



**DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY**

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl. No. U8: 6133: M8 H9 9069

Date of release for loan

Ac. No. 14041

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below.

An overdue charge of Six nP. will be charged for each day the book is kept overtime.

CENTRAL AFRICAN ARCHIVES

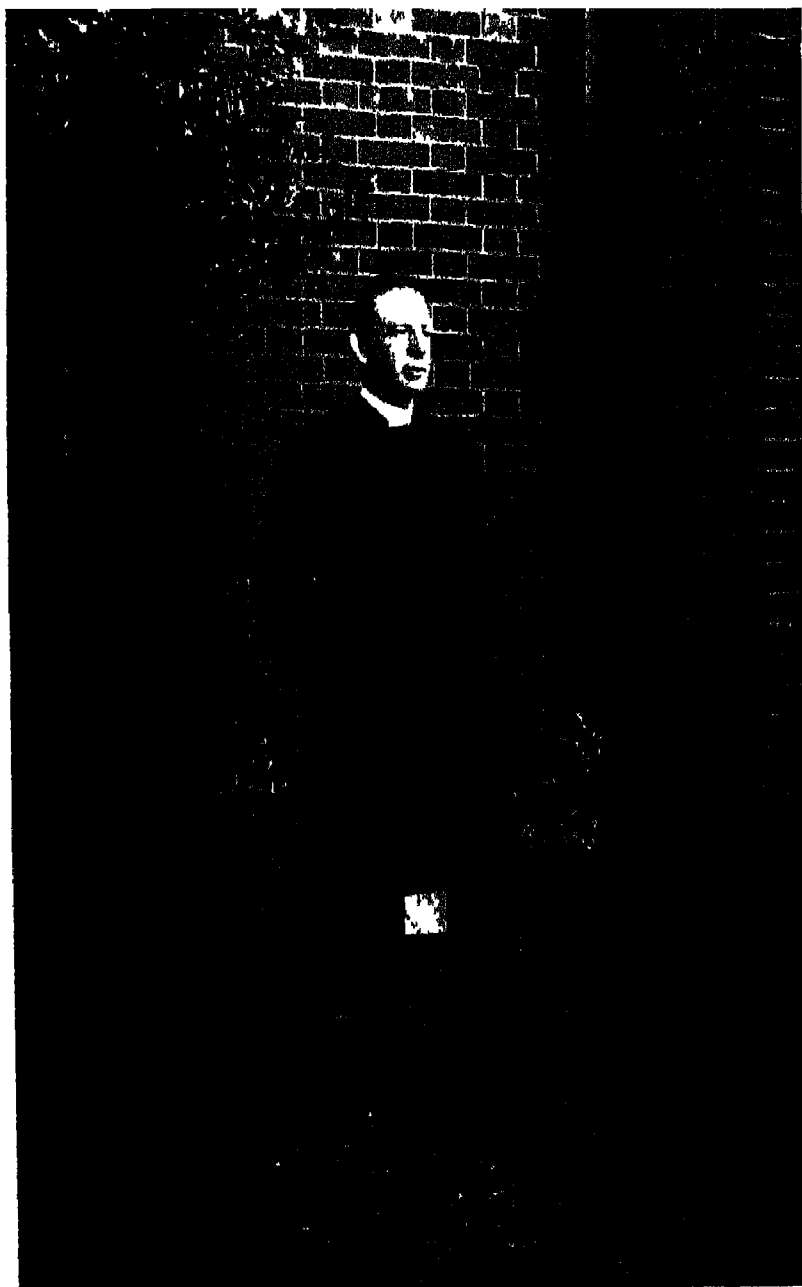
OPPENHEIMER SERIES

NUMBER FOUR

THE OPPENHEIMER SERIES

VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED:

1. *The Matabele Journals of Robert Moffat: Volumes I and II*
2. *The Matabele Mission*
3. *The Northern Goldfields Diaries of Thomas Baines:
Volumes I, II and III*



THE RT REV. G. W. H. KNIGHT-BRUCE, D.D.
from a photograph taken in 1892

GOLD AND THE GOSPEL IN MASHONALAND

1888

being the journals of

1. THE MASHONALAND MISSION OF BISHOP
KNIGHT-BRUCE
2. THE CONCESSION JOURNEY OF CHARLES
DUNELL RUDD

edited respectively by

CONSTANCE E. FRIPP, M.B.E.

AND

V. W. HILLER

LONDON

CHATTO & WINDUS

1949

*Printed for the Central African Archives
at the University Press, Glasgow, by
Robert MacLehose and Company Limited
and published by Chatto and Windus
40-42 William IV Street, London*

Gold and the gospel are fighting for the mastery,
and I fear gold will win.'

DAVID CARNEGIE *of Hope Fountain to*
the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY
15 January 1889

Contents

PREFACE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	PAGE ix
THE MASHONALAND MISSION									
INTRODUCTION	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5
TEXT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
APPENDIX	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	133
THE CONCESSION JOURNEY									
INTRODUCTION	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	149
TEXT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	155
APPENDIXES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	219
BIOGRAPHICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	233
INDEX	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	241

Preface

THE two manuscripts here published, both of which are contained in the Central African Archives, were edited at different times by different persons. When the publication of a further volume in the Oppenheimer Series was under consideration, and it became apparent that a slighter work was needed to follow the three volumes of *The Northern Goldfields Diaries of Thomas Baines*, the choice fell on the journals of Bishop Knight-Bruce. They would carry the story a stage farther, and had already been edited by Mrs C. E. Fripp. Mrs Fripp, who had always been interested in the Colony's history and in the development of its archives, was led to this work by her own enthusiasm, and has given a great deal of time and research to it. I thank her cordially for making publication in this series possible.

The journals by themselves would have made too slight a volume; and as the story of Rudd's mission, which likewise had already been edited, was so closely interlocked with some of the events described by Knight-Bruce, it was decided to include both. Each manuscript had been edited on its own merits, and differences in editorial practice arising out of the different characteristics of the originals still remain: but some adjustment was obviously necessary. The work of re-editing was undertaken by Mr C. G. Allen, Chief Assistant, Central African Archives. The introduction, text and annotations have been revised with a view to the demands of the whole, and notes on persons and places common to both manuscripts have been extracted and placed together. For the patience, care and thought which Mr Allen has devoted to this task I am more than grateful.

It should perhaps be added that it is not the normal policy for any official of the Central African Archives to be engaged in editing historical manuscripts, nor is it the practice of this institution to express any views on historical matters.

V. W. HILLER
Chief Archivist

SALISBURY
SOUTHERN RHODESIA
6th September, 1948

THE MASHONALAND MISSION
OF BISHOP KNIGHT-BRUCE

1888

edited by

CONSTANCE E. FRIPP, M.B.E.

Contents

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION - - - - -	5
TEXT:	
I. LOBENGULA - - - - -	13
II. TOWARDS THE ZAMBEZI - - - - -	19
III. PORTUGUESE SUBJECTS - - - - -	46
IV. RETURN TO THE WAGGONS - - - - -	55
V. FROM THE WAGGON CAMP TO INYATI - - - - -	63
VI. TO BULAWAYO AND HOME - - - - -	90
VII. AFTERTHOUGHTS - - - - -	127
APPENDIX - - - - -	133
GLOSSARY OF NATIVE NAMES - - - - -	143

Illustrations

THE RT REV. G. W. H. KNIGHT-BRUCE, D.D.	-	. Frontispiece
<i>From a photograph taken in 1892</i>		
A PAGE OF THE JOURNAL	- - - -	<i>Facing page 48</i>
MASHONA TRADING AT UMTIGESA'S	- -	<i>Facing page 78</i>
<i>From an original sketch by T. Baines in the album now in the Library of the British Museum (Natural History)</i>		
<i>Reproduced by the kind permission of the Trustees</i>		
EDWARD, THE BISHOP'S CHRISTIAN SERVANT		<i>Facing page 128</i>

Map

THE BISHOP'S ITINERARY	- - - -	<i>Facing page 146</i>
------------------------	---------	------------------------

Introduction

SOUTHERN Rhodesia, though owing its name to Cecil John Rhodes and its inception as a British colony to his forethought and determination, was yet 'made' by missionaries and hunters before his day, in the sense that the crying and urgent need of the native peoples for protection and help became, from their books and reports, slowly known in England. The discoveries of its gold brought gradual infiltration: but it was Rhodes who canalized all these isolated attempts at penetration; and since he was unable to induce the Colonial Office to assume responsibility, he determined to do so himself with the help of his own and his friends' money. This was done through the agency of one of those 'Trading Companies' which had inaugurated so many British colonies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and which were beginning to operate once more in the second half of the nineteenth century.

Bishop Knight-Bruce has affinities with both types of maker, the transient hunter, and the settler missionary. He was, at first, on this 1888 journey, a passing traveller, like the hunters; but he hunted souls, like the missionaries: and he 'settled' in the country himself in 1891.

He first came in 1888, to explore the possibilities of an Anglican mission; for he held strongly that it was not conducive to the successful presentation of Christianity to the heathen that they should have to watch different types of it being offered at the same time in the same area. As is clear from the writings of the Moffats, father and son, already published in this series, and of other members of the interdenominational London Missionary Society, some of the Matabele were already familiar, through their efforts, with at least the fact of the existence of Christianity and had been brought into contact with a religion and a civilization previously undreamed of by them. But even by 1888, in spite of the devoted labours of the missionaries, the Matabele had scarcely even a glimmering of what Christianity and civilization stood for. And the mere seasonal visits of the hunters had done even less. The London Missionary Society had so far concentrated, in their South Central African work, on Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, and by 1888 had penetrated no farther north than Inyati. Between their station at Inyati and those of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa and the Scottish Mission in Nyasaland there lay therefore an untouched field, Mashonaland. True, it was mainly malaria

the Mashona tribes were a downtrodden race, harried and often enslaved by the annual Matabele raids. But Knight-Bruce believed that their condition could be improved; they must therefore be helped and saved.

All this Knight-Bruce, then Bishop of Bloemfontein, determined in 1888 to attempt. In his letter in the *Bloemfontein Quarterly Paper* of April 1888 he says:

‘There is one question that lately has been engaging the attention, from different points of view, of those who can understand the importance of the subject—the future of the country to the north; the statesman, soldier, gold-seeker, and minister of the gospel see the vast consequences that may result from courses of action. It is for us to consider what our responsibilities are, what possibilities there are to prevent evil, to alleviate suffering, to spread truth. One writes:—“It seems to me that much, very much might be done to lessen or even avert the coming troubles, were we in the field before they definitely arise”.

‘The wisdom of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in granting a sum of money for the present attempt to see the possibilities of the country for future Missionary work has been fully borne out by the opinion of practically all who know the subject well. The one white man who may be said to have any real knowledge of the country was the one to recommend the country, and has since spared no trouble to help the undertaking in nearly every way; in no way more than by giving a copy of his map of such part as he has travelled in. A certain amount of uncertainty must exist as to whether the recent differences between the natives and white men, arising from gold-seeking, may cause obstruction in the road that leads towards the north-east; and as these still exist, possibly an additional difficulty may have to be met. However, it is possible that much good may come from this movement on the part of Christianity this year, while, if it were deferred, humanly speaking, an opportunity might be lost that could not be recovered.’

But no journey to Mashonaland was possible without the prior permission of Lobengula, chief of the Matabele. By this time the influx of Europeans, mostly concession-seekers, had begun to be troublesome, the Matabele were suspicious and the chief anxious. The Bishop eventually obtained permission, but by the time he returned to Lobengula's kraal, the granting of the Rudd concession had already started the chain of events which led to the granting of the Charter to The British South Africa Company, the downfall of the Matabele and the founding of what has become the colony of Southern Rhodesia. The granting of powers of government to a commercial company was not what he had hoped for.¹ He unofficially

¹ He was at first strongly opposed to the supply of arms to the Matabele, but later withdrew his opposition. (See Appendix II to Rudd.)

ally and others in official representations¹ had expressed a wish for 'the extension of the Protectorate up to the Zambezi'. But the Colonial Office, like Pope Celestine, 'made the great refusal'. The Charter was still, to Knight-Bruce, the next best thing; and his letter to Lobengula commending to him Rhodes, Rudd and Maguire, seems to point to an early realization that 'the lack of any decisive British policy' could only be redeemed by some such expedient.

At the time of his journey George Wyndham Hamilton Knight-Bruce was 36 years of age. Born in Devonshire on the 23rd of March 1852, he was educated at Eton and at Merton College, Oxford, and ordained in 1876. After a short experience of rural work and a bad breakdown in health he went in 1884 as rector to St. Andrew's Bethnal Green in the slum districts of London, and became chaplain to Bishop Walsham How. When the see of Bloemfontein became vacant, Archbishop Benson instructed Bishop Walsham How to find a successor. The vast diocese was one in which political conditions made such work specially delicate, and Walsham How had some difficulty in finding anyone: eventually he persuaded Knight-Bruce to accept the see. Knight-Bruce was consecrated in St. Mary's Church, Whitechapel, on the 25th of March, 1886.

In 1888 he set out on his journey through Mashonaland. To the journal that he kept he confided his most private thoughts and difficulties: but though he was beset by loneliness and sickness and daily more horrified by all the heathenism and misery around him, yet the general tone is serene and lively. He took no European with him, being unwilling to involve another in his own inevitable risks, as well as unable to afford the additional expense. He had hoped to meet a friend, Richard Foster, somewhere on the Zambezi, but this hope, as we learn from the journal, was not fulfilled.

In January 1891, as the direct result of his journey, Knight-Bruce resigned the see of Bloemfontein to become the first Bishop of Mashonaland, now the see of Southern Rhodesia. The rest of his short life was given to the service of that territory. He started for Salisbury from Beira in March 1891, on foot, wheeled traffic or even horse transport being impossible owing to the prevalence of tsetse fly. Between May and October he walked a further 1,300 miles through his diocese, in spite of constant attacks of malaria, a disease whose origin had not at that time been established.

In December 1891 he went to England, to work hard, not to

¹ In answer to a questionnaire from the Administrator of British Bechuanaland. See *Blue Book*, C. 4839-1886, pp. 73 et seqq.

rest. He addressed many meetings in different parts of the country, collected funds for the work in Mashonaland, and formed a society among his friends to support it. For he realized that the Church, after the British occupation, must work for Europeans as well as for natives, and in such a rough, wild land must help men's bodies as well as their souls. It was with this in mind that he had sent up three pioneer nursing sisters from Kimberley to inaugurate a nursing service in the new country.

He had a specially bad attack of malaria just before leaving for home; but by early 1893 he was back once more in Mashonaland, his organizing work there entailing special hardships, in the shape of more and even longer journeys on foot, owing to horse and cattle sickness, with no transport for stores or small comforts, scanty and poor food and too often the roughest shelter at night, or none at all. That same year he went with the forces which occupied Bulawayo (not, as he was careful to state, 'as a combatant, but as Bishop of the territory in which the War took place') giving up his own waggon to the wounded, walking beside them by day and sleeping beside them at night on the ground, to be near to help them. And he often brought in the wounded of both races under fire.

In 1894 he had blackwater again, and this time came very near indeed to death. He was so much weakened by hardships and illness that much against his will he was sent home. He returned to his ancestral Devonshire, where he worked for a time with the Bishop of Exeter, struggling hard against the doctors' decision that he must never go back to his own diocese. In 1895, however, he was induced to accept the crown living of Bovey Tracey, and shortly afterwards became Assistant Bishop to the Bishop of Exeter. It had been hoped that the moorland air and mild climate might help him, but he died at Bovey Tracey on the 16th of December 1896, after an exceptionally bad and prolonged bout of malaria ending in pneumonia.

This is the bare outline of his career. We need to remember that although keen on shooting and hunting and an excellent shot, it was not from any such love of hunting or exploration as had inspired other men, that he adopted his wild, rough way of life. His always poor health handicapped him greatly; but he continued until even his iron will could no longer compel his worn body to its service. He had an extraordinarily strong sense of duty joined to great courage and endurance. His portrait confirms what we know of him from other sources; that he had a strong intellect and the mysterious gift that we call personality. But in considering his summing up of many dealings with the wild Africans we need also

to remember that the modern knowledge of anthropology and psychology was not open to him. He judged them and their ways of thought (so far as he could make out the latter) from a purely Victorian stand-point. But his innate sympathy with them was strong in spite of his frequent disgust at their savagery—disgust which a modern traveller, equipped with even an elementary acquaintance with the psychology of a primitive race, would not feel.

The original manuscript journal is contained in three note books each of 100 leaves measuring 203×129 mm., ruled on both sides and opening upwards like that of a policeman or reporter. They are stoutly bound in full suede with brass clasps and bear the inscription 'Private. G. W. H. Knight Bruce. 1888.' and the Roman numerals I, II and III. The last thirty-nine leaves of the third volume are blank.

On the upper end paper of the first volume is the following note written in ink by the Bishop, presumably when he sent the journal to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for publication.

This diary was not begun till I came close to Lobengula's kraal in Matabeleland. I started from Mafeking later than I had intended as I had broken my shoulder, and had had to return to Kimberley so that it could be mended. I kept no diary for the first 500 miles, about, after leaving Mafeking. An account of this country will be found in Captain Parker Gillmore's *The Great Thirst Land*, or in Mr. Montague-Kerr's *The Far Interior*, which latter deals also with the Mashona country and the Zambesi Valley, though more to the East.

The map which should accompany this has been worked out by Mr. Duncan, the Surveyor General of Bechuanaland, from observations made by myself.

I see from a paragraph in a Newspaper from Kimberley, copied from a Bechuanaland Paper, today (March 13th)¹ that these maps have been lost while being brought to Kimberley. I have heard nothing about this as yet myself, and am sending the diaries off today (March 13th) without knowing *anything* beyond what this paragraph reports. I enclose the cutting: but request that no allusion as to the loss shall be mentioned in England *in any way*. There is possibly inaccuracy in the report, as I had no jewels, and the journal is here. Possibly the allusion is to the books of observations: and the jewels belonged to some one else.

To the lower is attached the cutting referred to. It is headed 'Loss of Important Papers', and runs:

We (*Bechuanaland News*) hear that His Lordship the Bishop of Bloemfontein has had the very serious misfortune to lose the manuscript of the journal kept by him while journeying in Mashonaland, together with the maps drawn by his

¹ The portions underlined were scored out by the Bishop.

direction through the carelessness of a member of the Bechuanaland Police, between here and Kimberley. The Bishop's manuscripts were enclosed in a casket, which was entrusted to the Police for safe transit, but was lost off the wagon. And the man in charge, instead of reporting the circumstance, endeavoured to hush it up until a searching enquiry led to his confessing that he had missed the casket from his wagon, somewhere between Kimberley and Barkly, he believes. This is a most serious loss. The maps were the only authentic ones of the little known country bordering Matabeleland and the Zambesi, and the Bishop's journal alone would be most valuable. What makes the chance of recovery worse, too, there were a few jewels also in the casket, and if a thief took it he may have destroyed the papers after abstracting the valuables, to avoid detection. We hope the authorities will go to the length of offering a high reward for their recovery.

On the lower page itself is the following note by the Bishop,

'The diary was written entirely on the lower page, and the upper page left blank. Some few notes have been added to explain allusions which would only be understood by myself. These have been added on the upper page. Many allusions have not been explained as being of no interest to anyone but myself.

'It has been written in pencil, as, after the day's work I found it more resting to lie down then to sit up.'

Despite the circumstances under which the journal was written, the small, neat, scholarly handwriting scarcely varies. Even when the Bishop was suffering from malaria and dysentery it shows little evidence of weakness or illegibility.

Various notes and letters of the Bishop on the subject of the journey appeared in the *Bloemfontein Quarterly Paper* between July 1888 and April 1889. In his letter in the April number he states: 'The journal has been sent, as was agreed upon, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and no further account will be published by myself than that contained in this paper'. Before sending it, Knight-Bruce made various deletions and alterations designed to soften the tone of his judgements on others, and also amplified some obscure passages.

The substance of the journal was published in *The Mission Field*, the monthly record of the Society, beginning in July 1889 and ending in December of the same year, under the title: *From Bloemfontein to the Zambesi*. . . . The transcription is not entirely accurate and notes by the Bishop and others are incorporated into the text. In places the verbatim transcription is interrupted by passages in précis, and the portion published does not include the final reflections on the journey.

The map compiled in the office of the Surveyor General of

British Bechuanaland was sent to the Royal Geographical Society. A reproduction on a small scale omitting the part of the return route from Thabas Insimbi to Inyati appeared, together with Knight-Bruce's *Notes of a Journey through Mashonaland in 1889* (sic); in *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* vol. XII, no. 6 pp. 346-352. 1890.

In 1930 the Rev. Fr Osmund Victor, C.R., then Provincial of the Community of the Resurrection in South Africa, into whose care had passed the Knight-Bruce Memorial College at St. Augustine's, Penhalonga, Southern Rhodesia (now St. Augustine's Mission) sought of Mrs Knight-Bruce a relic of the Bishop as a memorial at the mission. Mrs Knight-Bruce presented him with the Bishop's original journal, which was kept at the mission until 1941, when it was deposited for better preservation at the Central African Archives.

The diary is here reproduced verbatim in its entirety, the Bishop's notes being retained as footnotes to the printed text: they are distinguished from editorial notes by the addition of the initials K.-B. Alterations made before sending the diary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have been noted: additions are enclosed in diamond brackets, deletions are underlined. Major corrections made at the time of writing have been accepted without note. The Bishop's spelling of native names has been retained, variants and accepted forms being given where necessary in the list of names following the text. No attempt has been made to modify the diaristic style, except in the few cases where it appears that a word has been accidentally omitted or miswritten: nor has the peculiar spelling been corrected, whether, like *independant*, *wave* for *waive*, *eat* for *ate*, it had traditional warrant, or, like *charachter*, *occasionally*, *immensely* and others, was, apparently, quite arbitrary. Many words customarily written with hyphens are written by Knight-Bruce either as one word or as two: in some cases, owing to the irregularity of the spacing it is difficult to know which is intended; it is indeed possible that the smaller gap may have been meant to take the place of a hyphen. Capitals are open to the same doubt: where they do not differ in shape, a medium-sized letter might equally well be capital or lower-case; but it must perforce be printed as one or the other. All editorial additions are enclosed in square brackets. At the foot of some of the pages are notes of the principal topics, e.g. Matabele, Lobengula, Christian servants, and so forth. These notes have not been reproduced.

The itinerary of Knight-Bruce has been plotted on a modern map from the data in the journals and in the map prepared by the

Surveyor General of British Bechuanaland in 1889. It does not pretend to be more than an approximation, for many of the places mentioned by Knight-Bruce cannot be identified, and the 1889 map is often inaccurate both as to distance and direction. The route to and from Bulawayo, which is substantially the same as Rudd's, is not shown.

I am grateful for many years of interest and of help in my study of Rhodesian history given to me by Mr V. W. Hiller, Chief Archivist, Central African Archives; and for inspiration and instruction gained many years ago from my Oxford tutor, Mr E. I. Carlyle, formerly an assistant editor of the Dictionary of National Biography.

I owe very much to my husband, and also to my late friend Mr J. P. Richardson, first Native Commissioner of Matobo, an authority on Matabele history and tradition. Others, members mostly of the Southern Rhodesia Department of Native Affairs, have very kindly enquired for me among their people into certain native genealogies, local traditions and customs, as well as into the identification of sites. To them also, though I cannot refer to them all here by name, I am very grateful and owe warm thanks. Thanks are also due to Mr C. G. Allen, Chief Assistant, Central African Archives, who read through the entire manuscript and notes.

April 1948

CONSTANCE E. FRIPP

[Section I
LOBENGULA]

Wednesday. May 23rd. We arrived at the Komalo River in the morning. The people of the village near soon knew of our arrival, and brought mealies for barter: some little—some large—basketfulls had to be bartered for separately till our sack was full. The messengers from Lobengulo arrived saying that I could come on, and that the Chief had said that they were each to have a present of a blanket and a bar of lead, which I gave. We arrived in the evening at Emkanwini.¹

Thursday. May 24th. I sent John² to ask the Chief when I could see him, and soon after went with John to the Chief's kraal. I felt that I was in a world of savage heathendom, which was a worse one than I had expected. I left my horse in the outside cattle kraal, and walked into the inner one, saluted him, and waited a short time. Soon he said that I could speak, when I thanked him for having told Mr. Carnegie that I could 'have the way' through his country. He said that he had never said so. I had not expected this. Then there came some questioning and explanation as to who I was: but as John was, I think, rather frightened, and also did not put into Setabele³ the exact sense that I wished to convey, I proposed coming with Mr. Edwards⁴ in the afternoon, which he agreed to. I rode to Mr. Fry's⁵ waggon, where Mr. Edwards was, who settled to ask Mr. Tainton to interpret. In the evening, after the Chief had crawled into his hut, Sir Sidney Shippard's letter and my 'credentials' were read to him: we had a good deal of not very useful conversation, chiefly my explaining that I had no intention of staying in the country now, and that I had not come for gold, and that I had no wish to go anywhere against his wish. I knew that there would be gained no further end by forcing the point, and left.

¹ Enkanwini was the kraal where Lobengulo happened then to be. He stays a certain time at each of his principal kraals, though he never goes beyond the point towards the North where 'the rebels' are said to live—i.e. those who opposed his becoming Chief. This is a part of their punishment. *K.-B.*

² Our party consisted of two Half-castes (Edward and William Jelly); one partly Mozambique and partly Bechuana man (John); 3 men from Khama, all Bechuana; two Basuto (Isaac and William); one man of a tribe allied to the Amatonga: and myself. *K.-B.*

³ Setabele is the name of the Matabele language. *K.-B.*

⁴ Mr. Sam Edwards is the name of an Englishman who has lived for many years in the country, & has been made an 'induna' (chief), such as his own men are, in the Tati district. *K.-B.*

⁵ There were 3 or 4 men now in the country trying to obtain gold-concessions: the first of the dozen or so, who coming some months later at the same time as Sir Sidney, were the cause of the panic. *K.-B.*

I heard that nothing had been heard of Richard Foster.¹ I am so sure that he would be here to meet me had he been alive, that I am convinced of his death. A braver soul has never, I think, passed from this world to the next.

Friday May 25. I did not feel well, and rode to Mr. Edwards to say that I would not go to Hope Fountain: but I much wished to see Mr. Helm, and went. The sight of the Mission House after the little ride of nine miles, in contrast to the Chief's kraal, gave a feeling of the blessedness of Christianity such as I had never understood before. We talked for some time on the customs of the people; a boy was sent back some way to show me the road. I was to have seen the Chief in the evening, but Mr. Tainton was away. I sent a present by John—3 shawls, a folding camp chair, 4 pipes.

Not well.²

May 26. Saturday. I got up for a short time, but lay down, except when I had to get up, for the rest of the day till the afternoon, when as Mr. Helm came over, I walked up to the Chief with him. Standing in the sun, feeling very unwell, vainly explaining and answering questions—the same questions repeated. 'Who do you wish to see,' 'Whose people are they,' 'Will you teach them?' 'What will you teach them?'. I repeated that I would not build or stay in the country, but would come back to him: that I wished to go to the Hanyane River to see such Chiefs as Shipurero, Chuzu, and to see the people by the Sabi River, about the road where Mr. Selous travelled last year. I reminded him of the Administrator's letter, and said that whatever I promised to do that I would keep to—'a kraal is built round the word of a chief';³ he said that I meant to build a house then, and laughed. I then explained that the teachers—the 'mafundisi'—were not rich, as he said. He was goodhumoured towards the end of the interview, but gave no permission for me to go into his country. On leaving I saw two halters which looked like the two which had been stolen off the horses, but I was not sure. On going away Isaac, who had brought Mr. Helm's horse, said he saw my knife on the young Chief, but was afraid to tell me: the boy had been at the waggon asking for a

¹ He was a young man who had 2 or 3 years ago made a very remarkable journey along the Zambesi alone, and had made a proposal to reach Lake Benguele from the Zambesi, & then to meet me at Buluwayo (called Gubuluwayo in the maps). I do not think that he at all anticipated the difficulties which apparently ended in his death. I have the whole, I think, of the correspondence between himself & me on the subject, previously to his sailing for Quillimaine. *My proposal to him was that he should come with me*: but he did not wish this. K.-B.

² For the next week or more Knight-Bruce was suffering from dysentery.

³ Matabele proverb.

present which I had refused. Twice I mentioned to Lobengula about the messengers having asked for lead and blankets, but he would give no answer. No medicine seemed to do me any good: and I could eat scarcely anything.

• May 27th. Sunday. I became very weak, Edward did all he could in helping me to measure out medicine. I tried Chlorodyne, Rubinis Camphor, Laudanum: when I had read of a possibly successful treatment in L.'s or the little medicine book, I made it up—though lying down it was not easy. My men were very quiet, and kept everybody away from the waggon. A little milk was brought. I had intended to have a Service for the 3 or 4 white men near, but I had not even one for my own men.

May 28. Monday. Mr. Helm came over. I felt that if I could get to Hope F. I should get well. Rugs and a coat were put under me, but after about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile, I felt that the waggon would be impossible, and I rode the Basuto pony, walking after the waggon. We arrived soon after dark. They were most kind. I slept in the waggon—a bad night—& the next morning

May 29. Tuesday. I began Dr. Woodhall's treatment—Castor oil—20 drops of Laudanum—then 25 grains Ipecachuana, and four mustard leaves on the stomach. In about 5 hours I was better. I remained in the house & slept on their sofa.

May 30. Wednesday. I lay down nearly all day. Every possible kindness and attention was given me. Never shall I forget the Christian hospitality of these two people: it showed the possibility of 'using hospitality one to another without grudging'. I trust that GOD will prevent a sick person ever being turned from my door.

A boy arrived saying that Gelly was coming on from Miniامي's,¹ but that the long-waggon was broken, and causing trouble. Mr. & Mrs. Helm sat in the room with me: and told me much about the present state of the country. It is a state which could hardly be credited. An 'impi'² has just gone out somewhere—they do not know, till they have gone some way, whom they are to attack. One of the men who had been on a late raid described to him how they surrounded the helpless people, and then dragged them one by one out of the crowd, gave them one stab with the assegai till they had made a heap of dead. They have tied the people in dry grass and set fire to them. The wives of the late Chief Umzilikatze say that 'He was a king: he knew how to kill'.

¹ At the foot of the Mangwe Pass into the Matopo Hills. No traveller could proceed beyond this point without the permission of Lobengula.

² An 'impi' is a detachment of men sent out by the Chief for raiding or other purposes, under the command of an 'induna'. K.-B.

This chief does not kill so much: but he has lately killed or allowed to be killed his own brother & sister on a charge of witchcraft. The chief killing for witch-craft takes place after the Inqwala.¹ Mr. Helm found one old woman under a bush, almost reduced to a skeleton, who had been sent away by her husband, and refused admission by a son and two married daughters, between whose houses she must have wandered about 130 miles (while it was raining continually) without a single blanket. She died two days after he brought her in. It throws a light for me, such as no previous argument has done, on GOD's command to the Israelites to destroy a whole nation—then again there is the one remark of Mr. Edwards that he knew the Basuto when they were worse—this is an argument for hope that allows of no refutation.

May 31. Thursday. I lay down all day except for a short walk when the buckwaggon came in. I am almost well: the feeding and care have, under GOD, done this. Jelly travelled lazily I think, taking 11 days where we took a little over 6. The long waggon is broken. At night we had prayers, when the good Missionary asked GOD to bless my Mission to the Mashonas. Afterwards his wife said 'what a blessing it would be if I could establish one among them—they were so clever'.

June 1st. Friday. I bought 2½ muids² of mealies, made arrangements for mending longwaggon, then rode with Mr. Helm to see the Chief. I seemed to satisfy him on all points except that I could not give the names of the little chiefs whom I wished to see: I do not know whether he cares to know, or only asks to cause delay. This entails another ride of 18 miles tomorrow, and I did not like the one today: but I am much stronger. The care and food here are making me quite well: they have given me their only sitting room to sleep in. I gave the Chief a bridle for the gourd which William broke.

June 2nd. Saturday. Mr. Helm and I rode to Lobengula. It was early, and he seemed cold, which made us think it best to come later on. After breakfast at Mr. Fry's waggon, we went up again, but had to wait a long time while some discussion was taking place. I gave him a list of the chiefs whom I wished to see—Magondi, Pendoro, Shipurero, Chikasi, 'Mchesa (whom he said had been there and was dead), Inyamwenda, Sadza, Gomero, Goto, Gwi-

¹ The Inqwala is the dance of the Firstfruits, which takes place in the immense cattle kraal at Buluwayo in about February. The men come in full fighting dress. I do not know whether a full description of it has ever been given. *K.-B.*

² Dutch and Afrikaans: *mud*. A Dutch measure of capacity containing roughly three bushels.

rimba, Sipiro, Umtigesa, Chilimanzi. Then began a long questioning—'Who had told me of the country?' I said that Mr. Selous¹ had first told me about the country. 'Was not *he* (Lobengula) the proper person to say if teachers were wanted, and to send for them' etc etc etc. He was reminded that I had come relying on his word that I might 'have the road through his country', but he said that he had only said that I could come and talk about it. I asked that I might travel through his country as an ordinary traveller to see the country; he said that all countries were the same. I said that I would rob his country of nothing: that what I shot for food on the road I would give him a present for when I returned. He asked what; I said, a horse.² I have been careful not to offer anything as a bribe <directly> or present for allowing me to go. I then said that I offer this so that he may see that I wish to take nothing from his country. He then said that he did not wish me to go, and that he was tired, and began to tie on his monkey tail.³ The conversation had taken a considerable time, and had been the more wearying from some of his people joining in the argument, and applauding his remarks when they saw which view he took, which, under other circumstances, would have been intensely ludicrous: but the painfulness of the position was very much predominant. No further end would have been gained by staying, and we rode home. I can think of nothing more that can be done to allow me to go. He has always refused permission for a Mission to be established among the Mashona, but since he had given me *permission* to go, I concluded that he had intended to allow me a passage, influenced by Sir Sidney Shippard's letters. Apparently his fear that the subject tribes, whom he raids upon, should be taught makes him put aside all other considerations. I think it possible that he may not wish me to go where the raiding 'impi' who lately started, have gone. Mr. Selous thought that he would not wish me to know of the cruelties which his people commit in Mashonaland. Unfortunately, up to almost the present, except in the case of the Missionaries and a few others, a white man is to him neither an object of respect nor fear: & I do not think he

¹ Mr. Selous is probably the best known 'hunter' in this district: & had, previously to this journey, gone farther to the North *in this direction* than any other white man: & knows more about the Mashona than any one else who is not a native—*far* more than I do. *K.-B.*

² The horse would never be ridden, for Lobengula himself was too fat to ride and no-one else would be allowed to do so.

³ A kilt of strips of monkey-skin twisted into the semblance of tails was worn by all adult male Matabele, from the time of joining a regiment. A special kilt made of the skin of the Samango monkey was worn by Mzilikazi and Lobengula.

intends to allow him farther into the country than he is of use to him; even in this question of the gold, he seems divided between a wish to get payment for concessions, and a horror of opening his country; so as yet no right to dig gold has been given, except on the very border far south of this.¹

It would be strange if they had much respect for the white man. It is thought here that only about one out of ten of those who died, have *not* died directly or indirectly from the effects of drink.

What the opinion of the people as to the white men would have been, had it not been for the presence of the Missionaries, may be imagined. Probably *this* chief would not have allowed *even these* in the country had not Umzilikatze² brought them.

I feel that these journeys are not good for me: I took 25 grains of Dover's Powders, and put on two mustard leaves. Symptoms rather bad today.

I think that the real reason of Lobengulo disliking my going into the country was given by one of the traders in almost these words—'He knows that if you settle anywhere that it is "goodbye" to marauding there'.

June 3rd. Sunday. Isaac, Edward, and I had the H. Communion Service together before breakfast. Afterwards I had Service for John, Gelly, Edward, Isaac, William, Bill: also Mrs. Helm. In afternoon Mr. Helm had asked me to hold Service for everyone, which I did—five white men, besides Mr. and Mrs. Helm and my own men coming. It was a very peaceful day, and I think that the rest did me good. I should not wish to pass another day such as last Sunday.

June 4th. Monday. I had intended to ride over and see Lobengula, but it was thought best for me not to ride. I had given up hope of being allowed to carry out my original plan, and mapped out another route to the N.W. This delay is very wearying—the more so as I know that my time is limited. Mr. Helm and I arranged & packed the medicine boxes nearly the whole of the day. I gave him some.

June 5th. Tuesday. Mr. Helm and I rode to the Chief's to say that I wished to leave the country, but by the N.W. path:³ but I thought that indirectly I would try again. He was in his Mealie

¹ Known as the Tati Concession, granted to Sir John Swinburne in 1872. The area granted was bounded by the Shashi and Ramaquabane rivers, the Tati flowing between. The present administration is at Francistown, some thirty miles further up the Tati than Old Tati.

² Umzilikatze was Lobengulo's father, & one of the Zulu King Chaka's Generals, who founded what is called the Matabele kingdom. *K.-B.*

³ The road through Pandamatenka to Barotseland and the Victoria Falls.

Fields. The men had just carried his corn—they were passing away like a long stream of ants, each carrying a bag on their heads, up the opposite rise. We walked with him back to his kraal. Fortunately it was practically empty. I waited till he had done his business, and then said that 'I thought there was no further use in my staying in the country: that he received two letters from Sir Sydney Shippard, that he had not listened to them, that I had come because I had understood that he "gave me the road" through his country, that now he would not give it: that I did not wish gold, that I had promised to give a salted horse in return for what would be shot in his country—for my men would eat'. He then asked where I wished to go: I said, *Zumbo*. He said that I could go. I then asked if I might come round by the Sabi River, the road that Mr. Selous had come. He hesitated, but soon said 'You will see how you will go', which Mr. Helm said had the meaning of, 'You will see when you get there how you can go'. Then he said that I should have to travel fast if I wished to make the journey. He was in a different humour to what I had seen him in before. I attributed it to a great degree to his being alone. Mr. Helm thought that he had been considering the subject. I went out of the kraal a very much happier person than I had entered it, and rode home, and began the packing of the waggon. Jelly had been drinking native beer till he was stupid:¹ John was away—I had allowed him to go and see his parents.² Edward had bought a large supply of mealies—7 bags—chiefly for Salempore,³ and blue limbo:⁴ they took a little white.

[Section II

TOWARDS THE ZAMBEZI]

June 6th. Wednesday. After long delay, we started. I called Jelly in and spoke to him. I told him that I would not have such conduct—that I was not a trader. He said that he had come so far with me that he did not wish to leave me, and promised that he would behave better. Bill said that he knew the road, which ended in our getting when it was dark, and there was no moon, among

¹ This was the first and last time that I saw any of my men affected by drink: and Jelly was not *tipsy* on this occasion. *K.-B.*

² He had gone to get permission to go with me by the N.W. road. This was refused but he was allowed to come when I went by the original plan. *K.-B.*

³ Salempore is striped soft material made for native trade. *K.-B.*

⁴ 'Limbo' is the trade name for all calico. *K.-B.*

rocks on the top of a koppie, when I guided with a lantern. The little span pulled admirably, dragging the buckwaggon over a very large rock, and Edward said that the first four could not pull, as they were tumbling about among the rocks in front. We outspanned and waited for light, so that we could see Thabaqinduna,¹ and make for it.

