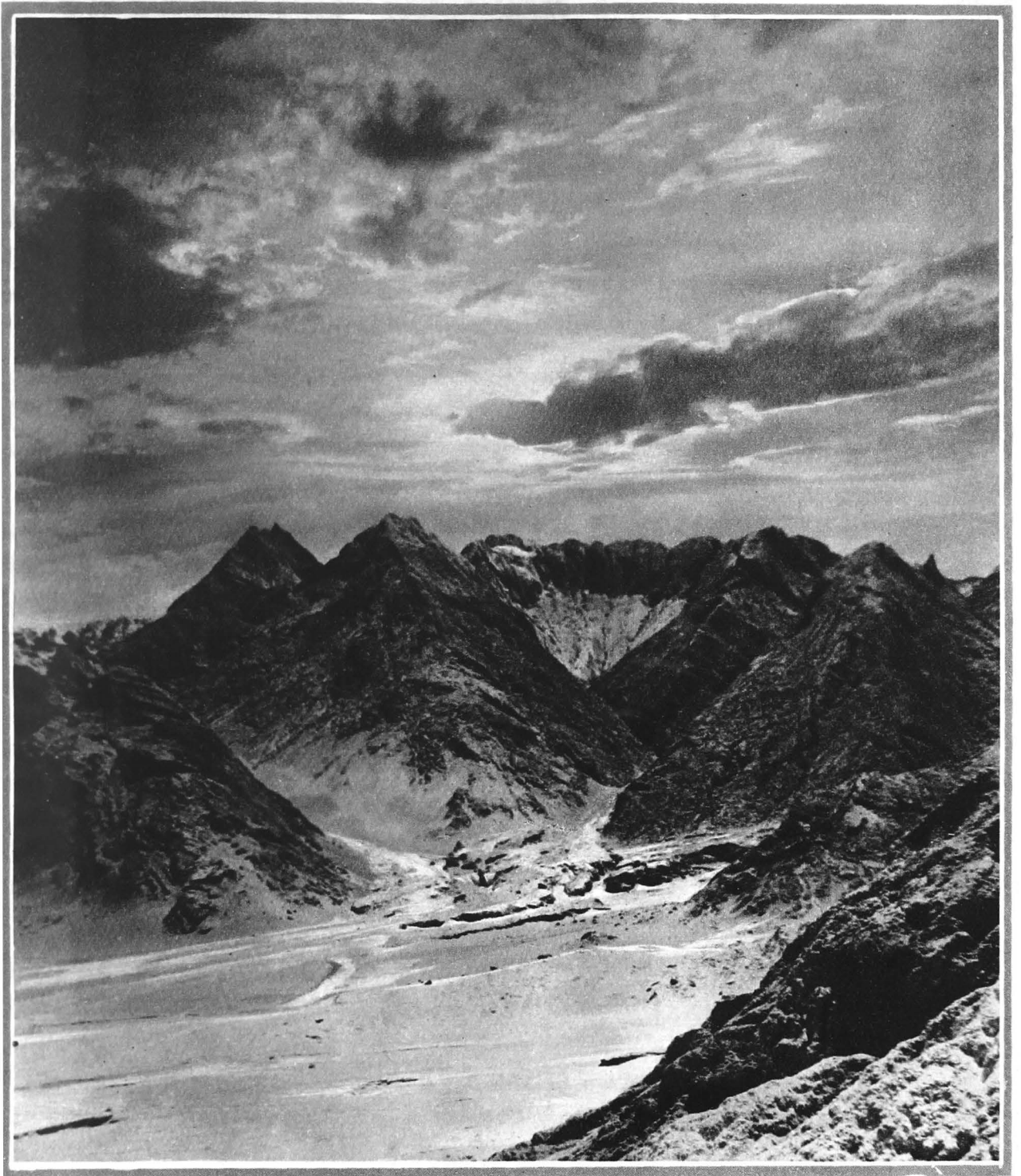
operations—he can hardly move an eyelash during that time, so vigilant must be the watch. We saw the tremendous rope of steel wind and unwind, the dial indicating to the controller the position of the skips as they ascended and descended. He seemed infallible—but, because humanity is liable to error or to accident, all risks are provided against by a system of safety automatic control.

We saw many other things which left us speechless in the presence of man's mastery over inanimate matter. But inanimate matter sometimes gets the upper hand, and there are occasionally landfalls in the mines, which shake Johannesburg. These are now being guarded against by packing the stone débris back into passages which have been abandoned.

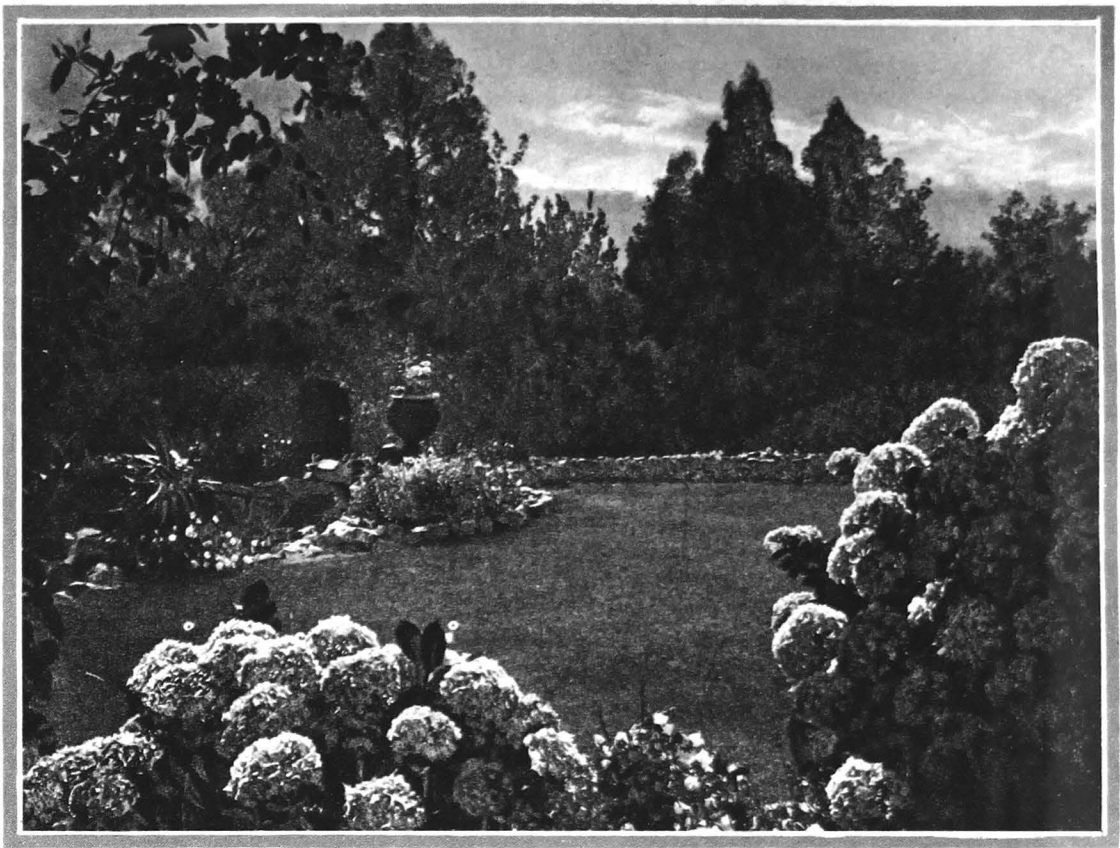
On this occasion we did not go below the surface, but I had been down the Village Deep, more than six thousand feet, and had found myself standing on the level of Cape Town. So it was easy to picture the thousands of workers beneath us, and the strange, uncanny life that pulsates far below, at the head-quarters of the world's river of gold.

There are about 900 white men on this mine and 7,000 natives. The pay of the white miners averages a pound a day, but they can make considerably more with contract work. The houses provided for them are comfortable and cheap, those with three rooms and a kitchen only costing three pounds a month, while some of the officials live in larger houses, with lawns and gardens, at a rental of five pounds—and all tax-free, with light and water thrown in.

There are tennis-courts and sports grounds and a fine Recreation Hall and library.



Mine dumps covered with sand. [*Lancelot Ussher*



A garden in Parktown. [*Lancelot Ussher*]

## JOHANNESBURG

'Is there no snag?' I asked our guide. 'It seems an earthly Paradise for miners.'

He mentioned some of the snags which are to be found in the life of every miner, the most formidable being miners' phthisis, though that, he added, was being got under control. And then he looked at the dumps, serene and snowy against the blue sky.

'Sometimes there's dust from the dumps,' he said. 'But only in spring, when the wind blows from that quarter.'

They looked innocent of all offence, but I had been told that on those dire windy days the white surface rises in solid masses, looking like the sails of some ancient galley. Then the masses disintegrate and drift in at doors and windows, making life a very uncomfortable thing. But this is only at times, and it is an affliction shared by other mines, and not the peculiar lot of the New Modderfontein.

A friend of mine who lives on an older mine, tells of one of the experiences that break the monotony of life. A number of guests were in her house one afternoon, when one of the native house-boys came to her with a startled face.

'Missis,' he said 'the garden is killed.'

She took no notice at the time, but when her guests had gone he came to her again, and again said that the garden was killed, and Missis must come look.

She went with him, round a little hedge which shaded the house—and behold, there was no garden. Lawns, borders, and sheltering trees, all the lovely little garden that she had created out of a dust-heap, had fallen into the mine four hundred feet below, and she and the scared and trembling boy peered over the edge into the black chasm.



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'You need never be dull in Johannesburg,' she added philosophically.

But suppose the guests had been on the lawn instead of in the house?

The natives who work on the New Modderfontein mine are well housed in a location.

Here we touch the fringe of South Africa's greatest problem—the native. When you see him massed in thousands you are suddenly overwhelmed by the vital nature of the question and its pressing urgency.

We can no longer regard him as so much 'raw labour' material. He is growing daily in numbers. He is in many instances drinking in education. He is no longer the little brother, but is fast becoming a man.

What is his future—and ours?

We have broken down the tribal system that once controlled him. He is no longer allowed to make war where and when he pleases, so his numbers are not diminished by the assegai and knobkerrie, and at present we have no definite policy concerning what we shall offer him in the place of lawless liberty.

So far, Native Reserves, and Territories such as Pondoland and Basutoland, have been successful in meeting part of the difficulty. In these places the native has his own land, which his women cultivate while he goes to the mines or into private service, returning from time to time to the joys of domesticity. But the native is increasing in numbers in great disproportion to the white man. How shall we hold the scales of justice so that right is done to both?

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Panic legislation is worse than useless. The obliteration of the colour-line is unthinkable. Only a pure race is a strong race, whether European or Bantu, and if the white man is to rule South Africa he cannot afford to let himself be drawn under the 'rising tide of colour.' But if the native is to be dealt with justly he must be allowed a place in the world.

Sooner or later a solution must be found to a problem that sometimes seems insoluble.

Johannesburg has one treasure-house which has nothing to do with her mines or gold.

Some years ago an inspiration moved a woman who lived there. The wonderful new city had power, it had money, it had energy, it had everything that seemed necessary to success in life. But there was something lacking. Older cities have their ancient churches, their historic buildings, and their galleries of pictures, in which the soul may retire for a space from the crowded streets and the money-making and the stir and bustle of the world.

But Johannesburg had nothing of this. She was new, she was raw, and she was very, very busy. Probably she would have been surprised if any one had told her that beautiful pictures and statues and fine old lace and embroideries would be good for her soul. She might even have been amused.

But Lady Phillips knew that although Johannesburg might not have been conscious that she missed the side of life which, for lack of a better word, is sometimes called art, she needed it if she were ever going to develop from a busy mart into a great city. So this one woman devoted herself to the task of building

## JOHANNESBURG

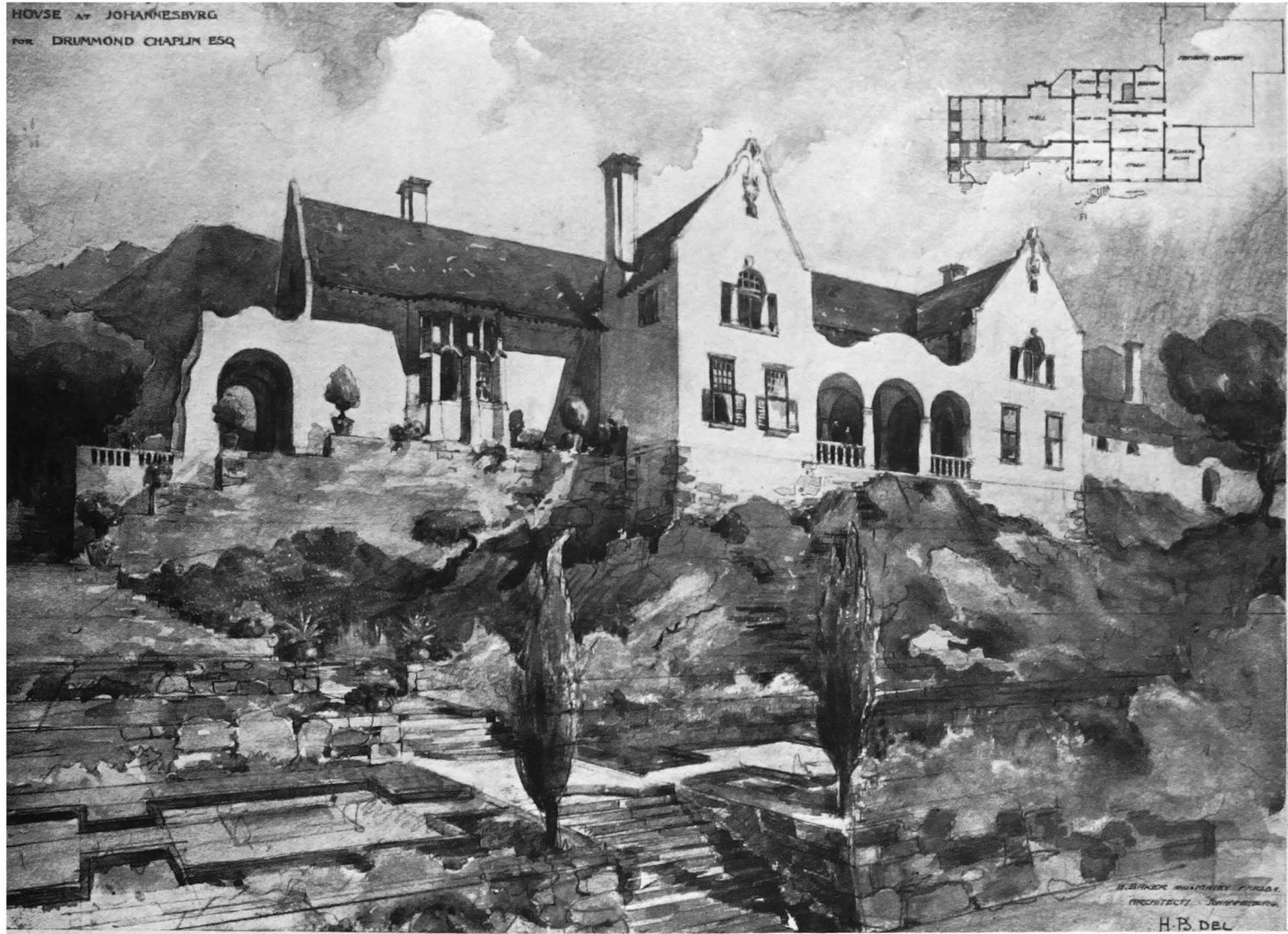
up a picture-gallery with good pictures and statues by modern artists, and she succeeded. Under her inspiration money came in, pictures were bought or given, the building was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and to-day Johannesburg has a gallery of which any European city might be proud. It has been a great achievement, and not for the good of Johannesburg alone but of all South Africa.

Nowhere else in the sub-continent can you look upon the wonders of Rodin's chisel.

It was a wonderful sense of vision that saw what Johannesburg needed—and got it for her. Another example of Lady Phillips's work has not survived the changes and chances of life—though it has served to point the way to others.

When the beautiful house of Arcadia was built for Sir Lionel Phillips by Sir Herbert Baker no one foresaw the day when it would become an orphanage. The garden, as she made it, was a place of delight, with its smooth turf and clipped hedges, its pergolas covered with bougainvillaea, its herb-garden and its glowing masses of roses and fragrant heliotrope. Orphans are not good gardeners, it would seem, and much of the glory has departed. But its inspiration lingers, and other gardeners, seeing what it was possible to achieve, have made of their gardens lovely places.

Johannesburg has been fortunate too in having many of the gardens planned by Sir Herbert Baker at the time that the houses were built, so that pergola and terraces are all part of one harmonious whole. It also possesses a fine supply of stone which splits easily for steps and paved walks. It must, however, be owned that as a substructure to a shallow layer of garden soil it calls for dynamite before much planting can be done. You cannot



House built for Sir Drummond Chaplin by Sir Herbert Baker



At Roedean School

*(Alan Yates, lent by the architect, Sir Herbert Baker)*

## JOHANNESBURG

simply dig a hole in the earth and plant your tree—you must see that its roots are given room to grow.

It makes the laying out of many gardens a costly business, but they have responded gratefully to the care which has been lavished on them. That of Lady Dalrymple, surrounding a very fine Baker house, revealed itself to me in a splendid glow of scarlet aloes, with winter stocks and great purple violets and bougainvillaea rampant. After the first rains the garden is even lovelier, for the jacarandas come out in a glow of purple and the roses are glorious.

Johannesburg has a new university, set on a hill, and a fine school of medical research. Its cathedral, now in the building, was designed by Sir Herbert Baker. His house at Parktown commands a wide view. At sunset the distant Magaliesberg mountains are rich indigo blue against a sheet of gold. In the valley below the house linger soft shadows, violet and cinnamon and grey. Other houses across the valley break out in lighted windows, and the trees in their pleasant gardens turn from green to black as the sunset slowly dies.

Sir Herbert Baker traces the inspiration of his work to Cecil Rhodes, in the first instance. Then to Lord Milner and his young men from Oxford, who, with many South Africans, following the example of Rhodes, began a period of house-building after the Boer War, in the new colonies. And, lastly, to General Botha and General Smuts, when they decreed that the administration should be housed in the noble Union Buildings.

## IX. THE PRETORIA ROAD

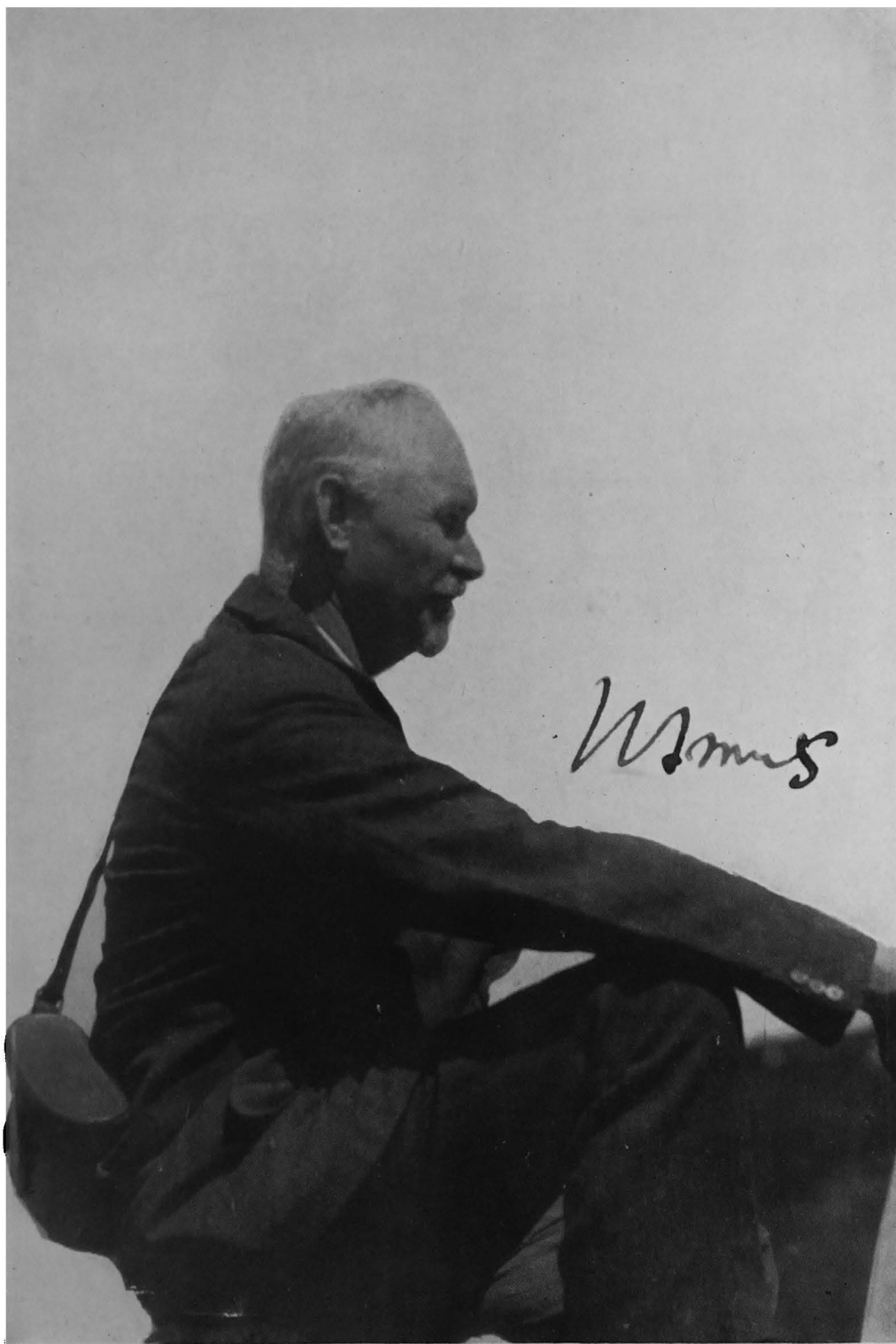
IT was a pearly morning in the wonderful mild winter at which all the Transvaal was looking amazed. The air was warm and pleasant. The days were radiant, and though the weather-wise shook their heads and prophecied snow and frost the sun continued to shine in a kindly atmosphere.

Along the Pretoria road we drove, the road that stretches for many miles down an avenue of eucalyptus and mimosas of the kind grown on the Riviera, powdered in many places with gold. 'Too early,' sighed the weather-prophets mournfully, 'and all the peaches will be spoilt.' For the orchards also were deluded into thinking that this was September, and there was a pink flush of blossom two months before any blossom was due. Nature was taking a big risk.

The country was pale gold, and in the distance lay lengths of opal hills, touched with a delicate mist.

It takes some time before the eye which is trained to the rich green of England or of a Cape winter comes into harmony with the wide expanses of yellow and brown and ochre which meet it everywhere in a northern South African July. At first the scenery gives an impression of aridity, almost of desolation. Then, little by little, you forget the green fields which you have left behind, and you begin to see great beauty in the pale yellow north under its cobalt sky.

First of all you realize that this colour does not mean the death of the vegetation, but only its winter sleep. That somewhere in



General Smuts





General Smuts and his crane

*(Dorothea Fairbridge)*

## THE PRETORIA ROAD

the ground are roots and bulbs and seeds which will spring up with the first rains of summer, when the land will be as green as an emerald.

Then you begin to see grades and variations in the yellows, especially at sunset, when tints that are almost rose and pink topaz creep into the long grass. The soil seems to turn red and the brown flowering grasses wave above the pale gold veld. The creamy-gold mealie-stubble is heaped in the fields—the oxen love it and it will feed them for some months to come. And over all stretches the eternally blue sky.

Such green as there is, sprouting barley and lucerne in irrigated valleys, begins to look almost unnatural.

At a finger-post marked 'Irene' we turned off the Pretoria road, for we were on our way to spend a morning with General and Mrs. Smuts at their farm of Doornkloof. We drove past the golf-links and Country Club of Irene to the farm, where we found our friends on the stoep.

The homestead of Doornkloof is a pleasant house with large rooms. It has had a varied experience of life, for during the Boer War it was the Officers' Mess of the British cantonment at Middelburg. After the peace it was bought by General Smuts, removed piece-meal and set up again in this tranquil spot, to be the shelter of a happy family life, and of warm hospitality.

At the foot of the steps stands a grey cannon—presented to the General at the conclusion of peace twenty-six years ago.

'They could not shoot me with it, so they gave it to me,' he said, with the twinkle in his eyes which so often lights up his keen face.

## THE PRETORIA ROAD

We sat round the fire in the old mess-room, drinking coffee, for there was a nip in the brilliant morning sunshine. And we talked—or more willingly listened. For this remarkable man is full of knowledge on many subjects apart from politics and philosophy. Then we went outside again, and he showed us his fine trees of the native Camdeboo Stinkwood—*Celtis rhamnifolia*—somewhat like an English elm. What General Smuts does not know about the trees and flowers of South Africa is not knowledge. He keeps a small part of the farm clear for the study of native grasses. So far he has identified a hundred and fifty varieties on this patch alone—and all England has only two hundred.

To the unconsidering this may not appear a very profitable subject for the few leisure moments of a busy man, but grasses mean much to South Africa. Apart entirely from their botanical interest the grasses of South Africa are the life-blood of the sheep-farmers, in districts where the scrubby but nourishing little Karoo-bush does not grow.

He talked of the open, bare spaces of the High Veld, where nothing is found but grasses and low bush.

‘Why has it no trees?’ I asked.

‘The trees have not arrived yet,’ he said. ‘A thousand years hence there will be forests where now there is only veld.’

General Smuts is a man who takes long views for South Africa.

Birds are very numerous at Doornkloof, finding themselves amongst friends. It is a halting place for the migratory birds, he told us, and they assemble there in thousands on their way north and south. I had hoped to see the lovely purple-blue rollers, but they were hidden in the native trees which the General has planted here.

## THE PRETORIA ROAD

At this point a tall, grey Kafir crane came dancing towards us. She is a friend of the family—a widow whose husband came to an untimely end. Other cranes come to visit her by day, but at nightfall they fly away and leave her desolate.

When a crane comes dancing at you with a fierce expression in its beady eyes and an aggressive beak, it is difficult to know whether its intentions are honourable or the reverse. In this case the widow was warded off by the General, while she danced ecstatically round him. The last family pet was a baby lion—charming and endearing until it grew to lionhood and took to roaming about the neighbourhood, when it became necessary to send it to the Pretoria Zoo.

General Smuts showed us the little museum of his schoolboy son. It contains a treasure which would make the mouths of all museum curators in the world water. This is a long oval spoon in slate, of the palaeolithic period, he said, found near the skull of the Taungs man.

On Doornkloof, he told us, rise the waters of the Limpopo, which meander through much of Africa before they discharge themselves into the Indian Ocean. The district is well irrigated, and the green patches of young lucerne were as startling in the yellow veld as a field of mustard-blossom is near an English corn-field.

Doornkloof lies not many miles from Pretoria, the Administrative capital, since 1910, of the Union of South Africa, as Cape Town is the Parliamentary capital. This settlement was agreed upon when the four South African provinces were fused into a more or less united whole, and so long as both capitals are pre-

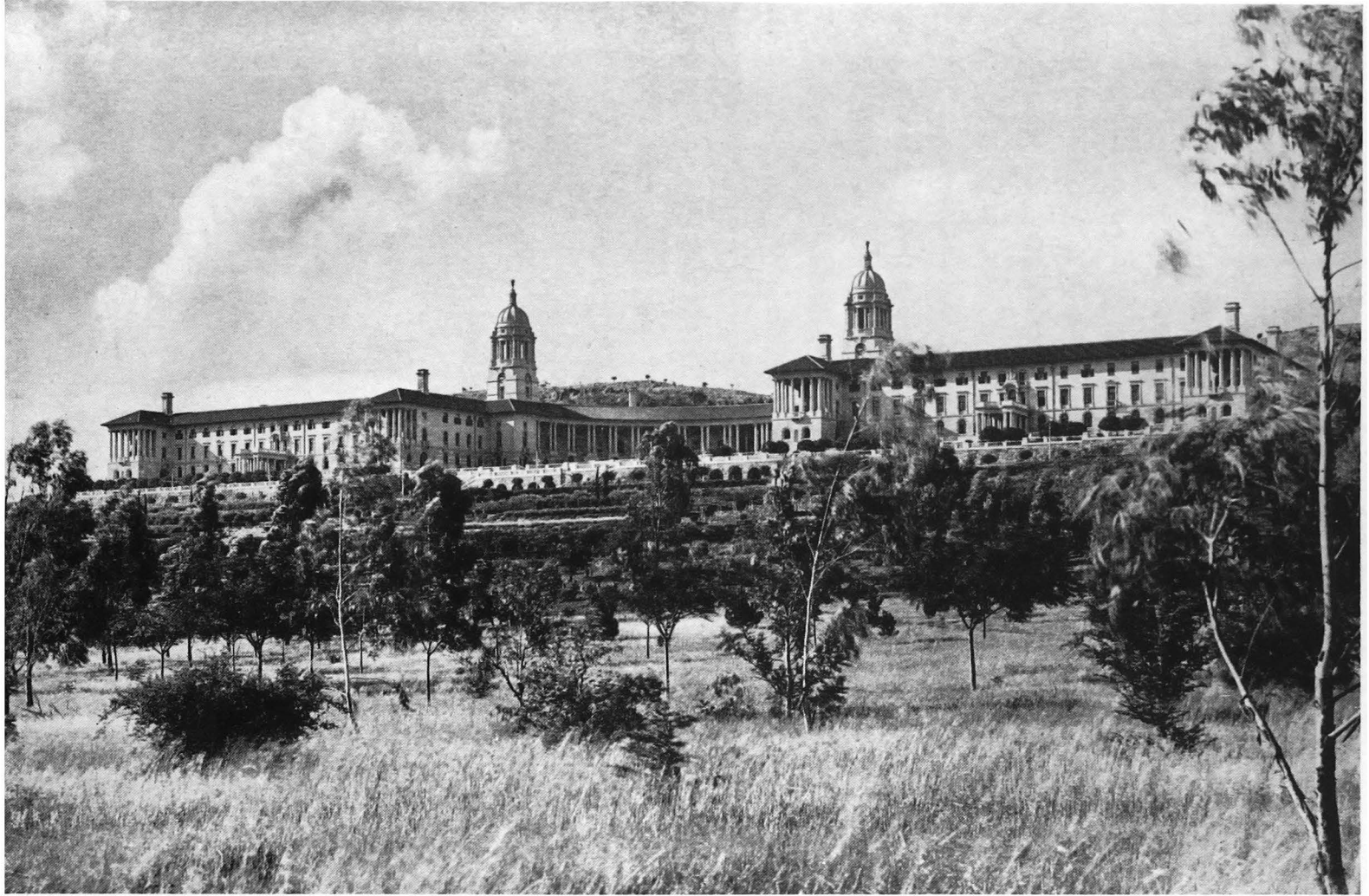
## THE PRETORIA ROAD

pared to abide honourably by this mutual agreement there will be peace in the land. Any attempt on the part of either city to go back on its word would produce a feeling of resentment which no one who loves South Africa wishes to contemplate. The land has troubles enough in the world of politics without going out of her way to look for any others—no wise man will do so.

Pretoria has grown out of the dorp founded by the Voortrekkers into a city with fine buildings, and proudest of these is the group on Meintje's Kop, known as the Union Buildings, where the Administration of the Union has its head-quarters. You see the great beauty of detail and design when you wander about the fine rooms panelled with South African woods, and its wide terraces and gardens, but to grasp its true effect you should look at it from the opposite hill. Seen from below it appears somewhat foreshortened, but from its own level across the valley it is very fine—a building in which all South Africa may justly take a pride. For no province should let itself be so steeped in narrow and dull provincialism that it cannot take to its heart that which is beautiful in another province.

One of the pleasures of travel in South Africa is finding yourself every now and again in a town which is quite unlike any other in the land—and none the less pleasant for that. Pretoria has a quality of its own, and so, for that matter, have Durban and Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Cape Town. Each has its own very distinct atmosphere, and qualities which are peculiar to itself.

When this is better understood, and a wider pride in the country takes the place of affection concentrated on the parish pump, South Africa will have begun to grow up. When a country



## The Union Buildings

*(Alan Yates, lent by the architect, Sir Herbert Baker)*



Interior, Union Buildings

*(Alan Yates, lent by Sir Herbert Baker)*

## THE PRETORIA ROAD

is in its infancy and towns are in the making, the spirit of parochial loyalty is a very useful thing. You want your town to be the best town in South Africa—and this is a very legitimate aspiration, but you sometimes end by becoming so devoted to its interests that you can see no merit in any other town. Indeed, so acute does the sensation become, that to admire anything about the other town is to write yourself down a traitor to your own in the eyes of its devotees.

Can we not agree to sink all that is childish in the spirit of inter-town rivalry? Can we not make every place our own, and feel a personal pride in the prosperity of Johannesburg, the charm of Durban and the beauty of the Cape, without any carking sense of rivalry to dim our admiration? Surely a sense of humour should save us from some of the forms in which this parochial and exclusive loyalty finds expression?

Long ago Sir Gilbert Parker said to me: 'South Africa is never going to be a great country until she gives up the habit of thinking in provinces.'

Pretoria is a place of beautiful gardens. We drove up an avenue of jacarandas to Government House and lunched there on the lawn in the shade of a spreading tree, for even in winter the sun of the north has considerable power. The thought of winter seemed absurd on that golden day, with the bougainvillaea on the terrace a blaze of colour and great clumps of aloes carrying aloft tall spikes of scarlet or orange.

