

RHODESIANA

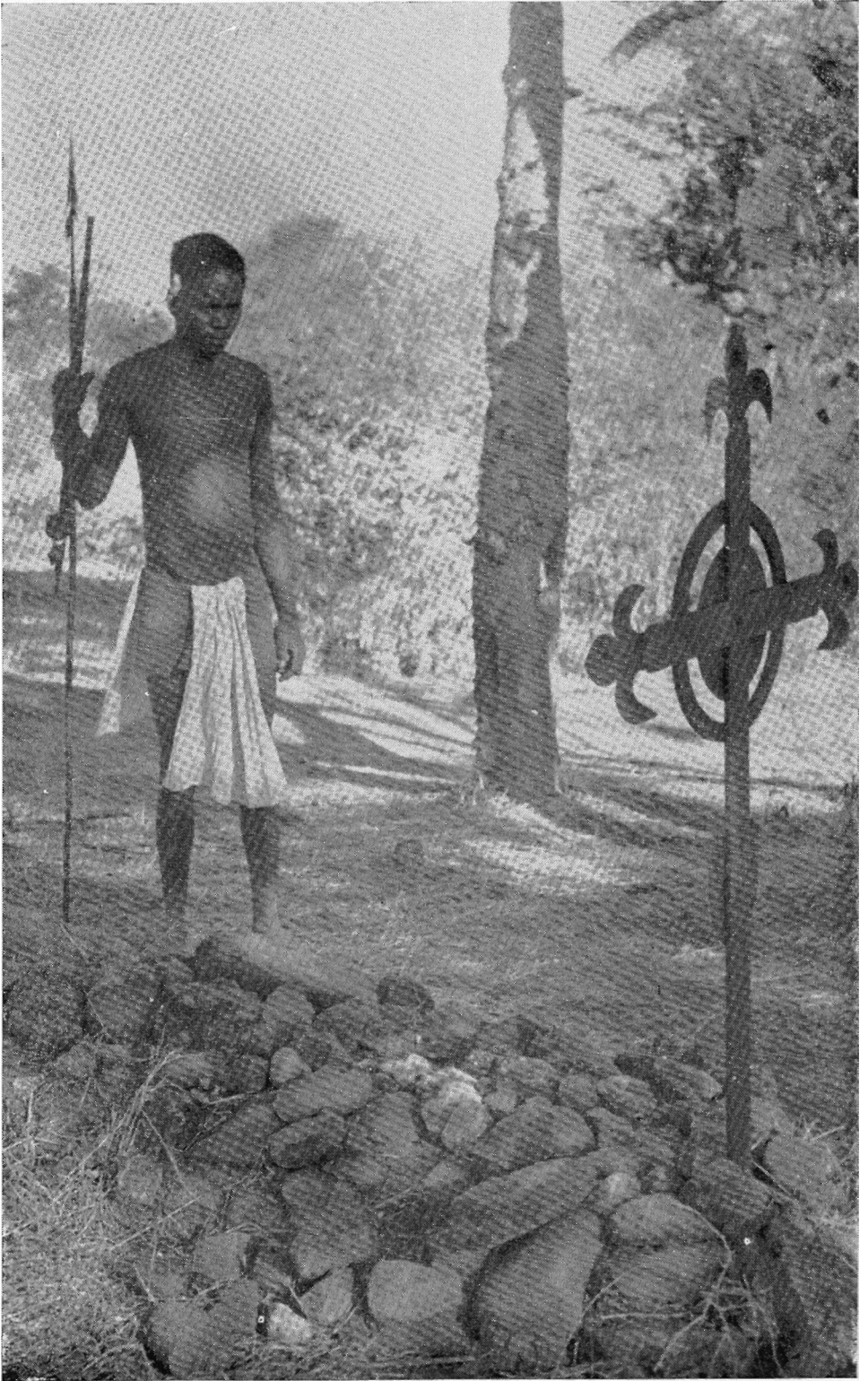
Publication No. 5

of

The Rhodesiana Society

1960

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The characteristic cross over graves of Jesuit Fathers.
(Photo: The Northern Rhodesia Journal.)

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THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY

The objects of our Society are to add to the pleasure and knowledge of those interested in the early history of Rhodesia and adjacent territories, to record personal experiences of those days, to preserve books and documents relating thereto, and to assist collectors of Rhodesiana.

The Society holds one or two meetings a year when papers are presented by experts, produces a publication called "Rhodesiana" at least once a year, and issues quarterly, and free to members, a newsletter v/hich, apart from giving up-to-date information, serves to bring members together.

There is no entrance fee and paid-up members are supplied gratis with all publications of the year of subscription, which commences 1st January. Back numbers of "Rhodesiana" are available at 7s. 6d. each at the moment.

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The Mashonaland Irish

by Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E.

As a Cornishman I must concede that our people were Christianised, even if not civilised, by the Irish, who descended on our shores in the sixth century A.D.

Even today many of our villages commemorate the name of some Irish saint, whose record will be found only in the Celtic Calendar. Nevertheless we owe a debt of gratitude to those early pioneers, and so I take pleasure in giving some facts about the Mashonaland Irish who were pioneers of Rhodesia.

There were naturally Irishmen in the Pioneer Corps of 1890, amongst them Trooper E. O'Toole, V.C., whose story I hope one day to piece together. Then there was Capt. A. G. Leonard of the Company's Police, who commanded the base camp at Macloutsie and later at Fort Tuli, and who wrote a most pungent book which is now a collector's piece—"How We Made Rhodesia".

But it is about the first Irish celebration at Fort Salisbury that this article is mainly concerned. It took place very properly on Saint Patrick's Day, the 17th of March, 1891, just over seven months from the day on which the Pioneer Column reached the Makabusi River on the 12th of September, 1890. So the conditions were somewhat primitive though the right spirit was there in good measure.

With B Troop of the Company's Police had come No. 1 Troop Sgt. Major F. K. W. Lyons-Montgomery, who was a most versatile and colourful character and with the Pioneer Corps came No. 17 Cpl. J. L. Crawford, who made his home in Rhodesia and died at Penhalonga at the age of 90 in 1955. His notes have proved of great value to me in this historical research.

It was Lyons-Montgomery who was chairman of the committee which organised the first Irish party, to put the Mashonaland Irish in the lead even over such redoubtable rivals as the Caledonian and Cambrian societies. It is definite that the Irish were first in the field for such a gathering, and are to this day a force to be reckoned with in their social and patriotic organisation.

The invitation card was quite an elaborate affair, hand-written and painted on the back of a Police pay card, because at that time there was no printer in Fort Salisbury, and it was only later in the same year that W. E. Fairbridge, who had been special correspondent of the "Cape Argus", started the first newspaper, producing his news sheets by duplicator.

The invitation card, which measures 4 1/2 inches by 6 inches, is decorated on the top left with an artistic display of shamrock, and on the top right by a painting of one of the Round towers with blue hills as a background. Then comes "St. Patrick's Day", below which is an Irish harp. The body of the invitation follows:—"Celebration Banquet. The Committee requests the pleasure of.....at the above banquet on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, 1891." It is signed by Lyons-Montgomery as Chairman, Fort Salisbury, and on

the bottom of the card in Gaelic letters are the magic words "Cead Mile Failte".

Now for the banquet itself. The Hotel Mashonaland (site may be the present Legislative Assembly) was being built by Bob McLelland for Messrs. Mahon and Steward. The brick walls were up as a shell, and the principals, but it was unroofed. So Lyons-Montgomery and Crawford, both being light-weights, were deputed to cover the principals with a borrowed bucksail. Catering was in the hands of the Police B Troop baker, Trooper John Buchanan, who can hardly have been Irish. Wines were purchased from the Compté de la Panouse, who was then camped at Wataikai in the Mazoe Valley and who had come to Mashonaland by wagon following the tracks of the Pioneer Column. A certain amount of Delagoa Bay gin was procured. To quote Crawford, "A Kimberley syndicate had reached Hunyani (12 miles from Fort Salisbury); they contributed. Jack Croghan a ham, some whiskey. Cooper-Chadwick, fit before his gun accident, came and not empty-handed. Glasses were made by cutting bottles, base a goblet, neck a candlestick".

The great day arrived and dinner was served on time, the chair being taken by Major P. W. Forbes, then Magistrate, who had commanded B Troop of the Company's Police on the march to Salisbury. He was a Scot with an English home address! Crawford continues, "Barely had we drunk 'The Queen' and Cooper-Chadwick had warbled once when a fine fight arose amongst the waiters, who had mopped most of the booze, principal offender one Donohoe, a patriot". John Donohoe was a trooper in the Police; he was soon overpowered and peace and harmony once again prevailed. The celebration was brought to an end by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne". There is no record to say how many participated in the banquet, but not all the guests were Irish.

Afterwards Lyons-Montgomery and No. 3 Sgt. Reginald Bray, an Englishman from Coventry, possibly of Irish descent, adjourned to their hut in the Police Camp, and in a night session finished up what remained of the liquor! So ended a most memorable party.

At the St. Patrick's Day Ball in 1958, sixty-seven years after the first party, I had the honour of presenting an original invitation card to Mr. R. P. Small as President of the Mashonaland Irish Association. I had been given this card by Miss B. Lyons-Montgomery, whose father was the moving spirit in the first celebration, and the card was handed over, suitably framed, as a gift from Miss Lyons-Montgomery and the Southern Rhodesia Cornish Association, of which I am President. So the Cornish appreciation of what the Irish had done for us was to some extent acknowledged.

Finally it may be of interest to give a brief outline of the careers of some of those characters I have mentioned.

Lyons-Montgomery was born at Dublin in 1859, his father being the last Conservative M.P. for County Leitrim who sat in the House of Commons. He served as an apprentice in the days of sail and then enlisted in the army. Later at Kimberley he was employed by De Beers as a detective, and at the same time served as adjutant to the Diamond Fields Horse, the local Volunteer Regiment. He was very popular and in great demand for his Irish songs, and was known as the "Wearing of the Green". Although he was not the first to join

he was, by virtue of being troop-sergeant-major, given the first number allotted to the B.S.A, Company's Police in 1889.

He came to Fort Salisbury with the Pioneer Column, and was then engaged with Major Forbes in his Mozambique exploits. On his return from this most hazardous enterprise he organised the Irish banquet.

In the Mashona Rebellion of 1896 he served as a captain in the Rhodesia Horse, and after several narrow escapes was severely wounded in the head in a fight with the rebels near what is now Concession. His skull was fractured, and the brain exposed, but he made a miraculous recovery due to the brilliant work of R. J. Wylie, the surgeon, and devoted attention from Mother Patrick and her nurses.

He was irreplaceable in spite of having to walk for the rest of his life on two sticks. He served throughout the Boer War of 1899-1902 as recruiting officer at the Drill Hall, Cape Town. Later he went to New Zealand and in 1913 to Jersey, where he died in 1941 at the age of 82. He never let his disability get him down, but was cheerful to the end.

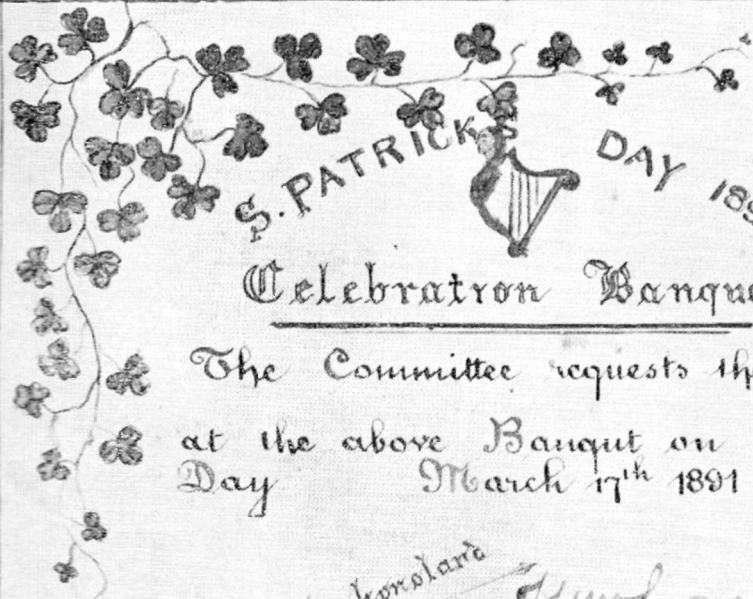
Crawford was born at Ballyshannon in County Donegal in 1865, landed at Cape Town in 1881, and for a time worked in a bank. Then in 1884 he joined Carrington's Horse and in the following year was a member of the Warren Expedition in Bechuanaland. In 1885 also he joined the newly-formed Bechuanaland Border Police and served in that force until 1890, attaining the rank of sergeant.

Then in the Pioneer Corps he took part in the Mashonaland expedition of 1890. In the following year he was prospecting in the Mazoe Valley and then went to Umtali. In 1896 he served in Coope's Scouts in the Matabele Rebellion and then went on to Mashonaland.

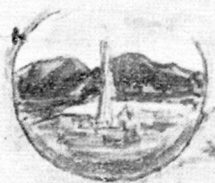
He founded the Umtali Sporting Club, was a Justice of the Peace for Southern Rhodesia from the days of the Chartered Company regime, and for 20 years chairman of the Penhalonga Village Management Board. He was one of those pioneers who made their permanent home in Rhodesia, had a wonderful memory for the old days, and a delightful sense of humour. Even in old age he carried himself erect, and was a familiar figure with his pointed grey beard and keen blue eyes, at Occupation Day ceremonies. He went with others of his contemporaries to England for the coronation of King George VI in 1937.

The Vicomte de la Panouse was a French aristocrat, had served as a captain in the navy, and been aide-de-camp to Marshal McMahan. He followed the Pioneer Column to Mashonaland with his wife disguised as a boy, because no women were allowed in the country at that time. After prospecting they established themselves at what is now Avondale and engaged in farming. The Count was also one of the first to make burnt bricks in Salisbury.

At the outbreak of the Mashona Rebellion in 1896 he was travelling by wagon from Chimoio, the railhead in Mozambique, with a supply of luxury goods to sell in Salisbury. But he had to abandon his wagon, and he and the party with him, including a young American lady, ran the gauntlet of the rebels from Marandellas to Salisbury. In the meantime the Countess had had a wonderful escape from the Avondale homestead, and even had the nerve to go back



S. PATRICK'S DAY 1891



Celebration Banquet

The Committee requests the pleasure of
at the above Banquet on St. Patrick's
Day March 17th 1891

Fort Salisbury, Mashonaland

J. M. Lyons - Incoming
Chairman

Céad Míle Fáilte

next day to recover the revolver she had left behind. She was a Cockney who had been a "slavey" in a London boarding house.

John Buchanan was a lesser light. After he left the Police in July, 1891, he set up in business as a baker in Old Umtali, where his arrival was greeted with joy by those who had had to make their own bread. But he was not always reliable. The first wedding in Umtali was between Dr. J. W. Litchfield and Sister B. Welby and Buchanan was given the order for a wedding cake to be delivered on Christmas Eve. This was too much for the baker, "who celebrated the festive season too well, and failed to deliver the cake". Buchanan served in the Matabele War of 1893 and later died at Umtali.

John Croghan was a doctor. He was born in County Carlow about 1860, qualified at Dublin in 1884, after service in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and later had a practice at Kimberley in partnership with his brother Dr. Edward Croghan. But here he must have come under the influence of Cecil Rhodes, for he is next heard of in February, 1891, on his way to Mashonaland with a prospecting expedition. He was camped on the Umfuli River 21 miles from Fort Charter at a time when the Police despatch riders were suffering great hardships from flooded rivers and short rations, and proved himself a real friend in need by treating those who had gone down with malaria and other diseases. On one occasion he parted with a bottle of brandy for an officer who was very ill at Fort Charter, and this was carried at night through rain and flood by a devoted member of the officer's troop. Croghan's outfit must have been well stocked to have supplied a ham for the Irish banquet.

Later he served with distinction in the Boer War, after which he was a railway medical officer, and then for many years practised in Johannesburg, where he died in 1935.

Cooper-Chadwick was obviously a well-known character; he did not come up with the Pioneer Column, however, and his story has yet to be written.

Major Patrick W. Forbes, though of Scottish descent, was born in England in 1861 and was an officer of the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons. He commanded B Troop of the Police in the Pioneer Column, and was responsible for the coup-de-main in November of 1890 when Count Paiva d'Andrade and Gouveia were detained at Umtasa's kraal. He was the first magistrate at Fort Salisbury, and in 1893 was given command of the Chartered Company's forces in Mashonaland as the senior regular officer. In October of that year he marched on Matabeleland at the head of his volunteer troops, which were later joined by the Victoria Rangers under Major Allan Wilson. The combined column, after defeating the Matabele in two battles, occupied Bulawayo on the 4th of November, and then followed the pursuit of Lobengula northwards. Forbes was held responsible for the disaster to Allan Wilson's patrol on the Shangani, and was out of favour with Rhodes as a result. This is a most controversial subject. One comment by a contemporary is that "he (Forbes) had all the pluck of a bull-dog, and just about as much judgment". But the first part of his campaign had been successful and he must be given the credit for a great achievement.

In 1895 he was appointed as administrator of North-Eastern Rhodesia and held this position until 1897, when his health failed. Later he must have

returned to Salisbury where he was a churchwarden of the Anglican Cathedral until 1902; he then retired to his home in Oxfordshire.

Sgt. Reginald Bray was born in 1855, came to South Africa in 1881 and had considerable service in the Bechuanaland Border Police before he was one of the first to join the new Company's Police in 1889.

After he had taken part in the fight with the Portuguese near Macequece in May, 1891, he left Mashonaland and only returned in 1895, to become involved in the Mashona Rebellion of the following year. From 1898 until 1909 he served as a military staff instructor to the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers in Umtali, where he earned a fine reputation. He died in Bulawayo in 1921.

It was men of this calibre who built up the good name of Rhodesia. Amidst all the hardships they endured, they were always game for a celebration, and no doubt St. Patrick's Day in 1891 provided such an occasion.

Their successors of 1959 will see to it that St. Patrick's Day is an equal success. Best wishes to the Mashonaland Irish Association and "Cead Mile Failte"!

Impressions of Hendrik's Pass

by Edward C. Tabler

Two deities preside over the sparsely settled Matopos Hills of Southern Rhodesia. The larger part by far is still the realm of Mlimo, the Kalanga god who made the world and controlled the rain; in his heyday he spoke oracularly from his caves to the faithful who came to obtain the intercession of his wizard-priests, among whom, it is suspected, there were able ventriloquists. Mlimo can still be seen in one of his manifestations, for he travels across country in small whirlwinds or dust-devils. The spirit of that local and modern god of recent importation, Cecil John Rhodes, dominates only his burial place at View of the World. Mlimo has yielded that spot, and he has lost another small part of his hills to the ghost of a Voortrekker, Hendrik Potgieter, who with the ghosts of his victims haunts the pass named for him. It was with the pass and its ghosts that I was concerned one day in 1957.

The Kalanga are a Bantu people, one of the large group of tribes in Southern Rhodesia collectively called "Shona". A part of the Kalanga live scattered about in small kraals, or rather family homesteads of a few huts, in the western and southern Matopos, and the population is not large. No one knows how long this region has been their home. They may be descendants of the Mokaranga, the "People of the Sun" written of by the Portuguese of the east coast in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; perhaps some hundreds of years ago they displaced the Bushmen, the Stone Age hunters who left the remarkable paintings found in the caves and rock shelters of the granite kopjes. Like most of the southern Bantu, they are cheerful, friendly, and easygoing. Nowadays the Kalanga are proud to call themselves Matabele, after the tribe that conquered and then ruled them for the fifty years before Rhodes's white men beat the Matabele in the wars of 1893 and 1896. Because they were well disciplined by their kings, the Matabele have greater individual and collective virtues than many other Bantu. They came from Zululand early in the last century to settle in the western Transvaal, out of which they were driven by the Boers of the Great Trek the year after Victoria became Queen of England. They retreated northwards to what today is Rhodesia and there they carved out with the assagai a new kingdom from the territories of the Shona tribes.