June 7th. Thursday. We made straight for the mountain; under it John met us. My tracheometer² measurements had been made useless by our leaving the road. The donkeys goats and sheep were lost in the dark. A messenger arrived from Mr. Helm asking me to send back the cow, as the native who once had owned it said that he had never been paid by the man who sold it to Mr. Helm—he also asked me to turn back if I suffered from dysentery. The country between Hope Fountain and Iniati is very bare and uninteresting.

June 8th. Friday. We arrived at Iniati after two long treks: the two white men visited the waggon. George Martin, a God-fearing man, saying that nothing could be done with the Matabele till they had been beaten: then speaking of the cruelties still practised; that he had seen Lobengula thrust a burning stick into a boy's eye for losing his cattle;³ and how when he was in the chiefs kraal, on another occasion, he had set some of his boys to kill three messengers who had brought information, but one escaped. Two mahoolies⁴ and one dog had been poisoned accidentally by a trader; 'Never mind the mahoolies,' said the chief, 'how about my dog?' Many suicides occur. The fever is sometimes bad here in March and April. The sheep, goats, but only 8 donkeys arrived: two men go back tomorrow to find the other two.

I think that two of the largest doses of chlorodyne has done me good, though I am not bad: I felt that I was not quite well yet.

June 9th. Saturday. I had intended to start early: & had bought three sheep and two cows, when the axle tree of my waggon was seen to be broken. It was spliced with a large bar of iron, and I remained to pass Sunday here. I am much relieved by John coming with me. His parents refused to allow him to go by the N.W. road. I also engaged a man from the N.E. district who had

¹ Thabaqinduna is a mountain (Thaba) where a large number of chiefs (induna) were killed by order of Moselikatze. *K.-B.* [In the vicinity of the present city of Bulawayo. The derivation is now disputed. *Ed.*]

² The trocheometer, trochometer or trechometer is an instrument for recording the revolutions of a waggon-wheel, and so measuring the distance travelled.

³ There are more revolting stories than these. *K.-B.*

⁴ 'Mahoolies' are slaves who have been captured as children. *K.-B.*

been with Mr. Montagu Kerr.¹ He was *said* to have been to the Zambesi with him: but as his book says that everyone deserted him before that, this was only the common 'façon de parler'. My one man who *really* came from beyond the Zambesi² has hurt his foot, and been useless for some days—an Amatonga.³ The hardness of these people is astonishing. He had travelled for hundreds of miles⁴ without any covering whatever—he had left the only one he had with his wife. At night he baked himself between two fires, always carrying a fire stick. His two front teeth had been knocked out, according to the custom of his tribe.⁵ Mr. Rees, the London Missionary, at this, the last outpost of Christianity towards the N, hoped that I would use his house in passing up and down: but I fear that the time has hardly come for Lobengula to allow this, and he claims 'as far as his father's spears went'—i.e. to the Zambesi. He had been on Lake Tanganika, having walked from Zanzibar. He said that the Roman Catholics Mission there bought children to educate, which the people did not like. They were remonstrated with by a trader in this country for bartering on Sunday: & some do not seem to have a good character for truthfulness. Khama would not have them at all in his country. I believe that they had a station, now abandoned, on the Zambesi, away to the west, near the Victoria Falls. They now have a station near Minyami's on the road to Tati. They seem to be brave & most devoted men;—two went to Umzila's kraal,⁶ and died there; one—Law—seems to have

¹ He had recently made a journey to the Zambezi and down to its mouth, but, deserted by his carriers, died soon after his return from the effects of the consequent hardships and starvation.

² 'To the Zambesi' is a term used by people in South Africa and means little. It seems to imply in many cases that the man has travelled somewhere to the north of Shoshong. Again, the Zambesi at the Victoria Falls is easy to get to by a well known road. Probably far better information on the more northerly part of South Africa could be obtained in England than here, except some special traveller were met with. *K.-B.*

³ He was not a true Matonga (Amatonga is the plural): but of some cognate tribe whose name I forget. *K.-B.*

⁴ This is incorrect. He had on this journey only come from Matabeleland, though originally he had come from beyond the Zambesi. I found him in Bechuanaland. *K.-B.*

⁵ This custom was still found among the Batonga in 1935 but was reported to be less prevalent than formerly. (F. W. T. Posselt: *Fact and Fiction*, pp. 37, 38.)

⁶ 'Umzila's kraal' is the Gaza country. Umzila was the *late* chief. I have retailed what I heard: but have learned more about this country since writing this: & doubt whether any European (with one exception, Vincent Erskine) has been *into* the heart of the country. A man is said to have been invited by the *present* chief on account of some kindness which he did him—the man very probably being the same gold seeker about whom there is a story to the effect that he was not killed by the late chief Umzila

been an honourable Englishman—but when will they, as a Church, understand that the Kingdom of the Truth cannot be advanced by lies? What strange ideas they must have of GOD Almighty to suppose that HE allows good to grow out of evil. In Basutoland they seem to be equally powerless, where the complaint is made against them that they give in to Heathen Customs.

June 10. Sunday. A very happy day. Service at Mr. Martin's in the morning and evening: the afternoon I spent with Mr. Rees, the London Missionary. He gave me valuable advice as to fever, having suffered a great deal himself. Finished and packed letters. Mr. R. hoped that I would always use his house in passing up and down. I fear that he does not quite realise the difficulties of a Mission to Mashonaland. Though I believe the Matabele power to be very inferior to the passed Zulu power, yet it seems hard not to agree with Mr. Selous, that nothing will be done with them without a war. But again, though not one convert can be pointed to, the Mission, established by Dr. Moffat,¹ has affected the thought of the country, yet not so as to alter the outward rule. How far they really believe in their own invincibility it would be hard to say. Lobengula once stopped Mr. Sykes when he alluded to the King of All the Earth, not wishing his people to hear.

June 11. Monday. I sold 'the Slug' to Mr. Martin for £20. It took me a long time to make up my mind to sell him—he never shook me if I was not well, but the money was worth a great deal to me, and I considered him a luxury; he was a different pony to what he was when I gave £4 for him. The bush of the buckwaggon² broke down soon after starting; it was foolish of me to trust Van Royen. Edward went back to Mr. Rees—my waggon went on to the water, and a wheel was brought back on a bough to carry the broken waggon there. I walked on, and went out to shoot some small birds—I was afraid of eating any meat yet—and I lost myself. I nearly always took compass bearings when leaving camp alone,

owing to his son the present Chief having been cured of some illness by him. This man would make the second white one *for certain*. The two Roman Catholic Priests may have been there: but the names of countries are very carelessly used. I *think* that I was distinctly *told* that they died *at* the kraal. The 7 men who went *towards* this country last year, 5 of whom died, are said to have been there, and elsewhere I have stated what I heard; but the two survivors turned back some way to the S.E. of the kraal, on the margin of a large swamp through which they would have had to have waded up to the chest so as to reach the kraal eventually. I have just heard (March 7th. 1889) that the man who was said to be on his way again to Umzila's kraal—the man alluded to above—has returned, not having gone into the country. I had been waiting to hear from this man. K.-B.

¹ Inyati mission, established by Robert Moffat.

² A hooded or tilt-waggon.

but today I thought I could follow the little dry river. After going some way I crossed it and went from it, and returned, as I thought to it, and followed it back: it broke up into little streams and gullies, and I was perfectly confused. I thought that I was so sure of the direction of the camp, that twice I walked some way towards it, but came back; as I saw that the general course of the river was in a different direction, and I was afraid of leaving even the sand river, and my mouth was becoming dry. Twice I tried to find the place where I had crossed, & made up my mind to follow the river according to the right bank, as I concluded that that *must* bring me back. After going some way, I found that the stream, when it *did* run, ran in the opposite direction. I then knew that I was hopelessly lost: I dug a hole in the sand, and found some water, and then struck into a cattle path, making up my mind to follow it, in whatever direction it led me. It was almost dark, and I had no idea where I was walking to. I do not think that any of the 'accidents' of travelling is equal in unpleasantness to this position, and to the feeling that my head might go;¹ and I remembered how soon a man had died of thirst—then the nights were very cold and long, and I was hardly well yet. When I began to follow the track I felt less stupid and dazed, and when I saw another path join it, I made sure that I should reach a village or cattle post sooner or later. A hill in front confused me, for when in the morning a man had climbed a tree to find some mark by which I could map the road, he reported only a sea of trees as far as he could see. But I *did* come to a kind of village, and I thanked GOD very sincerely. After some time I explained that I could give as much calico as would go round his waist four times if he would bring me to the waggon road,² or my waggon; I also tried to explain that I wanted some water: first they brought some snuff, and then some water in a large & dirty tobacco pipe. I was not very clear as to where they would lead me to, till I saw rockets going up from my waggon straight in front: soon I heard a shot, and then met Jelly who had ridden towards my last shot. I was very much pleased with the way in which they behaved. Isaac seems to have been in great anxiety: Edward, as usual, had known what to do; & when he was sure that I was found began to get food ready.

¹ Altered from 'I do not think that I felt exactly fright at so much as a horror of this position and that my head might go. . .'

² Waggon roads between Bulawayo and Mashonaland were few, and were described in 1885 as 'little better than hunting tracks'. (*Blue Book*, C. 4643-1886, p. 123.) Lobengula insisted that travellers should keep to existing roads, and objected to the cutting of fresh ones.

The admirable London Missionary at Iniati had lent me his own waggon for my whole journey; this is certainly the greatest act of kindness that I have met with in Africa. I wrote back to Van Royen saying that I wished my old waggon returned on the ground that the one he sent me was useless.

June 12. Tuesday. The changing of the load, measuring of the wheels for new 'bushes' prevented our starting till about 4 p.m. A pack of wild dogs chased our dogs. Our two lost donkeys had been brought back in the morning.

June 13. Wednesday. The only way of mapping the road was to climb up the koppies that stood near the road. One range was fantastically beautiful, and the huge boulders looked as though some baby-Titans had been playing with them as bricks. In one place four single ones stood one on the top of the other. Climbing them reminded me that I had not two sound arms: but I think that improvement continues. Our one Matabele man¹ asked Edward for a blanket, which he was told that he could not have, when he said that he would kill Edward—that he had killed twenty Mashona. There is one Mashona travelling with us: he seems very helpless and stupid: one of the dogs has bitten him twice. We stopped for the night some two hours and a half after passing the Sangwe River. The Mashona make a small musical instrument, which they play with their fingers. I heard one today.

June 14th. Thursday. We made but two treks to the Vungu River, where there was some difficulty in dragging the buckwaggon out, taking about 1½ hours, and breaking 10 skeys. As now we begin only to travel by day, we had short prayers before going to bed. We were a representative gathering—three half-castes, three Bechuana, one Matabele, one Mashona, one Matonga, two Basuto. The Batonga told me afterwards that the Bashukolumpo² were hospitable, and would treat strangers well, and were glad to see the white man. He could not have meant any other tribe as he described their peculiar headdress—or rather way of dressing the hair.³

June 15. Friday. Jelly had packed the boxes badly, so that a good deal of delay was caused from their breaking. The last three sheep were allowed to stray, and were not found again. The 'bush' of my waggon has broken; and this will be a perpetual

¹ Sekomi. *K.-B.*

² This was the tribe which afterwards killed Mr. Selous men, & took his things. *K.-B.*

³ They grow their hair very long, and make it into a kind of cone-shaped erection. There is a picture of them in Dr. Livingstone's first book. He never seems to have been through their country, but to have met some on the border. Mr. Selous (no doubt correctly) calls them Mashukulumbwe. There is a long account of his escape in the *Field Newspaper* of November 3rd. 1888. They live directly to the West of Zumbo. *K.-B.*

anxiety for the rest of the journey in this country. It is strange to remember on how small a thing, the success of a journey may, under God, depend. If this 'bush' comes out the waggon is useless.

The 'impi' has passed by. Their 'spoor' was seen turning out of the road before they met us. The 'indunas' are said to do this to avoid the meeting with a white man. I am very much relieved at its having passed.¹ We have not met a single person all day. We encamped at the Gwelu River. The men refused to fetch water at night for fear of lions. When I told them to give me the cask to go myself, then they said that they would all go, and that I was not to trouble myself; but still they said that 'they had not come here to be "thrown away"', and I took three and two followed afterwards—Edward, though it was not his work, thinking it his duty to be where I was, I think.

I am taking a good deal of Ipecechunana, which sometimes makes me feel very sick. I am afraid of attempting to ride out to look for meat.

June 16th. Saturday. The tracheometer was broken by a tree, which will put the measurements out. I stayed behind with two men to look for a harte-beest, and then rode back to get an observation from a koppie near the Ingurnia River. The grass was in some places higher than my head when on a horse. I think that the lazier among the men wished to stay here over Sunday: but the delays had been incessant and most irritating: for about two hours there was daylight, and the 'trek' was finished by moonlight. The stream was perfectly dry. No human being was seen all the day. The road, in some parts, is very beautiful, though generally flat. There are glades in places, but the latter part today has been through trees, looking not unlike a wood in Surrey, but without the beauty of detail which always seems wanting in S. Africa. Trees had been cut down along the road by the Mashona, so as to reach the large white & black caterpillar, which they allow to dry, and then roast, and eat whole, or pound as meal. One tree, the Macoona (Dutch name), in Setabele, *Whomcoona*; in Seshona, *Whomoocha*;² is very

¹ I thought that possibly this 'impi' might have been used by Lobengulo if he had not wished me to go farther. I remembered that he had not said any word of farewell to me (though this may have been a mistake): & there was a similarity between both myself & Captain Patterson being allowed to go into the country after repeated requests. Captain Patterson had certainly threatened him, which I did not: & was killed with all his party, including Mr. Thomas, the Missionary's son, about 2 days journey, I believe, from Iniat. K.-B.

² *Parinarium mobola*, in English Hissing tree, in Sindebele mbola or mkuna, in Chishona muhacha or muchakata. A large handsome tree with spreading branches, rough bark, dark leaves glossy on the upper side and hairy underneath. The small, brown, plum-like fruit is much eaten by natives.

large, and, unlike most S. African trees, to our eyes, beautifully shaped: handsomer than most oaks. The leaves of many of the trees are falling, some few are getting autumn tints: others show scarcely a sign of decay. The grass, in the open, which would be exquisitely beautiful in colour if it were not for its monotony, is waiting for the first fire to disappear, and leave room for the young shoots. In parts it has been burnt. As the last 'trek' was being made, one of the boxes holding tinned provisions fell from the waggon, and on striking the ground went 'abroad'—over the ground. 'Jelly' had a ready excuse—I wish that he were as ready at every thing else.

June 17th. Sunday. We had to make one 'trek' to reach water, but as we did this by 7.30 a.m., little of the Sunday was broken into. After the Sunday washing and cleaning we had our Service, and almost forgot that we had made the early 'trek' at all. Edward and Isaac stay after the others are gone, and we have more of the Morning Service. Camp Sundays are peaceful days, and though I am very anxious to get on, they seem in no way to retard us. While walking back from taking a survey from the nearest hill, we saw where a lion had killed a bastard-eland¹ in the tambookie grass;² some of it near the waggon is over 9 ft. in height. A honey-bird came to the waggon to shew where the honey was, but it led the men too far, and they came back³. The Zaloba River, near which we are, runs constantly, though only a little brook. The days are very warm, while the nights are very cold, more especially towards sunrise. This rapid alternation of heat and cold is given as one of the causes of dysentery.

June 18th. Monday. Sekomi led me round to get meat, but none was obtained. I followed a honey-bird till it stood over the nest: it had been to the waggon once before in the morning. They were standing near the Whoi-Whoi River. Isaac asked Edward how long I should be away when we left the waggons, and began to walk. Edward thought about 3 months; Isaac replied, 'We shall all die.' No human being was seen all the day.

June 19. Tuesday. I went a long round and brought back a duiker.⁴ The waggons were outspanned at the Sebakwe River—a very beautiful stream. A strange instance of the force of habit was

¹ The Dutch name for Roan antelope. *K.-B.*

² The tallest of the Rhodesian grasses, growing particularly in vleis and other damp places.

³ The honey-guides, a family of birds allied to the woodpecker, with four known Rhodesian species, derive their name from their habit of leading the way to the nests of wild bees, on whose grubs they feed.

⁴ A duiker is a very small antelope. *K.-B.*

seen in the two natives who were with me digging holes in the sand for water though the stream was apparently most perfectly clear and clean.

We are continually crossing the track of the 'impi'. As far as I can understand Sekomi they have raided on some town to the north of this, and killed the chief. He did not seem to consider the killing of Mashona as anything serious. This naturally makes the Mashona treacherous and revengeful, and naturally painful stories exist of what they have done when opportunity occurred.

We are not able to go by the straight track (which is now lost) towards the north, as the rivers are impassible at the old ford: above are rocks, below is the Tsetse Fly. Mr. Selous and George Wood found the Pass over the Machaba Hills, where we cross.

We are now making a third fire at night in front of the oxen,¹ where some of the men sleep. They come to prayers most willingly at night, and we have the Lord's Prayer in Sesuto. We saw for the first time one of the palm family between 30 and 40 ft. high, called Ilala in Setabele.² We have seen no one. We have passed the last Matabele town. There is one Seshona town up the River. All this country was once well populated with Mashona, but the Matabele have killed, captured, or driven them away.

June 20. Wednesday. I rode round and met the waggons at the Pass in the Machaba Hills. They nowhere seem to attain to any great height, and are but thinly dotted with trees. A kind of palm grew in a dark grove formed of Amahuti (S)³ trees, which had branches 10 ft, 8 in in length, and thorns some 3 or 4 inches.⁴ The maiden-hair fern also seemed to do well. We saw no one.

June 21. Thursday. We crossed the Umniati River, in which crocodiles are said to be numerous. The Rivers of sufficient size have, as far as can be seen in crossing them, the same characteristics from Iniati to here—sandy and stony bottom, steep broken banks, reeds and bushes: they are larger as we travel farther north, though it would be hard to give any correct idea of their size owing to the

¹ On account of lions. K.-B.

² *Hyphaene ventricosa* or mulala, a palm averaging about 45 feet high, with long leaves armed with thorns. Also called vegetable ivory palm from the hard white kernels of the seeds. The natives make wine from the sap.

³ (S) stands for Setabele—the Matabele language. K.-B.

⁴ Subsequently I obtained the Setabele names of 52 species of trees growing in Matabeleland & Mashonaland. K.-B.

The 'amahuti' tree is the mukute or waterboom, a name applied to two species of *Syzgium* or *Eugenia*. It grows in damp soil and reaches a height of 30 to 40 feet.

The palm is more difficult to identify: it seems most likely that it was another specimen of the mulala, and that Knight-Bruce did not recognize it as the same tree as he had seen the previous day. Strictly speaking, no palm has branches, but the long leaf-stalks of the mulala might be so termed. Ed.

stream varying in breadth according to the nature of the ground that it passes. The Umniati is perhaps 20 ft broad, where it is 4 ft deep; & this is the dry season. At about sunset the sky is, with very small intervals covered with clouds, which pass away—and yet there is not the remotest chance of rain. Between the rivers and brooks the ground is arid in the extreme, though the grass is still green enough in places to resist the grass-fires. The cattle prefer feeding on the anthills on account of the moisture thrown up by the ants making the grass better. This is nearly all 'sour grass' which in time loosens the oxen's teeth.

June 22. Friday. We crossed the Umgezi River this morning. Very large anthills—made by the small red ant—stand near it on the Northern bank; one, roughly measured, seemed to be about 16 ft high, and 24 ft in breadth at the base. While a mile or more ahead of the waggons with Sekomi, I met the first people for some time—four Matabele hunting. Sekomi at first said that they were Mashona, and would kill him: and John told me afterwards that had four Mashona met him alone they would have killed him. The 'impi' reached ?'s town (which is about one day on foot up the Umfuli River from the ford where (D.V.) we shall cross it), killed the Chief [*blank in MS.*]¹—they had killed his father [*blank in MS.*] some time ago—killed all the men, and the old women who could not walk, and took the women and boys and cattle back to Matabeleland. This must have happened about a fortnight ago. We lost their track about a day ago, which would have been about the point where they turned off. As we were waiting for the waggons Sekomi and the Matabele were speaking about it: to him it seems to be something far removed from anything serious—rather something to be laughed at. The men have followed us for food: their 'skerm' is admirably neat and comfortable. The fire acts as a kind of door. It would be hard to realise the abundance of firewood, where trees of nearly all sizes lie untouched where they fall, and few seem to attain to any great age or size. Birds are very scarce: the most noticeable is perhaps the green parrot which flies in small flocks. The Zweswy River, which we crossed this evening is a very small stream.

June 23. Saturday. While riding in front I met Count Schweinitz; who travelling with Mr. Dunn are the only white men in the country this year. While at the Umgezi R. the 'impi' had passed them going in, when even Matabele men¹ hid away through the day, saying that the 'impi' would kill anyone. They met them coming out, when they said that they had killed some headmen, but

¹ Those belonging to the Count's waggons. K.-B.

it seemed hard to gather anything from their different accounts. They hid away the cattle and captives—women and children—in the bushes. The waggons went on to the stream about 4 hrs. away—I and Count Schweinitz, who stayed the night, rode on—a full moon showing the track. He is clever, and very well informed—having read the most of Kingsley's books: he praised the Crown Prince highly, and expected greater results from his reign than from the present Emperor—if he be alive.¹ We talked a good deal on the inspiration of the Bible; and I was glad to be able to shew the fallacy of the childish falsehood that Roman Catholicism was gaining any hold on the English people. We had had Quagga soup for dinner. Not a Mashona has been seen—they seem to have been frightened away by the 'impi'.

June 24. Sunday. Count Schweinitz stayed for our Morning Service and was on the point of returning when his waggons came. The boy who did not wish to leave us last night on the road on account of the lions, had made this mistake. It was a pleasure to have them near, and at the Evening prayers some of their men came over, making fifteen in all present. There is not the slightest difficulty in getting the men to prayers, and they behave most reverently; in the evening, and on weekdays we stand in a circle round the fire. Count Schweinitz does not hunt on Sunday. Sunday is beautiful enough in itself: and next to having the loved ones at home, that which most seems to enhance the beauty is the company of a religious educated gentleman—are we being forced to believe that they are scarce? It is possibly only the need of the proper teacher to call out an immense latent religion to view, which on account of the English character shallow souls do not believe in. One thing which will bury it farther, till GOD only knows how hard it will be to bring it to light, is ecclesiasticism. We all look so clean and nice on Sunday by the time the Service begins. We saw no one.

June 25th. Monday. Wilhelm has burnt a large piece out of his blanket from sleeping almost in the fire for fear of the hyænas. He is said to go to sleep while he is eating: also to have been eating Quagga on and off all yesterday—and the first thing this morning.

I rode round with the Count, and saw two Ostriches, which I left alone as there is only a small part eatable; and I would not, in any case, touch them, as they represent part of the money of the country.

¹ Presumably by 'Crown Prince' is meant the Emperor William II; by 'the present Emperor', the Emperor Frederick III. Frederick III acceded on 9 March 1888 and died on 15 June of cancer, but his death would not yet have been known to Count Schweinitz and Knight-Bruce.

Our fires have just set the grass on fire, and a wind has driven the flames in the direction that we wish to go. The Lundaza River is now running parallel with the road—it is perhaps the prettiest river that we have yet seen—in places like a Scotch mountain stream, in others still and clear like a Wiltshire brook. A high reed grows on the banks, and in the small reaches a white & a lilac water-lily. I rode away from the road and joined it again at the Umfule ford, in time to see the buck-waggon upset down the opposite bank; had I been five minutes earlier it could have been prevented. It was almost upset again coming out of the river. The stream is much larger than the Lundaza, but of the same character. Everything seems so still and peaceful that it is hard to realize that a horrible massacre took place but three weeks ago some 20 miles up the stream.

June 26th. Tuesday. The fog and mist that rises from all the lowlying damp ground in the numbing cold of the mornings before the Sun has risen, is a strange contrast to the dry heat of the day. Nearly the whole of the ground that has been passed today, owing to its consisting of a black sticky soil must be a morass in the rainy season: for the earth is split open in all directions from the action of the Sun on the mud, and in some places there are frequent holes some two feet deep—possibly more, and two to four feet wide, which apparently have retained the water for some time, for there is a luxuriant growth of high grass round them. The only part of the country which might be free from fever in Summer would be the

very high ground.

I shot a bastard-eland after a quick gallop of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It was a very large one, and will last the men for some time.

Just as I am writing a large animal that we think must have been a hyæna came prowling near the front oxen at about 80 yds. I shot it, but it got up and ran off, and there being only a dim moonlight, we cannot see far. I am most afraid of our donkeys being attacked. We slept at the Kalangwe stream.

June 27th. Wednesday. The road runs for some three miles after leaving the high ground through a valley in which runs the *Saluè* River. Selous puts the *Saruè* and *Simbo* Rivers in his map, but these are the names that Sekomi told me, and I questioned very carefully. The path leaves the valley through a pass in the Magueta Hills,¹ and then passes through one long wood, broken now and again by grassy glades with a brook that runs in the rainy season.

¹ The 'Magueta Hills' would appear to be those east of the railway line near Makiro siding.

There has been little change in the trees for some time: today the ? appears—the fruit is said to be very good to eat. The little cocoa-nut of the country—the [*blank in MS.*] is becoming ripe.

June 28. Thursday. We reached the Hanyane River by about 8 a.m. and put the waggons higher up the Hill than Selous had made his camp last year.¹ Soon after breakfast we began to make arrangements for starting. Two men have been sent to tell the people to bring food, for we have not yet seen a single person of the country—and we hope to get carriers from among them to make the first stage to Magondi's. The making of packsaddles has taken nearly the whole of the day, and very little seems to have been done; there is a great deal to be done before we can start. I have arranged for Isaac to stay in charge of the waggons—John especially wishes to come, Edward I must have, and Jelly I cannot trust out of my sight—and Sekomi to stay and shoot for him. It seems certain that the Mashona would kill him if we took him with us any farther.

This is the first river that has somewhat of a tropical appearance; it is certainly very beautiful. There is no new plant that I saw for the few minutes that I was there, but the reeds and trees seem to have a much higher degree of luxuriance, and the mass of water is new. I heard the 'fish-eagle' also for the first time.

I am very thankful that we have had so little real trouble: not a horse, ox, or donkey has been lost since leaving Mafeking about 2½ months ago. We are now some little distance in latitude to the north of the Victoria Falls.

June 29th. Friday. From soon after Sunrise till Sunset, with very little intermission, we have been making packsaddles. Fortunately I have brought all the necessary girths, buckles, hooks, leather to make straps, and have the tools; today we have made more progress. The men came back bringing about 25 Mashona men, but having very little food. They say that they cannot carry for us, as their mabele² is not threshed yet. Unlike the Matabele, the men alone have come carrying their mealies chiefly in earthenware pots. They have walked from soon after sunrise till sunset. There is no chief to their town now; the last one was killed some time ago by the Matabele. The place is still called ? . They are a well-mannered inoffensive company. As they arrived they walked straight to a tree at some little distance from the waggons, and were soon at work cutting firewood for the night. Like the Matabele, they are nearly naked. They have hair on their faces—as do the

¹ From this point Knight-Bruce intended to proceed on foot with donkeys and carriers; for the country to the north was infested with tsetse-flies.

² Kaffir-corn, then the staple food of the Matabele.

Amatonga.¹ Antigōne will stay with the waggons: he has nowhere to go. During last summer his town was destroyed by the Matabele; three only escaped.

June 30th. Saturday. The buying of a small sack of mealies, and a few beans and nuts occupied about 4 hours; the small quantities that made this amount being bought separately from each person for blue or white calico, caps or beads. When they were asked to make a kraal for the oxen, and wished payment before hand, a compromise was made by each one of the twelve whom we employed choosing his own yard of calico, and my hanging it on the bough of a tree for them when the work was well done. Time, which before had seemed to be of no importance, now seemed of the greatest: they ran about among the trees like ants: they used the axes of their own making with peculiar dexterity—one man, I noticed, high up in a tree, using his axe with both hands while he held on by his back and feet.²

By about sunset the ten pack-saddles were finished—the idiosyncrasy of each donkey's back carefully studied, and their names written on each: I anticipate a good deal of difficulty in making the men put them on properly—Jelly, whose power of thinking seems to be in inverse ratio to the amount of tobacco which he consumes, having arranged the halter of another donkey inside the girths of the one that he ought to have been attending to.

Now, if no carriers appear, we are, with a little extra cutting down of our loads, independant of that painful factor in African travelling.

I am in great hopes that the runners will come in with letters before we start. I had arranged not to have letters sent here on account of the expense: but as Count Schweinitz is having his sent, I join with him, and so, at least, hope to get a post here on my return: and even the chance of getting some news from home is worth a great deal.

July 1st. Sunday. Edward, Isaac and I received the Holy Communion. Blue stone was put on Jona's foot, and Kleinboy treated for fever.

¹ The Mashona do *not* file the V-shaped space in the front teeth, as one traveller has asserted. *K.-B.*

² Every Mashona axe that I have seen is very narrow:—



K.-B.

July 2nd. & 3rd. Monday and Tuesday. Arranging. labelling, weighing, sorting packs and parcels. I seem to be taking a large quantity of medicine, but I am afraid of being sick when alone, & not having what I want, and it takes up very little room. Except what is required for the prevention of illness, cartridges, and barter-goods, little is taken.

July 4th. Wednesday. Three oxen were to be taken instead of the two horses. As I know nothing of the packing of an ox, I left it to some men. They carry a very large load, except one which kicked his off, and an axe falling cut his leg; he could not travel.

Count Schweinitz, who intends to hunt near Lo Magondi's, started with us. A boggy stream troubled the donkeys; two had to be hauled and pushed out. Considerably after dark they arrived at the stream where we made our skerm and slept.

July 5th. Thursday. Two very long walks for donkeys with heavy packs. The difficulty of packing donkeys consists in the necessity of having packsaddles and bags which are very light, and very strong. When trees grow close together, as here, several donkeys all jostling together, or any trying to force his bags between two trees that refuse to allow them passage, or under a bough that is too low requires a strong combination of leather, screws, and wood. The kind which occurred to me, and Edward improved on is the most successful, and practically gives no trouble whatever. The Mahoböobo¹ with the beautiful leaf now appears in large numbers, though as a rule small: then again there will be a whole grove of Machabel²—; in common with the Mopani,³ the red ant has a great liking for the Machabel: and it is most curious in red soil to see a whole grove of Machabels almost covered up to the beginning of the boughs with the red earth.⁴ There is a strange dearth of birds.

July 6. Friday. I should be very thankful that I have such excellent men. I have left everything at the waggon in charge of Isaac: everything of real value is open: he was packing up as we left: even the horses I leave with entire confidence, knowing that whatever moment I appear over the hill I shall find everything as though I were there. Scarcely anything short of an English groom

¹ *Uapaca Kirkiana*, or wild loquat. A large tree of gregarious habit, with large, glossy, yellowish leaves and yellow, plum-like fruit, close to the branches. The fruit is an important native food.

² A species of *Brachystegia*, formerly known as *Brachystegia woodiana*, in Sindebele mtshabela or mfuti. A fair-sized, highly ornamental tree with fern-like hanging leaves, deep pink in the spring.

³ *Copaifera mopani*. A fine forest tree, growing 40 to 50 feet high. Its characteristic butterfly-shaped leaves have been noted by more than one traveller.

⁴ Deposited by the ants to form runs.

could equal Edward in willingness.¹ John is admirably good, and has recovered from the inferior example of Jelly, who has changed considerably, and has become very submissive, and is learning to obey—though, as his nature is to be officious, he is—ut plerumque fit—inefficient. His immense brute-strength is a great advantage whether in lifting a waggon, or dragging a donkey out of a bog. He used to shout at the men, but now everyone seems on excellent terms with everyone else, even when they cannot understand each others language, or pronounce each others' names. Antigōne, the Mashuna has been left at the waggons; he sang a little song at night—'I am a great man, and I come from a river, and it is a pity that I have not a mate'—which the men laughed at: but I learnt his story while at the Hanyane—the whole of his town and family had been massacred by the Matabele, and three only escaped. He had lived on the 'Mvugue mountains.

The 'Matonga was very much interested in my feet, when I took off my socks to doctor them after a walk, he said that 'it was no wonder that we (the white men) required boots if we had feet like that—they were like little children's'.

When we arrived in the evening at the first part of Lo Magondi's village, the people were very civil, and helped our men to cut wood, though there is no conception of such hospitality as the Basuto would show to a stranger. Their clothes are very scanty. Some of the women wear a bead or zinc² ornament through their upper lip. There seems to be no especial type of face—they must be a very mixed race. Some men wear their hair short, as the ordinary native: others in strings. The men are better looking than the women, and it is very hard to know which are boys, and which are girls. One man wears his hair over his face in a kind of long fringe, and throws it back over his head when he works.

July 7th. Saturday. I visited the few huts near our skerm,³ and spoke to the headman about the life in another world: and asked him what he thought would become of him after he was dead. He said that Magondi⁴ knew, which seemed to satisfy him. When I said that our GOD was in heaven, and that good people went there, he said that it might be so—he had never seen a teacher before.

Soon after reaching Magondi's village, the son of the chief

¹ Altered from 'smartness'.

² Zinc does not occur in Southern Rhodesia in any quantity, nor in ores from which it can be easily extracted. Tin on the other hand does appear to have been mined and worked by the natives, and tin ornaments were certainly worn by them. It seems, therefore, that 'zinc' is a mistake for 'tin'.

³ 'Skerm' is the name given to the enclosure of boughs made round a camp at night as a protection from animals. *K.-B.*

⁴ Magondi was the chief of all this part of the Country. *K.-B.*

asked me not to fire off a gun there, as it would frighten away the god—an old man who lived near: so no gun was fired. I said that I wanted carriers to Sinoia's, but learned that I was out of favour because I would not give the god a present. There is a girl here with eyes of so brilliant a blue that any description would hardly be believed. A baby of about a fortnight old was very interesting, quite naked with the exception of beads on its neck, wrists, and ankles; it is like an ebony doll. They play a musical instrument, on the principal of a piano, very well. Lo Magondi is away.

July 8. Sunday. Service, after which I asked the people who were round the skerm whether they knew what we were doing, and deputed Sikwarri to explain through Jonas to one man. The opening of his Bible made the man jump up, but he was induced to sit down again. I do not think that the lesson was very successful.

Carriers offered themselves for Sinoia's. I told the people that we could not buy meal on Sunday.

July 9. Monday. I did not allow the oxen to go back till I was sure that carriers would arrive. When they came they said that the God would not allow them to go till I had given him a present; I told them to go home again, when they waved the question of the god. There was some difference of opinion as to the payment in 'limbo', during which they left in a body, and had to be brought back. They were paid beforehand on the ground that white men—I do not know who they mean: they probably mean Portuguese¹ from the north—had beaten them away after their journey without payment. They carried admirably, and were no trouble whatever. The trees dragged the donkeys packs off, and out of place very badly. All the saddles have to be altered to our new pattern. I am very glad that I brought so good girths and leather. I find that I can scarcely carry anything; mapping the road and helping with the donkeys brings me almost to the end of my tether: and I still have to see to the buckling of nearly every girth at starting. The only occasions on which the donkeys seem really to exert themselves is when they get between two trees too close to allow the pack to pass.

July 10. Tuesday. We arrived at Sinoia's Town at about 10 o'clock. The Chief is now Kazilamumbi. I gave him a blanket and arranged about carriers to Pendoro's. The town is in a basin of Hills: and inside the town is a subterranean cavern² sloping down to a pool of water at about 200 or 300 ft deep, which extends into the earth—only visible for about 50 yds in the two directions that

¹ They were probably half castes trading from the north or rather north-east. *K.-B*

² The Sinoia caves lie $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the west of the present European town of that name.

the cave takes. The water is of the most extraordinary blue colour from its depth and clearness, and stones at the bottom shine with phosphor[esc]ent light. This description is given by Edward, for they would not allow a white man to go down.¹

The Chief and people are very friendly and well mannered: the former sending me a present of some native beer immediately on our arrival. It is a much larger place than Magondi's. It was explained that I was 'a teacher', and had not come for gold, but I do not think that they believed it.

The Matabele have apparently not raided as far as this, except on one occasion.

After the mass of people had gone away, I took John and talked to some fifteen or twenty men, who seemed to be particularly quiet—though I think that it is usually best to take one of a village, and let him repeat to his people what he has heard. It is very hard for them not all to speak at once: but after telling them once or twice that only one must speak, they were sufficiently quiet. It is difficult to keep to any line—and they seem to contradict themselves when they *do* understand. After saying that I could go into the cave if I gave a present, they said that their people would not allow it. I said that there was a man called a God at Magondi's, was there one here? They said God lived in the sky; then that they had had one, but the Matabele frightened him away; they said that they believed GOD taught them to sow, and when asked how they knew that GOD made them, said that Magondi taught them.² They wished a God to live near them. I told them that GOD had come, and that He sent me. 'Did he tell me to come and see their cave?' They would like to have a teacher: they had never seen one. We talked for some time: most of them were very quiet and attentive.

Some have fine faces. The great majority have not even a blanket to sleep in, and when sleeping lie between two fires, so that in our skerm at one part there was a fire and a Mashuna alternately.

In the evening they sing and beat their drum. This is going on in the village; about a mile away in the gardens they are singing and shouting also. They have not much to tire them during the day.

Our road has lain for some time through uninteresting woods of dwarfed trees, without birds or animals, and with a great scarcity of water.

July 11th. Wednesday. Though we began our day some long time before sunrise, it was 9 o'clock before we started: most of the time was taken up in waiting, or arranging about payment, or seeing which men would carry the packs. It is very hard to keep one's

¹ Nevertheless Selous had bathed in it the previous year, as he mentions in *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. 10, p. 294.

² This reference to the Chief as a teacher I found nowhere else. K.-B.

temper—when a disputed point arises for some considerable time there is a continuous roar; they talk with a rapidity that is astounding—very loud—nearly, if not all, at once. There was no trouble during the day, but we passed near no water till arriving in the evening at the Dimasanguese Brook, springing out of Römwe Mountain¹ under the path in the ravine, at the end of the mountain. A few people live here. Gato is the name of the place: Chanetsa that of the Chief.

The carriers here said that they had been told by their chief not to go any farther. When I told them that they had agreed to go to Pendoro's, they said that the place no longer existed, and that the men who had come as followers would carry to the next village. I knew that argument was useless, and they went away in the night.

July 12. Thursday. The relay presented themselves, and after very little trouble, though at a very high rate, were hired as far as the next village. I did not know where we were going, nor do I know now where we are, except that we have crossed the Hanyane River, and, according to the carriers, on the road to Shipuriro's. On coming near the village I saw someone running immediately that I came in sight, and the carriers explained that the people had never seen a white man before, and they might assegai or shoot me. There was little cause for fear, for as we came near their mountain, Kurusu, perched on the top of a huge rock some 60 ft. high which crowned it, nearly all the inhabitants squatted, so high that, though I was examining the place very carefully, I did not see them till they were pointed out to me. Some few stood on another stone. Through my glass even I could do little more than make out that they were human beings. They were soon induced to come down, and bring food. Pendoro has gone somewhere to the East through fear of the Matabele. The carriers were given some food, which almost immediately caused a quarrel—the axe and knobkerrie seemed to be their natural weapons—but it was stopped. They are said to quarrel more violently over the entrails of animals than over the flesh.