The jacarandas are gigantic trees in this garden, and a garden-party is usually given by Lord Athlone and Princess Alice—than whom South Africa has never had more popular representatives



## THE PRETORIA ROAD

of the English Crown—when the trees are a brilliant cloud of purple and the lawn beneath them is covered with the superfluous blossoms that have fallen.

It is a royal tree, and country dorps which were once given over to the unrelieved dreariness of the blue-gum are now exquisite in Spring when the jacarandas are in bloom. A kind tree too, for it does not sulk in a drought, but holds itself ready to burst into blossom upon the faintest encouragement.

From the terrace of Government House a wide and wonderful view is spread out. The fortune of travel has always shown it to me when the land was dry and golden, but after the first rains it is brilliantly green.

Pretoria has its sights. There is the house in which President Kruger lived. There is his statue, with the tall hat made hollow so that when the rains fill it the birds may perch on it and drink. There is the Zoo. But, above all, there is the pleasant town itself, hot at midsummer but delightful at other times, and the gardens in which everything that likes rich soil and a measure of warmth grows with luxuriance.

In the garden of its delightful Country Club roses grow into small trees with thick stems and glorious flowers.



The Terrace, Government House, Pretoria

*(Alan Yates, lent by Sir Herbert Baker)*



View from the Terrace  
*(Alan Yates, lent by Sir Herbert Baker)*

## X. PILGRIM'S REST

TO go by train to this most exquisite valley set amongst the hills you must leave Johannesburg in the evening. In a through coach for Lydenburg we dropped off the train bound for Lorenzo Marques somewhere at dawn next day, and another picked us up and deposited us at our station at 9.30 a.m. The scenery to which we woke was open rolling country, with farm-houses surrounded by the inevitable eucalyptus here and there in the valleys, and Kafir huts in the shade of the tall mimosa-thorn bushes, looking exactly like a picture by Daniell. Little naked Kafir boys came running to wave at the train, impervious to the nip in the clear air.

Far away we could see faint mountains—the foot-hills of the Drakensberg range.

At Lydenburg I was met by a dazzlingly new Chevrolet—so new that the step was still wrapped in paper—and a driver with a pleasant face, who said that his name was Bezuidenhout.

We set off. The road wound upwards, past valleys well watered by the Spekboom and later by the Rosenkrantz rivers. Then we came to a more wooded district and my driver was invaluable in showing me the native trees and in actually knowing their names—unlike a lady I had met at the Falls and to whom I had said enthusiastically: ‘Do you know what this thing with lovely red leaves is?’

‘That’, she said kindly, ‘is a tree.’

Almost the commonest tree was the kiepersol, with great heads

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of spreading leaves, and large edible roots. He also explained the difference between Afrikaner and European cattle, and we were getting on most pleasantly, with a comforting thought of luncheon in the near future at Pilgrim's Rest, when we paused to open a gate across the road that fenced in a sheep-farm. Here Bezuidenhout's amiable face lengthened ominously and he disappeared under the car.

When he emerged he looked sorrowful. 'The oil has all run out of the gear-box,' he said. 'We can't go on. It will spoil the car, and this is the first time that she has been out.' We looked at each other in dismay, while the deceitful Chevrolet smiled and glittered in the brilliant sunshine.

'There is a farm down in the valley', he said. 'I will go there and ask them for oil—any kind of oil.'

I sat with my note-book on my knee and watched him plunge down the hill-side and vanish, leaving me to the sudden silence.

The silence of Africa is unlike any other stillness in the world. In the morning and evening there is a sound of birds, but when the sun is high in the heavens their notes are hushed and only the cicada lifts his voice. This morning there was not even a cicada, only a deep soundlessness that at last grew almost deafening.

It was the usual pale yellow land of the northern winter, but for some green at the farm in the valley and scarlet-flowering aloes gleaming like flames here and there on the mountain sides. Over all was a sky like a sheet of azure, drawn tightly from rim to rim.

In the silence it was easy to conjure up visions of the people who had passed over this land. Their wraiths glided by in the uncanny stillness—first the little Bushman with his quiver of

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poisoned arrows, and his only half-human way of living. Then the yellow Hottentot—a little more human, more gentle, building himself huts thatched with the long golden grass, setting snares for bird and beast. Then the Bantu warriors from the north, great impis sweeping over plain and mountain, smelling out their enemies and ruthless in destruction.

And—who knows?—perhaps the Bushman had not been the first to sit where I sat. Perhaps the brothers of *Homo Rhodesiensis* had owned the land before him, and the same sun had warmed their hairy backs and the same aromatic scents of herbage had crept into their wide nostrils that crept into mine as I sat and waited in the sun-baked silence.

After a long while the stillness was broken. Two Kafir women in gay blankets came down the mountain-side, one with a baby on her back, the other walking like a young princess, with a wide basket of great carrots on her head.

They made a lovely splash of colour, and I was glad when the women sat down near a little stream close at hand and ate their modest fare. The princess with the basket of carrots drank water out of a tin pannikin with as much grace as if it had been the Luck of Edenhall brimming with champagne.

At this moment Bezuidenhout returned with empty hands and announced that there was no oil at the farm. 'They are sheep-farmers', he added, as though it were an explanation. 'They have not even paraffin.'

Perhaps it was an explanation, after all. When you live up in the mountains, and the sheep are your only interest, you probably get up and go to bed when they do, and are independent of lamps.

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It was now past one o'clock. Nothing was in sight but the veld—which is so consistently described as illimitable.

Then the sheep-farmer himself appeared, full of sympathy, in English to me, in Dutch to Bezuidenhout. But what is sympathy compared to oil?

Half an hour later I revoked this ungrateful thought when, just as the bottom seemed really to be dropping out of the world, a Kafir boy came up the hill-side from the farm carrying a tray covered with a spotless cloth and the world's largest and kindest brown tea-pot.

An hour later a boy on a bicycle appeared and we commandeered him and sent him on to Pilgrim's Rest with a note, which produced a relief car after we had been held up for five hours.

My breath was taken away by the sudden and unexpected loveliness that opened before us when we turned a sharp corner and looked down into the magnificent basin amongst the mountains, in whose heart lies Pilgrim's Rest. Down and down we slid, and each moment the glory of the view deepened, for the mountains that surrounded the basin were every shade of purple and grey and opal and gold, and over them hung a deep mysterious bloom of rich cobalt blue.

And then we came to a pleasant place, with spacious rooms, like an English country-house, and to another warm welcome—for, again, is not South Africa the land of friendship?

Everywhere the owners of gardens had explained to me, with an earnestness worthy of Miss Ruth Draper, that I was not seeing their gardens to advantage. If I could *only* see them in the summer! Here it needed no faith to believe that this must be a



Looking down on the Low Veld. The Devil's Window

*(South African Railways)*





Church built by Sir. H. Baker at Sabie  
(*Mr. R. Barry*)

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lovely garden in its season. Judging by the size of the stems the roses must be superb. And the violets were more than an inch across, and heavy with perfume, and the winter peas were in full bloom and glowing. The linarias, which I had always thought of as floppy things, were as tall and solid as snapdragons. On the lawn a tall *Cedrela Toona* spread out its shining leaves, and bignonias draped the house walls, though their flowering time was not yet.

My host, Mr. Richard Barry, is general manager of the Transvaal Gold Mining Estate. He has lived at Pilgrim's Rest for twelve years, and under his care the mines and the great plantations of eucalyptus and black wattle which clothe the slopes of the hills above the town have thriven splendidly.

After a night's rest we set off in his car and sped high up through the forests to a point on the Edge of the Berg, where a wide gorge opened at our feet, leading down to the Low Veld which shimmered in the sunlight a thousand feet below. The sides and bottom of the gorge were clothed with native trees, and in their shade tinkled a stream which we had seen a moment earlier as a waterfall, leaping over the edge of the chasm. Tall tree-ferns grew on its brink.

Close to us a great pillar of rock sprang from the chasm below. It might have been the tower of some hoary cathedral of the days of giants—if giants had had cathedrals. Erect and majestic it stood, and from its crevices jutted out aloes with huge heads of scarlet flowers, far beyond the reach of mortal man to pluck. The name of this column is the Pinnacle, but it is probable that the natives, with their just sense of nomenclature, call it something that does its majesty greater justice. Two Shangani women,

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slenderly clad and graceful, stood by my side and looked at it with us—they seemed to belong to it more than we did.

Far down the gorge, more than a thousand feet below, opened a new country—the Low Veld. Bathed in the sunshine of the afternoon, the distant ranges of hills shone with gold, the more golden for being seen through the rich greens and greys and purples of the sides of the gorge. Beyond these hills lies the Sabie Game Reserve, a large reserved area where the wild animals of South Africa, which were in danger of extermination, have at last found sanctuary. Buffalo are found there, zebras are in herds, and so are koodoo, roan antelope, wildebeeste, sable antelope, giraffe, and many more.

These are all protected. The foe from whom no one can protect them is the lion. Any one may shoot a lion that can—but you may not take a gun into the Reserve. At the moment of writing he was making his presence felt round the homesteads of the Low Veld, for the drought was driving the other wild animals to break out of the Reserve into districts where the rainfall was heavier and the grazing better, and following them had come the lions. Once arrived on a farm, the domestic animals present succulent and more easily achieved meals, for a cow has little chance against a lion, where an antelope would escape by the lightness of his heels.

Every now and again come tales of tragedy, where the farmer has gone out to save or avenge his stock, and has not calculated on the strength or numbers of the enemy.

There are two sides to every question. The truth of this *cliché* was brought home to me here. A short time earlier I had formed one of a deputation to the Government, urging it to set aside the

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Sabie Reserve as a shelter for the splendid wild animals of South Africa. We had been favourably received, and rejoiced at the thought that for all time some, at least, of the zebras and antelopes were safe.

Now I saw the other side of the matter—the difficulties of the farmers who own land and breed cattle on the edge of the Reserve. How the question will eventually settle itself only time will show—for the animals must be preserved and the farmer must live.

On another day we left Pilgrim's Rest in the early morning and drove forty miles to Elandsdrift—an out-lying plantation of the Company set near the edge of this glorious high Berg. On the way we paused at a wattle-plantation, to watch the trees being stripped of their bark, which is used for tanning leather. There were four thousand acres here under the black wattle—the most valuable variety for tannic acid—and it is only one of many of the Company's plantations, which extend for a hundred miles. The trees are grown in tall rows, and when the time for harvest comes each native woodman is given a row to strip and fell. He ring-barks the trunk near the ground, then takes a section of bark in his hands and whips it away from the tree, peeling it from bottom to top. The bare white trunks are then cut into lengths and sold for mine props and other purposes. The bark is cut up into lengths, dried and packed in sacks for the market—at present these wattle plantations are making a profit of £30 per acre, the price of bark being £3 10s. per ton.

When the bark and trunks have been carted away the débris of small branches and leaves, with the ripened seed, is piled on the rows of stumps from which the trees have come. The rows are

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then set alight, and the ash forms potash which feeds the young seedlings which spring up with the first rains—the seed is hard and does not get destroyed by the flames. It is an ingenious labour-saving device.

The wattle forest here is a fine thing. It climbs up and down the hill-side, and I, scrambling on to the back of the tough little pony that belonged to one of the overseers, followed the fortunes of the bark with keen interest. Here and there the sombre green of the black wattle, *Acacia mollissima* (var. *Decurrens*), is broken by a splendid splash of yellow where the golden flowers of *Acacia normalis* have intruded upon the more profitable but less beautiful variety. Both are quite unlike the Port Jackson Willow, sometimes called the golden wattle, which is destroying the native flora of the Cape.

The Transvaal Gold Mining Estate owns 180,000 acres of freehold ground in this magnificent district. It aims at getting forests established, in addition to its gold mines in the mountains. Some two hundred whites and three thousand natives are employed by the Company, and so far 12,000 acres have been put under forests, which consist of pines, eucalyptus, and other trees. Of the pines the variety *Patula* is the most beautiful, each tree looking like a graceful ballet-dancer in pale green. Others are *Canariensis*, *Insignis*, *Longifolia*, and so forth. The most striking of the eucalyptus is *Saligna*, which forms splendid forests and avenues. The varieties *Maidenii*, *Paniculata*, and *Resinifera*, are also grown successfully. These enormous plantations are very profitable.

Life is a pleasant thing in this part of South Africa, where it is never much too hot or too cold, and where a man may see the result of his labours in splendid forests. We lunched with the



Wattle trees stripped of bark

*(Mr. R. Barry)*



The bark laid out to dry

(*Mr. R. Barry*)

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manager of Elandsdrift, at one of the cheerful houses with which these plantations are studded at intervals. After that we were taken to see a gold-mine near by, called the Blow. Then we drove on to the Edge of the Berg again, many miles from the Pinnacle Gorge, and looked down into the golden Low Veld, now fifteen hundred feet below us. Far away we could see the White River Settlement, with its serried rows of orange trees in great plantations and its comfortable houses. Great hopes are entertained throughout South Africa for the future of the citrus industry, and experiments are being made in different districts with a view to ascertaining which are the most favourable localities for the purpose.

It was with much regret that I left the beauty of Pilgrim's Rest behind me.

This is a glorious district, and when the transport-riders from Delagoa Bay and the gold prospectors of fifty years ago found themselves in this radiant and healthy valley, where the heat is never greater than mortal can bear, they gave it the name of their gratitude. They had crossed the parched Bushveld and the wide, malarial lands that lie between Delagoa Bay and the health-giving heights of the Berg. Malaria took heavy toll in some districts in those early days. Still earlier, the Voortrekkers had been completely wiped out in some places, in others only a few survived to leave behind them place-names which speak for themselves—Lydenburg, the town of sorrow; Treur Rivier, the river of tears—but through Pilgrim's Rest flows the Blij or Blyde Rivier, the Happy River, for there the remnant that remained recovered from fever and was able to face life again. The country must have seemed a paradise to the weary men.



## PILGRIM'S REST

We left the little town of Pilgrim's Rest embowered in its weeping-willows and jacarandas, and the car climbed the long hill from whose summit you see the railway-head at Graskop, and the surrounding plantations spread out below, and below that again the Sabie Reserve and beyond it the mountains that mark Portuguese territory. Some of the hill-side was blackened, where the Trek Boers had set the old rank grass of last year alight, in order to clear the way for the succulent young green that affords good grazing. You see these black patches on plain and hill-side everywhere, in startling contrast to the golden grass and scarlet aloes. The Trek Boer has to take his cattle far afield for pasturage in a drought. But the policy of burning the veld, and thus denuding it of seeds, is bad for the country in the long run, and a crusade against it is being supported by General Smuts.

To our right lay Paradise Camp, familiar to readers of *Jock of the Bushveld*—whose country this is, for far below us was the Bushveld itself. Here and there in the hill-sides were mine-holes or adits, showing where the prospectors had been at work, successfully or otherwise.

I had never seen mines worked horizontally before, and a queer twist of memory took me back to a talk I had had with Captain Scott, before he sailed from Cape Town for the South Pole.

'I am sure that the place is rich in minerals,' he said, 'and I want England to be the first in.'

'But how could you work for minerals in the ice?' I asked.

'They are in the mountains, and could be worked from the sides, where the ice is not impenetrable,' he said.

It will be remembered that, when he was found after his last journey, he had specimens of minerals with him.



A buck-board on its way from the Low Veld

*(Mr. R. Barry)*



Trek Boers camping

*(Colmar Wocke)*

## PILGRIM'S REST

We passed many Kafir huts and the gaily-blanketed women, moving with the grace of Tanagra figures, and little naked children who ran out to see the car and to wave to us, with flashing smiles, their teeth—polished by mealie-cobs—gleaming in the sunlight. Some of the women in this district have hair two or three inches long, and they plait it into innumerable strings, each of which is thickly plastered with red clay. It has the effect of a red cap with countless tassels. No doubt they are envied by their shorter-haired sisters, who cannot achieve anything longer than the surface of a coir mat, but the latter look better in European eyes. Sometimes the women have good features, always good teeth, and figures that the Venus of Milo might envy. They can carry anything on their heads—we passed one woman bearing aloft a great wooden chest and stepping as lightly as though it were a feather cushion. Most of the natives in this district are Shanganis.

To our right lay Spitzkop Peak—at which no Bantu will point. It is both unlucky and rude to do so. Above it towered Mount Anderson, the highest point in the Transvaal, and near it was Elandsdrift, where we had seen the Blow—the mine on top of which many hungry and weary prospectors had sat, ignorant of the wealth beneath them. Up to the present, gold to the value of half a million has been extracted from the Blow—a word which means a pocket of rich quartz in which gold is found.

We had also seen the fine wattle plantations and had duly been asked the local riddle, 'Why did the elands drift?' Answer, 'Because they heard the wattles bark.'

At last the time came to descend from this glorious top of the

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Berg and it was with a pang of regret that I felt the car incline downwards at the entrance to Kowijn's Pass—so called after a native chief.

But soon I realized that we were seeing something very splendid.

The road wound down the mountain side, and its way had been cut through native forests which closed above our heads in rich luxuriance, while the valley below was heavily wooded with green of every shade. Out of the undergrowth the sutera flowers thrust their heads, looking like giant purple phlox. Too soon we left the Pass and emerged into the Middle Veld, and on our way saw a duiker antelope and eight black-faced monkeys which trailed deliberately across the road in front of the car. Then we saw a flash of the scarlet wings of the lory—*Narina Trogon*. 'Boschlourie' is its Dutch name. Then a great hornbill flew into a bush, and a glowing roller-bird perched on a branch above our heads. And then, from a crag of the Berg, now far above us, flew, shrieking, six chestnut-winged spreeuws, the cause of their fright being a great Berghaan eagle, six feet of him from tip to tip of wing, as he hovered in the sky above them with a majestic air of indifference which was probably only assumed.

At Bushbuck Ridge we called a halt for the welcome cup of tea which cheers the heart of all South Africa at eleven in the morning. Here were mangoes growing, and avocado pears and oranges and naartjes, and in the hedges were the yellow Mauritius thorn and flame-coloured bauhinia, with dazzling spikes of the Kafir Boom—*Erythrina caffra*. We were almost in the Low Country again.

Far above us towered the glory of the Berg, amethyst and blue

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in the midday light, and for endless miles beyond us stretched the Bushveld, gasping for water. On Bushbuck Ridge we had crossed three streams—the M'Tichi, the Maritje, and the Maritjana, but they did not help the Bushveld. This was an unusually severe drought, and the rivers were too low between the banks to be of service. I should like to see the effect of a few shadoof workers from Egypt, where the water is passed up by buckets swung on a pole from man to man, until the last bucket is poured into a furrow on the top level.

From Bushbuck Ridge we dropped down to the Bushveld, and to a charming farm-homestead set in the shade of a great wild fig-tree. At this spot there is water, and tomatoes attain a fantastic size.

'How can tomatoes be sold by the pound,' said my new hostess mournfully, 'When a single one weighs a pound and a half?'

Lemons and grape-fruit and oranges hung like great golden balls on the trees, and in the garden grew pine-apples and paw-paws and grenadillas. The friends who own this farm—Eden is its name—do not tempt Providence by spending their summers down in the Bushveld. The heat is overpowering and malaria is always possible, so they climb the Berg down which I had come, and pass the summer months in the healthy and cool altitude of Pilgrim's Rest.

Even in winter you do not forget that this is a malarious district, for every window and door is covered with fine netting, to keep out the mosquito. But, as other districts have been freed from fever, so this will in time be freed, and become as healthy as the High Veld, if hotter. There was a time when Delagoa Bay was almost as much the White Man's Grave as the Bight of Benin—

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'where few come out though many go in'—and to-day it is a pleasure-resort.

We were welcomed hospitably at Eden, and next morning Mr. Barry and the car sped away early, up the kloof to the top of the Berg and back to lovely Pilgrim's Rest—whence he wrote next day to say that we had missed a lion-hunt in the kloof by a few hours.

Later in the day I drove to Klasserie station in an ox-trolley, drawn with great dignity and imperceptible speed by two great oxen, with the voor-looper ahead. Far, far above us towered the Berg—sixty miles of sharp mountain edge, petunia-coloured and misty blue in the early light. We passed cotton-fields and at the station there was a ginnery—but of cotton I hoped to see more later on—and, stepping slow and stately, came at last to the railway-line at Klasserie and to the edge of the Sabie Game Reserve.



Impala in the Sabie Game Reserve

*(South African Railways)*





Wildebeest in the Sabie Game Reserve  
(*South African Railways*)

## XI. TO THE ZOUTPANSBERG

AT Klasserie the train from Komatie Poort picked up a few passengers and carried us on to Gravelotte in the northern Transvaal. On our right, for a considerable distance, ran the Sabie Game Reserve, but most of the game had gone southward in search of water. The people who had joined the train earlier in the morning had seen impala, blaauw-bok, wildebeeste, koodoo, and other antelopes—the guard had frequently seen zebra, he said. I kept my eyes alert—and my ears too, when I heard that the whistle always blew for a lion—but we only saw some duiker and rietbok and a roller bird.

There are some fine birds in this district. Early that morning I had been awakened at Eden by a sound which suggested a London night. 'Cats,' I had said to myself drowsily. But it wasn't cats at all, but two Hadada ibis—*Theristicus hagedash*—shrieking and squawking over the tough little fruits of a native fig-tree.

The Berg on our left, high and sharp against the sky, grew more and more lovely as we sped northward, keeping it with us all the way, and the Game Reserve on our right grew more and more parched and arid. It was easy to understand why the game had gone southward to the well-watered districts.

Then suddenly we came to the Olifants River. It was lower than it had been for many years, but looked unexpectedly like the Thames at Streatley, with magnificent trees, that might have been elms, on its banks. The green of them was dazzling after

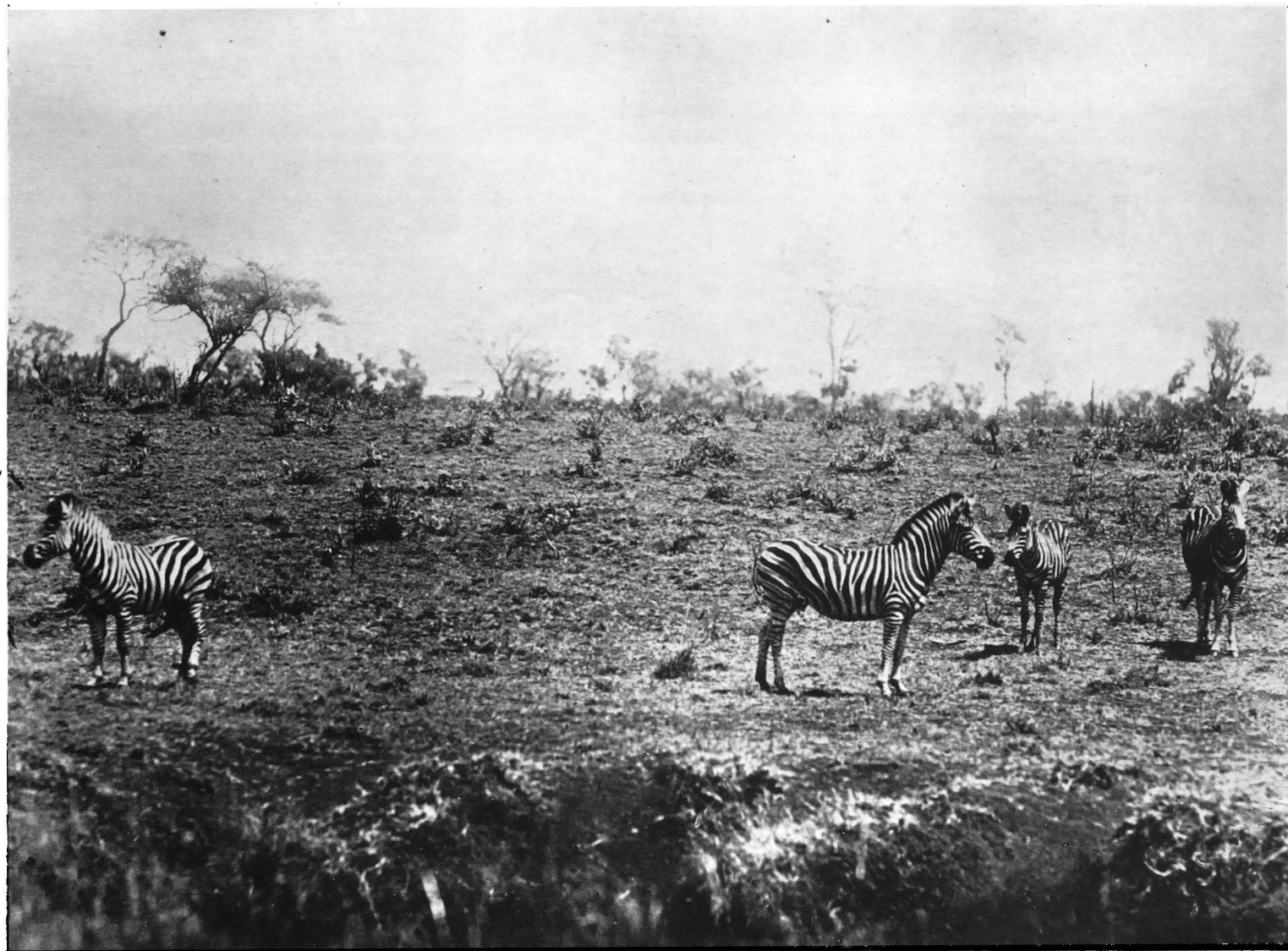
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the pale gold of the Reserve—Africa is a land of strange contrasts, and that between irrigated land and dry is as sharp as the difference between the desert and the sown. The windows of the train were now thronged, for hippo is usually seen at this point, and troops of crocodiles, but both had gone to seek places in the river where the water was more abundant.

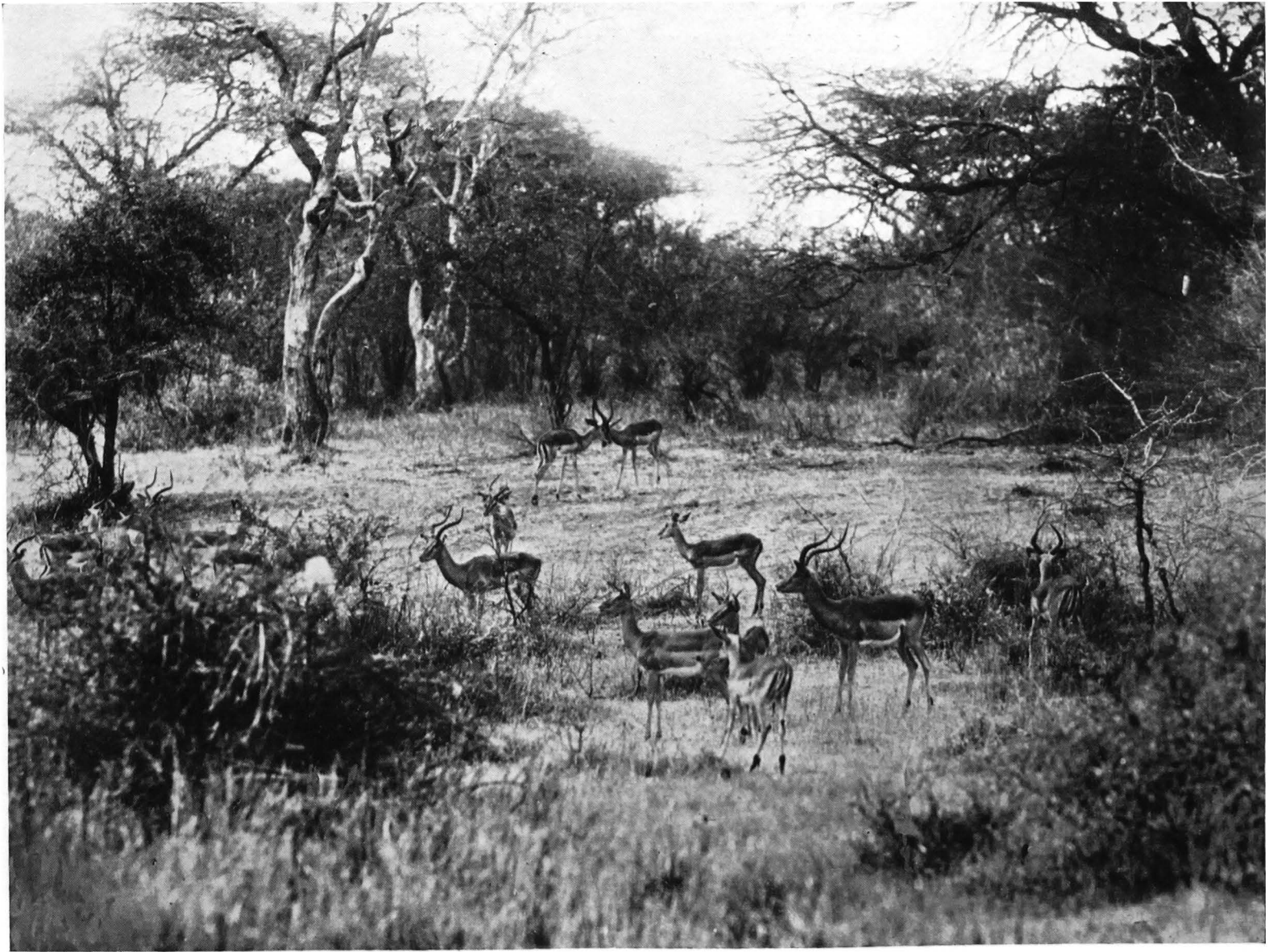
At Gravelotte I was met by the kindly and remarkably efficient manager of Westfalia, one of the farms bought some years ago by Sir Lionel Phillips. For three hours we drove in the dark along a fine smooth road, past Tzaneen, gradually mounting until we were some two or three thousand feet above the sea level, but still far below the mighty heights of the Drakensberg which towered beyond us. Once our lights disturbed a great owl, meditating in the fairway, and once we put up a startled spring-haar—a species of jerboa—which darted across the road in front of the car, at a height of about four feet above the ground, its eyes ablaze like gig-lamps.

Westfalia is a fine estate, the district being well watered by the Ramadiepe, Letaba, Politsi, and other rivers. It lies near Duivel's Kloof. Its position, within the tropics but raised above the malarial Low Veld, makes a paradise of this place. Once, it must be conceded, Westfalia too was malarial, but this scourge, which sometimes makes the white man's burden heavy to bear, has practically vanished here before sanitation and civilization.

It occupies a wide stretch of undulating country, at the foot of the Drakensberg, and for miles on either side of the homestead lie orange and naartje orchards, plantations of mango and paw-paw and avocado pear, and seemingly endless fields of tomatoes and peas, ground-nuts and French beans. After coming through



Zebra in the Sabie Game Reserve  
(*South African Railways*)



Impala

*(South African Railways)*

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the Bushveld, parched and bare under the winter drought, with no prospect of anything better until the thunder-storms of summer should bring relief, the air of rich and prosperous luxuriance over the vegetation was startling.

Behind the hospitable homestead of Westfalia stands a thicket of mighty jacaranda trees—the blossom in spring time is like a purple cloud, I was told, but when I saw them the leaves were golden. Up the verandah climbs a bougainvillaea of that crude but royal purple which breathes of the south, of hot winds and blue skies, and of those parched districts in which it is sometimes the only living thing in the garden. It flourishes equally well at Westfalia, in its good soil and well-irrigated land, as do the wide acres of fine orange trees and the lands on which all the summer vegetables grow richly in mid-winter.

These vegetables find a ready market in Johannesburg and other towns. Many farmers have discovered that market-gardening, with its quick returns, has been useful in paving the way and providing the funds for citrus and other more permanent farming. A classic example is that of Tomango, south of Pilgrim's Rest, where, as I was told, Mr. Hall began with tomatoes and other vegetables for the Johannesburg market, while his mangoes and citrus were coming to maturity. To-day the name of Tomango—a blend of tomato and mango as to its title, but in itself pure orange-juice—is a household word throughout South Africa and a very good hot-weather drink.

Native labour is cheap and plentiful in this part of the country. There is a system employed by which each native is given a hut, and an acre or two of land which he cultivates for his own use. He pays no rent to the owner of the farm, but gives two days free

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labour a week. Extra work, apart from these two days is paid for at the rate of a shilling a day. The women work, as well as the men, and are mainly employed on the more delicate jobs, such as picking green beans and peas. They are, however, very hefty, for all their gracefulness, and at Duivel's Kloof I saw a dozen of them swinging along, each with a great crate of oranges on her head, and two out of three with a woolly-headed baby on their backs. The supply of native babies appears to be unfailing—no limitation of families here.

There are a good many new settlers in the neighbourhood. The first year or two of a settler's life in South Africa is always attended by anxiety. There may be a drought—or there may be a flood. He may have been unwise enough to buy his land without seeing the country, only to find that he has made a mistake. He does not, however, do this if he is wise enough to take the advice of the 1820 Settlers' Association, which urges him to buy nothing until he has seen South Africa, and which is always ready to help him with sound advice and in many other ways.

The settlers at Westfalia had been wise in their buying, and I was glad to hear from several of them that they were prospering and that all were likely to make good. 'Our big noise', said one of them cheerfully, 'is citrus, pawpaws, mangoes, and avocado pears.'

Their plantations looked thriving, and the new-comers were of an excellent type, several of them ex-officers from India. They have built themselves pleasant bungalows, with wide verandahs, and whenever they want an extra room they build a rondavel at very little cost. For the most part the bungalows are on slopes which command a view of the rich land below them. They are

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fortunate in having abundant water, with good roads and bridges which are the result of Lord Milner's far-seeing policy of land-development. I frequently heard his name mentioned with gratitude. Many of the settlers have planted forests of eucalyptus on their non-irrigated lands, indeed wherever I went in South Africa I was impressed by the fine eucalyptus plantations and was assured that they meant prosperity to the planters. Two of the settlers with East African experience are growing coffee, and everywhere there were fields of monkey-nuts.