Hendrik Potgieter was the trek leader most responsible for the defeat of the Matabele in the Transvaal. This tough, Old Testament Dutchman, a great smiter of the heathen, never forgave that tribe for making war on his people. In 1847 he raised a commando of about a hundred men and led them from the northern Transvaal against his old enemies. Potgieter's Raid was a remarkable feat of arms for the time and place. He and his burgers were the first Europeans to enter the Matopos (the Portuguese never penetrated that far), and they stuck their foes with a handful of men and through a totally unknown and difficult country. Their principal aims were at lifting cattle and at reminding the Matabele of their power. Easier routes were available, but surprise was essential, so they left their transport wagons under guard and rode into the hills. The

discovery of Hendrik's Pass led the raiders through the worst barrier of mountains and kopjes, but they had to shoot some men of a Kalanga village at its south end, in order to cow the rest and to prevent their giving the alarm.

Speed was now an absolute necessity, and the horsemen, with native auxiliaries whose chief function was to drive captured cattle, pressed on through the pass and to the Khami River in Matabeleland. Surprise was complete. They fell on a kraal, killed some herdsmen, and went off with a few hundred head of cattle. Potgieter knew that pursuit was inevitable and that the recovery of the booty would be its first objective. He and his mounted men therefore camped apart from their black herdsmen and the cattle, at a place near Ntabas Manyama, the Black Mountain, which is close to Figtree Station and at the western edge of the Matopos. The counterattack was delivered that night by a Matabele regiment. It was directed first at recovering the cattle, and the short stabbing spears soon finished the few score herdsmen. The Boers, who had their sentries out and their horses saddled, managed to make a fighting escape, and they took a roundabout way home for fear of ambush in the pass.

I was visiting Mr. Roger Summers, the Keeper of Antiquities at the National Museum in Bulawayo. There were several places famous in nineteenth-century Rhodesian history that I wanted to see, and Roger was a very knowledgeable and agreeable guide. He has acquired a good background in the recorded history of his adopted country, a matter of a hundred and ten years or so, and he can also, of course, reach back into its Stone Age. As chairman of its Historical Monuments Commission, he knows how to find all these places, a great help where road signs are not numerous and where some of the interesting spots are kept inaccessible or concealed to prevent vandalism that is resented by Africans and Whites alike. The tourist never sees them, and without special knowledge they would be meaningless to him anyway.

I knew of Potgieter's Raid, and that no firsthand account of it by a participant survives. The Voortrekkers were better at conquering and settling new countries than at writing about them, and they were not trained geographers, but the routes of the commando through the Matopos had somehow been traced out recently by a group of Rhodesians. The leader in this project was Sir Robert Tredgold, Chief Justice of the Central African Federation and the man who knows more about the Matopos than anyone else. The fact that he is a great-grandson of Robert Moffat, the first missionary to visit the Matabele and a person who is still remembered by the Africans, enabled him to identify and enter the defile still known as the "Pass of Ndaleka", from the Matabele pronunciation of Potgieter's Christian name. On the first exploration of the rugged country round Fumukwe or Mt. Francis at the south end of the pass, the oldest inhabitant, a Kalanga headman, denied all knowledge of the pass and its story. They tried again, and this time a native commissioner had a happy thought. Indicating Sir Robert, he said, "This is the grandson of Mofete". (That is, of Moffat, and the grandson because these people have no words for descendants beyond the third generation.) The old man thawed at once. He knew of Mofete and approved of him. He was too old to walk so far, but his sons could, and they would guide his visitors into Ndaleka's pass.

Roger suggested that we have a look at Hendrik's Pass, if I didn't mind walking a few miles—there are some places that the useful Land Rover can't negotiate. A day was allotted to the trip, for our proposed destination is forty miles from Bulawayo, and we did not want to hurry. The road as far as the View of the World was asphalted for a visit of royalty in 1947, but beyond that it is narrow and surfaced with granite sand. We left the city at nine o'clock on a typical cold, clear winter morning, with a picnic hamper packed by Mrs. Summers, and drove through flat thorn country and across the dry Umganene and Khami rivers and into the Matopos.

We stopped to watch the courting antics of a roller, which flew high into the air and hovered there for a few seconds before executing a series of sweeping downward rolls; he pulled out of his dives near the ground and went to sit beside the female bird on the crossbar of a utility pole. At the Matopos Dam, the hippo and her small calf were not out so early. The animal comes to this lake every two or three years to calve, and when her offspring is big enough to travel they disappear. She has become a respected and popular part-time inhabitant of the Matopos National Park, though I forgot to ask how she gets along with the members of the local boat club. There are no hippos in permanent residence within a radius of many miles, and where she comes from is a mystery. It may be that she travels from the eastern side of the Matopos through more precipitous mountains and over deeper gorges than any we saw.

We inspected the stable on the Rhodes Matopos Estate. This building, near a preparatory school for boys, has been proclaimed a national monument for reasons not clear to me. Perhaps its solid construction was impressive. Beyond this place we used a road recently built through the park. We paused briefly to look westwards towards Figtree, at Ntabas Manyama and Two-Tree Kopje, the latter a landmark altered not long before to Lone-Tree Kopje by the owner of the land. There had been murmurs against this desecration. The granite kopjes of the western Matopos, which are not of great height, have a variety of form. Some are bare and seemingly solid upthrusts of rock, others look turreted at a distance, and most of them are boulder-strewn cones and ridges covered with grass and bush. Everywhere the weathering and splitting of the granite has left balanced rocks on the tops and sides of the kopjes; these must eventually join the heaps of stone at the bases of the hills, but such an event seems never to be witnessed. There is a surprising amount of level land, with scattered trees and bush and much grass growing on it, between the groups of kopjes. All this country drains to the Limpopo River. The small streams we crossed, amongst them the Malonga, the Timanda, and the Ove, were flowing in winter, when the larger sand rivers of Matabeleland are dry.

We passed Bambata Kopje, with Bambata Cave, a thrice-excavated Stone Age site, visible high up on its side. A few klipspringers ran into the bush as we bumped over the sandy roads, and near our destination we drove through Driefontein, a European farm with an ox wagon standing beside the deserted farmhouse. Near Badja School, an outstation of Hope Fountain Mission of the London Society, we stopped and looked down Hendrik's Pass. Mt. Francis, a high cone of bare granite, stands out on the horizon, and the tall kopje Dom-bashabe, the terminating height of a row of hills to the left of the pass, seems to

be beside it to the east. The Tendele River rises near the school and flows in a gorge at the foot of this row of hills to join the Mwewe River beyond Mt Francis. A natural passageway, the one used by Potgieter, lies between the gorge of the Tendele and Badja Plateau, a long flat mountain from 4,400 to 4,600 feet high and lying on the right as one faces the pass from the north.

Roger had entered the pass from the north once before, but he retained no detailed memory of the footpaths, and we needed a guide. He thought it unlikely that we would find one, for the Africans dislike talking about the legend of the place—the ghosts might be aroused and become spiteful. We drove into the yard of bare, hard-packed earth and were welcomed by the schoolmaster, Julius Ngwenya (English: Julius Crocodile), neat, affable, and English-speaking. Roger introduced us, and he might as well have said that I came from the moon as from America, for they seemed equally remote to Ngwenya. He knew nothing, he said, of the pass or of tales about it, and he took us inside to ask the children. The one-room school, built of a framework of poles plastered over with ant-heap clay and covered with a thatched roof, had an earthen floor, a big blackboard, and a row of benches at the left for the pupils. There were some thirty children, from about six to fifteen years of age, the youngest in front and increasing in size and age to the rear. They all stood up politely, and I remember the rows of soft brown eyes turned on me where I stood near the door. A Sindebele lesson was in progress. Ngwenya put our problem to them in that language, and there was a great shaking of heads. Then an arm was raised, and we had our guide.

Joel Moyo turned out to be a great walker. He was about twelve and was dressed in clean cotton shorts and T-shirt. His surname or *isibongo* is the most common one with the Kalanga, the equivalent of Smith in English and Van der Merwe in Afrikaans. He brought his books outside and put them by the door, and the schoolmaster spoke briefly to him and excused him for the afternoon. We put Joel between us and drove away in the direction he pointed out. It was up to Roger, who admits that his Sindebele is fragmentary, to communicate with Joel, and, though their conversation was chiefly monosyllabic and included gestures, I couldn't help admiring Roger's proficiency in an African language.

The way led first along a footpath across old mealie lands. It was very bumpy, owing to the ridges left by cultivation, but the vegetation was short and we could easily see obstacles, the worst of which are the ant-bear or aardvark holes. These are scattered everywhere in the veld, and getting a wheel in one results in much hard work. They are large, and for the first two or three feet they run parallel to the surface and only a few inches beneath it. We drove through the yard of a kraal consisting of two or three huts and a granary and went on into high grass. Here two women were cutting and tying thatching grass, and a child was playing near them; these were the only people we saw till we returned to this place. Our course had been roughly southwards towards the pass, and thus far it had been well-defined, but the path stopped beyond the kraal and we were soon zigzagging through the grass to avoid the holes. We wanted to ride as far as possible, but after a few hundred yards of this Roger parked in the shade of a clump of thorn trees. The grass was too high and thick to let us see much on the ground.

It was now half an hour past noon, and I mentioned lunch. Roger declined to broach it, for he knew that we would never get down the pass and back if we were full of food and drink. There was no need to lock the Land Rover in so law-abiding a country, and we started off at once through grass up to my chin, Joel in the lead, Roger next, and myself in the rear. One advantage of the Rhodesian bush costume of shorts and shirt of hard-finished material, and heavy wool socks, was soon demonstrated. The grass seeds, which won't stick to bare skin and can't get through bush clothes, clung to my cotton socks and slacks, and their hooks worked through and caused irritation. Picking them off became an excuse for me to take short rests. Joel's thin shanks were pumping away ahead, Roger seemed determined to keep up, and I was soon sweating in spite of the dry air and a midday temperature only in the 70's. Nothing bothered Joel. Grass seeds, sharp rocks under his bare feet, and low concealed thorn bushes were all trifles to him.

It occurred to me that our guide was lost and was wandering aimlessly about. The area was unfamiliar to Roger, but he said nothing because he knew it was best to trust Joel. Generally, if an African undertakes to show one a route he will do it, though a mile, or several miles, out of the way means little to him. We walked round the end of a line of low kopjes and into another large grassy area and found a path that led due south. Walking became easier. I saw fresh kudu droppings, but none of those big, handsome antelopes appeared—the vicinity was deserted except by the birds and ourselves. After what seemed a long time to me, we cleared the end of the Badja Plateau and began the gradual two-hundred-foot climb to the top of the pass.

We were out of the grass, the vegetation here being bush and low trees. High granite outcrops and piles of boulders came close to the sides of the path, and at a few places the rocky sidewalls could be touched with outstretched hands. Roger stopped, picked up a stone, and added it to a low heap of them beside the trail. There were four or five more of these cairns, which are a part of the magic for propitiating the ghosts of the people killed by the raiders near Mt. Francis, and nearly all of them had on top the remains of recent fires. The passer-by must add his stone, else the spirits, still angry at having been forced from life by violence before the end of the natural span, will bring him bad luck. Roger and I were careful to place our offerings on each pile, for thoughts of calamities like smashed axles and broken legs, or even leopards, came easily to mind. Joel did nothing, nor did Roger speak to him about the heaps. Either Joel was a good Christian, or he followed his people's usual practice of pretending to know nothing of such matters.

We trudged up over the hump and down the path till we had a good view of Mt. Francis. I pointed at it and made a remark, and Roger immediately turned my finger away. "One name of that is Ntabas ka lkonjwa, The-Mountain-That-Must-Not-Be-Pointed-At. Bad luck to use the finger. The ghosts don't like it." One may use the thumb, or a stick, or a nod in its direction, but not the forefinger. So we used our thumbs as we rested and talked about the raid. We tried to imagine how the raiders felt as they rode their sure-footed South African horses in single file and as rapidly as possible through the pass. There may have been fewer than seventy-five Boers, many of them no doubt very

young men new to commando duty. We could appreciate their wariness in this narrow place, where the rocks and bush beside the path could conceal many spearmen, and their relief as they came into the open. Potgieter would have been in the lead, with the muzzle of his big smoothbore percussion gun or flintlock covering a pressed guide who trotted ahead of him. He was a man of courage who, had circumstances been different, would have been respected by the Matabele king, also a person of strong character and warlike deeds.

Joel sat a little way off with his back towards us. Roger said, "There's a polite child," and explained that turning his back, not speaking till spoken to, and keeping his gravity in the presence of strangers, were all a part of his Kalanga manners. Then, when the fruit we carried was shared with Joel, I had a lesson in the proper methods of giving. The most mannerly way to give—and receive—is with the cupped hands; next best is with the right hand, at the same time touching the right forearm with the left hand; to give or receive with the left hand is an insult. However, the obviously ignorant are forgiven.

The walk back was quicker because of hunger and thirst. On the path I found an imperfect neolithic scraper, one result of Roger's tutelage in Stone Age things. When we were out of the pass, Joel led us round the line of small kopjes by a shorter way, one that involved us in slow scrambling up and down the steep banks of a tiny stream. The grass here was waist-high and thick enough to conceal sharp, tumbled rocks underfoot. I wanted to bet that Joel would be off a straight course for the jeep, but when we cleared the kopjes it was dead ahead and only a few hundred yards away. One of the smaller antelopes, a reedbuck or a steinbuck and as big as a white-tailed deer, got up almost at our feet and dashed away in the grass. A brown and white blur, it was too fast for positive identification.

The next event was beer, which in the veld is very good warm, especially after a tramp of two hours and a half. It had recently become lawful in the Rhodesias to sell or give European beer to the Africans, but Joel was too young, so he had the ginger beer, plus his share of the lunch. He sat on the ground behind the vehicle, and I practised my manners by handing him his food in proper fashion. Then we drove off and followed the bent-over grass of our old track to the little kraal. On the way down I had noticed that Joel occasionally suppressed a grin as Roger and I talked across him, and I suspected that he had a greater knowledge of English than he pretended to. I suddenly asked him what kind of antelope we had kicked up, and without hesitation he replied, "Steinbok."

At the school, which had been dismissed, I gave Joel half a crown in my cupped hands and thanked him. He thanked me in English, picked up his books, and disappeared round the building. It must have been a good day for him. In return for a bit of hiking he missed the afternoon session, received more money than he sees in six months, and ate a meal much better than ordinary. The money would be shared with his brothers and sisters at home. It would be interesting to know what he told his family and friends about us. There was no use in our asking him what he thought of our doings, for the answers would have been evasive and noncommittal.

We returned by different roads, via the Mapapona and Chintampa dams, to Nswatugi Cave to look at the rock paintings there. Fortunately our wives and Roger's daughter, out for a less arduous tour, were there with his key to the gate. The approaches are fenced to keep vandals out, and the African attendant was absent, probably at a big beer-drink we passed on the way there. We climbed a steep rocky path to the cave, the mouth of which is still well hidden by trees, though some of the growth has been cleared away. Rock paintings of men and animals occur over all of Southern Rhodesia, and in the Matopos there must be many undiscovered caves and shelters that have paintings. The art of Nswatugi is good, the giraffes being especially well done, and the usual overlays of newer figures over older ones, are there. These paintings are so fascinating that one can understand why hunting them was a pastime of the late Neville Jones, a missionary turned archaeologist and Roger's predecessor at the museum. Jones found Nswatugi. He was camped immediately below it for a week while looking for caves, and every evening he was visited by an old African who lived close by; he gave his visitor tea and food, and in the course of their conversations he explained the objects of his search. A week of hard work yielded nothing. The night before Jones was to end his holiday, the old man suddenly said something like this: "You've been good to me, and I'm sorry you've found no caves. Did you know there's one up there?"

Our wives left to prepare an outdoor tea at a nearby dam, one of the many artificial lakes hereabouts, and Roger and I scrambled a little way down the path and out onto a big *dwala*, an outcrop of solid granite level with the general surface. The cave had been a living place, and the Bushmen had chosen well; from high up on their kopje they overlooked any game in a large circular expanse of veld fringed by mountains. One of these was another mountain that may not be pointed at, for it was—and perhaps still is—one of Mlimo's dwellings.

Tea was taken at the lakeside under the usual sign with the skull and cross-bones and the words: "DANGER BILHARZIA". It was late in the afternoon, the sun was low, and I was given my choice of seeing the hippo at the Matopos Dam, or of visiting Rhodes's grave, or the chance of seeing the sable antelope in the park. It could be only one of these, because darkness comes on rapidly after sunset and there were several miles to go. I chose the sable, the least likely, but they are said to show themselves most readily to Americans. Sure enough, at dusk I spotted a dark form across a small gully at the side of the road. Roger was certain it was a domestic cow, but he backed up, and then we could see three sable through the trees. A bit farther on was a herd of twelve of these beautiful antelopes near the road, and we parked and watched them till darkness settled down.

It was a most satisfying day. Roger and Joel had outwalked me (I blame this on the altitude, not on my condition), but by dragging myself along after them I became the first American of record to enter Hendrik's Pass. It is not claimed, however, that this "first" is of any importance in international politics.

(This article was written with an American audience in mind; however, explanations of things familiar to Rhodesians have been allowed to stand)

Mrs. Mary Blackwood Lewis's letters
about Mashonaland,
1897 - 1901

Fairview, Mooi River,

October 15th. 1897.

The most amazing thing happened the other day. As you see I am with my sister, Mrs. Duff, waiting to go up to Mashonaland to be married.

The rebellion is scarcely over, they are still shelling the last strongholds of the Mashona, so I did not expect to leave quite so soon. We went for a walk and I saw a bed of clover, on searching I found a leaf of four parts which means luck. When we returned we found a wire saying "D.O.E.A. Hertzog sailing; take passage to Beira", so my clover meant luck anyhow.

I wonder what fate awaits me in that new and savage country? I have no fear and have always been interested in the place, reading all I could collect about the great ruins, built by unknown hands.

I met Bishop Gaul, newly appointed to the See of Mashonaland, who told me a little about the country, how it abounded in game, and how beautiful the kopjes were covered, with huge granite boulders, with huge trees growing between them, twisted to all kinds of fantastic shapes, and how the amazing ruins baffled everybody.

I was fascinated and longed to go, so the summons to leave by the "Hertzog" opened a new life for me.

There was a terrific hustle to get ready, and we managed to get, by wagon, to the station where I said "goodbye", and set off for Durban. Mary, Kate and I spent a night at the Marine Hotel, and I went aboard the "Hertzog" at night, as the boat sailed at daybreak.

It was a German boat, very well appointed and comfortable, but at night hundreds of cockroaches appeared from nowhere, and gave me a fright. I rang for the stewardess, but she said they were harmless, and disappeared so soon as the light was on, so I slept the night with the electric globe going full on. However the bed was comfortable and I slept like a top.

There are a few passengers, a Mrs. Tightman, an American lady related to Heys Hammond, the great American Engineer; Major Seymour and an American couple who took me under their wing; there were several other English people and a great many Germans.

We called at Delagoa Bay where my cousin W. B. Cradock lived, and he came on board and treated me with champagne.

I was delighted with Delagoa Bay. It is a lovely sheet of water—a natural harbour and the town looked quaint and foreign.

When we arrived at Beira we found the train from Salisbury was 24 hours late. As I expected David (David Morrall Lewis, the writer's husband) to meet

me, this news filled me with dismay, as the ship was going on in a few hours. Major and Mrs. Seymour took me and handed me over to the Consul and his wife, newly married people.

The landing was most interesting, but arrangements primitive. The ship was about a mile from the shore.

To reach the town of Beira, first, I had to climb down the steep gangway to the rowing boat which was manned by a crew of the blackest persons I had ever seen. Then I was grasped firmly round the legs by a huge black native and carried to the shore which must have been the one Lewis Carrol was thinking about when he wrote "The Walrus and the Carpenter".

Beira was still some distance over the sand and the Royal Hotel had to be reached by trolley, a kind of miniature railway carriage which ran on a narrow gauge line. The Royal is a building of wood and iron and my heart sank when I saw that I might have to sleep a night or two in this hot spot.

Luckily another ship had arrived this day bringing another English-woman who had come out to join her husband, Dr. Craven. These two people were splendid and befriended me.

Lunch was served between 11 and 12 o'clock in a large corrugated iron room, lined with matchboarding.