The same carriers volunteered to go on to Shipuriro; one of them went through an inelegant dance, with a song, the refrain of which was that he was going with the white man.

July 13. The Moquads², which we crossed early in the day, is a beautiful stream running into the Hanyane: but the polished rocks made the crossing of the donkeys more difficult than usual: both they and we shall remember it for some days.

The carriers threatened to throw down their loads if meat was not soon procured

¹ Stretches from 17° 13'S to 17° 16'S, on long. 30° 14'E.

² Or 'Inquads. K.-B.

for them; an eland was shot in the evening, and they are happy.

My own men seemed to be losing heart. The carriers are very much more trouble than the donkeys, and do much shorter days. The leader of them now says that they will go no farther if I do not give him a blanket. This I refused to do. *

July 14. Saturday. When we arrived at the meat on the road which had been left last night, some said that they would go back, and one started back with some of the eland. I did not think that many would leave meat, and was compelled to request him to hand me back what he had taken. This prevented others from returning, and only three (I think) went back. I lost some calico, as they had been paid in advance, but was glad to get rid of the worst element. My men were very good, carrying heavy weights to make up for the loss of the defaulting carriers. One of Khama's men said that 'today he would die', and confided in Edward that 'if a white man ever again asked him to go to the Zambesi, he would not do so for £200'; but he is excellent.

Of our nine carriers two belong to Shipurero's, and show the way. These say that Shipurero has changed his town from fear of the Matabele, and has gone farther to the East. They point out a far distant peak which they say was Shipurero's old station, as it still stands in Mr. Selous map of seven years ago. We are travelling much more to the East than I wish, but the men will only carry along the paths from one village to another, and indeed it is almost, if not quite necessary on account of meal. If the position of Mt. Zimba be correct in Mr. Selous map, we must have been travelling along the South bank of the Musiquè, I presume to strike some native path to Shipurero's new town—though at some distance from it.

The same kind of trees grow here as for many miles South of the Hanyane: only where shade and water are combined is there any change. Some of the grass that we passed through appeared to be about 11 ft high. The Mahobahorbi¹ is peculiar in its habit, growing chiefly in groves, and in one place the boundary trees were in so straight a line that it almost appeared as though they had been planted.

The men who left the skerm last said that they had only gone about 300 yds when the hyænas were in it fighting over the remains of meat. We have never met a human being between any of the villages which I have mentioned.

Today I saw but two water-bucks, one of which I shot: the meat is not so good as other deer, but the Mashona are not so particular as to the quality as the quantity. The peculiarity of the water-buck is its long coarse hair. The men dry the meat on wooden platforms made of sticks.

¹ A mistake for muhobohobo. See the entry for July the 5th.

It is very hard to find out the distance to any place; two men will give different—very different—distances; the same man will give different distances on different days. I do not know whether they tell intentional falsehoods, or are very stupid. They have a kind of weak cunning where their own interests are concerned. The great scarcity of water would prevent the country having any thing but a scanty population. The Musiquè, a beautiful river which we crossed late this evening, is little more than a large mountain stream at this time of the year: and the Hanyane alone is larger in this high region.

July 15th. Sunday. The men are very quiet, drying and watching their meat. Our men have been washing themselves and their things. A herd of elands with a very large bull came, feeding, close to the camp, quite unconscious of us till some sound startled them. I gave reasons why they should not be shot, among others that it was Sunday. John said regretfully afterwards that had it not been Sunday, it would have been very nice to have had some Eland's fat. To have helped some few people to understand that we should keep Sunday holy is possibly of some use. And today's is the Wendron Confirmation Collect, reminding us poor faithless creatures that God Almighty rules the world, and asking for a *true* religion—pure—unmixed with men's wretched ideas—, the visiting of the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and the keeping ourselves unspotted from the world, which means that the more you have to do with publicans and sinners the cleaner you will be.

July 16. Monday. While it was dark we were preparing to start, when the carriers demanded more 'limbo'. They had been paid excessively highly, and I was determined that this imposition must cease. I explained patiently and at length how well they had been paid, how kind we had been to them, that we had never cheated them. It was all useless: and though I thought with horror of our position—being left with the loads, and no means of transport—if they had done so, I told them to go home, but to leave the meat which had been given them on condition of their reaching Shipuriro in two more days: and called two of Khama's men and told them to stand over the two heaps ready to take them away. Immediately they said they would go on without more payment. After these horrible disputes we are the best of friends for the rest of the day—they sitting with our men, and helping me to map the road, and doing anything that they can. The Mabare and Musiquè Rivers are, I think, much nearer each other than marked in Mr. Selous map, as we walked it in about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and for about one hour of that the donkeys were struggling and tumbling in a

ravine. The Mabare is a very pretty mountain stream where we crossed it—the kind of place where a water-ouzel would sit and dive.

A snake, called in Seshona Shato,¹ was lying almost in our path—after I had shot a bullet through its body it made a dart at one of the men; stretched out the length was 11 ft. 3 inches. The smaller bucks are swallowed whole by it, after they have been crushed: two little spikes about two ft. from the tail giving the snake a fulcrum in the body.

The natives do not seem to have any great fear of a snake—other than the Mashona, while their dread of a lion is almost ludicrous: one of the men moving his sleeping place nearer the fire on hearing one roar far away.

July 17th. Tuesday. The men were paid for the whole distance to Shipuriro's last night, but this morning four said that they wished to go back. I was pleased and surprised when they came on after being told that they had been engaged for the whole distance, and that they must come. Jelly, being of a weak and violent disposition wishes to beat them, which I should not allow him to do. *His* treatment would probably be very unsuccessful. One of the earliest starts was made—shortly after 6 o'clock, but after travelling for about 2½ hours the carriers stopped, saying that they did not know where Shipuriro's was, and two or three made away over a hill to a village which we had heard of for some time, to enquire. They returned at about sunset, and with them Nyamaka, the head-man of the village, a son of Shipurero; food was also brought. The men danced in the evening, after tying the white *pieces of calico, which had been paid to them, round their very dark bodies*: and sang a song to a curious tune, the sense of which seemed to be that they would dance while they could, as the Matabele might soon be here and kill them; and though they might hurry into holes, they would not be quick enough, their things would be taken. They seemed considerably interested in my preparations for going to sleep, especially in the washing of my teeth.

July 18. Wednesday. At about 11.30 they were washed in the River Dandi, which was very much nearer than I supposed—the morning walk bringing us to Shipurero's.² He is very hospitable, giving me rice: but some one had to be sent on to say that we were not Matabele. He says that he has moved but a very short distance from his old place, though he points out Mt. Inyambare at about 8 miles distance. It is apparently useless to try to find out how far

¹ A Python. *K.-B.*

² The present Sipolilo, a Native Commissioner's station and district, lies just South of the River Dande.

this is from the mouth of the Hanyani River—the accounts vary from 3½ to 8 days.

While returning his visit in the evening, he gave us dinner—water being poured over our hands before and after; meat and boiled meal were given in separate dishes, he waiting till I had had what meat I wanted, then sharing the food with John, dipping the meal in the meat dish: one of his wives—as I suppose—receiving the things from him only on her knees. I told him that I was a Teacher, and would speak to him more about this when he came in the evening: but he has not come.

July 19th. Thursday. It was some time before Shipuriro or any men arrived: when they did the talking began—‘Did they wish to come?’ Two or three seemed inclined—‘It was far to Kanyemba’s’ etc etc—they knew that they would be paid in calico to an extent that was most extravagant—for them: but the laziness of their lives makes exertion very hard for them: while the ‘conditions of life’ are very easy. I thought of the East End labourer waiting for hours on the chance of one days work, as I have thought of our (for they are ours still, and we intend, if GOD wills to go back to them—) our East End children, when seeing the distended stomachs of these here.

There was the usual uproar—Shipuriro persuading some to go; he was to have a blanket when I left, which experience had taught me not to give till then. When they had agreed to come, and been paid in advance, there was delay owing to the quagga—two or three dragging at one hind leg—while Shipurero ran about with a stick. There is practically the same scene at every start.

After sending the carriers, men, and donkeys on, I stayed behind to speak to the Chief on my Mission. I do not think that I interested him at all.

By the middle of the day the meat had nearly all gone, and the nine carriers said that they would go back if meat was not shot for them. On crossing a small brook in the early part of the afternoon, they wished to stop and sleep, saying that it was the last water; not believing them I walked on—they following, and shortly before sunset came to a small village with bad water.

July 20. Friday. Without much difficulty, after paying the carriers for the day, we started through wood covering small hills and valleys; here and there one mountain rises and breaks the sameness of scene. Two hours walking brought us to Chimanikeri’s village.¹ I spoke to him for a short time, telling him what I taught, and that when the Teachers came he must receive them well. Our carriers, who had engaged to come to Kanyemba’s Town, here said that they would not go any farther, and had gone back to the town before I had noticed their absence. I followed, leaving my rifle

¹ Situated in the Rukowakuona (‘River-view’) Mountains.

behind, though much inclined to take it, knowing that if I could consider it right to frighten them, the point would have been gained in all probability. I did not, so they gained theirs: and we lost our calico.

The head-man of the place did not consider the present which I gave him sufficiently good, and demanded a better; then fresh carriers had to be engaged as far as the next village, and prepaid, with double payment to one man who was said to know the road. This occupied from about 9 a.m. till about 12.30.

Exclusive of a halt for breakfast these walked for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, when they said that there was water no farther. The camp was made on the edge of the range of Mountains overlooking the Zambesi plain. As far as a good glass can reach in every direction it is one immense flat, covered apparently with small trees, except that in the dim distance an indistinct hill here and there seems to spring out of the horizon. The flatness is so extraordinary that it is hard to understand how the Geographical Society had gained the information that it was mountainous. From the great height of these mountains on a misty day it might be mistaken for the sea.

July 21st. Saturday. I had every hope that this morning, as the carriers had come so short a way, there would be no difficulty: but though we made the earliest of preparations, the men sat sulkily round their fires and refused to move when asked to take their packs, saying that they wanted more calico. Then ensued the endless argument that led to nothing. Each relay of carriers were worse than the previous ones, & I thought that it was time for me gently to insist. I told John and Edward to stand near the two smaller heaps of their assegais while I stood near the other; we took them all up at the same time, I saying that if they took away our money (calico) we must take their assegais. Unfortunately they misunderstood us, and thought that they would be killed, for almost together, before a word could be said they had jumped the skerm, and were starting in different directions for the wood. They were called back, and told why the assegais had been taken: a long conversation ensued, which ended in their coming on quite quietly—I telling them that I trusted them, and giving them back their assegais. Two, however, could not be induced to come back, and were heard for long afterwards shouting in the woods. They eventually caught us up at about noon with the grease and colouring of their heads running down one of their faces, when they were laughed at, and we were very good friends.

There was little of interest in the plain below at first. The trees were very much larger than they appeared to be, and grew in size as we went on. Two human skulls and some bones were lying near the path—all the earthly remains of some

natives who probably had not strength to face the mountains. The carriers, as usual, had deceived us as to water, there being a river at the foot. The deep ravines washed out by the water from the hills were a great hindrance to the donkeys, which had sometimes to be dragged and pushed up the ascents, especially on reaching the left bank of the Dande river; but long before reaching this the carriers had stopped at some wretched pool saying that it was the last water; fortunately we did not believe them. Whenever the ground is high, the dryness of the soil is extreme: but in the rainy season this plain is probably very swampy, as shown by the great length and size of the dry grass. Here for the first time the Baobab tree¹ appears in numbers—to our eyes almost a freak of nature—the trunk of one exceeding anything that I had anticipated, not being *very* much smaller in girth than the Wellingtonia: but it attains to no height, and its few fat branches send out suddenly very small twigs, as though exhausted with the effort that had been made lower down. The fruit is good to eat, and said to be most efficacious in dysentery.

In the slight valley of the Dande, the grass attains a great height—one piece measured 12 ft 7½ in. The 'Kaffir Corn' in places reaches to about 15 ft.² I intended to go on to Kamoti's village.

July 22. Sunday. We learned that this village was some two miles out of the road, and that there was another *on* the road, which we could reach at about 10 a.m. I was anxious not to go any farther than necessary, more for the donkeys' sake than our own, and the men agreed to take the loads, after being paid more cloth on that condition: which compact they broke on further conversation with their friends from the village, but they retained the cloth. For the first time, I think, I had left the saddling up to the men, and gone to a small rise to map the country; this caused some delay, which was fatal. I had been very liberal to the carriers—giving the two who only carried for half the day almost, if not quite, the same as the others—saying I forgave them—but there is no word in the language for 'forgive'. After we had saddled up and were well on the road, delay was caused by Jelly taking the wrong path, when they refused to go any farther till they were paid. Then began the usual argument, they demanding so much calico that I said they might go home, when they agreed to take our things to the next village for the quantity offered. I was told by degrees that the next

¹ *Adansonia digitata*. Also called the Cream of Tartar Tree, from the refreshing nature of the fruit. It grows in lowlying, fever country, often to an enormous girth, and attains great age.

² 'Edward' said that he measured one stalk 21 feet high. K.-B.

village, instead of being close, would not be reached till tomorrow evening. This transpired when the question of payment was discussed. We crossed the Hanyane River about midday; crocodiles seem to be very numerous. A donkey fell onto his back off a bank, and is, I am afraid, hurt. We stopped early—I had a short Service.

July 23. Monday. The carriers refused to move till they were paid for another day. I reminded them of their compact, of which they took little notice; I told the leader that I had never seen any people who told such falsehoods as they did: at which he laughed. It was the harder to submit to their extortion, as I knew that the smallest showing of compulsion would probably have gained the point immediately—their power of lying being equalled only by their cowardice. However I believe that I have done rightly in submitting; and should mind less were not my small stock of white calico almost disappearing under the system: and they on nearly every occasion demand white. With a larger supply of money, travelling would not be hard—though today Khama's man has risen in his demands—'Not for £100 a month will he ever go to the Zambesi again'. After some little trouble we found Namfukadza's village in the evening. In coming through a small ravine where the ground had to be cut away to allow the donkeys to get out one was, by some mistake left behind, and there was some difficulty in recovering it: the Matonga man not wishing to go back 'to be killed by the Mashona', two of the carriers went back on the promise of more calico—with Sikwarri. Another donkey became so weak that today I ended its journey, close by where some atom of humanity had ended his. The power of the vulture to find dead things is a problem that remains to be solved. I have not seen one since we left our camp, but they soon found the poor donkey.

Namfukadza is a son of Shipuriro, but here for the first time is seen the effect either of intercourse with Portuguese trade or with Central African tribes; the chiefs wear the long pieces of calico as a kind of 'toga', the women wear a piece round the waist: the houses are placed in a kind of enclosure of grass—square, which is a shape unknown to South African tribes apparently in their natural state. There was one beautiful specimen of this in what appeared to be the property of some head-man, something like this:—¹

The chief offered me a mat to sit on when I arrived, and came forward clapping his hands: but the conversation was quickly cut short by his desire to go and see the donkeys. I gave him a blanket, at which he was much pleased, and brought a small bowl of meal,

¹ The sketch has been cut out of the diary.

saying that there was 'hunger' at his village. The camp was very quiet, and I talked to him for some time. He said that the Portugese were kind to the people—though I disagreed with him on the point of giving brandy being kind. He said at first that it was right for one man to have another as a slave; but when I asked him how he would like it if the Matabele were to come and take his people, he changed his mind, and said that he did not think it right. I said that 'we ought to be kind to each other—even to animals; he had seen me buy the bird so that it might not suffer pain—that we were all the children of one Father in Heaven;' and I tried to interest him. He listened very courteously: but the natives' power of attention to any thing but their own subjects is very limited. I told him that when the Teachers do come to his town, he must treat them very kindly and build them a house. There was a little boy here of about 7 years old who had had the top of his ear cut off for stealing corn. The Chief said that one white man had been near his town—a small man—and that he had heard that some of the people had stolen his beads.¹ Their proximity to the Portugese at Zumbo is shown by many of the men wearing a piece of linen round their bodies instead of the small skins that the more Southern people wear.

July 24. Tuesday. True to his promise, Namfukadza appeared early this morning—so early that John and Edward were not up. I was saying my short prayers, and they sat quite quietly till I spoke. When the question of payment arose there was the usual difficulty, the men demanding twice what I understood had been agreed to last night—more than I had ever paid before: the Chief also wanted another present. I paid the calico in advance on condition that they would ask for no more during the rest of the journey.

The walking was easy, though uninteresting: for the first half of the day through Mopani trees, which always grow far apart, and seem to thrive only on the very driest, and best-drained soil: and where they grow there is found a kind of large agate-like stone, which evidently facilitates the drainage. About midday we struck the Oangwa River, a sand river of very great breadth, where water can only be procured by digging. The prickly reed grew here in great abundance. Here the missing donkey arrived. A large clearing for 'Kaffir-corn' was passed, where a few people seemed to live. Shortly before the halt for the night, the mountains near Zumbo appeared in sight.

¹ This must have been Frederick Foster on his way to meet me. I do not think I understood *when* he had come by, & I thought that it was probably Mr. Selous. The Chief did not say any thing of his being dead. K.-B.

[Section III]

PORTUGUESE SUBJECTS]

July 25. Wednesday. The carriers refused to move till paid again for the day, and then on arriving at [*blank in MS.*]¹ village at about 11 o'clock refused to go any farther, and with the exception of two, who seemed somewhat ashamed of themselves, they had to be replaced by fresh ones to Kanyemba's Town. Though we were kept waiting some time while the messenger was informing the Chief of our arrival, when we did arrive, it was like the entrance into a new world. A house had been prepared, and very soon I was called to what seemed to John, Edward and myself a very sumptuous meal. It was practically dark, and I do not think that I was particular as to which dish provided me food. I eat immensely. The Chief was dressed in European clothes, and said that the Portuguese brought him his civilization. His people are called the Mutandi: at the earlier part of the day we had passed the village of Chipunzamongo, whose people were Machacunda; so that Namfukadza's Town is the last one in this direction which is a Mashona settlement of any size. The map which is probably supposed to be the most correct marks this Shidima country as inhabited by Banyai, which is incorrect—also by 'Munhaes of the Portuguese',² who are unknown here. His town is surrounded by a stockade of great height, and is kept clean inside—or would be but for a pigsty. The people are much better mannered than the Mashona—the custom of clapping hands for salutation and thanks being observed, which has evidently only been adopted by the more northern Mashona. The women, in some instances, wear a modification of the lip ring, and on meeting a man on the road turn on one side till he has passed, and in some cases, curtsy. Scarcely any skins are worn here, calico being obtained from the Portuguese.

July 26. Thursday. After breakfast with Kanyemba and receiving a present of a large sheep and basket of meal, I walked

¹ A son of Kanyemba's *K.-B.*

² Writing at the end of the seventeenth century Francisco da Sousa says: "From here (i.e. Tete) on we see the great kingdom of Munhay, which is the patrimony of the Monomotapa, whose territories in the interior are called Mocrange, and which adjoins the river Botonga." (*Oriente conquistado a Jesu Christo pelos padres da Companhia de Jesus*. Conquista V, div. II, § 28). The identification of these kingdoms is still uncertain.

The Banyai (Munyai is the singular) were scattered by invasions, and at the time of Knight-Bruce's visit were mostly in groups along a line from 28° E 17° S to 31° E 22° S.

with John to the place where the boat from Zumbo crosses the Zambesi, thinking that it was close to the town, and finding it about $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles. I had sent on in the morning the letter from the Portuguese Consul at Cape Town, and the inhabitants received me most courteously, though the Governor was away, having gone up the river to ask Buruma, chief of the Valenghi,¹ why he had lately (in May) brought some 2000 men and attacked the settlement, which consists of about 8 houses and a considerable number of native huts. The people of the country are Basenga, who call the Portuguese Basungu, which is the same as the 'Makua' of the Mashona: it means 'white man'.

I went to see the ruins of some ecclesiastical building² about one mile down the river: the remains of what is said to be the bell lies at Zumbo: I could find no inscription on it.³ The good people are believed to have been all killed by Buruma's tribe in 1825.

Slavery was put an end to 10 years ago by the King of Portugal. The people on both sides of the Zambesi seem to recognise Portuguese authority, there being no chief of the Basenga, while on the south bank Kanyemba and Matakenya seem to be appointed as governors under them. At Niabakobe, higher up—about 4 days by boat *with* the stream—is the residence of a Portuguese 'captain'.⁴ The size of the river is imposing: there is little that is beautiful; reeds and sand alternately, with sometimes a reach where the trees and a coarse, but curious, creeper hangs down almost to the water, are the main features.

July 27. Friday. After a very bad night, my back annoying me, and feeling sick a little, I think that I was justified in telling the native who shared the room that he must not smoke their very nasty tobacco before it was light. I should have wished now to go back at once, but the donkeys need a rest, and one is lame. I propose staying here for a few days, and started with John back to Kanyemba's very early with carriers, who also rowed the boat, and brought back some provisions, medicines, clothes etc, arriving very late. I took $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of Warburg's Fever Mixture.⁵

¹ The Walenje, an Ila-speaking tribe mostly living west of the railway to Broken Hill. A detached body live west of the Luangwa river.

² This is said to have been a Roman Catholic Mission Station. *K.-B.*

³ Cf. Livingstone: *Missionary Travels*, p. 584 (14 January 1856). 'I walked about some ruins I discovered, built of stone, and found the remains of a church, and on one side lay a broken bell, with the letter I.H.S. and a cross but no date. There were no inscriptions on stone, and the people could not tell us what the Bazunga called their place. We found afterwards it was Zumbo.'

⁴ A Portuguese military governor. Many of them were half-castes and lessees of *Prazos de corôa* (Crown estates).

⁵ A medicine of the eighties for tropical ailments, which contained so many different ingredients that it was said of it that 'some one of them was bound to do good'.

July 28. Saturday. I arranged to hire a boat and go down the river. Edward went to fetch some more things, and came back very tired. I went up with John and two men to the top of Mazansõe Mountain to map the country. Two natives came to tell me the names of the surrounding mountains: so giving me a knowledge of the main features of the country towards the North and West such as I could hardly have gained by many days of walking. Towards the South there can hardly be said to be any features; after the little mountain near Kanyemba's Town, one extraordinary flat alone meeting the eye: even the Mashona Mts. from which I first saw the flat not being visible, though I think that they might be on a clear day. It seems to be believed here that the Ruangua River (called in maps Loangoa) comes from Lake Bengelo—or rather, if so, from the 'sponges' which Dr. Livingstone speaks of near the place where he died.¹ I should have to hurry over far more important work in Mashonaland if I were to try to find out.

July 29. Sunday. We had our Service as soon as the verandah where we lived was free from people. They were more or less troublesome through the day, as our things were scattered about, and they took, among other things, my only towel, which I do not care much about, and my pocket Holy Communion Set, which I do. L. gave it me when we were married. I arranged to go right down the river, and not return to Zumbo: but send the donkeys to Shipuriro's, and walk from somewhere near the mouth of the Umsengaisi River to Mt. Inyambare, and either meet them, or for us to return to our camp by separate roads. I sent for Jelly, and explained that he was to go back on our track as far as Shipuriro's.

July 30. Monday. With very little difficulty, at about 9 o'clock, we were starting down the River—Edward and John, Wilhelm and Kleinboy, in one of the large boats made for the Portuguese, rowed by 8 men, with one to steer, and one to direct. I had given Kanyemba a blanket and a rug, and told Jelly to give him 3 knives and some powder. He had been very hospitable and courteous. I gave the Portuguese 5 tins of Quinine—one had been laid up with fever yesterday; they gave me some white calico and beads and a goat. The boat was heavy, the paddles small, the men lazy: fortunately the stream is strong. It is, possibly, more to be wondered at that natives will carry or paddle at all rather than that they seem unable morally to continue long doing it: and when the eye of their employers were taken off, a great incentive to exertion

¹ The Luangwa in fact rises in the mountains forming the north-eastern border of Northern Rhodesia. Livingstone describes the 'sponges' in *The Last Journals of David Livingstone . . . continued by . . . Horace Waller*, vol. ii, pp. 272 foll.

July 30. Monday with very little difficulty, at about
9 o'clock, we were starting down the river. Edward and John, Wilhelm
and Kleinow, in one of the large boats made for the Portuguese,
rowed by 8 men, with one to steer, and one to direct. I had
given Kaysmba a blanket and a rug, and told Jolly to
give him 3 knives and some powder. He had been very
hospitable and courteous. I gave the Portuguese 5 ties of
Quinine - one had been laid up with fever yesterday, they gave
me some white calico and beads and a goat. The boat was
heavy, the paddles small, the men lazy: fortunately the stream
is strong. It is, possibly, more to be wondered at that natives
will carry or paddle at all rather than that they seem un-
willing morally to continue long doing it: and when the eyes
of their employers were taken off, a great incentive to exer-
-tion had gone also. Their form of paddling is more suit-
-ed to the hollowed-out trees, brought from the Quangua
river, which are chiefly used here. This form of canoe runs to
about 25 ft in length (the large ones), and possibly longer. So have made
them and the tools at their disposal - argues both patience ingenuity
and perseverance. As they paddle they frequently sing: the tunes
are simple, and very monotonous. The director usually starting them

had gone also. Their form of paddling is more suited to the hollowed-out trees, brought from the Ruangua river, which are chiefly used here. This form of canoe runs to about 33 ft in length (the large ones), and possibly larger. To have made them—with the tools at their disposal—argues both patience, ingenuity and perseverance. As they paddle they frequently sing: the tunes are simple, and very monotonous—the director usually starting them and repeating the words, while the men sing a chorus; possibly it is not intellectual—and one wishes that they would sing less and row more—, but it seems to help them to work, and a great deal would be tolerated to gain that. Not that I feel my own intellectual standard to be a high one at present—the only book that I have besides my Bible & Prayer Book—one of Kingsley's (holding Lillies and John's photographs) not having been read for some time.

Though there is little of great beauty, it is strange and interesting: the immense reaches where the river widens out, with sand banks and shallows: the great volume of water: the great strength of the stream in the narrower parts. It is comparatively narrow opposite Zumbo—lower down it constantly widens out into what look like great estuaries. As it was getting dark the boat ran on a sand-bank: after a good deal of conversation and disunited action it was pushed off, while a huge hippopotamus watched us close by. These sand banks must be constantly changing: even at this time of the year the dry banks on the sides seem to be continually crumbling away; the amount of sand carried down when the river rises as much, at times, as 8 or 9 ft in the broad places, must be very extraordinary. The sand is finer than our river sand.

There are a large number of crocodiles: the people here have no superstition as to not killing them as in Matabeleland.

On reaching Matakenya's Town, we found his younger brother, who lent us a large hut. The Chief himself was away, having gone up the river with the Portuguese Governor to find out why Buruma had attacked Zumbo and Kanyemba's Town. As far as I can gather Buruma is the chief of the Valenghi people, to the West of the Ruangua River, and came in great force with his under-chiefs, Dandona, Chisunga, Sinkasinka, Pancha, Fundu, Mauvi: but was repulsed both from Zumbo, and Kanyemba's Town. The town is palisaded round; in the centre is the house of the Chief, with those of his attendants in a square, forming a kind of inner fortress, which would resist a strong force which had no guns. Perhaps it is needless to say that the boatmen, though working for their own masters, found means of causing annoyance: though fear of my sending back a messenger kept them, I think, somewhat in order.

I slept very well in the cleanest part of a rather dirty yard—it being cleaner than the hut; the odd-looking pigs kept to a corner in another part.

July 31. Tuesday. I talked for some time with Kanyemba's son; and learnt much from him. The people over whom Matakenya and his father are governors, under the Portugese, are called Mutandi, and extend to the Umsengaisi River. He had been educated in a Portugese school at Quilimaine; the people owed their higher form of civilization to the Portugese; no teachers had been here since those who had been killed near Zumbo. He seemed very ready to learn; but then neither his nor Matakenya's family are Mutandi; they call themselves Ba-Nyungwè: i.e. they originally came from Tettè,¹ and are of a much higher type. Here I saw the lip-ring as worn by the Basenga women. No description could give any idea of disgusting appearance of this monstrosity. I fancy that the pictures of the lip-ring of the Shirè River represent only the top lip as standing out; here both lips have the ring: larger ones are put in as the women grown older: the smaller ones seem to be shaped like a small hour-glass, while those for the older women are like huge coins, with smaller ones for the lower lip. It gives them somewhat the appearance of having pig's faces. The people make tiles and wooden doors etc. for their houses; they grow the sugar cane, and crush sugar out by an ingenious contrivance made of wooden rollers: they then boil and dry it. Here I obtained the last information about Richard Forster. From what different men tell me, this seems to be as much as can be found out:—that he came here in about December. 1887—with one boy from Tettè in his boat: then went on to Zumbo: then for 5 days up the Ruangua River, when he was obliged to return from want of food: then he came to Matekenya's, and took four men besides his boy, passed through Kaneyemba's, and went towards Shipuriro's. This seems certain. Today Matakenya's brother went on to say that these four men took him to Shipuriro's, and drew on the sand a map of where Shipuriro's was: but as he put it on the wrong side of the Hanyane River, I knew that the men had not been there, as a native would hardly make a mistake such as that. I told him that I had come from there, and that Foster had not been there; he then said that the men had left him at Namfukadza's town, and that he had gone on with his boy, who had come back saying that Foster had sent him back; this boy had now gone on to Zumbo. Now, Namfukadza did not say that Foster had ever been to his town: he

¹ Nyungwè is another name for Tettè. I do not know whether the latter is a name given by Europeans. *K.-B.*

told me that he had *heard* of a white man having passed, and his beads having been stolen, and that his men ran away. If I thought I could have gained any true information from the boy at Zumbo, I should regret not having seen him—but I think I should have gained no light on the subject at all. The only conclusion to be arrived at, is that Foster passed somewhere by Namfukadza's on his way to Shipuriro's: that he was deserted by all his men: that he never arrived at Shipuriro's. He has not been heard of since passing Namfukadza's—that is, supposing it was he, and who else could it have been?

The Chief seems to carry on a large trade in ivory, giving beads in exchange. Some very curious Flint-lock guns were kept in his house: four or five very heavy, taking two men to shoot them, and carrying ten bullets. It was very interesting to see an English Bible which had been given to Matakanya when he once went down to Iniafi to see Lobengula by Mr. Thomas, the London Missionary.

I gave each of the young chiefs a good knife—they giving some food, and coming down to the boat.

We went on paddling and floating along till nearly sunset, when the men insisted on sleeping on an open sand belt for fear of lions. We tried for some time to persuade them to go where there was wood, but they would not listen: and nearly any place does to eat and sleep on. The mosquitoes had a more painful bite than any others that I have seen, but it does not seem to be poisonous.

The water of the Zambesi is peculiarly soft; and very warm, at sunrise being about 68 deg.

August 1. Wednesday. We started about, or a little after, sunrise. The river has more trees, and mountains run near the left bank, with a small hill now and again on the right bank till the afternoon when we reached Mt. Manyambere, which, for the *right* side, is of some length and little height. There are no hills near the river here on the left side, though they continue still at some distance.

The trees are much the same as in the flat on the other side. We breakfasted near some very hot springs on the North bank, with a very strong taste of what seemed to be iron: the stream was so hot that the fingers could not be kept in it for more than about 2 seconds.

Twice on the banks some beads were lying, which the men would not take: a man had been killed there by a lion, and his beads only left.

Shortly before sunset the men stopped to get wood on the bank, but would not stay on account of their childish fear of lions. They then rowed to the middle of the river, and began to land on a sand bank some foot above the water, where they intended to sleep. After having remonstrated for a short

time, I fear that I became angry—It is the first time since I left our camp—and went out of the boat, and told them to put the wood back. It had the greatest effect immediately, and though they had harder work than they had yet had to reach the opposite bank owing to the strength of the stream, they went without a complaint to me the whole way. It was very dark, and I thought that very possibly we would end in going any end first down the stream: and there are many sand banks here. Though they are very irritating, and I was very uncertain as to where we should get to, it was hard not to laugh at the incessant shouting, quarrelling, yells from the director to go on, complaints to each other, as I supposed: stopping to talk or do nothing when it was of great importance to keep the boat's head to the stream; when we ran on a bank, the helplessness of the pushing and pulling. I have seen a man when helping to push the boat off a bank in the middle of the river when it was getting dark, stop to ask for a light for his tobacco. Their power of making a quarrel is extraordinary. One man had been deputed by the Portugese to point out the Mountains etc to me. I, foolishly, after the experience that ought to have been gained, said that I would give him a present of a knife if he told me everything well. This knife he soon demanded—'I intended to cheat him'; the knife was given. 'Was that *all* for telling me the Mountains?' 'He wanted calico.' 'He should have calico—3 very long yards—when the bag was opened.' 'I should cheat him; he would tell me no more names.' 'Would he show me where the hot springs were?' 'No—he would not.' However on being told that he would have no calico except he told me the names, he began telling me again. In the evening the calico was given. 'It was short measure' His friend was made to show that it was not. But the friend had told the name of one or two places: and *he* wanted calico: he wanted *half* what his friend had received. They were induced to go to their camp under the bank wrangling and squabbling and talking, as only the natives of this country seem able to do. Certainly Dr. Livingstone was wise when he made his first journey with his Makololo Christians. One becomes more and more convinced that the power of stringing words together arises from emptiness of brains; but their power of going on saying something is remarkable. A few days ago I was attracted by the length of time that a man had been speaking, and another man had been saying 'eh'¹ after each sentence, and began to count the sentences; when he added 217 more. I think that I was correct. It was about some corn and an ox, or oxen, which he had been to see about, sent by Kanyemba.

¹Ê or e-e, a maid-of-all-work interjection.

Aug. 2nd. Thursday. We were close to Malotte's village in a space made by the crescent shape of Manyamberè and Nyamquazi Mountains, which leave the river higher up and join it again lower down. This is the only mountain, though a small one, between the mouths of the Panyame (and higher still to opposite Zumbo) and the Umsengaisi rivers; but a few small rises exist, enough apparently to give the appearance from the river, or to anyone on the north side of the country, of the South being hilly, though it is one vast plain. Mr. Selous thinks that the Geographical Society heard that it was mountainous from Dr. Livingstone, who travelled along the North Bank. The Portuguese—I think that four whom I saw were Europeans—travel by water. Close by the mouth of the Umsengaisi River on the opposite side, are the large peaks of Chanda & Matemwè: though the latter only stands up above a sea of hills, and has not the sugar-loaf shape of Chanda. These must be the two—the only two—mountains that we saw from the Mashona hills, standing out very dimly against the horizon, in this direction, and which the native there called Goza and Matemwè. I do not think it possible to mistake Chanda: it is very remarkable; there is no other hill like it around; it, with Matemwè would alone be seen at a great distance; the two hills *were* in this direction; the native was apparently right in naming Matemwè: but called Chanda, Goza. We reached Perizengi's Town, at the mouth of the Umsengaisi quite early. Our path goes to the South from here, so far as I can learn: but as I think the people do not know anything for certain beyond the next village, I propose starting for the next village tomorrow morning—they will not start today, though we could have gone more than half-way. The way in which the men pass the day, except something extraordinary occurs, is almost incredible: and one wonders that a creature with the form of a man and having an immortal soul can so exist. The people of this town are composed of Banyai and Chicunda. Their head is a man who is now at Zumbo, Perizengi: a 'capitaine' appointed by the Portuguese. The people immediately on the other side of the Zambesi are called Vapendi: those farther away, Basenga: who are also round Zumbo. Those along the South Bank from the mouth of the Umsengaisi to Kanyemba's Town are Mutandi. The Shidima country is to the East of this as far as Nyungwè (Tetè). The people there are called Atavara. Some Mutandi live on the Umsengaisi: but Banyai villages soon begin till those of the Mashona. *Some* Banyai live among the Mutandi on the South of the Zambesi, between here and Kanyemba's. The Chicunda are also the people at Chabonga, the town of which

Chimbuna, deputed by the Portuguese, is 'capitaine'. The trees here are much the same as along the rivers running from Mashonaland: on the higher ground much the same as on the higher ground there. There is a very large tree in the enclosure here, called Museke,¹ more symmetrical than any that I have seen, apparently growing in an old ant heap, for its roots extend several feet above the level of the ground. Lying on a heap of stones in the sun, the thermometer registers 120.

No-one, who had not had dealings with the heathen savage, would credit what a repulsive degradation of humanity he is: seeming to combine the high developement of rascality and cunning as found in the professional London thief, with a shamelessness which few of them have: while their miserable stupidity, in nearly every case where their own interests are not concerned, is only to be appreciated by those who have been subjected to it. Living somewhat intimately among them is a refutation such as nothing else could be of the belief that the heathen native is better than the Christian one: and an argument for the necessity of raising them if only to the level of those inferior representatives of Christianity as are found in every Colonial Town. It is idle to speak of a nation such as the Basuto, who have been raised for many years by contact with Christianity and civilization, as specimens of heathenism, though thousands may believe in no GOD, and grease their bodies with pig's fat and yellow ochre.

The boatmen who had been engaged by the Portuguese, & for whom I had paid very highly, demanded payment from us also: and were more violent in their protestations than any I have yet had to do with. After careful explanation I said that they would get nothing more, and they went to sleep apparently very angry. The 'capitaine's' children are here: they are some shades lighter than the Chicunda, who are *very* dark.

The Portuguese tell me that David Thomas² killed 8 of the Mashukulumpo as they attacked him, before he was himself killed.

Aug. 3. Friday. The boatmen were perfectly happy and friendly, which they certainly would not have been had they remained unpaid.³ I gave them a small present, and they wished us a prosperous journey most courteously. Having paid very highly there

¹ The tree is impossible to identify precisely. The natives of the Darwin district, between the Umsengesi and the Mazoe rivers, apply the word 'musete' to a species of indigenous fig. This would fit the description given here.

² David Thomas was a brother of the man who was killed by Lobengulo with the rest of Captain Patterson's men. *K.-B.*

³ That is, if they had *really* considered themselves unpaid, as they asserted. *K.-B.*

was very little difficulty in starting: some of them only, after going about 100 yards, putting down their loads to go to their houses to have food. The Umsengaisi River was crossed four times; the road being by the side of the river for a large part of the day, was pretty: but the walking on the high ground among the mopani trees is much the easiest. The heat has exceeded anything that we have yet had. Edward has a slight touch of fever this evening: but Warburg's Tincture will probably drive it away. We arrived at Makombè's village before sunset. It is the first Banyai village. There are no huts: the people are living under boughs. They have been driven from their original village by the Chicunda. They seem to be living on the fruit of the Baobab tree: though it is very possible that their own laziness is the cause of their having nothing else.