The radiant valley seems to have but one crumpled rose-leaf, now that malaria has been successfully dealt with—the wire-gauze-covered windows remind you of this when you try to lean out to look at the moon and find that you have only succeeded in hitting your head. The rose-leaf is the fact that at times the summers are rather hot. There is, however, a range near by called the Agatha Hills, and some of the settlers talk of building rondavels on the summits, where the air is always cool and the views glorious, and sending their families there when the thermometer rises too high to be comfortable. There are others, however, who told me that they had never found the heat excessive.

From the Agatha Hills you look far down into the Bushveld and far up to the splendid peaks of the Drakensberg, while at the foot of the hills lies this rich, well-watered district of Westfalia, with its shining orange-groves and white bungalows. Sir Lionel Phillips has done a great work for the country in the development of this farm and of the estate of the Broederstroom which lies higher up in the mountains.

It was a revelation to discover here, as at Pilgrim's Rest, that a eucalyptus plantation can be a magnificent thing. I had not



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known how many varieties there were, nor how beautiful a forest of *Eucalyptus saligna* could be, with the smooth grey trunks crowned with rich foliage far above your head, or planted in stately avenues. This district is not at a sufficiently high altitude for the black or tanning wattle, which requires to be grown in the mist-belt of the mountains. It is, however, a splendid district for many other things, and particularly for citrus fruits.

One would naturally suppose that the bigger the orange the better the market. My crude views on the subject of supply and demand received a shock when I was told that nothing is further from the truth. Some time ago Covent Garden decreed that the oranges sent from South Africa were too big. They wanted them small and cheap for the London barrows. Now, all orange-boxes are the same size—they hold about ninety of the largest oranges or more than three hundred of the size wanted by Covent Garden. So the latter are eagerly snapped up, and only people like Mr. Solomon in Piccadilly buy the fine ones. I have often felt humiliated at seeing the wretched little things sold in many London shops as South African oranges—at Westfalia they would be called discards, as far as the South African market is concerned.

On one of my visits to a plantation I was told the tale of a man who grew the finest oranges that had ever been seen. Proudly he packed and dispatched to London his first grade fruit, and even his second and third grade, all fine and large. Those he considered too small to be sent were thrown aside, but his daughter asked for them, and graded and packed them, undeterred by smiles of amusement. When the returns came from London the wretched little discards had brought in a shilling a box more than the champions. A horrid tale—which explains why South Africa



Near Westfalia  
(*South African Railways*)



A grove of pawpaws  
(*South African Railways*)

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is not proud of her oranges when she sees them in the London shops.

The average rainfall of Westfalia is forty-five inches in the year and the rivers are unfailing, unlike some other parts of the country where a river may be a dry expanse of sand one day and a raging torrent a few hours later. It has rich red soil and the good roads and bridges made by Lord Milner. It is a fine country for the settler, and his way is made easy by the able manager of the estate, known to the district as 'K'. In the early days of Westfalia Lord Milner established an experimental farm at Tzaneen, near by, which proved of great service to all the farmers in those parts. In 1912 it was closed down, and the land cut up and sold a few years later. Its disappearance is deplored by the district, for it had been of value in guiding farming in the right direction.

Even in the loveliest place one cannot stay for ever. At last the day came when, driven by 'K' in the Chrysler that made so light of the steep hills, we set off for Magoeba's Kloof. Here a marvellous effort of engineering has constructed a road which winds upwards for some two thousand feet or more, to the Broederstroom and the Wood Bush and Sir Lionel Phillips's farm on the top of the mountains.

Magoeba was a native chief with whom the Boers waged a long fight. He found shelter in the rich kloofs and ravines of this pass, and there he seemed likely to remain for the term of his natural life. But the Boers took counsel together and 'made a plan', as they express it—'ik zal een plan maak' being the phrase that rises most easily to their lips to this day.

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They could not catch Magoeba—but other Kafirs could. So they hired an impi of Zulus—or, some say, Swazis—and offered a reward for the old chief's head. In less than three weeks it was brought to them, and then the land had peace. A splendid road now winds upward through the steep defile, and from it, as the car mounted, we looked back to the far off Bushveld, golden and umber and amber, as though it were a paradise and not a parched and thirsty expanse. Nearer, just below, lay the smiling lands of Westfalia, the long rows of orange trees, the wide fields of tomato, the plantations of mango and pawpaw and eucalyptus and the white bungalows. A lovely land, on which I looked my last with deep regret.

The Agatha Hills stretched themselves out below the beetling crag which is known as the Iron Crown of Haenertsberg. Far to the northward extended the Zoutpansberg and the Spelonken mountains—this is a magnificent land, and the scenery is on the heroic scale. There are richly wooded kloofs and gushing streams and here and there we saw a Boer homestead, perched in some inaccessible spot where you would suppose that only a goat could live with comfort. The love of solitude and isolation, of sitting on the stoep and seeing no neighbours, is still characteristic of the descendants of the Voortrekkers who left the Cape border in 1836. They are an aloof people, curiously unlike any other nation in the world, and it is difficult for people outside South Africa to understand the Boers of the Backveld, or to realize that they cannot be measured by ordinary standards.

Rounding a corner in Magoeba's Kloof, we met the car from the Broederstroom farm, and I and my luggage were transferred to it, as the Chrysler turned and dropped down the mountain

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side, and Mr. Donovan, the manager of Broederstroom, drove me upwards.

At the top of the Pass is one of those overwhelming views at which you can only hold your breath. Words are too feeble to give any impression of the vision that lay at our feet. We looked in hushed silence, and then I turned to a survey of this new land on top of the mountains.

Here the air was cool and thin and invigorating. The warm lands, with their pawpaws and pine-apples and purple laziandra flowers, lay far beneath us. Here there was a sharp tang in the clear air which brought home the realization that this was winter, and in a farm garden we saw English primroses growing. The transition was bewildering. It was as though we had suddenly dropped into Devonshire on a fine spring day.

Wattles grow at these heights, for the Broederstroom is within the mist-belt. But it is mainly a stock country, though for the moment the fine herds of Aberdeen Angus were not to be seen, having been driven down to the Wood Bush, nearer Pietersburg, where there is better grazing on the veld at this season. Some day, it is thought, this will be a great sheep country.

After a time we came to the pleasant homestead, with the first green lawn I had seen during this winter trek in the northern Transvaal, where the grass is like emerald velvet in summer, but brown and gold in the cold weather. The Florida or Bradley grasses of which the lawns are made are not proof against a dry cold. At the Cape the fine-quick or Kikuyu lawns are not so akin to velvet, but they remain green throughout the year, except in a very dry summer, and even then provided they can be watered.

This reversal of the wet and dry seasons is very bewildering to

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one who passes for the first time from north to south and south to north. To those who dwell in the region of winter rains, with spells of brilliant weather between, it seems natural to have rain in winter and uninterrupted fine weather in summer. To those who live in the northern provinces it is more natural to see the gardens dry up and turn yellow in winter, but in summer to rejoice in the luxuriant vegetation produced by combined warmth and rain. It is all a matter of adjusting yourself and your garden to circumstances.

At the Broederstroom the lawn was planted with Kentucky Blue grass, and it had weathered the dry cold which, on these heights, is real, invigorating cold. This is a district which is as enchanting as Paradise in the spring-time, when the apple trees and the double-flowering cherries and peaches planted by Lady Phillips are in blossom. The country produces good apples and potato crops, and when all the mountain sides are green it is incredibly like a glorified Devonshire. The rainfall, however, is more than Devonian, for it averages ninety inches in the year, and in 1924 achieved one hundred and forty inches between October and April. For this is the treasure house from which the rivers irrigate the oranges and mango-groves below.

It is a wide and splendid land on top of the mountains, where fine native forests are still preserved in the ravines or clinging to the steep slopes. They have only been rescued from the destruction which threatened them by the wisdom of Sir Lionel Phillips in buying all the available farms in the district. He has done a great work, not only in setting the example of good farming and the development of the land, but in saving these forests from demolition. For the farmers who were their first European



Crossing a drift in the northern Transvaal  
(*South African Railways*)





A herd of Aberdeen Angus  
(*South African Railways*)

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owners were fast cutting down all the great yellow-woods and other timber trees, but with care the forests are now gradually assuming their primeval splendour. There is, however, much indignation on the part of some of the original owners, because they are not allowed to continue their tree-cutting activities. What did the good God send forests for if not for timber?

The principal trees of these Broederstroom forests are:

The Yellow-wood, *Podocarpus elongata*. Only young trees at present, except on krantzies where they have not been destroyed.

Stink-wood, *Ocotea bullata* formerly *Oreodaphne*.

Ysterhout, *Olea foveolata*.

Bitter amandel, the name given alike to *Pygeum africanum* and *Brabeium stellatifolium*.

Bosch beukenhout, *Faurea saligna*.

Wit Peer, *Albizzia fastigiata*.

Sneeze-wood, *Ptaeroxylon utile*.

There are also the Blink-blaar, the Kiepersol, and many more. On the edge of the forests grows a shrub with yellow flowers which looks like one of the hypericums—its local name is the Fire-brake, for it is said that fire will not cross it.

The wild blue and purple buddleia, which I had also seen near Pilgrim's Rest, grows in tall masses, flowering during the winter months. From the great forest trees hang three varieties of mosses. One, called Old Man's Beard, droops in white clouds from the boughs. Another is the variety used by florists for packing, and yet another is the moss of English greenhouses. Some of the mosses cling close to the trunks of the trees, affording a lodging for ferns in great variety. They clothe the bark with green from the ground to the tops of the branches. Other

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plants seed themselves along these hospitable tree-trunks, notably one that looks like a clivia, with insignificant flowers but clusters of bright scarlet fruits. The monkeys, which abound in these forests, eat the scarlet fruits and throw away the seeds, which lodge in the moss on the trunks and germinate there, the plants, with their long shining green leaves growing luxuriantly in the moist atmosphere and drooping gracefully from the trees.

Ferns attain a great height in these forests—an indiscreet step into what looks like a shallow ferny dell would plunge you into vegetation above your head. Glorious flowers are found here in the summer, and even in winter there were begonias in blossom.

The wild vine throws long monkey-ropes from tree to tree and produces clusters of solid purple grapes—not to be taken seriously as fruit, but good for preserve or jelly. Some day, perhaps, this, with the amatungula, the maroola plum, the stam-vruchte, and all the other wild fruits of the South African forests, will come into the hands of some hybridizer, a Luther Burbank of the future, and a new race of fruits will be known to the world.

There is an ample supply of native labour in this upland district—the people are of Basuto stock and therefore devoted to sheep and cattle. It is curious to see how the members of certain tribes retain the tribal idiosyncrasies. Even as far away as Cape Town you may be sure, when you engage a Zulu, that he will be a good house-servant, but not much use—as a rule—for milking the cow. The Basuto, on the other hand, will devote himself whole-heartedly to the cow, but will never achieve the finish of indoor service which marks the Zulu. It takes all sorts to make a South African world.

In the districts, such as this, where the native is at home,

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women work in the mealie fields, as well as the men. They carry their babies on their backs, and at times they drop the mealie-cobs and clap their hands and sing and dance, babies and all. Silent work with them is always bad work, the manager, Mr. Donovan, told me; so when he hears wild skirlings he knows that they will settle down for another solid spell of mealie gathering. They have fashions in hair-dressing, as the white woman has when she shingles her head, or the Shangani woman on top of the Berg when she plasters her hair into strings with red clay. Here, the latest mode is to have the short, crisp stuff shaved off in places, so as to leave a pattern of the rest. One woman had a Maltese Cross of short wiry hair on her head, with the shiny brown scalp showing between.

There is a considerable amount of intelligence amongst the natives here. An episode which has recently occurred affords food for reflection. The postmaster of a neighbouring town was known to have a monthly grant from Government for postal orders—but never a postal order was ever to be had from him. When asked indignantly for an explanation, he said: ‘You all come too late. Every postal order is bought by the natives in the first two or three days of the month and sent to Johannesburg to pay for educational correspondence classes. They are helped by the mission teachers, and some of them are already going in for the Matric.’

There are times when the white man in South Africa is startled by being confronted with the problem of the future. He reads books like *The Rising Tide of Colour*, and he throws them aside and looks out over his mealie fields and orange plantations to where his Kafirs are working docilely. His dinner is being cooked

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—and probably very well cooked—by a Kafir. His floors are polished, his shirts washed, his house kept tidy—all by Kafirs. All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

But sometimes the veil is drawn aside abruptly, and he is forced to realize, perhaps by some tragedy, that he is dealing with a primitive people whose blood runs hotly in their veins, for all their outward calm. So far has he realized this that the Kafir boy is no longer called in to button up his mistress's blouse—partly, perhaps, because blouses no longer button up the back, but mainly because experience has shown the unwisdom of treating a raw son of the soil as though he were a lady's maid or a Robot.

Then, as a contrast, comes the revelation that the native in many places is asking for education and that many of them are acquiring it. And to meet this vast problem we have a disunited white people.

The Broederstroom is a country which is at its loveliest in the spring, when the apple-orchards are in blossom, the hill-sides green, and the young maize pushing through the earth. The tree-ferns, which in winter are as black as though a veld fire had passed over them, are then glorious wide-spreading heads of emerald green; their average height is twelve feet, but when I heard that they have been known to attain thirty feet in the dells I thought regretfully of my New Zealand friends at the Falls, and wished that I had known this in time to uphold the honour of South Africa. The first touch of frost blackens them, and one is left wondering at the inscrutable ways of the botanical Providence that places them on this high plateau and not in the frostless lands on the edge of the sea.

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This is a favourite haunt of the migratory birds. Storks from Holland live here happily all the summer, and the Egyptian ibis is an unfailing visitor. The forests are full of lories, and I saw some glowing sun-birds, but the most amusing bird that I met on my travels was the hornbill, a denizen of these forests. He makes a nest in a hollow tree, and into it he plasters his wife, with a mixture of clay and leaves which he carries up in his great orange bill. The poor lady is only given room for her beak to emerge through a hole in the clay, and into it her husband, who has the merit of being very attentive, drops food at constant intervals. She leads this singularly retired life for two months, while she sits on her eggs and hatches them out. When the babies are ready to fly he breaks down the barrier, and the family emerges blinking into the sunshine.

We left the pleasant homestead of the Broederstroom at two o'clock one afternoon, Mr. Donovan driving me in the car which had met me at Magoeba's Kloof. After some miles along the tops of the mountains we began to descend on the eastern side, coming down first to the Wood Bush, where the trees were gloriously scarlet and golden. The simile of an English park has been worn threadbare, after the manner of many good similes, but I cannot think of a better. The fine native trees stood as apart and uncrowded as though man had planted and tended them.

A few miles further on we entered the Native Reserve, and for twelve miles after that our way lay along a good road. It was abruptly unlike the wooded land from which we had come.

On either side were dried up mealie fields, and here and there a native village—merely a clump of huts built on the rocks of the

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kopjes, as a protection against the ravages of the white ant. In other places I had seen the huts raised on poles a couple of feet above the ground, as a precaution against snakes. The cattle in the Reserve looked in very fair condition, for there is a considerable amount of nourishment in the dried mealie stalks on which they were browsing, but there seemed a lack of foresight in the manner in which they were allowed to fill themselves at will, wandering through the fields. No rain was due for several months and there did not appear to be any food in reserve.

There were miles and miles of picturesque euphorbias, but the most starving cattle cannot eat euphorbia, and there was literally not a blade of grass anywhere. It was difficult to realize that with the first rains the whole of this yellow district would turn gloriously green. It is when the rains fail that tragedy comes in.

The native women walking along the roads, with clay pots of charming design on their heads, looked at us with tranquil dignity. It was clear that their people were the masters of the soil and we the intruders. Many of them wore anklets in such profusion that they could hardly keep up with their less affluent sisters—innumerable anklets are a sign of wealth. Their brightly coloured blankets were draped about them, and fell in lovely lines. Many of the native women have the beauty of form that the Greeks loved, with a fine and stately carriage.

Pietersburg, which we reached at sunset, lies over four thousand feet above sea-level. It is a fine, prosperous town, containing good hotels, a library, and a memorial of the Great War on which are English and Dutch names in almost equal proportion.

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We dined at the hotel. Then came a night journey in the train, and at daybreak the white dumps of Johannesburg again. Later in the day I took the train for Durban, passing, east of Johannesburg, through many miles of mealie fields and thousands of cows. At first I feared that they too were living on mealie-stalks and hope, like the cattle in the Native Reserve, but closer inspection showed many farm-houses and barns, in which probably a more enduring winter feed was stored.

There were great plantations of eucalyptus too—the mines of South Africa are not going to fall in for want of props. Everywhere I had been told by farmers that much of the prosperity of rural South Africa lies in sheep and plantations, and their faith is made manifest in works throughout the country. Dry as the land here looked, it must be a good one, for the cattle were in excellent condition.

As sunset fell the wide yellow land took on a rosy tinge. In the dimness we passed a machine busily stripping the seeds from mealie cobs. Then came a flock of sheep being driven in to the kraal by a little naked boy, then two Kafirs in blankets squatting over a fire on the veld, then the telegraph poles hopping into infinity over the brown and pink horizon.

And with nightfall we came to Standerton, glowing with lights against the darkness of the sky.



## XII. DURBAN

DAWN brought a red flush in the east, and against it ranges of hyacinth-blue mountains.

Far down in the valley beneath the train lay the city of Pietermaritzburg, still alight and looking like a vision of some old Italian town in the soft dimness. Pistoia, perhaps, as you see it from high up, when dropping down the mountains from Bologna, on your way to Florence. There was a soft blur of domes and campanili—or what seemed like domes and campanili—and then we slid into a busy modern railway-station and the illusion vanished.

All South African cities should be seen for the first time at dawn or dusk. Here was Pietermaritzburg taking to itself the lovely likeness of some medieval place of old legend and high romance. Johannesburg, before the sun has risen fully, has an unearthliness, a delicacy and purity as of Alpine snows when you pass the dumps which full daylight does not flatter so kindly. Cape Town, as the mail steamer from England casts anchor in the bay in the early morning, presents a spectacle of wonderful loveliness. Behind the city, Table Mountain stands like a block of amethyst, rose-flushed at its summit by the sun which, before long, will rise over the Drakenstein. The sea at her feet gleams with the tints of an iridescent bubble as the dawn steals over the water, and the lights of the city shine red and orange far up the mountain side, and from Mouille Point to Mowbray. Naples herself can show nothing more exquisite.

Too often in South Africa illusion vanishes in the crude light



In the Botanic Gardens, Durban

*(South African Railways)*



Durban Town Hall  
(*South African Railways*)

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of day. But Pietermaritzburg still looked a pleasant place when the train emerged from the station, leaving behind us its English-looking houses and its gardens, and climbing again to the hills which lie between the city and the sea.

The winter drought had not touched Natal with the yellow bleach which had marked the Bushveld and the Karoo. We passed through a smiling land. The hill-sides were clothed with the wide green leaves of banana plantations and fields of pine-apples. Then we came to deep kloofs in which grew fine native trees—at other seasons I have seen these gorges white with the blossom of dombeya and looking like an English cherry-orchard, but at the moment there was only the Kafir Boom—*Erythrina Caffra*—in flower. But a glory of a flower. Leafless and grey-stemmed, each tree carries aloft a profusion of red blossoms, as red as though they had been made of sealing-wax, standing out sharply against the turquoise blue of the sky.

To our left lay the Valley of a Thousand Hills, fold behind fold of mountain ranges, grey and purple and deep sapphire in the hollows. And over them hung an exquisite veil of azure, so that the colours blended and intermingled in a quivering radiance under the hot sun.

We passed Indian villages set amongst their pink-tufted mango plantations, and Kafir kraals in yellowed mealie fields. Then European villas with neat little gardens—and at last we came to Durban, where she lies on the edge of the Indian Ocean.

. Durban is a town of anomalies. Built, in the first instance, by settlers from England and Scotland just under a century ago, she has developed into a fine city. The early settlers reared for

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themselves just such respectable, comfortable little Victorian houses as they had left on the outskirts of London or Glasgow. Some of these early houses had slate roofs, but after a time the era of corrugated iron dawned. They painted the iron green, so that it looked a little less like iron, and then they settled down to make the comfortable fortunes which many of them have acquired.

But in the gardens of the little Victorian houses the tradition of England or Scotland was no use to them, for English turf was unachievable and the white ants ate up the roses. So they planted, perforce, many glorious tropical trees and shrubs, after bitter experience. Along their roads they made avenues of the splendid flamboyant—*Poinciana regia*—and up their fret-work verandahs they trained bougainvillaea.

A few years passed, and the little houses were embowered in a tangle of loveliness. You no longer remembered the iron roofs for the wonderful beauty of palm and flower that hid them. Victorian architecture and tropic luxuriance were oddly blended.

Then came the day when, Durban being now rich, the little houses which had so comfortably sheltered her beginnings were no longer worthy of her affluence. So she climbed farther up the Berea behind the town, and there she built for herself many fine houses and some beautiful ones. She also rebuilt some of her old ones. A good example of the possibility of transforming a comfortable villa of former days into a house of great loveliness is Mrs. Mackeurtan's Woodley, which now stands white and square and stately on the hill-side.

The Durban gardens have always been luxuriant in growth, and to their beauty they add kindness, for they are for the most part fenceless, so that all the passers-by may take pleasure in

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their loveliness. But where land and space are very valuable the natural result is following—the once spacious gardens are being divided and sub-divided, and, though the houses which are being built on these sub-divisions are no longer the Victorian villas of former days, the inevitable result must be to give the Berea more of the aspect of a town.

A better solution of the difficulty, a cure for Durban's growing-pains, has recently been found. A wide area, to which has been given the name of Durban North, has been opened up for building. It lies beyond the fine Country Club, across the Umgeni River, on a slope overlooking the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. Here the heat of summer is tempered by the sea-breezes, and houses are springing up as if by magic, and with them equally magical gardens.

For this is a land in which gardens grow fast and furiously, once you have turned your thoughts from roses and daffodils (though, where the white ant can be circumvented, roses will flourish). Nowhere in the world is bougainvillaea a more splendid thing, whether *Lateritia brasiliensis* or the old glowing magenta which blazes in Egypt. Here it runs to the tops of the highest trees and falls again in great cascades of colour. Hardly a house or cottage is without its bougainvillaea. Growing with, and frequently through, the bougainvillaea is the beaumontia, with its glossy leaves and great scented creamy trumpets. There is a group of the two near Woodley, on the tram line, that is always lovely. The acalypha, resplendent in its crimson and scarlet leaves; francesia, turning from violet to mauve and from mauve to white; cannas, glowing masses of red and yellow and pink; *Bignonia venusta*, warm orange in mid-winter—these are only a few of the things which make glorious the gardens of Durban.

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Here then we have one of the anomalies, the intensely respectable villas which survive from early days, in a setting which, on the stage, would suggest a scene of revelry at Monte Carlo. Only the flaunting abode of the traditional millionaire could possibly be set in such a scene of paradisiacal beauty—certainly not the modest home of the virtuous heroine. But in Durban virtue and beauty walk happily hand in hand.

Another anomaly is that, while I am under the spell of the beauty of Durban, and want to write of nothing but her charm and her kindness, she herself feels that I should dwell on her commercial prosperity. Perhaps she is right. She is the commercial capital of South Africa, she says, and I, for one, am quite prepared to agree with her when I see the evidences of her wealth, the constant coming and going of steamers from Europe and the East, her factories of nutrine and sugar, soap, fertilizers, and matches, and the new streets and houses that are springing up on every side.

All this is quite justly of great importance. But, having agreed whole-heartedly with all that she can claim of opulence and prosperity and commercial pre-eminence, the beauty of her colour once more takes possession of me.

I awoke in the mornings at Woodley to the chatter of the mynahs, who came from India some years ago and have settled down and possessed the land as thoroughly as have their human fellow countrymen. A sweeter note is that of the Toppie—as the Crested Bulbul, *Pycnonotus layardi*—is called here. In the gardens below the window were tall groups of poinsettia, both the scarlet and the rose-coloured varieties, long borders of pink and white and buff Ifafa lilies, and the red bougainvillaea flowing

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over the pillars at the edge of the wide stoep and flinging its arms up the tall trees near by. The lawn at Woodley is shaded by wide-spread M'cushla trees.

This is one of the many fine native trees which Durban retains in her streets. Others are *Celtis rhamnifolia*, the yellow tree hibiscus, and many varieties of the Ficus family. They are too good to be ousted, even by the splendid avenues of flamboyant and jacaranda.

Glowing patches of colour in the streets resolve themselves into Indian women in their saris. The problem of the Indian in South Africa is too vast a subject to be considered at any length in these pages. The majority of them were brought over as indentured labourers on the sugar plantations a generation ago, and their children are now South Africans. But they are, at the same time, Indians, and it is the difficulty of reconciling these two aspects of them which has led to much troubled correspondence between the governments of India and South Africa and, recently, to the appointment of Mr. Srinavasa Sastri, a well-known and learned member of the Viceroy's Council, to watch over Indian interests in South Africa.

The problem is a profoundly difficult one, in a land which has a very involved Native Problem of its own.

The following note from Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, in the chapter called 'Less than Men', deserves consideration in connexion with the South African Indian question:

Indian politicians have for some time been directing a loud and continuous fire upon the British Home Government for not finding means to coerce the Government of the Union of South Africa into a complaisant attitude towards British Indian immigrants in that country. It is



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worthy of note that of the original 130,000 British Indian immigrants to South Africa, one-third were 'Untouchables' (Pariahs), mostly from Madras Presidency, whose condition in India is indicated in this chapter, and who would find themselves again in such status were they to return to Hindoo India. The British Indians in South Africa in 1922 numbered, as shown in the official Year-book, a little over 161,000. This figure includes a later immigration of 10,000 traders, and the natural increase of the combined body.

When you read her illuminating description of the position of the 'Untouchables' in India to-day it is easy to understand why comparatively few of the South African Indians have accepted the offer of repatriation. To most of them it would be exile, to many of them ignominy.

Durban is a pleasant town. It has a fine Country Club, close to the sea, where the heat of the sun that beats down on the golf-course is tempered by the cool, salt breezes that blow in from the Indian Ocean. It has the most accessible race-course in the world, and the July Handicap brings men and horses from every corner of South Africa.

It has its old fort too, where the romance of the early days of Natal life is enshrined. For it was from this fort, held by the English against the Boers in 1842, that Dick King set out on that gallant ride to Grahamstown which was to bring relief to the beleaguered garrison. The splendid courage of it—of that ride of six hundred miles through a land bristling with the enemy!

The Old Fort is now a calm and lovely spot, in which birds sing and flowers bloom and trees spread out their shade. Mainly through the activities of Colonel Molyneux, the old powder-magazine has been converted into a military memorial chapel,

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dedicated to St. Peter in Chains. It is a fit shrine for the enduring memory of gallant men, from Dick King to those who lie in Delville Wood.

Durban has a big Town Hall, which besides providing all its civic amenities, shelters a fine library, a collection of pictures and china, and a museum in which the Curator, Dr. Chubb, is doing good work in the life-like manner in which he is setting up the native animals and birds. It has also a fine Botanic Gardens, with avenues of tall palms, and spathodea and other splendid trees, in whose branches monkeys live as happily as in their native forests.

From Durban an agreeable drive southward took us to Isipingo. We drove down a fine avenue and along roads that might have been English lanes, but for the Kafir Boom that held up scarlet torches against the speckless winter sky. A chocolate-coloured flower, thick and solid, like a substantial tulip with golden stamens—one of the haemanthus—grew on the hill-slopes.

Isipingo is the nearest to Durban of many delightful South Coast holiday resorts. There is good golfing and fishing in enchanting surroundings. Equally pleasant is Amanzimtoti, the 'river of sweet waters', as the Zulus call it. Then we came to Illovo, a native name which means 'welcome', a place in which to take your leisure and dream on the edge of the Indian Ocean, amid tropical palms and flowers.

Then Umkomaas, where the river of that name merges gently with the sea. Here are fine golf-links and fishing and bathing; the holiday-maker must be hard to please if the wrinkles of life are not smoothed out in one of these pleasant places, where winter is nothing but a name.

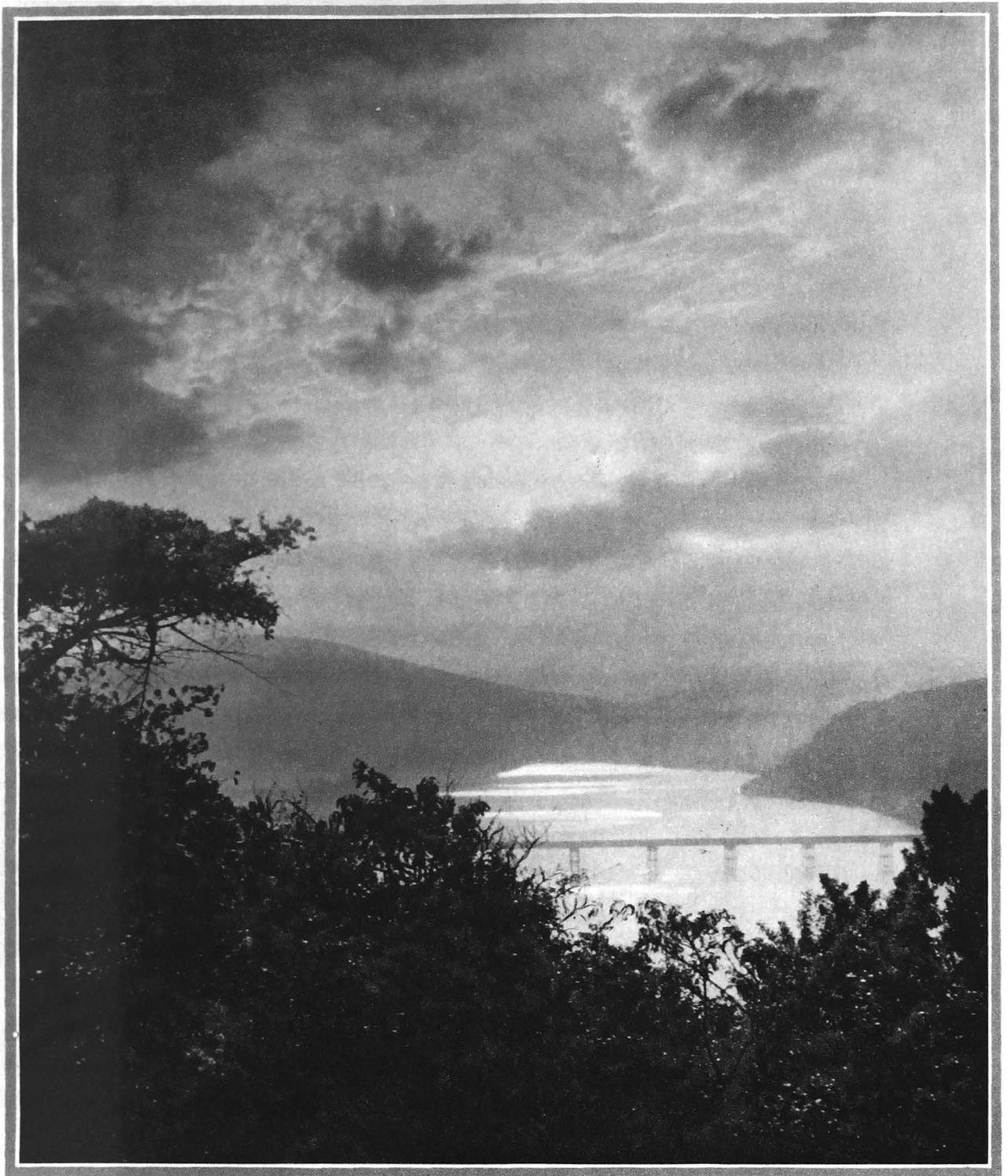
### XIII. TO ESHOWE

RAIN in Durban is rare in the winter months, but it came down heavily during the night before a friend and I set out for Zululand, and the roads were covered with a deep pink batter.

The atmosphere had been washed crystal clear, in spite of a few clouds. The sugar-cane plantations through which we drove for nearly a hundred miles were a shining green, and against it the flowers of the Kafir Boom were more scarlet than poppies. Sometimes we drove through avenues of eucalyptus, but always with the sugar-cane beyond, gleaming like enamel in the delicate light.