My friends had sailed and I felt very much alone. I sat at a table under a kind of punkah made of a hot-looking terra cotta coloured cretonne with pink and yellow flowers. It was broiling hot and the pattern made me feel hotter, and the punkah did not disturb the flies which flew about and settled on everything, including the butter, which was the consistency of salad oil, and proved a lovely swimming pool for the flies.

There were crowds of men, all looking very yellow and unshaven and all without their coats. I took them all for Portuguese brigands.

Many curious glances were thrown my way; a young girl alone in Beira with no friends visible, was an object of speculation amongst the men. I met some of them later, they were really charming Englishmen who had turned yellow from fever.

I met the doctor and his wife who were travelling as far as Umtali where he was railway doctor and she had arrived the same time as I, but in a Union Company's ship. They took me out in the Hotel trolley to see the view. The line on which the trolley ran was a single one, and was used by all the officials and merchants, who each own their own trolley. When a trolley was met coming in the opposite direction ours was lifted off the rails and then returned to the track when the other had passed.

In the evening I was invited to dinner at the Consulate. It was quite pleasant and the house cool being built on a point near the sea. The rooms were lofty and large and after the cramped room at the hotel, looked palatial.

I arrived home and retired to a large double bed under a mosquito net. The heat was awful and the mosquitoes kept up a loud song around me. Weird noises came to me in the night. One shriek made me start up and run to the room of a woman near. I begged to be allowed to finish the night in her room and I did so.

This morning I heard that the train which was bringing David down, had been put on the line and he would arrive at about 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Craven and I sallied forth to meet the train. The station is on the other side of a creek which divides the town of Beira into two parts—a fearsome smelly ditch, lightly bridged.

The train arrived at last—such a queer little train, it looked like a toy engine; David jumped out. I had not seen him for nearly two years. He had got very thin and was the prevailing yellow brown colour—he seems much older and seems to have lost his boyish youthfulness. He has every cause to look old, after fighting the Mashonas and seeing his best friends shot down. He was with the Natal Troop all through the rebellion and decided to remain in Mashonaland in the Police.

He amused me by criticising the style of my hair dressing. I had worn a 'bun' when he saw me last, and now the hair was worn in a 'tea-pot' handle. He did not like it and begged me to go back to the 'bun'. Alas! I had forgotten how to do it, so back it went to the 'tea-pot' handle.

We tried hard to get the Consul to marry us before we went up country but the regulations required three weeks residence. The Portuguese had the same rule, so as David could not get leave, he decided to go straight back.

There had been a great carnival in Salisbury which was attended by Mr. Rhodes and Sir Alfred Milner. The railway was not finished—it only ran to Macequece so Sir Alfred and party rode to railhead in Cape carts and they were sending a train from Beira to meet him.

The Consul got permission for Dr. and Mrs. Craven, David and me to travel up on the train and make use of the Cape carts to get to Salisbury or Umtali. We are leaving at 4 p.m. tomorrow.

Beira in November is not a nice place. All the Portuguese and English-women leave for Durban or Lisbon. The heat is intense. Between 12 o'clock and 3 there is no sign of life. Everyone goes to sleep and at 4 till dark the life of the town is in full swing.

I saw the Portuguese Army turn out to welcome an official. They were tough looking little fellows with an air of importance. They have lots of pluck but it takes at least four to tackle a hefty British sailor. They hang on like terriers.

Many of the volunteers for the Rebellion are going home and in Beira one of them got rather drunk and rowdy and began smashing things. Some of these little fellows arrested him and he spent the night in a cell full of cockroaches and mosquitoes. In the morning he was taken before the Magistrate and fined about 2000 reis. He was in a fearful state as he visualised about £1000 English money but it worked out at a very small sum, so all was well.

If Mashonaland goes ahead, Beira should be a great port some day, it is the nearest port to Central Africa but at present there is only a tug, a few lighters and a wooden jetty. All the ships have to stand a mile away. It makes loading and unloading a lengthy business, and must waste a lot of time and money.

Well I must really stop, as our train goes at 4 and this must be posted here. I feel like an African explorer already.

Umtali,

November 24th, 1897.

We arrived here at about 3 pm very glad to see the last of the toy train in which we spent two nights and a day.

It was a thrilling journey for me. We steamed over miles and miles of simply flat ground, covered with dried up grass and cracked ground, as there had been no rain up to date.

The toy train ran on very narrow gauge lines. The engine's fuel is wood which is picked up along the line from dumps of native trees felled for the purpose. The consequence of the wood fuel is thousands of live sparks which blow through the windows on to one's clothes and burn great holes before they are noticed. Everyone wears the oldest clothes they have got so we all looked like tramps.

The carriages, of course, are very narrow and it meant that I could not lie flat being 5 ft. 8 in. and the carriage about 3 ft. wide so part of the night I had my feet out of the window and part, my head; still being tired I slept.

We carried food with us just in case of accidents. The train often ran off the line and the passengers were expected to help the officials to push it on again. There are places on the line where we can get food but one is never sure of reaching them in time for a meal.

On we went through the dead flat country seeing no sign of human habitation but herds of animals of all kinds grazing together, buffalo, zebra, antelopes and many smaller species of buck roamed together grazing as they went along. These animals just raised their heads as the train went by and then resumed their grazing. The train went so slowly that passengers often got out and walked at the side of the track. They have been known even to shoot a buck whilst the train waited amiably on the line. The buffalo were the remains of enormous herds which were swept off the earth the last year by rinderpest.

At last we reached the Pungwe River bridge where we waited while the driver and guard of the train had a meal or perhaps changed. The village is called Fontesville and is the limit of the tide which fills up the river daily. It was founded as a headquarters by the B. and M. Railway.

It had proved fatal to hundreds as we saw by the little cemetery crowded with little white crosses. Most of the Italians who were hired and tempted by high wages, died there, and were replaced by Chinese.

To me Fontesville was the most desolate place in the world. Wood and iron buildings, intense heat and an evil looking river running through it. The river bed was high above the town and at high tide or spring tide, the place would be flooded. The soil is pitch black, very rich I am sure, but reflecting the heat horribly.

The bridge over the Pungwe is just sleepers laid over trestles and when we crossed the water, black and evil looking, swirled and sucked at the trestles 3 feet below eddying and swirling as it hurried down to the sea. Small steamers ply between Beira and Fontesville but I think we chose the best mode of travel as sometimes the boats get aground on sand banks, the channel constantly

shifting and defying all pilots. Someone said the captains always carried a cargo of beer and waited on the banks until it was finished then moved off the bank. Some of the passengers potted at crocodiles, added to this the mosquitoes came in clouds, so I was thankful we came on the train.

On we went stopping for wood and water and as there were two women on the train we roused a good deal of curiosity. The men were splendid and one brought us a pan of lovely clear water when we washed and were greatly refreshed. Another brought us some fruit and hard-boiled eggs. We had a small spirit kettle and stove with us for tea. The men were all greatly interested in my going all that way to be married and said they had not seen an English girl for months.

The worst part of the journey was at Bamboo Creek, a truly green and snaky looking place. There we saw natives rather yellow and undersized from repeated attacks of fever.

The next place was Macequece, a pretty little Portuguese town on the border of Mashonaland. There we met the carts which had brought Sir Alfred and his staff to meet our train. After a little time we got ourselves and our luggage into the Cape carts and started off at a breakneck speed, up hill and down dale until we reached Umtali.

This part of the journey was really entrancing. We drove along between lovely trees, all red and gold which is spring colouring out here. The trees were not so large but looked lacy and dainty. The hills rounded and covered with boulders. The road had been hastily made for Sir Alfred so was considered good. I was terrified as the six mules tore down a steep bank, and up the other side. The driver was wonderful, his hands full of reins, but his mate did the whipping. There are no bridges over the many streams we crossed, but nobody minded.

Before we reached our destination we passed through old Umtali, which had been built high up on the mountain side but was found impracticable for the railway, so they decided to move the town to a lower level. It was my first glimpse of a baby town. It looked raw and unfinished; no proper streets of course, and many houses being dismantled to be re-built at the new site. The view from this place was very lovely as we could see for miles down below us. We had a scratch meal at the hotel and then went on to New Umtali which we reached at 3 pm just too late to be married as the rule was no marriages after 2 pm. It seems very silly because people should be able to sign their names to a contract at any hour.

However the Magistrate, Major Scott-Turner, who came to meet the Cravens, invited me to spend the night at his house, with the Cravens so we drove down a steep hill over a drift at the same breakneck pace and up the equally steep side out of the drift and arrived at the Residency.

This is a house of the bungalow type built on the top of a hill. It was quite unfinished, the carpenters busy on the roof making a fearful din on the corrugated iron. The walls were unpapered or unpainted but the floors were in and I was glad to be on a floor which stood still. The tea also was very welcome. Mrs. Craven was completely knocked up and went straight to bed.

David and I were left to our own devices. We were having our tea in the drawing room; the native servant had left the door open which was opposite

another room. David said to me "Just look up and into the other room" which I did.

I looked into the face of a man who was sitting at a table facing our door across the passage. David said "That is Mr. Rhodes". For the moment the eyes met mine. I, of course, was thrilled to the marrow, seeing this great man face to face. I shall never forget the face. Wonderful ice-blue eyes, a magnificent forehead topped by waving white hair, but a peevish mouth. He was waiting for a deputation of workmen who arrived at that moment and the door was closed. He had camped out in the grounds of the Residency, but would not enter the house either to eat or sleep.

I heard him later on talking to his men in a high pitched querulous voice. He wore an odd costume: white flannel trousers shrunk to his ankles, a pair of veldt-schoens, and a funny shallow hat; but one look at that face made me forget all the oddities of his dress. He was pleased to see a woman coming to settle and make a home in his country.

There were several Government servants living with Major Scott Turner, whose wife was away and they were all expecting to meet Mrs. Craven.

Dr. Craven who is a great joker, plotted to play a joke on these young men, so at dinner time we all sat down, I being the only female and as they trooped in Dr. Craven introduced me as Mrs. Craven. The joke was kept up nearly all through the meal and I was addressed as Mrs. Craven until I could not bear it any longer and laughed till I nearly cried. These shy youngsters were covered with confusion, but it all passed off eventually.

I was so sleepy that I left at once for my room and slept like a top till morning when I was awakened by a native dressed in white, who knocked at my door and brought tea.

It suddenly dawned on me that it was my wedding day.

There is a mail leaving so I am just hurrying to finish this up.

The mules which are to take me to town are lost so I am likely to be late. Anyway this is the last letter I shall write as a girl, by lunch time I shall be a married woman. Strange how quickly big things happen.

November 30th, 1897.

We have arrived in Salisbury which is to be my future home, after an uncomfortable but interesting journey.

We were married in a tiny wood and iron room which looked like a sitting room converted on Sundays for a church. It was attached to the Rectory, a two-roomed cottage near the Umtali Hospital. We had expected to be married early in the morning, but the mules decamped, and had to be found as it was too far to walk to the church. At about 11 o'clock they turned up.

In the meanwhile Major Scott Turner took me to see Mr. Rhodes' favourite view where a rustic seat had been placed. It really was lovely. We were high on a hill and looked down over Portuguese Territory to Macequece, and beyond.

The atmosphere had a queer blue quality in the distance and we saw at our feet, Macequece, the border town; right down amongst forest trees along the side of the spur, the new railway line ran, the cuttings winding like red snakes amongst the trees. It was really an enchanting view and turning round we looked down the valley where Umtali is situated and beyond the mountains which form the boundary between English and Portuguese soil and the beautiful Christmas Pass winding steeply up towards lovely mountainous country just crying out for people and homes.

I wore a white pique coat and skirt which was most suitable for a wedding such as ours. Mrs. Craven could not come as she had not recovered from the journey but Dr. Craven came and gave me away. Major Scott Turner being Magistrate had to take Court. There were two women in the chapel and I was very grateful for their kind thought. They vanished whilst we were signing the register and I had no chance of speaking to them. Archdeacon Upcher performed the ceremony: a saintly person whom everybody loved. We afterwards drove to a hotel which was still in the making—a wood and iron structure, where the sound of hammering went on all day long. In the cool of the evening we went for a walk. The town rose steeply from the railway station to the hospital and beyond. There were dozens of houses being made as Umtali is going to be headquarters of the Railway Company later on. There is to be a broad gauge line and the toy railway will be scrapped.

It felt very strange walking over new ground in the dark. No street lamps as yet and many traps for sprained ankles scattered about. The railway settlement is called Paulington after the contractors.

The next morning we had to catch the coach to Salisbury, which was another bit of excitement. We had to walk to the coaching office and passed more half-finished buildings, shops and dwelling houses, mostly wood and iron, but the Cecil Hotel where the coach started was a huge brick building not yet painted as the paint had run out and the builders had to wait new supplies. The Government offices opposite were also built of brick.

The coach with its team of well-fed mules stood waiting for its load of luggage and humans. I was the only woman in sight but there were several rough-looking men. David introduced me to them and I noticed that the rough look did not mean anything, they were the most delightful people and one of them presented me with a bottle of lime juice which I thought sweet as there was no water to mix with it and no tumbler to drink it in. I had to be satisfied with a small portmanteau as luggage as there was very little room—the space being taken up with men. Six of us sat inside the coach and the other people seemed to cling on like flies.

The reins were gathered up and off we went. It was very hot in the middle of the day and we sat in a cloud of dust. The road now was not as steep as the day before and ran along the valley of the river Odzi.

There are no bridges over the rivers but we were lucky in being able to drive through the shallow drifts without more than a shaking. The coach is a huge lumbering vehicle slung on huge leather straps. These coaches are run by Zeederberg who was the pioneer of transport in the Transvaal and was now pioneering in this new country.

The mules were changed every 15 miles so we were constantly getting up to extensive stables often with a small inn where food of a sort could be had.

We travelled until late at night arriving at an hotel which I did not see as we left at dawn. All the way the man next to me slept with his head on my shoulder, while another snored and a third kept having drinks at every stop so my wedding journey was a mixture of tragedy and comedy.

David saw I was uncomfortable so changed seats. I don't think he let the head rest as comfortable as I did. We rocked and swayed along the track until we came to a really big river which we had to cross by the drift. We were lucky that the rains were late, otherwise we should have had to cross on the punt, a fragile contraption drawn from one side of the river to the other by wire ropes. The man in charge told me that it often sank to the bottom so I was pleased to view it from a distance.

We were climbing higher and higher out of the hot humid valleys till we reached Marandellas or Headlands as it is called. The hotel stood at the side of the road and we were dumped down on the stoep to find food and rooms for the night. The food was eggs and bacon washed down by tea and finished off with a tin of pears.

We were so hungry that we ate a few eggs and many rashers of bacon each. My eyes would not keep open so I retired to bed to find two single beds covered with brown blankets turned over ready for sleep with pink flannelette sheets. The last huts we slept in had no sheets at all. There was a police camp close by and David went over to see Francis Addison who was in charge.

The next morning we finished the last stage of our journey. We started very early in the lovely crisp clear air and still continued over rather flat ground. The track ran through ancient rice fields and the track was very much corrugated which did not add to the comfort of the passengers. This part is extremely well watered, many little streams ran towards some distant river. We were on the highest part of Rhodesia and could see for miles around; on one hand the distant Wedza mountains and on the other lovely broken country fading in the distance to a picture in pastel colouring.

At last we rumbled into Salisbury and stopped at Zeederberg's office. I could not see much of the town but there was a crowd waiting at the office to meet friends or receive parcels and to wait till the Post Office opened for the distribution of letters.

We were met by Inspector de Gray Birch who took me to his house as our own was not yet habitable so we separated for the time being as they only had one bedroom and Mr. Birch kindly gave up his bed to me and slept somewhere about. People up here seem like that; I had not been in the place half an hour before I received many offers of help and deeds of kindness.

I think I shall be happy here, though I do not know a soul and it all looks so new and raw. Still the evening was lovely and we took a stroll to see our house. The darkness was soft and purple and eerie. A few street lamps (paraffin) showed the outline of the principal street and in the grass fireflies glowed and sparkled. There is a tremendous fascination about the country which I feel already. A short walk brought us to our house, a bald looking place having two

rooms and an appalling looking kitchen. But I am not going to be damped; I shall describe the house in my next letter.

David is happy and pleased to have a house of his own.

Salisbury,

December, 1897.

Well my dear, I promised in my last letter to tell you about my house.

In the morning after I left the Birch's house I had to go into the town to buy stores so had a look at the scene of my future life. The town (?) is a group of scattered houses and buildings, beginning at the Kopje, the southern end of the town having been the Fort, and the town having grown up under its protection. It consists of one long thoroughfare, which runs about half a mile, and is left by a road called Manica Road which runs at right angles to it, and leads to the other side of the Causeway which is built over a swampy bit of ground. The kopje really looks charming covered with trees mostly flat-topped and dressed in their new spring growth of pale green, bright red and even pink. They are fairy-like trees and give a light dainty appearance to the hill.

At the foot of this kopje are the shops and offices. The street is not made up in any way and there are no pavements. The dust is thick and red and stirred up by ox waggons which deliver their loads at the front doors of the shops. The chief store is Meikles which is a marvellous place, keeping everything we can think of in the way of groceries and hardware to say nothing of soft goods and a bit of millinery. I hear Mr. Meikle has a store in every Camp and is making a large amount of money, through sheer business ability and honesty. He came up as a transport rider and saw the possibility of trade. He took his opportunity and now has his entire family settled about the country.



The Causeway from the Kopje, 1897.

(Photo: National Archives.)

Having done my shopping I went home. In the daylight it looked less promising. It stands on a spur of the kopje and really has a charming view of the town and away up Manica Road to the Government offices and post office.

The bedroom is quite a nice size but the living room is tiny and only holds a table and a few bentwood chairs with a modest sideboard, and last, but not least, as David adores music, a huge German musical box with a number of round, prickly discs which supplies quite sweet music. The floors are all of brick and covered with linoleum excepting the kitchen which is 'au naturelle' and has many worn out bricks where ankles may be twisted.

No shelves and the plaster so sandy that no nails can be put in, no sink but a small kitchen table where I shall have to make all my dishes. So far everything stands on the floor including my crockery. I have a staff of two natives, who call themselves cook and house-boy. The cook can boil water and the house boy has never been in a house before and does not know a plate from a saucer or the use of forks and knives excepting to cut sticks for firewood.

There is a built up foundation for a verandah, which will not be finished until a new supply of corrugated iron and timber arrives from either Cape Town or Beira, so I have to be content with the sun literally baking the house with no protection for the walls. The trees have been cleared away so there is no shade anywhere. With a few pounds to spend I could make a very charming place, but the ground falls away so steeply that no garden is possible without terracing, still we hope for a better house some day.

I tried to put up a shelf in the kitchen, and got the nails to hold the shelf, but when the cook put the crockery on it it came crashing to the floor; now we are reduced to three plates (large), 6 small plates, 2 cups and saucers—so thank goodness for enamelware; I have pie dishes, etc. David is absolutely no use with hammer and nails, and neither am I, so here's hoping.

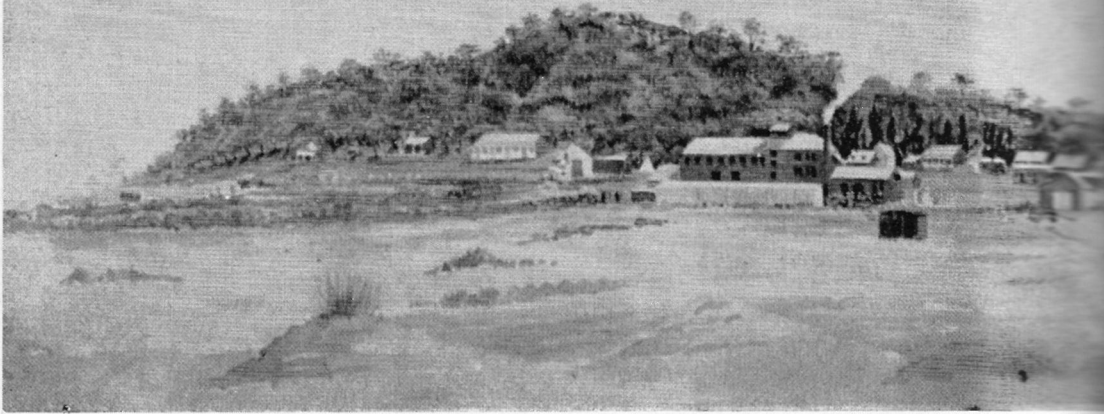
Anyhow we have a lovely view to look at and still the gift of laughter.