[Section IV

RETURN TO THE WAGGONS]

Aug. 4. Saturday. After a good deal of trouble I paid 9 men to carry, and hoped that they would soon start: but then the grinding of their food began, then the cooking and eating, then the taking of snuff: all being done with a leisurly insolence which must be seen to be believed: and accompanied by the remark that it is getting late, and they will not be able now to reach the next village.¹ We crossed the Umsengaisi River three times in all during the day, and for nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile walked along the bed of the Large Macumburra—a sand river—on leaving which the carriers missed our track, and further delay was caused. When they joined us, they refused to go any further on the ground of their being no more water in front, but were, after a further delay induced to go on, having been lent a water bottle. Edward, John, and I filled our three water bottles for the night, but before arriving at the sleeping place, Edward had quite, and John almost finished their water. Edward said that he could not help it; I dare say the fever made him very thirsty, and the heat was very great, as it always has been over this horrible plain. However we managed somehow: the carriers saying that they would go back tomorrow: then that they would be paid again

¹ Possibly in the wish to travel quickly sufficient allowance is not made for the inability of the native to understand the value of time; and possibly what we may consider to be insolence is nothing more than good natured contempt of our haste.
K.-B.

before starting: that we had brought them where there was no water; and some ill-looking faces eyeing one over the fires was not a pleasant ending to a day, passed chiefly in walking over a dreary flat—the object of most interest probably being a human skull and some few bones—the remains of a poor creature whom the men said had been killed for the sake of some poor valuables that he was carrying.¹ Perizengi had a village on the Umsengaisi in our path: but is said to have left owing to the number of lions. It seems like an immense land under an immense curse; if it be the curse of Ham, the curse of Ham was a very terrible one.

Aug. 5. Sunday. We wished to reach water before the Sun was hot—Edward called me at about 3.30, and soon afterwards we were packed, and waiting for some light. The men were paid again, and walked very fairly; I was not sorry for a little delay—I thought that my knee intended to give me trouble. John & I missed the first water, and waited some half a mile ahead of the men while we heard them at their breakfast. (Their conversation is carried on in such a key, and with sufficient power to enable it to be heard.) Nyantequē's town belonging to the Banayi was reached early—the chief was away, but his two wives came to see me: to whom I gave a present: they brought me some meal and corn as a present, & then sold me more—I paying rather highly for it: but a present from any chiefs except those of a more civilized nation such as the Basuto, or from a Mangwato Christian Chief such as Khama, is somewhat dangerous—'Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes'.

I spoke to them for a short time on my Mission: one of the last relay of carriers—a superior specimen—saying that they would like to have a white man among them (I had been speaking of how they should receive a Missionary when he came among them): but apparently because he would teach them to grow corn, and would give them biscuits such as I had given him. As the two great ladies went away they derided the other women of the village, saying that *they* were not afraid to come and sit near me.

We were delayed a long time by some meal being fetched which I had promised: and then for nearly another hour while the lazier ones smoked and eat. After going for about 2 miles they wished to stop for the night: but had their calico given them, and we walked till nearly dark, covering about 20 miles.

The Bechuana man has bad symptoms. Edward is well:

¹ If the people killed this man for his property, it is probable that they may have killed Richard Foster also. After a good deal of questioning I was unable to find out exactly who the man was, or who killed him. The men seemed to know all about it, but I could not make them explain the details sufficiently clearly for me to understand them.

he says he had a very bad headache, and was very deaf yesterday: but then I had put a good deal of quinine into his mug without measuring it, which seems effectual. If it should be considered wrong to travel on Sunday, I consider that, under the circumstances, we were the best judges of that. We slept at Mamatsëo's village—a Banai settlement.

Aug. 6. Monday. The great heat of the nights has ceased, and we slept in comfort, getting up as soon as there was an appearance of dawn in the sky. After paying today's carriers two ran away with their calico; John found a third who was in the grass, having put his load into a ditch. The country was the most pleasing that had been passed through in all the plain; the mopani trees grew to a great size; clumps of fan-palm broke the monotony of the mopani: but the tsetse fly was very bad. All went well till John, who was in front, shot an eland, when the usual scene took place, and they wished to go no further saying that there was no more water. Not till they understood that the meat would only be allowed them if they came on, they did so, but soon stopped saying that now there was no more, and they would move no further, though it was quite early. The Kadzi is here a sand river, having water under the surface. Though the meat causes trouble, it is a great help to us in walking, especially as we have but two meals a day.

Aug. 7. Tuesday. Khama's man has fever. The carriers would not start even after high payment; I told them that they could not have the present which I had promised if they carried well. We then walked along a good deal of water, shewing how they had lied: but one of the traits that distinguishes the heathen savage from the partially civilized, or most degraded class of European is an entire absence of shame. Very early the Outetè River was reached. At this time of the year it is not running. We stopped at Umsusa's Village. This is the last Banai village. The Banai must be a branch of the same family as the Mashona; the language is closely allied; their appearance is much the same; very unlike the Bantu races—Zulu, Basuto, Bechuana etc.

To have seen these peoples, and to have had dealings with them—to have seen fallen humanity untouched by the regenerating influence of Christianity, is an argument for the necessity of Missions such as nothing else could provide, should the Command to Christianize all nations not carry sufficient force. There are only two men that we know of who can speak Seshona—my John, and an old waggon-driver of Mr. Selous'.

During this walk the mountains could be seen clearly in front—a sight for sore eyes: not that mine were sore, except where a piece of

the reed, that by courtesy passes in this country for grass, had cut the white. It is a strange formation—the vast plain, with the long line of mountains rising abruptly from it; the difference of climate, as seen by the growth of subtropical plants in the plain, such as the fan-palm, which are not found on the higher ground; the tsetse-fly, is left immediately that the mountains are reached. Where the mopani grows—that is on the very well drained ground, the walking is very good, and the surroundings pleasant, and healthy, though generally devoid of any interest; while in other parts, especially on our path to the Zambesi, the country was very repulsive—the coarse yellow grass, thicker than straw; the thorns; the masses of a kind of weed, which makes the place smell like the Zoological Gardens; the annoyance and pain which is continually being caused in a small way, if one has to come in contact with nature;—some time ago I took up a large seed to examine it, and my hands were immediately rubbing each other to try to get the prickles out, which were *really* painful—those of the prickly pear could not be compared to these; fortunately I could find my carbolic oil immediately. Edward had some in his chin, and he has sores there still.

There is no name for the whole range; the names of the separate peaks on the North side were extracted from the head-man of the village—our stock of geographical knowledge being in danger of being limited by his refusing to tell me all the names without a present. I hired another carrier to carry the sick man's things, and after great delay, and high payment started for the mountains, which were reached in the afternoon, but the men would not go up—two of them going off to find the remains of some animal killed by lions. One of the carriers was quite a boy—about 16, whose head had been terribly cut in 3 or 4 places when he was about 7 years old by another of the carriers while drunk; while a third had quite lately gashed the boy's hand in the division of some meat. Some time ago, farther south, while a Matabele was cutting meat, a Mashona tried to get a piece by cutting with his assegai between his legs from behind; when the assegai was driven into the Matabele's leg, the arrangement was discontinued.

Aug 8. Wednesday. Wilhelm is also ill with fever. After paying the carriers again exorbitantly, and some delay occurring from one refusing his payment, but coming back on seeing that I could arrange without him, we started. I was able to substantiate the naming of the different peaks after promising payment to one of the carriers. They refused to go farther than the first water without more payment. Words are thrown away in nearly every case where they have the advantage of one—as when there are loads with no

one but themselves to carry. For some three hours we stayed on this rock. I explained that my men were sick—that they had engaged to take us to the village. It was the harder to be patient, as I am quite convinced that, had I taken their assegais and broken two or three, and beaten the ringleader with Wilhelm's thick stick, they would have walked on quietly. However I gave them beads and they went on.

Whenever the white man comes into this country the order of events is not hard to prophecy. If I could have afforded it, and had my own carriers, and had only passed through the people, and had no dealings with them beyond buying food, I should have had a higher opinion, but known less, of them. I feel as though nothing could ever so try my temper again; it is admirable education.

We reached Umsusa's village in the evening. The two sick men could barely get there. Edward and John were admirable: there was no attempt to make a skerm: the carriers went away.

Aug 9. Thursday. Last night and this morning the men were properly dosed with Quinine—not wretched little amounts by weight, but a little meal of it. They had Warburg's mixture also. They say that they are both deaf, but they can both walk. Edward was deaf also after the treatment, but he believes in it intensely.

With no trouble at all a new relay of carriers started: only once was there a difference of opinion when some wished to go back to tell some one else that they had heard that a Matabele man had been killed close by. I did not believe that any Matabele would come alone into the country, and they went on. Very soon we struck the old path, and reached Shipuriro's early—about 3 hours before the time that I had told Jelly to expect me.¹

I was a good deal astonished at his being there by the day on which I had told him to be there, but learnt from Edward that it was fear that I would keep my word and not wait for him that had brought him along. On arriving at their skerm, I found Khama's other man huddled up by the fire, suffering from fever; Jelly had it also, though I do not think that he could have been very bad, as he had been shooting along the road, which a man does not do if he has fever properly. He had hired 3 men and 2 women, with a promise of *my* cloth to carry for him. It appears that his heart had failed him after he had started two days, and he was either afraid of the plain, or the hills, or of having some trouble with the donkeys, and hired these people and drove the donkeys with scarcely anything on them,

¹ I had told Jelly to wait a short time at Kanyemba's, and then to go back on our path to Shipuriro's. I calculated that I should be either there, or on the level with it, by this time, and had given him the evening of today as the time to expect to hear of me. K.-B.

which saved him a very great deal of trouble: and then, as I had allowed him $1\frac{1}{2}$ days margin, he was able to come. However it was a very good thing that he had come: but as he had lived for 10 years near the Victoria Falls, and had had this road found for him, which is possibly $\frac{2}{3}$ of the work, it would not have been much to expect that he should have succeeded better. But far worse than this the wretched man brought a boy, whom he said that Kanyemba had given him—intending, of course, to give it to me in return for my presents to him. I could only call the boy and tell him that he was free to go where he liked, and try to induce him to go back, which he, having had enough of the plain already, refuses to do: so I told him he would be fed and paid if he worked—not that I want him, but wish to show that the English will not have slaves: and so he is with us: and he has a bad cough, which the cold of this colder country will probably make worse; and he carries the unhappy Jelly's skins, which skins would not be here had the man [been]¹ doing his duty instead of getting them.

John, Edward, and the Matonga are the only ones who can do anything to be of real use, but we arranged the packs for tomorrow's journey. One donkey has died: we think from a snake bite;² and both the dogs from the tsetse fly.

One of the men who came with Jelly Shipuriro wished to sell to me for some powder. He wished, I think, to come with us, and I said that he might: but would not, so far as I could gather, without Shipuriro's consent.³

Friday. Aug. 10. We hired three carriers, who were excellent; and we walked as much as it had taken two days to do on the journey up. They told us that Shipuriro had killed the man who wished to come with us, which I did not believe: also that they were afraid to go to Kurusu, as they would be killed. I told them that that was not true, and they made no more difficulty. I gave them a very good present for carrying well. We slept at the Mabare River.

Saturday. August 11. We breakfasted on the South side of the Musiquè River, and slept at the Brook Morere. It was a day of almost perfect rest: for 20 miles, within a hundred yards or so, the carriers walked without a word of complaint, beyond that they 'were dead' at the end, which was rectified by some powder.

Some of the donkeys are beginning to feel the effects of the

¹ MS being.

² We concluded afterwards that it was from tsetse-fly, as the other donkeys, which died from the tsetse-fly had much the same symptoms. K.-B.

³ I would gladly have bought him, but considered that I should have been classed with the ordinary slave-catchers had I done so; & Shipuriro seemed to be treating him well. I could not understand what relation there was between him and Shipuriro, why Shipuriro claimed him, or why he would not come with us. K.-B.

tsetse fly bites, and after exertion, go slowly: Some of the men did not reach our sleeping place, staying with them. The best treatment for fever seems to be good doses of Quinine, and a modification of Dr. Livingstone's pills,¹ and to be made to exert one's self.²

Sunday. Aug. 12. We walked to Kurusu by shortly after 10 o'clock, and made arrangements for carriers to the waggons.³ The Chief lives on Gato Mountain, a curious formation corresponding to Kurusu. On the extreme summit of the topmost block of stone, the grain-hut was built for use in case the people were driven there. The chief's son had been made a slave of by the Matabele when a boy, and is now staying here, and has made it very easy to get carriers: his education among the Matabele has made him very superior (in dealing with white men) to the Mashona: he has a rough good-natured courtesy, and a civil independence that would be hard to find among the Mashona.⁴

I told the Chief Chimanga to come to our skerm: he was given a present; the son said that he knew that I was a teacher: but there were a great crowd of people: there had been a beer-drinking, and they had apparently collected here today.

It is painful to see, that though they seem scarcely responsible beings, how intensely cunning they are in transactions: here they affected to despise the quality of some calico—it is English 'twill'—which I am sorry to have to offer them, having spent all the white—; it cost some 6d or 7d a yard in England; and they asked for such 'as the Portugese gave', probably not knowing in the least that the calico which they give on the Zambesi is worth about 1½d a yard *after* being brought to Africa.⁵ Another donkey died from the tsetse fly.

¹ '[The remedy] consists of Resin of Jalap and calomel eight grains each—and quinine and rhubarb four grains each: pound them well together, and mix into a mass (to be made into pills) with tincture of cardamoms or other spirit if you have none. The whole is a full dose for a strong man.' (From a holograph letter of David Livingstone to John Smith Moffat dated 20 April, 1860. The whole letter is printed in *The Matabele Mission*, number 2 in this series.)

² I was alluding to treatment of natives, & light attacks. For serious cases I think I should trust to Warburg's Fever Tincture. K.-B.

³ This was a curious instance of their knowledge of the country. We only knew, in a very rough way, the direction of the waggons, & the name of the very small hill on which they were, and yet, though for some distance we followed no path, the guides never seemed in the least at a loss. I think, possibly, they may have *meant* at one time not to go straight. K.-B.

⁴ He was as superior to the ordinary Matabele as he was to the ordinary Mashona. Independence is a quality which it would be impossible to expect among a nation of slaves. K.-B.

⁵ 'A stiff, strong calico is not suitable; it must be soft to the touch, as most of it is tied round the waists for show.' D. Carnegie, *Among the Matabele* (1894) p. 66.

Aug. 13. Monday. After long delay, and a terrible noise, having 8 carriers, we started in the direction of the waggons, and have done a fair day's walking. The men say that they are yet two days off, but it is always safest to suppose that they are inaccurate in a case such as this.

Aug. 14. Tuesday. I had hoped that one of the donkeys which was poisoned by the tsetse fly might recover, but this morning I shot it: the symptoms of ordinary snake-poisoning appeared. It is unnecessary to say that the carriers broke the compact made at Kuruso; also, last night I suspected some trick as to the road, and asked the leader where a mountain was which I knew; he pointed in exactly the wrong direction, and when I said that that was not true, pointed towards it. This seems all very trivial; but when bringing tired men, and exhausted or sick animals back to the waggons, every hour is of importance. I hope to reach them tomorrow evening, and the payment of cloth for tomorrow's work, strangely enough, *exactly* exhausts my whole stock: one man alone could not be paid—I am taking one extra one to help with a large bag—I politely explained to him the position, without alluding to the fact that they had no right to ask for it, when he, not so politely, said that he would go home: payment at the end of a day's work does not at all suit their mode of action. My own men are working *very* well; two more donkeys have died today. From the large number of bites that every one of them must have had, I hardly hope to save one—but then the swarming numbers in the plain to the South of the Zambesi are entirely unknown to the hunters south of our road: however, it was the *donkeys* which enabled us to do the journey as we did. Two of the same donkeys were 'in the fly'¹ last year. We came to the Mosuatadzi Brook in the afternoon, and could have gone on, but I was sure that the men driving the other donkeys could go no farther. They were only guided by our track through the grass, and the shots that were fired.

Aug 15. Wednesday. The guide said that we could reach the hill where the waggons were if but a little weight was carried: so leaving the last of my meal for the carriers, and a part of my oatcakes for our three men, John, Edward, Wilhelm, the Matonga and I started with four carriers very early. For the first two hours or so we went through wet grass, which showed that we were in the valley: it was cold; the very best donkey stuck in a bog; but the carriers had not, I think, stated facts accurately, and at about 1 o'clock we reached the waggons after some 15 or 16 miles walk only. Before

¹Also to the south of where we found it so poisonous on account of their great number. *K.-B.*

doing anything else we thanked GOD for His preservation of us—and indeed we had good cause to be thankful. Everything was in the same order as though Isaac had expected us today. Without going into the question as to the value of Christianity, or the profitableness of Missions, it is certainly the greatest comfort to have Christian servants on such a journey as this. There is little in common between Isaac and the ordinary heathen here, except that they both have black skins. Everything had been done as I told him; the horses and dogs were fat and well, except that one of the latter had been caught by a crocodile, but escaped with a bad bite in the thigh.

Mr. Dunn was just starting with Count Schweinitz's waggons for the South; he had intended to go some of [the] distance on our road,¹ but has given this up. He stayed here this evening, and rides on tomorrow. There seems to be some idea of the Indunas making difficulties on the Sabi road by saying that no road exists that way. The Count is going by the shorter road so as to be home by Christmas.

How I should like to be home by Christmas; but I think that far the larger number of Mashunas live to the S.E. and I wish to do the work, and keep faith with the Society: but I *should* like to see Lillie, and John with his golden hair, and the darling baby. The dew is very heavy in this low ground: my blanket was wetter last night than it has been for some time.

[Section V

FROM THE WAGGON CAMP TO INYATI]

Aug. 16. Thursday. The grass is very bad here: we packed all day. At midday Jelly and the others arrived. We crossed the pass to the S.E. and slept on the plain.

Aug. 17. Friday. I was riding a short distance in front of the waggons, when Edward galloped up asking if I had seen the troop of lions which crossed the road between me and the waggons. He pointed out the direction which they had taken—to a wood on the right. I galloped towards, where he pointed, for some little distance, when I saw them going in single file through the trees. As I came closer the two or three hinder ones, I think, stopped and looked at me, and Sir Garnet² began to go a little shifty, like a horse

¹ The Sabi Road. K.-B.

² The horse which Knight-Bruce had promised Lobengula on his return.

wishing to refuse a fence. I think that I lost sight of them for a few moments, and was galloping on to catch them, when as I passed an anthheap with grass to the right, I heard a loud growl to my right, and saw one of them, I *think* sitting up, looking at me. I stopped as quickly as I could, got myself or the horse a bit round and shot him. He gave a growl and moved a few yards, but the bullet had disabled him, and two more bullets killed him. Sir Garnet behaved admirably. I shouted in the direction of the waggons, and Sekomi came up first, and began skinning it. Isaac rode up, and I sent him back for more cartridges—I had killed the beast with my *last*. I tied Sir Garnet to a tree just 20 yds. from the edge of the long grass on the anthill, and was trying to find the spoor of the others, when I heard a very nasty growl from the anthheap; but Sekomi was running as fast as a man can run past me. Another lion had been lying in the anthheap all the time. I think that both our first impulses were to climb trees; but almost immediately I thought of the horse—it was the one which I had to give to Lobengula, and there was no money to buy another. Any moment I felt that the lion might be on him. I went back and untied him, when he immediately ran back, and dragged the bridle out of my hand. I caught him and got on, and went to Sekomi, and we walked away. Isaac soon came up with more cartridges, but while we were setting fire to the grass, with their cat-like stealth, he must have crawled away on the opposite side, which would not have happened had not the wretched dogs all skulked back to the waggon on first seeing the lions, and refusing to move for some time. I rode on in two directions, but could see nothing more of them. They had first been seen standing over a dead tsesebe which they had killed.

In the afternoon I went with John to find the road and water near the mountains. We came right upon a herd of eland, but most of them seemed to have little calves, & I did not like [to] shoot one.¹ I shot a tsessebe and a sable antelope, but the vultures found one.

Saturday. Aug 18. We are staying to try to get the oxen stronger before moving on, and have gone no farther, as I hope that the runners may come on from Count Schweinitz' waggon with some letters, and take mine back. I wounded an eland early in the morning, which John rode round and drove some little way and shot nearer the waggons.

I went through the survey of the road which had been made since leaving Iniati. I feel that this is rather a lazy way of spending a day, but I cannot well go on, and I am not sorry for the rest.

¹ Knight-Bruce originally wrote '... I could not shoot one.' He subsequently altered 'could' to 'did not like' but omitted to alter the original 'not' to 'to'.

Aug. 19. Sunday. Edward, Isaac, Siquarri and I received the Holy Communion early. Later on we had the general Service: after which Isaac and Edward went on with the Morning Service.

I read the 2nd. lesson to the men in the evening.

* Aug. 20. Monday. Very early John and I started for Unyamwenda's. I took him no present, but gave him a reed buck which I shot on the way. He was ill, but sent me a large pot of beer. John told them that he and I did not drink it, as it would make us tipsy, which they seemed to think very laughable, and proceeded to drink it among themselves. I sent him some polite messages, and spoke to the people about their having teachers. They said that they would build him a house if he came, and would take care of him. The place is a very curious formation. Out of the plain four gigantic piles of boulders seem to have been thrown up: so fantastic and quaint that it is hard to remember that they have not been put there one by one: in strange contrast to the sugar-loaf hill close to them, of which there are far larger specimens in the country, looking as though they had been made with a pair of compasses, smoothed down by a plane, and had their trees planted with a yard measure. They live in these uncomfortable places for fear of the Matabele: and seem, on some occasions, to defend themselves well for a time. I hear that the 'impi' which we met on the way up suffered so severely that Lobengula was very angry, and another one was sent out in another direction. When asking the Mashona why they live among rocks, where they are not sufficiently high to act as fortresses, I was told that they knew of holes into which they could escape. A few tiny cows,¹ and some goats are kept. They grow rice, and are just now making the deep holes in which it is planted. We passed a rare thing in this country, a large reedy marsh; one little pool of water only was visible, where a flock of tiny specimens of the duck family were floating on the water, while one of the avocat family was walking on the water-lily leaves.

We then rode through a pass in the hills, and visited one of Unyamwenda's smaller villages, where I told the people my message. I had a short talk to those of the next village as I went by. We came back through the hills by another pass.

Aug. 21. Tuesday. Two Mashona had promised to take my letter to Lillian to Mr. Dunn: but now they refuse to do it without previous payment, which would make the arrival of the letter very uncertain. I am not very hopeful about the Iniati runners coming as far as this. We made one 'trek' over the pass—a long

¹ A distinct type of small cattle has existed in Mashonaland from a very remote period. (E. A. Nobbs in *South African Journal of Science*, vol. 24, pp. 328-337.)

one—to good grass for the oxen. By travelling slowly I think that they will gain condition for the journey.

Aug. 22. Wednesday. John and I started very early to shoot something (I was told that there was no more meat for the men), when some Mashona followed. I shot a very large eland bull, and told them that they could have the rest, if they would carry a small part back for us: at first they refused, but seemed to agree; however after I was gone, it seemed to end in Sekomi carrying far the greater weight, and being cut on the foot by an assegai. I consider it an act of justice to Sekomi to take a small quantity of their meat away.

It is a horrible sight to see them over a dead animal—assegais, knives, hatchets cutting in nearly every direction; here one in a kind of frenzy of haste clutching at the head of another's axe: there two elderly men, looking like fathers of the tribe dragging at the two ends of a heap of entrails, utterly unconscious that such an arrangement as sharing it is possible. I would have made them give back the meat which they had taken from Sekomi had I not unfortunately promised that no more should be taken from them.

It is easy to see how the wretched creatures—wretched only in character, not in physique: for they must be, as a rule, immensely strong—fall an easy prey to the Matabele, though they might meet a Matabele 'impi', ten to one. They have not the slightest power of uniting: no one seems to have any authority, for no one seems to inspire respect among a people who have too little self respect themselves to reverence others.¹

Aug 23. Thursday. I offered any two of the Mashona nearly anything that they wished if they would take my letters to Mr. Dunn. I believe that I can do all that I wish to do and be back by Christmas: and am very anxious to tell Lillie so, and for the clergy to know it. If I do not send from here, there is no other opportunity till I get to Iniati. But not one of them would go: they have meat, and what more can a man want? I spoke very civilly and kindly to them, saying that we had been very kind to them, and I asked them to do this for me. 'They were afraid of the Matabele.' I knew that no one intended to go: but I spoke to them for some little time on the foolishness of their actions—on the way they treated the Matabele and us. When I had finished they shouldered their

¹ It must not be forgotten in speaking of the Mashona that they are a nation of slaves, taken when they are wanted apparently, & that, therefore, they have inherited possibly the usual characteristics of slaves. I think that I can judge them more fairly now that I am away from them than when suffering from their way of acting towards travellers. With all their faults they are a pleasanter people to deal with than the Matabele. In general character they are considerably superior. *K.-B.*

immense loads of meat, and went off: nothing but my promise to them prevented my telling them to leave them here till they had sent two men with my letters.

Meat is all valuable to them; a small piece, one year old, held in the hollow of the cheek, will serve for a whole meal of porridge. It is to dig the mice out of the ground more easily that every year nearly the whole country is set on fire.

Their treatment of stray Matabele seems to be imbecile in the extreme.

I hear that the Umbezweni Regiment¹ is out somewhere to the South or West, avenging some wandering Matabele who was killed last year.

We 'trekked' to the head of a small stream running into the Hanyane; at first we took the direction through the wood, but soon came on the last year's track of Mr. Selous waggon. John & I rode to where the stream runs into the Hanyane. The whole country had evidently been well populated once. Old gardens are often situated among rocks, apparently for the sake of the moisture in the ground; the rice-holes are in the more swampy parts, of which there are a far larger number than in most parts that I have seen.

There was a slight shower of rain as we were coming home. A few drops had fallen on last Tuesday week. There was a small shower the night we arrived at Kanyemba's.

Aug 24. Friday. I wait here probably till Monday, as the last chance of the runners bringing the letters, and of my, therefore, having an opportunity of sending mine. John and I rode and saw where the last of the three streams runs into the Hanyane.

I shot 3 sable antelopes before getting there, but partly from my fault, partly from the men's, only one, and parts of another, and the head of the third were brought to the waggons. In trying to recross the Hanyane we each had a fall in a quicksand, and had to find a fresh place. I do not know whether in any place, the sands are deep enough to pull a horse down altogether.

John's power of finding his way about is most extraordinary: no amount of ringing or turning in the open, or in the woods, puts him in the least out of his reckoning. I go out with him as confident that we shall not lose ourselves, as, if I were alone, I should be that I would. He sees everything apparently; in a very fast gallop he had seen that we had crossed waggon-tracks twice, though he had twice broken his stirrup leather, and once I saw him down.

I do not know what I should have done without him: never in the way, never out of the way, doing exactly what he is told, afraid of nothing, very gentle, and speaking very little—the product of a good mother and Christian Missionaries.

There is no reason why we

¹ The Imbezu regiment, Lobengula's bodyguard.

should not, so we have morning Prayers now, as well as evening ones. Another donkey has died. Two Mashona, in the distance, are all that we have seen since yesterday morning, except one who followed us.

Aug. 25. Saturday. No letters. I rode out in the afternoon. The oxen are getting stronger. They need never have been weak, had we not travelled so very fast to the Hanyane: they must have been very good ones; for Mr. Dunn's, which were nearly two months longer on the road than ours, seem to be weak also. Had I known that we should have done our Zambesi journey so quickly, I would not have hurried as I did. But who could have known? Though we had continually to hire new relays of carriers (as is natural in a country where, unlike Zanzibar, there is no professional (?) carrying), we travelled the 535 miles in less than 40 days: which I should never have reckoned on before starting. I was afraid of being caught unnecessarily in the rains, and left a margin which proved not to be necessary.

So with my medicines—there are far more than necessary; but I did not know what I might not have to guard against—or what might be lost or broken; two bottles of the cure for snake bites have alone been broken, through my stupidity, and one bottle of aconite lost; but I did not know but that a whole case might not be overset out of a canoe in some river; & only last year John's father—himself a native—lost all the skins which he had—even far South of where we went—by the carriers throwing away his things.

I do not think that I could have brought myself or my men through in Mr. Selous' way;¹ Richard Foster must have died at the very beginning: and I have not heard of anyone else attempting it.

The wretched boy whom Jelly brought from Kanyemba's seems very ill. I think that he is in consumption, besides suffering very badly from the effects of fever. He has also burnt his knees most terribly from sleeping too near to the fire; his stomach also is burnt, and his feet are sore probably from the same reason. He is tied up in lint and vaseline, where necessary; and is given quinine and plenty of food; but he will sleep sitting up, and goes back to his fire where ever else he is put. Kleinboy is still ill from fever.

All the men have as much lime-juice as they wish.

Aug. 25. Saturday. I failed in getting a koodoo, which I tried to get.

Aug. 26. Sunday. We had the usual Services, with the addition

¹ Mr. Selous tried to do practically the same journey so far as crossing the plain to the South of the Zambesi is concerned. He went farther to the East than I did. *K.-B.*

of Isaac reading, at each, our verses from the Bible in Sechuana. I have given up all hopes of the post: and intend, if GOD so wishes, to go round, and reach Iniati in time to send from there, so that people, whom it concerns, may expect me before I arrive myself.

Aug. 27. Monday. A long 'trek' only brought us to some bad water: and John and I rode on to find better. We found it, in holes, at what had been once a large settlement of Mashona. I have not been able to find out the name. We made two 'treks' today.

Aug. 28. Tuesday. As we were making our morning 'trek'—the only one—a gnu in the long grass deceived us into believing him a lion, till he was seen, not so far away looking at John and me carefully searching an old field. Situngwisa's deserted village was left to the right, shortly before stopping. The people were killed in 1883; but I hear that this year's 'impi' destroyed the inhabitants again. Some, possibly, who had escaped, came back during the interval. I saw the place in the afternoon; there were signs of quite recent digging and planting. I was not very well.

Aug. 29. Wednesday. One 'trek' was made to good water. I could get no meat; there seems to be little on this road. There are, I believe, large numbers of antelopes more to the East.

Aug. 30. Thursday. One deserted village was left to the right shortly before reaching the Nyatzimi River. Some Mashona, who came to the camp in the evening gave a certain amount of information: though it is very hard to gain much from them, owing to their seldom giving a direct answer to a question, and my having to ask them to repeat the names again and again before I am sure that I have them accurately.

I took a long round with some of our men: passed through Rutope—a mass of granite rocks, once inhabited, now deserted, by Chuota's people, who have crossed the river: probably so as to be farther from the Matabele. In coming home John mistook the Nyatzimi for the Mutedzerewe, and had we not most happily crossed our own waggon track, we might have had a cold time, as the sun had already set, and I was in my shirt sleeves. We could not hurry, as some of the men were walking.

Aug. 31. Friday. We made two 'treks' today. I know that the oxen will have rest at Goto's, or near it. The Mashona are still following us. They know what my business is, but they follow for meat.

I found a nest of the small black ant in a sucreboom; I am told that they are common near the Victoria Falls. The immense ant-heaps made by the black ant seem to be chiefly near rivers: possibly because it is easier to work soft soil. One near the Hanyane was about 87 paces round the base.

In the evening we passed a herd of sable antelopes on the other

side of a bog, and having been a good deal in bog already, intended to leave them: but, on petition, as we had no meat, I got into this bog also, and had to get off before the horse could get out. They ran through thick wood, during which John was knocked off his horse, and hurt his shoulder. The Mashona behaved very well, and carried the meat home to the camp. I know that nothing can be done for Jelly's boy, except feed him, and let him keep himself warm in his own way.

September 1. Saturday. One long 'trek'; and one short and very unsatisfactory one: having lost the track, we first turned to the left on being told of a beacon that was known: but riding on I found that rocks and bogs made it impossible. Then going to the right, the buck-waggon sank beyond the naves in bog that John & I thought was sound: and all had to be unloaded. So we slept on the apex, or a few feet from it, of the watershed of the Hanyane, Umfule, and Sabi Rivers, or their tributaries, and a very nasty place it was. There was a wind, & no shelter; fire wood was a long way off. I had been arranging for some time to ride to Sadza's Town from some point in the road: but, even if I could have left the waggons in today's wanderings, we passed the only footpath to it, without knowing, so far back, that the distance would have been very great, for we could have taken no short cuts.

September 2. Sunday. I thought it best to move on to another place—it is windy, cloudy, and cold. As the waggons were about to move, Jelly called to me that the boy, who always sat on the top, was dying: and in a few moments he died. It was a most happy release for him.

We made for Mt. Wedza; and happily were able to take an almost direct road to a point from which I hoped to see it, by crossing a 'bottom', laying trees over the boggy place. Then it began to rain, but the place was sheltered.

A good deal of trouble was taken in making a very decent grave, and we had a little Service and buried him: and we read the part of 1 Corinthians XV to the men for their Service.

I was very glad that there were some Mashona present.

The boy had said that he was a slave-boy of Kanyemba's people. I saw no signs of slavery there: except that at Matakanya's six Basenga women were working in chains; but this was said to be for stealing. They were fastened together.

September 3. Monday. A wretchedly cold damp morning, which turned into rain; but the day cleared up towards the middle. There was a good deal of trouble in trying to keep the faint track, which was eventually altogether lost, but recovered later on. We can now see Mt. Wedza, so we cannot go far wrong.

Gotoru,

which lay to our left, is one of the strange formations which occur occasionally on the open plain. Rutope was a mass of rocks, thrown together, picturesque and curious: but these heaps of granite boulders—possibly a dozen in half as many square miles, to all appearance, pushed up through the earth's crust—are far more striking.

After having had my legs cold, almost incessantly, day and night, for nearly a week—I think from a chill,—I put them with mustard & hot water into the waggon pail yesterday, and found very great benefit immediately.

September 4. Tuesday. I went a long way to get an antelope, which I did not get; we had no meat; but found some Mashona. others came to our waggon, who told me of a settlement of Mashona beyond the hills to the East. One peculiarity of these people is that they have a strange likeness to each other; I almost know how each will answer every question, or rather how they will *not* answer it, but tell me a great many things which I do not want to know, till I have persevered a good deal. Their behaviour on being given anything is painfully similar: for gratitude or any idea of thanking seems almost unknown. As a general rule there seems no custom of greeting each other or strangers, or of saying 'goodbye'.

I think that the contrast to my own natives is unfortunate for them; but then these have been with me some time, and are nicer and nicer as we go on.

I think that I have exactly the right number—that is few: one gets very fond of them—all except Jelly; but he has improved very much. From being a kind of camp bully, annoying most, and setting a bad example to all, he has become almost painfully submissive: but at the expense of my twice getting very angry—once because of his beating the oxen with his whip tied up, and once for working, or rather inspanning an ox with a sore neck, that I had said was to run loose; on which last occasion I think that I was too rough, and, on the principle that no amount of wrong justifies the least amount, apologised to him at prayer-time. It is more from fear of the harm which he will do the men, I think, than anything else that I have had to stop him.

It is strange how one forgets that most of them are black, or copper coloured: as one forgets that some are naked, but for a monkey-skin, or less.

I know that I shall be very sorry to part from them.

Sep. 5. Wednesday. We are working round Mt. Wedza: the country is so hilly that no straight road is kept; the second 'trek' brought the waggons to Goto's town, on the top of a rocky hill, under which we made our camp: and they can go no farther without danger of their being broken.

Sep. 6. Thursday. Goto & Choto, two brothers, the chiefs,

whom I had sent for, came early: and I gained such information as I could about the people to the South and East. The Barotse,¹ to the South, are said to raid on these people for cattle:² but the chiefs promised carriers. I gave them each a blanket, calico, and caps. Their behaviour on these occasions is very disgusting. The largest number of people came to the waggons that I have seen together in the country—about 300; we bought mealies and rice and kaffir meal: also I bought a good many of their ornaments, and some axes, knives, and assegais, made by themselves. The leg-bangles of the women are—some of them—of great thickness. Fifteen are sometimes worn on one leg. The little skins which they here wear are very scanty. Many make a kind of cap by twisting beads into their hair. They are very quiet, and gentle, & modest. The people here say that they are not Mashona, but Tiriwambiri,³ however they speak Seshuna. In the middle of the buying there was a stampede, and the chief said that news had been brought of some raiding party marching on them, but I heard nothing more of it. They are very clever at working in brass or iron: and the iron is said to be very well tempered.

Friday. Sep. 7. About 200 men and women collected early round the waggons. I heard that Kwarimba, the paramount chief, had come: and I went and tried to be civil to him: but he was far more business-like, and after I had given him a blanket, he said it was too small: so another was given, and then caps: then he wished for calico before he would allow the carriers to start; then I had a little talk to him, telling him how differently a chief of a fighting nation such as the Basuto would behave to strangers: also that I would leave his town if he did not behave differently; and there was

¹ The name is applied by Knight-Bruce to what are now two distinct peoples, the Varozwi of Southern and the Barotse or Malozi of Northern Rhodesia.

Of the Varozwi, traditions state that, arriving from the north-east, they became a considerable power during the 18th century, until they were overthrown by successive Swazi and Matabele invasions. (Their kingdom has also been identified but without any certainty, with that of the Monomotapa.)

The Barotse are supposed to be a portion of the same people, who seceded about the end of the 18th century and settled in that part of the Zambezi valley now known as Barotseland. They were subjugated by the Makololo, largely adopting their language, but revolted during the 50's and 60's of the last century. Coillard (*On the Threshold of Central Africa*, p. 224) says their own language (now called Siluyana) was allied to that of the Banyai, itself closely connected with that of the Varozwi. The language now called Silozi is a compound of Sikololo, Siluyana and other dialects.

² I think that there was a misunderstanding here. I think that the people who came through the Barotse country were intended—i.e. the Gaza people. *K.-B.*

³ This is two words meaning 'We are Wambiri'. The Vambire are a Shona tribe, but the name Mashona is one imposed by foreigners, and to this day is rejected by some natives, who only recognize their own tribal name.

no more trouble with him. I put the waggons under his care: and left Jelly, who is ill, and two of Khama's men in charge. The path soon began to enter a kind of sea of mountains: and the collections of huts here and there—especially on Goto's hill, is very picturesque.¹ They give the idea of being very uncomfortably placed—more like bird's nests than houses: but everything is sacrificed to personal safety. Bafa's town, which we passed about sunset, is the most remarkable specimen of this. His hill is one immense rock, with partly a smooth face to the North, and where it is broken up, though still almost perpendicular, there the town is placed. One of the men tells me that Sekomi had said that the place would soon be destroyed: that he did not know the people had so much cattle, and the Matabele did not know of the place. They have great strength and activity, and far more guns than the Matabele: the country has many natural fortresses; yet their foolishness and want of all power of sufficient combination makes them, more or less, an easy prey. The first missionaries will have to be men of almost limitless patience: and the first establishing of Missions will possibly be expensive, as it may be some time before these people learn that their use consists in anything else but to be drained.

I wished to know the name of the brook at which we stopped. 'They were hungry: they would not say.' I bought food for them; they wanted beer; when I would not buy it, the man 'would go back tomorrow'.

Sep. 8. Saturday. The carriers gave no trouble, and with the exception of Magondi's were the only ones that have not refused to start without more payment. A very short walk brought us to Inyampara, Sipiro's Mountain: here we had to stop till he knew of our coming. We had heard of Gaza men being here: and they say that they are at this town. I did not know that this country was under the Gaza people—Umzila's people, Kwarimba's people are also, and give a tribute of cattle every year. These men are now here collecting it: so we were not allowed to be seen, and were taken round to behind a hill to wait till they should go away. The Gaza people to the South, in their own country, allow no white man to come among them.²

I am told that they would ask for such of our things as they wanted, and if they were refused, would take

¹ We went near a hill called Gato, where was Chirivi's Town (village). His people are called Maconi. I can give no further information. K.-B.

² I think this must be modified. I hear that two Roman Catholic priests tried to live among them. They were attacked & robbed on entry, but eventually went *into* the country and both died. The men who died of fever this year were said to have died *there*; but it would be dangerous to build much on this, as names of countries are used very vaguely by people who are not well acquainted with all this subject. K.-B.

them and kill us. The heat is very great and the only water is under a rock in a hole: so I hope that they will go tomorrow morning.