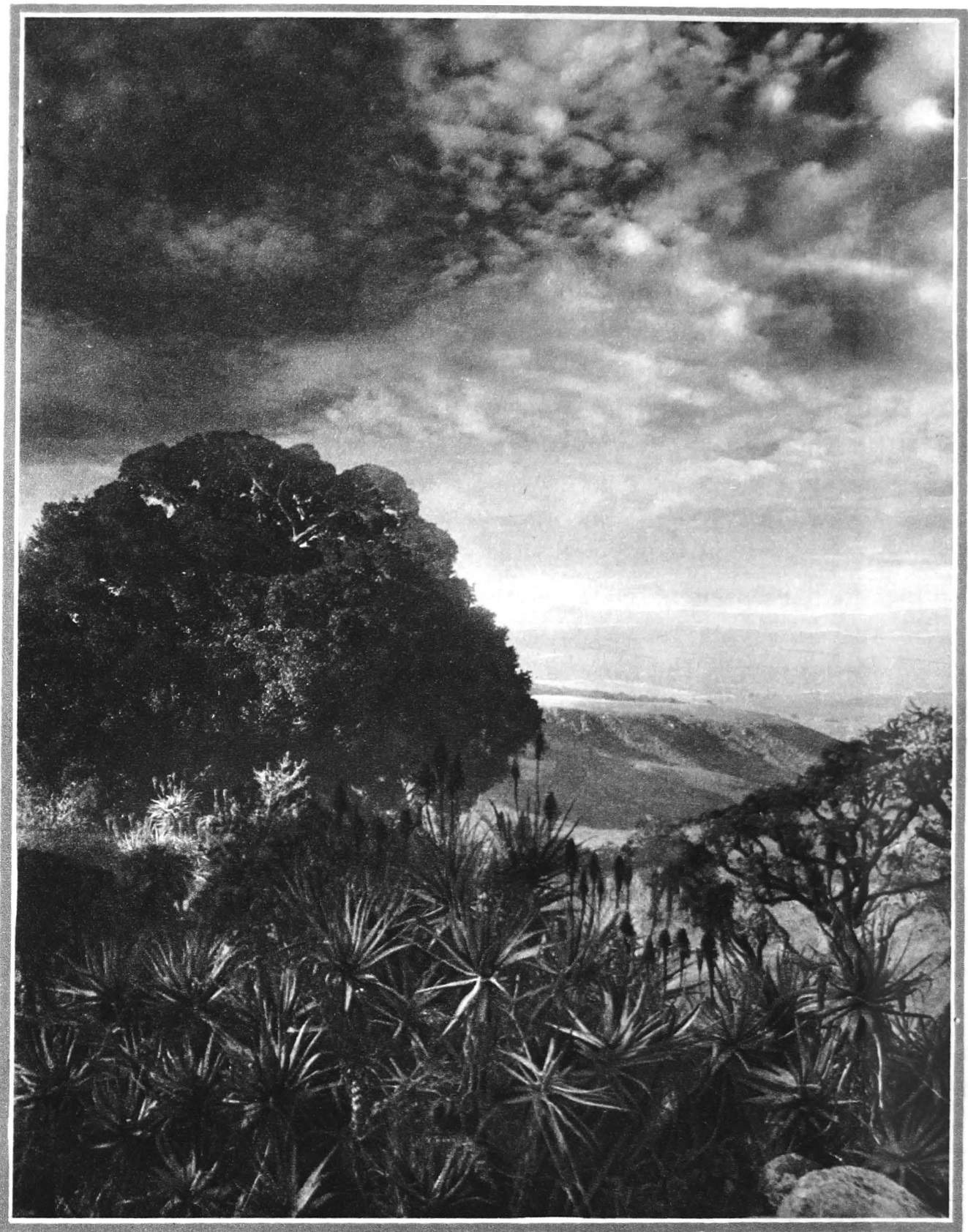
In softly pleated folds rose and fell the green hills. In some places Zulus were cutting the cane and heaping it high in ox-wagons, which trailed slowly along the roads to the sugar refineries and crushing mills, waiting to receive the bamboo-like sticks. This is one of the greatest industries of Natal, and, unlike some industries, it does not mar the beauty of the country-side. There is a queer resemblance to England, if you are sufficiently far from the cane-fields to feel the illusion that the green is that of the downs of Sussex or the Isle of Wight. It is only when you pass an orange tree laden with fruit, or a group of pawpaws, that you realize that this is yet another aspect of this many-sided South Africa, this jewel with a hundred facets.

The illusion only exists in the winter months. In summer you know that you are on the edge of the tropics. For it is in summer that many of the flowering trees are at their most splendid. The



Umkomaas.

[*Lancelot Ussher*



A Natal farm. Vryheid.

[*Lancelot Ussher*

## TO ESHOWE

flamboyants and the glowing spathodeas are glorious in the gardens that you pass, and the cannas show six feet of magnificent colour, lighting up the warm and languorous days.

There is another sign by which you may know that you are not in England.

I wish that Rudyard Kipling, who has made all the world see the Great Trunk Road of India, would write of the road that leads from Durban to Eshowe.

It is a startling revelation of the manner in which the Indians who came over originally to work on the sugar fields and tea-plantations have multiplied and possessed the land. An average Indian family consists of ten children, so the sum is easily done—every thousand Indians in one generation will probably be three or four thousand in the next, for innumerable little black-eyed babies grow up to manhood, despite the insanitary conditions which are too often found in an Indian neighbourhood. The sun and the air and the splendid climate defy the lack of sanitation. We have brought these people into South Africa and we must treat them justly, but they present many problems.

Sanitation is one of the most urgent of these. Their villages are too often picturesque glory-holes of dirt and unwholesome rubbish. If some apostle of cleanliness would only convince them of the beauty of his creed he would do a great work for them and for South Africa. But who has ever yet turned the immemorial East from its ways? Still, with the coming of Srinavasa Sastri, to represent the Government of India in South Africa, great hopes are entertained. A man of his wide culture and great personality

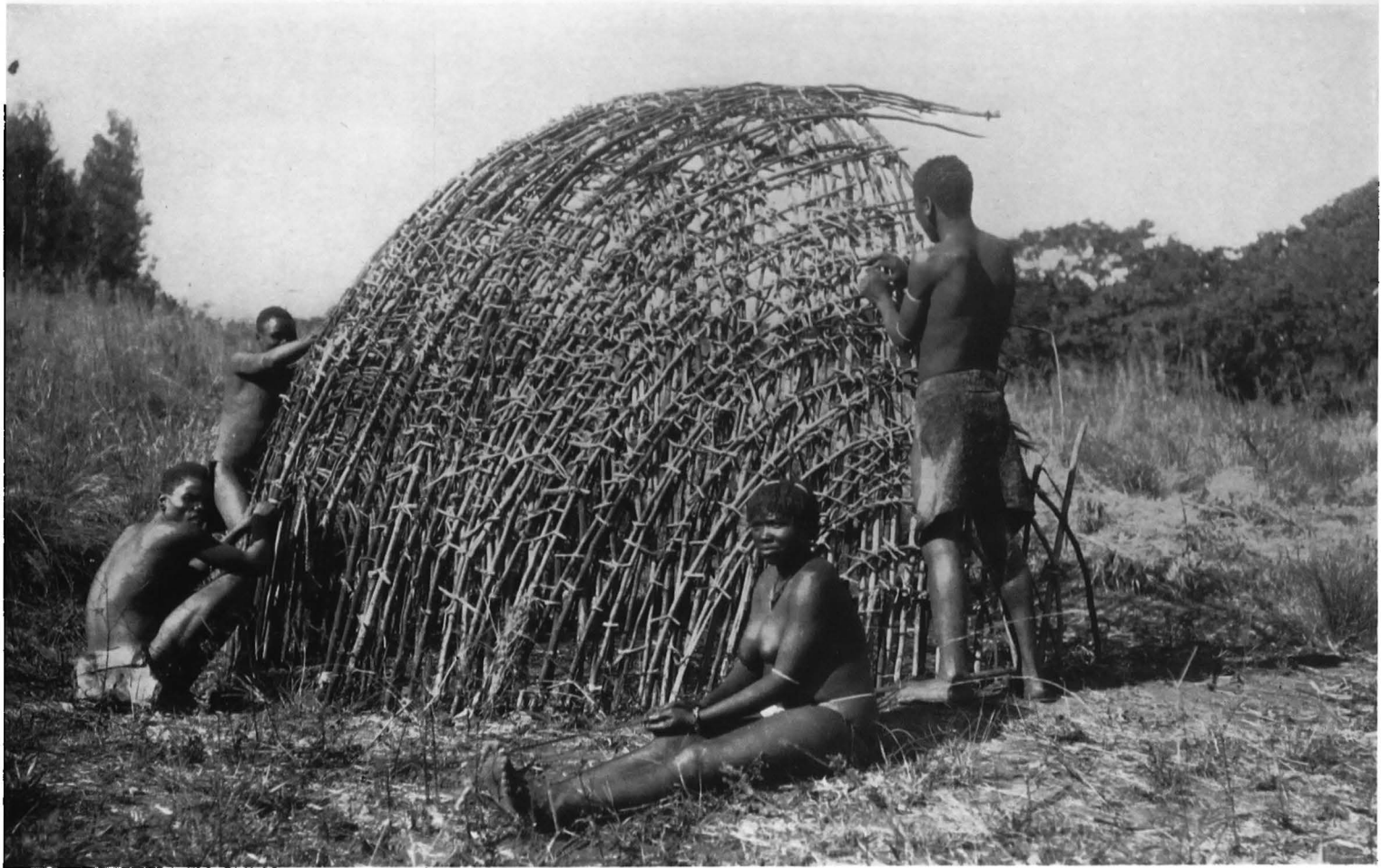
## TO ESHOWE

may be able to achieve amongst his own people what municipalities have failed to accomplish.

But as you drive quickly along the road to Zululand you are more conscious of the lovely harmony of colour in the crowd than of the dirt and squalor beneath it. The busy women at the open-air shops—especially on a Saturday morning—assemble in numbers, buying and selling gaudy pumpkins and tomatoes and oranges. They wear skirts and saris of lovely colours—pinks and yellows and blues and magentas that blend marvellously with the brown faces. The road-side for some miles after leaving Durban is one long series of Indian bazaars, and at intervals rise the dome of an Indian mosque or the pink and white sugar decoration of a Hindoo temple.

For hours you pass through India—India sitting in the shade of its mango groves, with its wares spread out on the ground on gaily tinted cloths. India selling its dal and ghee and bananas to its housewives, draped in saris and with gold studs in their nostrils.

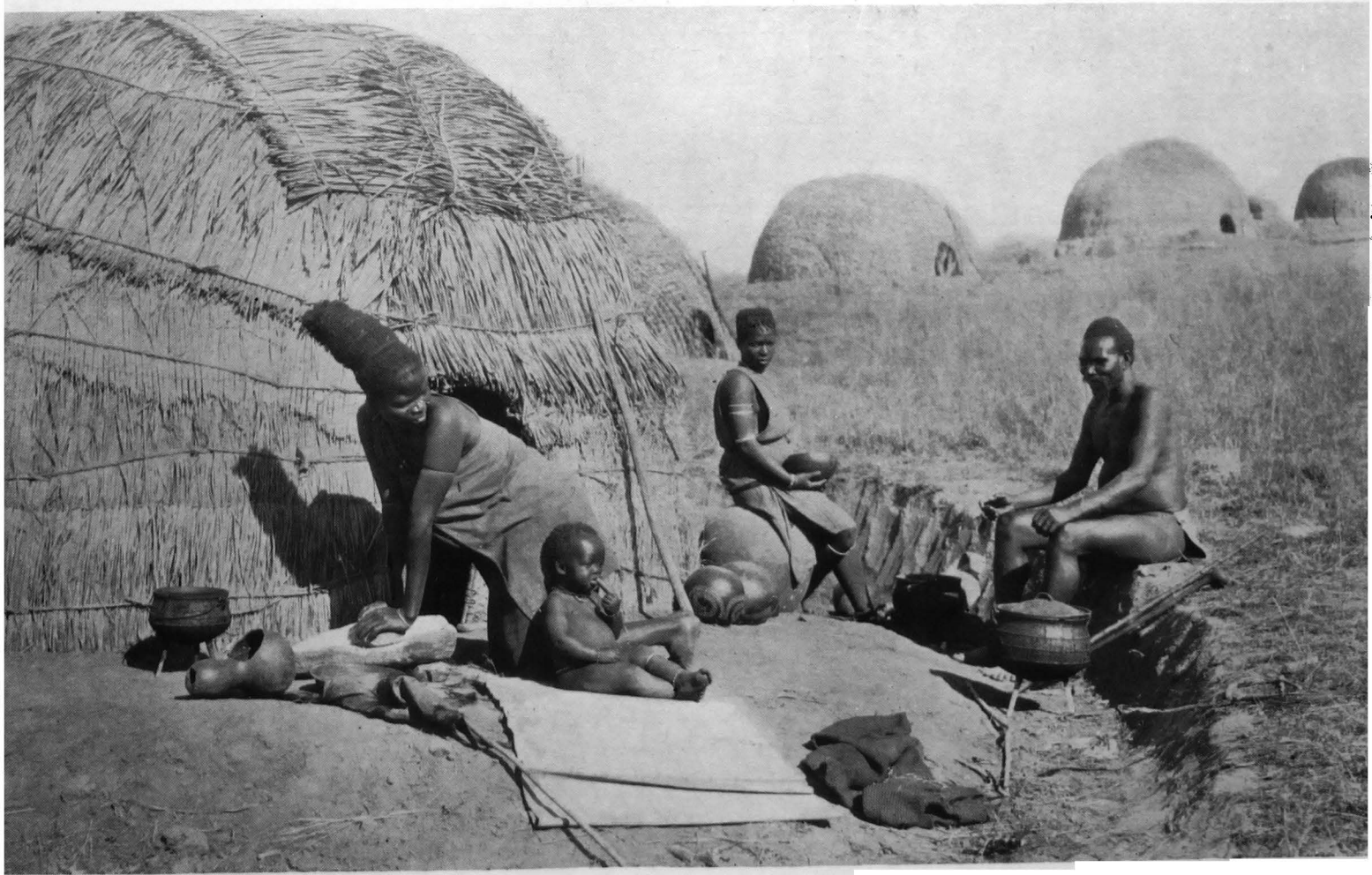
But at last you leave the crowded bazaars behind you and emerge on to the real South African road. Along the way walk the Zulu people. The married women wear their hair, done for life, in a round erection, about a foot in height, frizzed out and stiffened with red ochre. The men look splendid in karosses and better in beads, but in the towns they are too apt to drape themselves with the cast-off rags of Europeans, rags that would disgrace any self-respecting scarecrow. The children are charming in nothing, and all alike have splendid teeth. They smile courteously at the passer-by and the children gravely give the Zulu salute, raising the right hand above their heads and saying in deep



Building a hut in Zululand

*(Captain A. Gatti)*





A Zulu family

*(Captain A. Gatti)*

## TO ESHOWE

solemn tones 'Inkose'. Then they break down in giggles, like any white child who has played at being grown up.

We crossed the Tugela River on a pontoon and were in Zululand. From this point onward the native kraals, with their round grass huts, were a pleasant feature in the landscape. Unlike the Indian villages, they merge into the country-side and are a part of it, harmonious, brown, orderly, and picturesque. By an old law no Indian is permitted to settle in Zululand. He may go into service or take up work there, but he may not live on the land, so the pink sugar temples and the amber and rose-coloured saris belong to the southern side of the Tugela.

In their place are the native kraals, such kraals as the Zulu people lived in long before Dingiswayo and Chaka made them a great nation of warriors. And the people walking gravely along the roads, the men greeting the stranger with uplifted arm and the women looking at us with stately tranquillity, were all Zulus. We had to ask our way on several occasions, and were greatly hampered by our slender knowledge of the language, though once when we had gone astray we were restored to the right path by a lucky knowledge of the word 'amanzi', which means water, thus realizing that we should have crossed a river.

The country grew more and more lovely. Sometimes the road dived down into rich green valleys, sometimes it shot upward and we found ourselves on top of a hill, looking down into some great basin ringed in with blue and purple mountains. There was an unusual quality in the blue that hung in the ravines, something like the blue that you see in an old Spanish cathedral window when the sun is setting.

Quite suddenly we turned a corner and found ourselves in

## TO ESHOWE

Eshowe. Again that strange blend of England and Italy and South Africa. In this charming place the lawns were green and smooth, the gardens neat and the houses trim and attractive, though roofed with the inevitable iron. But bougainvillaea flamed everywhere under the bluest of skies, and when we arrived the road was thronged with Zulu warriors carrying shields and the staves which to-day take the place of assegais. That they were on their way to rehearse a war-dance which was to be filmed for the cinema did not make them less impressive and picturesque.

On the following day we drove out to the Enkwaleni Cotton Estates, about twenty miles away. Cotton is a new industry in South Africa and its introduction has not so far been attended with the best of luck in Zululand. Its first season promised splendidly. Then came floods of rain, which wrecked the crop. This disaster was followed by two seasons of drought. But in spite of all this, South Africa had just succeeded in demonstrating that she could grow excellent cotton, when the bottom fell out of the market in Europe, owing to over-production in America, and the price dropped by more than one-half.

To-day the price has risen a little, but the owners of cotton estates are looking at their land and wondering whether they will put them under citrus or sugar. The industry is by no means doomed, but for the moment South Africa is feeling that she prefers the oranges and sugar that she knows to the cotton whose introduction was attended by so many drawbacks. The experiment is still in its infancy.

If you did not know all this you would not gather it from appearances as you stand on the wide stoep of the homestead at Enkwaleni and look out over more than two thousand acres on

## TO ESHOWE

which the cotton-bushes stand in serried rows. The crop had just been gathered and more than two thousand bales had been sent off. It looked a smiling and prosperous land, but a decree has gone forth and before long it will probably be smiling even more cheerfully under sugar-cane.

Inland, inside the narrow sugar-belt of the coast, Zululand is a very fine cattle country.

On our way out to Enkwaleni from Eshowe we had taken a wrong turning, and had driven for many miles along the road to Melmoth before we realized our mistake. But what a lucky mistake! Up a magnificent road cut in the mountain-side we drove, twisting and turning with such abrupt and sudden curves that we felt like ants running up the grooves of a corkscrew. Below us were deep purple valleys, and on the other side were great mountains, with a curious formation which results in the presence of innumerable hollows like sockets on their slopes.

‘The hills of a thousand eyes’, the natives call them, with their very apt sense of nomenclature, and when once you have heard the name you cannot rid yourself of the feeling that numberless unwinking eyes are staring at you—eyes that were there when the world was young.

They have seen the land’s earliest inhabitants, the hairy men who clambered about their rocks and lived in their caves, the Bushmen who shot poisoned arrows across their slopes, and the Hottentot who swept the Bushmen out of sight. Still the Eyes watched, and they saw the Bantu people when they came down from Central Africa. They watched the little Zulu nation grow into a mighty tribe, as Chaka and his impis poured triumphantly over the hills. Still they waited and watched, and they saw

## TO ESHOWE

Dingaan pass by on his way to meet and kill the white men who had come into the land, and they stared at him when he fled back again after the battle of Blood River. They saw him deposed by his brother Panda and murdered, and they looked coldly on when the Zulus made their last stand against the white man, and Cetewayo and his warriors marched back in triumph after the battle of Isandhlwana. Then they saw the white soldiers pass by, and knew that the power of the Zulus was broken at Ulundi.

And as they stared at us so will they stare a thousand years hence at those who are to come after us.

On the slopes of the mountains we saw many primitive Zulu kraals, round grass huts set in a ring, with a special kraal for the cattle in the middle. Cattle represent the wealth of the native, and it is with cattle that he buys his bride from her father—the old lobola custom still holding good. All the love in a native's heart goes out to his cattle, and two of them will sit or squat for hours, discussing the points of a red ox.

The women in this part of Zululand wore less clothing than any I had hitherto met. Some of them were dressed only in beads, and were as lovely in form as bronze figures—but the fashion is not becoming to all. The less well-favoured and the redundant needed more than beads, and there was a coolness in the morning air that left one wondering at the wearer's apparent invulnerability either to a cold wind or the blazing rays of the sun.

The natives whom you meet out in these wilder districts have an immense dignity and sometimes great beauty of form. Their heads are well shaped, and their features are often good—one man of whom we asked the way near Melmoth was of the best Semitic type, with a nose which had probably come down to him



A Zulu warrior

*(Captain A. Gatti)*



Native girls with reeds for mats  
(*South African Railways*)

## TO ESHOWE

from some adventurer of the court of the Queen of Sheba. The Arab has left his mark on the people of the eastern coast-line of Africa. They are of a type far above the negro of the West Coast.

. . . . .

It was with regret that we left the picturesque native huts and the dignified Zulu of the wilds behind us, on our return drive to Durban. It was like the shifting of scenes at a play to find ourselves once more passing between the tawdry little Indian houses and the women in lovely colours sitting on the ground, with piles of oranges and naartjes set out for sale on white or blue cloths. In the rivers were numbers of Indian women, standing knee-deep in water, regardless of the pink and yellow garments that hung damply about them, as they slapped gaily-coloured skirts and saris on the stones and hung them out in the sunshine to dry. The Hindoo temples glittered like wedding cakes. On one I had a passing glimpse of figures in plaster, the Gods of India looking down on their children who no longer feel themselves to be strangers and sojourners in South Africa.

It is odd that people who wash their clothes so meticulously should be content to live in squalor. I should have more diffidence in dwelling on this point—for India is very sensitive of criticism in South Africa—were it not that Srinavasa Sastri himself, with all the weight of Indian civilization behind him, was at that very moment addressing the Indians of Tongaat, through which we passed, and telling them that if they wanted to secure the respect and consideration of the Europeans amongst whom they lived they must mend their ways, send their children to school and live more cleanly.

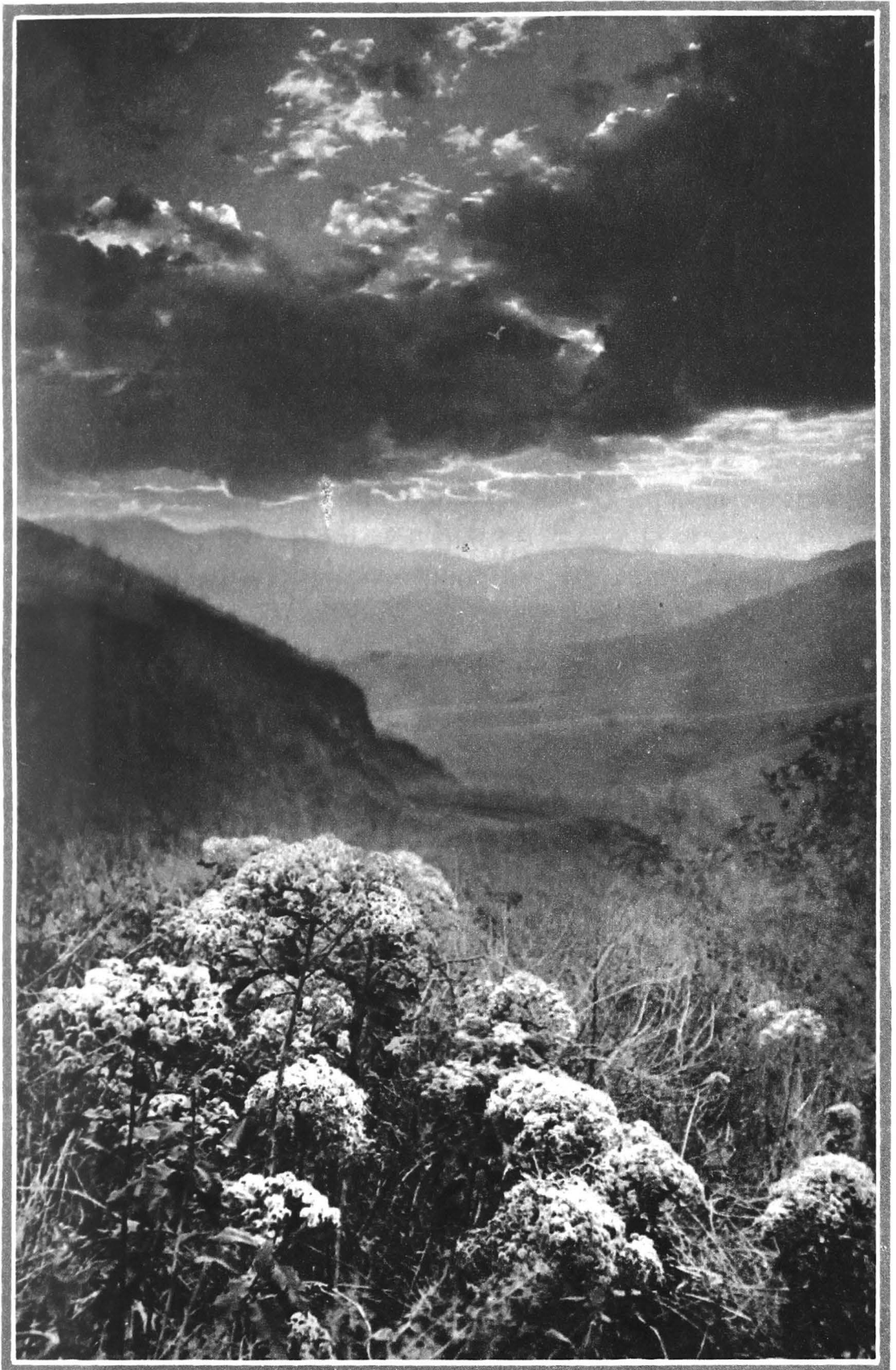
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## TO ESHOWE

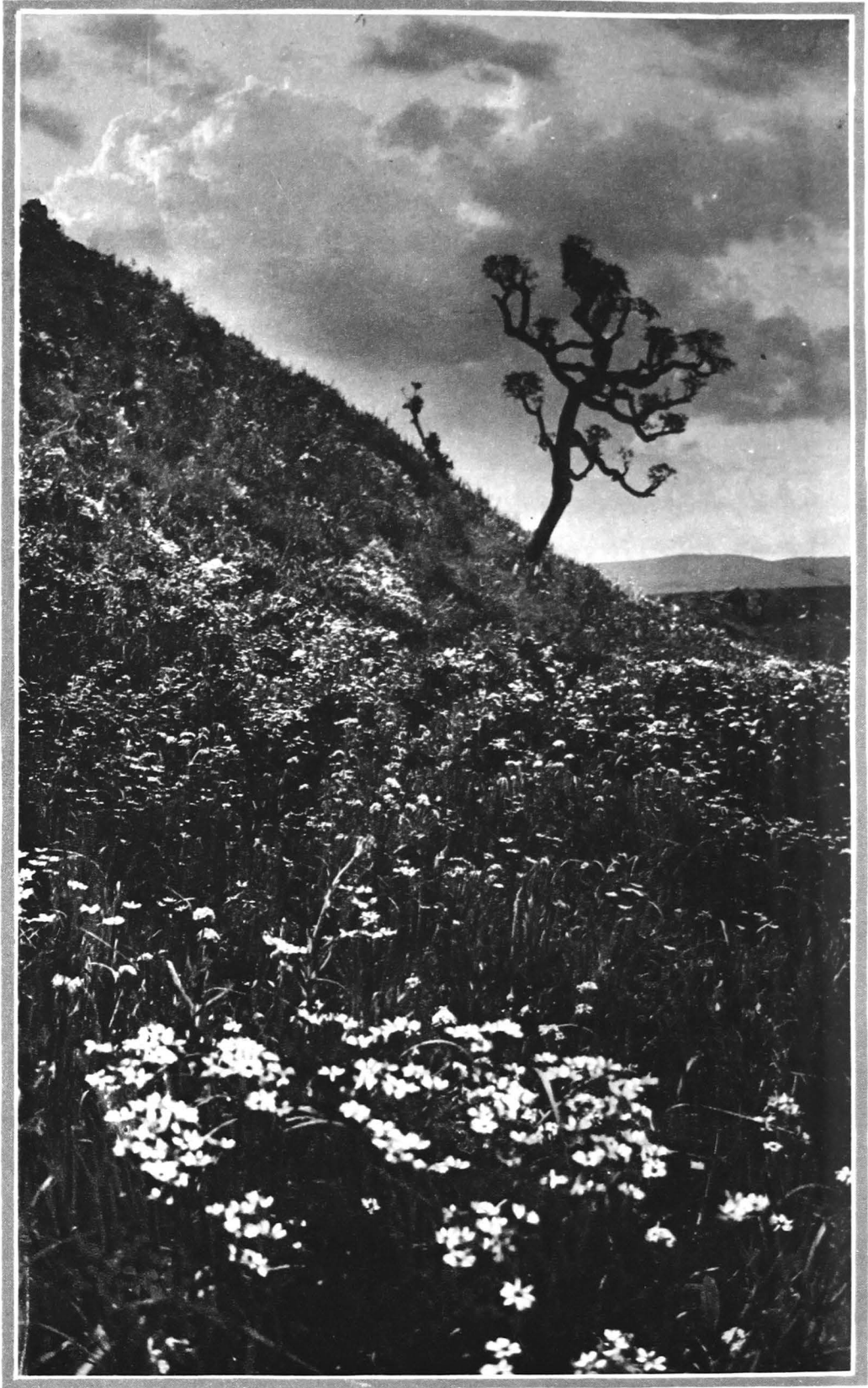
The four hours of the drive passed quickly. There were pictures everywhere. We passed wagons with teams of fourteen oxen, laden with heaped-up sugar-cane on its way to the crushing mills. Then we saw a group of fat brown Indian babies and their mothers, sitting on the road-side and sucking the stray cane that had fallen off the wagons, with a sublime indifference to the theory of microbes. Here and there on the hill-sides were the bungalows of Europeans, surrounded by wide plantations of mango or banana. Several times we crossed rivers—the Tugela, the Tongaat, and so forth—and always there were the groups of Indian women in their lovely colours, looking like gay water-flies.

Then we came to Durban again, to the warm welcome that she always gives, to a much needed wash—for the pink mud had turned to red dust on the roads—and then to the train for Pietermaritzburg.



Pass between Eshowe and Melmoth.

[*Lancelot Ussher*



A hill-side. [*Lancelot Ussher*

#### XIV. TO GRIQUALAND EAST

GRIQUALAND EAST is a fine upland district lying to the eastward of the mountains of Basutoland. It was once known as No-Man's-Land, and to it were transferred in 1862 the Griquas from what is now the southern portion of the Orange Free State. The Griquas are a people of mixed European and Hottentot blood, and they come into history with a treaty made with their chief, Andries Waterboer, by Sir Benjamin Durban in 1834, while another Treaty State was established in 1843 under Adam Kok, whose people were eventually established in Griqualand East.

To reach it, the train must be taken from Pietermaritzburg, as, owing to the mountains which surround it, there is, so far, no access by rail from the south.

Pietermaritzburg lies in a hollow of the hills. It has an old-world air, as of some English town, for, though it was founded by the Dutch of the Great Trek and owes its name to the two leaders, Piet Retief and Gert Maritz, it was for many years an English garrison station, besides being a cathedral city and at one time the seat of the Government of Natal and the residence of many English officials.

It was a great military centre in the days when British troops held South Africa against all comers—days that passed away with the coming of the Union. Perhaps the change was inevitable, but the loss to South Africa of the Englishmen and Englishwomen who followed the colours, bringing a breath of new life into the land, was very great. A strong link with the Mother Country was severed when the last Imperial troops sailed from Table Bay.

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

Pietermaritzburg to-day is a pleasant place, with no sense of feverish activity, but with charming gardens and comfortable houses and an air of restfulness. It has also what is probably the finest Botanic Gardens in the Union.

As we entered the gates a flood of perfume from a tall champak tree (*Michelia Champaca*) met us. The growth and foliage are very similar to that of the avocado pear (*Persea gratissima*); the flowers are pale buff and insignificant, but their scent is overpowering. It is one of the sacred trees of India, and the curator of the gardens told us that the Natal Indians buy every cutting that is struck, the flowers being used in making the garlands which are hung round the necks of honoured guests.

The beaumontia is a glory in these gardens. We saw one climbing to the top of a very tall araucaria and sending out lateral branches covered with the fragrant white trumpets, making a pyramid of the tree. Here too grow the cinnamon tree, the *Cedrela Toona*, the camphor, and the jacaranda—but the pride of the garden is its splendid masses of azaleas. Their beauty is enhanced by the tall slender cypresses—recalling those at the Villa d'Este. In another garden—that of Mrs. Tatham—we saw the historic acacia under which the Boers sat in council in 1842, when they decided to offer no further opposition to England's possession of Natal.

The train left the kindly climate of Pietermaritzburg in the evening. During the night we climbed 4,000 feet and awoke next morning at Franklin in Griqualand East, 6,000 feet above the sea. A white fairy frost lay over the world, and the veld was once more gold and amber. Then we rounded some hills and saw a splendid vision, the Berg that borders Basutoland, snow-clad from



*Azalea Indica* in the Botanic Gardens, Pietermaritzburg



A heap of mealie-cobs, East Griqualand

*(Dorothea Fairbridge)*

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

summit to base. A little farther up the Natal line the Drakensberg may be seen in their glory at the Mont-aux-Sources.

It is a lovely country through which the train passes on its way to Matatiele—lovely, with an exquisite delicacy of winter colour as of a pastel—the foreground cream and dull red and pale green, according to the budding crops which we passed, the mountains near by lavender and soft old-rose, the snow-covered Berg beyond. A prosperous land too, with thousands of sheep and cattle grazing near the line, and here and there the roof of a homestead showing through its trees, though some of the homesteads still stand out bare and treeless, for there are many new settlers in this part of South Africa.

Here as elsewhere we were confronted with the problem of the settler. Where a good farm should aim at 3,000 acres, and where stock has to be bought and buildings and fences put up, only a man with a fair amount of capital can look for rapid success. How much that capital should be the 1820 Settlers Association can tell him better than I, but it must be clear to every one that you cannot buy a couple of thousand acres or so and equip them without a certain outlay. If I seem to sound a warning note it is because so many people have laid out all their substance on a farm (sometimes without seeing it), not retaining anything to live upon until the farm begins to pay—which, naturally, cannot be all at once.

But it is a fine farming country, where mealies grow well and stock thrives. It is a centre of the cheese-making industry, and the dairies find ready sale for their milk at the factories. A preserved milk factory is shortly to be opened in this area.

Most of the cows are Frieslands, the owners maintaining that,



## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

although the percentage of butter-fat is lower than in some other breeds, the yield of milk is so much greater that they are as productive as Jerseys and far more hardy in a district where snow is not unknown. The stock is winter fed, when they have eaten up all the mealie stalks—the ensilage being mainly green mealies, and the hay consisting of dried teff and other grasses. Apples grow well at this height, and English flowers make the gardens lovely during the summer months. In the winter everything is dry and golden, with a special beauty of its own, but in summer it is a radiant green land, with shady weeping willows and tall Lombardy poplars and English oaks.