December, 1897.

This morning while I was hammering in some hopeless nails and during a pause, I heard more hammering at the door. I opened it and there stood a strange woman, who was one of the pioneer women of the place—Mrs. Bowen—who welcomed me very kindly and said she had come to see if I wanted anything, such as towels, sheets or house linen generally. She said the heavy luggage was very often weeks in coming and she came to offer to lend me anything. I found out afterwards that she was the daughter of Archbishop Alexander of Armagh, the man who wrote some lovely hymns "There is a green hill far away" and others.

Luckily I had my own linen as it had come up almost immediately on one of Meikle's waggons, though it was lovely of her to come. I was not forced to borrow anything. Anyhow it is very warming to the heart for people to be so kind.

Soon after she left another Cape cart drew up, and Mrs. Taberer, the Chief Native Commissioner's wife, came to offer help and advice, so I did not feel quite so lonely.



My present problem is water. There is of course no water system here, the country is too young. We have no well as our house is on a hill and the water level far below, but there is a blacksmith down the hill who has a lovely well and for the consideration of 10s. a month I can get as much as I need. It is an awful business, the natives have to carry it all up the steep hill in buckets, and pour it into a larger pail, so we have no reserve at all. Most houses have tanks which catch all the rain water from the iron roofs, but our landlord has let us a house, and nothing but the house so I have to do my best.

Out of this problem comes the problem of laundry. There is a laundry but the prices are prohibitive, so I have decided to have it done at home. Today was my first washing day. First I collected a few paraffin tins, filled them with water and put some shavings of soap in. The tins stood on bricks between which the boys made a fire. When sufficiently hot the clothes were put in and boiled. The boy then fished the articles out of the water with a stick and washed them in a bath of cold water. Props for washing lines are unknown so I tied ropes between some trees, and hung up my first wash, thinking proudly how nice and white they were.

After an hour or so while the clothes were still wet, I heard the natives talking excitedly, and on looking out I saw that one end of the rope had given way and everything had fallen into the red dust. Well, there was only one thing to do and that was wash them again and have another try. I nearly wept as the dust here is dark red and I am sure contains oil because the stains are so hard to move.

The same day a dust-devil sprang up and travelled over the ground licking up the dust as it approached the house. Heavens! it came straight up the hill and over my washing. When the wind had passed there hung my clothes covered in red dust, so down they came and were washed again. This time I did cry with vexation and rage and fatigue. What a life!!

David came home and laughed at me so I had to dry my tears and laugh too, the only thing is to try to see the funny side, which one can do when one's husband refuses to see tragedy.



The Kopje from the Causeway, 1896/7.

(Photo: National Archives, from a watercolour painting in the City Club, Salisbury.)

I have been asked to take part in a play called "Uncle". As D is away on duty at night, he advised me to accept so I am going to be the heroine. The rehearsals should be good fun, but alas I have to walk over to the Causeway across the part which is a swamp in the rainy season. However it is dry now so next week I start my stage career.

Salisbury,

December 5th, 1897.

In the last letter I promised to describe the house but there is not much to describe. First I had better tell you the kind of setting we have.

The town is rather pretty though you would laugh at the word town if you saw it. It lies amongst gently rolling down-like country and seems to have been started near a high flat topped hill called "The Kopje". This is covered with native trees which are now covered in their spring colours of pale green, pale yellow and sometimes pink and varied deep wine colour. The trees have little leaves and are quite fairy like none of them very high and mostly flat crowned. On top of the kopje there was once a small fort built of small stones, the walls breast high and the stones not plastered so already falling to pieces.

Round the foot of the kopje the town has sprung up, at least the commercial part of the town. The Government offices are about half a mile away across a sort of vlei and this half of the town is connected by a road or causeway. I hear that the Causeway people look down on the Kopje people. Why I cannot tell but time will show as we are forced to live on the kopje side because of David's office and work lying on this side.

Our 'house' stands on a little spur of the kopje. It consists of three rooms built in a row, a living room, a bedroom and a kitchen. In the kitchen there is an open fireplace. No stove but the cooking apparatus consists of a few bricks at each side with two iron rods to hold kettle and pots and a round three legged cast iron pot with a lid—called a bake pot. I have still to learn how to manage it. No tables or cupboards or dressers, so I promptly cut up the packing cases

which brought my goods and made very primitive shelves. The plaster in the wall came down in chunks when I put in a nail and covered me with red dust so the shelves had to be supported from the floor by stick cut in the 'bush'. The living room is tiny but the bedroom is quite nice and airy having three windows. There is a foundation for a verandah in a few months, so we carry on. I have quite a nice view from my windows but there is so much to do that I have not studied it much yet.

I am thankful to say that the house is red brick, but has a flat roof of corrugated iron so near the calico ceiling that the sun beats down on my head and I feel it better to wear inside a hat in the hot part of the day. There are weeds up to the door, so if I want occupation I can get it in gardening, but as the house is built on a stony spur of a stony hill it will be more hard labour than occupation.

This morning whilst I was covered with dust and busy hammering, a knock came at the door. I went just as I was and discovered a caller who had been hammering at the same time as I, so had expended quite a lot of energy. She was really delightful and had been asked to look me up by a mutual friend. It warmed my heart when she said she had just dropped in to see if she could lend me anything to tide me over. She said people were sometimes kept waiting for months for the linen, etc., as it all had to be carried on the heads of *pagamisa* boys (carriers). She offered me sheets, towels and linen of various kinds, but as my packing case had come by one of Meikle's wagons from Umtali I did not need them. She lives on the Causeway so I don't think I believe the feud. Other people called on me including the Chief Native Commissioner's wife who is Natal born and everybody came. They are extremely nice and all of them women of culture and refinement and kindest hearts. I think there must be a little jealousy because a caller from the Kopje side said I was honoured. I told her it mattered nothing to me where people lived so long as they held out a friendly hand I would take it. There is no doubt that the town will drift away from this side because of the Government offices, personally I consider it far prettier than the Causeway.

Poor old David is not much good in setting up the house. I have never seen a man so hopeless with a hammer and nail. I can see that I shall have to help myself in that way.

All the natives are savages except a few from Portuguese Territory, but I have not secured one of these yet. I was busy when I heard a peculiar noise; looking out of the window I saw the air was red with dust and we were in the vortex of a big dust-devil. Lord! my washing. I went out again and every bit of linen was covered with a thick coating of dust so again they had to be rinsed out. What a life! Really I can only laugh otherwise I would cry. If anything else happened to these articles I made up my mind to ignore it and go on with the process of ironing, etc.

David had got me three servants who could do nothing and did not know a cup from a saucer and all hung about the kitchen staring at me as I prepared the food with their mouths open and saying every now and then "Hau!" I sent off two and now do much better though I must get one to bring water. You see that I have not an easy life, but as everybody is in the same boat and all making the best of things, we are all willing to help each other and laugh over our

tragedies. I hope you will not think this a terrible list of woes, because really in between whiles people are so kind and sweet and try to give one a little pleasure that it makes up for all this. There is tennis and I have been asked to take part in a play. David says I must because he is away on duty most nights and I am alone, very far from neighbours and he thinks it will be a good thing for me.

December 22nd, 1897.

Just fancy it is nearly Christmas, and on Christmas Day I shall have been married for a month. I wonder what it will be like. No turkey, of course, since they don't exist except in tins, though I heard of one being brought in from a farm which is to cost £3.

Meat is very scarce and dear being 2s. 6d. a lb. and as nearly every animal in the country worked its passage up the muscles are very highly developed. It is too hot to hang the beef, so the one course is to mince it. On the days when beef (there is no mutton) is not available we use corned beef called "bully beef" or a horrible stew in tins called 'Army and Navy Ration'. We heat the tin and contents in a pot of boiling water and then put it into a pot. Occasionally some good soul sends us a guinea fowl, but only in the season, or sometimes a pheasant or two, which make a variety.

Milk is 2s. 6d. a bottle, potatoes from 2s. 6d. to 5s. We use condensed milk which is sweetened, or 'Ideal milk' which is unsweetened. Eggs are £1 to £1 10s. a dozen, so we use a loathsome mixture (often smelling bad) called bottled egg. Mixed with milk it can be used as scrambled egg and I have made cakes of a sort. I still have to learn the tricks and manners of a baking pot, so I have not turned out a successful cook yet.

I experienced my first thunder storm which heralded the rains. The thunder was terrific and I expected the place to be struck by the terribly vivid lightning. The rain came down in buckets making a deafening din on the iron roof. All our available baths and buckets were put outside to collect the valuable liquid. The air is so full of water that the salt is quite wet and verdigris collects on the silver spoons and salt cellars. Nothing will dry because there is no drying quality in the air, but it is marvellous after a good storm, the air is clear, the stars looked washed, all the dust is washed off the trees showing the lovely foliage and the whole world looks satisfied and happy to have a clean face.

The other day I had to wash a cholera belt for David. It is a belt of red flannel said to prevent chills on the liver. As the air was so damp I had to dry it in my baking pot, after having cooked a tapioca pudding in it. That night Capt. Money came to dinner. He was taking me over to a rehearsal at the Avenue Hotel. At pudding time I told the (cook?) to bring the pudding I cooked in the pot. To our amazement he brought in the cholera belt neatly folded on a plate. It caused quite a lot of amusement which helped me to forget the deficiencies in the dinner. Poor David, I never heard a word of complaint but it was not a dinner I was proud of.

I had a call in the afternoon from Bishop Gaul, the most human and friendly of men. He is a short man with a pair of fine wide open eyes and humorous mouth. He is loved by all the men, over whom he has a fine influence;

everything he does is from man to man, not from saint to sinner. He has rather a loud voice and a hearty laugh and his looks are most unlike the conventional Bishop. After chatting to me and laughing unrestrainedly, I saw three black grinning faces at the window and three more at the door of the kitchen which led off the living room so I had to "shoo" them all off. He did not seem to mind a bit which was lucky. They were raw natives and had not seen many types of white men.

The play we have been rehearsing is to come off on January the 15th. My part includes a scene in which I am supposed to faint in Uncle's arms. One rehearsal I fainted too soon, and the man was not there so down I came a fearful crash on the stage. The play is to be given in the dining room of the Avenue Hotel, a long low room with no ventilation and lit by paraffin lamps, which makes the place very hot on a summer's night. The rehearsals are really very jolly. The principal part is being taken by an ex-medical student who left Edinburgh and went on to the stage with several travelling companies; he drifted out of the Police and is now in the Govt. service. He is really very good and the play promises to be a success.

I returned the call of Mrs. Taberer. The day looked perfectly bright as I started off to walk over to the other side of the causeway; so I gaily travelled through the long grass on a narrow track, the grass sometimes over my head. It was odd to think that only a few months ago lions, elephant and big game roamed over this land. There was not a single building in sight until I reached the street in which the Taberers lived.

Just before I reached the first house occupied by Mr. Robinson, the Chief of Police, the rain came down in buckets. I arrived drenched to the skin, my poor hat ruined and my boots sodden and muddy. I was met by Mr. Taberer who said his wife had been storm bound at a neighbour's house.

He turned me loose in her room and I picked out a gown, dried my hair and sallied forth into the drawing room. When Mrs. Taberer arrived she found a strange woman in her clothes pouring out tea for her husband. When the rain ceased I was driven home in the Cape cart and I was very glad I did not have to walk back. I must say the people with carts (Govt.) are all very kind in sharing their good luck with less fortunate people.

I am afraid I shall not be able to make a garden the ground as I told you required terracing and that is expensive as well as that we are always hoping to have a better house and be able to have a garden.

I heard today there is a wagon load of corrugated iron so I hope soon to have a verandah which will stop the glare of the tropical sun, and I feel there is too much horizon in Salisbury, no hills to break it, as I have always had around me. I feel on the top of the world here.

My next door neighbour is the wife of a barrister who has not the first rudiments of housekeeping. She was a great hunter in her day and she told me that she had often given the lead to Empress Elizabeth of Austria, over the walls and ditches in Ireland. Her children told me one day they had had ginger ale and tinned plum-pudding for breakfast!! They were a quaint little couple who ranged all over the commonage alone and seemed to thrive on tinned foods. The other side of me was a fine woman who had come up with her husband under the

Salvation Army. There were no poor outcasts for them to help so after the rebellion they left their Mission and came into the town to earn a living by his trade which was that of a builder. She is fine and a calm lovely face shows the mettle she is made of. She advises me in many ways how to make the best of our rudimentary household arrangements.

My best neighbour, at least the one with whom I made friends right off, is Mrs. Hoste. Her husband is known as the 'Skipper' and was second in command of the pioneers. She and I help each other. I showed her how to make her first blouse and she has shown me many things.

Mrs. Pascoe told me how the Mashona had raided her camp and were besieging them when help was sent out by the Government—Major Nesbitt and Major Judson in charge. The women were put into a wagon whose sides were protected by sheets of iron. Mr. Pascoe had to drive whilst the police and volunteers escorted them. He was in a very exposed position and she said the noise of the mules galloping and the drivers shouting added to the shrieks of the natives and the rattle of iron around the wagon were most terrifying. They simply could not stop for anything until they came in sight of Salisbury and the natives left them. Poor things what a time they had.

Salisbury,

December 29th, 1897.

Nothing much happened last week, so I did not write but I must tell you about Christmas Day. It was broiling hot and as there were no eggs, milk, turkey, etc., we had an unconventional meal of steak, one pound of potatoes (2s. 6d. per lb.), a tinned plum pudding and tinned pears by way of dessert. In the evening there was a dance given by the Kopje Club. I believe there were very lively scenes at the meeting to decide about the invitations, two of the ladies whose names were given in had not gone through the marriage ceremony so were objected to, others were also of doubtful marriage lines. One of the men convulsed the others by suggesting that they should all be asked *en masse*, and that each should bring her marriage lines!! Anyway I am too new to know the history of people so it did not trouble me. I went and had a tremendous time, at least three partners presented themselves for each dance, so you can see the proportion of men to women is about 3 to 1. The ballroom was badly lighted, but everything they could have done was done and the committee must have had fearfully hard work getting the rough splintery floor boards up to dancing form. I left early because there are always a few men who will sit in the bar and drink and smoke and the fun is apt to become noisy.

I wanted to get a few flowers to decorate my house, and as we live on the edge of the veldt I sallied forth. I noticed a few very fine flowers growing near a derelict boiler so went up to it. Inside I saw the skeleton of a white man. He had been there for some time as the skeleton was white and the clothing mostly eaten by white ants. Poor fellow, he was one of the mysteries of the veldt. Perhaps a prospector who crawled into the Town sick with fever and died within

reach of help and life. One shudders to think that he might have slowly starved to death, or wanted to send messages to dear ones. God is merciful and had this poor soul in view, so I am sure he died without pain and agony of mind—I hope in delirium. It upset me for days and David told me I should not wander about away from houses, which I promised not to do.

A good many men have arrived back after the Jameson Raid. They went to London and were treated as heroes. Women flocked round them and they all had offers of marriage!!! One or two did bring back wives, but they were the chorus girls and waitresses who petted the raiders. After a few months the women and the marriages melted. One or two lasted and they were very good and faithful wives.

In the afternoon there was an 'at home' at Government House. Quite a large crowd turned out. At least 15 women and 115 men. We played rounders. I was dressed up in a silk frock and a picture hat. As the frock was long and I could not refuse to play I had to hold it up and chase madly round the circle showing yards of stocking and petticoat. We had a lovely tea and I met some more people. Amongst them was the Countess de la P—who came up to the country dressed as a boy, with her husband. She has lots of pluck. She is an Englishwoman, cockney at that so you can imagine she must be a personality to have come through what she did. She had borne hardships and put up with everything to be near her husband. I hear they are soon leaving Mashonaland. so they will soon become merely a name.

I spend a great deal of time alone. David is away on duty and I am alone day and night up till 12 p.m. It is rather nerve racking especially as in the middle of the night last week, David came dashing up on his bicycle to ask me to give him a night dress. A man had shot himself and they had nothing to put on him so I let the poor soul have it. Also another night an Indian gardener came and brought a basin full of sovereigns he had dug up in his vegetable garden. We counted it out and the next day it was handed over to the Magistrate. It amounted to 179 golden sovereigns. They think it was buried during the rebellion and the owner killed. I don't know whether the Indian got a reward but he was terrified to keep it in his hut.

The Mashona rebels are coming in from all parts. They have either been captured or have given themselves up, tired of being hunted. Poor fellows they murdered and burnt and robbed but they were all under orders and look gentle and harmless enough, rather puzzled at it all. Amongst the rebels is the old woman witch doctor, Nyanda. She is very old and very wicked according to our Christian ideas, but she is bitter because the white man has taken her freedom away and is trying to limit the wanderings of her people by rules and regulations. She can only remember the days when the tribe went out to hunt, and she led them when her word was law and her spells powerful. What has she left now but the inactive life of an old woman waiting for death? Though she has committed and has instigated others to commit crimes I feel sorry for her. Poor David had to be at the execution in his official capacity and described the scene. Dawn, the dim outlines of the people concerned, the black scaffold against the sky, and the old woman who feared nothing not even death led to her death. She would have

died in prison, a lingering and miserable death, so I daresay she was glad to go quickly. Death is sometimes a friend.

January 5th, 1897 (1898?).

This letter will tell you all I did yesterday. You will see I have not very much spare time, as the days are very full.

First I woke at about 6 a.m. with the boy with our early tea, so I got up so soon as I had shaken off my sleep. I went into the fowl house to see how my hens were getting on and found one, a lovely laying hen, had been bitten by a snake in the night. The snake was evidently after the eggs on which she sat, and from which I hoped to have some chickens. I really wept because she was one of three and they are very costly. The only fowls procurable are Mashona fowls about the size of a bantam and lay tiny eggs but are very good eating. Then I set the native boy to work on thin empty paraffin tins, making him fill them with water, stand them on a couple of stones and make a fire under each to boil my washing. The dust here is so red that all white clothes are soon a very bad colour, so the tins are filled with water and soap and when the soap is melted the clothes are put in and boiled until the dust is loosened. Last week the boy forgot to stir them and a white shirt front was burned on the hot base of the tin. This went on whilst I did my other work.

Having no range I use a three-legged baking pot for my joint. One makes a fire below the pot and another on the lid, being made of cast iron, it does it very well and the metal does not crack. The other part of the meal is cooked on bricks between which are iron bars, most primitive it is but some people turn out lovely meals by the same means. I have not yet learnt the art. The natives have no idea of anything in the house. I mean the local Mashona or Makalanga. The boys from Portuguese territory are excellent only our purse will not allow one.

David comes home to lunch and I had to get that ready, and after lunch I lay down until about three o'clock; then went over to the causeway side to play tennis on the courts which is a very pleasant way of meeting people. Tea is supplied by the Club and as a rule members who are not playing walk up for tea and a talk with their friends.

As a rule somebody gives me a lift home and then came dinner at about 7.30 and a little music at a friend's house. There are quite a number of people who do a little in the way of music, and I generally accompany songs and supply the dance music, as the evening often ends in a hop. Then home through the silent town, along the road bordered by grass shining and glittering with fireflies, the purple darkness full of sounds of night life, frogs, crickets and occasional owls all fill the air with their music and as Pepys says "and so to bed".

Salisbury,

January 20th, 1897(1898?).

I did not write the last mail or two as David was writing. I expect he told you about the play. It went off very well and I appeared in a picture in a local

paper called "The Nugget", a sheet of news in cyclostyle; really very noble of the editor-publisher-printer, Mr. Lyons. I was sketched in my favourite painting scene; I looked just like Mrs. Noah—all of a piece. I think I remember clutching at my picture hat but kind Mr. Lyons spared me that. One lady meaning to be complimentary told me I looked so pretty, adding to the compliment "How did you manage to make yourself look so pretty?" This caused me to collapse like a toy balloon.