The people here say that they are Barotse: but that they have forgotten Serotse, and now speak Seshuna. Their habits are those of the Mashona. One peculiarity of all the people in the country, is the great length to which their woolly hair grows; here there is a man who ties it up in an immense bunch behind: a good many wear it in long greasy strings.

I was in hopes that, as the Gaza people were Zulus, Sekomi would be on good terms with them; but he says that, as his Matabele have fought with them (I do not know when; it must have been some time ago), they would kill him. The country to the South, East, and West seems to be one mass of mountains: and our road here passed by some very large ones. The son of Sipiro says that there are no people between here, and the Gaza country. I can hardly believe this: for their ignorance of the surrounding country is very strange; they do not know in which direction the Sabi River runs, or whether the Rosarwe runs into it: nor do they care. Probably the greatest difficulty which Missionaries will have to contend with when they are allowed in the country, will be an entire want of interest in any thing beyond meat & calico & beads & caps. Their tongues, which, as a rule, seem to have an almost incredible power of going on saying something, lose it when they are asked for any definite or useful information; and though they crowd round one, bringing habits which one would sooner they left behind, in a perfectly unnecessary way, it is interesting to see the change when one wishes to know the names of some of the mountains round. Then 'they are cold', or 'tired', or we must go on.

The Barotse here are an interesting study in the progress or retrogression of the Native races. They are presumably of the great Bantu race—the same race as the Basuto—originally speaking practically the same language as they, and yet in nearly every particular entirely unlike them. Is it probable that people, who still call themselves Barotse, can have been so lowered by contact with the Mashona as to account for the difference? Not to go beyond the one point in which savages may be supposed to excell—fighting: here is a numerous people (for with their friends round Wedza they are numerous) subject in apparent contentment to a race who live at a great distance; in the Basuto we see a people—subject indeed to English protection, but who, when the Cape Government tried to take away their guns,¹ fought till the Colonial

¹ In 1879. The fighting continued until April 1881, when it was ended by the award of Sir Hercules Robinson, under which trustworthy warriors on payment of a licence fee were given back their guns. (Walker, *History of South Africa*, pp. 386–390.)

forces retreated out of their country. Hospitality is generally supposed to be a quality possessed by savages. The Basuto chiefs, as a rule, are very hospitable; among these, hospitality, worthy of the name, does not exist. So far as I have seen, it does not exist between here and the Zambesi, except where the people are sufficiently to the North to be influenced by the Portuguese. Again, there is Mr. Edwards' assertion that he knew the Basuto when they were worse than the Matabele: & what [*blank in MS.*] told me—that the raising of the Basuto nation was largely owing to the French Missionaries¹ who have been there over fifty years.

As to what I believe to be the utter fallacy that the 'raw' native is better than the 'Christian' one—I should answer that, first:—the people who say so have no premises to argue from; that a 'raw' native has never existed in the Orange Free State, or in Kimberley (where about 10,000 natives are employed); about the Colony I cannot speak from experience, but I presume that similar conditions there produce similar results.—By the time they have arrived they cease to be 'raw'. They must have come through some country—Bechuanaland, the Transvaal, the Free State, or the north of the old Colony: & they could not have been a week, at the most, in any of these, without their having the sense to conform to the customs of the country which they have come into, or being taught by lessons which possibly are not easily forgotten, that, so long, at least, as they are there, they had better learn to do so. They may be almost naked (till this also is stopped by law), or may not understand a word of Dutch or English; but they are no more 'raw' than meat, which has gone through two or three partial cookings is raw because the animal has only lately been killed. They have, outwardly, lost the very characteristics which are most distinctive of the savage in his natural state.

I do not suppose that there are a dozen men in Kimberley or the Free State who have ever seen a 'raw' native—that is one in his own country, unrestricted by such force as Kimberley or the Free State or the Transvaal or the Natal Government can produce.

Although it is an offshoot of the question, I should not allow the title 'raw' to any nation which has had any contact with civilization and Christianity, such as the Zulus, though few may have been converted to Christianity. It is on Basutoland as a yet *heathen* nation that Christianity was quoted as having had so great an effect.

If by the term 'raw' is meant, that the native who has not been long among white men and their laws, and who knows that he must not do certain things, and has not yet learnt to drink brandy, and has not

¹ The Paris Evangelical Mission.

yet learnt to lose his awe of the new life—if it is meant that this kind of native is better than the one who *has*, then I should certainly agree with them. But I contend that the word 'raw' (and it is the idea of rawness which is meant to be conveyed) is as inaccurate and misleading as it is well possible to imagine any word to be.

As to the question of servants who are not Christians being better than those who are, it is a matter of statistics into which I am unable to enter. I can only speak from my own experience. If I had a difficult journey to do again I would try to take no others. 'I knew it before: but now I have found it out.'

In the afternoon I crossed the Rosarwe—larger here than I have ever seen the Hanyane: entirely unlike either the sandrivers or the swampy brooks, it runs over stones, & is exquisitely clear. We recrossed it lower down, & visited a little village set on one of the peculiar stone hills of the country. I have taken observations from two hills. The day has been very hot.

Sep. 9. Sunday. All through the night—with a short interval, I am told (for it was nearly all lost upon me) that the drums and yelling were going on at Sipiro's town. Once when some unusual noise awoke me, I heard the women giving the peculiar vibrating scream,¹ which I had heard on Friday when Kwarimba was saying goodbye to me. (It is the same scream which the women make during their 'school' in Basutoland.) I hoped that the Gasa men would start early: but I hear that one of the cattle has broken its leg, and they are staying to eat it.

We had our little Service very early in the hope of being quiet, and though a good many people had slept at the camp, and more had come already, it was very quiet. Isaac interpreted a short address into Sesuto. I called one of the most intelligent of the men into the tent, and tried to find out his people's idea of a God. The conversation was a little broken at first by a discussion as to what present he should have for having led a goat down from the Chief. He wanted a shirt. A shirt was promised him, if he told me the names of the hills nicely going back; also some beads. He wanted a whole packet. He was told he could not have so much: and then I think that he really tried to tell me all he could, & what was harder, keep his attention while I spoke to him. I had previously told him what we were doing in the morning when Prayers were being said; he said that he would come too. He said that his people had no God: but, again, that God took them when they died: & he pointed to heaven.

¹ Called by the Mashona 'kupururudza'. The vibration is produced by flapping the palm of the hand over the mouth during utterance. It is still the customary greeting given to chiefs by Mashona women.

When asked where the God lived, he said that He lived in our country. He did not know whether He was good or bad. I then told him about GOD: that He gave them the cattle, and made the corn grow: that He had once come down to the earth, and sent teachers to teach the people: & that if any teacher came to them, they must be kind to him. He said that they would thank if he came (This is the first time that I have heard the idea of thanking expressed in words), and he could live at Shoto's, and they would give him cattle and goats, and then they would have clothes. I told him that it was more important to be good than to have clothes: but his ideas came back to blankets and clothes. I told him to go and tell the people what I had been telling him, and that he must remember it. 'He would tell them:' but he wanted some more beads so that he might 'be strong to speak'. And, again, 'would I give him a present if he told me the names of the hills tomorrow'. Then Edward and Isaac came, and with a little difficulty we read all the Psalms for the day together, and I read the two Old Testament Lessons to them.

Sipiro sent a little goat as a present. This is the first one of any value that I have received since Kanyemba gave me a goat also—or rather a sheep.

Towards the evening we watched the Gaza men going away in the distance from our rocks: as Isaac said, 'Like rock-rabbits watching the dogs'.

I had been questioning the Chief's son as to who the people were near them: but he knew little or nothing. He said that the Gaza people were 'three months' away,¹ and that there were no people till they were reached. There is no other town in the Barotse country beyond what I have seen—at least none of any size.

We had to move from where we were, as the water in the hole was nearly done: so all the things were quickly packed, and carried to where we had slept on Friday night. I sent the Chief a blanket, about 3 yds of cloth, and a whole packet of beads. On the road, as the son was walking with me, we met some of Kwarimba's men, to whom I explained that I was giving the extra packet of beads because Sipiro had treated me as a Chief should do: and I told them that if teachers came to them, they must treat them well, and not ask for presents. They had not much to say, except that my oxen were well, and that it was nice to see a white man so close.

Our carriers gave no trouble, and asked for no payment before starting. I learnt that these Barotse and those to the north of the Victoria Falls used to be one nation; but that, when the Matabele took their country—what is now Matabeleland, a part of the nation was driven over the Zambesi, and a part was driven here.

¹ I do not know what he meant. *K.-B.*

Sep. 10. Monday. A cold rain had been going on for some time when we started, which went on, with intervals till we arrived at the waggons. It had its advantages in preventing our stopping for food or any other excuse. The carriers walked admirably. It was far too thick to take any observations. As we passed Dombhe, Bafa's Town (on the side) was entirely invisible in a cloud.

Last night, as the carriers were perfectly quiet during my reading and Prayers, John interpreted a little address which I gave on Christ's telling the disciples to take the little child for their example. They were perfectly quiet, and I think interested.

Sep. 11. It has been raining continuously since yesterday morning: about 11 o'clock it cleared up—and so well that I could see country from the top of Rusunswe that on many days would be hidden in mist, or smoke from the burning grass. Goto, the Chief, who had three friends with him, was peculiarly patient while I was asking him the names of the mountains; for over an hour he resisted all hints from the three friends to go down. He told me that the Manica people were of the Zulu family—or Matabele, as he called them:¹ that the Gaza country was '7 days away':² i.e. a man with nothing to carry could reach it in 7 days. He was one of the most intelligent men that I have seen in the country. His own, and his brother Shoto's town lay on two little hills underneath us: and the huts scattered about among the huge rocks looked very picturesque from above. Even this hill had been inhabited once. The misery and inconvenience of living there must have been very great.

The Chief had his present, and we moved off towards Umtigeza's Town: but the country is too hilly to allow the waggon to go straight, and we go back over our own road for a short way. Crossing the Nyamedzi the buckwaggon sank so deep in the mud that the whole hinder part had to be lifted with the 'jack'. Jelly worked in the water admirably.

Sep. 12. Wednesday. Nearly all the men who walked on Monday have felt it in some way. It was certainly very wet and cold. I gave John and Isaac camphor, aconite and brandy. John is almost well. Edward is very unwell this morning. I am taking a good deal of Camphor, which I think good. It has been a cold windy morning. The people's head-dresses are, some of them very curious—most of them nasty. The clotted

¹ So far as I can gather the Zulu races assert that their original name is *Matabele*: though the name Matabele is now generally used for those under Lobengula. *K.-B.*

The Vamanyika are in fact Mashona. The Shangaans, a quite different people, settled farther south in Gazaland, are an offshoot of the Zulus. *Ed.*

² This is probably more correct than the 'three months'. *K.-B.*



MASHONA TRADING AT UMTIGESA'S
from an original sketch by Thomas Barnes, 1870

strings of grease and hair is only nasty. There is one man following the waggon now, who has shaved most of his head, and to a few strings that he has retained, has attached long pieces of plaited grass. . . .¹ The women are far cleaner, and have no head-dress: indeed they seem to be superior altogether to the men. They sit in a human way on the ground, and do not squat like baboons, as the men do.

It is curious that the Mashona name for 'monkey' is the same as that, which according to Dr. Livingstone, is given in Central Africa, to one kind of chimpanzee or small gorilla—*Soko*.

At midday we struck towards the West, now that we are past Wedza. Some Mashona pointed out the direction, and were useful in cutting down trees to allow the waggons to pass. Towards sunset we crossed, with some difficulty a small river, with steep banks and rocks: but only to come on another immediately which was impossible in any place that we could find. It was the (Um)Sengaisi River. Sekomi is among the sick ones also.

Sep. 13. Thursday. I rode up the river to find a place till I saw it running among steep hills, and we had to try one of the bad places, and after a little digging, got over somehow. The Sabi River was much worse, but after that John and I had settled that it was impossible, a way had to be made: & keeping along the native footpath, we slept at the Inyamacoungaronwi. All the men who went with me to Sipiro's have been ill. Edward is better.

Sep. 14. Friday. Our first 'trek' brought the waggons to the Bowo River. From here John & I rode to Umtigeza's Hills. It is the same extraordinary formation of what looks like gigantic boulders thrown together: but this hill is some $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in length, and very broad in places. Ours were the first horses that the people had seen:² but they were soon more pleased than frightened, and a collection of people showed the way round the Mountain to the Chief. I intended to be very courteous, and sent a message that I was there, and wished to come and see him. We climbed up to another level, and were told that I could not see him till I had sent him a present. However he was promised one. He would not allow himself to be addressed directly—only through another man, and after he had retired to discuss what present he should ask for, did not appear again. The people are less dressed here than any that I have seen before. The women and men mix together as I have not seen in Mashonaland. It was a strange sight to see scores of black figures running round the horses, some behind,

¹ A minute sketch of Goto's head has been omitted.

² I think this is incorrect. *K.-B.*

some in front as we rode away.

The Chief was given his present through a messenger, who, by way of thanks said that he 'had seen no present' as yet: by which he meant that it was too small. It was even more than the Chief had asked for, but this custom seems common.

His 'town' is the largest in scale in every way that I have seen. The boulders that have become detached from the main rock, and rounded to a certain extent, accomodate a whole family, and if the children escape falling over, their instincts of self-preservation must be far more developed than those of European ones.

The people seem peculiarly dirty. I believe that their proper colour is not black, but dark brown: yet they are so covered with streaks of something or another; that black is the general impression. The superior ones are lighter.

This is the last place, in this direction, that the Matabele tax.

We crossed the river in the afternoon, and slept facing a continuation of the same mass of rock. The chief sent a message that we were not to go any farther—'he wished to see the waggons'. It was a little hard to see how we were to go any farther in this direction.

The men all seem ill or depressed. They have been without meat for over a week, and this seems to tell upon them very much.

Gelly seemed in great pain, and I put a very large strong mustard plaister on his chest, which relieved him.

Sep. 15. Saturday. I tried with strong doses of aconite to keep away a cough: but had to call Edward in the night for mustard-leaves.

The chief came soon after the waggons had started—I had stayed behind to map the country—and he followed them for some time, accompanied by a crowd of people, who after we had crossed the river again, were joined by others out of other rocks. These all gradually went back, except a few, and we stopped for the middle of the day. I rode on among some large rocks and tried to find a road through; this brought another swarm of people out of the rocks: & some two or three hundred came to the waggons. A Matabele was here collecting the tax. A very superior Mashona offered to show the way through the rocks to the Umniati River, and we engaged him, not knowing where we were, or the Umniati River was. While I was talking to someone I began to lose consciousness for a second or so, and then became stupid, and lay down in the waggon as it was going on: and I was almost sure that an old enemy was at my lungs. Edward made me meal and mustard plasters—in pairs—huge ones that went all round me: I thought then we should be sure of getting at the right place. The difficulties attending another person putting these things on in a

waggon made me learn how to envelope myself in them. Edward is very good, but I think I should have liked Lillie.

Sep. 16. Sunday. I believe that a good many Mashona came to the waggons: Edward tried to buy some eggs from them, but they would not sell any, saying, however, that they had a great many in the town. I had my poultices, on and off, all day. I forgot how far Sydney Smith lived from a lemon: but I would far sooner not be 1000 miles from a doctor—except I know that if Almighty GOD intends me to come safely home nothing can stop me. As though to comfort me, a little calf appeared today, bringing milk with it, I hope.

Sep. 17. Monday. We made two very good 'trecks' over very easy country, except where the trees were thick. I did not leave the waggon except to go to the tent when we stopped. I think that the evil has been warded off from my lungs, but I suppose that I have some fever, and do not care to eat what I have to eat. It is very uncomfortable, but might be much worse. I suppose that it is more felt by a person who is not well, but the temperature seems nearly always to be too hot or too cold—then one part of the body is very hot and another very cold; my legs seem to have a permanent chill in them, which asserts itself immediately that they are not taken great care of. Gelly is ill with fever; none of the other men, except the Matonga, are really ill now: I do not think that they are *well*, all. It is a strange thing that one day's cold rain could affect *every one* as it did. There must be something very malarious in the earth. I noticed that at Umtigeza's the people seemed to have a tribal cough.

Sep. 18. Tuesday. If I had not known that I must have slept a good deal, I might have said that I passed the night in trying to find a comfortable position in which to do it. I was told that a Sable Antelope was near the waggons: so I got up and missed it, & went to bed again. Then they told me that it was not so far still: so I again got up, and shot it, and went to bed. We had Prayers, and one 'trek' brought us to the Umniati River—an uninteresting stream here, as far as we could see, impassable for a waggon; where there are not rocks, there are quick-sands. I thought that I had better exert myself, and I dressed, and rode to find a place to cross, which I did not find: but shot a small S. Antelope, and was glad to give the Mashona who were with us something to eat. I was very uncomfortable again in the evening. My temper has been gradually becoming very bad. I hope that I seldom show it, except to Jelly. One can only be angry with people for moral faults: there is no sense in being angry at mistakes, whatever consequences may be involved. Though I

laugh at any difficulties before the men, a good many petty ones seem to get upon ones nerves. I shall always have the greatest patience and sympathy with people who have irritable nerves owing to too much work. Last night I had a most uncomfortable feeling of not being sure of what I was saying.

Sep. 19. Wednesday. The grass here is very good: and we made a camp on a hill among some trees. I shot a roan antelope: and rode a long way round. There is no vestige of the country to the West of the river having been inhabited nearer than Magnesi's Pass. The paths all seem to lead to this.

Sep. 20. Thursday. My Gibb's rifle burst while I was shooting at an antelope—most providentially about 9 inches or more above my hand. I had foolishly allowed one of the natives to fix the ball into my cartridges, and he did it badly: so that the ball slipped down the barrel, and stuck there—which I did not suspect had happened till the next shot made the rifle burst.

Sep. 21. Friday. We 'trecked' along the Umniati River, and crossed with some little difficulty. The colours of the magondi trees¹ are most beautiful when young in leaf—scarlet, yellow, green. Some blight or animal seems to attack them.

The red ant that makes the large mounds has a pair of pincers, like those of the earwig, on its head, and can pinch very hard. Its head is very large. After about one mile's gallop I got near enough to a gnu to hit it, but I had to ride about another mile, and then shot it through the heart. The vitality of the African Antelopes and larger animals is almost incredible. The gnu—the brindled one—is very fast.

Sep. 22. Saturday. While the waggons were 'trekking' to the next bend of the Umniati, I rode to find an eland, which I did towards the middle of the day, and shot the largest bull. Now we are happy. We have *fat*: and from the number of times that I hear the word mentioned, everything else sinks into insignificance by the side of *fat*, apparently. I came back, bathed in the brook, and read Schaff² for an hour, which was unmixed pleasure.

Sep. 23. Sunday. We had hardly finished the Holy Communion Service before two waggons were seen coming along on our track, which we knew could only be Count Schweinitz's. When he arrived [he]³ told me that he had changed his plans, & as I was

¹ *Brachystegia randii*, better known by its Shona name as *msasa*. One of the most widely distributed of Rhodesian trees. The bright colours of its delicate, pinnate leaves are one of the sights of the Rhodesian spring.

² Dr. Philip Schaff, a nineteenth century American Presbyterian theologian.

³ *MS.* 'to'.

going round by Wedza, he had come from the Umfule on Mr. Selous road of last year. Mr. Dunn told me that he could induce no one to bring my letters on after me, and had sent them back to • Iniat, which was disappointing. They came to our Service.

Sep. 24. Monday. A 'trek' of no great length brought us to the Umniati River again, which we crossed. It is broad—or rather the sand is broad, and heavy. The heat was very great, and a dry wind was unpleasant: but among the arid sterility of the surrounding country, running water makes one forget a good deal of unpleasantness. When the rivers *do* run, in this sandy soil, and with the great fall at times, the water is wonderfully clear—as in an English pebble brook. But in this country, lying, as a rule in huge undulations, the water quickly collects into the one river after the rains; and except in pools, some of which have dried up by this time of the year, leaves the rest—the higher levels—perfectly dry: though, compared with Bechuanaland or the Free State, it is a very well-watered country.

Sep. 25. Tuesday. Two uninteresting 'treks' brought us to within one of the Sebakwe River. A good deal of trouble and unloading was caused by, I think, the drivers mistaking the line that I was shewing them over a swampy brook, and this made us stop earlier than we had intended.

Sep. 26. Wednesday. I rode on, leaving the waggons to follow in Mr. Selous track of last year: but I found them about 3 hours later wandering about the country, in company with Count Schweinitz's waggons—all being lost together. I ought not to have gone away possibly. There was nothing to be done but to get out of the difficulty as well as possible. It was far too hot to travel without water for the oxen, so I had the oxen taken out—John found some water—and after about an hour started again for the Sebakwe, which was struck some miles below the place where I had intended to strike it, and in an impassible place. It is here more like one of the tributaries of the Zambesi much farther to the north: its gigantic reeds and broad belts of sand are not unlike the Oangwa.

I found that one of the men—one who had been left near Umtigeza's, and had asked me to take him out—was taking a Mashona with him; as I knew that this could be easily constructed into the man's having been bought with my consent, I had him sent back.

I insist on any Mashona who may accompany the waggons being treated with great fairness; if any of them are asked to do anything, I have them paid as far as I know about it.

The men are in very good spirits, owing, in a great degree, to my being able to keep them well supplied with meat. How I wish that

I could send some of the scores of lbs. of excellent meat to the poor people of East London, who need it far more than my men do.

Sep. 27. Thursday. Leaving the waggons, John and I rode along the river; it looked impassible; we came back and told the men of a waterbuck that I had shot, and then started to find Mr. Selous' track, which we did: but it was so far away that we all crossed at a ford which we found nearer our camp. Soon after crossing Count Schweinitz's pole broke, and I did not like to leave him, so stopped my waggons, and slept near a brook of running water.

Mr. Dunn and the Count had their dinner with me. A conversation arose on the character of natives generally, owing to Mr. Dunn having suspected some one of his men of having stolen his pipe. He is a specimen of the higher class of (man—not a) Colonist: and it was interesting to hear his unrestrained opinion on the subject. I was struck with angry amazement at the unspeakable want of knowledge, injustice, rapid selfcontradictions, ungrounded assertions—indeed assertions that we had both [seen] to be contrary to fact:—‘That no native knew what honesty meant’.

I pointed out that, when I started from the camp at the Hanyane for the Zambesi, I had practically left everything open—much I left lying on the ground to be packed after I had gone: that nothing had been lost; that, when his men took some of his spirits, and wished to hide them in my camp, Isaac had quickly turned them out. He instanced a servant of his having been accused of stealing a knife: of Bishop Webb's horses not having been cleaned, and the man lying. I pointed out that there were as great distinctions between African natives as between Englishmen—but I insisted on the necessity of educating the native, as Isaac had been educated. I pointed out to him that the fact of the good natives not stealing or doing other wrong things, remained. He did not deny it, but adhered to his assertion that they were all the same, apparently. I found that ‘it was only throwing words away’—he would no more change his position than the little maid who held that ‘we are Seven’—but I think that she had more reason on her side.

He then said that they had no gratitude—a general assertion which I could neither corroborate nor refute; but possible it is a little hard to see for what, in the great majority of cases, they should be grateful. (Though not applying to Mr. Dunn) The real answer to this question, is, I think, expressed by ‘Like Master, like Man’:—an argument, which being personal and insulting, cannot be used. I presume that if one requires a being whom, if angry, one can knock

down with a brick, or chastise with a spade, or tie up to the waggon-pole and beat with a strap, a somewhat inferior one must be procured, as would be equally necessary in England. It is almost incredible—how much natives will endure from bad masters; *bad* masters we can conclude are few; but it must have a most demoralizing effect on them when they are so treated. Even among the higher class of masters, the fact that good and bad and indifferent are all often too much classed together, must tend to destroy all self respect. It is a very happy thing when a boy, such as Isaac, left his employers—and they were of the higher class—because they ‘troubled’ him.

Sep. 28. Friday. I travelled away on a South course to try to cut Mr. Selous road as soon as possible. Lobengula has a dislike of fresh roads being made in the country, and I know that, if either he or his Indunas want a ground of quarrel, that would be sufficient.

Count Schweinitz thought the country, that was before me, was too much broken, and said that he would start more to the S.W.

After crossing the brook we travelled about S.W. but the country looked so dry that I changed the course to due South: and hit what must be the same brook, I think, for the mid-day outspan. I was very thankful for this: and followed it up to its source in a bog. I rode on to see if there were any sign of water to the South, but saw none; the ground, however, began to slope to the South, which eventually must end in water. I told the men that we might have difficulties tomorrow, and that we must start as soon as we could see the drive through the wood, so that if we found no water the oxen should not have travelled in the sun.

Sep. 29. Saturday. We had Prayers, and started by moonlight: it was a dark cloudy morning, and soon began to rain: but after crossing the rise, we found water, which ran in the opposite direction to that which we had left yesterday, and after about another mile struck Mr. Selous’ road running almost S.W.; we followed this, and after resting for the middle of the day, came in the evening to a collection of stones, which had once been a Mashona town. The country all round seems to be uninhabited; one path we had followed till striking the track. It was this path which made our course safe—if Mashona had travelled it, there must be water at reasonable distances.

Sep. 30. Sunday. A cold rain lasted till about midday: but the waggons were sheltered behind an immense anthep. We had a not very satisfactory Service, and I talked to the men a little.

Oct 1. Monday. A winding road brought us to the Nyarukato Brook. A little boulder hill stands on the banks. It is almost

covered with Mashona huts. The people came round the waggons behaving peculiarly nicely. The Chief, Mushiyqua, asked for no present: so I gave him a good one: and as I did so, his people thanked as well as he—which I had not seen done before. I told him that I wished to see his village: and he took me there at once—through the gap in the pallisading, up a narrow path between the huts to his own near the top. They were so close together that there was little more than room to pass at times. They are round, with all the lower upright part made of rough posts, the roof of reeds, and the door—a slab of wood, very thick & slightly carved—turning on pivots cut out of itself. The floor is about 2 feet lower than the level of the ground outside; this is presumably for warmth.¹ After getting through the doorway with some little difficulty, all that I could distinguish at first was that the inside was very dark, and very dirty; on a raised part three goats lived; in the middle was the fire: and as there was no kind of hole for the smoke to escape, the soot hung in large strings from the roof. For the first time in this part of Mashonaland a mat was brought for me to sit on. A good many men came and sat in the hut besides—and one boy, who was smacked and turned out.

The Chief told me that he was one of Chilimanzi's people; that he had married Chilimanzi's daughter; that he had lived there a long time.

We told him who I was, and what I taught: some parts they listened to seriously, at others they laughed—I think only once, and not unpleasantly. They had never seen a Teacher before, they said. As I came out of the hut, his son pointed me out his wife; this is also the first time that such notice has been taken of a woman. She was carrying a little baby, which I said was pretty—thinking all babies pretty; but she said, 'No, it was ugly,' and I dare say that she was right. As I was leaving the village, one of the men said that they were smelting iron not very far away. This was the first opportunity that I have had of seeing the Mashona at work; it was most interesting to see them, with the most primitive tools, producing iron that is certainly of excellent quality—indeed working, possibly, very much as Tubalcain worked. In a shed about 40 feet long were six little furnaces, about 2 ft. 6 inches high, made of burnt clay, which seem after some use, to become cracked, and have to be remade. Heaps of charcoal lie outside the shed: and the

¹ 'It would appear that every time a hut was burned down it was customary for the owner in rebuilding to raise the floor level by a couple of feet, and apparently in the intervals between rebuilding the levels of the surrounding yard were raised again and again until, in many cases, the floor level of the hut was lower than the yard.' (Schofield in *Mapungubwe*. . . *Reports on excavations* . . . edited by Leo Fouché, p. 33.)

furnaces are filled from the top with alternate layers of this and iron-stone broken very small. At the back of each furnace two men sit, each working two goatskins,¹ which have one hole at the top, where the men's hands press, and another which is attached to a clay pipe, which carries the wind to the bottom of the fire. By raising and lowering their hands, the wind is allowed to enter at the hole in the top of the skin and then forced out through the pipes at the bottom. Fire comes out both at the top of the chimney, and at the kind of grate at the bottom. The iron sinks as it is smelted.



A little fat² is poured in to weld the iron together. Everything was very tidy and workmanlike. They said that Chilimanzi had taught them; that he was a great blacksmith. Though they seemed very superior to the ordinary Mashona, they insisted that they were pure Mashona. They were far cleaner, better mannered, and more pleasant than is usual.

Nearer to the village is the forge; there are no iron implements of any kind for forging: everything is done with stones of different shapes and sizes.

¹ The Mashona skinned the goat alive, believing that otherwise the bellows would not blow properly.

² The use of organic fluxes such as powdered horn and bone is found in other parts of Africa and in Roman times. (W. Cline: *Mining and Metallurgy in Negro Africa*; O. Davies: *Roman Mines in Europe*.)

An evening 'trek' brought us to the Umgezi River, two small villages being passed on the road.

Oct 2. Tuesday. We travelled to a short distance beyond the Iron Mine Hill,¹ from which the people seem to come from all directions to fetch iron stone. The road is chiefly through bush or small trees.

Oct 3. Wednesday. As it is necessary for our oxen if we wish to keep them strong to travel by night, we began this morning—one man going in front with a lantern. The far greater ease with which the oxen travel, and the greater pace they go much more than makes up for the difficulties.

It is amusing to see John, who four months ago was almost angry at the idea of travelling after it was quite light, because wild beasts would frighten the oxen, is now ready and pleased to drive on in the dark through trees and over rocks: and says that it is far better for the oxen; and since, some time ago, I pointed out that I walked, so as to save the oxen and set an example to the men, I do not think that he has sat on the waggon once.

We used, also, to have elaborate arrangements for keeping away lions, but I think that I have laughed the men out of them.

Oct. 4. Thursday. We have now left the pure Mashona people: and those now for some distance are a mixture of Mashona and Matabele: but there are very few people at all. One or two are met hunting—one today, who said that he came from Indaima's.

Oct 5. Friday. By night-travelling, and having made Jelly alter the loading of his waggon, and taking some of his weight on to my waggon, we are doing distances, which, coming after what they have already done, are very good: but it requires almost continuous attention, and seeing that every detail is carried out. Now that nearly everything has been taken out of Jelly's hands his oxen are doing their work very much better. His inefficiency as a driver cannot be altered, and it would be foolish to be at all hard on him for it; but he is more careful, and is supervised at most difficult places.

He is an interesting study, as being recommended by a high class trader, when compared with my own men: showing I think what a far higher class of Servant is produced by the Missionary than the ordinary employer of the country; and I think that he will look back on the few months that he has been with me as a kind of period of penal servitude; but we are all on very good terms, and the camp is very happy: there does not seem to be a jar or complaint of any kind, except that some of the feet are sore.

Oct 6. Saturday. We made a very good journey in the morning,

¹ So named on Selous' map published in vol. 10 of the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*. It lies just to the south of the road from Umvuma to Gwelo.

a good deal of it before it was light, by lanterns. In crossing a stream before coming to the Vungu, the buck-waggon was driven to the very verge of the upsetting point over a deep pool, where it almost hung: but both teams of oxen were fastened on behind, and it was pulled out backwards. I believe that a few pounds might have overbalanced it—even if the calf on the top had been able to fall to one side.

My back has quite given in today; I could only walk a short distance this morning with difficulty, and lay down nearly all day; during the evening 'trek', which was to a great extent in the dark, I was in the waggon a great deal. It is far more extraordinary that it should have held out as it has, than that it should give me a little trouble now: and that today is the first day that I do not want it; there are no more animals near the road for food, and the men have enough to last them for some time.

One learns, I hope, to be thankful for all that is given in a way that one has not known before. One's Grace has a very real meaning; there is something very beautiful in the long Grace said by the Dutch Farmers, and I hope that something of the kind will become much more common in England: and though it would be better, according to our ideas, if they did not sit down, it is still a considerably more reverent way of addressing Almighty God than the muffled gabble which precedes and follows some meals.

Oct 7. Sunday. No one is sorry for the day's rest. I had given Sikwarri and Isaac each a part of a chapter to learn to read fluently to the men, and was listening to Sikwarri telling Sikomi about the Bible, and was pleased till I heard Sikomi's comment on it—'It is lies'. Then we had our general Service, with a smaller one in the tent. The good grass has been left behind; now the whole country is very bare and dry: and only with difficulty can grass be found, which is usually scanty and bad: many of the oxen are becoming very weak: only with great attention can they go on at the pace which is being travelled now.

Oct. 8. Monday. After the morning 'trek'—at our resting-place—a large number of people came to the waggons. These are neither Mashona nor Matabele, but a mixture of both—the outcome of raids in many directions: of Matabele who have taken captive slave women, of captured boys and girls; now one of the Chief Lobengula's sons is here, and sent me a polite message. Most of the men were certainly very evil-looking: some quiet and nice: some begged.¹ All along the road we hear of men being called up, and of

¹ 'One of the first words you learn in Sintebele . . . and which you hear on arriving in the country, is *tusa*, which means "give me a present".' (D. Carnegie, *Among the Matabele*, ch. 2.)

'impis' going out. Late in the evening we crossed the Dubainzi River—sandy and difficult. The oxen are beginning to show signs of sickness: they have been eating some poisonous grass possibly.

[Section VI

TO BULAWAYO AND HOME]

Oct 9. Tuesday. The Tschangani River was crossed early. When the waggons stopped, I rode with John to Emhlangen (Iniati)—about 5 'treks' in a waggon. I went to Mr. Elliott's, the London Missionary here, sent for my letters, and was most kindly received. They had heard that I was coming, and naturally an exaggerated account of our being shut up by the Gaza people. The whole place here is excited and unsettled. The gold-adventurers, a few of whom have come, asking for permission to go into Mashonaland, have made the whole Matabele nation most nervous. Mr. Martin, who is the most northerly trader in South Africa, now that Mr. Wisbeach is dead, tells me that a few days ago coming from the Chief's, the men at the Umbezweni Kraal ran out at him and another man with him, pulled off their hats and beat their horses, and drove them back. They talk of a white 'impi'¹, which they assert is coming. He asserts that all the white people at the Chief's kraal were collected in the cattle-kraal, and then driven out again by the 'mahoolies': that some are going away now—which is a very good thing.

There has very bad news about Mr. Selous been brought in:—that his party were attacked by the Barotse, somewhere to the north of the Victoria Falls: 12 of his men killed, 8 wounded: he crossed the river, and was 3 weeks in the open without a gun or a blanket before he could get to Pandamatenka: that the whole of his property is lost; he seems only very narrowly to have escaped.² This does not sound like the Barotse;³ it was they who were very kind to

¹ The reference is to Sir Sidney Shippard's bodyguard, composed of sixteen troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police. He had been visiting the 'disputed territory' between the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Matabeleland to enquire into the death there of Piet Grobler, representative of the Transvaal Government at Lobengula's kraal; and took the opportunity of visiting the King. According to Helm's letter to the L.M.S. of 11 October, 1888 the Administrator's entourage has been exaggerated by rumour into '53 wagons, a cannon and a large number of people'.

² See Selous, *Travel and Adventure in South East Africa*, pp. 231 foll.

³ It was not the Barotse, but the Mashukulumpo (or Mashukulumbwe, which I think is more correct). K.-B.

me near the Gaza country—but more like the Bashukulumpo, or the people who attacked Zumbo just before I arrived there. It was certainly no fault of his. Either he must have gone among some people whom he did not intend to go among, or something must have irritated the Barotse. I think now that Frederick Forster must have been killed. If he had not been he would certainly have found his way to some village, and so on to me.

[October] 10. Wednesday.¹ I am making an arrangement with Mr. Elliott to leave my waggon, and take his on in exchange. No 'bushes' have come for mine yet. I am arranging to sell some of my things, which will give money to pay the men and buy new oxen; Mr. Elliott gives me four with his waggon. My oxen being tired is the penalty that I, and they, have to pay for the pace of our journey: though it is a certain comfort to find the people's oxen here are worse than mine, and have done very much less work. Repacking, and making a wheel occupies us at present.

[October] 11. Thursday. We are still at the wheel.

[October] 12. Friday. " " " " " "

[October] 13. Saturday " " " " " " : also news came from the Chiefs kraal of the excited state of the people. Mr. Rees, in coming through, passed a village, where the people ran out crying 'Beat the white man': but on telling them that he came from here, they were more quiet. He says that no one will work in the fields from fear of the white 'impi', which they say is coming: and one woman asked him, whether, when it came, 'it would kill children so high,' or 'so high', giving different heights, apparently those of her own children.

Nothing can be nicer than the intense cordiality of the London Missionaries about my journey, especially Mr. Rees, who was on Lake Tanganyika; he is very honest: and when I told him of the time that we had done our Zambesi walk in, said that I could not have gone on at that rate: which I suppose was true. He did not expect me back for some time;² and now that I have got so far on my way back, I feel that the time that I have been from here is very short.

I shall be back in the diocese exactly at the earliest date that I gave as possible, and in about a month from now, Lillie will hear where I am: the runners went off lately with my letter.

I wish that the Bishop of Capetown had been more accurate in the allusion to my journey in his speech at the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Meeting.

¹ In this and the next three entries the date is erroneously given as 'Sep.'.

² He modifies this afterwards by saying that he did not expect that I should get over the mountains & valley at all. *K.-B.*

1) I had no *idea* of a Mission among the *Matabele*: and 2) in allusion to future possibilities, many miles of country, most difficult to get over, and where a white man would only be allow[ed] with great difficulty and probably a good deal of danger, seem to be almost ignored in the arrangements and calculations. It may be easy to arrange a Mission on the coast, where supplies can be easily brought, and the natives have seen white people: but the interior is very different. The Commandant's house at Zumbo is well marked with bullets from an attack quite lately made so unexpectedly that the people were in the yard at dinner, when a bullet hit the table.

It would be a fatal error to try and force our Church in among the London Missionary work of Matabeleland. The Roman Catholics tried, but were sent South.¹ Lobengula asked where were their wives. They told him that they did not believe in wives. He then asked where were their Mothers. They are said to have given some answer to the same effect. His answer might have come from the wisest and best of men—'He did not wish anyone to teach his people, who did not believe in Mothers and wives'.—It was hardly inferior to the answer which Khama gave them when he sent them out of his country.

Very wise are the London Missionaries in objecting to any but married Missionaries for this outpost of Christianity.

Sekomi is giving me a great deal of trouble in his payment, and is a great disappointment. I always hoped that I should be able to remember him as the one nice Matabele whom I had had to do with. Two of the Matabele characteristics, I am afraid, came to the front—lying and begging. The Matonga went away well satisfied with his payment of six blankets, and a good present.

A discussion arose in Mr. Elliott's house as to whether there were any redeeming point in the Matabele character. It is the nation now representing the only 'raw' native element known to any number of white men, though only a very few know any thing even of them. No redeeming point was named, except the possibility of courage, though that remains to be proved. Mr. Elliott thought that there was a certain nobility about them, but he did not know in what it consisted. There seems to be no vice which they can learn from the white man: all seem to come naturally. I do not know whether the Gaza people, who are also Zulus, are any better. I am told that, when a collection of princesses were sent to Lobengula by them to choose from, the seven whom he chose drank a great deal of beer and insulted him a good deal. He only sent back one

¹The Jesuits of the Zambesi Mission settled temporarily near the King's Kraal in 1879. They moved in 1887, to Empanjeni 50 miles to the south-west.

in return, which, I believe, was considered stingy. The nicest people are the girls when they are quite young. Another man was killed last week at the Chief's kraal for witchcraft.