Life here has a very agreeable social side. Many of the settlers came from India, and they have taken kindly to the polo which was introduced into the district many years ago by the Cape Mounted Rifles. 'You must have ponies on a farm,' said one of them, 'why not use them now and then for polo?' There are three polo clubs in Griqualand East, which also plays tennis and dances a good deal in the leisure intervals between its very serious and successful farming. Until recently they rode to dances, for there were no trains and few motor-cars, but the last three years have brought the railway and roads. The natives are chiefly Basutos, from across the mountains, but other tribes contribute farm-labourers. You may know them by their blankets. The Basuto wears a pink striped one, and the Tembu wraps himself in lovely folds of dull ochre-red, home-dyed. Here, unlike many other districts, the native women go into domestic service, being paid at the rate of about ten shillings a month, and they learn to cook very well.

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

One evening I saw a pastoral scene to which only the brush of Millet could do justice.

The mountains had turned rose-madder in the sunset. The wide veld was ivory and cream and pale yellow under an azure sky. A herd of black and white Frieslands stood waiting to be let in at the farm-yard gate. Bronze babies, naked and delicious, rolled about in a heap of mealie-cobs which had been stripped of their seeds.

Then, down a sloping road came a dozen Basuto girls. Each wore the full swinging skirt that marks the native women of this part of South Africa, and over it the striped pink blanket. On the head of each was balanced a lengthy bundle of the yellow grass from which mats are made; they were carrying it home to plait it in the huts of an evening. And as they stepped lightly, swinging their skirts, they sang softly, a low, crooning part-song.

Then they were met by another group of older women, with pale yellow handkerchiefs twisted round their heads and knotted at the sides, and the two groups greeted each other gravely and stood for a moment talking under the drooping branches of a great willow. Then the cows lowed protestingly, the farm-boys ran out, and the girls passed on their way, singing softly as they went.

The Basuto girl is fenced about with as many precautions as an early Victorian *débutante*. She may not go about by herself, and she may not eat an egg.

When she is older and married, she is allowed the privilege of having her face tattooed. I saw a nurse in charge of a little white boy at a polo match. She was sitting back on her heels, as only the native can sit with comfort. On each cheek were three dark,

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

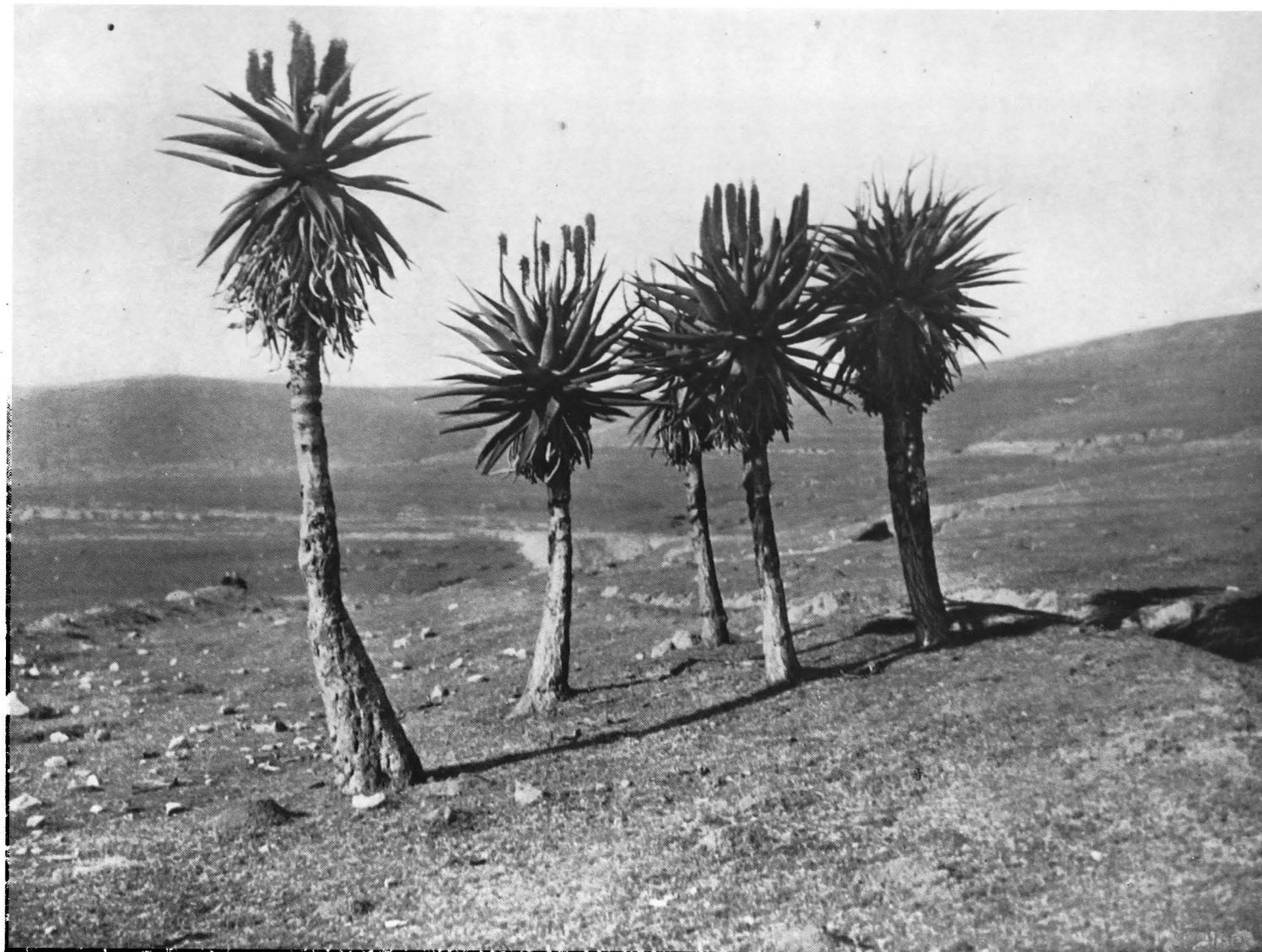
curving lines, and another down her forehead, all meeting at the tip of her nose, with a series of dots on each cheek. Sometimes the lines radiate to the ear. The English children who are brought up by these native nurses grow up speaking Sesuto with great fluency.

On a deceitfully calm morning we drove from the farm to Matatiele. It was a grey and pale yellow day, not ugly, but faint-coloured, like a soft water-colour. There was a dull mistiness over the glorious snow-mountains and all the radiance had gone. It seemed impossible that the mere going in of the sun should blot out all the colour of the previous day.

The natives were huddled in their blankets—the men wear them as though they were Roman togas, the women as if they were the shawls of our great-grandmothers. We passed many of them on their sturdy Basuto ponies—a Basuto woman riding astride, with her multitudinous skirts bundled up fore and aft, is an amazing sight. Perhaps these full skirts were the first English fashions which the tribe saw, in the days of Moshesh and Queen Victoria, and, having adopted them in the place of beads and skins, they have remained faithful to them.

These women suffer in beauty by comparison with the graceful, slightly dressed women of Zululand, but the Zulu costume of beads would be very chilly at these heights.

On our drive to Matatiele we passed a little Anglican church, with a square battlemented tower, built twenty years ago as a combined church and fortress, a laager into which the white inhabitants could retire in the event of a native rising. The need for it as a place of refuge has not been apparent of recent years, but there are mischievous influences at work amongst the natives



Aloes in the Transkei  
*(South African Railways)*



Native huts in the Transkei  
(*South African Railways*)

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

of South Africa, mischief organized overseas in the danger-factories. The sight of this church tower brings home poignantly the thought that the white man's rule in South Africa is a very delicately balanced piece of machinery, based upon the assumption that he is the native's superior in morals and education. It does not lie in the power of numbers, for numerically the proportion of native to white in the Union and Rhodesia is six to one. What will it be in ten years' time? And what the controlling power in the land?

The old tribal system has gone—or almost gone—and the white man is faced by the necessity for evolving some other system, which will ensure justice to black and white alike, and which will yet leave him the controlling factor in the government of all. It is only when you travel from end to end of this vast South Africa, when you see the teeming millions of natives and the mere handfuls of whites in districts such as Rhodesia, that the startling urgency of the problem is brought home to you.

A sudden wind sprang up in Matatiele. Clouds of red dust swept its wide streets from the open veld. The gay pink blankets hanging in the tin verandahs of the stores flew out and flapped in the storm.

And then the clouds broke in floods of welcome rain, unusual here in winter, and we drove back to the farm in a closed-up car, thankful for the rain but talking of the mealie crop that had just been hulled, and wondering anxiously whether the Basuto women, whom we had left sewing up the mouths of the sacks, had worked fast enough to save the grain from damp. For that is South Africa. The world's greatest problem is confronting

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

her, but for the moment she can only give it a perfunctory and academic attention, for the daily work is waiting to be done.

Her mealies have to be hulled, her grapes are ready for the pressing, her oranges and peaches for Covent Garden, her gold and diamonds must go out to all the world, the mouths of her children have to be filled by the bread-winners. And steadily—steadily—come on the feet of the growing multitudes of her native children.

A farm up in the heights of Griqualand East is a pleasant place, and life on it is less strenuous than on the fruit-farms of the Cape, especially during the summer months, when the plums and peaches and nectarines ripen more quickly than they can be packed.

On these wide lands, a plateau 6,000 feet above the sea and set round with mountains, life is a spacious thing. The Basuto boys know all that there is to be known about cows and sheep and mealies. The rainfall is a regular one—somewhere about thirty-five inches in the year—so there is little danger from the droughts which burn up vegetation in some other parts of South Africa. Native servants are plentiful and cheap, and although they may require training and have not the finish of an English parlour-maid, they make the domestic side of farm-life easy. Every one has leisure for some polo and lawn-tennis and gardening, and the distances between the homesteads are not too great for sociability.

For the settler who can afford to buy or hire a good farm, to stock it with sheep or dairy cattle, and to wait until his wool and milk and mealies bring in an income, it is a place in which to lead a pleasant and healthy life. The crisp air of winter

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

on these heights is like a tonic when you come to it from the pineapple and pawpaw lands below. The gardens in winter are entirely dormant, save for violets and pyrus japonica, but they atone in the summer by the rich luxuriance of their growth.

So far, it has not been a district for the very small settler—the settler with small means—but it is thought that, with the development of roads and railways, giving better access to the town-markets and to cheese-factories, this will change. Dairy-farming and poultry-keeping will develop on more extensive and intensive lines. The condensed-milk factory, which is to be opened before long, should give a great impetus to the former in a district where grazing is good for the greater part of the year and winter feed is easily grown.

It is moreover a particularly pleasant and healthy place, with many social amenities and much beauty of scenery.

If I were asked to define the spirit of Griqualand East, as I saw it, it would be a spirit of happy contentment.

People like the country and most of them like each other. There is an atmosphere of friendliness, with great hospitality. On the whole, it is one of the pleasantest places in South Africa, and again and again I was told, 'I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world.' Work and play are blended in a manner that makes for healthiness of mind and body—but then you must be able to work and able to play.

No doubt, at least to the new settler in the country districts, there comes a spirit of hankering after the things he has left behind him. He—and more particularly she—would like to walk down Bond Street, to see the hounds meet on a cold English morning, to sit on English lawns and smell the sweetest roses in the world.



## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

But that hankering comes to all of us whose lot is cast out of England. It is part of what used to be called the price of Empire in the days when people spoke of the Empire in South Africa. It has to be put aside until the moment comes when we can afford to take a return-ticket to Southampton—and it is quite surprising to see the alacrity with which the second half of the ticket is sometimes used at the end of a few months.

For this South Africa, and particularly this district of Griqualand East, winds itself tightly about the hearts of those who live in it. The wide open spaces, the crisp winter air, the rich green of summer, the rose and purple mountains, combined with the sense of developing a new and vigorous country—these are but a few of the things which make it dear to its people.

On one of the deep-coloured days, when all the world was gold and indigo, we motored to Inungi, a farm in the mountains, about twenty-five miles away. It lies on the knees of the heights which divide Griqualand East from the native reserve of Pondoland. To reach the homestead we had to drive through the Umzimvubu River; in winter this is possible, but in summer, after the rains, you have to let a native swim your horse across while you yourself are drawn over in a box in the air, suspended on a chain between two uprights.

It almost seems a waste that there should be such an unfailing river in a land which has an ample rainfall, and no need for irrigation. I thought of the cracked, dried lands we had passed through in the Low Veld, on the edge of the Sabie Game Reserve, and contrasted them with these smiling pastures, now showing green. All the English flowers grow gloriously at Inungi, and the view from the stoep is one of russet and flame-coloured hills (covered

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

with rooi-grass) and indigo shadows, with an ivory and golden foreground. Above the lower hills rises Mount Currie, oddly like Simonsberg behind Stellenbosch, and at its foot is Kokstad, the capital of Griqualand East.

Kokstad is a town with comfortable hotels, and wide streets bordered with trees. It is a pleasant centre of life, and many of the newer settlers in the district have taken up land in the neighbourhood. It is a convenient railway-terminus, whence their wool and mealies can be dispatched to the ends of the earth.

All the world was busy shelling mealies during my visit to Griqualand East. At some of the farms were mighty mounds of White Hickory King, or Eight-Row Yellow, and there was great competition for the communal mealie-sheller, which was being taken from farm to farm. It is interesting to see the Basuto women, with babies on their backs, feeding the machine with the full cobs, and to watch the stream of white or golden mealies pouring into the sacks. A large proportion of the yield is retained and ground into the mealie-meal on which the native farm-labourers are fed. Some of the mealies are stored as a winter feed for sheep, and any grain that is over goes to the market, and brings in from 11s. a sack upwards. But stock and wool and milk, rather than mealies, are the staple industries of this district.

Here, as in other places, the farmers burn the grass, so that it may send up tender young shoots for pasture after the first rains. Near Matatiele I saw a curious picture. It was at a polo match. The polo-ground had been burned, to obtain a more level grass surface, but the surrounding veld was still golden. On the black velvet of the polo-ground the rival teams in their gay colours stood out sharply, and behind them was a row of sapphire moun-

## TO GRIQUALAND EAST

tains. It was like those Futurist pictures which are all unshaded sweeps of brilliant colour.

From Griqualand East I had hoped to go by way of St. John's, through Pondoland and the Transkei to my next resting-place, Grahamstown, but the connexion broke down (for the only time on my travels) and I was obliged to go round through the Orange Free State.

These Transkeian territories form a purely native area, under a Chief Magistrate, who resides at Umtata, for the district east of the Kei River. West of the Kei there is a Chief Native Commissioner at King Williamstown. In the Territories there are native councils, which are united in a General Council of European Magistrates and Native Members; it is responsible for local administration.

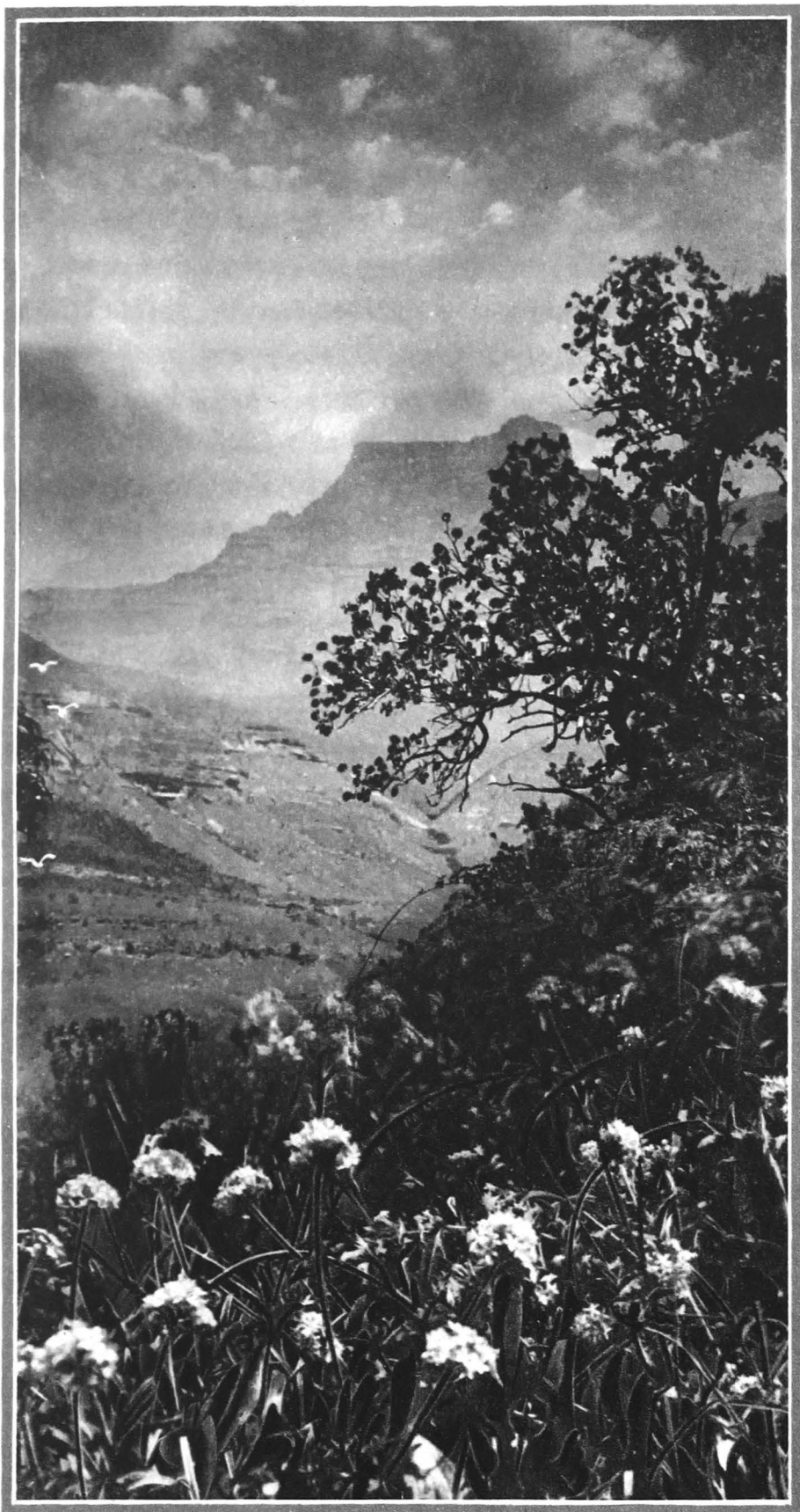
Usually the territories are green and smiling, but this year's drought had caught them. Only those who, like the writer of these lines—Mrs. Byron—have lived through a drought, know what it means:

Wind from a smouldering furnace shrivels the corn in the grain;  
Driving the swarm of locusts, whirling the dust in its train.

Brown are the drooping grasses, hopes of the blossom-time wane.

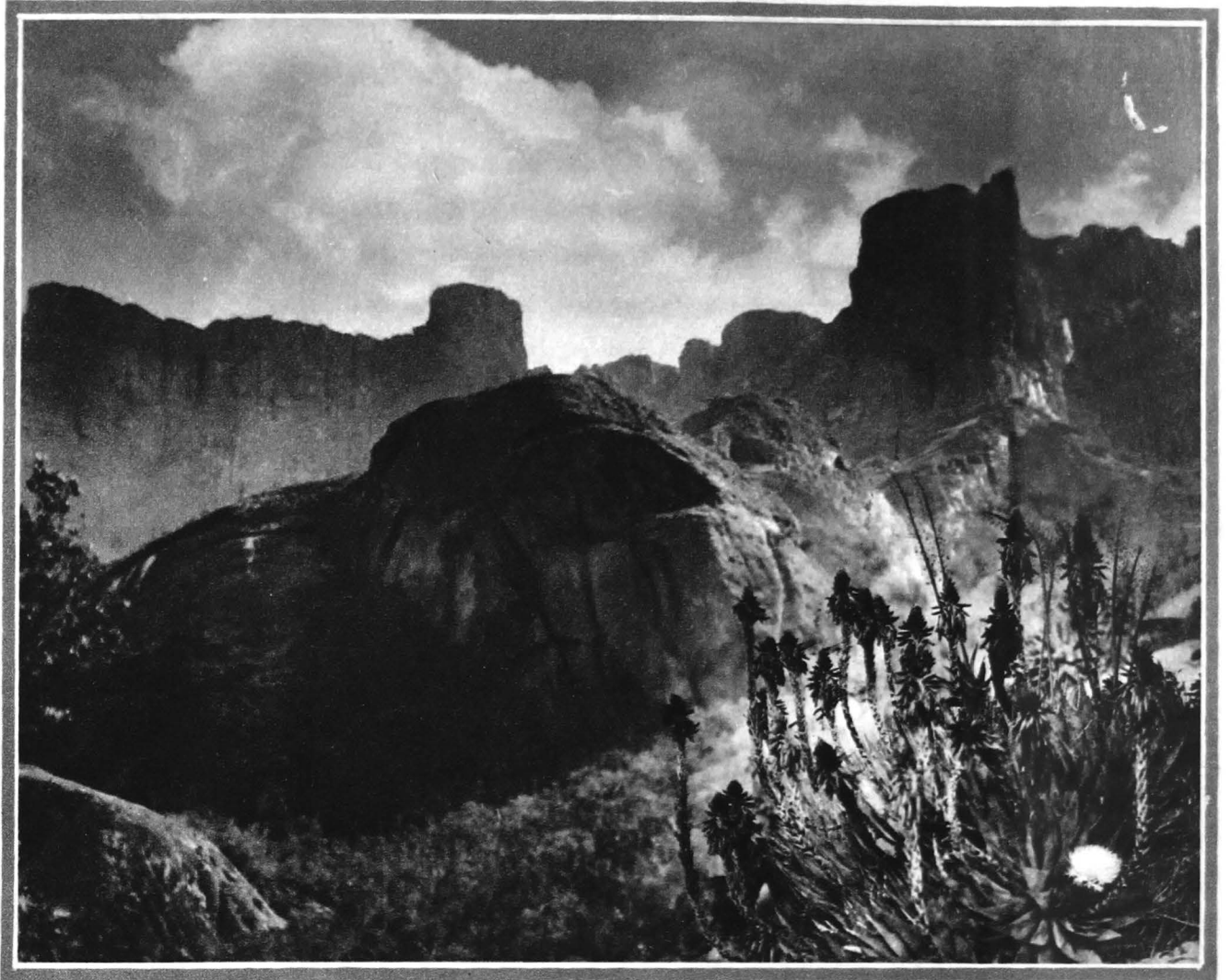
God of the corn, have pity!

God of green things, give us rain!



The Eastern Butte, Mont aux Sources.

[*Lancelot Ussher*]



The Camel, Mont aux Sources. [*Lancelot Ussher*

## XV. FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

FROM Matatiele in Griqualand East the train takes you back to Pietermaritzburg. Some day perhaps it will run on to Umtata or Maclear, but so far there is no extension southward, and to the westward communication is cut off by the mountains of Basutoland, a land practically without railways. On the northern edge of Basutoland is the glory of the Quathlamba or Drakensberg range, with the splendid peak of the Mont-aux-Sources, and from Matatiele we had seen the snow-covered Maluti mountains. The Basuto people are an encouraging example of self-government by the native under European control.

When M'Zilikazi drove the frightened tribes of various Bantu clans before him and broke up their separate existence, some of the scattered remnants of several Bechuana tribes took refuge in the Basutoland mountains. Here, in the year 1818, arose from amongst them a great chief called Moshesh, and under him they became a united people.

In 1852 war broke out between Moshesh and the British Government. The Basutos were defeated by Sir George Cathcart at Berea mountain, and for four years the land had peace. Not a lasting peace, however, for 1856 saw them fighting with their Boer neighbours in the Orange Free State. Two years later there was a breathing space after another peace, concluded by the Treaty of Aliwal, but trouble with the Boers broke out again in 1865 and Moshesh and his people asked to be taken under British protection. For a few years Basutoland was annexed to the Cape Colony, but in 1884 it came under direct Imperial control.

## FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

It is governed, under the High Commissioner, by a Resident Commissioner and a Basutoland Council or Pitso of a hundred Native members. All land is held on the communal system and apportioned amongst the people by the native chiefs. Every farmer in Basutoland is a native, but all education is in the hands of the missionaries.

It is a country of splendid mountain ranges, snow-crested in the winter, with grassy plains between. Here the Basuto farms the land given to him by his chief. The only white people in the country are the Imperial officials, the clergy and missionaries, and about two hundred licensed traders.

We left the white peaks of Basutoland behind us as evening fell, and the train took us through the darkness towards Maritzburg. As the train left that city at dusk of the next day, the illusion of Italy was even stronger than when I had seen it in the dawn—the half-light is flattering to all South African towns. Tall cypresses through which you looked down into a blue valley, a great building on a hill-top which might have been a convent or a medieval fortress, lights twinkling far below us—it might easily have been Tuscany.

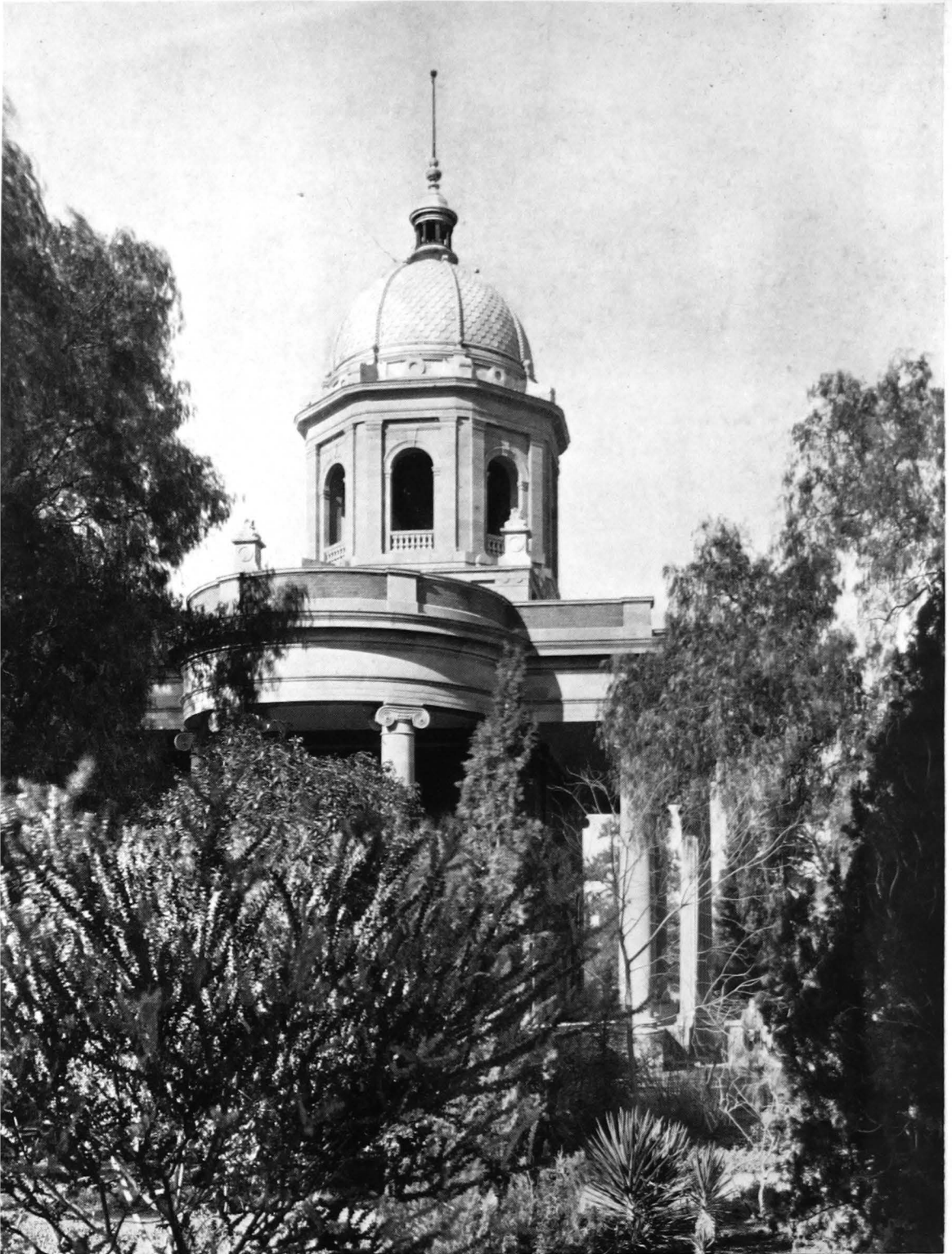
Then, suddenly, indigo hills wreathed with a girdle of flame—South Africa once more and the burning of the veld.

We passed through Johannesburg again, and this time there was no illusion about the dumps; they looked dingy and almost mouldy in the garish light of full day, and so did the unpainted tin roofs of the shanties and the Asiatic laundries, the blackened winter trees, and the natives who seemed squalid after the fine upstanding folk of Zululand and the Basuto border. But all big



Looking down on the Low Veld near Harrismith  
*(South African Railways)*





Government Buildings, Bloemfontein  
(*South African Railways*)

## FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

towns have their ugly side, and Johannesburg has another aspect which is beautiful.

Soon we were out in the open veld on our way to the Orange Free State. It was dry and yellow, of course, being July, but there were many farms on which the cattle looked thriving, on a diet that was mainly mealie-stalks. There were many miles of mealie-fields, giving a sense of monotony, but at a place which gravely called itself Henley-on-Klip there were orchards and solid stone buildings.

At Vereeniging we crossed the Vaal River, wide here, and with the imminent prospect before the place of becoming a week-end retreat from Johannesburg. There are fine apple-orchards in the neighbourhood, and before long it is probable that South Africa will make her own cider.

But Vereeniging has other associations. It was here that the conditions of peace between Boer and Briton were signed on the 31st of May 1902. Two of the men who signed it were General Botha and General Smuts, and all the world knows how well they kept the word which they gave on that day. There is a psalm which is known as the psalm of the Great Gentleman, who having given his word keeps it, though it be to his own hindrance. It should be taught in all South African schools.

Another night in the train—another awakening in the exquisite and cloudless dawn.

During the night we had passed through Bloemfontein, and through the open spaces of the Orange Free State. This is the magnificent pasture land of South Africa, where merino sheep, horses, and cattle flourish. In the eastern districts wheat, mealies, and Kafir corn are grown and there are many fine farms.

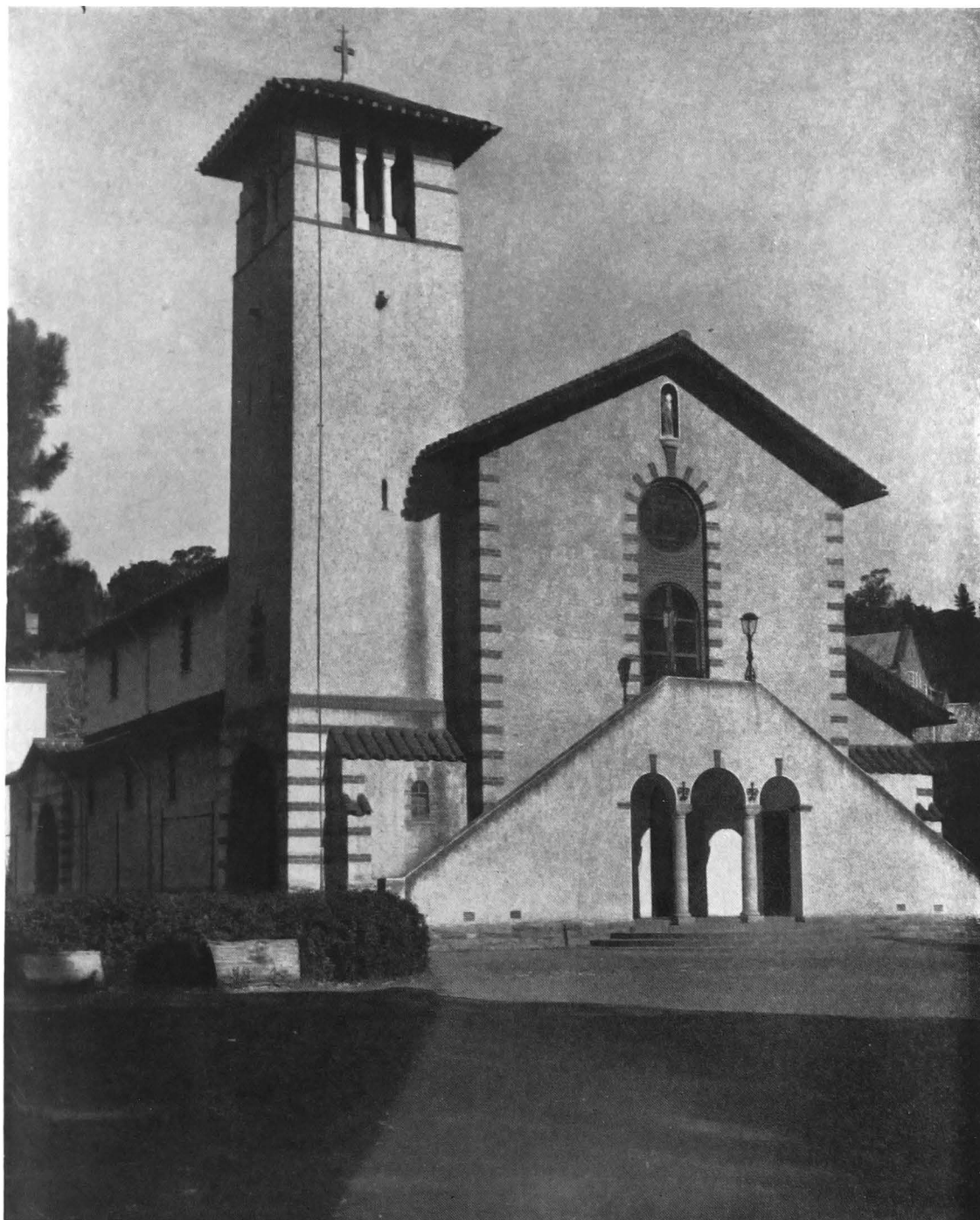
## FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

The country has had a stormy and troubled history, in common with the rest of South Africa, since 1836 when the Voortrekkers drove out the Bushmen and Korannas from the shelter of their kopjes. Sometimes the new-comers were friendly to England—as in the days of President Brand—sometimes they were hostile. In 1899 the Orange Free State joined the Transvaal in the war against England, and in May 1900 Lord Roberts proclaimed its annexation. Finally, in 1910, it was merged into the Union of South Africa.