Somebody sent me a dish of native figs, but I did not like them at all. They were acid and dry—perhaps not ripe. There are numbers of fruit bearing trees about. Figs, marulas, native plums rather sweet, sickly mahobohobos and native oranges—very bitter with a skin as hard as a nut. I believe they are very refreshing on trek. Another friend brought me some guinea fowl and a Native Commissioner who is at Hunyani, a great river near Salisbury, sent Messengers with about a dozen fish. Some quite big, called locally tiger fish. The big ones were quite good when flavoured up, but the smaller ones had a large allowance of bones and tasted of mud.

A friend of mine has just arrived by ox waggon from Natal. She looks so well and the life seems to suit her splendidly. They are settling down on a plot at a suburb called Hillside where they are to start dairying. She is just the sort of person we want, and he is one of the best, very keen on animals and a splendid rider. Her husband originally came up to the Country transport riding with Meikle Brothers so he was one of the earliest in the Country. These men have made good and have started stores all along the main roads, they are fine upright Scots, not ashamed of work or earning an honest penny in any clean way. They are not the type which trades liquor to the native, but I am sorry to say the Police are constantly finding others who do, they run big risks and make big profits.

I am glad to say that I am the proud possessor of a corrugated iron verandah!! The frame work of it is very frail, but as long as we don't have wind it will be a boon. It keeps out the glare and I can sit on it and look at the life of the Town below.

They are bringing in the remains of the murdered settlers, and as new districts are searched, they bring in the bodies of a number of people. Some known, others unknown. They are buried in the cemetery and as our house is near the junction of Manica Road and Pioneer Street I see the processions and hear the wail of the Police band which plays the Chopin Funeral March, as the procession winds slowly down from the Hospital to the cemetery. It is most affecting and many times I have cried to think of those poor souls all young and full of life being butchered. The cemetery lies under the shadow of the kopje where the walls of the Old Fort still stand, and at the side of the great North Road which leads from Cape Town and will one day reach Cairo.

The fate of the Norton family always moves me. It was so unnecessary. They were a fine type of English settler, had one baby and a nurse. It appears that none of the workmen appeared in the morning, so Mr. Norton rode out to find the reason; he was never seen again nor has his body ever been discovered. After he was (had?) left the house was surrounded by yelling natives. The wife, nurse and a farm assistant shut themselves in the house and kept the

enemy at bay until all the ammunition was used up and then the Mashona rushed the house and murdered the defenders. The baby was still asleep but the noise must have disturbed it, and its cries attracted the rebels. The oldest man was ordered to kill it but he refused and then it was taken and its little head dashed against the wall. It was a pitiful and tragic scene that was found; they came too late. The poor souls found their resting place under the Kopje. It is over the bones of these brave people that a great country will grow. The trial of the murderers will be held in Salisbury. The men condemned to death seem quite apathetic. They say only that "we were told by the Mlimo to do it. If the white man say we must die, why we must" and they walk to the scaffold quite calmly. Of course the men all say that hanging is too good for them, but still I feel sorry for them. They are very peace loving people, rather timid and cowardly.

A man came to call on me yesterday who was one of the garrison at Abercorn which held out against the Mashona for about 3 weeks. He could not forget it and when he talked he got so excited that I began to be quite nervous. He said that they had no idea that there was anything wrong until a friendly native came in and said the natives were in rebellion. The men in the store at first laughed but then thought they had better be ready. They only had a wood and iron building, which they barricaded with meat tins, bags of grain, biscuit tins and anything which would resist spears and battle axes for a short time. They had two or three friendly boys with them. They had no water near. The stream was some distance away. Early in the morning they heard a bang and a pot leg came whizzing along, shot from an old muzzle loader. They knew they only had a small amount of ammunition so they were careful not to waste it. The natives kept a short distance away (they were afraid of the bullets) in the cover of the trees which were very numerous. They shouted that they had better give in, the whole of Salisbury was wiped out and they were the last white men left. They refused of course and made up their minds to stand till the end.

After some days during which the native who tried to bring water was shot, the Mashona asked for a parley. They said the ambassador would be safe, they wanted to discuss terms. One of the men went out, to speak to the Chief, while the others in the building kept the rifles pointed at the Chief, in case of treachery. They were right to suspect. Presently a shot rang out and down fell their man, the garrison replied by shooting the Mashona. Those two bodies lay there for days while the natives were evidently discussing what to do. The bodies decayed and one man went almost mad and there was nothing to drink but lime juice, whisky or gin. They suffered agonies for want of sleep and anxiety. At last one day they heard shouts and up came a patrol to rescue them. The men wept and were nearly besides themselves with relief and joy. They were taken back to Salisbury and well looked after. Wasn't it an awful experience? It shows the dogged pluck of the average Britisher. I don't know the names of the other men but my acquaintance was Joe Pickering from Durban, Natal. All this sounds exaggerated perhaps to you in your quiet orderly cathedral town life but it is true, and not half as lurid as a better pen than mine could paint it.

Last night David and I went to visit Capt. and Mrs. Hoste just at dusk. They live on the Kopje and an enormous snake rushed over the road just at my

feet. The head and tail of it I did not see, but the middle of it was as thick as a man's arm. I heard the next day that it was a python which had been seen by several, but was too big to tackle excepting with a gun. It gave me a great fright and I nearly fainted, but we were not far from the house and a stiff whisky was administered to me which caused me to regain my equilibrium.

We were going to a "sundowner" which I shall explain later.

Salisbury,

February 1st, 1898.

There are no adventures to tell you this week, we have just been living the ordinary provincial town life and talking the usual domestic affairs. We all discuss our natives, the price of food, the rain and all kinds of little matters which interest us here.

There was a dance at Government House a few days ago. The Miltons are delightful people. He is an old Marlborough boy, and his wife is a member of an old colonial family at the Cape. She is a wonderful housekeeper and has a very good staff of native servants. The house is a bungalow surrounded by a huge verandah. It stands in what will some day be a very nice garden; the only feature just now is a Marechal Neil rose which climbs all round the verandah and bears hundreds of lovely roses.

I went over alone as David was on duty and anyhow does not like dancing. We danced on the verandah as the rooms are rather small for dancing. It was a narrow ballroom but the floor was very smooth and well waxed. The supper was laid in the dining room and I noticed then the lovely table decorations. Mrs. Milton is very artistic and has such good taste. There were about twenty couples. Mostly married people. There are three girls here whose father runs the hotel. They are the plainest things in the world, but because they are the only unmarried women they are treated like court beauties and really have a good time. They are quite pleased with themselves and very good natured.

It is an extraordinary community, there are no old people excepting the Surveyor General and his wife. Everybody is young and trying to make the best of everything in life. Most of the women are pretty and pleasant and the men one meets are all public school boys and mostly members of good county families. There is a family of Jewish people who have or appear to have a great deal of money and they do all the heavy entertaining. Dinners with about seven courses and all the luxuries obtainable. Other people ask each other to "friendly" meals and sundowners. There is an idea that after sundown, the system runs down and one is liable to get malaria at that time so nearly everybody drinks something at that time, some men taking quinine as well and a whisky and soda or some other stimulant. Truly the time between sunset and dinner is very depressing, why I don't know but there it is, and even if one does not take sundowners, the company helps one to get over the time. It is very pleasant and as the sun sets at about 6, there is always a full hour to chat and exchange experiences and yarns. One must carry a lantern, as the roads are not very well defined and snakes lurk in Kaffir tracks.

I was asked to a musical evening and was offered a small buggy and a white mule. I was to drive it over myself, the house was on the causeway side. I felt very grand as most people ride bicycles, and tuck their dresses round their waists. So at about 8 o'clock I sallied forth. The owner of the buggy was a great frequenter of hotels as he was a bachelor and dined anywhere. The wretched mule stopped in front of every hotel right in the light that streamed from the door of the bar and there I had to pommel the thing until it moved out of the light. The next day I was chaffed about it as all the diners knew me and were highly delighted to see a woman in evening dress, hammering the mule past every bar. Still it was a great boon and I was grateful for the use of the transport.

The evening was very jolly but the music left much to be desired. One lady sang "True till Death" with her teeth clenched and through her nose. I nearly exploded when she broke down on the high note one from the end. Another sang "The Arrow and the Song" quite prettily. A man with a good bass voice sang "The Yeoman's Wedding Day". I played two Mendelsohn's *Leider*; the piano was out of tune but I battled through and gained great applause. Then we all sang American Plantation songs which everybody enjoyed and "Shine Shine Moon" was really thrilling—the chorus in four parts. I mounted my chariot and the white mule took me straight home this time. I avoided the main street though. In the vlei between the two parts of the town, bullfrogs were croaking and all the insects were shouting at the tops of their voices, hundreds of little notes sounded all round, and the basso profundo of the bullfrogs sounded weird about three octaves below the chirrups.

I did not meet a soul and I could not help feeling scared. A year or two before there were lions prowling round; even now I heard the bark of a jackal somewhere near. The white mule refused to be hurried so I had to make friends with all the ghosts and try to feel they were kindly disposed.

I think now that everybody in the place has been to see me and so I feel quite at home. There is quite a lot of quiet entertaining but the Hostes are really my sheet anchor. They have a Cape cart and mules, as all the heads of offices have, and are most kind giving me lifts and taking me about, but I do most of my travelling on foot, and I believe it is very good for me. The doctor says that exercise keeps off fever. We have a tennis club and I very often go over to the courts if not to play tennis to meet my friends. Saturday afternoon is the great social day and everybody turns out to watch the games and also to have a chat. The Miltons invariably come and in that way get to know the people under less formal circumstances than at their own official parties.

It is curious to see the different ways different people have of adapting themselves or not to the new life of a new country. One young bride stood it for six months—she cried nearly the whole time, and then went back to Mama where she remained. Another entirely lost her head because of the attention she received from all the nice men, she behaved in the silliest way putting on the airs of a popular actress. Another had married a man for a home (name ?) or something like that; she completely ignored her husband and allowed a "tame cat" to prowl about the house. I often wonder why the husband did not smack his head, but he was good natured and thought it amused her so endured the youth. The husband is a clever man and an exceedingly good fellow. Other

young women who have been reared in homes refined or luxurious shoulder their responsibilities nobly. They learn all the domestic routine in order to teach the raw natives; cooking, laundry and gardening have to be learnt before one can instil these sciences into the brain of the Mashona. The natives are quick to learn but they must be caught young since they become stupid as they grow older, but anything systematically sticks and they carry out their duties like machines.

In teaching them a duty such as turning out a room, no detail must be overlooked the first time, or the same omission will be repeated *ad infinitum* until it gets so on his mind the dismissal is the only cure. I have a cook called Antonio who works "resentfully" for me. He was sent to me by a bachelor who was leaving Salisbury. He had never worked for a woman before. He was so scornful of my attempts that I was glad to get rid of him. David was afraid to ask him to do anything. I now have one who came yesterday. I asked him his name and with the gravest face he said "Damnfool". Some humorous employer had called him 'Damned Fool' so often that he took it as his name. I have changed it to 'Sixpence'!!!

We are having heavy rains and no mails have come through for some time, the coaches are held up by flooded rivers and muddy roads. Supplies in town are getting low as well, so we are hoping for a spell of finer weather so that the waggons and coaches can cross the rivers when they are low. You have no conception of the heavy rains we have here. It comes down in huge drops and sounds like buckets of water being poured from a height on to the corrugated iron roofs. I have two baths under leaks in the roof, the plumber is in hospital with fever, so I don't know how long the roof will remain unattended. February is always the wettest month, after March the weather begins to settle down a bit. I believe April to August the weather is ideal.

David has to ride round the kopje every night—there still may be rebels lurking on the outskirts of the town—I shiver with fear every night until he gets home. The relief when I hear his whistle is tremendous.

Salisbury,

June, 1898.

We are all flourishing and I am shaking down into the ordinary life.

A little while ago I had a very exciting night; I was alone as David was on duty. About 11 p.m. I heard shots and galloping horses and shouting which I made sure indicated another rebellion. It was pitch dark and cold and I was afraid of being alone so I made for the police station shaking all over with fear. I walked on through the now silent streets in the dark until I saw the welcome light of the Charge Office, for which I made in all haste.

The man in charge told me that the Mashonas who were in jail awaiting trial had tried to escape by knocking a hole through the frail wall and about 20 of them managed to get out and scattered in all directions. A few were recaptured but the guards shot at and wounded several and there were two killed. These were the shots I had heard in my little house on the hill to which all

sounds ascend including the wailing of Chopin Funeral March every time a rebellion victim was brought in. The band of the Police was quite a new venture and that was the march they knew. I have got to loathe the sound of it.

A funny thing happened a few days ago when a new official arrived in the country. He had rather a pretty wife in a showy way and as young and pretty women were scarce, she attracted a good deal of notice. Their house was in the main road and one morning she was floating about in the garden in a highly decorative gown when the supply cart from the camp passed on its way to draw the rations. The young driver felt very gay and jolly and whipped up his mules in great style as he passed the house. He saw the attractive figure in the garden and without knowing who it was blew a kiss and said "Good morning, ducky" and passed on. The lady was furious and when her husband returned to lunch she poured out her tale and insisted on the man being punished. The husband and wife went to the camp and all the men were paraded for identification. Horrible sight!! The whole company had crooked mouths or squint eyes and the lady failed to pick out her man. There was great glee in the camp and sundry beers passed round. It was silly to have taken any notice because the boy of 19 or 20 had no motive at all, he simply felt full of life. We were all glad he was not spotted but hope it makes him careful in future.

We all makeshift with packing case furniture. It is amazing what one can make out of a packing case covered with pretty cretonne. I actually have a cosy corner which is made of packing case. Before it was finished a very deaf visitor said "This is a pretty corner"; the planks were not nailed both ends but she sat on the end saying "Yes, my dear I will have some tea". The other end sprang up and hit her on her new hat. I was terribly sorry but it really looked very funny.

Salisbury,

July 20th, 1898.

The posts are getting more regular now as the rainy season is over. The weather is too lovely—the air is clear and still and everybody looks and feels better. The moist atmosphere is not very nice—it is rather relaxing. However I still keep up my walks and have not had fever as so many of the women have. Dr. Stuart says it is because I have no cape cart and have to walk. I really think it must be true. He is a dear man and very scotch and the men laugh at his elementary treatments. Pink powder and if that has no effect white powder. I must say however that one or the other of these medicines generally put me right. I think that in a young and vigorous community, most of the illnesses are climatic. The unmarried men suffer most as they are not taken care of and do not feed themselves.

People are trooping in with every coach, some are trekking up in waggons so the town is growing and the church and other public places are getting quite crowded. Some young boys come up and live in a single room, brick floor, no ceiling and no ventilation. They live on tea and tinned foods. They save a lot of money but invariably end up in the hospital or the cemetery. One older woman said to me "My dear, economise in dress, drink or rent if you like but feed

yourself well". David now instead of having fever once a month is almost free of it, which shows it is true as I am most particular to have the best. My bills are appalling at the Manicaland Trading Company but the doctor's bills are nil.

I went to call on Mother Patrick, the head of the Dominican Sisters here. She and a few others came up with the pioneers. They were drenched with rain and starving sometimes, but they kept on nursing the sick, sacrificing themselves in every way. Some of them have already paid the penalty, and the Mother looks fearfully delicate and very bent with rheumatism, but her face is just beautiful. I could look at her for hours. Her eyes look like windows of light with angels peeping through at you. I hear she is only 35 but she looks more like 60 so worn is she in the service of others. All the nurses are nuns some of them still probationers. Everybody looks happy and contented even now at the very busiest time when the hospital is full of blackwater patients and the work is doubled, they keep bright and cheerful. Mother Patrick took me to see the school and the little church.

We have a baboon. David loves it but I am very much afraid of it. It sits on his shoulder and looks for fleas in his head and just adores him. He is Jack and a very jealous thing he is. He is tied by a rope to a gumtree and if he sees David put a hand on me, he screams with rage and tries to break his rope. He often does this and has great games jumping on the roof and looking in the window at me scaring me out of my wits. David says he will not harm me but I do not trust him. My picanin teased him and the first chance Jack got, he bit a large piece out of the calf of his leg. The boy screamed and Jack screamed and I screamed too. David had to come up and pacify us all. The other day I tried to make friends with him but he hates me and when I gave him some food he seized my skirt. All the hooks went and I ran up to the house in my very short petticoat. He took the skirt up the tree and tore it to bits.

Yesterday I was walking too near his tree and he grabbed my hand, bit my wrist and tore my gloves off. Now David sees I am not romancing he is getting rid of him by sending him to the Police Camp and keeping him chained. I am sorry in a way as he is very amusing to watch. He is sweet to puppies and cats and will hold them for hours searching for fleas. He has a most humorous looking face and so human.

Today David told me that Jack had got loose and entered the Magistrate's Office, making it in a dreadful mess, pouring the ink over the papers, then taking refuge on a lamp post, which he shook until the glass all broke and scattered over the pavement. The native women are deadly afraid of him. I am afraid he will have to be shot or taken away and left in the veldt; he is too big and may cause trouble.

The last I saw of Jack was one evening just before sunset. I walked out and looked at the lovely red fading to rose and mauve and grey when I caught sight of Jack, sitting on the top of a post silhouetted against the sunset sky. he had one cheek full of food, and was thoughtfully looking round whilst scratching his side. He gave me an intent look when he caught sight of me and I fled leaving him in possession of the scenery.

I have some news to tell you. In October I am expecting to become a Mother. We are fearfully excited about it, and both hope it will be a boy. David

says he would like to have a family of eleven and have all boys to form a soccer team. This is in consequence of his having been an international. Help! What about me? I shall feel much more settled and less lonely even when I have a mite of humanity to keep me company. Oh! the long evenings, dead silence and the fear of natives, you have no idea how it gets on women's minds and nerves. I am unfortunate as David's work takes him away at night and his hours are uncertain.

One night a great many of the Mashona rebels who are in gaol, awaiting trial and punishment, escaped by picking holes in the flimsy brick wall. There were suddenly shots, lights, galloping horses and shouting men all over the town. I was in bed and thought there was another rising. I threw on a coat over my night-dress and ran to the Police Station through the black darkness, no street lights were on. Instinct told me my way and I blundered down the kopje and got there almost fainting. The men in charge told me what caused the noise, but nothing would induce me to go back home. I waited until two in the morning and came back with David. He was very upset because he said that in the dark I might have been shot or run down by the Police horses. The episode did not have any ill effects so here I am. You see our house is on the edge of the veldt with only the racecourse and Transport Camp between us and the wilds, no wonder I was afraid of a rising.

Salisbury,

October 30th, 1898.

Just a few lines to tell you that the long looked-for baby arrived on October the 15th. I shall tell you all about it. I must be a sort of healthy animal as I have survived shocks, falls, unaccustomed work, without any bother at all.

I had a few odds and ends to do at 9 p.m. the night of the 15th; pressing out clothes. As I was working with the iron I had the most awful pain and then knew what was coming. I finished quickly and went to bed whilst David rushed for doctor and nurse. There were no trained nurses in the town but there is an elderly German woman named Krienke who had helped many women and was hardworking and scrupulously clean so we secured her. She came and sat at the side of the bed while I was so tired I slept between pains. The doctor was highly amused and I did not even groan which amazed him.

I must be very strong or had an easy time because at 11 o'clock the boy arrived and was spoken of as "Tommy" which nickname, I expect, will last for ever. He is a slim little fellow with very blue eyes. He looked at me as he lay on my arm and howled as if he did not think much of me.

As we only had a double bed the nurse had to sleep with me but I was so glad to get it all over, that I went to sleep immediately much to the doctor's relief as he got to bed before 12 o'clock.

Mrs. Krienke was so clean and tidy but would sit in my room. She could neither read nor write so she had nothing to do. She sat and twiddled her thumbs, literally, till she nearly drove me silly but she fed me on gruel, etc., and I have quantities of milk for the baby.

On the third day she allowed me to get up and sit on a chair while she made the bed!! My friends were horrified but I did not suffer at all. I know the

linoleum, which covered the floor as there is only earth beaten hard, felt very cold. We had a fine cook who sent in my meals so Mrs. K. had a good easy time. In the afternoon she got very much on my nerves by twiddling her thumbs so I gently suggested she should go and see her children as her home was not very far away; so there I lay with the baby and had some peace. Poor old soul, she had nowhere in our tiny house where she could sit in comfort and my bedroom is a very nice large room but when one is weak it takes very little to get on one's nerves.