Oct 14. Sunday. I gave an address in a room; I could not do much as my voice had almost gone owing to some chill on my chest.

Oct 15. Monday. The wheel was finished about midday, & then the last preparations were made. At about 8 o'clock the waggons were started. I have bought rather a fine ox for blankets, but it has not been put in before: we put this in my waggon. Another unbroken one, which I took from Mr. Elliott (from whom I have bought 2, besides the four which he gave in with the waggon) Jelly wished to leave till daylight: but I thought that he could not do much harm, and he was put in. The most weary walked loose. The beginning of the road has no difficulties: I stayed for the night, and ride on tomorrow with John. He will come no farther. I think that it is his mother who wants him at home. I gave him a very good present besides his wages. He has been invaluable to me, and I am very sorry at losing him. I am taking a boy to Shoshong for Mr. Elliott. He can drive, should anything go wrong with Isaac. John goes back from the Chief's kraal.

There is a very nice old man here, who comes and helps Mr. Rees with the language: though he says any day he may be killed for doing so. I gave him a present, when he said that he had considered Mr. Rees his child: now he would consider me his child also. It is one of the very few occasions on which I have seen any gratitude shown. He has the only really good face that I can remember among the old Matabele. One of Count Schweinitz's boys had a beautiful face, but he was half a 'mahoolie'.

The men are being called in to the Chief's kraal. The Umbezweni kraal are there asking to be sent somewhere to fight. I *think* that I was told that 13 different 'impis' have been out this year. I do not believe it. A large number of canoes are being made, I am told, on the Zambesi, near the Victoria Falls—I suppose with the idea of carrying them over if necessary.¹ One 'impi' has lately come back from there, bringing slaves and cattle.

An immense queen-ant has been dug out of the floor; it is about 3 inches long, and very fat. Considering that it is an ordinary ant, but fed in a particular way, it is one of the most extraordinary productions of nature.

Oct. 16. Tuesday. Beyond reaching the waggons, and moving

¹ 'It is the opinion of white people in the country that they are waiting for an opportunity to move *en masse* across the river, and transfer their operations to the rich highlands north of the Zambesi.' (Lt. C. E. Haynes in *Blue Book*, C. 4643-1886, p. 121.)

them farther towards Hope Fountain, little was done. Both the unbroken oxen had to be put in my waggon, as Jelly was either afraid, or incapable of driving his.

Oct. 17. Wednesday. At about day-break I rode with John to the river near the Umbezweni kraal, and took off the saddles under a bank where we could not be seen. When I began to pass the kraal, some jumped on their huts, some ran in different directions to cut us off. They shouted a good deal, but all that could be understood was that I was one of the people who had come to fight against them. We made a round, and reached the track before the leading man, who was encumbered with a gun. Some seem to have followed a good distance, thinking possibly that they could make a shorter cut, which we also made, so we saw them no more.

I payed my respects to Lobengulo as I went by his kraal at Umvutja: he was 'making medicines' in his goat-kraal, and I went on to where the Administrator and Captain Gould-Adams were encamped. His escort seem to have been a good deal annoyed since coming into Matabeleland; once the natives were so violent that a fight did not seem far off: the men apparently were almost ordered to fire. Had the men fired¹ no white man would probably have been alive by now. I hear that the Umbezweni Regiment have been petitioning the king to be allowed to kill the present Indunas, whom they do not consider patriotic, and then to kill all the white people in the country—that is the gold diggers who are asking to be allowed to go into Mashonaland: but in their present state, the missionaries would possibly have been killed also.

I could not have imagined that the Administrator would have made such a journey; but it is most opportune. He is not well: which is not astonishing. I called on the Chief, who was very polite. I told him where I had been, and what I had done. I told him that 'I did not think he need be afraid of white people living in Mashonaland: that they would die'. At which he laughed and said that 'they would see for themselves'. I thanked him for his civility, and asked permission to leave the country. He said that I had not asked him for much—for gold or such things: and that I could go. I told him that I did not wish to bring my waggons round by this place, as my oxen were tired. He said that they need not come. This is said to be the first time that he has allowed a waggon to go through without coming to him. I said that I wished to keep my present to him—the horse—till I arrived at Kanya, and would send it back. I do not think that it is worth very

¹ Altered from 'Had they done so. . .'

much now: I hope that it will come back safely. He understood that it was a present, and not in payment for anything. We talked a good deal about other things. I knew that the present would be a most inopportune time at which to ask permission to settle a Mission in Mashonaland: but I said that some other time I would talk about that; so that he knows I wish to go, but the question is not closed by his having refused, which I think he would certainly have done *now*. When I took leave, he was very polite, but he amused himself a good deal by saying 'Goodbye, *young man*'. I stayed with Major Gould-Adams.

Oct. 18. Thursday. I had intended going to Hope Fountain, but the Administrator wished me to go with him and Major Gould-Adams to the Chief, which we did late in the afternoon. Mr. Moffat went also. He sat on the footboard of his waggon, we in 3 chairs which had been carried in the cart with us. Mr. Helm—on the pole—interpreted. Sir Sydney explained why he had come—to pay a friendly visit: that he had no connection with the men asking for gold concessions: that England did not want the country, but wished to prevent other people taking it: that England would not press the question of the 'line'.¹ Another meeting was arranged for tomorrow.

Oct 19. Friday. A child of the Chief has died, so the interview is postponed. He and his wives go out into the country around as a sign of mourning, and he has to be purified by certain ceremonies before he can attend to business again. Should any one touch a dead body, he is not allowed to see the Chief for a 'moon'.

I rode to Hope Fountain.

The Government Post is lost, owing to the Shoshong men who were carrying it meeting a Matabele 'impi' which was going to attack the English 'impi'; the bag was thrown away, and they ran back.

I sold some more of my provisions to a Colonist who is trying to get an entrance into Mashonaland. It is amusing to see a party of able-bodied men, English & Colonial, having, at least, one Colonial farmer among them, bringing, besides their waggon-drivers and other men, a 'conductor' to take care of them from the starting place to here. They seem not very well informed² as to this place, where Missionaries and certainly one or two traders have lived for years. They would be safer if they learned a good deal more before they try to go any further into the country. A 'conductor' has been telling me of the men which they have to drive for them: I am glad that I

¹ The line to be drawn between Lobengulo's and Khama's countries. The dispute is as to whether the Shashi or Maccloutsi river is the boundary. *K.-B.*

² Altered from 'They seem lamentably ignorant of. . .'

have not had any such experiences. I do not think that the ordinary Colonist can be a very clever man or have¹ much power of managing the natives.

Oct. 20. Saturday. I sold some stores to a man called Thompson:² and exchanged some more and my photographic apparatus for 5 oxen with Mr. Helm. I have given him a little present of flour & some biscuits. He has been *most* kind. There is no idea of jealousy in his mind. Whether I or they go into Mashonaland seems the same to him—the work of GOD will be done. He is pressing me to publish an account of my journey; I retaliate by insisting on his writing a history of the Matabele people. He is possibly the only person who could do it well. His and Mrs. Helm's kindness to people in trouble has been very great. They have two maid-servants of typical characteristics; one is the child of parents, both of whom were killed on a charge of witchcraft; the other is the child of a native by a white man. They say that the white men now in the country are better than they *were*—when, on the report coming here that some brandy was being brought in, a man on a horse was sent to secure it at a £1 a bottle: or, when brandy failed, what had been used to preserve the snakes and specimens was used; but not before the effect had been tried on one of the party, who was recovering from fever, and was not sober at the time, and did not know what he had been given to drink.

Oct 21. Sunday. I send on the waggons to the Komalo River last evening—to stay there over Sunday. I gave an address to a few natives in the little school-chapel belonging to the Mission, and in the evening held a little Service for the two Missionaries, and their people.

Oct 22. Monday. I sent a message to the Chief by Mr. Helm, saying that I was leaving today, but that I hoped to come and visit the Mashona people again. It is so perfectly uncertain as to what the future of all this country, and therefore as, humanly speaking, as to what the future of Mashonaland will be, that no plan of action can be proposed till there are means ready to be used. Was the Matabele and Transvaal treaty forged, or not?³ If not, then it has already been broken by Lobengula refusing to send men to attack Khama: & there is no knowing what the consequences of this

¹ Altered in ink to 'has'.

² Francis R. Thompson, Rudd's associate. See introduction to Rudd's journal.

³ A treaty of perpetual friendship and non-aggression published by President Kruger in August 1888. It was dated 30 July, 1887. On 30 January 1888, Lobengula 'gravely and formally requested' Moffat to state 'that he has made no engagement whatever with the Transvaal Government'. (*Blue Book*, C. 45524, p. 2.)

may be. It is presumably a sufficient cause of quarrel between the Matabele & the Transvaal. Now that I have a knowledge of a large tract of country, if an opening occurs it can be used at once. I think that Lillie & I are prepared to do any work, that can be called work—I do not call the spending of money & time in a struggle as to whether a few souls shall belong to the Wesleyan or our Church, *work* worthy of a Christian Missionary. Even

if the intention of the Matabele in building canoes is to convey their whole nation over the Zambesi, opposition of a kind they do not expect *may* meet them. The Barotse are strong: but their want of union may be fatal to them. The present king is killing off all possible rivals, I heard;¹ and says that, if he can live till about Christmas time, he will be safe, as he will have killed all in the nation who have any power.

The same want of union applies to the Bashukolumpo, who are divided into the Northern & Southern factions. It is impossible that the present state of things can continue. The captives of the last raid were lately brought to the Chief. I am told that the appearance of some of the women was very horrible: one, I am told, could be almost seen through;—and these are women and children of perfectly inoffensive people, whom these ruffians are allowed to kill yearly with impunity. Mrs. Helm tells me old women used to be brought to carry till near here, and then tied to a tree with dry grass round them, and burnt to death. They seem to be very much in the same relation to the moral laws of Almighty GOD that the Amalekites were in Saul's time: & if it was the most merciful thing that He could do to destroy them off the earth lest they should do any more harm, it seems to be consistent to suppose that some such retribution will overtake these people.

I doubt their courage. My men say that on Saturday night their waggons were stopped while they were passing a kraal, & that they were threatened with knobkerries: one of their hats seem to have been torn to pieces in the confusion: but on Edward showing some decision they are allowed to go on.

John has gone home, and I have John 'Selous', a Griqua, most of whose faults I think that I know, in his place. I caught the waggons about midday. Jelly wished to be allowed to put four young oxen in at once: and I foolishly allowed him, though I had arranged for each waggon to take one. This folly ended in our going about three miles in as many hours, and my being 'put in' the waggon—In avoiding one of the wild creatures, I stepped back

¹ Lewanika said to Coillard at the end of 1888 'They ruined me when they made a King of me. I have become a corrupt and blood-stained man.' (Coillard, *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, p. 344.)

into a great hole and sprained my ankle. Our waggon has now trained three oxen—his has not trained one. After the four had broken a good deal they had all to be taken out, and avenged themselves by running home. The grass is miserably bad in most parts. I have lost 6 oxen, and am trying to reach the Impakwe River, where there is good grass. I hope the people will appreciate my hurrying back, for it is certainly very unpleasant, and also expensive, as the oxen can only do about half what they could had I waited till the rains came.

We travelled from the Mabukawanie to the level of the Gawii River—about 4 miles, the oxen being altogether at work for about 6 hours.

Oct 24. Wednesday. Some men went back to fetch the oxen which had gone back: we travelled into the pass to the N. of the Moywi Brook. Here a most curious formation begins, and continues to the Tiger Pass—numbers of sugar-loaf-shaped collections of rocks—not so striking as the huge boulders in Mashonaland, but making the country far prettier, but the road at times very bad. The travelling is slow. The oxen have been recovered. I am told by Edward that, when the Matabele stopped the waggons on Saturday, the three Mangwato men ran away—Koni, who has very long legs, passing the waggons 'like an ostrich'—so they say—crying out, 'The Matabele are killing me'; but the Basuto men going on with their work well—Wilhelm's stolidity being of the greatest use, for he refused to take any notice of the confusion, and when, apparently my waggon had no one with it, Isaac being engaged in a struggle with a Matabele, Wilhelm took charge, and drove it on. He may have no other special *active* quality, but like the man in the Snark, 'his courage is perfect,' 'which is just the thing for a Matabele'.

Oct. 24. Wednesday. We reached the Shashanie River early. A few people of mixed races live here: some Barotse also:¹ but it could not be found out how they got there. They crowded round the waggon, and were not altogether nice: but wished for a present for having spoken to me so much. One quality that every native, with very few exceptions possibly, from here to the Zambesi, seems to have, is that of being unable to give any direct information, or answer to any question: and apparently denying with ridicule and contempt what they have but a few moments before asserted with decision. Shortly before Sundown we passed on to Miniامي's, and slept a little.

Oct 25. Thursday. The road is now chiefly downhill, as the

¹ i.e. Varozwi. See note on p. 72.

Matabele Highlands are ending. The heat is more oppressive. There is no sign of rain. We stop in the early morning just below the ascent to the Pass, called Tiger Pass, which separates the High Country from the Low Country.

There is a village of Makalaka near here. Their women are far more decently dressed than the Matabele: almost the first good-looking woman that I have seen in the whole country came to the waggons. The married women wear the long skin skirt, and a smaller one in front. The younger girls wear long thick fringes. The men follow the disgusting fashions of the Matabele.

After crossing the Pass, we stopped at Mangwè Brook. Here I saw first the flying firefly, which moves in jerks, and looks like a lantern being carried by a man walking.

I had often heard a bird making two notes—'cuck-cuck': today one flew across, & I saw that it was a kind of cuckoo, with an unmusical note.

Oct. 26. Friday. During the early 'trek', two men in a waggon came to meet me. They said that they had come round from the Transvaal by the Eastern part of Matabeleland, that they had been a good deal annoyed by the natives, & at last stopped here by the Chief's orders. It is a most dangerous thing to do: the only other person that I have heard trying to do it was Mr. Coilliard,¹ and he was not successful. They wished to know about the 'line', which I had no right to tell them about; one, a tester of gold reefs, said that all he wished was to have the question as to whether he might dig between the Shashi & Macloutsi settled one way or another at once; at which I smiled. It appears that somebody has paid, or agreed to pay rather, to somebody else a large sum of money for the right to dig here, if the chances of finding gold are such as are described; but as no one is allowed to go into the country, a difficulty arises at the start. It is the piece of ground that was considered in dispute between Khama & Lobengula.

We stopped at water for the heat of the day, which was excessive. Moving on very slowly at about 5 p.m. we travelled for about 2½ hrs—then rested an hour, when the Administrator, Captain Goold Adams, and their waggons came up, travelling far faster than I do. Even for their journey to Matabeleland, after going round by the Crocodile River to settle the dispute between Khama and the Transvaal, they have bought new oxen at Umvutja, have borrowed a whole team from Khama, and have another one to meet them from Shoshong. I have no intention of trying to keep up with them.

¹ The Coillards and their party were kept prisoner by Lobengula for four months in 1877/78 for entering the country without permission. Coilliard, *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, pp. 4, 29 foll.

They have my gold friends of the morning with them, who have been arrested by Lobengula, and ordered to leave the country under the 'escort' of Major Goold Adams. Some gold people are travelling with them, who think it best to go together. I started away and travelled to about 1.30—then started again at about $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4, and arrived at the Umquesi River at about 8.30 a.m. This is a very beautiful river when there is water in it. It is never quite dry: but now there are only pools: but it is water that can be drunk without fear of being made ill. The grass is very good.

Oct. 27. Saturday. I bought two beautiful oxen from a man with a drove. I wish that I could have bought two and twenty. The oxen will have a rest here for a day or two. Before going on in the evening Major Goold Adams bought a good many things from me, which will lighten my heavier waggon. At Tati I intend to make a very efficient reduction. By a strange coincidence a despatch has been sent up from Sir H. Robinson asking for Sir Sidney's comments on an account of the Zambesi possessions of the Portuguese, which Lord Salisbury had received from Sir George Bonham¹ at Lisbon. Sir Sidney gave it to me to comment on—not, I presume, that he supposes that my answer will be a fine specimen of political strategy, but I happen to be the only Englishman who can give any information as to the position of affairs round Zumbo, which is the place chiefly alluded to. There are parts of the despatch which seem to be rather highly coloured—not to express anything more; but, personally, I cannot see, from a political point of view, how it can matter as to what nation has the possession of such a place as Zumbo. I could see no sign of trade there. The same applies to Kanyemba's. At Matakanya's there is a trade in ivory—it did not seem to be very large—carried on through the medium of beads. At Perizengi's I saw no sign of trade. The climate is presumably the same as that near the Victoria Falls, about which some one said that for 6 months one had the fever, and for the other 6 months one was recovering from it. The Portuguese seem to have an educational establishment at Quilimaine, which does good, and at which, so far as I could understand, a higher class of native—some possibly with some European blood—were educated: and were then useful in taking charge—as chiefs, owing a kind of allegiance to the Portuguese—of such places as Matakanya's and Kanyemba's. These superior natives, or half-castes (if they be such—but I think they are of too good a strain) are called Ba-Tetè: they come from Tetè, and seem to be of a recognisedly royal race. The natives over whom they rule are very inferior:

¹ British Minister at Lisbon.

they teach these natives very useful arts—the making of pottery, building of houses, making of sugar and boats. The ordinary half-caste of the Zambesi would possibly not be so inclined to work with the people. There is a saying on the Zambesi:—‘GOD made white men: GOD made black men: but the devil made half-castes’.

I gather from Captain G. A. that the country has been in a more dangerous state than I supposed. He thinks one false step on their part, when the people stopped their coming into the country, would have led to an outbreak ending in the massacre of every white person in the country. Even on coming out, when carrying out the Chief's commands to take everyone of the party of gold-people, whom I met on Friday, out of the country, the natives threatened to bring an ‘impi’ if he touched two natives who were with them. He says that Mr. Moffat and Mr. Sam Edwards predict that the end of it eventually will be the massacre of every white man woman & child in the country. The people seem to be under only very partial control by Lobengula, and when excited sometimes lose all self control. Some men of a higher class said to one of the Missionaries:—‘When we are here (at home) we are *men*: but when we are out with an “impi” we are not men’. They meant that they were animals.

Before leaving Hope Fountain, I sent a message by Mr. Helm to the Chief saying that I was leaving the country, but hoped to come back and see the people, whom I had lately seen again. He sent back a polite, but most plain answer:—that ‘he would be glad to see me there, just to come & see him: but that he would not give me permission to go the same journey I went this year, or go beyond (his kraal)’. I think that this points conclusively to the line that he intends to take as regards his country. It is supposed that I know too much of his country: but my going again would give me little or no further information. He has no ground of complaint of any kind, nor does he pretend to have any. On the contrary, he treats me, now that I have come back, with a politeness, which he did not treat me with before: and spoke, before me, of things about his people, that I do not think he would ordinarily do. Again, when I broke his ‘Court-etiquette’ by going with Sir Sidney to see him after I had taken leave of him, he was most friendly, when he might have been quite the contrary. I think that he is only carrying out the policy of himself and his people. I do not say that he will not give permission to people to dig, and receive money for it: but I think that he has no intention of allowing a settlement in Mashonaland, or a road to the Zambesi. I cannot think of anything which I have left undone to induce him to allow me to settle a

Mission among the Mashona. I think that I should not [have] been allowed into the country at all if I had not found him alone on the day when he gave me permission. It is only when he is alone that he can be talked to as a man. There can be no doubt that the presence of the men asking for gold-concessions would, owing to the nervousness they cause among the people, be against the probability of their allowing a Mission. When we went to see the Chief, Sir Sidney carefully explained that the Government had nothing to do with the gold-seekers: and he would allow none of them to be present at the interview; but it is almost impossible for the Matabele to understand that any individual can act without his 'Government' or King. Everything is here reported to and done by him; he is told if a crow will not leave a hut, or that one of his calves are dead, as explicitly as he is told about the last fight; and, as Chief, gives permission equally for an 'impi' to go out, or for a man to beat his wife.

Oct. 28 Sunday. All the other waggons went on last night: and we passed a not very satisfactory Sunday. I sent some letters off by two men, whom Capn. G. A. had left behind to wait for them. Some Amatonga are going with his waggons: they can always be recognised by their having broken off their front teeth. The cognate tribes do the same. Eight tribes to the North of the Zambesi eat dogs, as a luxury. These would probably be better for having *all* their teeth. The Matabele would regard this with horror, and yet in every way, probably, they are inferior to these tribes. I think that it is a mistake to suppose that cannibal tribes are necessarily more cruel than other savages who are not cannibals. Some of the Basuto were cannibals—probably beginning the habit from hunger: and they are among the gentlest of the Native tribes. Those who had no intention of being cannibals eat Wepener's heart¹ after they had killed him, 'to make them brave'.

Oct 29. Monday. After some little difficulty the two new oxen were induced to be caught, & be started. The experiments have to be made on the vile body of my waggon, as Jelly is somewhat helpless with a wild ox; he seems either to be afraid of them or to beat them cruelly—that is, if he were allowed to do so. It is perfectly easy to break in an ox, if you never lose your temper with it, never ill use it, and never allow it to beat you. A gold-seeker, travelling with a colonial 'conductor' amused us by telling us how they had bought and broken in a young ox on the road, and what work it was. I do not think that we told him that our seventh was now working

¹ Killed 1865; in the second attack by Free State forces on the Basuto stronghold of Thaba Bosigo.

in the team. Our two new ones, also, promise to be very good. When everything depends on them one's attention is apt to neglect most other things for the time.

Oct. 30. Tuesday. We reached the Impakwe River early: there are a few pools of water still. The wretched Jelly was unable to bring his waggon through with both teams, and left it in the sand till the evening, when it was easily pulled out; and we made one 'trek' towards the Ramaquobam.

Oct. 31. Wednesday. Another 'trek' brought us to the Ramaquobam by about Sunrise. The whole river is very deep dry sand: about twice as broad as the Impakwe. There is only one pool of water near the road. We left in the evening, having to make three 'treks' to reach water.

Nov. 1. Thursday. I rode for two 'treks' and walked for one. I find that my legs are somewhat helpless. I think that I must be getting tired. We reached Tati early. The people seem to have been annoyed a good deal. I forget how many 'impis' they say have come to Tati. All the workings have been stopped, and the outlying store broken into. A trader's waggon was looted, and about £60 worth of goods taken. They seem to fear the possibility of a general massacre of the white people. I do not think that they would hurt the Missionaries. The respect for them is very great. It is a redeeming quality in the people. I am told that, if the girls of a kraal begin their apparently usual style of conversation on seeing a white man, they stop immediately on being told that he is an 'umfundisi'—a teacher.

A message was brought from the chief today, saying that he was angry at the men stopping the works: but the head man thinks that it is useless to go on while the country is in this state. One of the two men carrying the letters seems to have been caught and badly beaten.

I exchanged 8 thin, tired, oxen for 6 good fat ones, which I think well. I sold nearly everything that anyone would buy, left one waggon to be sold, and put 20 oxen into my own waggon, which gives the best chance of getting through the country in front. I hear that the waggons in front have divided into two parties, so as to allow the water holes to fill again before the second party come on. I left Tati.

Nov. 2. Friday. We arrived at the Shashi by about 10 o'clock last night—really tired. Jelly stayed behind to look after an ox, but I, and everybody else, I think, are pleased that today we part company. We got through the deep sand of the Shashi River somehow, and went on through the early part of the night.

Nov. 3. Saturday. By the time that we had 'trekked' the 19

miles to the Macloutsi, we had had quite enough sand and heat. As 4 untrained oxen have now added their gambols to their partially-educated friends, their different attitudes in a difficult place are utterly unlike the usual pictures: but then I do not think that, since John left me, I have any very first-rate driver: indeed it might have been doubted whether Edward had any power of hitting an ox at all, till, in the dark, he missed his ox, but hit Isaac instead. Fortunately Isaac is goodtempered.

There are some gold-diggers here living in two tents, who are very careful not to cross the river. There can be no doubt that *this* side of the river is Khama's territory. Count Schweinitz has gone by here some time. He is certainly a most remarkable man for standing work. He was met on the road, without boots or socks, striding along, miles ahead of his 2 men, who were afterwards met, 'streaming with sweat' trying to get two donkeys after him. As he cannot know the waters well, and in one place they are nearly 40 miles apart, it seems very dangerous. Some natives told Mrs. Elliott that they had never seen anyone walk as I did: but I am a baby compared with him. His courage, too, is beyond all question. One night he climbed up a tree over some reeds where a lion had caught a buffalo, and stayed there to get a chance of shooting it, while the creature was crunching the bones below him. I think that I should have had to come down, as I get off my horse in the night, to prevent myself falling off when I go to sleep.

Nov. 4. Sunday. We had a most nice Service with the men. Now that Jelly has gone they certainly are, as Mr. Dunn expresses it — 'a thundering good lot of men'. One could not guess from Isaac's cheerfulness & willingness that 'if a white man were to offer him £20 a month to come up again, he would not go'. I am¹

I gave an address on the difference between a Christian & a Heathen nation: and, indeed, standing here between the two forms of government—Khama's & Lobengulo's, the difference is very striking—the brutality of one rule compared with the righteousness of the other. Khama is so eminently a gentleman—in appearance, manners, thought: in speaking to him one entirely forgets that he is brown & not white. Lobengulo is so eminently not—the people seem to have many of the bad qualities of the *lowest* class of Whitechapel rough.² There are exceptions. The old man, who said that I was his son, was one. But even *he* had not very high ideas. One day Mr. Rees was telling him about Khama,

¹ This sentence, the last in volume II is incomplete in the MS.

² Altered from 'Lobengulo is so eminently a blackguard—I do not know of any other expression: the people are about on a level with the *lowest* class of Whitechapel rough'.

how good and just he was, how well he ruled his people. He listened quite quietly till he had done, and then said, 'Yes: but how near can Khama bring his cattle to the Matabele?' He had no other idea of greatness beyond the amount of plundering that could be carried out.

We had an afternoon Service especially for the three white men who stay here, or somewhere on the river, to look after the gold-digging.

Nov. 5. Monday. I started soon after daybreak with one of the white men, who came back before midday, when I went on and shot two antelopes and a small buck: but, owing to some discrepancy between my friend's time & the sun, I found myself very far from the waggon when I would sooner have been there: & as it became quite dark, the thick 'wait-a-bit' thorn was horrid.¹ Once it caught me by the back, hand, & nostril at once, and 'Sir Garnet', in his hurry to back out, left me no time to clear myself carefully. They are much stronger than the flesh, and do not break off, as a rule. The Mimosa sometimes does: one ran in just above my eyebrow and stayed there. They were beginning to fire rockets when we had almost reached the waggon.

Nov. 6. Tuesday. The men went to fetch what meat we did not carry home yesterday. This will save my very little flock of two goats and one sheep. We have hardly any corn for the men: they asked such extortionate prices at Tati that I would only buy a little.

Nov. 7. Wednesday. The waggon started at about 4 o'clock: it is rather a long process with 20 oxen & no regular waggon-driver: it is comforting to think it cheap. The Colonial driver belonging to the gold-diggers was sent with four oxen to pull through the heavy sand of the Seruli River. What strange men² they are. On the principle that the Jews are the best argument for Christianity, the wonderful creature that is produced in this country by an immense quantity of food, which requires little or no exertion to obtain, a climate which requires no expense in fuel to preserve the caloric in the human body, where the best education, as Mr. Froude thinks, is 'to know how to crack a waggon-whip', who seems incapable of learning what the waggon drivers of England learn, whose whole being seems to revolt from decent manners, is the best argument for the use of squires, and clergymen as

¹ The name waag 'n bietjie or wait-a-bit is applied in Southern Africa to various kinds of trees, mostly acacias, with hooked thorns. It has now been standardized as the popular name of *Zizyphus mucronata*, which has two thorns together hooked in opposite directions, but an acacia may be meant here. Mimosa (*Acacia Karroo*) has long straight thorns.

² Altered from 'clowns'.

produced by the *English Church*. After I had persuaded this person that perhaps it was not best for him to sit in the middle of the waggon box, and do nothing: then, after he had begun to drive, that he had better not beat the two tired oxen on the ground that they were lazy: then, that it would be nicer if he did not take too much of the men's water—they having to go far before getting more, & he having plenty if he could wait half an hour—he went back, having driven very well through the river-sand, meaning to help in every way, I think, but still a strong argument in favour of Squires, & National Schools.

During an animated discussion in the dark as to how two heifers could become the property of three of my men, two of my oxen were lost, and nearly half the strength of the party had to go back to find them. We went on and passed a good part of the night working in the sand of the Lotlakana River: and after having dragged the waggon backwards some way, so as to give it a fresh start up another place, and taking off some things, we reached the right side some two hours after sunrise.

November 8. Thursday. I had intended to reach the water at [blank in MS.] by sunrise, but now we must stay here through the heat of the day though there is no water. The name 'river', which is given on the maps of South Africa to these dry channels is most misleading. After the heavy rains of February, March, April they may be immense torrents for a few hours, run for some time, and then hold water in pools (though scarcely any in this part) or under the sand, as a *very* few do, till the rains come again. At this time, most—indeed nearly all—are sand beds of great depth & dryness.

In the afternoon, passing the Gokwe dry sand bed—it is called 'River' in the map—we came to Mahabi Tchwani where we knew a pit to exist, but a wandering Dutchman had destroyed all hope of water by bringing 80 cattle to drink. The next water was a pit, some two miles off the road at Maritelle: so after resting about two hours we made four hours towards it, and stopped again at about two o'clock in the morning.

Nov. 9. Friday. The waggons reached the place from which water can be got to very early. The last water for the oxen was given them before starting the day before yesterday. I do not think that they suffered at all, though they were very thirsty. The pain and over exertion to the animals, which is at times entailed in a kind of desert, such as this, is one of the few difficulties of travelling which cannot be reduced to a minimum by being laughed at.

I shot an ox that had an uncommon accident at his first & last lesson in work yesterday. He jumped up into the air, and in coming down his head was pulled under his body by his strap;

both sides of his lower jaw were broken, and he must soon have died of hunger. Most of him now hangs round the waggon upon trees in strips, being dried. It helped to cheer the men who have today brought back the two wandering oxen: one of whom, on seeing me, began patting his body to show how hollow he was. Not a

sign of any human being or hut is to be seen: nor has been seen since Tati. There is another terribly long stretch before us without any water, so I stay here over tonight to rest the oxen a little. The water in these places is certainly not nice, and has a good deal of foreign matter in it: but with the temperature as it is, nothing else is much thought of. Soon the rains will come; in this country nearly everything happens in extremes, and then nothing else will be much thought of—especially by people travelling.

November 10. Saturday. The men slept with the oxen some two miles from the waggons at the hole near Maratela Hill, about two miles—or rather about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the road. As they had had to go about $36\frac{1}{2}$ miles to reach it, and would have to go about 28 miles to reach the next, it was important to give them as much rest as possible. They had been watered one by one yesterday, and the hole only filled at the rate of about a tea-cupfull a minute, so that after each thirsty ox, ready to drink bucketsfull, had had what he could get, it was cleaned out. I heard that the Dutch trader from Matabeleland had cut across my road to this very place last night. They say that he ought not to be on this road at all, though I do not quite see why not;¹ but as my poor creatures certainly had a first right to the water, I went off very early to see that his 80 cattle did not destroy all chance of my little herd having water before they started. I dare say that I felt somewhat as Moses did when the shepherds wished to drive away Reuel's daughters in Midian from watering their flock. I explained to the man, & he was very polite: and the digging and cleaning went on. One ox, preferred getting the water before it mixed itself with the liquid mud, and stood licking the place where it came out: but none, I suppose, got anything approaching to what they would have liked: still some run loose and 18 are pulling a light waggon. I do not think that distinguished author of

‘ Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ’

could ever have been to Africa. It might apply to a few rivers, allowing a good deal of poetic licence in the majority of cases. It

¹ The road to Shoshong, west of that to the Transvaal, was somewhat better watered: but Lobengula did not allow anyone to take a road without his knowledge and permission, still less to make new roads by cutting across from one to another.

would have been far more applicable to some country where, as a rule, the rivers run. I do not think that from the Lea at Clapton could water of a nastier colour be scooped than what we are now drinking. It makes a kind of dirty black tea. Edward says that it gave him an ache immediately that he swallowed it. I do not think that this spring is very bad, though, going up, I think that it was the water somewhere about here that made me ill.

I rode in the opposite direction, and found that there were no signs of water in the Suruli River towards the mountains. The waggon followed on. A heavy storm with hail came down late in the evening. The stones were very large hurting the men a good deal. Edward ran for the large umbrella: only one stone fell on it, but that went right through it. The men seem to prefer being wet to being scorched, and we go on through most of the night to close under Palaswie Hill.

Nov. 11. Sunday. The rain has been so good that there is water quite close to the road: I had supposed that we should have had to send 5 miles for it. We passed two dead oxen belonging to the waggons in front. A messenger came from Khama bringing a very nice note saying that I could take any road in his country which I chose. I hear today that the man who brought the report of the white men rushing into the country has been killed by Lobengula's orders: that 33 in all are to be killed—the majority for having molested the Administrator. I am very glad that no one molested me.

This is practically the only punishment of the country: & it is strange how little is thought of it. Resistance never seems to be made: escape but seldom.

When Lobengula lately sent men to kill his brother, the latter said, 'I know what you have come for: do it quickly'. When one of his wives was supposed to have tried to poison him, he said to her, 'Pick out a strong "reim":¹ you know what I mean'. She was to go and hang herself.

Death seems little to them because it is only the ending of a life—a disappointment. I think that death is so much more to us, because it is the beginning of a life—even to the most thoughtless.

Lobengulo has a taster who drinks a good deal of everything that he has. She is painfully fat. There is, probably, not a single person of his own nation from whom he would accept food. He would from any Englishman whom he knew. The Englishman is still the ideal man to the Matabele. I think that the Missionaries are chiefly the cause of this. Mr. Helme is evidently fast gaining the position which Mr. Sykes occupied, & which he had taken after Mr. Moffat. Nothing derogatory to the English nation can be laid at the doors of these four men now in the

¹ A thong.

country. It is curious, that though possibly as immoral a nation as any now in existence, the one thing which makes a white man lose caste among them is their having anything to do with the native women. Nothing seems to condone this. They say that now the man is one of themselves. I think that it is the continual bringing of slave women from the people whom they raid upon that has made the Matabele degenerate in morality. In Chaka's time, as Zulus, they must have been very moral. The higher class of pure Matabele (Zulus) seem to have a strict code as to how their wives should behave. The Chief's wives always go about in 'twos'. Any one leaving the 'kraals' alone would very probably be killed. It does not seem to be accurately known how many wives he has; he seems to have about eighty, so far as I can learn. They all wear small maroon buttons on the back of their heads, by which they are known. Round their bodies they wear a skirt of soft ox-skin: and usually a piece of blue calico round their shoulders. When the Chief wishes to choose a new wife from the nation, the girls whom he *could* choose stand in a row. He gives something to the one he wishes to have, who goes home & her friends come and condole with her, which indeed they may well do; but still it is a strange though general custom, and the stranger because uncomplimentary to Lobengulo, while the whole tendency of the nation is to imbecile adulation of him. No one is supposed to stand upright in his presence; when passing him the men crouch. No one may pass behind him: but this probably is to avoid the danger of his being stabbed. It would be considered a great insult to step over any of his food. It apparently will never be forgotten in the country how an Englishman who came here to hunt, fell, when drunk, into the Chief's dish of meat.

The only hope that, humanly speaking, I can see for the Matabele nation is an English Protectorate, so that the better element, if there be any, in the people may be allowed to have some influence. The Chief is said to have deteriorated considerably from what he was when young, owing to the pressure put on him by his 'indunas'. He still stands almost alone against the foolish idea that they are invincible: and would very possibly do far more to allow English influence in the country if he could work with a freer hand. When the Barotse Chief sent to Khama to ask him about English protection, there can be little doubt that the 'protection' which he wished was against his own people.¹

¹ At the Khotla in October 1888, at which the question was discussed, Lewanika 'was so imprudent as to betray that he wanted the Protectorate to secure him against another revolution'. Mackintosh, *Goillard of the Zambesi*, p. 382.

November 12. Monday. About 4 or 5 miles brought us to Palatswie in the evening. There were pools of water on the road or near it. The rain has come from the South, & has been heavier as we go on. I hear from three of the Bechuanaland Police, who have been sent to look after two goldmen who were turned out of Matabeleland, that one of the gold men¹ travelling along this road in front of us had been picked up senseless from thirst, though he had mules that had been travelling 50 miles a day. The sand behind was heavy because it had not rained, the black soil is heavy because it has: but as the road is chiefly sand, the rain will make the road far lighter in front. We slept at the Lotsanie River.

Nov. 13. Tuesday. The men seem to be more or less ill from the bad water. We start early in the afternoon, but stop after about two miles to give the oxen another opportunity of water before leaving water, which may have been thought unnecessary: but as Edward said, when he heard of the troubles from water on the road, he thought that 'other people did not get on so well as we did because they were not so careful'. Our oxen are very interesting now; out of the 18 pulling, 12 are of our own breaking in, and most excellent oxen. From here to Chakanie is the deepest sand on the road to Shoshong: and the rain seems to have affected it but little. The natives whom we occasionally meet seem to know nothing of the waters ahead: or from habit will not say anything about them. We made about 11 miles to Lamonie, where there was no water, and slept.

Nov. 14. Wednesday. At sunrise we arrived at Chakanie, and found the water unuseable for any purpose: the cattle will scarcely touch it. Mr. Wallop and Mr. Haggard come here shortly after, and breakfast with me. They had been warned by everyone apparently, and by the Administrator especially of the danger that was before them in Matabeleland. I told them that I thought that there was none: but to be very careful not [to]² break any of the Matabele 'Laws', and to be polite to everybody: that if they did

¹ Mr. Rudd. He had not been picked up: but after having fallen with his horse, & having hidden his papers, & written to his wife & the Administrator, he was induced to make another effort by seeing a native fire in the night. He made his horse get up, & reached the natives, so weak that he could not keep off a dog that attacked him. The skin was peeling off the inside of his throat. The natives treated him most kindly: not allowing their goats to feed from their mothers so that they might give him the milk. The papers that he hid included the one granting the 'Concession' to him & his colleagues of all the Mashona gold-mining rights.

The latest news (February 25th.) is to the effect that Lobengula has repudiated this 'concession'. *K.-B.*

² *MS.* 'be'.

get killed by a mob, it would be an accident, and not by order of the Chief. People who come to a country such as Matabeleland ought to take a good deal of trouble in studying the customs of the people, or of some cognate race; this puts one at once on a friendly footing with the people: they see that you do not mean to insult them, and though they will not always help you, they will not, as a rule, molest you.