We passed through Cradock and crossed the Great Fish River. Then we came to countless miles of country, green with prickly pear. This, at least, is impervious to drought, and, like the Kafir melon, it contains a large quantity of moisture, independent of whether the soil is moist or parched. With the thorns cut off it is largely used for feeding cattle when food is scarce, but there is very little nourishment in it. It is the world's most persistent plant, for you may hack it to pieces, but if you leave one fragment of a leaf on the ground it is a robust bush in a few days. It is a foreign adventurer of the most stubborn type.

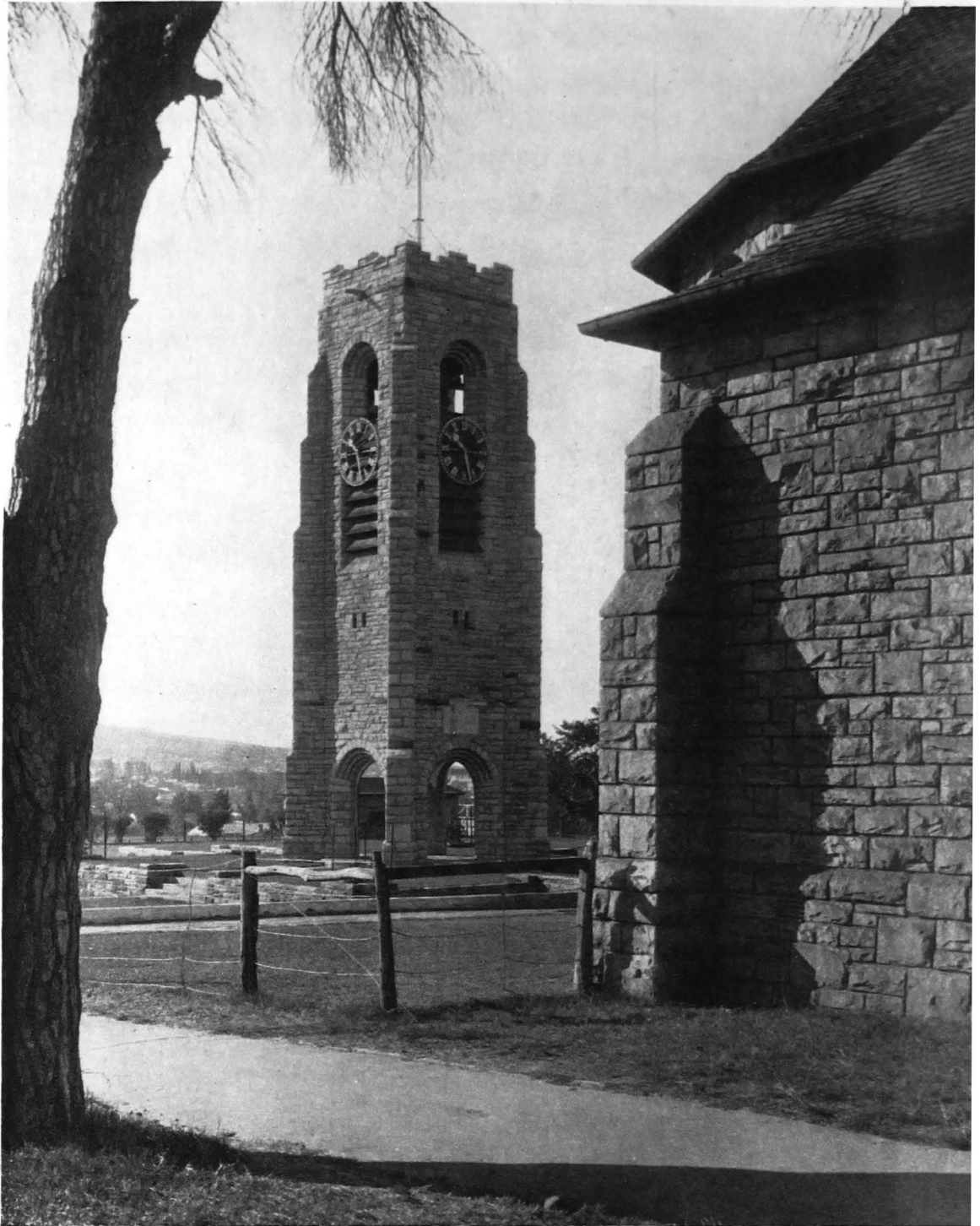
It was pleasant to see the lights of Grahamstown gleaming in the dusk. The Settlers' City, as it proudly calls itself, lies in a hollow surrounded by hills, in the manner of many other old South African towns, the site having probably been determined by the presence of water rather than by the desire for a view.

It has an old-world air, as of some English country-town. Many of the houses are square and white, of the Georgian type, and life is dominated by the churches and the schools, as in many English cathedral cities.



Chapel at St. Peter's Training College, Grahamstown

*(From a photograph lent by the architects, Sir Herbert Baker and Mr. F. Kendall)*



War Memorial Tower, St. Andrew's College

*(From a photograph lent by the architects, Messrs. F. Kendall and Morris)*

FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

The great English church-school for boys, St. Andrew's, has admirable modern buildings, built for the most part in stone. There are good class-rooms and a large hall and a library, with a very fine school chapel. Within the chapel are brasses and windows to the Old Andreans who fell in the Great War; the eternal pride and tragedy of those years look out at you from the eyes of the youthful saints with their broken swords. And hanging at the western end of the chapel is a large silk Union Jack, and beneath it the inscription:

A. M. D. G.

This flag was the pall used in Canterbury Cathedral  
at the funeral of

LORD MILNER,

16th May, 1925.

Given to the school by Lady Milner in memory of his  
work for South Africa and the Empire.

It was a great inspiration that hung this flag there. A boy must be dull-minded indeed if he is not touched by the spirit of a wider and more noble patriotism than that of South Africa alone when he looks up at its silken folds and at the young saints in the little stained-glass windows who died for more than South Africa.

I had met a crowd of the St. Andrew's boys at Alicedale on the previous day, on their way home for the holidays. A jolly, cheery crowd of youngsters with all the world before them. It is a splendid thing for this old earth that its life and vitality are renewed with each generation—these were good hostages for the future of South Africa.

## FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN<sup>1</sup>

The School Memorial of the Great War is a fine Norman tower, designed by Mr. Frank Kendall. It is made impressive by its massive simplicity—that lovely quality which is so rarely found in War Memorials. It has taken South Africa a long time to grasp the fact that Romanesque architecture is more akin to its wide spaces than is Gothic.

One afternoon the friends who were my hosts at Grahamstown drove me to Botha's Hill, a height above the town whence you get a fine panorama of the magnificent mountains behind Alice.

Near Alice lies Lovedale, an old college established for the sons of native chiefs. Not far off is Fort Hare, around which gather many memories of the Kafir Wars.

From Botha's Hill we dipped into a valley which would have enchanted the heart of a botanist. Even in the winter dryness, the aloes sent up splendid spikes of crimson or golden flowers, and one low-growing variety bore clusters of blossoms that looked like deep-pink coral. The hill-side was crowded with the taller aloes, looking very like a horde of Kafir warriors with their elaborate head-dress. There were euphorbias in the bush through which we passed, and kiepersols and numberless interesting plants. None of these except the aloes were in blossom, but after the rains the whole hill-side will be gay with the blue of plumbago and the red of *Tecomaria capensis*, and sweet with white jasmine and a lovely little striped amaryllis which springs up in thousands.

Our destination was a farm, on which a newcomer to the land had settled with his wife five years ago. He is farming black-faced Persian sheep, and has at last won to success, after a struggle with the abnormal drought with which this and some other South African districts have recently been visited. The sheep-farmer

#### FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

in such places—not, of course, in the well-watered grassy areas such as Griqualand East—have one great safeguard, the little Karoo bush, *Pentzia incana*, which no drought depresses. It is a mean little thing to look at, with dark greyish leaves and insignificant flowers, but it is a godsend to the farmer. Sheep love it, and have even been known to walk out of a field of rich green lucerne (grown near the borehole with infinite labour) in search of the scrubby little bush.

Not only does he possess a flock of thriving sheep, but a charming house, where his clever wife has worked miracles inside and out, with petrol-boxes and blue paint, and with some fine old furniture and gay chintzes as well. She has created a pleasant English country-house; and her terraced and paved garden is a vision of loveliness after the rains fall. At the moment of writing, that divine consummation seems as far off as ever, but she keeps her roses alive by the ministrations of a watering-can, filled from the family bath, as she anxiously scans the brilliant sky. Seven inches of rain in seven months has been a poor record, but the sheep seem to thrive on drought as long as they have their Karoo bush. And some day the rain will come. [Since writing this, the drought-stricken areas have had splendid rains.]

This man was the wise type of settler. He did not buy his land before seeing it, as so many have done, but went from district to district until he found what he wanted. He did not attempt to grow, upon dry land, citrus fruit or anything else that is dependent for its life on water, but chose land bearing plenty of Karoo bush, and put sheep on it. It has been a struggle, but he has won through almost the worst drought on record.

At last, after many months of untempered sunshine, a grey



## FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN<sup>1</sup>

morning dawned, and all Grahamstown eyes were turned skyward in joyful anticipation. I saw the first umbrella that I had seen for many weeks—it was in the hand of Mother Florence, the Superior of St. Peter's Training College for Girls, and under it she set forth to show me the wonderful work of Mother Cecile, the outcome of the great soul of one woman, who, as a girl of twenty, offered her life for service in South Africa.

How impossible it is to define that vital force called personality, that fire which burns up all difficulties, all opposition!

A girl with a curly head and lovely eyes, born to all that life in England could give of ease and pleasure, Cecile Ramsbottom Isherwood went through all the fun and gaiety of two London seasons. Then something struck at her soul. Only she or St. Paul could have said what it was. Perhaps it was simply the love of God.

Resolute in the desire to give her life to the new light that burned before her, she accompanied a party of ladies to Grahamstown, to take up work in South Africa under Bishop Webb. This was in 1883, when she was not yet twenty-one. A free school for poor children, followed by the founding of an Orphanage and Industrial Home, were the first fruits of the mission. In 1884, Cecile Isherwood was received as a novice in the Anglican Community of the Resurrection (founded by Bishop Webb), and on her twenty-fifth birthday she was professed.

Long before that, her great gifts as a natural leader and organizer had made themselves felt, and with them a deep love of, and dependence on, God. She was a thing of fire and flame, strong and tender, energetic and gentle—though it must have come with difficulty to her peculiar temperament to suffer fools gladly. It

## FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

was said of her, when her work in Grahamstown developed and she appealed for funds, that there was no man living who could say 'no' to her. She had a magnetic quality, and with it all that gay humour which is sometimes a form of high courage.

St. Peter's Training College for Girls was begun in 1885, and is a great achievement. It was like stepping into some old European city when I stood in the College square and looked up at the lovely Church of St. Mary and All Angels with its campanile—a little bit of Italy fallen into South Africa, it might have been. Against the silver sky—so exquisite and so hopeful after long weeks of unbroken blue—the great trees of the Botanic Gardens crowned the hill behind the church. Facing it was the new building dedicated to the study of music and appropriately called Beethoven. Near it was another where many pianos were being played, and this house was even more appropriately named Bangor.

To my left was a group of buildings containing the dormitories and the great hall built in memory of Mother Cecile, and to the right were the sisters' quarters, their own chapel and other buildings.

To the moment of her death, at the age of forty-four, the force of her wonderful personality worked like a holy spell. To-day there are 81 sisters and novices in the Community, 236 students in the Training College, 145 children in the Orphanage, with others, making a total of over 600 souls engaged as teachers or pupils in the work which had its origin in the heart of the girl with the curly head and lovely eyes, who gave her life to God and her fellows.

St. Peter's Training College sends out 100 European teachers

## FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

a year, and surely no girl can go forth from it without having been touched by some measure of the divine fire that glowed from Mother Cecile. And not from her alone, but from all whom she trained to carry on the work which she seemed to know she was to lay down early. Mother Florence, who rules in her place, took me from the College to the Orphanage, and it brought a choking in the throat to see the crowd of small children clinging sturdily to her habit with shouts of 'Here's Mother', and to watch the tenderness with which the Sister-in-charge patted three refractory babies to sleep, and tucked up the motherless bairns.

There was a time when Grahamstown clanked to the sound of scabbard and spur. It was founded as a military camp by Colonel John Graham in 1812, for those were troubled days when the Kafirs, across the Great Fish River, made war from time to time on the white man, and it was necessary to protect the sparsely settled Boers. In 1820 came other settlers, from England, Ireland, and Scotland, who established themselves in the Albany district, and Grahamstown was chosen by the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, as the capital of the Eastern Province.

There are some buildings which survive from these earlier days, notably the gate of the old Drostdy—now the entrance to fine Botanic Gardens—and the old Fort, once used as a military prison, and worthy of being preserved and cared for, as Durban cares for the Fort from which Dick King set out on his famous ride to this very Grahamstown. Near by is the house in which Piet Retief slept on his way northward in the Great Trek.

Rhodes University College is a fine block of buildings. St. Aidan's College, and the Diocesan School for Girls and others,

## FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

are all well known, indeed, Grahamstown is pre-eminently the educational town of South Africa.

Another night in the train. Another arrival at dawn—and at six o'clock of an enchanting morning I found myself on the pier at Port Elizabeth, sitting on a box and waiting for the town to awaken.

The sea was the tint of an aquamarine. On its surface were ripples, indicating shoals of fish, and over them poised and wheeled gannets in search of a morning meal. In the soft flush of the coming dawn I could just see the island of St. Croix, and in the stillness I had a vision of the two Portuguese ships in which sailed Bartholomeu Diaz and his men, as they came to anchor, in 1486, with a rattle of chains, and the great sails were furled for a brief rest.

Diaz had planted one of his marble crosses at Angra Pequena. He had then been driven south by bad weather and on turning eastward had rounded the Cape of Good Hope without knowing that he had done so.

Then he turned the ship's prow northward and found the coast at a bay which he called Angra dos Vaqueiros, from the number of cows on the shore—it was some inlet on the coast east of Agulhas, probably Mossel Bay. The little Hottentots fled inland in terror and Diaz sailed on and followed the coast-line until he came to the island in Algoa Bay, where he set up another cross, giving it the name of Ilheo da Cruz—it is now called St. Croix. Here his men clamoured to be taken back to Portugal, and after three days' fruitless sailing he gave in to them, thinking he had failed to find the sea route to India. Once more he landed on the island and took a heart-broken farewell of his cross. It is one of the most moving stories of South African travel.

FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

Bird Island also lies in Algoa Bay. It is the home of innumerable penguins and Malagas birds, and off its shores are caught stock-fish and soles in abundance.

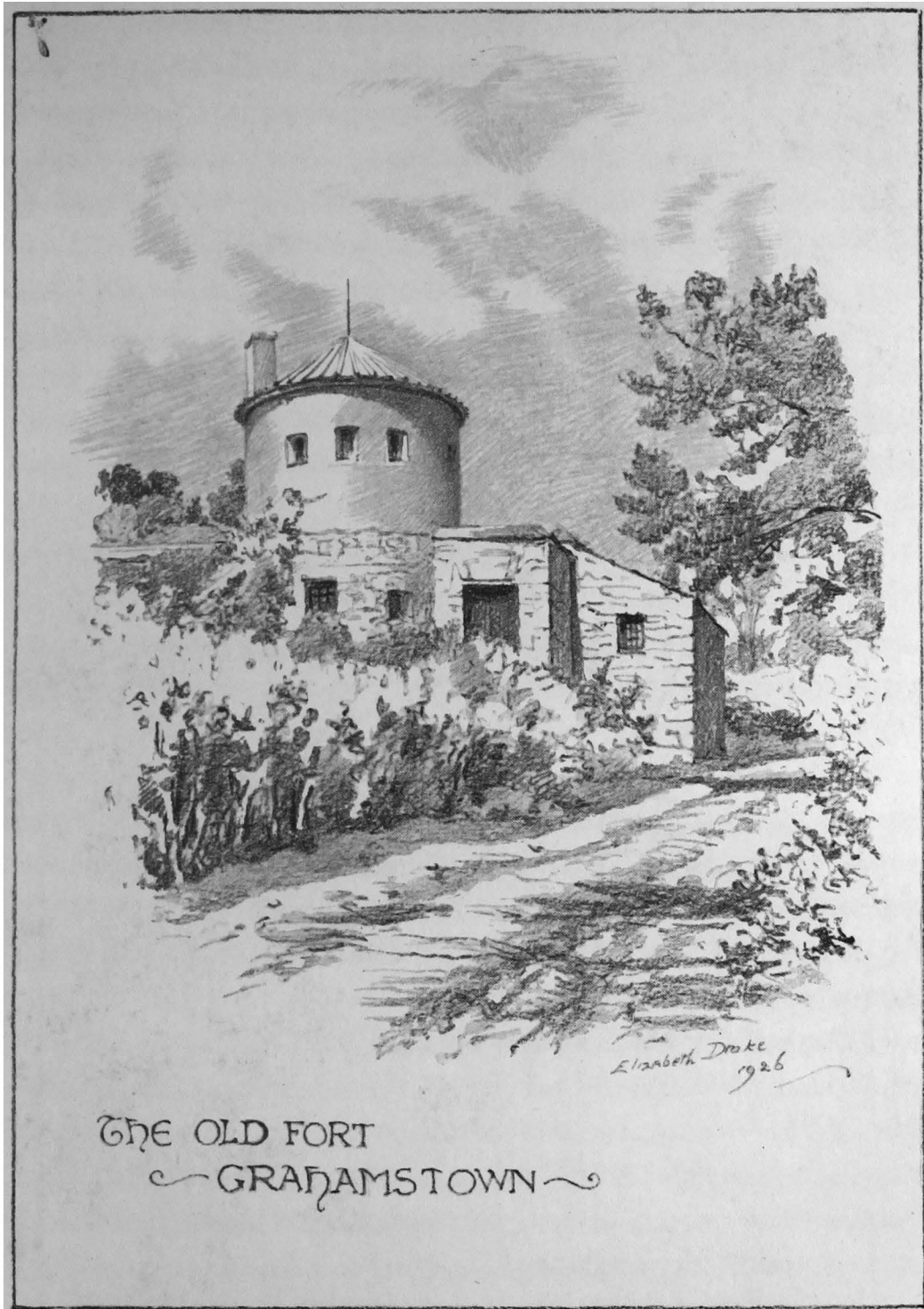
Suddenly the sun rose, flooding the sea with glory. All the lights of Port Elizabeth went out, and I wandered up its steep streets to find a friend and breakfast. Later on, when I had seen the fine memorial to the horses that perished in the Boer War, the pyramid built in 1820 by Sir Rufane Donkin, the acting Governor, in memory of his wife Elizabeth, and the comfortable houses set in delightful gardens which lie round Port Elizabeth's Park, I went to see the snakes.

The Snake Park lies outside the Museum, in a charming garden. In a sunken area—with steep walls for your safety—there is smooth green grass surrounded by a narrow canal and shaded by scarlet poinsettias and palms.

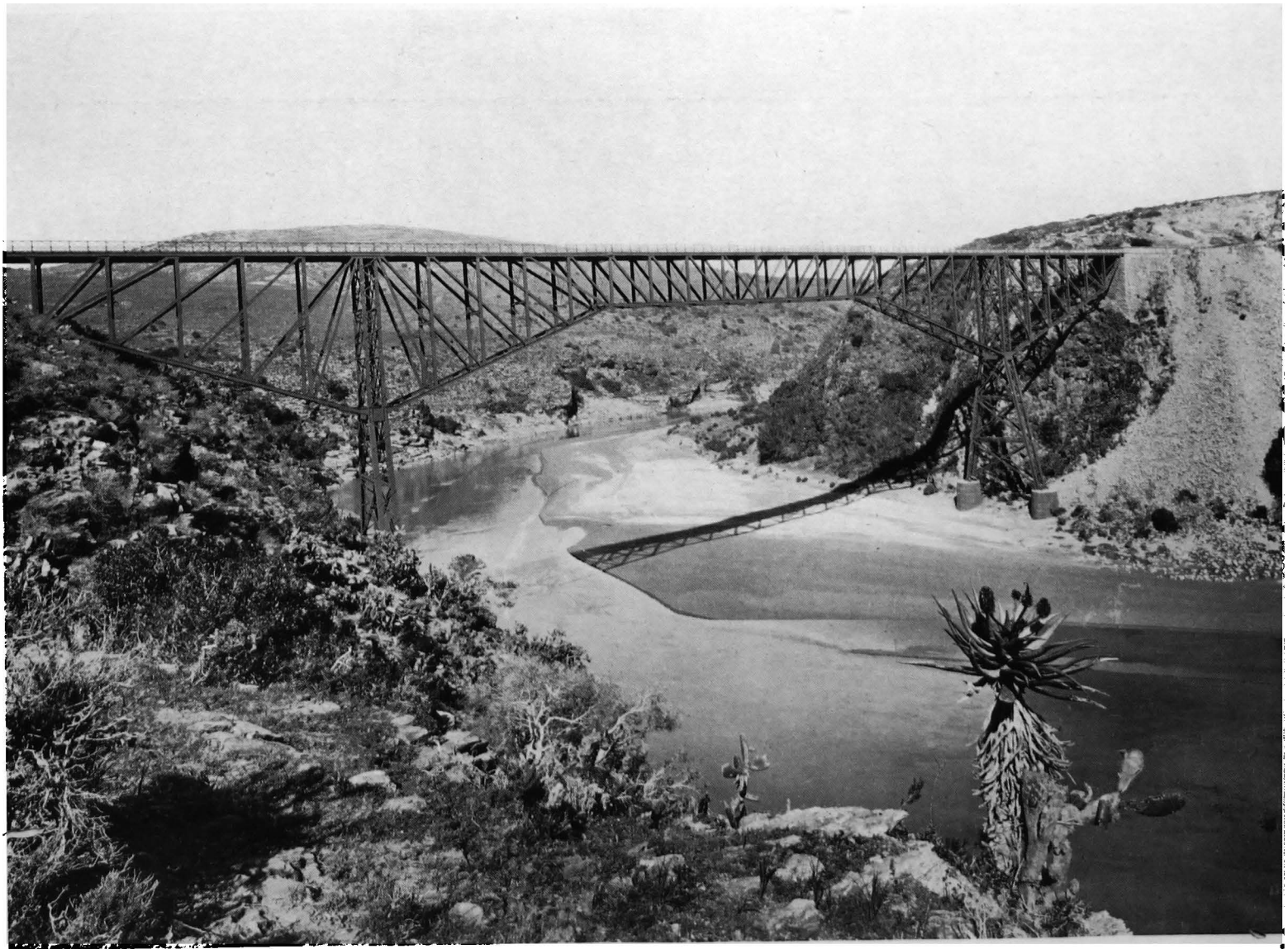
As you look down into the snakes' kingdom you are conscious of malevolent eyes regarding you obliquely, of spotted skins and swiftly gliding creatures. Long and narrow as a whip-lash are some of them; others are thicker—and the poisonous-looking puff-adder is one of these. There are cobras, rearing aloft their flat heads and waving them from side to side; there is the deadly ringhals, and many others.

The shudder that creeps over people who do not like snakes is intensified when one of the native attendants steps down into the arena. He wears high boots, it is true, but he picks up the deadly cobras and puff-adders with his bare brown hands. He twines them affectionately round his neck, and then stands unmoved while they wriggle.

For all one's admiration, it is a relief to turn to the snakes that



THE OLD FORT  
— GRADAMSTOWN —



Bridge over the Gouritz River  
*(South African Railways)*

#### FROM GRIQUALAND EAST TO GRAHAMSTOWN

are stuffed and therefore innocuous. Here you may see the mamba, that awful snake which sometimes attacks you from the trees overhead and sometimes from the bush through which you ride. His aim is accurate and always deadly. The green mamba looks as though it were carved in jade. Equally terrible in its beauty is the Coral snake from Norval's Pont—vivid red striped with black.

The Snake Park was established by the Director of the Museum, Dr. Fitzsimons, to whom all dwellers in snake-ridden countries owe gratitude. He has discovered a serum which is an almost infallible cure for snake-bite, and this is where the value of his Snake Park comes in.

Port Elizabeth had escaped the drought of the uplands, and the gardens were radiantly green. Everywhere the oaks were budding, for August is very nearly spring-time, and the bougainvillea was in blossom. The small town-gardens have hedges of oleander or *Tecomaria capensis*, and the streets before them are shaded by great eucalyptus, and the harpephyllum or Kafir Plum.

It has fine suburbs—Humewood, where you may bathe in the sea nearly all the year round, and Walmer, which is approached by long avenues of eucalyptus. At Walmer I met a man who has a chicory farm—a charming variety from sheep and mealies and tobacco.

From Port Elizabeth to Oudtshoorn the first part of the way lay through green veld, exquisite to the eye after the dry areas through which I had passed.

Was there ever such a land of contrasts as South Africa?



## XVI. TO GEORGE AND THE KNYSNA

AFTER a time the green became the deceitful green of the prickly pear, though here and there it had been cleared away on a farm.

Then we passed through Uitenhage, which owes its name to the daughter of Commissary-General de Mist—it was called after her by General Janssens in 1803. Uitenhage was given, on its foundation, the arms of the de Mists, and pleasant houses were built and stood in prosperous gardens.

From the train we had a glimpse of one lovely gable on a house that seemed to have lost all the rest of its former charm.

If these houses of South Africa had been in America, how she would have loved and treasured them and preserved them from destruction! It would be easier to bear the loss of them if rural South Africa were giving more thought to the houses that are taking their place. The new and smaller country towns are fast assuming an aspect of deadly monotony, all the houses alike and all with corrugated iron roofs.

We passed on to the unchanging hills, rose-coloured in the evening light. These, at least, man cannot mar. It was dusk when we crossed the Gamtoos River. The rivers of South Africa are sometimes raging torrents after the first rains have fallen, rushing into the empty river-beds with a sudden force that sweeps everything before it.

Dawn broke in the Little Karoo. The early morning air had a thin and exquisite quality, and, as we paused at one of the little dorps with which Pauline Smith has made us familiar in her stories, a choir of Cape canaries broke into rapturous song.

## TO GEORGE AND THE KNYSNA

We were back in the dry area again and the land was very parched, though when we reached Oudtshoorn and irrigated land we found the gardens green—anything will grow in Karoo soil if you can give it water.

By this time I ought to realize that it is useless to tilt at the corrugated-iron-fiend. He has come to stay until some one makes tiles that will be both cheap and impervious to hail. Let us hope that they will be brown tiles, the colour of thatch and not of tomatoes. Meanwhile, if people would only paint the iron dark brown, it would remove much of its glittering ugliness, while the pink or yellow walls of the little Italian towns would afford relief from the monotony of whitewash that is not always white.

In my effort at tolerance I have also to remind myself that in districts where rain is scarce the iron roof is one of the means by which the moisture is caught and conveyed into tanks. But it is in itself an ugly thing, and when every house is covered with it it gives to a town an air of tawdriness and cheapness. But of course it is this very quality of cheapness which is its excuse in these days, and a very genuine excuse.

So I tried to shut my eyes to the roofs of Oudtshoorn and only to see its fine wide streets and its solid stone buildings. It is a pleasant place, and the air has a health-giving sparkle in it, while the gardens are full of roses in October. Perhaps some day it may achieve the rose and umber tiles of Sicily and become the lovely, mellow town that its setting amongst the glorious hills deserves. There is a peculiarly invigorating and health-giving quality in its atmosphere.

There was a splendid boom in the Oudtshoorn district some twenty years ago, when ostrich feathers were worn by every

## TO GEORGE AND THE KNYSNA

woman and not only by the East End Feather Club. The ostrich farmers of Oudtshoorn grew rich, fine shops were opened in the town, and one is tempted here to wonder why they did not roof them with tiles in those days of affluence. Is it possible that they like corrugated iron?

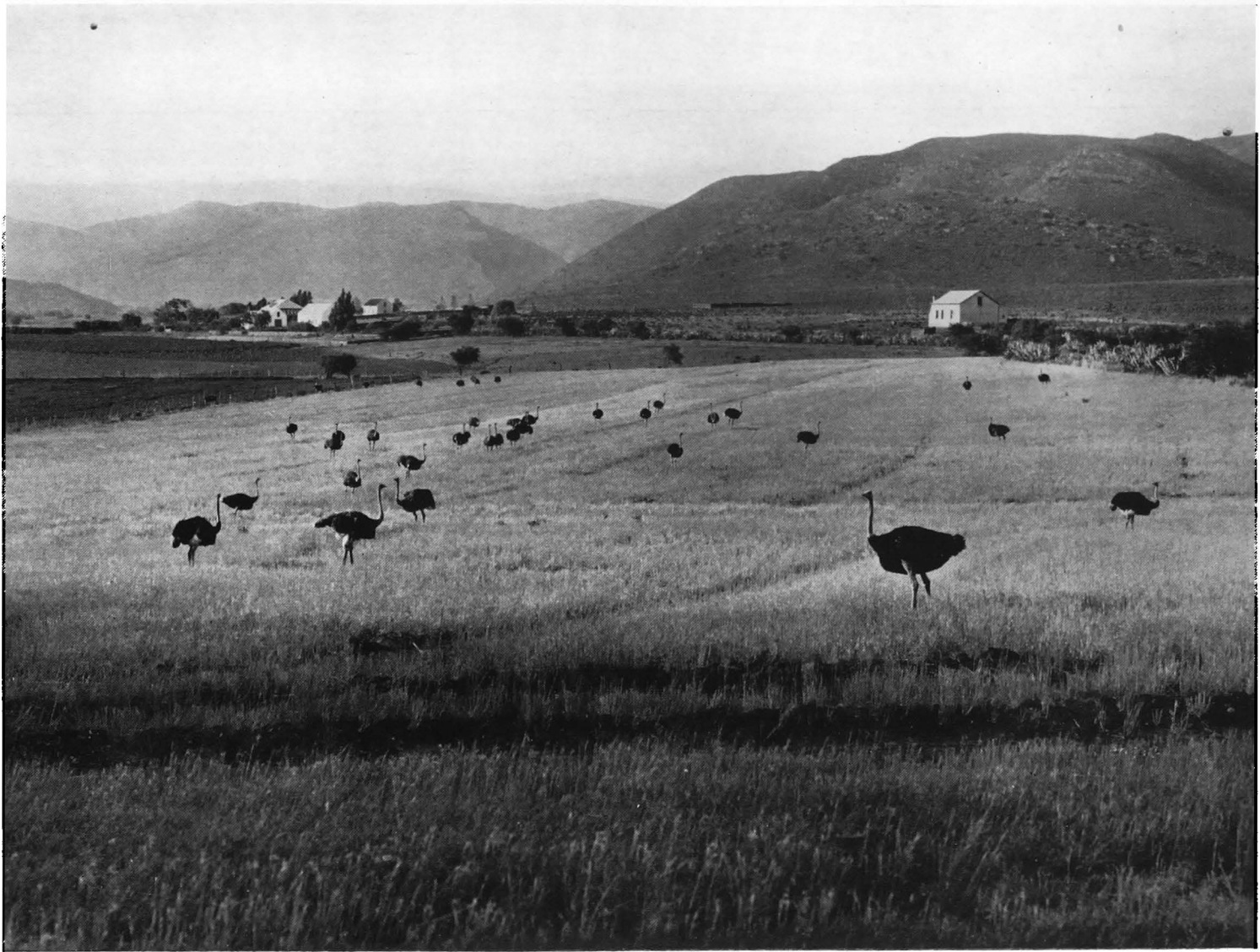
Then came the days when every one in the world who could do so bought a motor-car. And as, of course, no one could wear waving feathers in the wind (and most of the cars were open ones with Cape cart hoods), every woman bought herself a small hat that would defy the elements. And down went ostrich feathers with a great slump, and the Oudtshoorn farmers were left ruefully looking at their useless birds.

For years they have hoped against hope that capricious fashion would again come to their aid, thinking that perhaps the sedan cars of recent times may restore feathers to hats. Many of the farmers have been able to hold out, others have lived on credit—for their lands are good—but the drought has caught them in its iron grip as I write, and they are passing through difficult days.

Some of them have sold their ostriches for what they could get, and have bought sheep or planted tobacco. There are irrigated areas near the town where the farms are richly green. Away from irrigation life is a difficult matter, and the new furrow from the Kamasassie River had been dry for eighteen months; but every drought comes to an end sooner or later, and there is something recuperative in the quality of the vegetation in these areas which makes it spring up vigorously with the first rains.

And all about Oudtshoorn are its glorious mountains—the Swartberg and the Outeniqua ranges.