On the 10th day she left to go to another case so I had to bath the baby. How I trembled and how the poor little fellow slipped in the china basin. He screamed all the time and I was in a fever of worry.

However when he was fed and put into his cradle, all was peace, so I just did what I could though I felt very weak.

Yesterday I was told to give peppermint if he had wind and I was giving him essence of peppermint without diluting it when the poor mite almost choked with the strength of it and I also put him into water too hot as I was afraid he would catch cold in cold water. I do wish there were some nice women near who could help me with advice. I am terribly ignorant and I do think it is terribly wrong to allow a girl to take up motherhood without any preparation. I feel it is all unnecessary that ignorant young mothers should cause their young infants so much discomfort and perhaps permanent injury through want of a little training. Unfortunately I was never interested in dolls as my sisters were, so was really ham-handed. I do hope I will improve and he will survive all my clumsiness. I do my best and now have a book lent to me by a friend to give me a little help.

At present Tommy sleeps most of the day but I can see glimmerings of intelligence coming into his face. He loves his bath now so I think I have arrived at the proper temperature. My neighbours are so kind and helpful and have given me heaps of clothes to help me out of my difficulties. There is a laundry here but much too expensive for our small means so I do it myself with the help of a native boy who also carries Tommy about.

Of course David is as proud as a peacock of his son and talks now of training him for soccer. He says he would like to have a team of boys!!! It is really sweet to see how gentle and loving he is with Tommy. His big hands are far more tender than mine and Tommy loves the feel of his big strong hands and his lovely musical voice. The child even now listens intently when his Daddy sings to him.

The three of us are all very happy together and as soon as I can will have the boy photographed. He is your Mother's first grandchild so I must send her a picture soon.

Salisbury,

October 30th, 1898.

I suppose by now you know of the arrival of 'Tommy'? I am afraid he will be Tommy all his days, we spoke of him as Tommy and now everybody calls him that name although he is Christened David.

I am very well and the baby is a dear. When he was put beside me all clean and washed he turned his face to me and squalled loudly. I said he did not like the Mother to whom he was given but he soon snuggled down and accepted me. Today I bathed Tommy myself. He loves it whilst he is in the water and objects strongly to being taken out. Once dressed he is sweet. I really think I am a very clumsy Mother; I am really over anxious I think. The town is full of babies his age or a few months older, so we are all very absorbed in the making of clothes and proper nourishment.

It sounds very humdrum, but when one lives in a settlement in the heart of Africa and not yet linked up by railways, if one did not interest oneself in little things one would suffer from nerves or take to drink. I should love a garden but our house is on a reef of quartz and it is within a few inches of the surface. Some day it will be terraced and will probably be a lovely place. Water is also a difficulty, the river is only a river in the rainy season, other times it is a series of pools and a mile away from us. I can get well water but it has to be carried so far that it takes time and labour also has to be paid for very heavily. Most of the houses have wells of their own, others send down to the river and carry it up in water carts, really tanks on wheels. One ingenious person has a large beer barrel, a chain is attached to each end and two donkeys attached to the chains. A small native drives the animals slowly to the river, leisurely fills up the cask at a pool, and slowly comes home. The barrel contains the day's supply.

I am glad to say we are moving into a better house. The rain came through the roof and splashed on the calico ceiling, and then came down in mist. I have had to tie an umbrella over Tommy's cot for fear the wet will reach him. The new house is near this but faces the race course; it is larger and more airy but I cannot have a garden as it is on the same ridge of rock and there is no depth of soil. Near me there is a tiny cottage of two rooms in which live two girls. One is in an office and one is a milliner in a drapery store. They often have fever, the poor dears, and I run in and give them all the help I can. I hope I do not get fever, it seems to be the most depressing thing on earth. David has had one attack but it soon passed over.

Last week a new batch of people arrived so that we are increasing rapidly. Rather a strange thing is that one of the Americans who befriended me on my voyage up, has appeared with her son and daughter-in-law. I am so pleased. The daughter-in-law is the prettiest thing I have ever seen, she is like a little Dresden piece, has the most entrancing blue eyes fringed with very long black lashes. She is so small and dainty and looks 17. In reality she is ten years older.

She told me that Major Seymour had been killed in the Boer War at the battle of Sand River. The world is poorer for his loss. Mrs. T., my American board-ship acquaintance, was very shocked that there is no library, and the women could talk of nothing but babies, games and servants; she never heard anything discussed. It must have been a surprise to an American who came from a country which revels in lectures and books. She started the first library or at least sat at it on certain days and gave out books.

Salisbury,

November, 1898.

I am glad October is over. It is a hateful month up here. The rain is sometimes late and the heat terrific, the air is still and stagnant and the shimmering air is broken by dustdevils which travel at a terrific rate until some obstacle interrupts their course when they break and spread their load of fine red dust over everything. One broke on my drying lines when all my best white things were hanging and covered them with dust. A whole days work went west. I sat and cried because the strain of the heat and waiting for the rains makes everybody's nerves on edge. In fact October is called suicide month and every year there are three suicides—it is most uncanny.

Last week I was asked out to a farm, so David drove me out complete with Tommy to a farm about 18 miles away. The owners are Mr. and Mrs. H. He is a pioneer of South African birth and his wife is quite twenty years older than he is. She had been a great singer in her young life and she told me she had sung in a quartette with Patti accompanied by Sir Charles Halle. She is a remarkable looking woman and must have been quite beautiful. Though Hungarian by birth she speaks beautiful English. Their house is wonderful for a new country. Two nice brick rooms and a lean-to of wood and iron in which I slept. The wind blowing through the chinks in the iron, no lining of any sort. My bed was two or three packing cases with sacks filled with mealie husks which though comfortable made queer rustling sounds when I turned. Still Baby and I slept quite comfortably.

The lounge is a room also furnished mostly by packing case furniture but covered with brightly coloured Hungarian embroidery; it looked gay and nice in the lamp light. My hostess is a wonderful cook and taught me a few puddings. She and her husband seem devoted to each other despite the disparity of age. I was glad to have had a few days in the cooler air, but happy to get back home.

We had a dance at Government House too last week. A friend of mine rode in with a dress of hers tied to the saddle, a distance of 20 miles. She rides an old white horse which is very dependable. Going home in the early morning she noticed a rustle in the tall grass at the side of the road. Presently she saw a lion stalking along parallel with her. Luckily the wind was blowing away from her horse or it might have stampeded. She was in an awful state of fear but as their house was just over the ridge she hoped the lion would not spring; she walked her horse steadily on, and to her great joy got in sight of the farm and the lion loped off. She could hardly speak when she arrived and was given a very stiff whisky to settle her nerves. It was rather nerve-racking.

Salisbury is a puzzling place, at least the people puzzle me. Some arrivals are welcomed with open arms and others who appear just as nice are neglected and kept out of the circle. I have not yet fathomed the standard people are weighed in the balance. Everyone was nice and good to me, but my next door neighbour, who is pretty, sings very sweetly and looks refined but somehow she does not "take". Another woman who looks like a Leicester Square inhabitant,

who is disagreeable, says horrid things about people, is accepted. There must be some quality in her which attracts and in others repels. I don't worry about other people; personally I have found everyone kind and charming and hospitable.

The natives are like children eager to be taught, but unfortunately I have to learn first.

I hope you will write regularly. Nobody who has not lived in the wilds can understand the thrill of mail day and the opening of letters, and the bitter disappointment when the looked for letter does not arrive. I live for mail days.

Salisbury,

Boxing Day, 1898.

Another Xmas has gone by. We had a cheery time but very few presents, and as there is nothing to buy in this town, I sent none. The public holidays are working days for David, because of the breaches of the peace, etc., which happen.

Truly, this is a country of tragedy and comedy walking side by side. People come here to hide their past and manage to carry it off for a long time until the secret leaks out. The world is a small place. One of our Government Officials went on leave a little while ago, and came back with a charming wife, a little vague in manner and delicate looking. She was often "not at home" and went out very little. She was the divorced wife of Lord P. and had married my friend. After a few months we found out that she was an incurable morphia addict, she simply faded out when she had a baby. He resigned and left. The baby was taken home to his Mother.

There are two or three auctioneers in the town, though where they get anything to sell is beyond my comprehension as there are so few *things* in the country. Another Jewish trader is called "funa tenga" which means "do you want to buy?" These are the only native words he knows and when natives look at his goods he goes out of his shop and calls out these words. The shop windows are small and have no plate glass, but there is always a crowd of black faces looking at the strange goods the white people buy and sell. The women bring in bundles of wood on their heads, baskets (home woven) of eggs and small Cape gooseberries, tomatoes, potatoes and native fruits, these they sell and all the money goes for finery and brass wire for bangles to "funa tenga".

January, 1899.

We are all well and Tommy has been christened by dear Archdeacon Upcher who married us in Umtali. He is a venerable looking man with the sweetest and kindest manners imaginable. The church is the other side of the 'Causeway' which leads from the kopje side. It is very tiny and is built of rough brick. The altar steps are also of this brick and as there is no pulpit the preacher walks up and down or stands on one spot as the thought takes him.

We never go to morning service, because it is too hot and walking at noon is too much for me. We go at night to the service at 8 o'clock; Bishop

Gaul is the Bishop and Vicar of Salisbury. He is a splendid little man, very short with a sallow complexion and a very alert interesting looking face. Everybody likes him he is such a sport. He takes a great interest in everybody and all the sports we have; loves watching the tennis, cricket and football. He goes literally into the highways and hedges and speaks as man to man, not from a pulpit, all religions are welcome to his Church and his sermons are as unconventional as he is. Last night we went to a service and he was preaching when a huge tarantula ran over the chancel steps. He coolly lifted his cassock up to his knees and stamped hard and squashed it flat—a very good shot. It would have caused a stampede if it had run amongst the congregation. He pushed it aside and went on with his sermon. He has a curate, a funny looking little Irishman whom we all call the butcher boy—he looks just like one.

Children have not much chance here. There is a convent school but the town is so scattered that it is only used by those in its immediate neighbourhood. The Government intends building one midway between the two parts of the town.

People love going out for picnics but I personally loathe them, the sun always give me a headache and I prefer to stay at home. Most of the women are sunburned and tanned but I was told I had not spoilt my skin which is something to be thankful for as I feel very plain.

By the by coming home from church I found I had a blistered heel, and was suffering agonies as I walked. We saw a light in the distance and made for it as it was in the house of an acquaintance. The owner was a young man who lent me a pair of boots of his, which did not touch any part of my feet but the sole and I limped painfully home. We returned the boots the next morning.

Many new people are coming to the town which is good for the country, but our little family is growing too big and the newcomers are the commercial type as new businesses are opening all over the country.

Salisbury,

June, 1899.

Perhaps you would like to hear a few stories about the rebellion. I am constantly hearing them, some amusing, some tragic. The first I can tell you is amusing.

When the Mashona had it in their minds to attack Salisbury, they sent out small parties to reconnoitre. These came to within three miles of the town and sent people who lived outside that limit scuttling into the town. Near the north end was a hill called the Comte's Kopje. It was owned by the Comte de la Panousse who was married to an English woman. She was a plucky person having ridden up as a boy with the Comte so elected to remain on her plot instead of getting into laager in town.

One night the parties of Mashonas were near and she was warned to go at once. She was in her nightdress and had to fly but she insisted on bringing her sewing machine from which she refused to be parted. A few yards from the house was a grave in which reposed a son of Sir Gordon Sprigg. It was enclosed

by a brick wall so the Countess climbed in with sewing machine and remained there all night—it must have been cold in June and watched her huts and all her belongings going up in smoke. At dawn she crept into Salisbury and was taken into the laager, half perished but she kept her sewing machine.

Another story is about the relief of Mazoe where there was a farm run by the Salvation Army. The Natal Troop, a very fine and lively lot of men, took possession of the place. Some of the younger men went into the house and came out all dressed in the Salvation Army uniform—mens and womens—marched up to the camp banging the big drum and making awful noises on the cornets. The camp expected it was an attack by Mashonas but nearly collapsed to see their comrades marching solemnly up in this garb.

When one camp was relieved the men saw an elderly man sitting on a box with his head buried in his hands. When they touched him and told him he was relieved he was found to be dead from the shock after having gone through awful misery during the siege. The men said it was the most pathetic thing they had come across.

The town is growing and buildings are going up everywhere.

It is hard to believe that two years ago people were living in fear of their lives. A Mashona scout was shot quite near where we now live. People are coming into the country, women are discarding the "Boss of the Plains" hat and country clothes and dressing in the latest London fashion. Sets are being formed and the old carefree pioneer life is over or nearly so.

Nothing can stop progress I am afraid. People are arriving with capital to invest and set the pace which we old residents cannot keep.

July, 1899.

Last week we received an invitation to a dance at Government House which we accepted, though David refused to go to any dance whatever as he loathes the exercise of dancing. This meant my going alone as I adore dancing and never tire.

Well I sallied forth leaving David in charge of the infant, with lots of instructions should he wake. His particular piccanin was told off to sleep beside his cot so he would be ready to hush him off if he woke. Some people took their babies as only about two women owned nurses (white ones) and it was the only pleasure most of us had going to the infrequent dances. Skipper and Mrs. Hoste were going and kindly offered me a lift in their Cape cart and I gratefully accepted.

Through the purple darkness we drove, across the causeway over to the "other side", along the dark roads where lights were unknown excepting for an occasional paraffin lamp which lighted up a circle of about 12 feet in diameter and made the rest of the darkness quite like a solid mass of coal. There are no laid out streets to guide one but the wonderful Cape boy driver knew his road by instinct and we went at a steady trot all the way to Government House, never slackening speed.

The verandah at Government House was lit up with bright lamps, and the long stretch on the east side was planed and waxed to a lovely surface. The

only fault was that the boards sloped outwards to help draw the water off when washed but it gave the illusion of being at sea and dancing on deck.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton met us after we had shed our coats in her bedroom—the bed being covered with cloaks and sleeping babies and soon the music struck up a waltz.

Mrs. Milton is a dear woman she is a splendid hostess and made us all feel at home. Several people rode to the dance on bicycles, pinning up their skirts and riding in petticoats. Gloves and fans were carried in basket carriers in front of their bicycles. Most of the women had had to ride along native footpaths, which are splendid until you get off them and then you are liable to go into old mining shafts or boulders or *deviltje* thorns which means a puncture, a delay or a long walk wheeling the machine. However, everybody is young and happy and difficulties are laughed at.

I am afraid we are not very up to date in our clothes; some of the Heads have smart clothes, but no one cares much. To be pleasant and a good dancer is much preferred to good clothes and an unpleasant manner.

My first partner was the ADC, the second the local barber and the third the Chief of Police. One thought not of what people worked at but their personalities. Younger sons ran bakeries or butcher shops if no other work offered. I am glad personalities count here.

The great attraction of the dance was a new dance "Washington Post" which was danced by Mrs. Sharpe and Miss Orpen, daughter of the Surveyor General who had just returned from Cape Town where she had learnt it. Some of us followed on but the dance did not catch on. I think it will die out.

Everybody was there and the supper was excellent with branches of lovely autumn tints as decorations in which Mrs. Milton excels. She had ransacked the veldt to get the necessary colours and the effect was really wonderful.

As usual I played the two extras while the Police Band had supper.

In one local paper the next day an amusing paragraph appeared with a description of some of the dresses. One part contained this sentence "Mrs. F. and Miss G. were in combinations of black and white" which gave cause for a great deal of hilarity and some wag sent a cutting to the "Pink Un" much to the disgust of the wearers. It was a standing joke for ages.

Well, after a programme of 26 dances (all of which I danced) God Save the Queen was played and then the scramble for Cape carts. Our Cape cart drove up and off we went to the Kopje side just as dawn appeared over the veldt.

I found David pacing the floor with Tommy who had awakened for his early feed. His look of relief and Tommy's satisfaction were sufficient welcome home for anybody. The day after I felt very tired out but it was worth it and dances were not too frequent. I eagerly look forward to the next.

October, 1899.

Suicide month has arrived, and the usual 3 suicides have been registered. This month everybody gets depressed. The atmosphere is like the inside of an oven. Everything is dry, no water runs in the Makabuzi river, the wells are low, everyones' nerves are on edge, waiting for the rain. Reimer, an old German

settler, told me that if no rain fell on or before the 15th of October, it would be a very bad rainy season, that is, not enough rain would fall. I am sure now he was correct, he was here before the White Settlers and before Rhodes came up. He had been in Mashonaland about 10 years before the pioneers arrived. He had a lovely orange grove, and as oranges only bear at 7 years old he was proved right. The orange trees bore good oranges, and saved my life many times. He used to send a few sacks into town in the season and they were pounced upon immediately.

I must describe the Theatre in which we had the play. It was the dining room of the Avenue Hotel, a long room with a very low ceiling and no ventilation excepting the windows at the end which opened onto the verandah. The stage was made of planks fastened to trestles and nailed down very occasionally so that we went in dread of stepping on a loose plank. The front of the stage was draped with flags and primitive wings hid the walls of the room. We had to climb down a step ladder to a cubby-hole dressing room. The footlights were paraffin lamps placed along the stage while a large lamp hung from the ceiling. The heat was terrific, and the audience sat perspiring quietly and endured it all. While we performers were nearly suffocated. As soon as our parts were over, we made a hasty exit to get cool. However the audience applauded loudly and encouraged us very much. We had quite a good caste though it must have appeared very funny to the people straight from English theatres. We enjoyed ourselves, and passed an evening for the people, everybody came, so we were all happy.

We hear that war has been declared between the Boers and British so they are calling for volunteers to go and defend our Borders. Numbers of men went, all ages and sizes but mostly young. The Police sent a contingent too. They looked very fine as they marched out of the town on their long trek to the border. Many of my friends volunteered. D. was wild to go, but he was not allowed to leave his post.

One of the volunteers had more than he could carry in the way of drink. He strayed from the column and was never seen again. They had to march through miles of bush where lions and leopards lurked, so probably he met with a violent death. The town looks quite empty, and as the Boers commanded the railways from the South, our supplies came in spasms, from Bulawayo or through Beira, a very slow process. Things became expensive, sugar, tea, butter and all groceries have gone up. The town is dull with most of the men gone, and we can do nothing but hope for the best. The railway line south of Bulawayo is in possession of the Boers. All the big bridges are down, so all our supplies must come through Beira.

We have a new Commandant of Police, a fine soldier according to text books but he seems hopeless in the particular kind of work to be done here. He is a marvellous swordsman and does some remarkable feats of swordsmanship, but his brain is a text book, which is no good in this country. He means well and has smartened up the appearance of the Police marvellously, but the other day he made himself a laughing stock to the Regiment.

There have been a great many faults or rather calamities brought on the troops by stupid people. For instance, when the Boers began to go north, Kitchener sent up the Yeomanry, via Beira, with horses through the fly belt.

Some ass who didn't listen to local advice, chose a deadly spot called Bamboo Creek because it looked green and good grazing. He would not take advice, so a huge camp was made for the Yeomanry and their mounts. In a few weeks, every horse died, and most of the men went down with fever and poisoned bites of insects. It was a terrible thing. There was a scandal about the harness and saddlery but it was hushed up. Nobody knew why.

January, 1900.

We have moved our abode to one which overlooks the racecourse and away to the Transport Camp in which all the mules and waggons, etc., of the Police are kept. The house is roomier but oh! so terribly rough. True the walls are coloured but the floors are earth and the ceilings are made of calico. There are no fences up so I cannot have a garden which I hoped but not many people have better so I cannot complain.

I had a terrifying experience last week. I heard footsteps coming up the footpath to the house at about 11 pm and thinking it was David I ran to the door. A man in a rough tweed suit brushed past me saying he wanted police protection. His face was swollen and red and he looked mad. I was quite alone in the house, the servants quarters being about 200 yards away. I was terrified but it was no use showing it so I asked him to sit down and quietly locked the door between us and the baby. He kept looking into the corners saying there were crowds after him. I told him he should fear nothing in my house. We were in the dining room where all the knives were in the drawer and I had visions of his getting one and killing me. I smiled sweetly and asked him if he would excuse me a minute I would call for the police batman who would escort him to the Transport Camp. I tore up to the native quarters and to my relief the police boy was there so I told him to go to the front of the house. I then went in and told my unwelcome visitor that a police boy would see him home. He went and then I collapsed. The next day he was found wandering in the veldt naked and mad, was captured and put into a padded room at the hospital. What his end was I do not know but I was ill for days from the strain.