Mr. Haggard told me, as though it were a question still open for discussion among those who knew anything of the subject, that he was not able to corroborate the idea that Missions did harm to the morality of the native in so much of South Africa as he had seen, any more than he had been able to do so in India. Having to combat such an idea would make one amused on account of the simple credulity of the people who accept it in England, did it not make one very angry on account of the harm which is temporarily done to Missions by the belief.—*Amused* to think whom the impugnors of Missions are quoting: *did* they but know *who* are the opposers of them in this country—men whose opinion they would probably consider as contemptible on nearly every possible subject. Missions would indeed be a creation of the devil if such men did not hate and oppose them. No public opinion can be brought to bear on certain isolated spots of the world: little is known, except by those who take some trouble to find out, about them: so on the principle the ‘the world is composed of men and philosophers’ who will accept an article in some unhappy newspaper when they will reject an assertion in the Bible, people in England will believe this lie from such men, and ignore certainly more credible testimony. Who has ever heard Sir Charles Warren or Sir Redvers Buller or men of that class speak disparagin[g]ly of Missions as Missions? Naturally instances of unsatisfactory Missionaries may be instanced; Mr. Selous, however, after about 15 years knowledge of outlying Missions, not believing himself in Christianity, says that he has only known of one unsatisfactory Missionary. It is significant, so far as Missionaries themselves are concerned, that of the three cases of immorality among the clergy of this diocese which have *needed* enquiry since I have been here, none have occurred among Missionaries to *natives*. That the native Christians are inferior in any moral quality, as a body, in any individual place, that directly or indirectly, has come under my notice, or that of any of the laity or clergy with whom I have spoken on the subject, is a gratuitous, childish, and ridiculous falsehood; indeed it would be a groundless falsehood to say that they were not *far* superior. Who could compare the Christian Khama with the

heathen Lobengulo, and yet the Zulus are held to be much the superior race? Jonathan¹ does not live up to the idea of his Baptism, but he is very superior to those who have not come under Christian influence. Mr. Moffat says that when he took temporary charge of Taungs²—possibly the worst native town in S. Africa, it struck him that he never saw one of [the] men who attended the Church there drunk, or one of the women among the white men.

The greatest credit is due to the Missionaries at Molopolole for not readmitting Sechele into the Church for fear of what he may do. If they do not admit the Chief, notwithstanding his repeated demands, is it probable³ that any laxity is tolerated among their Church members? Too pleased, as I believe, many of the traders would be to make the assertion that the Christians are no better than the heathen, I have never heard one say so, or of one saying so *at their own* stations.

A 'Mission Station', where a premium is put on becoming a Christian by offering land etc, and where (unlike Lovedale)⁴ no trade is taught, I consider an almost unmixed evil. They seem to have much the same effect on the character as the Workhouse at home: having especially the point in common that neither scarcely ever produce a good man or woman to work.

South Africa is said to be 'the grave of reputations'; and, no doubt, people wonder in England what can be the reason that men have apparently failed here who are successful elsewhere. I believe it to consist in nothing else than that the ideas, and standards of the men who are sent are so entirely different to the majority of the inhabitants that naturally they are most unpopular. It may or may not be true that Kimberley (e.g.) is, as some one has described it, 'the worst place out of Hell': it is not necessary that some very bad places should affect the thought of a whole people. How one learns to value squires & their wives, and the old English clergy and their wives: & one sees what they have done and are doing for England.

Mr. Haggard gave me £1 for my work, which was thoughtful of him: and we each went our way.

¹ A Basuto chief. *K.-B.*

² A native and magisterial centre in Bechuanaland, Cape Province, between Kimberley and Vryburg. A station of the London Missionary Society was established there in 1844. J. S. Moffat was appointed to Taungs as Resident Magistrate in 1885 after he had resigned from the Society.

³ *M.S.* 'probably'.

⁴ A Church of Scotland mission, founded in 1841 by the Rev. W. Govan in the eastern part of Cape Province. It carries out religious, academic and industrial education.

Nov 15. Thursday. We reached the Mahalapso River, not so early as I should have wished; & here Mr. Heeney¹ and one of his men met me: & made arrangements to buy my 2nd. waggon at Tati for £40, if it was what he wished. They rode into Shoshong with me over the hills; we called on Mrs. Hepburn on our way down the Pass into the town—the largest, having a population of about 20,000, and by very much the best ruled native town in South Africa. No brandy, or beer of any kind is allowed to the natives, or the white men: the people are not even allowed to make the 'Kaffir corn' beer. One 'store' stands prominently dismantled, from which a trader has been ejected, who would continue, after warning, to sell brandy to the people. Only one class of trader—a different one to those I have seen in many native towns—seem to think it worth while to come there. Khame has had a great deal of trouble about this: but now he rules white men & natives equally strictly. During the famine one man under cover of pity for the people, brought sacks of corn into the town, in them his brandy was hidden; another trader took some of it, and while driving away began shooting his own oxen, and then at the natives (his own servants), who eventually had to kill him to keep him quiet. I hear that the London Missionary at Kanya is telling old tipsy Gaseitsive that, now that white people are coming more into the Country, & there will be plenty of money, he can kill himself, and the tribe can practically destroy themselves in about a year. It seems strange that, with the example of the Free State so near, no steps should be taken by the Government in such a town as Kimberley to stop the traffic in drink: that individual Companies have to shut up their men in order to reduce the reputed consumption of 10,000 bottles of brandy a week.²

Nov. 16. Friday. I slept last night at Mr. Heeney's: & early this morning went to see the Chief, who was most courteous, offering me a guide by the Lopepe road, if I wished to go by it: telling me that Lillie had seen his wife a good many times when she was here: & pleased to hear that the men whom he had sent with me had done well.

It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than between this cleanly, goodlooking, educated gentleman, studiously polite even to every child who salutes him, an

¹ Maurice Heeney.

² F. R. Thompson, speaking of the institution of the closed compound system at De Beers, says: 'I had made it a condition of my service that I should have absolute control of the compound; and a further stipulation was that no intoxicating drink should be allowed within the walls, for either black or white. In this determination Rhodes backed me up.' Nancy Rouillard, *Matabele Thompson, an autobiography*, p. 84.

example in life to all his fellow-Christian and heathen subjects, so good a soldier that his father Sekomi had to recall him from a kind of exile at Lake 'Ngami¹ (on account of his being a Christian) to keep him as chief; who, lately, when he had beaten some rebellious petty chief, sent waggons to carry away the women and children safely—to contrast him with Lobengulo, 'the noble savage,' *uncontaminated by Christianity*, almost naked, disgustingly fat, occupied apparently during a large part of the day in pouring beer into his body, cunning and cruelty (in my opinion, though I may be wrong) looking out of his eyes, guilty (in concert with his people) of the blood of no one knows how many innocent women & children, not to speak of men: with less idea of keeping his word than a Stuart: apparently thinking that discourtesy is a sign of royalty: dreading and yet insulting English power, for good authority seems to agree that, though he proposes killing 33 men for recent actions, he was the originator and commander of them. Scarcely any action can take place without the Chief's (Lobengulo's) wish. I am told that all the men implicated in Captain Patterson's murder were killed to hide the Chief's hand (it being so well known what was about to happen to Capn. Patterson's party, that one man, whom they did not wish to kill, was warned against going); and yet I consider Lobengulo rather a higher class than the ordinary Matabele: with capabilities for good in him, which are said to have been far greater when he was young than now. The fact of Khama being a Christian would probably be sufficient to make him disliked among a large number of the Colonists, who have a dislike and contempt for all natives in general, and Christian ones in particular, though there can be little doubt that very few Colonists are Khama's equal. This contempt of the colonists for the native is the more strange, as the intercourse between the colonial men and the native women must have been, and so presumably is still very considerable. In one place to the South I am informed that some of the wives of the natives appealed to an official to prevent their being hired out by their husbands to the white men on the station. One book on the country speaks of the divisions which have been caused by the progress of Christianity. This is undoub[t]edly true: but would the writer have the Bamangwato always remain on a level with the Matabele for fear of a regenerating influence producing temporary discord? or, if he would concede that the atmosphere of Shoshong is higher than that of the Chief's Kraal in Matabeleland, what process would he suggest except a gradual change, which

¹ The reference is presumably to Khama's withdrawal to Serowe and later to the Botetle River in 1873.

must involve a part of the population being Christian while the rest are heathen, which undoubtedly causes division: though it is impossible to see in Shoshong any evil resulting from it.

I hear that some one has, apparently trusting to the ignorance of the white people in South Africa, on the subject, asserted the morality of the Matabele. This person apparently does not know that the immorality of white men in the country is said to do little harm *because* the people are accustomed to it among themselves: or would he be consistent in expecting much morality from a nation, if it be true, as I am informed, that the Chief's wives send their waiting maids to the traders' waggons to hire pieces of cloth? I think that the praise of the Matabele arises from no other reason than a wish to carry out the fiction of the 'raw' native being better than the educated one.

I had a long talk to Khama in the afternoon about his people, & the line of action he would take in the event of his country being attacked. They live crowded together in one town on account of the place being a natural fortress: & will probably continue to do so till there is no longer an[y] danger from the Dutch or Matabele.

I asked him whether, in any particular whatever, he would consider that any of the people had been made to deteriorate by becoming Christians. He said that in none whatever. I asked him whether he thought they might be the worse *soldiers* especially. He said that he thought that a people, who became Christians (and therefore gave up raiding), would not be, from want of practice, so good for aggressive warfare: but for defending their country, he considered them just as good.

I attended a Court held by the Administrator on Mr. Wood, who is being brought down by him. When the question of his attempting to make a war between the Matabele & Bamangwato was being gone into, Sir Sidney spoke with a decision, as to the action of England if the Protectorate were attacked, that, if carried out, will go far towards the re-establishing of English influence in S. Africa.

Khama's son, Sekomi, was also present. Sir Sydney tells me that he spoke to Khama on the advisability of his being well educated in the Colony; I said a little to him also; but it appears that his mother¹ is afraid of his being killed by the Dutch if he is taken to the Colony.

Nov 17. Saturday. The waggon came in, and I sold some things from it: and wrote letters telling the clergy from Mafeking to Kimberley on what days I intended to be with them. If I can go on as we have been going, without any practical hindrance, I shall

¹ Elizabetha Gobitsewang, Khama's first wife, known as Ma-Bessie.

be able to keep all the appointments. If I had made them any later I could not have been at Bloemfontein by Christmas without cutting down the time that I wish to be in each place.

Nov. 18. Sunday. I held Service at about 11 a.m., and again at Sunset in Mr. Heany's room. Sir Sidney, Major Goold Adams and Mr. Hepburn were there at both Services. We all had tea together at Mr. Hepburn's, and talked Matabeleland: more especially about the amount of cruelty that goes on, of which the outside world knows little or nothing: and agreeing that it would be a fiendish thing to carry out the proposed plan of buying the Matabele out of the country for the sake of the Mashonaland gold, and turning that nation of cut-throat scoundrels among the thousands of women and children along the banks of the Zambesi. They told me that Mr. McKenzie had asserted in his book that the Matabele were improving (I am not sure that it was not in a speech somewhere): but we agreed that as he must be ignorant of the subject his opinion could not have any value. I said that I had not heard of one particular act being done lately, and so I supposed that it had been given up—the burning of women who carried the loot of the raids: but that in every other particular there seemed to be the strongest intention not to allow English influence to interfere in any way with their raiding on the surrounding weak tribes, or killing the people among themselves whom they wished to kill. Though my reason for travelling on through all the difficulties of this dry season has been to reach Bloemfontein by Christmas at nearly any cost—and it has been far greater than I anticipated—yet I think that I may have been of some real use in giving the Administrator some idea of the real position of affairs in Matabeleland & Mashonaland: and any loss & trouble would be a small price to pay for assisting in righting that terrible evil. It is not so much what has been done—for the wretched victims are passed from the necessity of human pity: but that there is no probability of its ceasing. Each village is only being kept to fatten, much as a pig is kept, before it may be thought time to raid. As Sekomi said when he saw the cattle of Goto & Shoto round Mt. Wedza—'the Matabele did not know about them: he would tell them when he got home'. And so much do they expect it themselves, that, on the only occasion that I heard distinctly the Mashona songs, one of the three, and I fancy the longest, was to the effect that they had better sing now, for the Matabele would soon be upon them etc. etc.

November 19. Monday. The waggons went on at about one o'clock this morning. I gave up all hopes of getting by the Lopepe road. It appears that there is certainly over 50 miles without water

through heavy sand, and there may be more: so I am making for the Notwani River, which as being longer is bad for the oxen as far as distance goes. I have had to leave 4 tired ones here, to be taken over at £4 apiece if they live, by Mr. Heany. Khama came down to say goodbye to me. He gives me a guide to ride out with me.

I had intended to tell people that they had better read 'The Far Interior'¹ if they wished to know more about the 'incidents' of travel in Mashonaland; but the book is here, and reading bits of it again suggests that a very great deal is written about very ordinary incidents, and that a little forethought would have obviated others which caused trouble: & should people who read the book think that I went through the same amount of trouble, their pity will be thrown away—at least badly expended.

I rode out and found the waggon at Kunuwa: also Mrs. Thomas, the widow of the London Missionary in Matabeleland, who had three children which she was taking back, to settle her property, Shiloh, and return. She asked me if I thought she was safe, and I said that I thought she would be, but am glad that I told her to take other advice, for Sir Sidney considers that she will not be safe at all. One of her stepsons having being killed by the Matabele,² and another by the Mashukolompo³ does not seem to trouble her at all. Nor does she seem put out by inconveniences on the road: even between here and the Limpopo she says that the road was so heavy with dry sand that her oxen had to be taken out, unable to move her waggon: and that she had to keep wet rags on the children's chests and bathe their faces with the dirty water which was found in some pit, to prevent their suffering from thirst.

My road turns off to the right here, and my guide is no use farther than Kunuwa—at least he says he knows nothing: but his real trouble is as to 'how a man can travel back again without a gun': but from the way in which he carried mine in addition to the charge of his horse, I should think him safer without one. At any rate in our turning about to find the road he was lost, and we saw him no more.

I do not know the road, and am going by it, trusting to Major Goold-Adams: but no one has apparently travelled by it for some time, and I am in front of him: & the load is very heavy. After some travelling through the night I sent 'John Selous' back to hear whether we were going right, and shortly stopped, about sunrise.

Nov 20. Tuesday. I sent Edward on the pony to see if there

¹ By Walter Montagu Kerr. Published 1886.

² Morgan Thomas, killed with Capt. Patterson in 1877.

³ David Thomas, killed with Bannister in 1886.

were any sign of water in front; who reported a large number of roads going in different directions. At about four o'clock John came back, saying that we were right: but I do not think he had described carefully where we were. At sunset we went on through very heavy sand, where apparently no waggon had gone for months—the oxen at times only able to go about 20 yards at a time—till everything like a track ended, when I sent John on again, who most happily met two Bushmen¹—I suppose seeing their fire—and brought them. They said that we were on the tracks that the Bamangwato had made to fetch wood, and were quite wrong. They brought us by sunrise to the pits on the right road. As the oxen had had no water since starting from Kunawa, this was a far better ending than might have been expected; for though Major G. A. would have sent to find us on our own track, they might have been kept waiting for nearly another day. Sir Sidney arrived after I had been to sleep. They are very kind, and insist on my having all my meals with them.

November 21. Wednesday. There is nothing but very nasty water at these Mohonono Pits (called from a tree of that name² which grows here): the oxen do not like it, and a native who saw us scooping it out said that if we drank it we should 'die tomorrow'. It certainly smells a good deal if stirred up: but an effort is being made to dig some of the worst filth out. Sir Sidney is waiting here for fresh oxen, so stays here today. The next 'water' is about 21 miles away: but *that* in sand, about which the natives say that what we have had is nothing compared to it, may mean a long time to reach. I had intended to go out about 6 miles, and send the oxen back for water: but as the boy, Tibutsing, has lost the oxen, my plan is put a stop to. It will be very disappointing, if, after all this work for the oxen, and concentrating all my energies on getting to Mafeking by the 5th., I am beaten so near the end. I cannot think of one day since April that has been lost, except the Sundays: and indeed I *should* have stayed another month in Mashonaland for the better season. But this is an exceptional year (the rains ought to have fallen by now): which, if I could have foreseen, would have made me stay there. How very beautiful the Mashonaland rivers seem to have been now: and makes one feel that the difficulty of the unhealthiness of the Country in summer should be overcome, if possible. I hear that 7 out of the 9 men who went to

¹ Employed by the Bechuana as cattle-herds.

² Or mukonono. *Terminalia sericea*. A 20-30 foot tree with grey netted bark, a tassel of greenish-white, sweet-scented flowers, and later, bright pink seeds winged all round.

Umzila's country, have died, and that the other two are very ill—so some report, that was sent out, asserts. It may have been one of these that was killed by a lion.

November 22. Thursday. Two of the Police and my men are out for some time for the oxen, unsuccessfully. Though Tibutsing lost our goats the day before yesterday and oxen yesterday, and is not in favour, he is trying to retrieve his character by trying to find the oxen today; and has gone off with two bushmen to find the track. In the evening the oxen came back of their own accord, the Bushmen coming on the track behind. As they were too thin to travel today, I went on with Sir Sidney, and the waggon is to follow.

November 23. Friday. We reach some cattle-pits, where a good deal of digging has to be done for drinking water. As my whole following now consists of four men, it is a great advantage to travel with the Police: and I prefer their going first with their waggons, as they cut a kind of road through the sand. They have one team of fresh oxen from Shoshong, and have expected (but not found) another to be sent after them here, and another about 20 miles ahead. Sir Sidney's waggons go on, Major G. A. and I sleeping here. In the night my waggon comes on, and after a rest follows the others.

November 24. Saturday. We ride past the waggon, round Massama Hill to the Notwane River, where there is an unusual reach of perfectly good water, which has not been seen since the Umquesi River. We are on the borderline of Khama's and Linchwe's countries. Some of the Government oxen were here lost. While in Khama's country oxen cannot well be permanently lost, as the Bushmen and others at the cattle-posts, if ordered by one of Khama's men, have to find any that are lost by travellers. They must also provide milk. My waggon came in at about sundown, and I went on in it through the night to another water on the Notwane River.

November 25. Sunday. We are encamped among thick Mimosa trees, which are now in flower. At 12 o'clock I had a Service, Sir Sidney, Major G. A., as many of the Police as, possibly, could be spared, my own men, and some natives, also the three 'prisoners',¹ attended.

Like Jonathan in Basutoland, Khama is collecting people from other Chiefs, who for some reason are discontented with their surroundings. Matabele are said to be coming to him. Sir Sidney showed me a published letter of Selous, in which, when he wishes to show that the London Missionaries have made no

¹ Wood and his companions.

converts during 15 years that he has known the nation, says that he can see no improvement in them at all during those years. This is direct witness against the assertion that the Matabele nation are improving. It is, however, no argument against the value of the 50 years work of the London Missionaries: for—to go no further—if the Matabele had never had any other type of morality than that of the ordinary hunter and trader, the probability of their submitting to English influence might be considered but a small one.

I hear that the Transvaal, but for the English Protectorate, would 'wipe out' Khama and his people. No Dutch nation should be allowed to have the charge of any natives: as no native should be allowed to have the charge of a horse.

We had a short evening Service. Sir Sidney, Major G. A. were there. There is some difficulty in arranging as to how we are to get to Linchwè's; there is said to be 51¹ miles without water. We go on about 6 miles after Sundown today—the large majority of the oxen have had nearly 24 hours rest—and then sending them all back for water tomorrow, and taking on our waggons through tomorrow night: going without water on Tuesday: and getting to Linchwè's on Wednesday: or, if the oxen are not able to do it, sending them on to water, & bringing them back for the waggons. There is said, however, to be a pool of water about 5 miles on this side of Linchwè's. This all seems to be complicated: but by no other road could I get my waggon to Mafeking by the fifth; and though it is all annoying, there is no exertion at all: indeed the waste of time and not being able to do anything to change matters is the most trying part. If I had had as much time when near the Zambesi to write my diary as now, I might have written something, possibly, interesting.

Seventeen of the Government oxen are lost, so that their waggon which wanted fresh oxen has to go on with tired ones. One team that came to their assistance was lost before we saw them, and another had to be brought up 30 miles in one day, and then put in for the night, so they went very slowly: and now most of them seem to have thought it best to go home. Mounted men are scouring the country. One of the 'prisoners' wished to have the boy in charge beaten: but Major G. A. very properly would not allow it. I suggested more men in charge, and a mounted cattle guard as a better way of dealing with the difficulty, which is to be carried out.

November 26. Monday. We made our six miles last night, and rest till Sundown today. This resting is a terrible process. If any one ever sank into the moral condition in which it did not irritate

¹ Or 57. The second figure is doubtful.

one at times to the last point of patience, it would be high time for him to go back to England. Indeed in the present state of the Colony, all appointments should last, possibly, for 4 or 5 years: so that the inevitable tendency to fall into the ways of the country would be stopped in the individual, and the country would be the gainer by always having new energy to regenerate it. Especially should this be the case with the Clergy, who here, in default of the higher classes and Universities, have to act a three fold part. By doing this a higher class of Clergy would be obtained: and indeed they are sadly wanted. It is almost hopeless to expect any distinct raising of the people till some steps are taken by which this could be effected. So long as the fatal fatal fatal blunder is committed in England of discouraging men, *who have been ordained in England*, and have come here, from returning, there will never be a high class of Clergy in this Colony. So long as they consider the taking up of work here as the going through a kind of turn-stile, which will only allow of a passage in one direction, many good men are deterred from coming, who would do much to help the cause of GOD here. It is a part of the rigid ecclesiasticism which an imperfect (because man is yet imperfect) Church seems unable to cast off; though the ecclesiasticism may be alienating hundreds of laymen, and preventing many of the highest class of souls from taking orders, who otherwise would gladly do so. This does not, in the least degree, touch the question of the return of those clergymen who have been ordained here, *because* they could not be ordained in England. There seems, at times, to be a freedom allowed to these men to return and take up work in England which is strangely inconsistent with the attitude adopted towards those who originally came from England ordained. We start in the rain.

Nov. 27. Tuesday. We went on through the night in the rain. It was heavy enough this morning to fill my bath in a very short time—with clean water, which was a change. In the afternoon we go on, keeping, as a rule, near to the Notwani River. The Bush is very thick and thorny, and there are constantly *some* oxen being lost, which are recovered and brought on. The difficulty about water is now entirely removed, & is replaced by the fear of sore necks for the oxen.

Nov. 28. Wednesday. There was one storm in the night, & one of the Government waggons upset. We made a fair day. The same waggon upset again.

Nov 29. Thursday. We made a short 'trek' into Lençue's town. (His name is pronounced Linchwè.) It is the cleanest, neatest town that I have ever seen: on the Sechuana plan, but the walls of more solid clay, like the Basuto ones. From what I can gather the people *are* Basuto, now speaking Sechuana. They are called Bakatla (monkeys).¹ They are under a kind of unwilling submission to Sechele. Lençue came down to see Sir Sidney, who gave him the correct account of the affair at 'the Pont', and of the imbecile way in which Khama's men behaved there: (I hear that Khama has passed a severe sentence on the leader) but showing that Gröbler was shot by one of his own men. Lençue seems very intelligent, saying that though there is no peace now, he hoped that it would soon come. Then I spoke to him a little on the hope—the one hope—for all the Native Tribes from the Orange River to the Zambesi, namely, English Protection: that the English had the welfare of the people at heart (I meant, of course, the English *nation*, not the men² who represent her (not officials) to a great extent in this country—but I did not tell him this), and did not want their land. I told him that war was bad: but that Brandy was worse: and attributed Khama's greatness to his having kept it out of his country. Also that the Basuto were giving it up, and that Temperance Meetings were being held in their country. I went up afterwards and saw the Dutch Mission. This comparatively new departure of their Church—the settlement of Missions for Natives is very hopeful. They spoke well of the Chief, saying that he was helping to build the Church, and was taking a greater interest in Christianity than he did, and would allow no brandy among the people. It is a fact which I notice the enemies of Missions omit, that whenever a Chief becomes a Christian or is influenced by Christianity, there is brandy prohibited. As the Licensed Victuallers in England have a league, so ought all Brandy-sellers to have one in this country. It might be entitled 'A league for the more rapid accumulation of money from the destruction of the Native Tribes by brandy'; and one of the Rules might be 'that every Member shall do his utmost to vilify all Mission work among Natives—that being the greatest hindrance to the welfare of the League'. One of the Resolutions at the Yearly Meeting might be, 'That the thanks of the League be conveyed to those Governments which allow every facility for the introduction of brandy; with a full

¹ Sometimes said to be Bechuana, not Basuto. They are classed by van Warmelo among 'Western Sotho tribes whose Tswana identity is uncertain, but whose affinities all point to the West'. (I. Schapera, *Bantu-speaking Tribes of South Africa*, p. 60.)

² Altered from 'scoundrels'.

appreciation of their humanity, justice, and beneficence in considering that the misery of whole nations, and the destruction of the bodies, & (and as far as they are able) the souls of thousands are but small items compared to an increased Exchequer, and the gaining of a few votes'.

I was reading an 'Interview' reported in a paper given me by one of the 'prisoners', who was wishing to prove that he had done nothing to bring about a war between Khama & Lobengulo, in which the hatred to Khama & the Missionaries was very prominent: nor were the bases on which he founded his arguments against them in any way confined to facts. One lying statement was that 'Khama ruled his people by fear'. Except Jonathan, he is the only Chief, of whom I know much, who does *not*; his courtesy to his people is peculiarly marked; there is no little child whose salutation is not returned; the fidelity of the Heathen to him seems to be as marked as that of the Christians.

The scurrility of the statements is only equalled by the weakness of the people who believe them. Even *here*, this morning, the little Mission-woman told me that she had heard that Khama's 'heathen had gone to some other place'. If one did not know the devilish purpose with which this report had been spread, it would be exquisitely ludicrous. Gone *where*? Where have about 19,500 gone to? Does the promulgator of this report trust so entirely to the ignorance of Europeans on Native matters as to suppose that an immense population would leave its town because there happen to be a few (comparatively speaking) Christians there?

The wretched man who was 'interviewed' goes on to suggest that Khama is not the rightful Chief: which suggestion may, one day, give the Transvaal a pretext for aggression. I hear that the Transvaal would 'wipe out' Khama, were it not for the English Protection; but there is no knowing how far another Government may uphold him.—We have travelled so slowly lately that my chance of being in Mafeking by the morning of the 5th. is being reduced. I hire 14 oxen to take me to Ramocha, so as to rest my own, and allow greater pace afterwards: also a guide for 10/-. Sir Sidney and the whole cortège go to Molepolole, I started in the evening, and travelled through the night, stopping twice. I sold my two last dogs for 10/- each, which will almost pay my guides into Mafeking.

November 30. Friday. We came at about 8 o'clock to Gaberouni's (Haberoouni) village. They call themselves Batlokwa, and do not seem to wish to recognise any authority over them.

The Chief came down to see me: also a native, who had been confirmed by the Bishop of Pretoria, who said that they would

be glad of a Teacher among them. I told him that I would write to the Bishop. At about 3 o'clock we travelled to some very dirty water by Sundown: rested for about 2 hours and went on to Ramocha.

Dec. 1. Saturday. There was a good deal of difficulty in finding the short road, and in getting a guide to Mafeking. It was only when one has to do with the uneducated native mind in something definite and practical that its confused state becomes apparent. The length of time which it takes to get an answer to the simple question as to which of two roads are nearest to any place, is incredible almost. I think that, after going for some way towards Kanya, and nearly going on the wrong side of a large hill, we are now going right. The first guide whom we hired would not come at the last, and another had to catch us up.

I paid my respects to the Chief Ikaneng, who has succeeded Mahosi. The people are called Bahamaleti,¹ and owe allegiance to Gaseisive. Ikaneng told me that there was a German Missionary here: I do not know to what Society he belongs. I did not stay any longer than necessary, as there is no grass for the oxen. My hired team took me about 1½ miles out, and I then sent them back.

The longer that one lives among native Races, the more one feels that, except in most exceptional cases, they are only capable of understanding the simplest teaching in religion. There is a glibness of tongue, such as usually accompanies emptiness of head, which would deceive any casual enquirer. There is something painful about the inhabitants of a village being members of two differing bodies of Christians, as though, in the vast majority of cases, they had sufficient knowledge of the question, or had sufficient power of reasoning to understand what have become to us simple Truths. The Theology which the Matabele, e.g. will have to learn for the next quarter of a century will *not* be (what some clergy seem devoted to teaching) what separates one Christian Body from another; but that it is wrong to take all the babies of a village by the heels, and break in their heads against the ground: that there can be no Heaven for the warriors of a tribe who assegai women in cold blood: & that to murder, lie, and steal are not qualities to be proud of. Those purposely malicious, or ignorantly weak people who say that a Mission has been a failure because it has made no converts in a number of years, are either trusting to the ignorance of England on the subject (& they know that they can trust a good deal), or fancy that no end has been gained before so many converts have

¹ The Bamaleti live on the direct route from Ramoutsa to Mafeking: Kanye is off the route to the west.

been baptized; entirely forgetting what an expanse of ignorance and degradation has to be removed between the state in which the Missionaries found them, and a fitness for Baptism. The

London Missionaries have raised the *whole* immense Bechuana race, as the French Missionaries¹ have the Basuto nation; and yet how many among them are Christians *compared* with the Heathen?

Though I entirely disagree with the London Missionaries in Matabeleland that the Matabele as a nation: i.e. in the sense of their giving up their devilish practices (with one exception)—are improving—yet they have influenced many round their houses, and they have been a continual witness among the people to a belief in a God of Righteousness, and an example of good living themselves.

We made one 'trek' till shortly before Sundown, when a very heavy storm came on. Then another fairly good one to some water, and the men slept. The Sunset after the rain was of extraordinary beauty.

December 2nd. Sunday. One early 'trek' brings us to a kind of amphitheatre of hills: there is no water sufficiently near for use: but beautiful grass and some water for the oxen. We have an excellent guide, who is bringing us along the border without going into the Transvaal: the road there, apparently, among other drawbacks, having no water; and yet the people at Ramocha were quite ready to send us by it. I have never heard of this way before: and Major G. A. did not know of it; but it is very difficult to find, and without a guide it would be hopeless.

Major G. A.'s cook's directions² to Edward as to how to travel from Ramocha was most characteristic—'to take every road that he saw turning to the *right*'. This was to avoid the Transvaal. He thought that we must come out *somewhere* if we did this: anything was better than to fall into the hands of the Dutch.

We had a short Morning Service. I see that Bishop McKenzie³ wishes to have a gathering of clergy to discuss the question of Missions to the Natives. This is most excellent. It is piteous to see whole Synods given up to little else than how the externals of religion are to be carried on, or by what provision control over them shall be abolished, or how some poor native shall be 'disciplined', or the passing of some resolution which has for its ultimate end apparently something quite other than that which appears on the surface, or a desperate attempt to uphold and justify a system of 'financing' which might be considered by many to be

¹ The Paris Evangelical Mission, established at Thaba Bosigo in 1833.

² Altered from 'direction'.

³ Douglas McKenzie, second Bishop of Zululan

very immoral—when there are thousands of natives between here and the Zambesi still untaught, hundreds of innocent women and children being murdered, slavery rampant, and scarcely a voice being raised to remedy the evil.

There is something in the true 'ecclesiastic' which makes him callous to the sufferings of men, women, children, or animals; we see it in the Inquisition, in the assertion from Rome that helping to found a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals was no part of the work of the Church: in B.'s assertion that 'animals have no rights as against man'.

If Lobengulo persists in refusing permission for Missions to go again into Mashona country, the next movement eventually would seem to be¹ to make a way by the Victoria Falls, crossing the Zambesi, and so to the N.E. This unknown and apparently peaceful country will soon, if events continue in their present course, probably be a scene of bloodshed and slavery, compared with which the worst Arabian slaving system may be considered almost humane. Except some decisive English policy be adopted with reference to Matabeleland, which will require, also, to be well carried out, the Matabele will cross the Zambesi, and line both banks from the Ruangua to the Kebrabasa Rapids. They will find land such as they have never seen before brought under cultivation, and a limitless tract to the north in which to murder, enslave, and pillage. On the river they would not be able to keep their cattle owing to the tsetse fly: but there are increasing districts where this does not exist, and such could probably be found. The Portugese may or may not be allowed to remain; with the help of Matakanya & Kanyemba they may even keep them from their immediate neighbourhood: but more probably they would have to occupy the same position as their countrymen occupied under the Landeens (also Zulus).

We moved off in the evening, and found water before Sunset: then we moved on through the night.

December 3rd. Monday. We travelled as long as we dared: with great care and changes the oxen are lasting to the end. The heat is excessive, & there is no water. The men are all thoroughly tired out; & nothing but my appointment (which I ought never to have made) for the morning of the 5th. in Mafeking would induce me to travel in this way. We start in the evening, and going through the night come to a Colonist's house in the morning of

¹ Altered from 'If Lobengulo persists in refusing me permission to go again into his country, the next movement would seem to be. . .'

December 4th. We are now about $2\frac{1}{2}$ 'treks' from Mafeking—in the present state of our oxen. I rode forward after breakfast into Mafeking—my pony quite tired out: which is hardly to be wondered at since he has made the round of Blomfontein, Kimberley, through all the expedition where horses went, and back here. I was alone & not sure of the road, so that the tin roofs of the town, as soon as I had made certain that it was not a mirage, were a pleasant sight. The officials were most kind.

Wednesday. December 5th. At sunrise the waggons arrived. It is strange that I should have arrived exactly on the day on which I had told the Mafeking people I intended to be there nor could I, without great expense, have arrived one day sooner. Here I leave my waggon for sale, and arrange for such things as I have left to be sent down. I shall do what is needed here so far as possible, and then visit Vryburg, Phokoane, Barkly, Kimberley on my way to Bloemfontein.

However inefficiently I may have carried out the journey, I trust that through the whole of it I have tried to do my duty.

[END OF THE JOURNAL

Section VII

AFTERTHOUGHTS]

In looking back at the causes that have made the journey so peculiarly free from trouble, accidents, delays, or losses, I consider GOD'S intention that I should do it stands foremost: & of this that everything else was a consequence.

The two years given up to the study of the country and people: the nature & difficulties of the former, & the character & customs of the latter, in so far as either were known, prevented my ever being entirely at a loss as to what to do.

That I was never insulted—even in those countries where the idea of a Missionary conveyed nothing to them, I attribute to my having respected their ways of speaking and acting, & to my having been studiously polite even when I had to hold my own opinion.

Again, the peculiar excellence of the men who were with me was a factor without which the journey might have ended very differently. After some experience I have to concede that my indifferent one, Jelly, was not much, if at all inferior to the ordinary low class of trader's servants. Mr. Montague Kerr, who took a line parallel to mine, was deserted by his men through no

fault of his: though, no doubt, his coming out at Quilimane made them feel the difficulty of returning. Clean, honest, willing men, always respectful & obedient are a necessity to a man travelling alone. From beginning to end there was not a single instance of any of my men refusing to do what they were told: indeed as far as my three 'body-men' were concerned, an order once given, if possible, I considered as good as carried out. Mistakes of course there were, but not one single fine or punishment was inflicted throughout: for, as a rule, it was sufficient for them to know what they thought I should like, and it was done. It is only by having men who are all doing their best to please one, and with whom there is no idea of obedience from fear of the consequences of disobedience, that the solitary travelling is bearable. They seemed to know that if I was very strict as to certain rules, it was for some good purpose, & that I would not annoy them unnecessarily. We were like one large family with so clear an understanding as to who was the master that there was never any need to assert it. I could tell a good many stories of touching little acts of thoughtfulness that helped to make the road short, which would not have been done had there not been the pleasantest relations between us: indeed to be tied to men for this length of time under any other conditions would have been insufferable. A very great share of the success of the little expedition was owing to my men; & they knew that I acknowledged it.

Again, I attribute much to my having been alone, so far as other Europeans were concerned. There are disadvantages in this during sickness: but in every other way it is of the greatest advantage. There is less responsibility occurred: and in matters to be settled there is no need of consulting anyone else: this is of great value—more especially if matters have to be settled immediately. A great saving in expense is effected. Also the possibility of the fatal consequences of disagreement is avoided. A man straight from England might possibly find it hard to agree to necessary conditions. The ordinary Colonist would probably be impossible from the light in which he would regard the natives; nor would his knowledge of South Africa be of the very least use to him in the districts near the Zambesi. But the most fatal objection to him would be the relation which he would in all probability establish between the Native servants and himself—a relation fatal to that service from goodwill, which I consider to be essential in a small expedition. There are probably many Colonists who would think very little of doing what caused Major Bartlott's death; and in an expedition such as I am speaking of,



EDWARD
The Bishop's christian servant

where no arms are used, one such false step would probably wreck everything.

What has apparently been a matter of surprise is the short time in which the journey has been done. Lobengula certainly did not expect me back when I came; I had allowed a considerably longer time.

I attribute it to having studied the subject almost as thoroughly as it could be: to having practically everything that I required: and to having men who carried out immediately what I told them. I sacrificed everything to the one object of getting over the ground as quickly as possible: & when I came to places where, possibly, no white men had been before the very first thing, after the salutations, that I attended to, was the procuring of carriers to the next place. I would certainly not undertake to do the same journey in the same time again: nor do I think that my 'time' is any guide to future movements. On occasions I only avoided what might have been serious difficulties by apparently very little.

I made, I think, a mistake in having a scruple about going down the Zambesi and coming out at the mouth—if that was a reason for my not doing it—that part being in the jurisdiction of the Universities' Missions.¹ It would have been a far easier way than returning by Mashonaland had I made arrangements to do so. As it is I travelled very far to the North of country which that Mission might rightly claim as being in its jurisdiction; nor do I feel that I exceeded the limit to which I should have travelled.

I think, however, that by my return I was able to give Sir Sidney Shippard information which may be useful, and to get off my letter to him on the whole subject while he was at Government House.

It is painfully characteristic of newspaper reporting that the only time that I spoke on the subject, believing that I was speaking in private, the whole of what I said should be shouted out in (nearly) every S. African Paper apparently more or less inaccurately in places, &, I am told, to some extent telegraphed home—to be used, I fear for political purposes:—& I think also wrongly: for the wiser policy and juster course would be to avoid a war with the Matabele *if possible*, and so not to *force* them up into the Zambesi valley.²

I do not see the possibility of taking any definite steps towards Mission-work in Mashonaland *at present*. I do not think that

¹ The Universities' Mission to Central Africa, established by the missionary bishop Charles Frederick Mackenzie at Magomero, between Zomba and Blantyre, in 1861. Withdrawn to Zanzibar after initial disasters, it had by this time (1888) re-established itself in Nyasaland. The Zambesi is the southern boundary of the missionary dioceses.

² See Appendix VI and VIII, and Rudd, Appendix II.

Lobengulu intends to allow Missions there: & though the breaking of the Matabele power would probably ensure their entrance, the probable evils resulting from that at present would be greater than the benefits.

By having learnt the conditions of the countries between the South African Missions & the Central African, should opportunity offer, we are able to take advantage of it at once.

But there is another country open, so far as can be judged, to immediate Missionary work. The country to the north of the Transvaal, to the east of what Lobengula would claim, may have no insuperable¹ difficulty: the Sabi River could be crossed, and the Gaza country possibly could be reached.² The piece of country between the North of the Transvaal & Lat. 22° is under English Protection—i.e. in the limits of The Protectorate—certainly as far as the point where the Shashi crosses Lat. 22; and the road to the East could not, I think, be interfered with by Lobengula: nor do I think he would wish to do so.

While Matabeleland has been open to English (I do not say *Mashonaland*), the Gaza Country—Umzila's, as it is sometimes called from the name of the late chief—is very little known, and I do not know whether I can gain any information at all about the Country to the South of it.