About twenty miles away from the town lie the wonderful



An ostrich farm at Oudtshoorn  
*(South African Railways)*



The Ebb and Flow near George

*(A. Elliott)*

TO GEORGE AND THE KNYSNA

Cango caves, in the Swartberg mountains. They were discovered about a century ago by a farmer named Van Zyl, who was hunting a buck which disappeared into the mountain side. He followed and to his amazement found himself in a great cavern. Columns of glittering stalagmites rose from the floor, and from the ceiling hung mighty stalactites. The story reads like one of the old romances of Moorish Spain.

As our guide lit his coil of magnesium wire, it seemed as though the Slave of the Lamp had brought us into an Arabian Night's magic palace, shining with myriads of diamonds and emeralds. Hanging from the ceiling was a curtain formed by the steady deposits of thousands of years, a glittering thing of amazing beauty—almost one expected to see it pushed aside by Camaralzaman and the Princess Badroubadour.

This is only one of many enormous caverns encrusted with devices as exquisite and, seemingly, as frail as frost-flowers, and although more than two miles of caves have been explored the end of this wonder of the world has not yet been found.

At the entrance are Bushman paintings, showing that the caves were known to them, but they guarded their secret well.

Despite the drought we passed some fine bushes of *Aitonia*, covered with exquisite rose-coloured lanterns—the Dutch call it the Klapper-bosch. There was also a charming little pink crassula.

Evidently this is a healthy district in spite of, or perhaps because of, its dryness. My driver told me of an old Dutch couple. The wife died at the age of 120, and he himself had seen her at the age of 103 driving a team of donkeys. The husband was cut off just before his hundredth birthday, but a few months before he died he walked alongside the donkeys (which were drawing a

TO GEORGE AND THE KNYSNA

load of firewood) for thirty miles. An old coloured woman who had been a slave as 'a big girl', she said, died at the age of 110. Slavery was abolished in 1834 and she had many tales to tell of slave-days at the Cape. It all sounded authentic enough.

Between Oudtshoorn and George lies the glorious Montagu Pass, over which we drove in the early morning.

For a while we were still in the Little Karoo, but after a time the car began to wind upward through the foot-hills of the Outeniqua Mountains.

Imperceptibly the vegetation grew greener. We came to breadths of pink pelargoniums, to great bushes of lovely proteas with long rose-coloured petals tipped with black. Then we came to the top of the pass, and all the glory of the George valley lay below us. Radiantly green, it was almost startling after the dry lands we had left in the Little Karoo—dry, but with a quality which endears them passionately to those whose lot is cast in the district, and glorious in its mountains.

As we wound down this most magnificent of passes, the sides of the rocky walls were covered with rich ferns. Great sprays of pink erica waved in the soft air, and we saw our first yellow-woods and a splendid tree called by the Dutch the 'vlier' (*Nuxia floribunda*) with glossy green leaves and great panicles of creamy flowers.

Then George—a delightful town with rich green lawns and fine spreading oaks.

As Oudtshoorn strikes you as a Dutch town, so George seems to have an English air. This is perhaps due, in a measure, to the

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English' settlers who, from its early days up to recently, have come to this lovely place and built square and solid houses, many of them of a Georgian type.

There are those whose hearts go out to the wide spaces of South Africa, especially amongst her own children, to whom the Karoo and the boundless horizons are as the breath of life. I had met many such in my travels. They were not depressed by droughts nor weighed down with loneliness; all they asked was unlimited veld, the clear upland air, the eternal sunshine, and enough Karoo bush to feed their sheep. They did not appear to miss gardens and lawns and neighbours—indeed, they maintained that it was far more satisfactory to have a garden for half the year (*if* rain fell) than for the whole. You appreciated it so much more than if it grew and flourished all the time, as at the Cape and Durban, they said.

In Rhodesia the tobacco growers had told me that theirs was the ideally happy lot. In Natal the sugar planters said the same, as they looked at their fields of green cane. Then there has been the point of view of the citrus growers at Westfalia, near Tzaneen. They had found an El Dorado, a land flowing with oranges and tomatoes, and they sincerely pitied those whose lot in South Africa was cast elsewhere.

In Griqualand East I had been assured that it was the best part of South Africa. Had they not as splendid open spaces as the Karoo, with grass-lands for their sheep, a sufficient rainfall for their mealies, beauty of scenery, and many of the pleasant amenities of life in an Indian hill-station? For them, too, no other part of South Africa was possible.

But there had been others—some who had come from England



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or India and had tried the land from Dan to Beersheba, and had found nothing in it that they liked. Then they had seen George, and all their hearts had gone out to the English grass and the English oaks, to the lovely land on the south of the Outeniqua Mountains.

Here were no raw and terrifying open spaces, no parched Karoo, no great extremes of heat and cold, but a climate perfect throughout the year. It was the island valley of Avilion.

Some of these were men and women for whom life in England, with its taxes and high cost of living, had become difficult. At George, people with modest incomes can live, and live comfortably, on considerably less than in England. Meat, fruit, fish, vegetables, all cost less than half, and the South African Income Tax is only a shilling in the pound.

Some of the new-comers have bought fifty or a hundred acres, and on them they raise poultry and pigs, and they have charming gardens and comfortable little houses, pleasant neighbours, and all the amenities of an English country town, plus a heavenly climate and with few temptations to extravagant living. All about them is some of the most glorious scenery in South Africa; there is not a garden from which you do not see the splendid range of the Outeniquas. George is only a few miles from the sea—it is, in truth, a little heaven for people who are content with a quiet life in an exquisite country.

For George is not a place in which to make great fortunes or to spend them. There are no cattle kings nor mealie millionaires in George. But I met people who were making a comfortable living out of poultry and pigs, and their number is increasing daily.

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From the Victoria Hotel, which was once the Drostdy, you look down York Street. It is a mile and a half in length and is shaded by great oaks on each side. There are some good old square houses surviving from the early days of George, and a few with gables, and almost every house is set in a garden. There is also a modest English cathedral, and many other wide and pleasant streets.

Up to a few weeks ago George was a railway terminus, and in order to get beyond it to the lovely district of the Knysna you had to drive or ride. I went in the post-motor; it was comfortable enough, and Providence gave me for a fellow-traveller the Conservator of Forests for the Midlands, Mr. Richard Burton. Nothing could have been more lucky for me, for his knowledge of the trees of the district, and his kindness in enlightening my ignorance as to their botanical names, helped me greatly. I sometimes envy the folk who are quite content to know that a tree is a vlier or a tolbosch. They do not feel an uneasy sensation until they have identified it as *Nuxia floribunda* or *Royena pubescens*. And a bird is just as uninteresting to them if they know it as a Hadada, instead of as *Theristicus hagedash*. But there are others of us for whom scientific accuracy has a fatal attraction, and we are unsatisfied in our minds until we achieve it.

And this brings me to a point which seems worthy of consideration.

Hardly anywhere in my travels through Rhodesia and the Union did I meet any one with the most rudimentary knowledge of the trees or birds of his own neighbourhood, General Smuts being one of the rare exceptions. When you consider that a whole volume of the book of life is thus closed to people who do

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not know a heron from a gannet, nor the name and habit of a single native tree, it is time to look a little more closely at the system of education in schools that makes this ignorance possible. Nature Study is taken as a subject in some schools, but if every country-bred boy and girl were taught something of it in a practical form, it would put interest into lives that are sometimes regarded as dull because they are not passed in towns, and which sometimes *are* dull through absence of all tastes or interests. It would also be of practical service in a country in which plantations and forestry are daily becoming of greater importance, while the love of birds that comes with knowledge might save them from destruction and South Africa from many of her insect pests.

In Mr. Burton I found a most able guide to the trees of the Knysna forests.

For the whole distance the road lies between the Outeniqua Mountains and the sea. A few miles from George there is a very lovely spot called The Wilderness, which I had visited in the morning with a friend. First we came to Kaiman's Gat—the Crocodile's Hole—a lagoon set amongst native trees and opening out to the sea.

Then, up a lovely and perilous road, the blue Indian Ocean far below us on our right, the cliff rising on our left, and sometimes the native forests closing over our heads. And so to a lagoon with an enchanting thatched rondavel on the edge of the water. The rondavel was very large and round, with a section within cut off by low walls for a dining-room, and the rest of it, a spacious and delightful drawing-room. Other rondavels in the rear were bedrooms.

## TO GEORGE AND THE KNYSNA

This is one of the most charming and the cheapest form of architecture in the world. It is based on a native hut, and the natives in many parts of the country are adepts at building them, usually at small cost. The wise new-comer is he who is content with rondavels until his sheep or pigs or oranges enable him to build a house.

A little farther on we got into a boat and were rowed up an enchanted lagoon, its prosaic name being the Ebb and Flow. On its banks grew mighty yellow-woods, their branches festooned with the white moss known as Old Man's Beard. There were groups of *Sparmannia africana*, tangles of wild vine with scarlet leaves; pink pelargoniums and tall white arum lilies, all reflected so sharply in the water that it was difficult to know where reality ended and illusion began.

Then, as we held our breath for wonder at the loveliness that lay about us, from out of the white and gold flowers of a *sparmannia* flew two lories, their scarlet wings flashing in the sunshine as they chased one another across the lagoon.

The safety of this exquisite place is seriously threatened by the presence of a large settlement of Poor Whites on the hill-top above it. The Poor White is one of South Africa's many problems. It owes its existence to the following causes.

First comes the Roman-Dutch law of inheritance by which every property, however small, is divided between the heirs. At first this did not much matter, for two and a half centuries ago the farms were so large that they might be cut up between a dozen children and yet each would have room to live and farm. But to-day the position is a different one. The portions have become so small that the owner is merely a squatter, not a farmer,

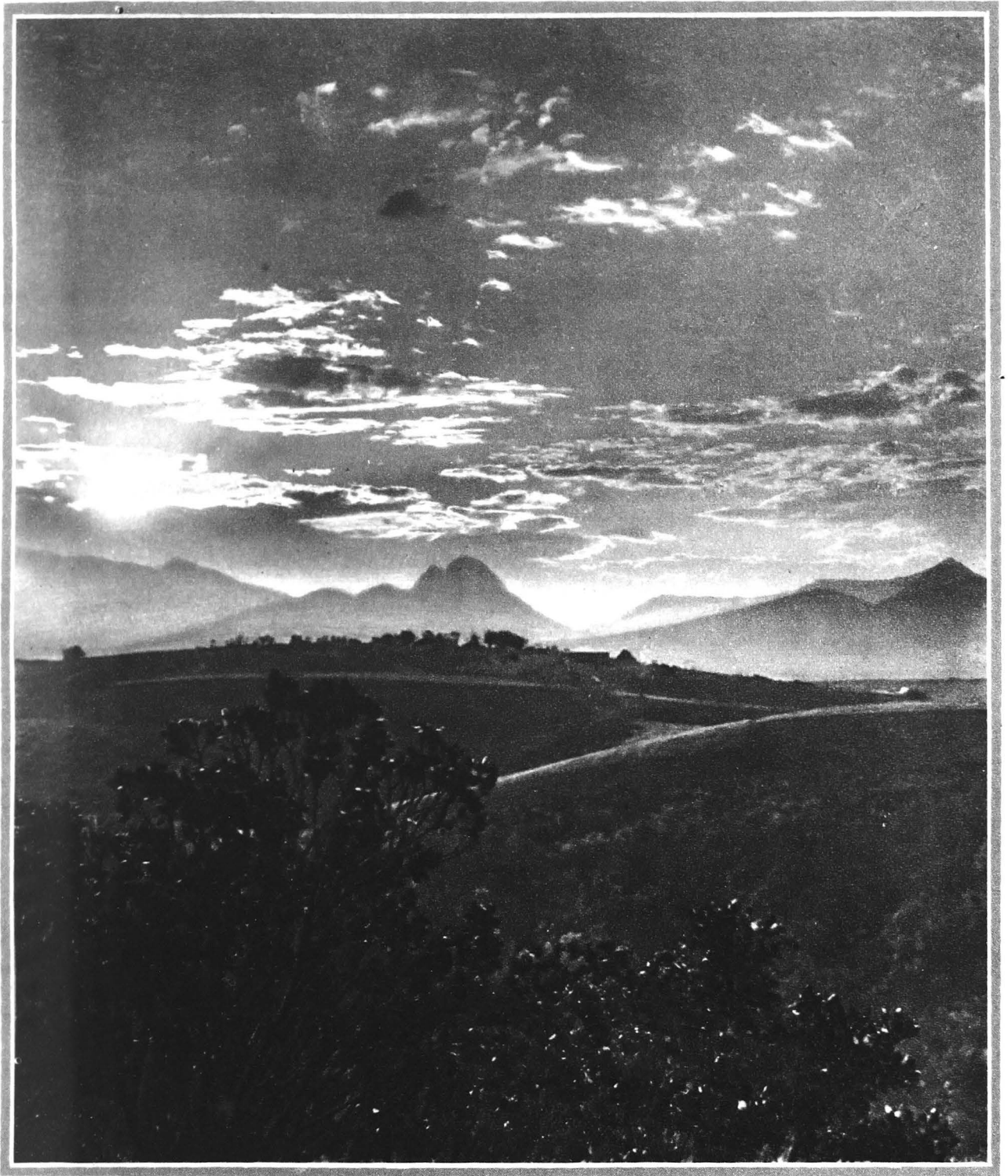
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or they have vanished altogether; but he has always lived on the land and has had no training to fit him for a town life. So he drags out a miserable existence, scratching the ground for food, or goes as a *bywoner* on the farm of a more prosperous owner—the *bywoner* works for the farmer on a system akin to the *mezzaria* in Italy. But Italy has no colour-question to complicate the position of her peasant-farmers, and the white man in South Africa who sinks in the scale of civilization may easily sink lower than the Bantu, who, by the way, is sometimes a great gentleman and not sunken at all.

Another contributory cause is the early and improvident marriages made by these people, and the large families which grow up under conditions no better than those under which the coloured farm-labourers live, and usually with no education.

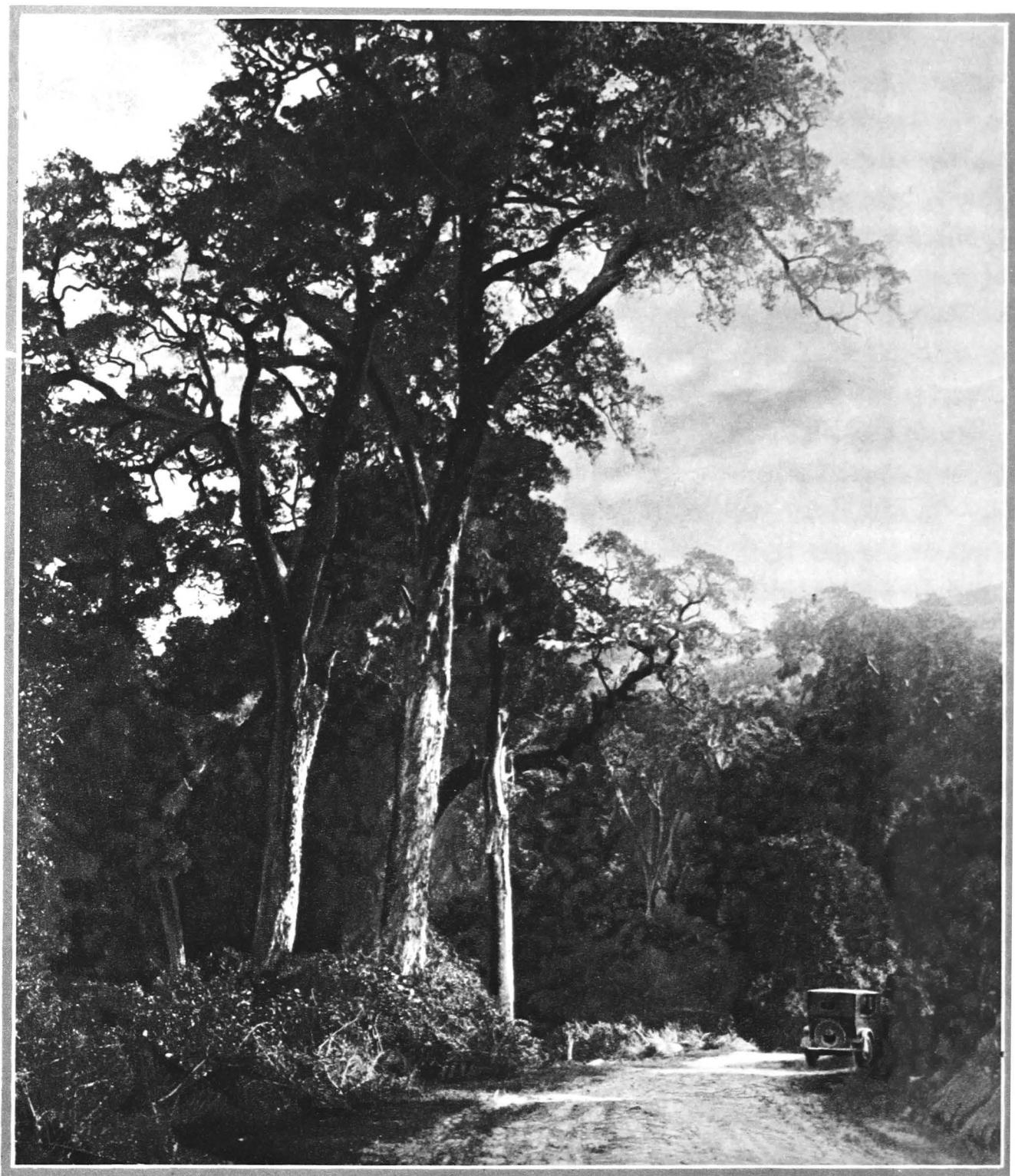
Of recent years the problem has become more acute owing to the abnormal droughts in some districts, which have ruined many of the smaller farmers, and cast them and their *bywoners* upon a world with which they are utterly unprepared to grapple.

The Dutch Reformed Church has attempted to stem the evil by founding large colonies of Poor Whites, in the hope that the children at least may receive some education and training. It is a praiseworthy effort, but one could wish that the experiment were being carried out in some other area than this neighbourhood. Two days after I left the district the glorious native forests of the Knysna were ablaze, and I was told that these fires were caused by the burning of the veld by the Poor Whites on the hill-tops. I saw sufficient burned land on the Poor White settlement, reaching to the very edge of the trees, to realize the gravity of the danger.



The Outeniqua Mountains near George.

[*Lancelot Ussher*



Old yellow-wood trees in the Knysna Forest.

[*Lancelot Ussher*

## TO GEORGE AND THE KNYSNA

Between George and Knysna you pass through splendid forests, the growth of many centuries. After a time the road crosses the Knysna River, and, after skirting the lagoon, ends in the charming town shaded with great oaks. There is an old Residency and Court House, creeper-covered and with big bushes of white Macartney roses in the garden. There are fine wide streets, shaded and cool; there is a lagoon, and beyond it the Knysna Heads, through which you see the Indian Ocean. There are workshops, where you may buy copies of old Dutch chairs and tables, made of the native stinkwood and yellow-wood, and all about it are the great forests.

After the night at Knysna we drove on to Plettenberg Bay. Soon we lost the forests and came into open land with the Outeniqua Mountains rising boldly on our left. Here were great spaces, pink and white with erica—the bushes growing to a height of six or eight feet and frosted with blossom. In the forests they sometimes attain twelve feet. Here too were trees of *Virgilia capensis*—the keur of the Dutch, more lovely than anywhere else and covered with scented rosy flowers like sweet peas—and the ‘blue keur’ and golden leucadendron and scarlet erica and always the splendid white panicles of *Nuxia floribunda*. At a place called the Garden of Eden, where the forest was thickest and the great ferns richest, there was a rosy glow of the wild pomegranate. Suddenly we dropped down to the sea at Plettenberg Bay. An exquisite spot, with more than the loveliness of the Mediterranean. The sea was cobalt and the long sands creamy. In places the forests ran down to the beach, in others rich arable land abutted on the dunes, and always there was the background of blue and purple mountains. There are a few scattered houses and a little English



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church, and the stone set up by Governor van Plettenberg when he visited the district in 1770.

On the right is Cape Seal, once more romantically named Formosa by the early Portuguese explorers. They did not penetrate far into the southern districts of Africa, but they named every place that they saw—Angra Pequena, Agulhas, Algoa, Natal, Delagoa, and so on. The name Formosa is still preserved in the highest peak of the Outeniquas.

On our way from the Knysna we had passed another historic spot—Pampoen Kraal, where the French traveller le Vaillant halted. Those who are familiar with his writings will remember the Hottentot girl upon whom he looked with sentimentality and to whom he gave the name of Narina, giving it also to the glorious scarlet-winged lory which is found in this neighbourhood and elsewhere.

That is not the Knysna's only link with history, for we had also passed the site of the house built by George Rex.

The story of George Rex is one of history's buried romances. It is said that he was a son of Hannah Lightfoot, 'the fair Quakeress', and the Royal House of England. He arrived at the Cape early in the last century and later on he settled at the Knysna. The proofs of the story are said to be incontestable, and I know of one man who has seen a medallion bearing the head of George IV on one side and the Royal Arms on the other, with the inscriptions 'To our dear son George Rex' and 'Though lost to sight to memory dear'. I was told that Mr. Frank Rex, who died a few years ago, bore an extraordinary likeness to the late Duke of Cambridge.

From Plettenberg Bay we drove along the lovely shore to

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Keurboom River, where we ran the motor on to a pont and were pulled across by a gang of the natives of this district, who all look more like Hottentots than any natives elsewhere. Perhaps the poor little folk took refuge in the woods and forests of the Knysna when the white man dispossessed them in districts nearer to the Cape.

Then we drove on, sometimes through forests, sometimes past great breadths of glorious erica, to the giants of the T'Zitzikammer at Groot River. In this part of the forest there is a magnificent ravine, where the trees are carefully protected. There are great yellow-woods, 150 feet high and probably 1,500 years old, so Mr. Burton said; tall essenhout, (*Ekebergia capensis*), and splendid plumes of *Nuxia floribunda* on trees 60 feet high. Over all grows a tangle of wild vine and pink dolichos. It is impossible to describe the beauty of these trees and of this most exquisite spot. Through the ravine ran a river, wide and cool, bubbling over brown stones, and reflecting on its surface the arums and other flowers that fringed its banks.

The following notes, given to me by Mr. Burton, may be of interest to botanists:

The flora of the Knysna district is as varied as its scenery. Generally speaking this region is the meeting-ground of the great 'South West' and 'Eastern' floras and includes many plants found in each of these in addition to numerous types peculiar to itself.

The district comprises forests, sour, broken, and sweet veld, salt marsh, &c., all of which offer opportunities for the botanical enthusiast.

Although the district has been visited in the past by many of the well-known botanical explorers, new species are found from time to time and doubtless many still await discovery. It is interesting to see in their native haunts numbers of ornamental plants familiar to the horticulturists of the Peninsula. *Sparmannia africana* (stokroos) grows abundantly

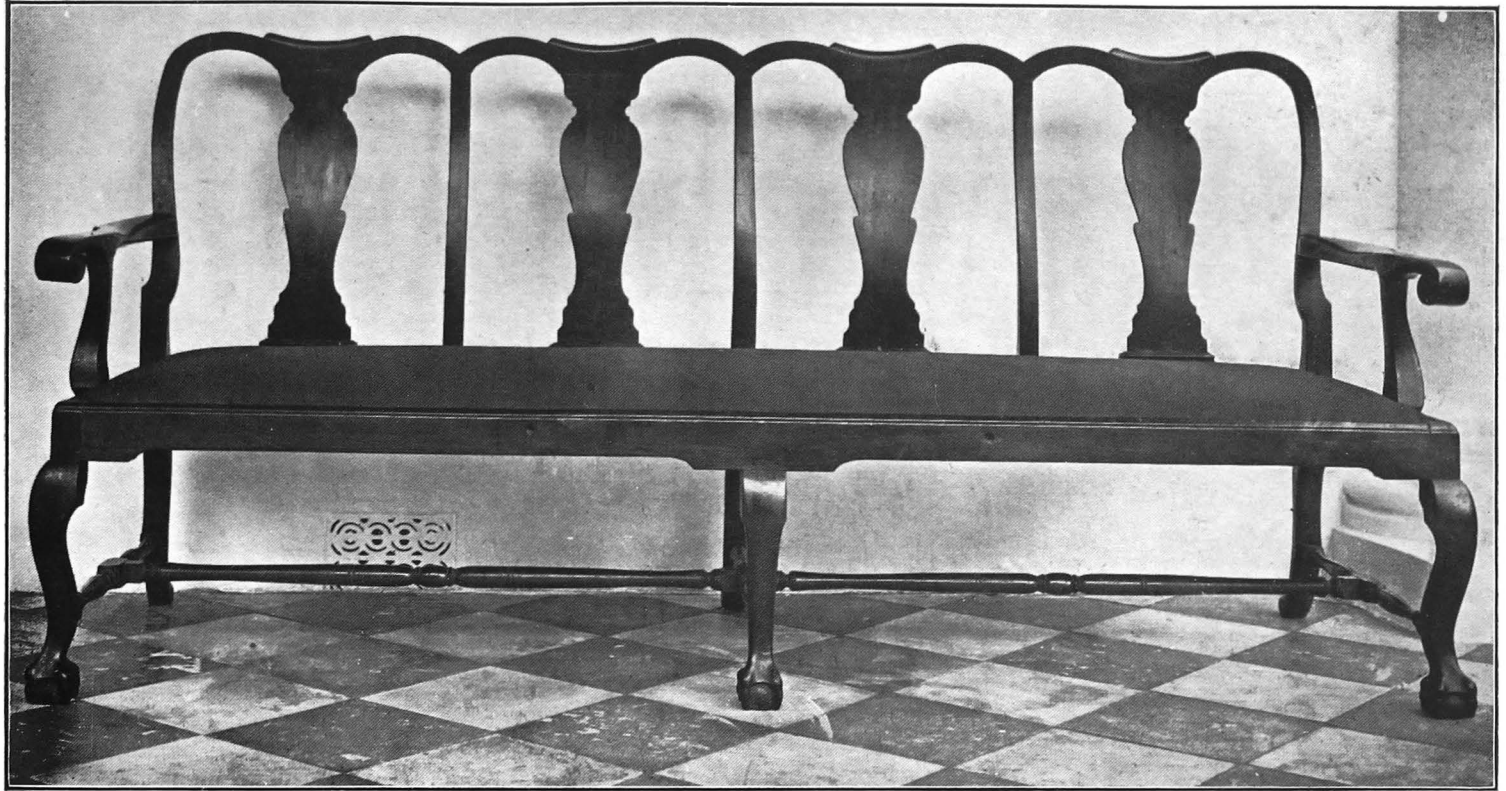
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on the banks of some of the local rivers. *Plumbago capensis* may be seen in the scrub near the Keurboom River Pontoon; *Agapanthus umbellatus* and the brilliant scarlet 'berg' or Knysna lily (*Vallota purpurea*) occur on the mountain slopes; *Cyrtanthus obliquus*, which by the way is not peculiar to this district, though known to some as the 'Knysna lily', is locally frequent, the Candelabra lily (*Brunsvigia*) stars the flats during the months of February and March, while the well-known *Freesia refracta* occurs in abundance on hill slopes. The local 'bluebell', *Gladiolus Bolusii*, var. *burchelli*, is less showy but certainly daintier than the famous Caledon bluebell.

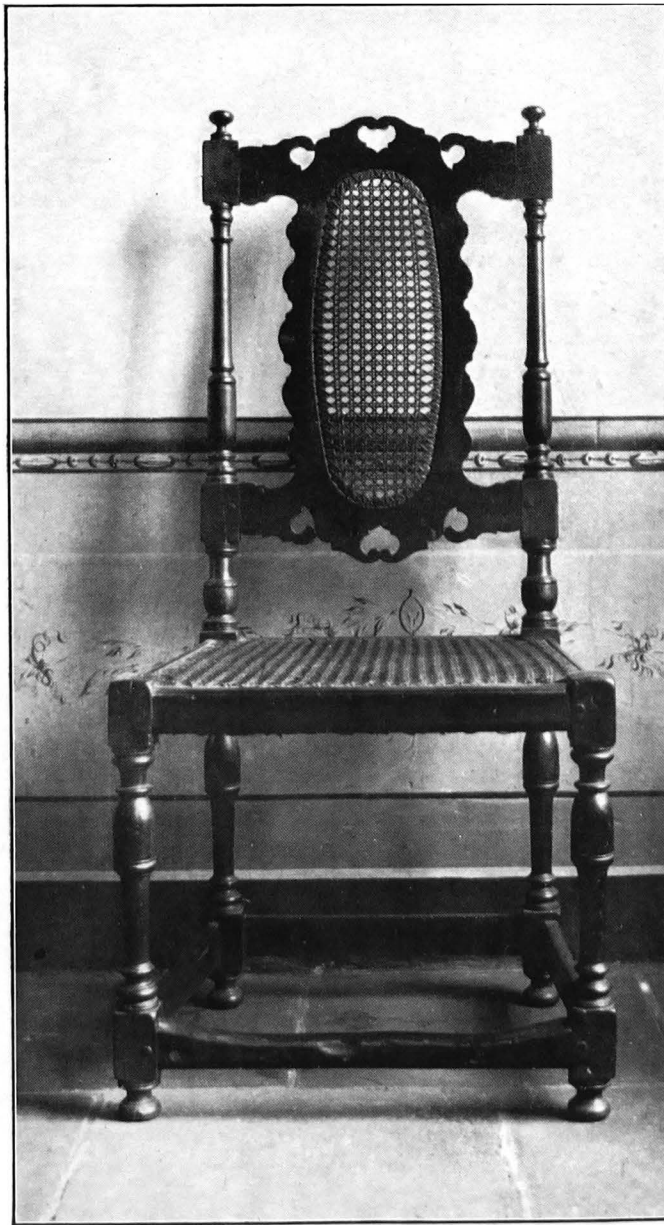
Veld burning is generally practised at certain seasons of the year and, no matter what one's view may be as to the wisdom of the custom, there is no doubt that old burns furnish specially happy hunting grounds for the flower lover. After rain the blackened scars on hillside and flats are often transformed into vivid patches of colour: the pink of the *Watsonia*, the daffodil yellow of *Bobartia*, and the scarlet of the brand lilies—*Cyrtanthus angustifolius* and *Haemanthus rotundifolius*.

The eye of the tourist is often arrested by the beauty and profusion of the flowering trees and shrubs which overhang the road and are thrown into relief by the dark background of gorge and forest. The delicate mauve of the wild chestnut, *Calodendron capense*; the varied pink of the keur, *Virgilia capensis*; the purple pea-like flowers of *Polygala myrtifolia*; the lively blue of *Psoralea axillaris*, known locally as the 'blue keur'; the golden yellow of the 'bietow', *Osteospermum moniliferum*; the scarlet of the wild pomegranate, *Burchellia capensis*, and the sentinel-like *Aloe arborescens*. Towards the T'Zitzikamma one of the most striking objects is the wild banana or 'Wilde Pisang', *Strelitzia Augusta*.

Among the many heaths of the district may be mentioned the white bottle-brush heath, *Erica sessiliflora*; the white heather, *E. formosa*; the red erica, *E. cerinthoides*; the sticky red and green *E. densifolia*; the common honeysuckle heath, *E. exurgens*; and the low-growing *E. seriphiiifolia*, which colours parts of the sour veld a vivid pink during the summer months.



A stink-wood rustbank  
(*A. Elliott*)



Chair and armoire made of Knysna woods

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The orchid flora is specially varied and interesting. In addition to the various tree orchids, the green wood orchid, *Bonatea speciosa*; the golden orchid, *Disa cornuta*; the spider orchid, *Bartholina pectinata*; the numerous species of *Eulophia*, *Acrolophia*, *Satyrium*, *Holothrix*—occur in the district.

One of the most interesting botanically is the little 'blind orchid' *Pterygodium Newdigatae*, the flowers of which never open.

The district has its share of Proteaceous plants, among which may be mentioned *Leucospermum attenuatum*, *L. salignum*, *Protea cynaroides*, *P. latifolia*, *P. neriifolia*, *P. Mundi*.

In so brief a summary of the flora countless interesting and striking plants must necessarily be omitted; but any account, however incomplete, must include some reference to the famous ferns of forest and scrub for which the district is rightly famous. Is not the very name 'Knysna' said to mean fern? The almost cosmopolitan 'flowering fern', *Osmunda regalis*, may often be seen in the tangle by the side of wayside streams, and the 'thirty-day fern', *Polystichum adiantiforme*, occurs in scrub bush throughout the district; but to appreciate the fern flora of Knysna the tourist must visit the forest where all, from the stately tree fern *Hemitelia capensis* and the sub-tropical *Marattia fraxinea* to the delicate maiden-hair and filmy ferns, may be seen in their pristine grandeur and profusion.

Upon returning to George on the following day, I was driven by Mrs. Vincent, whose work for the men blinded in the Great War is known to every one, to her farm of Pieterkoen, a few miles away. Here were smooth lawns and masses of roses and a charming house, converted from stables into a dwelling, with a few supplementary rondavels. Within was some fine furniture, made of Knysna woods. We stood in the garden and watched the sun set behind the western peaks of the Outeniquas. All the valley of George was flooded with beauty, and it left me with the memory of a lovely place and of great contentment.

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The great wall of the Outeniquas which cuts it off from the Little Karoo is the cause of the fine rainfall enjoyed by this district. The slopes which face the Indian Ocean act as condensers to the breezes which blow in from the sea, and the effect is a splendid and regular rainfall, and the glorious vegetation which lies along the coast and in the mountains ravines. The contrast between the two sides of the range is startling in a drought, but when the rains (which cannot surely delay much longer) have fallen on the northern slopes and filled the Kamasassie Dam, Oudtshoorn too will rejoice and blossom again. There is great recuperative power in the soil of South Africa, and the rains always come sooner or later.