Really one does have shocks here. One old lion was found in the street last week chasing a fox terrier. Poor old lion he was so old and mangy and could not catch his food so he was lured to his death by a fox terrier for the lion was shot in the street.

We have just had a bazaar at which I served at one of the stalls. I was offered a guinea for my stall if I would kiss a rough old miner but I was not earning money by kissing dirty faces. He was quite annoyed but I was firm and polite. They made a great deal of money for the church.

Of course, I told you that the kopje side of the town was looked down upon by the causeway side. All the civil servants lived round the Government offices on that side and the commercial on the kopje side. My home must be on the kopje side as David is head of the branch police stationed there. The 'lady' who asked me to serve at her stall said all the other women had been snapped up and she was left with nobody so she had to ask the kopje women. Was it not delicious? David and I roared with laughter about it.

One night last week David rolled up in a Cape cart with a woman whom I knew slightly, dressed in a night dress, no shoes and a blanket. He found her wandering along the road, having been beaten by her husband. We kept her that night and for two or three days when her husband came over and I am glad to say they agreed to try again. It was an awfully uncomfortable state for us—we only had one living room and one bedroom. She slept with me and David slept at his office.

We see the rough edges of life up here and we see the greatest acts of kindness done by people. Things weigh too heavily on me. I am not by nature a pioneer because these things depress me and I am not able to throw them off like some people and as I am very much alone at night I often spend lonely hours in which these raw happenings come up. I try my best to cheer up and I do when people are about me but I am not used to loneliness and with babies and no nurse to help me I am very much cut off. However the bright spots are so much brighter in comparison that they live in one's memory too.

Salisbury,

March, 1900.

There was a great dance in an old barracks between Kopje and Causeway, Some men of the Yeomanry came up to make plans for the defence of Rhodesia. The Boer War drags on, Mafeking has been relieved. We had fireworks and there was great excitement. The queer thing is that the natives knew of the relief a couple of days before we did. They have a strange method of conveying news. A native goes to the top of a hill and calls the news on a note that carries. The news is picked up on the next hill and so passed on. In an hour news is carried quicker than the telegraph. As all wires are cut and there is no communication excepting from Beira we are always behind hand.

This dance proved to be a historic one for some people. There were two elopements from it and also a fight. I left early as I always did before the fun got too rowdy. One of my partners turned up for the "Lancers" for which he had engaged me. I could see he was tight so soon as we began to dance. I am very stupid in spotting a man who is tight, I could not leave the set so supported him all through. Luckily a friend, Freddy Brooks, was in our set and I said "help me" which he did and when the nightmare "Grand chain" was over he like a brick piloted him out of the nearest door, put him in a cart and sent him home.

The dance was great fun and I enjoyed it though I had to walk home afterwards with David leading the way along narrow paths and through swampy ground. Of course there are no street lights so we had to trust to our eyesight. Our police boy was keeping watch and I found Tommy fast asleep. He had not wakened once.

The next day there was a review of troops. It was a lovely sight to see the Black Watch (Native) the crown. Those tassels kept perfect time and swung in perfect unison. Their

rhythm is marvellous. They adore drill and have to be restricted to certain hours because they were tiring themselves out drilling each other all day long.

July, 1900.

The expected infant has arrived, being born June the 23rd. I had been very well and walking about for long walks alone as is my habit, when suddenly one Saturday afternoon the little girl arrived. My doctor was out of town at his farm and the wonderful Mrs. Pascoe came to the rescue. As things did not go quite well I had to lie just as I was until another doctor came. He had to be chased round the town and arrived at about 6 p.m. They made me comfortable, sent for the nurse who was Mrs. Milton the Administrator's wife's nurse (and curiously enough Miss Lewis) and had been allowed to come to me provided she went back and massaged Mrs. Milton every day. The child is a chubby little fat thing with wonderful big blue eyes and heaps of black hair.

I am beginning to feel the strain of all the worry and hard work and two babies means a huge amount of running about. I have a piccanin who wheels the pram about while Tommy plays around. His favourite toy is a football which he kicks around all day. We are going into another house on the Causeway side. It was the Judge's house but a better one has been built. It is a white house and has a marvellous Jacaranda tree which is full of lovely blue flowers. I am glad to be going there for it has a wonderful well and there are no stones in the ground, all lovely deep soil. It is nearer all my friends and I will not be quite so lonely.

There is a new Head of the Police and he is really a splendid man from the Cape Mounted Rifles, called Fuller and holds the rank of Captain. His wife is very kind to me and except for my being very overtired, I feel much better and happier.

I never go out in the evenings because of leaving the two babies alone. There are crowds of little dances given, but if I went I should only be worrying about their waking up and crying for me. At any rate I think four years of this climate are telling on me, the ceaseless anxiety and work added to the altitude are pulling me down.

A new order has begun since the war ended, new people with money to handle are coming in. Gone is the old sort of 'large family life'. People are living in better houses, have better food since the railway is nearer and things have taken a prosperous turn. Several people have been transferred and we are becoming civilised and suburban, with London clothes and formal clothes and dinner parties. Mining people have arrived to prospect for minerals, some of them charming Americans. One is the son of one of my friends in the Hertzog family.

Later. I stopped this letter because I had a very bad sort of faint, also the baby had teething convulsions. The doctor says that if I stay here for another wet season, I will never see the next and has ordered us out of the country. We have not a bean between us but funds must be raised in some way, because I do not want to die yet, and Winnie, the baby, looks white and seedy. We will not

sell our furniture as is the fashion, we will let the house with what we have and hope to return to it after our six months leave.

The next mail will bring us all home to see you.

August, 1899 (1900?).

Well, my dear, I am beginning to feel more at home though I have a terrific amount of work to do, with two babes and raw natives as servants. We cannot afford the beautifully trained Portuguese boys, and the Mashona is hopeless as a servant. The Mashona are very ingenious people and if developed should be a great help. They are shy and wild. Their huts are well hidden amongst the granite kopjes, or in caves in the hills. They cultivate just a small piece of land for their own use; growing mealies and a coarse kind of rice with sometimes a field of millet out of which they make a kind of porridge. Very sticky and to us uneatable. They have rudimentary ideas of working iron and make their own spear-heads and battle axes. They are also very good at carving and weaving a coarse kind of cloth with fibre. They are a small race, the women tiny and neat but they hide away so that unless they bring wild tomatoes, sweet potatoes, eggs and lemons to sell in town they are seldom seen.

The lemons are a godsend as fruit does not exist unless in tins. The lemon come from the Mazoe River, a lovely river which gives its name to a very unhealthy but fertile district. About the 17th century a few priests came from Portugal and made their way up the valley of the Mazoe. They built a fort and a church and tried to save the souls of the Mashona which was impossible. However they brought lemons and the seed has been washed down the river and deposited on the banks. The lemon trees flourish and we are now benefiting by these early settlers.

There is a legend that the Mashona were turned against these white men and the church and fort were demolished. There are still a few walls remaining and only the lemon trees witness their coming and going.

My native servants come from Tete on the Zambesi, they walk all the way. On the road to Tete lives a great old freebooter named Mapondera who like the German Barons of old take toll of these poor fellows' wages or the lot if possible when these people return to their homes. Now the natives never go singly but in caravans so as to be able to withstand him. He vanishes into the Portuguese territory whenever a punitive expedition goes out. Some of the natives get killed if they resist him.

June (?), 1901.

We took up our berths on the Allan liner 'Bavarian'. It was full of guardsmen going out to finish up the Boer War. De Wet has not been captured and they all hope to get him before the war is over. There are three thousand on board. The young guardsmen are a lovely lot of boys rather shy some of them. There was one who was cold-shouldered by them all, why I could never understand; his name was W——. There were nurses, nuns, adventuresses and a few other people who had been granted passages like ourselves. General Brooke was

in charge, a little red-faced fat man, but he knew his job and kept good discipline. On Sundays we had service at which I was asked to play the hymns and "The Queen". It was a soul stirring thing to hear those men singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers'.

We called at Cape Town which seemed a very dull place where the ship took in water and vegetables.

At Durban I had the experience of being lowered into a tossing tug, from the ship in a basket through which protruded one foot and I had the children who kept up a howl till we got out of it. We slept at the Marine Hotel and started off for Beira in a small boat named the "Inyoni". David was in charge of 25 recruits for the Police, ex-soldiers who were at a loose end in Durban.

Everyone was seasick excepting me. My tummy seems a strong one lucky for us all as the poor children were very ill. The change from the colossal 'Bavarian' was horrid. The dining saloon was small and smelt of thousands of meals. The cabins all opened out of the saloon which was not very nice. Luckily there were very few passengers. The doctor was an Indian who was under the influence of drugs and lived in his evening clothes with a filthy shirt and collar. He was sent off at Delagoa Bay. We took on another who was living on the beach. He was sobered up enough to come on board. All he had on was a suit of pink pyjamas and he wore a merchant navy cap to show what he was. After a day or so he managed to dress decently. He played all Gilbert and Sullivan from memory really very well. What a pity men go down like that. They never seem to recover themselves completely.

May, 1901

I packed our furniture and came down to Umtali with the two children. Poor Winnie's sting burst while we were on the train, but after it was over, she quite recovered. We stayed at the Cecil Hotel until we got our furniture up from the railway station and then took possession of a roomy house just below the hospital, but is only wood and iron and very hot.

Umtali consists of one street, which runs from the station to the hills! The streets are marked but no tracks are laid. I suppose one day it will be a thriving town. The biggest house is the house of the general manager of the Railways, Mr. Wibberley. They are most hospitable people and very kind. He was very unpopular at first as he got rid of a great many incompetents, very good fellows most of them, but only given jobs because they were on the spot and better than nobody. The night we arrived, one of them was going off and all the men gathered on the platform singing "We'll hang old W. on the sour apple tree" to the tune of John Brown's body, etc.

The town is a beautiful spot between the mountains, two streams flow on each side of the town. In the evening the colouring is lovely, all shades of mauve and blue like chiffon veils hang before the mountains. The approach to the town is by a very steep pass called Christmas Pass and also on the opposite side an appallingly steep ravine is the only approach from the Residency

The first day we had any leisure was taken up by the Agricultural Show, the event of the year. All the farmers from miles around amongst the mountains

came in. In the evening there was a dance in the Drill Hall. It was very enjoyable but the floor was a bit rough until the chalk was worked in, after which it was fine. All the rank and fashion turned out in fact all the available women feel bound to come as men were in the majority, and were greatly disappointed if they could not get one dance at least.

I have a young girl to help with the children and she was given a ticket by some man. We found her fast asleep with her head on the refreshment table, deserted by her swain. We took her home, and then returned to finish up the dance. The hall luckily is near the house, because it meant walking. Everybody danced the Lancers. I found myself vis-a-vis with the town barber, who was very efficient, and turned me round with more strength than skill.

The Residency, the house from which I was married, lies out of the town over the stream with the steep mountain on both sides. The Mule carts go down with breakneck speed, and gallop up the other side, the drivers shouting and lashing them up the steep ascent. The view is very lovely from there, and worth the trouble of going.

I was walking up the one street the other day, when I saw a very funny cavalcade. A two wheeled cart drawn by two donkeys came tearing down the hill. A very large fat and fresh looking woman took up two-thirds of the seat, while a small slight man with a long beard and a face like Don Quixote were in the cart. The wheels had been reinforced by pieces of wood cut off from a tree in the forest, and the whole turn out was very comic. The two people were Mr. and Mrs. Fairbridge, who lived near the hospital and kept open house to all comers. The women of the place are really very kind to the homeless men which must be a boon to them, poor dears, in a strange country.

The climate is rather enervating, but otherwise very healthy. The old Umtali was very much more healthy but it was so high up that the railway could not possibly be taken there. The old town is now used as a Mission station. The Police Camp lies under Christmas Pass, and looks very tidy and flourishing.

The hotel is called the Cecil, and is kept by a man named Snodgrass, but it is very primitive though the staff does all it can to make one comfortable. The large dining room is used for concerts and dances also meetings of various bodies.

The church is a small place plastered with brown mud, and is presided over by Mr. Roxburgh, a very fine man indeed and a live wire.

The Fairbridges have a very nice son called Kingsley who has never had the chance of going to school. He is about 14 and a very nice thoughtful lad though very shy with strangers. Mr. R. gives him Latin and Maths, every evening and the boy never misses though sometimes he is terribly tired being chain-man for his father, who is a surveyor. Kingsley bolts as soon as he sees visitors, but his mother insists on his coming in to greet them. Mr. F. is an absolute hermit and the father and son love nothing so much as wandering in the veldt and amongst the mountains quite alone.

Rhodesian Pioneer

by Rev. Father W. F. Rea, S.J.

For many reasons Rhodesia is in the news. It is a rapidly developing country with great possibilities. Like the Union of South Africa, it is both a white man's country and a black man's, and contemporary events with those of the next few years will decide whether the two can live happily together. It is trite to say that it is one of the greatest challenges ever given to humanity. Finally, in 1960 the British Government will be faced with the decision of granting or refusing to the Federation independence within the Commonwealth.

We have the authority of Edmund Burke for saying that if we want to get out of a difficult situation, we should first examine how we got into it. In other words we should look to our history. This is a counsel which those interested in Rhodesia show good signs of following. The last few months alone have seen the appearance of *The Birth of a Dilemma* by Philip Mason, of *Zambesi Sunrise* by W. D. Gale, and of *His Own Oppressor* by B. G. Paver. Catholics too are looking to the part they have taken in Rhodesia's past. Twelve years ago the Dominican Sisters told the magnificent story of their hardships and achievements in *In God's White Robed Army*. Interest has also been shown outside Rhodesia. Last year a novel by C. M. Lakotta was published in Germany entitled *Herzder Wildnis*, which centres round the work of these Sisters and that of the Jesuits among the Pioneers of 1890 and 1891. Arrangements are being made at the moment in the U.S.A. to translate and edit the letters of two of the first Rhodesian Jesuit missionaries, originally published in Brussels in 1882 under the title of *Trois Ans dans l'Afrique Australe. Lettres des Peres H. Depelchin et Ch. Croonenberghs, S.J.*

But it is perhaps surprising that the (Roman Catholic) Church's history in Rhodesia has not attracted more general attention during the last fifty years. For much of it, especially in the early days, has the character of Chesterton's "epic on epic and Iliad on Iliad." It begins years before the country was called Rhodesia, and before the Pioneers rode northwards in 1890; for there were Catholics among those who were "pioneers before the Pioneers." If we leave out the sixteenth-century Jesuit missionary, Goncalo da Silveira, it begins with the departure from Grahamstown in what was then Cape Colony, on 16th April, 1879, of the Jesuit mission to the Zambezi under Pere Henri Depelchin.

As far as material results were concerned, the mission was an almost complete failure. There had been hopes of establishing a mission among the Bamangwatos of Bechuanaland, but their chief, Khama, had already been won over by the London Missionary Society, and so, though he was friendly, he would not allow the Jesuits to settle among his people. So they went further north into what is now Rhodesia, and petitioned the famous Lobengula, chief of the Matabeles, for leave to teach. After a long delay it was refused. Fr. Depelchin then divided the expedition. He sent the two Englishmen whom he had with him, Fr. Augustus Law, the former naval officer, and Brother Hedley,

together with the German, Fr. Wehl, and the unbelievably hardy Belgian, Brother de Sadeleer, eastwards, while he himself with most of the others continued northwards towards the Zambesi. Both expeditions ended tragically, the eastern one costing the lives of Fr. Law and Fr. Wehl, and the northern one those of two other priests and four Brothers. Fr. Law kept a diary of the expedition, which tells a story of heroic perseverance and charity. It formed the basis of his biography written in 1893 by Ellis Schreiber. This is now long out of print and almost unobtainable, but a modern biography, based on Fr. Law's journal would more than repay publication.

But the mission, even from a human point of view, was not just a story of lost lives and wasted efforts. Lobengula allowed some of the Jesuits to remain at his capital, Bulawayo. This was not because he wanted them to make converts, but because he thought they could usefully teach the Matabeles agriculture and handicrafts. So the mission of 1879 ultimately led to the establishment of Catholicism in Rhodesia.

To this Jesuit mission station in Bulawayo there was sent in 1882 the man who forms the subject of this article, Fr. Peter Prestage, S.J. Fr. Prestage was to show himself a most holy, resourceful and indefatigable missionary; one who persevered in his work for years with unflagging energy with no visible results, and when, except to his own unquenchable enthusiasm, no results seemed possible. He was a cheerful and entertaining companion, but blunt and frank; a man who could not be dishonest himself, and who found it hard to believe it of others. In spite of the hardships he had to endure, there was an evenness and placidity about his development, spiritual, intellectual and even physical. "A tight little fellow, holding himself very straight, and possessed of a very good voice," was the description that a contemporary gave of him when he was at school at Stonyhurst in the early fifties. During his years in Africa his voice was impaired by his lavish taking of snuff, because native etiquette demanded that the guest should either take snuff or smoke, but in other respects the same words could have been used of the sun-tanned veteran who on 11th April, 1907, set off to walk briskly over the veld on the affairs of the mission, and dropped dead in front of the African who accompanied him.

All that has come down to us about Fr. Prestage shows him to have been heroic, devout and most lovable, if at times slightly exasperating. But what perhaps gives him particular interest is his close association with the beginnings of Rhodesia, and the part he took in two of the great crises of its early history. He was actually one of its founders, for, with the better known Fr. Andrew Hartmann, he was appointed Chaplain to the Pioneers of 1890, being given the honorary rank of Captain. The very enterprising Superior of the Zambesi Mission, Fr. A. M. Daignault, S.J., when offering these two Fathers as Chaplains, suggested to Rhodes that some Dominican nuns from the Convent at King William's Town, Cape Colony, should also go with the expedition as nurses. This was probably Rhodes's first contact with the Society of Jesus which later he came to admire so much. He gladly accepted both suggestions, and it was originally intended that five Sisters, under their twenty-six-year-old Superior, Mother Patrick, should accompany the Pioneer Column. But the danger of attack from Lobengula's *impis* led to their being held back for ten months at

Macloutsie on the southern border of Rhodesia. Fr. Prestage was made their Chaplain and so went with them. Consequently he did not enter Mashonaland till 1891, and received less publicity than did Fr. Hartmann, who advanced with the Pioneer Column itself in 1890, and whose name is accordingly perpetuated in Salisbury and its neighbourhood in Hartmann Hill, Hartmann Farm and the recently established Hartmann House of St. George's College. Nevertheless Fr. Prestage, like the Dominican Sisters, who incidentally were the first white women in Mashonaland, was part of the expedition to which present-day Rhodesia owes its existence, and so was among its founders.

When he accompanied the Dominican Sisters to Rhodesia, Fr. Prestage was not coming into a strange country, for he had already been there seven years, partly at Tati, on the borders of Rhodesia and Bechuanaland, and partly at Bulawayo. He had had several meetings with Lobengula and had impressed him favourably, so that at last he was able to obtain what had been refused to earlier Catholic missionaries, leave to open a school in which Christianity might be taught; a site was granted as well. This led to the foundation of the Empanzeni mission, about sixty-five miles south-west of Bulawayo, which still flourishes. Nineteen years later Fr. Prestage thus described the critical interview with Lobengula at which he won from him the vital concession.

I told Lobengula that our party was not satisfied with its position in the country; that we had left our home across the sea, and made a long and difficult journey into his country, not in search of gold or money-making, but solely out of a desire to work for his own and his people's good; and that if our position was not altered, I was determined to take every man of our party out of the country; that I would not condescend to keep men in a country where we were not free to work; that we would go to another country where no restriction would be put on our labour.*

Fr. Prestage then went on to demand a site for a mission, and permission to teach Christianity. He spoke strongly, and to do so to Lobengula in his own capital needed courage. We might be tempted to think that he made the words more forthright in retrospect than they really were; but throughout his life Fr. Prestage was literal-minded to an embarrassing extent. "Honest Peter," he was called by the boys when he was a young man teaching at Stonyhurst, and he kept the characteristic through life. No one was less likely to exaggerate.