It was a cloudy morning when we left George for Cape Town, the first clouds which I had seen for several months, except for a brief and unfulfilled promise of rain at Grahamstown. A cloud is a lovely thing when it holds out the certainty of moisture to the thirsty earth. No dweller in Europe can understand, in the measure that the South African does, the richness of the Biblical phrase 'the sound of abundance of rain'. It is a sentence that makes your heart glow, you can almost smell the scent of the showers upon the parched earth, the most fragrant perfume in the world. And the 'shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land'—the man who wrote that might have been born in the Great Karoo.

But the rain did not come that day, nor for several days later.

From the smiling green of George we came to the open veld, pink with heath and yellow with a fine iris, which is probably a moroea. Soon we were on the edge of the sea, the train running high above a magnificent coast-line of white sands, above deep

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gullies filled with ferns and native shrubs, past hills covered with tall flowering aloes, to the Great Brak River and fine groups of *toxicophloea*, covered with its fragrant white flowers, then past melk-bosch and cotyledons, and at last to Mossel Bay.

Mossel Bay is seen at its best by night and from a ship in the harbour. It is then a lovely glitter of lights against a hill-side. By day it looks less romantic, at least in a drought, for we were back in the parched lands again. But after three or four hours, the landscape mellowed once more. Gradually we passed from the fierceness of aloes to the softer beauty of proteas. Then we saw a cornfield, then Albertinia, and Dutch women in frilled pink kapjes on the railway platform, selling great bunches of lovely waxen heath, white and rosy, for threepence. Then an unexpected river and a great meadow, snow-white with arums—the Cape was beginning to hold out her arms to us.

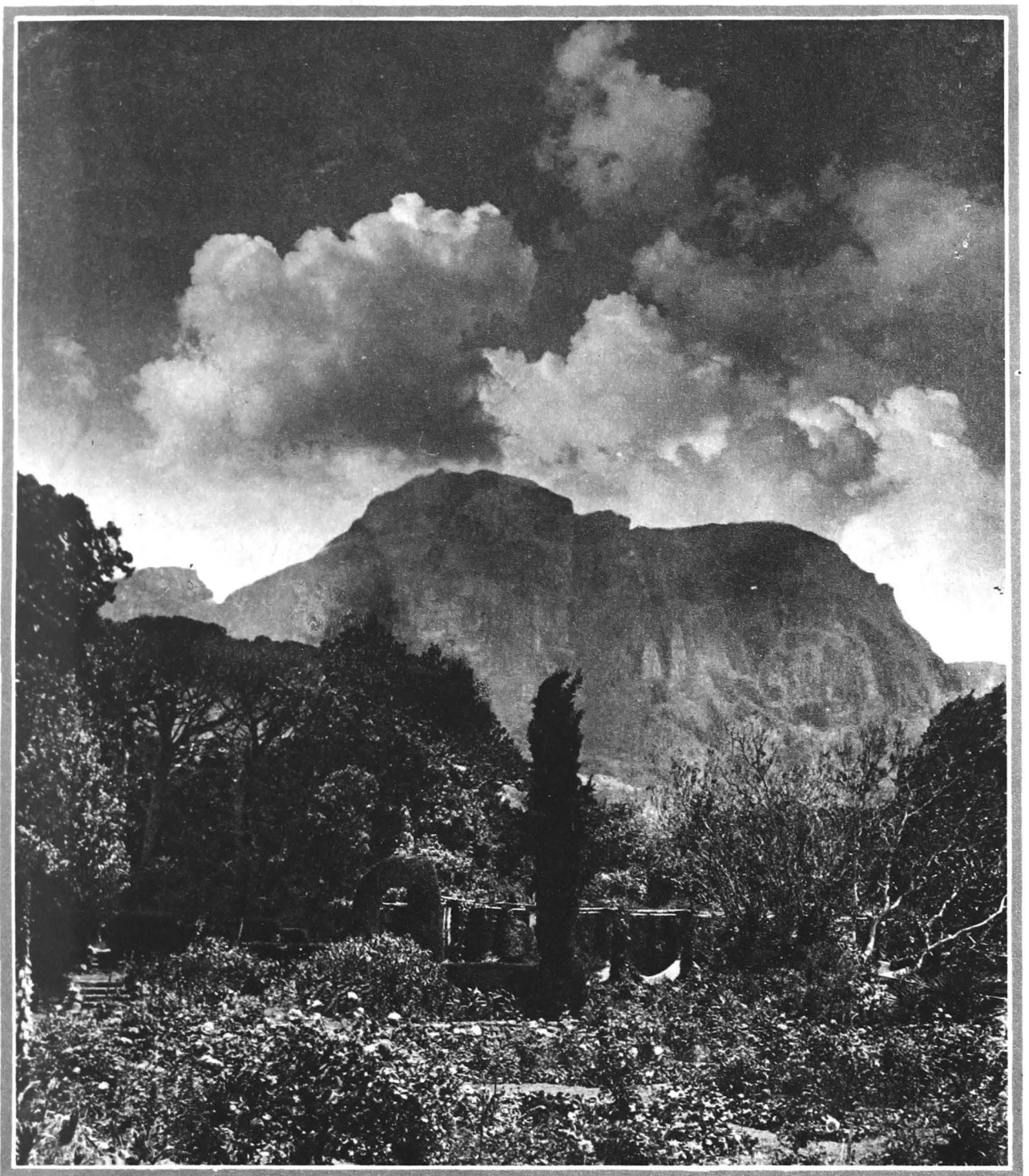
Then Riversdale, and yet more exquisite heath. Riversdale looked a little out-at-elbows from the train, as though she needed a lick of whitewash and some brown paint on her tin roofs, but she had two or three very large churches. It was impossible not to think again of certain Italian towns of her size, with their roofs of rough rose-coloured tiles and their gaily painted houses. In a sunny land no place can afford to be dingy—the sun is too candid a friend. Nor is whitewash expensive; while the old Dutch settlers used yellow-wash with good effect. All about her the country was rich in heath and countless other flowers. Then night fell, and during the hours of darkness we came back to the well-watered districts of the Cape.

In the early morning I awoke at Wellington. From this point to Cape Town, the land was rich and green, and my heart went



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out in much love and pity to the dried-up places in the Karoo and elsewhere through which I had come. But behind me were blowing up those clouds so full of promise, and before three days were over, the papers were jubilantly recording heavy rains over a great part of the country. It was like a weight rolled from off one's shoulders, and, as my heart rejoiced in the yellow waves of daffodils and the purple mounds of violets in the flower-sellers' baskets in Cape Town, it rejoiced even more in the thought of the Little Karoo running with water, and the stunted corn springing to life and vigour.



At Bishopscourt.

[*Lancelot Ussher*



In the water garden, Bishopscourt. [*Lancelot Ussher*

## XVII. THE JOURNEY'S END

PERHAPS nowhere in the world is there anything more exquisite than the still perfection of an early spring day at the Cape. Not a leaf was moving as I drove from the railway-station at Cape Town to Bishopscourt, at the back of Table Mountain. There was not a quiver in the delicate pale green of the oaks, nor in the needles of the stone-pines and the gleaming crests of the silver-trees. Bishopscourt and its garden lay bathed in a hushed and lovely stillness.

When Jan van Riebeeck was permitted by the Dutch East India Company to choose a farm for himself he had all the world of the Cape before him. His first choice was an unlucky one, the Green Point Common, for the south-easters which blow across it in summer whipped the grain from off his corn and carried it far out to sea. A wiser and a sadder man, he rode in the opposite direction, over the shoulder of the Devil's Peak, and found, to his delight, a district sheltered from the wind and with good soil. Here was a circle of native trees, and he called the place the Rondeboschen and built a granary for the Company, which he called Groote Schuur. On its foundation stands the house left to South Africa by Cecil Rhodes.

Then he rode on farther. He passed the native forests in the district to which he gave the name of Paradys, and at last he came to a lovely valley, where the earth was the rich alluvial soil which for countless centuries had washed down the mountain side. Through it ran the Liesbeek River.

## THE JOURNEY'S END

He had found the El Dorado of his dreams, and here he planted the land with hundreds of fruit-trees and vines and olives. And to the place he gave the name of Boscheuvel.

Not far off, at the head of the river, he built the Company's outpost of Kirstenbosch to mark the boundary of the infant colony and as a defence against the large tribe of Hottentots whose headquarters were at Hout Bay. This boundary was guarded by a high and thick hedge of Bitter Wild Almond, which may be traced to this day.

When van Riebeeck left the Cape in 1662 Boscheuvel was bought by Jacob Rosendaal for the sum of £110, to be paid by yearly instalments extending over a long period. It must have been with a pang of sorrow that the pioneer Commander said farewell to his fruitful orchards and his 'olive tree in full bearing', which is honorably mentioned in his dispatches.

At the end of the seventeenth century Boscheuvel belonged to the Burgher Guillaume Heems, who paid £500 for it—a large sum in those days, but Heems was probably a wealthy man, as he had owned the great house of Leeuwenhof above Cape Town.

After that the property passed through many hands, including those of Honoratus Maynier, who changed its name to Protea in 1805—a tribute to the pink and white waxen flowers which grow on its slopes. Finally, after other tenures, it was bought in 1851 by the Colonial Bishopric Fund. It received the name of Bishops-court, and is to-day the residence of the Archbishop.

The old house, to which each succeeding generation has added something, stands in one of the loveliest gardens in the world, with a splendid background of purple mountain and tall stone pines.

## THE JOURNEY'S END

After a day and a night in the train it was like a breath of heaven to lean out of my window and look down into this garden, for my journey had come to an end in this house of my friends. The lawn was smooth and green, gleaming like enamel through the pergola below me, heaped high with *Bougainvillea brasiliensis*, with Léonie Viennot roses, and with mauve wistaria. The garden was ablaze with pink and crimson cannas and with petunias, and there was a long border of the annual mesembryanthemum known as the Buck Bay Vygie that shimmered in the sunshine—amber and rose and dazzling white.

Everywhere were great purple violets—one taken at random was the size of a florin. There were tall hedges of the winter Sweet Pea, which is usually more successful in South Africa than is the summer type—though these too rejoice in the soil of Bishopscourt. There does not appear to be any flower so ungrateful that it will not grow for Mrs. Carter in this Paradise of a garden.

From the great Italian stone-pines by the river came the coo-coo-coo of turtle-doves; it is the sound above all others that is the Cape's very own. And behind the stone-pines and the old oaks with their young leaves rose the wooded back of Table Mountain, clothed to its knees in foliage and with its rocky crest looking down on the beauty at its feet.

Over a seat on the lawn spread a great rose-apple tree, and from the water-garden came the soothing ripple of water falling over stones to the pool in which blue water-lilies grow in the shade of an oleander, with blue hydrangeas above them.

A lovely spot, a house of rest and refreshment to body and

## THE JOURNEY'S END

soul, a garden of pure delight. And, pervading all, an atmosphere of happiness and kindness. Here, of all places on this earth where the weary traveller halts, might have been written:

They laid the pilgrim in a chamber which looked to the sunrising.  
And the name of the chamber was Peace. . . .

## EPILOGUE

### THE SPELL OF THE CAPE

Haply 'twas here the Titans hurled their last;  
The rocks remain.

Here crag-drifts at the ensuing gods they cast—  
Not all in vain.

Here, at this world-end, space to sleep they found—  
To fold their goats, and reap their furrowed ground.

A. S. CRIPPS, *Saturnia Regna.*

ON that night of nights, when the awed whisper ran through the world—'Pan—Pan is dead'—did the gods of Greece and Rome in very truth droop and die? Or were they drawn into the service of the new faith, and bent to its use, until the altars which had been raised to Venus Anadyomene became the altars of the Blessed Virgin, and the garlands which had been twined for the brows of Apollo rested upon the head of St. John?

Perhaps the new light shone tenderly on the old-time faiths, as the scholar feels a kindly affection for the wooden letters and gaily coloured picture books from which his childish eyes learned to read.

And if this be so, and Pan and the fauns and dryads not dead, but only in their own places, we in the Cape Peninsula know where they are to be found. Mark Phoebus Apollo as he rises in his strength from behind the Drakenstein mountains. Before his coming the mountains lie, fold behind fold, amethyst purple against a pale sky. The wide flats are asleep beneath a covering



## EPILOGUE

of soft white cotton-wool—the early morning mists, risen but not yet dispelled.

From this level to the hill crowned with silver-trees, above Claremont where I write, the ground sweeps upwards in a broad wash of oaks and pines, hiding the houses which lie below in a mantle of rich, dark green.

A soft fluffy cloud blows in from the sea at Muizenberg on the right, laden with cool salt air, a herald of the breeze which will temper the heat of the coming day. To the left rises the wooded back of Table Mountain, touched now with unearthly tints of flame and gold. A moment later and the glory of the morning has shone on the world.

Crimson where an hour ago was grey, rose-colour that which was amethyst—a new day has begun, and all the bok-makerries, turtle-doves, and sun-birds within ear-shot are greeting it.

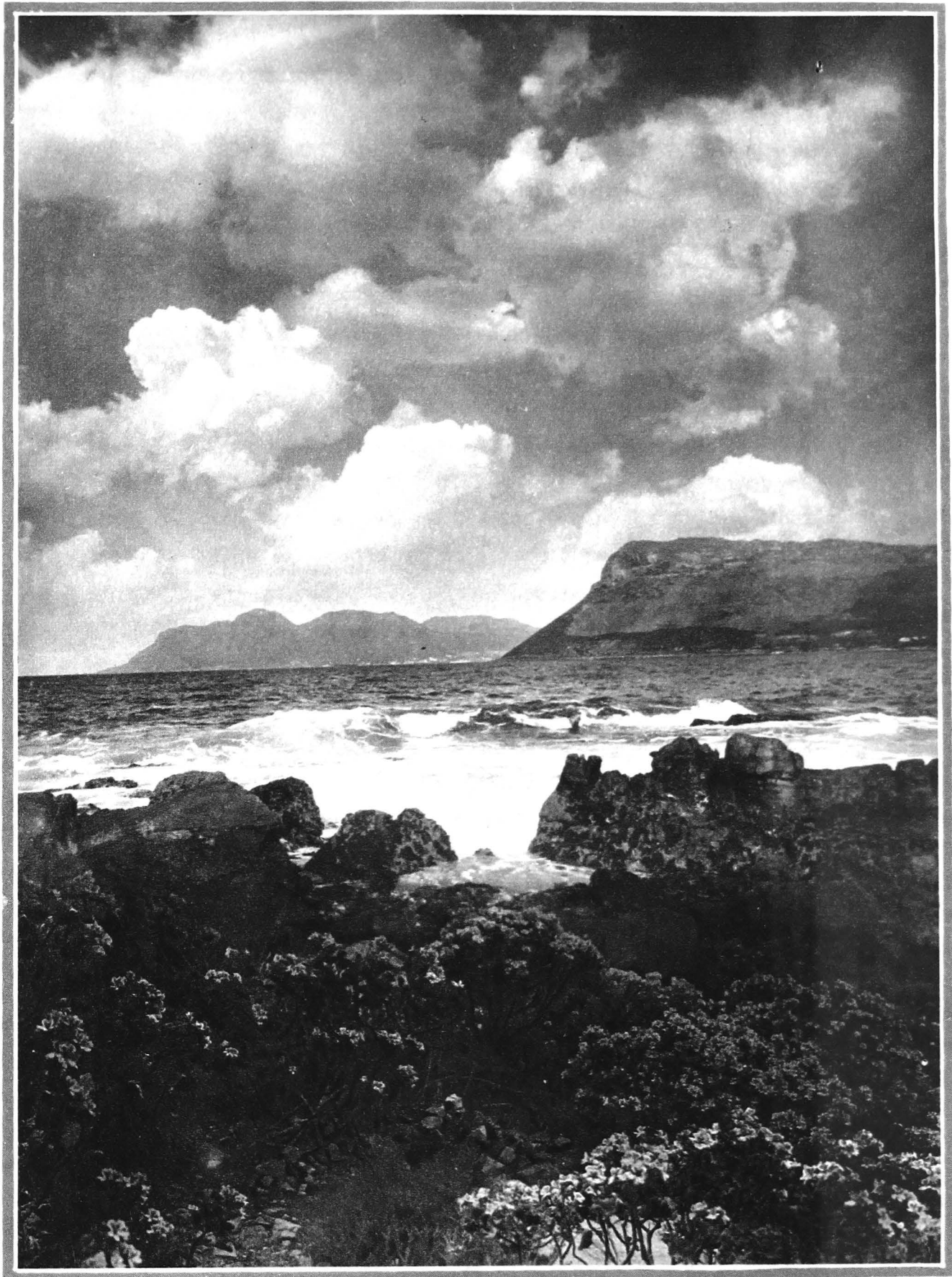
As you watch, the cotton-wool mist is drawn up by the sun and vanishes like smoke, and in its place lie revealed the Flats with their green plantations and breadths of silver sand, as they stretch out across the space that separates the Cape Peninsula from the mountains of Stellenbosch and all the rest of Africa.

Golden and more golden grows the light. It burnishes the great silver-trees on the hill-side, turning each leaf into a pointed mirror fit for Aphrodite's self. It sweeps over the pale pink blossoms of the keurboom and kisses the sleeping gazanias into life. The squirrels in the stone-pines blink their round eyes, as they nibble at the pine-cones, destroying embryo forests at a meal. A hare—caught in the act of breakfasting off carnations—shrinks back from the blaze of light and melts into the bracken of the hill-side.



Looking across False Bay.

[*Lancelot Ussher*]



Kalk Bay.

[*Lancelot Ussher*]

## EPILOGUE

Still more gold, and yet still more—like Danae's shower over the sleeping earth.

In only one other land are there such sunrises. Once, at five of an April morning, I saw the day-spring in Spain. From behind the Sierra Nevada, white with eternal snows, broke the sun. It glimmered on the little channels of the wide Vega; it glittered on the tiled roofs of Granada; it changed the yellow towers of the Alhambra to pearl and mother o' pearl; it flushed the distant mountains with wine-colour. All Spain seemed bathed in glory—the glory of her past.

But, to those who watch the sun break from behind the South African mountains, it is a sign set in the sky, a beacon-light of hope for the future of this young country.

Come into the woods in the heat of noon-day, those woods above Newlands which spring from the oaks and pines brought out by the Dutch pioneers—or, better still, into the shade of such native trees as modern progress and plantations have spared to Table Mountain. Shelter from the glare in one of the little vine-hung ravines, down which a stream tinkles beneath a cloud of maidenhair fern. And, if you have eyes to see or ears to hear, look and listen well. That splash in the water was made by no frog, but by one of the fauns that haunt the sweet, dim shade. That rustle in the undergrowth has left no visible print of foot or hoof. That distant melody is written down in no earthly score.

Climb upwards through the rosy trunks of the stone-pines, through which you catch enchanting glimpses of the distant sea and mountains and of the white houses in their pleasant gardens. And, if you strike the right path, you will find the ghost of an oak avenue which leads you to the ghost of the house in which

## EPILOGUE

Lady Anne Barnard and her husband found asylum from the political and domestic storms which sometimes shook the Castle a hundred and thirty years ago. There is nothing left of it now but solid foundations, and a corner of the drawing-room wall, with an oak growing in the middle of the room, and a fig-tree through the stoep.

From this stoep she looked out over the Cape Peninsula and thought it wild and bare. To-day it is a smiling land, but to see it we must push our way through the over-growth of poplar to where we can look down over the vineyards of Constantia and the gardens of Bishopscourt as they glow under the midday sun.

Come higher up the hill-side to where, from a great rock, you may see your goodly heritage, from Cape Point even to Table Bay. The forest primeval still remains in places, such as Kirstenbosch, though fast falling elsewhere. There is a mighty clump of silver-trees, gnarled and twisted, but crowned with radiance, where once I heard a little boy say in hushed tones—'This is the wood of fairies and enchantments.' And so it is. Did we not know, on good authority, that Puck has never left England, we should look for him here. But sit still—very still—and the silver-tree wood will soon be full of voices which will charm you with no mortal spell.

It is not always calm in the Cape Peninsula. If Pan still pipes among the flowers and reeds of Table Mountain, rude Boreas still rides the storm.

Stand on the beach at Camp's Bay when the south-easter is blowing. How the wind shouts and exults as it sweeps down the valley and flings itself out to sea. Over the heads of the Twelve

## EPILOGUE

Apostlé's it soars, over the great mountain behind Cape Town, wrapped in its mantle of vapour. It hurls itself against the Lion's Head and is deflected out to sea, singing a wild paeon of triumph as it beats down the poplars and tears the wild geraniums from their stems.

Rude Boreas, did I say?

Nay, here are Alecto, Megaera, and Tisiphone, shrieking down the blast, churning the green waves to foam, tearing the white sand from the beaches to fling it in your face, stinging and blinding you. Black Auster rides abroad to-night, with Eurus on his right hand. For the spirits of the Winds and the Furies are holding Saturnalia on the Camp's Bay beach.

But come again on a still, calm evening, when the red-gold moon hangs low in the Western sky, and the long waves creep and murmur at your feet. Every now and again a little wave, bolder than its fellows, runs up the beach and says, 'hush-sh-sh', then skurries back in terror at its own audacity and is swallowed up in the sea.

The water is blue now, clear azure faintly touched with rose and velvet, reflected from the sunset sky. Below the moon is a span of soft green, the colour of a young almond, which melts into gold and crimson and grey as she sinks lower. A moment more, and the waters have closed over her head, and you are left standing under the stars, while the night wind whispers in your ears.

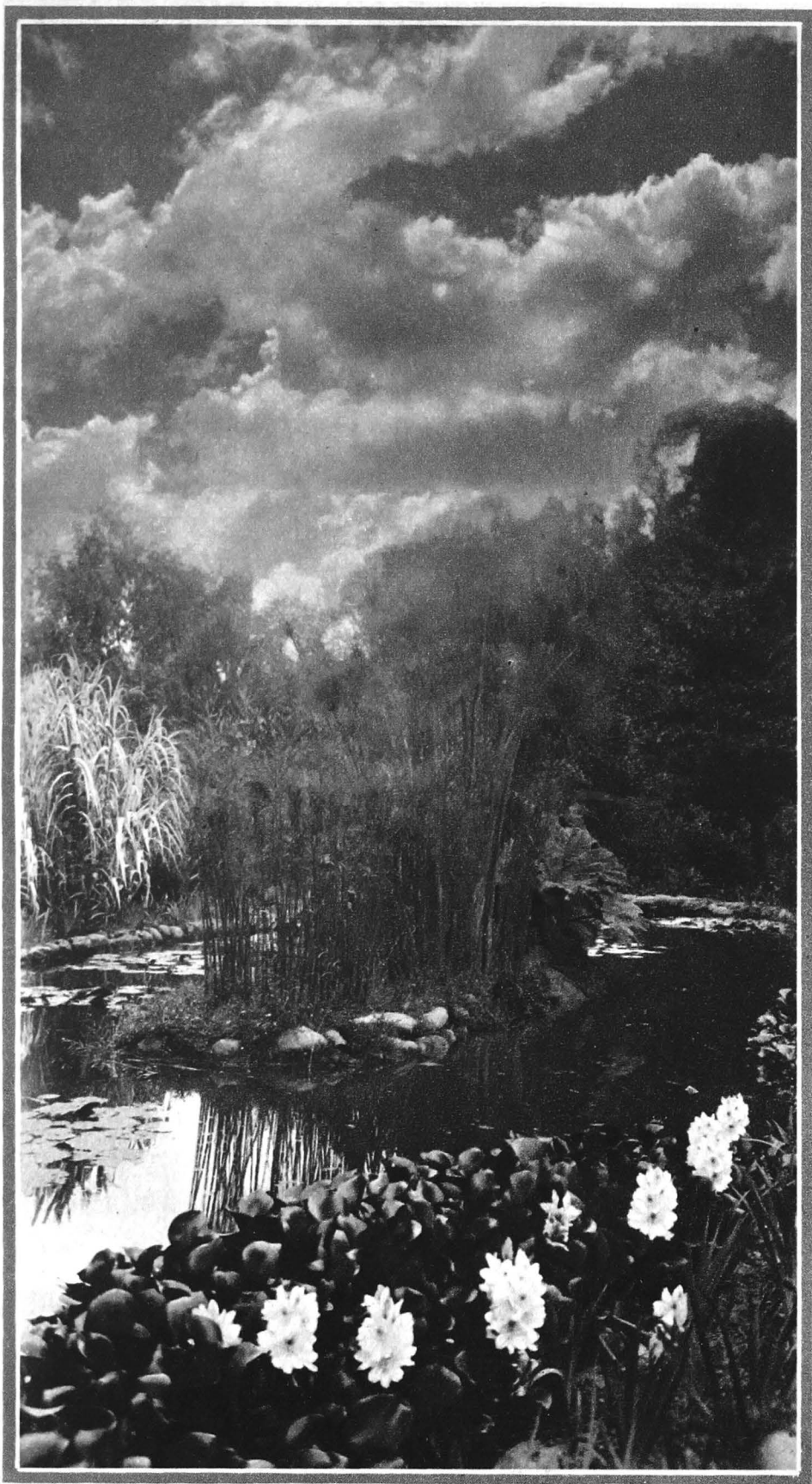
Home again, up the winding road and over the Kloof Nek to where Cape Town glitters below you, as she lies in the lap of the mountains.

## EPILOGUE

The glow of moonlight still rests on the summits of the mountains across the bay, but the water is deep, dark grey now, with silver gleams where the lazy waves break at the city's feet. She is ringed with jewelled lights, as is Naples, and through the lights a long, straight road cuts northward, always northward, through smiling vine-lands and the parched Karoo to cities yet unborn, and—at long, long last—to Cairo.

PARADISE, CLAREMONT,  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

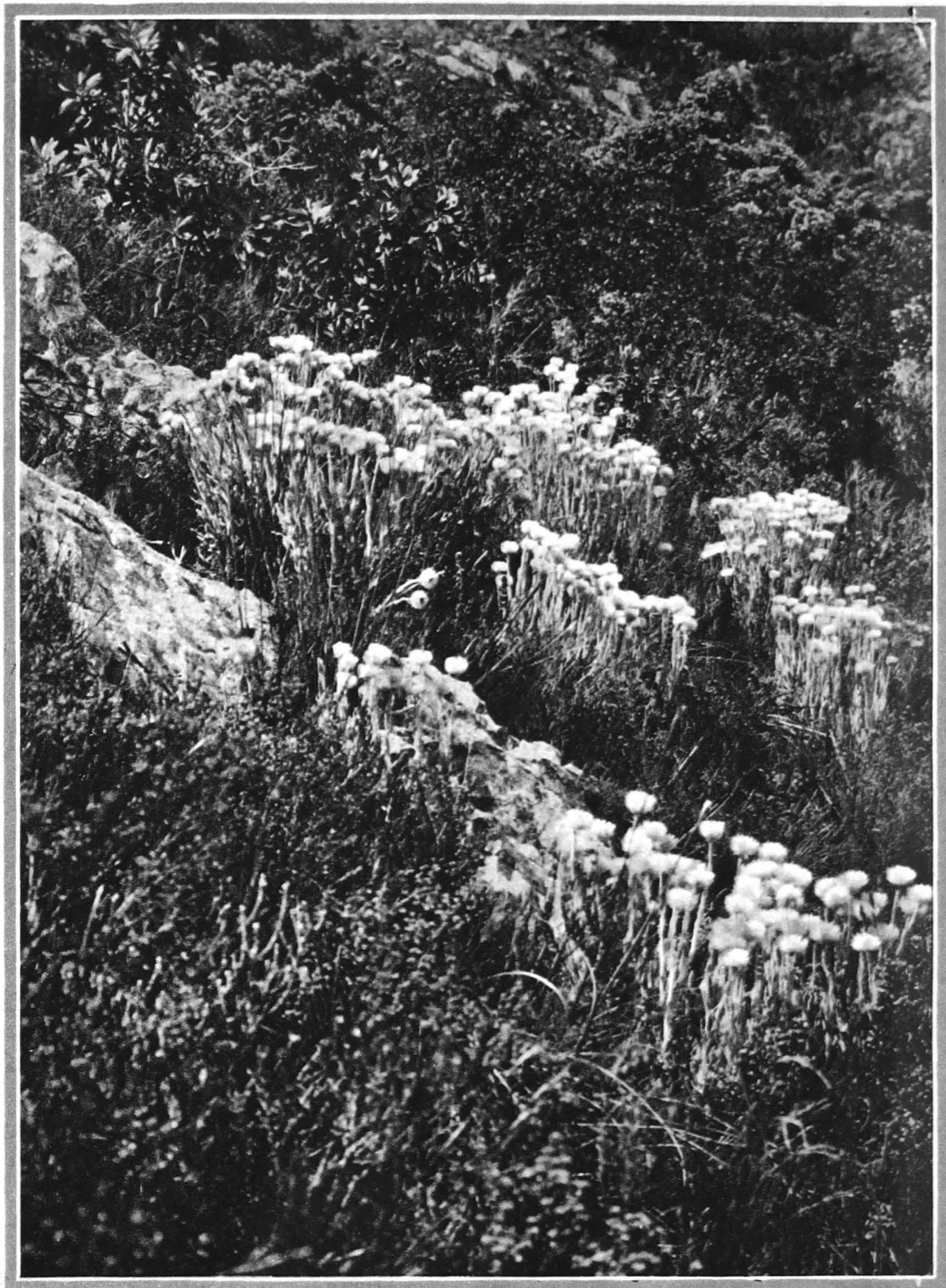
*June 1927—January 1928.*



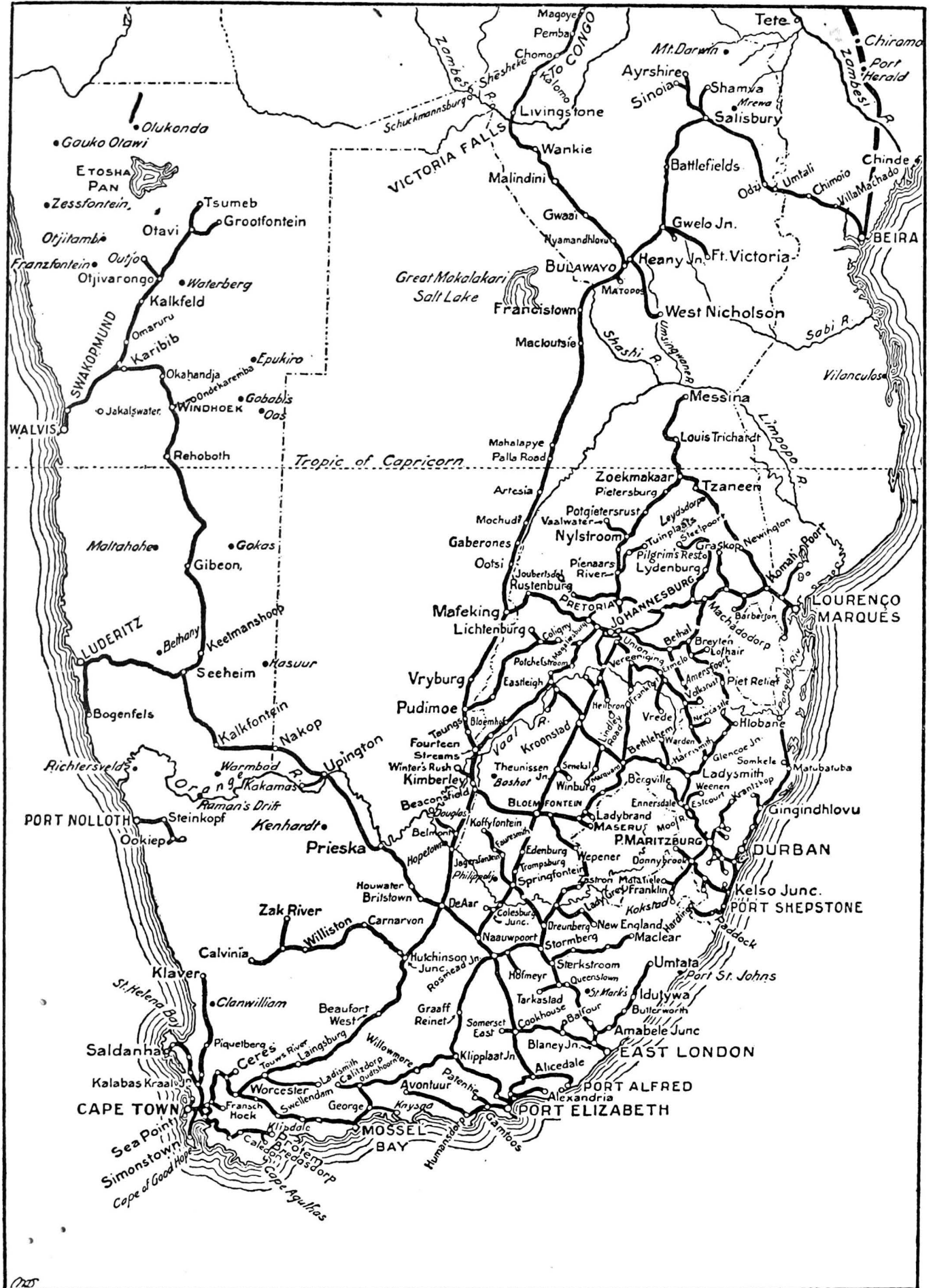
Water-hyacinths at Kirstenbosch.

[*Lancelot Ussher*





Immortelles. [*Lancelot Ussher*



BY COURTESY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

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