So when the Pioneers began to settle down on their lands, Prestage had already several years experience of the country; he spoke the language, understood the Africans, and was well acquainted with Lobengula himself. He was therefore the kind of man to whom the agents of the British South Africa Company might turn for advice. They did so in 1893, in the person of Dr. Jameson himself, and over a decision which is still a matter of dispute in Rhodesian history.

Lobengula had kept a promise he had made of not harming the white men in Mashonaland, but he was unable to prevent his Matabele warriors raiding the country, demanding payments from the Mashonas, burning their

*MS. account by Fr. Prestage given to the late Fr. F. Johanny, S.J., and published in the *Zambesi Mission Record*, July 1908.

kraals, killing their men and carrying off their women and children. The Company's protests were not accepted. The Mashonas, it was said, were the Matabeles' dogs; how they treated them was entirely their affair. Life was impossible for European and Mashona alike. The former must either leave or destroy the Matabele *impis*. The crisis came on 9th July, 1893, when the neighbourhood of Fort Victoria, about 150 miles south of Salisbury, was raided, thirty-five men and women were killed, and thirty women and children carried away; kraals were burnt and cattle seized. Prestage was at Fort Victoria at the time.

Jameson had to make the decision. Sir H. B. Lock, the High Commissioner for South Africa, had assured him of his support for an expedition against the Matabeles, provided it had met with the approval of the clergy. Jameson asked Prestage's opinion, who gave it with his usual clarity and directness. A few days later he thus described the interview in a letter to Fr. Schomberg Kerr, the Superior of the Mission.

Last Friday at 9.30 Dr. Jameson came to me and said the Administrator* would support the Company by his help if the clergy approved of the punishment of the Matabeles. He had already spoken to me on the subject, when I told him I considered there was just cause for the Company taking up arms against the Amandabeles, in defence of the Makalakas, who had been unjustly and grievously wronged. He asked me if I would telegraph my view to Rhodes.

The telegram to Rhodes read as follows:

I consider there is most just cause for punishing the Amandabeles at once. Without prompt punishment there is every possibility of the same atrocities recurring.!

Prestage's conviction of the ineradicable cruelty and injustice of the Matabele regime, one of "iniquity and devilry," as he described it to Fr. Schomberg Kerr on 20th July, 1893, was of long standing. As early as May, 1883, he had written, "Unless the Matabeles are put down by brute force, I fear that they will never improve." When he looked back after the revolt had been put down, his ideas were unchanged. "If ever there was a just war, the Matabele War was just," he wrote. This verdict is of considerable interest because the justification for this expedition against Lobengula has been called in question ever since. It has been said that the Company, having been disappointed by finding Mashonaland less rich than it had expected, decided to recompense itself by taking Matabeleland, and therefore deliberately provoked a quarrel with Lobengula?. But against this censure on the Company must be placed the verdict of Prestage, who had no axe to grind, who knew the people and the circumstances, and who gave his life to the service of the Africans.

*A mistake for High Commissioner. Jameson himself was Administrator.

†*Zambesi Mission Record*, April 1910, p. 72.

‡See the opinions given in *Rhodes*, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. London 1933, Chapter XX.

But though he was certain that the military regime of the Matabeles had to be destroyed as a condition of humane existence for the Mashonas and even for the Matabeles themselves, Prestage was fully aware of their good qualities, and spoke up for them when they were in the right. He was thus able to win their confidence, and how thoroughly he had done so was shown three years later.

The defeat and death of Lobengula did not end trouble with his people. In 1895 the *rinderpest* came to Rhodesia for the first time, and began to destroy the cattle. The Government destroyed many more in infected areas in a cruel but necessary attempt to stamp out the disease. The afflicted Matabeles mistakenly but understandably thought that this slaughter of what seemed to them healthy animals was an attempt to exterminate their race. They had also, as Prestage told a Bulawayo paper, been very badly treated by the native police, "who abused their authority to an enormous degree."* Hence they rose in rebellion.

Prestage had by now returned to Empanjeni. It only seemed a question of time before the tribes round the mission would join the rebels. He therefore took the only course which seemed to give any prospect of maintaining the peace. In spite of the rising excitement and spreading revolt, he went alone and unarmed into the Motoppo Hills to persuade the chiefs to remain at peace. Little is known about what happened, for Prestage spoke little of it. But certainly he returned with eighteen representatives of the chiefs, who handed themselves over to the British as a pledge of their peoples' loyalty. So peace was kept round Empanjeni. Prestage's bravery was mentioned in Parliament by the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, and so was reported in *The Times*.

But what he did had perhaps wider effects. It was on 14th April, 1896, that he had gone into the hills to speak to the chiefs. By August the Matabeles, after continual defeats had been driven into the Motoppo Hills, whence it was difficult to dislodge them. It was said that larger forces would be needed and that war would have to be carried on into the next year. Then Rhodes made one of the famous decisions of his life. He would go unarmed into the Motoppo Hills and meet the rebels, gain their confidence, and so persuade them to make peace. As everyone knows, he succeeded.

"It was," says a study of Rhodes,! "a decision at once too simple and too dangerous to have been arrived at by anyone else." But, as the reader knows, Prestage had four months before in that same part of Rhodesia, come to just the same decision, had shown equal bravery and had had equal success. It is at least possible that Rhodes's decision was inspired by knowledge of what had so recently been done by Prestage, who therefore was the direct means of keeping some of the Matabeles out of the war, and perhaps the indirect means of bringing it to an end.

With the suppression of the Matabele rebellion and the subsequent Mashona one, the pioneer period in Rhodesia may perhaps be said to have ended, and with it the pioneer days of Fr. Prestage. Henceforth he was able to

**Bulawayo Chronicle*, 18th April, 1896.

ICecil Rhodes, by William Plomer, London, 1933, p. 107.

devote himself in more placid conditions to tough but fruitful and rewarding missionary work. Though cultured and refined, "the charming and very cultured representative of the Jesuits," as he was called by Colonel Frank Johnson, the commander of the Pioneer Column,* he was a missionary of the old style, travelling on foot, and sleeping upon the ground, with a log for a pillow, and a skerm of branches round him, and a fire to keep away wild animals. Yet in ways he was unexpectedly modern. Though the science of missiology was still in the future, and he could hardly have penetrated into anthropology and ethnology, yet, besides trying to get a scientific as well as a practical knowledge of their language, he tried to master the history and traditions of the Matabeles; most of this he had to find out from verbal enquiry. In the third number of the Zambesi Mission Record (February, 1899) he wrote an account of how Lobengula came to be king, whose main outlines are confirmed by an article by Chief Simon Segola in the 1959 issue of N.A.D.A. (Southern Rhodesian Native Affairs Annual).

He died as perhaps he would have wished, tramping over the veld he loved with a solitary companion, one from the peoples of Africa to whose spiritual and temporal happiness he had given his life.

*"*Great Days*, by Frank Johnson. London. 1940, p. 76.

Rare or little-known Rhodesiana relating to the Pre-Pioneer Period

by Edward C. Tabler

This short discussion is confined to printed items that have been overlooked or are not used by collectors and students, because of rarity, limited circulation, or obscurity. Most of them are of value historically, although some are mere collectors' curiosities. Publication dates range from 1870 to 1932, and places of publication include London, Durban, Freiburg, Cape Town, and Louvain. Complete bibliographical descriptions will not be attempted, for I have never examined copies of some of them, and one book I have seen only in photostat.

An authoritative bibliography of Rhodesiana would be most welcome and would be a useful tool for the historian, the collector, and the librarian. It could be made a reality under the direction of the Society and with the volunteer and gratis labour of its members, working to a standard plan of description, collation, and annotation. Private collections and material in public, archival, and museum libraries could be levied upon for information and the bibliography would make an important companion volume to the works on trees and rock paintings already published and projected.

Perhaps the rarest of the rare is:

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

[PRINTED FOR THE DIRECTORS ONLY.]

PAPERS

RESPECTING THE

MATABELE MISSION, SOUTH AFRICA.

LONDON:

YATES & ALEXANDER, 7, SYMONDS INN, CHANCERY LANE,
PRINTERS TO THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1873.

Mendelssohn describes the British Museum copy in his *South African Bibliography*, and the copy in the Archives at Salisbury is (like mine) a photostat of that copy, which may be unique. During some twenty-eight years of reading booksellers' catalogues I have never seen this book offered for sale, and I was informed on good authority that the library of the London Missionary Society does not contain one. We can guess at the reason for its scarcity after reading it—so much dirty linen is washed therein that the copies distributed to the Directors may have been taken up and destroyed after they had served their purpose. Deposit law was no doubt responsible for the preservation of a copy in the British Museum Library.

It is an octavo volume of xii + 316 pages, in which are printed a total of 174 documents. These include minutes and resolutions of the missionaries at

Inyati and in Bechuanaland, a great deal of correspondence among T. M. Thomas, William Sykes, J. S. Moffat, and John Mackenzie, and letters from all four men to the Rev. Dr. Tidman, Foreign Secretary of the L.M.S. and his successor, the Rev. Dr. Mullens. There are letters written by the Rev. J. B. Thomson and others, extracts from T. M. Thomas's journal and from that of the trader, D. M. Kisch, and letters written in Thomas's behalf by Lobengula, Sir John Swinburne, and G. H. Hewitt, a trader who died in Barotseland in 1876. "Part Second" consists of 57 documents relating to the "trial" of Thomas by the L.M.S. in England and Wales.

The purpose of printing the book was to lay before the Directors of the L.M.S. all the detailed evidence in the case of Thomas, who was accused by his colleagues in Africa of trading with the natives for gain, mixing in tribal politics, and obstructing the work of the Matabele Mission by quarrelling with its other members. The charges seem well founded, and he was convicted by his own letters. Thomas and Sykes quarrelled bitterly over everything possible, including the founding of a new station, the translations into Sindebele, trading, the ordering of printing types for the Kuruman press, and the building of dwellings and churches. J. S. Moffat tried to make peace and, if he took sides at all, he favoured Sykes. Back of it all was Thomas's determination to direct affairs and to make himself the most important European in Matabeleland, probably an outgrowth of his humble beginnings. The whole affair is an example of the unwisdom of throwing together in an isolated place people of few intellectual resources, though Thomas also reveals himself as arrogant, overbearing, and given to the use of deception. At Inyati, where he and Sykes lived near each other, they often did not speak for months, and the fight was carried on by exchange of letters. The long and bitter squabble began soon after the founding of Inyati Station and continued till Thomas left the country at the request of the Directors in the middle of 1870.

Thomas and his family arrived in London on 8th April 1871, but it was not till May or June of 1873 that his dismissal from the service of the Society was made final. The Directors were fair and gave consideration to each of his numerous appeals, and the Welsh churches that supported the L.M.S. took up the cudgels in Thomas's behalf.

Internal evidence shows that the copy of the *Papers* in the British Museum represents the second edition, expanded from the first, which, however, may never have been taken beyond the stage of typesetting.

Familiar sources for the early history of the Jesuit mission to what is today Rhodesia are the letters of Fathers Depelchin and Croonenberghs, which were printed in the two volumes, *Trois Arts dans L'Afrique Australe*, published at Brussels in 1882 and 1883. The periodical, *The Zambesi Mission Record*, is also important in this regard, and Father J. Spillmann's *Vom Kap zum Sambesi* was published with four maps, five folding plates, and forty-nine other illustrations at Freiburg in 1882. Spillmann's book is listed in Mendelssohn, and it is scarce. The first band of Jesuits was made up of Englishmen, Belgians, Germans, and Italians and one would expect publications about the mission by the Provinces of the Order in all these countries. We have examples from all of them in their respective languages except Italy and doubtless Italian works will

be turned up. Several accounts saw the light as a means of soliciting money in support of the effort.

A rare pamphlet that was primarily an appeal for funds in Great Britain was *Mission of the Zambesi* by the Rev. A. Weld S.J. published without date by Burns and Oates of London and M. H. Gill of Dublin. The format is octavo, the pagination (ii) + 56 + (6) and it was issued with a map and in blue paper covers with the title on the front cover. Although undated it appears to have been issued in 1880. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the missionary venture.

There exists a full-scale biography of Father Law that is not recorded in Mendelssohn. It is *The Life of Augustus Henry Law, Priest of the Society of Jesus*, by Ellis Schreiber, published in 1893 at London by Burns and Oates, Ltd. An octavo volume in red cloth, it is paged (2) + (vi) + 382 + (2) + 32, and it has no illustrations or maps. Because of the title, and because the spine reads simply "The Life of Augustus H. Law, S.J." it can be expected that this volume would find its way to the "Theology and Religion" section of catalogues and shelves and be overlooked by collectors. The author states that Law's African journals were lost, but that some of his letters home were available for use in writing his biography, which is a contribution to Rhodesian history.

Augustus Law (1833-1880), a nephew of Lord Ellenborough, who was Governor-General of India and First Lord of the Admiralty, served during early life in the British Navy as a cadet and qualified as second lieutenant. The elder Law was converted to Roman Catholicism in 1851, and his whole family followed his example. Augustus, a more than ordinarily pious youth, resigned from the Navy, was received as a novice in the Society of Jesus in 1854, was ordained in 1865, and served as a missionary at Demerara and in Scotland. He went out to Grahamstown in 1875 to teach at the newly founded College of St. Aidan, and four years later he joined there the Zambezi Mission of his Order. He accompanied the first party to Old Bulawayo, whence he led the missionary reconnaissance to the country of the Shangaans. Law died of fever and dysentery, under particularly distressing circumstances, at Mzila's Kraal on 25th November, 1880.

There is another biography of a member of the first party of Jesuit missionaries. Entitled *Le Frere Frans de Sadeleer de la Compagnie de Jesus. Co-Fondateur de la Mission du Zambeze et de la Mission du Kwango*, it was written by Pierre Tromont, S.J., and published at Louvain in 1932 by Editions de l'Aucam. Issued in wrappers with the title also on the front cover, it has 88 + (2) pages and two plates, one bearing a photographic portrait of De Sadeleer. The author seems to have relied on well-known sources for his brief review of the Zambezi Mission.

Frans de Sadeleer was born on 8th or 9th December, 1844, at Lede, a village in Belgium. He was educated at the College of Namur, served in the Belgian Army, and began his novitiate in the Society of Jesus in September, 1869. He laboured in Matabeleland, Zambezia, Mzila's country, and the Cape Colony from 1879 to 1891. From 1894 to 1906 he worked in missions in the Belgian Congo, after which he returned to Europe, where he died on 20th January, 1922. De Sadeleer was never ordained.

The Tati gold rush gave rise to literature, some of it in pamphlet form and of the guide-book type; this sort was also designed, one suspects, to cause investors to bring out their cash. I have been unable to trace a copy of Richard Babb's pamphlet, *The Gold-Fields of South Africa, and the Way to Reach Them*, which is not entered in Mendelssohn. An octavo pamphlet by Frank Mandy, who was a Matabele trader in the 1870's, was published at Cape Town in 1889 under the title *Matabeleland, the Future Gold Field of the World, its People and Resources*. From the date and the unfulfilled prophecy of the title, we can assume that this was propaganda sponsored by the Chartered Company. The most useful of the fugitive literature dealing with the Tati Gold Fields is *A Journey to the South African Gold Fields*, by George Bottomley, who went up in 1868 as a member of the Durban Gold Mining Company. It was published at Durban in 1870 by the Natal Printing Company Ltd., as a pamphlet of (iv) + 92 pages in green wrappers with the title repeated on the front cover. There are two plates, one showing the Government buildings at Durban, the other being a most interesting sketch of the cemetery at Inyati Mission. Bottomley later went to the Diamond Fields, where he was member for Kimberley of the Legislative Council of Griqualand West.*

Mendelssohn lists, from the copy in the British Museum, the pamphlet with the excellent and catchy title *To Ophir Direct; or, the South African Gold Fields: with a Map Showing the Route Taken by Hartley and Mauch, in 1866-67. And an Account of the "Transvaal" or South African Republic*, etc. It has 46 pages and a map and was published by Edward Stanford of London in 1868. The author called himself "Bamang-wato", and the entry in Mendelssohn does not identify him. However, he was Albert Broderick, a landowner, hotelkeeper, and merchant of Pretoria, f

Broderick was interested in mining for many years. In 1860 he was a director of the Transvaal General Mining Company, an early venture that failed for want of capital. He was a director of the South African Republic Mining Company, formed in July, 1866, with a government monopoly to mine and smelt copper, lead, and other metals. Broderick won a prize (he was second only to Karl Mauch) for his mineral collection at the first Transvaal Agricultural Show, held at Potchefstroom during March, 1867J. He was also a poet and published *Fifty Fugitive Fancies in Verse* (Pretoria, 1875) and *A Wanderer's Rhymes* (London, 1898), which are Africana but are not highly regarded as poetry. We do not know whether Broderick went to Tati or Matabeleland himself, but he was interested in the exploitation of Mauch's gold discoveries there, as his pamphlet testifies. He must have speculated with one or more of the parties of miners that went to the fields.

* Matthews, *Incwadi Yami*, London, 1887, front, and p. 293. For the Tati gold rush, see two articles by the writer in *Africana Notes and News*, Johannesburg, Vol. 13, No. 2, June 1958, pp. 53-69.

†The clue was found in *the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, London, Vol. 39, 1869, p. xci, where Broderick as author is mentioned as having presented a copy of the pamphlet to the library.

J James Gray, *Payable Gold*, South Africa. Central News Agency, Ltd., 1937.

The Hon. Guy Dawnay travelled widely in Africa during his lifetime and was killed by a buffalo in East Africa in 1889. He visited Old Bulawayo and the Victoria Falls in 1873. The manuscript diaries of this journey and of his earlier trip to Zululand, where he hunted with John Dunn, are in the Archives at Salisbury. In the Archives library are a few volumes of Dawnay's African journals, privately printed in England by his family in 1891. It is not a complete set. There are no volumes containing the story of his travels in Africa south of the Zambezi, but the numbering of the volumes indicates that they were printed also. Here is a bibliographical puzzle that requires solution.

Comment

Mr. Tabler's little essay gives us a popular approach to and account of what must have been an enjoyable picnic. A further contribution of his is included, of more serious aspect; it is singular that both he, and the Reverend Father Rea, refer to interest in Africana, which includes Rhodesiana, in the United States of America.

Colonel Hickman's article is the address he gave to the Mashonaland Irish Association in 1959; it deserves the wider field publication in our Society's papers may ensure.

Father Rea's contribution is reprinted from *The Month* by kind permission of both editor and author. May it be said that somebody like Mr. Loveday should be induced to compile a fuller account of the life of an outstanding man like Peter Prestage, S.J.?

The letters of Mrs. Blackwood Lewis are, in many places, similar to the extracts from the Fleming Letters, recently published in the *Central African Journal of Medicine*. Many interesting portions, however, have had to be excised since the publication of personal views might have proved painful to relations of those referred to. In 1897/9 everybody knew everybody and their descendants might not like to be read what has been recorded in these private letters.

The Rhodesiana Society

CONSTITUTION

1. The Rhodesiana Society has been founded to further the interests of collectors of Rhodesiana and to assist in the preservation of books and documents relating to the Rhodesias and Nyasaland in particular.
2. The subscription payable on 1st January in each year shall be £1 1s. Od. (one guinea) per annum.
3. Each member of the Society, having paid his subscription, shall be entitled to vote at General Meetings of the Society.
4. At the General Meeting there may be elected annually a President and a Vice-President.
5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be vested in a Committee consisting of a Chairman, a Secretary/Treasurer, and three other members who shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting.
6. The Committee shall have power to co-opt persons in an advisory capacity.
7. A person may nominate any other member for election to the Committee, subject to the nominee's acceptance.
8. The Committee shall meet once a quarter for the despatch of business, three members forming a quorum, of which one shall be either the Chairman or the Secretary/Treasurer.
9. The Committee shall submit a report and an audited financial statement to the Annual General Meeting.
10. Amendments to the Constitution may be made at an Annual General Meeting or at an extraordinary General Meeting called specifically for that purpose.