If sufficient money can be found for the expedition, I think that I would willingly undertake it. Money would be given for this that would not be given to the paying off of the Bloemfontein Debt.

I hear of Canon Taylor's letters on Missions. They must have been received with a shout of delight from the brandy-sellers—those that introduce it among the people in their own country of South Africa.

I saw one letter from some one in this country—written apparently to show that he was correct, and giving statistics of the relation of the numbers of years spent to the number

¹ I hear that fever is very prevalent in all the low lying parts to the N.E. of the Transvaal. I know it to be so at parts of the country near the Limpopo (Crocodile) River.

The *greatest* barrier to the going into the Gaza country would probably be that the outlying people might not allow any white men to pass. It is a back door into the country. The only front door, if there be one, would be from the East. The fear of the white man which now exists in Matabeleland has probably made the Gaza people still more cautious as to whom they admit, especially from the West. This may be a *most insuperable* difficulty.

It would be foolish for anyone to say that he *would* get to Umzila's country from the West. I think that I should be prepared to try.

I hear of some Mission being organized to go in from the East. After the recent failure to reach the country from the East, I cannot think that this is the best road for Europeans, on account of the fever.

² I believe that high land would be reached after some distance. I do not know where the swamps are near which the 5 men died: they must be more to the East.

of Christians in some countries: which I dare say were perfectly correct; but I noticed that statistics as to Christians in Africa were omitted—and the omission seemed strange—though it is quite possible that it was an oversight. Even conceding that his statistics as to other countries were correct, those of South Africa would be sufficiently strong in favour of the impression made by Christianity to change the whole face of the relation between the amount of money spent & converts made as stated by the writer.

Appendix

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BISHOP
KNIGHT-BRUCE AND OTHERS, CONTAINED IN THE
HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTION OF THE
CENTRAL AFRICAN ARCHIVES

- I. Sir Sidney Shippard to Lobengula, 29 April 1887
- II. The Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society to Bishop Knight-Bruce, 23 June 1887
- III. Maurice Heany to Bishop Knight-Bruce, 18 December 1887
- IV. Sir Sidney Shippard to Lobengula, 23 February 1888
- V. Khama to Bishop Knight-Bruce, 7 November 1888
- VI. Part of a speech made by Bishop Knight-Bruce after the Church meeting at Vryburg, 8 December 1888, as reported in the *Diamond Fields Advertiser*, 18 December 1888.
- VII. F. C. Selous to Bishop Knight-Bruce, 31 December 1888
- VIII. C. J. Rhodes to Bishop Knight-Bruce, 20 February 1889
- IX. Bishop Knight-Bruce to Lobengula, 12 March 1889
- X. Canon F. R. T. Balfour to Bishop Knight-Bruce, 2 April 1890

I. Sir Sidney Shippard to Lobengula

ADMINISTRATORS OFFICE,
MAFEKING,
BRITISH BECHUANALAND
29th April, 1887

No. 64 M

To

Lo Bengula,
Chief of the Amandebele,
'Bulawayo.
Ungusa River

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I received two days ago your letter of the 1st ultimo and on behalf of the Government of the Great Queen I thank you for your cordial greetings and assure you of Her Majesty's good wishes for you and all your people.

I am sorry to hear that white people have come like wolves without permission into your country and made new roads. I hope that no English people have done you wrong.

There are, as you are aware, many different races of white people. I can only answer for those whom I know.

The Bishop of Bloemfontein, who is the head teacher of the English Church in this part of South Africa, wishes to visit you and I am sending him a letter which he will either bring or forward to you. His only object is to benefit you and your people and I trust you will be kind to him and help him.

I rejoice to hear that today it is peace but I have heard a rumour that a large number of men in the Transvaal are preparing to invade Mashunaland and though I know nothing certain about this I tell you of this report because I once promised to send you all the news you ought to know.

With regard to a line between you and Khama I know no such line yet and I do not see how any line could be justly made without your knowledge and consent. But in order that there may be peace I think it would be a good thing for you to have a line made, and if you wish to refer the question to the Government of the Great Queen I will ask His Excellency the High Commissioner to authorise me to appoint an Officer to hear all that you have to say and to propose a boundary line on the basis of actual occupation.

But you must understand that I have no desire to interfere in the matter unless you wish me to enquire into it.

If you ask me to see about making a line and His Excellency the High Commissioner approves I will do my best to meet your wishes.

With hearty greetings

I remain always

Your friend

S. G. A. Shippard

Administrator and Deputy Commissioner

II. The Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society to Bishop Knight-Bruce

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

14 Blomfield Street

London E.C.

1782

The Right Reverend

The Bishop of Bloemfontein

23rd June, 1887

MY DEAR SIR,

Your note ought to have been replied to before this. Unfortunately it arrived when I was away from town after our Annual Meetings, and I have not been able to write to you since my return.

I feel that we owe you thanks for your courtesy in writing to us about your projected visit to the Mashuna country. It is true that we have long looked wistfully at that country from our Matebele Mission but our Missionaries have hitherto been prevented from visiting it by Lobengula. And even if opportunity was afforded them to travel or to settle there I do not think the Society could venture to undertake any such extension of its field. We have neither the men nor the means to attempt at present any settlement in such a district. Consequently, it seems to me to be our plain duty to wish you good speed on your journey and a satisfactory opening for mission work in the country. I hope the Matebele King will not refuse you permission to go on.

Our Mission in Matebeland is very weak just now as two of its most active members are at home on furlough. They are both returning in the Autumn and if you happen to be journeying northwards at the same time as the Revd. C. D. Helm you would find his knowledge of the country and the people of great use on the road. I am quite sure that he and the other members of the Mission will be glad to do anything in their power to assist you.

I remain, my dear Bishop,

Yours very truly,

R WARDLAW THOMPSON.

For: Sec: L.M.S.

III. Maurice Heany to Bishop Knight-Bruce

SHOSHONG

18th December, 1887

MY LORD BISHOP,

Mr. Selous and party are now here on their way down country. The cattle are in excellent condition, and well able for a return journey. They appear to have had much rest and but light trekking, and could not well be in better plight. His wagons also are none the worse for the trip, in fact they are all the better for the test to which they have been subjected. I am very glad to be able to communicate this information, as in my first letter I intimated some doubt as to the cattle being up to the mark on coming out of the hunting veldt, but at the same time, I very well know, *that Mr. Selous would only tender cattle fit for the work*, and if his own were not in condition, that he would find others. From what he tells me of the general arrangements made for the trip, price of wagons and cattle, boys who know the country, etc., your Lordship will find yourself relieved, at the very outset, of all anxiety as to the details, expenses etc. of the journey, and it is, as a rule, these matters which cause the most worry and trouble, in such undertakings. One thing is certain, that, of all men in Africa Mr. Selous is, on every score, far and away the very best to aid and assist in such details. Had I known that you would have had such ample time to consult him upon these matters, I would not have ventured to submit my poor advice on the questions raised in your lordships first letter.

Mr. Selous laughs at 'someone' having advised that *ten* six gallon casks be brought for water. I of course did not tell him that I was the person in question, and on looking up my copy of previous letters, I find it written that '*four* six gallon casks should be brought'. If it is otherwise in original, it is an error.

Everyone now knows of your proposed journey and I think all of the missionaries are anxious for its success—counting much on the good effect which they hope—and think—it will have on Lo Bengula.

Mr. Moffat, the Assistant Commissioner for Protectorate, lately reached Gubuluwayo, where he is likely to be detained for a very uncertain period. Nothing is known here of the probable date of his return.

Mr. Johnson starts today for Cape Town. The other members of our party remain in Khama's country.

I have the honour to be

Sir

Your lordship's obedient servant,

MAURICE HEANY

IV. Sir Sidney Shippard to Lobengula

ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE

VRYBURG

BRITISH BECHUANALAND

23rd February, 1888

To Lo Bengula,
Chief of the Amandebele,
Gubulawayo

MY FRIEND,

This letter will be handed to you by the Right Reverend G. W. H. Knight Bruce D.D., the Lord Bishop of Bloemfontein about whom I have written to you before and who, as I have already informed you, is here the Head of all the Clergy of the English Church to which the Great Queen belongs. The Bishop's power is purely spiritual in its nature and he can and will exert that power for your benefit if you receive him as what he truly is—a friend to you and all your people.

Fifty two years ago your late father Umseligazi in his Treaty with the late Sir Benjamin D'Urban, then Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, engaged to defend and treat in a friendly manner all missionaries or other persons who might, with his consent, settle and reside in his territory so long as they acted in accordance with justice, and he also engaged to permit the remnants of his tribes resident in the vicinity of his country to enjoy undisturbed the advantages of religious instructors should any such be disposed to settle amongst them. So far as I am aware you have always hitherto observed the terms of the Treaty made by your late father with the British Government and I have every confidence that you will bear it in mind in receiving the Bishop. Any kindness you shew to him will be greatly appreciated by

Your sincere friend

SIDNEY SHIPPARD

Administrator and Deputy Commissioner

V. Khama to Bishop Knight-Bruce

SHOSHONG

7th November, 1888

To E. C. H. Knight Bruce

MY FRIEND,

You may go down by the River and may turn off where you please in my country.

With greetings and kind regards,

Your friend

KHAMA

Chief of the Bamangwato

VI. Part of a speech made by Bishop Knight-Bruce after the church meeting at Vryburg, 8 December 1888, as reported in the Diamond Fields Advertiser, 18 December 1888

... I consider that of all the protections which the English nation has accorded to oppressed peoples, none could be more righteous than a Protectorate over the Mashonas. It would be exercising an act of righteousness such as I think would surround the English name with a new and abiding halo of humanity and kindness. This is a question which I cannot hope for you, ladies and gentlemen, to go into with the same amount of feeling that I do, because you have not seen and cannot realise the diabolical horrors which mark the path of the Matabele Impis. If only people went up where Mr. Selous and myself have gone—others may have travelled there but have not taken the same trouble to go into these affairs as we have—and saw what we have seen, they would be filled with the desire to do something to stop it. Mr. Selous, although of course he does not look at things from just the same standpoint as I do, will corroborate word for word what I have said. The horror of a bloodthirsty nation existing and practising their inhuman cruelties here, close to our borders, seems to me intolerable. With the Matabele I have nothing to do; they are no business of mine whatever. All that I have to concern myself with is that there is a nation called the Mashona, a gentle, industrious and skillful people, being cut off, man, woman and child with no chance of escape and no hope of succour; that their slaughter went on last year, and will go on again this year, beginning in two months time, and there is no refuge nor help. I do say that England ought to and must interfere, but I

do say this—that it would be an act of which England might be proud for ever if she would exercise a proper protection over that unfortunate country from any nation which might wish to reign over it.

When I went up to Lobengula to get permission to travel through the land, I said this; I am prepared to do anything; I will come and sit in the sun and talk (as they made us do sometimes for hours); I do not care what I go through so long as I see a prospect of getting into the country; but there is one thing I will not do; if he asks, as a condition of my going in, a present of a rifle, I will not give it. I would sooner sacrifice the whole of my expedition; because I consider that giving one firearm to any of the Matabele—and everyone must know that it would be used to assist in the murder of hapless innocents—would be an act which, if not in this world, certainly in the next, a man would be sorry for indeed. Such a piece of devilry and brutality as a consignment of rifles to the Matabele cannot be surpassed.

With the political aspects of this deeply interesting question I have nothing to do; but I repeat, that if England were to put a stop to this docile and intelligent race, whose skill in smelting and other industries is really astonishing, but whose present state is such as to call for commiseration from every human heart, being butchered as they are now, it would be a work which he might regard with pride throughout the years to come. . . .

[The earlier part of the speech contains a short account of Knight-Bruce's tour and of the horrors of Matabele raids. *Ed.*]

VII. F. C. Selous to Bishop Knight-Bruce

BAMANGWATO

31st December, 1888

To Doctor Knight-Bruce

Bishop of Bloemfontein

DEAR SIR,

On my return here from the Zambesi three days ago, I heard that you had passed, on your way down country, and I have since seen a letter in the Vryburg paper giving an outline of your travels. I congratulate you most heartily upon the successful manner in which you accomplished your several journeys and hope to see some more detailed account of the same, and your impressions of the countries and people you visited. I trust that you found John

Marman a good and useful boy, and that he gave you no trouble. With kind regards to Mrs. Knight Bruce and hoping that you returned to find all your family in good health.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely

F. C. Selous

c/o Thomas Leask and Co
Klerksdorp
Transvaal

VIII. C. J. Rhodes to Bishop Knight-Bruce

KIMBERLEY CLUB

KIMBERLEY

20th February, 1889

MY DEAR BISHOP KNIGHT-BRUCE,

I enclose you extract from Pall Mall.

Use your own judgment. I think you might point out to Stead, editor *Pall Mall*, the danger of alienating Lobengulu, that it would simply drive him into hands of Boers, and as to guns he is bound to get them, you cannot make a distinction between him and other native chiefs in Interior without driving him into hands of Kruger. The great point is to get trade into country and a British Resident who will use all his influence to check these Impis. We of course shall do the same. It is a great work and surrounded with difficulties.

Yours

C. J. RHODES

I think the writer is my old opponent Rev. John Mackenzie. If you write to Stead I should ask him to treat it as confidential.

IX. Bishop Knight-Bruce to Lobengula

MASERU

BASUTOLAND

DEAR CHIEF LOBENGULO,

I did not send the salted horse, that I promised you, immediately, as it had sore feet, and was hardly able to walk, so I turned it out on a farm to get well I wrote to Mrs.¹

¹ Or Mr.

Helm to ask you whether you would prefer a present in money: but I think it best to send you the horse without waiting for your answer, as no mistake can now be made. I have asked Major Goold Adams to send the horse to you: and Mr. John Moffat to give it to you. It is a chestnut horse, called Sir Garnet. I am sorry to have kept you waiting.

I hope that no-one has tried to make you believe that I am not a friend to you. When I was leaving your country, I asked permission to come into Mashonaland again by Mr. Helm: but he told me that you said you would be glad to see me in your country, but that you do not wish me to go further than your own place. You can understand that I should not stay, or have teachers in your country, as you have teachers of your own: but I should much wish other people, if I could, as the Mashona, or others round you.

I am your friend, as I was when I saw you at Umvoocha, or at Emkanwini. I have written a good deal to England saying how important it is for the welfare of all the nations around that the English and the Matabele should be good friends: and I have said that I hoped that nothing would be done which would make the Matabele and the English enemies. I never said that I should advise you to allow anyone to go through your country to look for gold. However, Mr Rhodes, Mr Rudd, and Mr Maguire are friends of mine, and if you allow anyone to look for gold in Mashonaland, I think that no other people would be better friends to your country than these would be. I wish you to send me a message when you receive your horse, and to send me any other message that you may wish.

I am your friend

G. W. H. KNIGHT BRUCE

March 12, 1889

X. Canon F. R. T. Balfour to Bishop Knight-Bruce

ELBE

BRITISH PROTECTORATE

April 2. 1890

To the Chairman of the
Diocesan Synod

MY DEAR LORD,

I have the honour to report to you, the Chairman of our Diocesan Synod, that so far as I can understand the possibilities of Church extension in the North, towards the Zambesi River, the

field for such extension lies from the 22nd degree latitude to the 18th degree latitude between the 31st degree and 32nd degree longitude, and then widens out to the East and West, in short the country drained by the Hanyame, Mazoe and Sabi rivers.

The Protectorate, Matabeleland, and Umzila's country are practically closed.

a. Khama's country by the London Missionary Society.

β. Matabeleland by the attitude of the Chief.

γ. Umzila's Gaza country by fever.

a. In Khama's country the Baphuthi (or Bamangwato) live for the most part in one large town, Palapsje (removed lately from Shoshong), directly under the eye of the chief, who would not be likely to allow any missionaries but those of the L.M.S. working among his people.

β. No converts have ever been, or can be, made in Matabeleland, till existing laws are changed.

γ. Umzila's country is at present under Portuguese influence—Roman Catholics have sent Missionaries there, and all or nearly all, have succumbed to fever.

δ. The remaining country between the 31st degree and 32nd degree of longitude, widening out from where the Hanyame, the Mazoe and the Sabi rivers rise, is *not yet* open to us, and no attempt can be made till it is opened up by the British South Africa Company. In May a Pioneer party led by Mr. Johnson (late of the British Exploration Company) and Captain Hoste, under the guidance of F. C. Selous, and others, will probably march in to Makorikori and other kindred tribes, commonly known to us as Mashuna, who pay no tribute to the chief of the Matabele and never have acknowledged his supremacy. Mr. Selous declares that they will gladly welcome a European power, which can protect them against raids from the Matabele, to which at present, they are at any moment, liable.

This Pioneer party will march in between Matabeleland and Umzila's territory and will be backed up by the British South Africa Company's Police. The British Bechuanaland Police will shortly leave Elebe and form a permanent camp at the Northern extremity of the Protectorate, on the Mathlaphuti stream, close to the Macloutsi River.

I see no way of doing anything for the Mashuna till a footing has been obtained by the Chartered Company, but if all goes well a few months will give that footing and the Church should lose no time in extending her borders. The Church should be ready to accompany the troops if the Company will permit, or to follow closely in their

rear. The Company is not prepared to subsidize any clergy, but intend to throw open Mashonaland to all denominations of Christians. At this moment the Company is providing Father Prestige, the Roman Catholic *nursing* staff at Mafikeng, and myself with 'rations' and nothing more.

It is a question for the Church to decide whether we should leave the entire field to the Roman Catholic Church, or share it with them. There ought, among many tribes, to be room for both, and I earnestly trust that we may be allowed by GOD some share in the grand work of trying to deliver from the darkness of tyranny and superstition, ignorance and sin, men, who hitherto have had no chance of hearing the message of salvation.

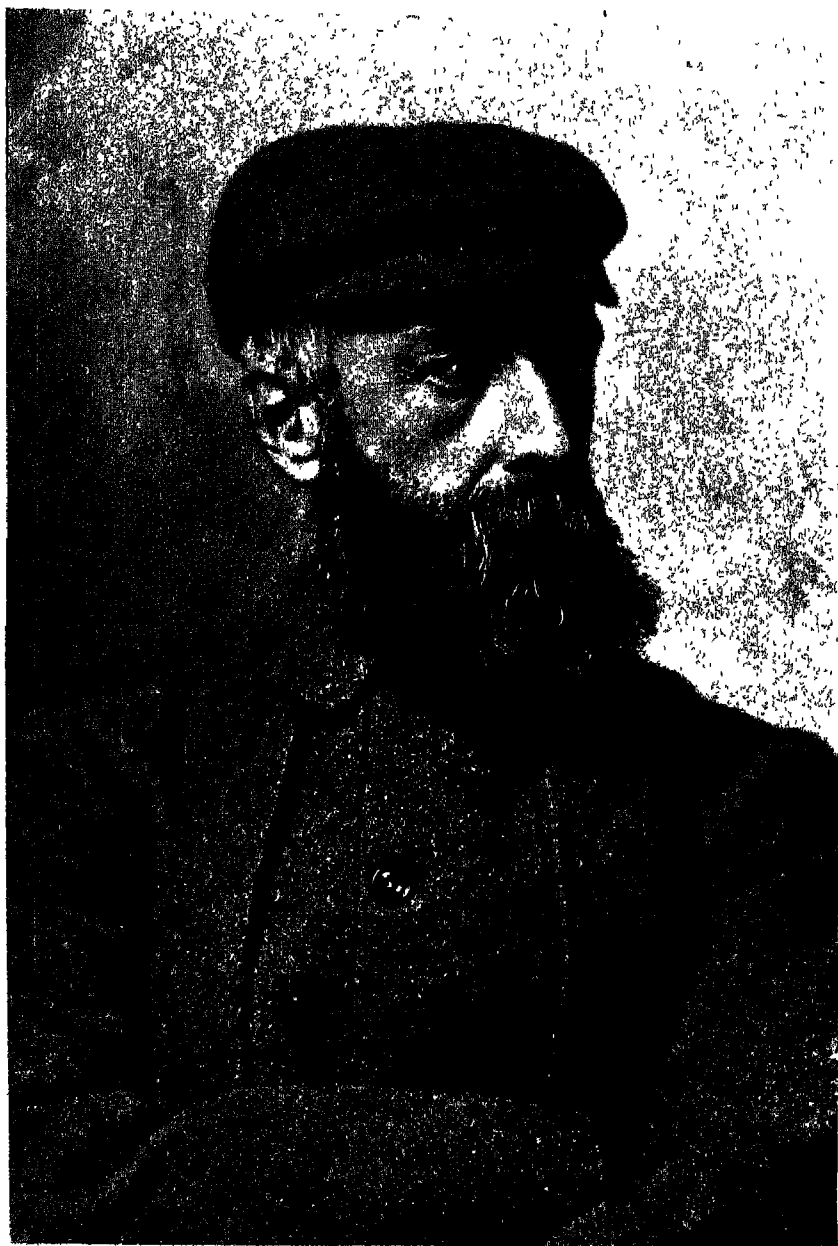
I remain,

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS R. T. BALFOUR
(Canon)

Pencil note by Bishop Knight-Bruce

I read this last part, not despondently but as a challenge.



CHARLES DUNELL RUDD

THE CONCESSION JOURNEY
OF CHARLES DUNELL RUDD
1888

edited by
V. W. HILLER

Illustrations

CHARLES DUNELL RUDD	- - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i> <i>From a photograph</i>
LOBENGULA'S KRAAL	- - - - -	<i>Facing page 182</i> <i>From a model in the National Museum of Southern Rhodesia, Bulawayo</i>
LOBENGULA	- - - - -	<i>Facing page 183</i> <i>From the original painting in the Central African Archives</i> This portrait was worked up by the portrait painter Ralph Peacocke from a contemporary sketch by E. A. Maund.
SIR SIDNEY SHIPPARD AND PARTY AT THE KING'S KRAAL	- - - - -	<i>Facing page 196</i> <i>From a photograph</i>
A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL	- - - - -	<i>Facing page 202</i>
THE CONCESSION	- - - - -	<i>Facing page 203</i> <i>From a facsimile</i>
MAP	- - - - -	<i>(at end of volume, page 246)</i>

Introduction

I

INTEREST in what is now Southern Rhodesia, was born of Portuguese enterprise in the sixteenth century: it declined early in the nineteenth with the Portuguese retirement to the coast, but had its revival about 1850. From then onwards the publications of the Royal Geographical Society contain first-hand descriptions and observations, and on the basis of these cartographers strove to fill up the great blank in the map of Africa. The year 1859 saw the first European settlement in Matabeleland, at the London Missionary Society's new station at Inyati. In 1865 the casual rediscovery of gold by the elephant-hunter Hartley, confirmed and made known by the young German geologist Carl Mauch, sharpened the existing interest and turned on the interior eyes that might otherwise have remained indifferent.

By the eighties the scramble for Africa had begun: Germany had set foot in south west Africa, the Transvaal Boers were looking to the north, and Portugal, established on the east and west coasts, claimed but did not at the moment exercise suzerainty over Mashonaland and parts of Matabeleland. Occupation of the interior by any other power than Great Britain would have shattered Rhodes's hopes of a continuous chain of British possessions from the Cape to Cairo. Great Britain appeared unwilling to take a hand, but Rhodes persisted. The establishment of the protectorate over Bechuanaland in 1885 and the successful conclusion in February 1888 of a treaty of perpetual friendship with the Matabele ruler Lobengula, must be attributed to his ceaseless efforts. By a clause in this treaty, binding Lobengula not to alienate any part of his territory without the sanction of Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, all other countries' hopes of gaining a foothold in Lobengula's country were brought to an end.

Thus Rhodes had succeeded in keeping open the corridor through Bechuanaland to the north and in excluding others from Matabeleland and Mashonaland: the next step was to obtain an entry into the latter territories. This he sought to achieve through a mineral concession, having in mind no merely local rights, shared with every casual adventurer, but the sole command of the mineral resources of the whole country. It is this vast conception which probably justifies his statement to the shareholders of The British

South Africa Company in 1892, that the concession was not obtained from the purely speculative point of view but as a basis for developing the hinterland of the north.

II

The mission of Rudd and his associates to obtain such a concession was not Rhodes's first attempt. In January 1888, even before the treaty with Lobengula was signed, he and Beit had sent up from Kimberley John Fry, of the detective department of De Beers Mining Company. Fry was already acquainted with Lobengula, for less than a year before he had visited the royal kraal in a private capacity. The attempt was a failure; before the protracted negotiations could reach any conclusion, Fry fell ill and returned to Kimberley to die.

Losing no time, Rhodes tried again; he dispatched not one man but a balanced party, consisting of his business associate, C. D. Rudd, his Oxford friend, J. R. Maguire, and F. R. Thompson, who two years before had reorganized the compounds at De Beers. Their varied characters and experience, which would scarcely have led them to voluntary association (indeed Thompson supposed that Maguire had joined the party 'for want of something better to do'), each contributed to the success of the enterprise, and their loyalty to Rhodes united them in a common purpose.

Charles Dunell Rudd, now for seventeen years the partner of Cecil John Rhodes and joint architect of De Beers Consolidated Mines and the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, brought to the task a mind at once academically cultivated (Harrow and Cambridge knew him as a distinguished athlete) and schooled by the adventures of speculation to seize and build on the smallest foundations. In 1866, in his twenty-second year, he came out to South Africa to recover his health, as Rhodes was to do five years later; like Rhodes he first chose the eastern parts, he to hunt in Zululand, and Rhodes to plant cotton in Natal; and the same magnet drew them in 1869 and 1871 to the diggings at Kimberley. The possession of part-claims in De Beers brought them together, and the modest partnership, which at one time was content with pumping contracts and the making of ice, grew into the most powerful company in Africa, able to finance Rhodes's imperial dreams. The obtaining of the concession was the highlight of Rudd's career. His political ambitions had been satisfied by his five years as member of the Legislative Assembly for Kimberley, and until his final return to England in 1902 he was engaged on the

business of the two great companies and on his private concerns. He was well known in Scotland as a liberal landlord, and his death in 1916 revealed him as a generous benefactor.

Francis Robert Thompson was born on the high seas outside Port Elizabeth in 1857, and after four years' excitement in and around the diamond fields settled in 1874 on a farm in Griqualand West, where, after the murder of his father and the sack of his farm, he became Inspector of Native Locations. In this and similar posts he remained until 1888, but the quiet of his departmental career was diversified by service as secretary to the Commissioner for Bechuanaland—his old friend Cecil John Rhodes—by military activities under Sir Charles Warren, by the reorganization of the compounds at De Beers, and by a tour of the Transvaal goldfields with C. D. Rudd. He had hardly returned from the goldfields when Rhodes selected him for the mission to Lobengula, in the success of which his knowledge of native tongues and habits of thought played no small part. After the signing of the concession and the departure of Rudd he remained at the king's kraal, watching the interests of Rhodes through a trying period when disappointed rivals were attempting to upset the concession. After leaving Matabeleland he studied at Oxford, and in 1892 entered Cape politics. He died in 1927.

Over against the men of finance and native affairs, with their long African experience, stands the newly arrived Fellow of All Souls, James Rochfort Maguire, with whom Rhodes had formed a friendship as far back as 1877. Called to the Bar in 1883, he had not found it necessary to practise, and the year 1888 found him too in South Africa. His immediate attachment to the party can hardly be attributed to casual and secondary considerations, and he himself felt that the obtaining of the concession was partly due to his 'keen and tactful diplomacy'.¹ Certainly it was he who put the concession into that legal form whose generality so distressed the Matabeleland missionaries. (See Appendix III, 3) But whatever the reasons for his selection, Rhodes appears to have kept them to himself, for to Thompson he explained that Maguire was accompanying the expedition to compensate Thompson for his disappointment at not being able to go to Oxford, pointing out that as Maguire was an Oxford man he would be able to put Thompson through the classics while on the long journey to Lobengula.² Rudd does not record their studies, if any, and Rhodes's continuing belief in Maguire's abilities is shown by his appointment as his alternate on the board of The British South Africa Company in 1893. After thirty years'

¹ See *Cecil Rhodes by Imperialist* (J. R. Maguire).

² *The Bulawayo Chronicle*, 15 December 1916, quoting a talk by Thompson.

service he became President of the Company and died in office in 1925.

III

After six weeks of parleying Lobengula set his mark to the concession in the presence of C. D. Helm, the missionary, and J. G. Dreyer, the party's waggon-driver. Helm added a note certifying that the concession had been fully interpreted and explained to the chief and his indunas. The full text is given in Appendix I, but it may be convenient to note the main heads here. The concessionaires 'their heirs representatives and assigns' obtained 'the complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals' situated in Lobengula's 'Kingdoms Principalities and dominions'; they were empowered to do everything necessary to work them, and to exclude all other persons seeking 'land metals minerals and mining rights'. In return for this they were to pay £100 on the first day of every lunar month, and deliver 1,000 rifles, 100,000 rounds of ammunition, and a 'steam-boat with guns suitable for defensive purposes' on the Zambezi. This steam-boat was suggested by Rhodes himself following the example of Stanley on the Upper Congo.¹

The supply of arms to the Matabele provoked the hot opposition of Bishop Knight-Bruce. Whether he had learned the terms during his hour's talk with Rudd on the 2nd of November, or was speaking from hearsay, we do not know; in his speech at Vryburg on the 8th of December (quoted in the Appendix to Knight-Bruce's journals) he does not expressly refer to the concession but speaks generally of 'such a piece of devilry and brutality as a consignment of rifles to the Matabele'. This 'brutal assault' caused Rhodes no little anxiety; but very shortly afterwards he was writing to Rudd that the Bishop had 'repented'. What persuasion he had used he does not say. The Bishop's 'repentance' was indeed opportune for Rhodes, for the Vryburg speech had made a great impression on the High Commissioner and awkward questions were asked in the House of Commons.

Meanwhile at Bulawayo the magnitude of the grant had aroused the bitter opposition of all those rival concession-hunters who had obtained promises of limited concessions, and whom Rudd had had no opportunity to 'square' before his hasty departure. Profiting by the general nature of the terms in which the concession was drafted, they played on Lobengula's fears, and induced him to repent

¹ Letter to C. D. Rudd, 10 September, 1888, in the possession of Mr. H. P. Rudd.

of his bargain. The narrative of his attempts to withdraw, which persisted even until the entry of the Pioneer Column in 1890, would make a separate story, too long to be told here: the grounds on which he acted are shown clearly enough in the missionaries' letters printed in Appendix III. Those of C. D. Helm are particularly authoritative, for his thirteen years residence at Hope Fountain had brought him the respect and trust of Lobengula, and it was he who, despite Thompson's acquaintance with native tongues, interpreted the whole document to the King and his indunas.

Despite the wrangling and opposition the text of the concession remained the foundation on which the administration of Mashonaland was established.¹ The more important rivals or possible rivals were conciliated by the formation of two nominal companies, the Central Search Association and the United Concessions Company, in which the various interests were successively adjusted and united. On the strength of the concession, which had now passed out of the hands of Rudd, Maguire and Thompson, the original grantees, Rhodes secured for the combination a royal charter conferring on the newly formed British South Africa Company extensive rights of exploitation and government.² Thus the instrument which had seemed to give three men the right to dig where they pleased became ultimately the means of adding a new Colony to the British Empire.

Rudd's account of the journey and negotiations was written in pencil in a quarto note-book of 120 pages, bound in limp black leather and gilt-edged. He wrote as opportunity offered, and tore out and dispatched the sheets to his wife according as the posts left. The pages were later replaced between the covers. The narrative of the homeward journey was written after his return, on octavo note-paper and sheets from a quarto exercise-book. The whole was presented to the Central African Archives by Rudd's son, Mr. H. P. Rudd of Kimberley, in 1940.

The importance of the account, hastily written without any

¹ Nevertheless, the original document has now been missing for a very long time. Rumour has it that it was mislaid in a taxi-cab in London after being photographed—possibly for the facsimile from which all present reproductions are made.

² The British South Africa Company did not acquire the concession until 1894, but in 1890 had drawn up but not signed an agreement with the Central Search Association, the then holders, whereby the Company would acquire full control of the Concession in return for 50% of the working profits.

An action by the Matabeleland Development Company to establish the non-existence of any such agreement was dismissed with costs in August 1893, and in November the shareholders of The British South Africa Company confirmed the apparently still unsigned agreement. The sealing of a new agreement for the removal of all doubt was authorized in December of the same year, and the acquisition of the concession proceeded.

pretensions to literary style, lies in its being the only full, first-hand, contemporary record of the journey and negotiations. Except for extracts contained in H. A. Chilvers's *Story of De Beers* and in *Matabele Thompson, an autobiography*, edited by Nancy Rouillard, it has never before been published.

In the interests of clarity the punctuation has occasionally been altered, reducing the length of sentences, and the spelling of African and Dutch words and proper names has been regularized. In dealing with place names in Bechuanaland, the spelling of the War Office map G.S.G.S. No. 3915, published in 1933, has been followed. Paragraphs have been added and initials expanded, but no alterations have been made affecting the sense. As events are sometimes described on the same day as they occurred and sometimes several days later, there has been added in the margin the actual date of their occurrence, as opposed to the date and hour of writing, given in the text. The reader is thus enabled to follow the course of events without ambiguity. The dates in the narrative of the homeward journey, written after his return, have been supplied from the log.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the donor, Mr. H. P. Rudd, who has also given permission to print extracts from letters written to his father by Rhodes; to the London Missionary Society for permission to print the missionaries' letters, to the National Museum, Bulawayo for the illustration of Lobengula's kraal, to the Superintendent, Government Lithographic Press, Salisbury, for the painstaking care with which he prepared the map of Rudd's journeys.

[I THE FORWARD JOURNEY]

Springbokfontein, 10 a.m., Friday 17th August, 1888. We [15 August] started from Kimberley at 2 p.m. on Wednesday. Nind¹ and I lunched with Rhodes at the Club, and I then went round to the Bank and got the specie—£5,000—and took it round to the wagons, which were being inspanned at the back of the Central Hotel.² I then gave Christian my final instructions; he is to leave for Luipaardsvlei³ on Thursday with the cowboy I engaged at Cape Town, and he takes Doll's little pony, four horses and a cart. Currey,⁴ Rhodes and others came down to see us off, and we got away at 2.10.

When we got an hour out of camp Thompson found that he had left behind the map and some other things, so we sent a boy back on Maguire's pony to look for them, and outspanned at Bredekamp's to wait for him. As he did not turn up we went on to the Bend and outspanned there for the night.

The boy came back, but had not found the things, so we started [16 August] next morning at 6 a.m. and got to Barkly for breakfast. After breakfast I sent a wire to Rutherford⁵ to send us two maps by post to Mafeking. I also wired Mrs. Rudd to write to me at Mafeking by Friday's express. The letter and maps should reach Mafeking on Tuesday evening at 6 p.m.

We left Barkly at 9 a.m., and when we had been one and a half hours on the road we found that all the packages at the back of my wagon had come loose, and two of them had dropped off altogether. Fortunately my own gladstone bag was all right, but Thompson's was lost and one of the boys'. We had to send two boys back on horses to look for them, and we went on to Muller's (seventeen miles from Barkly) and outspanned. We had dinner there and at three o'clock the boys had not returned, so Maguire and I determined to walk on till the wagons overtook us. Thompson waited till 4.30 and the boys did not turn up, so he sent a wagon on after us which did not however overtake us till we had got to Witfontein—twelve miles from Muller's. We then got into the wagon and proceeded nine miles to Gunnings's, reaching them at 8 o'clock—

¹ Charles Edward Nind, resident of Kimberley and one of the original directors of De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited.

² Situated at the corner of Du Toit's Pan Road and Jones Street.

³ Rudd's farm in the Transvaal.

⁴ H. L. Currey, Secretary of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, later Rhodes's private secretary and Secretary of the British South Africa Company at Kimberley and Cape Town.

⁵ Dr. F. Rutherford Harris, M.D., Rhodes's confidential agent. He became the first secretary of the British South Africa Company in South Africa.

thirty-eight miles from Barkly. We had supper, and at 10.30 Thompson turned up. The two boys sent back had found out that some Korannas had stolen the bags, and had chased them, getting back Thompson's bag but not the other. We turned in, getting fairly clean beds.

[17 August] Friday morning we started (Maguire and I) at 6 a.m. and walked on, the wagons catching us up in about eight miles, and we reached this (Springbokfontein) at 9 a.m.

We have our own (Rhodes') wagon, which has been done up and which we use mostly to sit in and have not much luggage on it. We have six mules in it. The other wagon is rather a larger one that Thompson bought in Kimberley. Most of the luggage is on it, and there are six mules and two ponies in it: Dreyer, our Dutch conductor, drives it. Our own wagon is driven by Gert the boy we had going to Pretoria (when our horses ran away) and another boy, but Thompson mostly looks after it. Besides this we have a shooting pony of Maguire's and one of Thompson's. I wired to Frank¹ to bring Basuto or Major to Malmani, but Currey wires that Frank and Denny go by passenger wagon, so I must try and buy a shooting horse in Mafeking.

Our servants are Dreyer, Gert, Frederick a Cape boy, George an American nigger, Charlie a Matabele (Thompson's servant) and William² a Zulu who used to be with Pickering, and whom Rhodes has given me as a private servant. Six in all.

Friday, 3 p.m. Thompson and I walked on from Springbokfontein. The wagons caught us up in about eight miles, and we came on here, an outspan by the Hartz river. We got here about 1 p.m., and had a splendid bathe and some coffee, biscuits and biltong. Maguire rode his pony the last stage. We are just spanning in again and hope to reach Taungs at 6 p.m., but the road is very heavy sand. We are now sixty-six miles from Barkly and about twelve from Taungs.

Saturday 18th. We reached Taungs at 6.30 last evening, and had a good dinner and sleep. I bought a horse from the head constable there, and also a saddle and bridle. Taungs is just one hundred miles from Kimberley.

[18 August] This morning at 6.30 Thompson, Maguire and I rode on for twelve miles to where we are now, at Puruman, and the wagons reached here about 9 o'clock. We have just had a good breakfast at the shop here, and we are going to start again at 11. The roads are

¹ Rudd's eighteen-year-old son.

² William Kumalo, to whom the Rhodes Trust gave £300 in 1921 against his claim for land which Mr. Rhodes had promised him in recognition of his services.

much cut up and very dry and dusty, so that the wagons cannot travel fast.

I wired to Newton¹ from Taungs last night to say we should be in Vryburg by Sunday morning.

My horse is not much to look at but he goes very well, has a nice easy canter, and is very sure-footed and easily guided. Maguire and Thompson are going to walk on for a bit from here.

Sunday, 9 a.m. We had two outspans yesterday afternoon, and finally got to some water about 5 o'clock and prepared our first 'camp out'. I got the new tents out and got them fixed up with the help of William, and got the bedding opened and beds made. Thompson set to work and repacked the wagons, putting them in good travelling order. We had a good wash at the water, and dinner about 6. Short commons—a small bit of tough meat, boiled with some rice and an onion, but lots of bread, butter and jam. We lit our candles and went to lie down at 8 o'clock, Thompson and I taking one tent, and Maguire the other. I read for half an hour and then fell asleep.

It got very cold in the night and I had to drag some more things over me, and what with the hard ground for the first time, and the cold, the night seemed very long.

Dreyer had been seedy with a bad cold, but is better again this morning.

We turned out at 6 a.m. and got all the things packed up, had [19 August] some coffee, and started about 7, Thompson, Maguire and I riding on. We have just outspanned near some water, six miles from Vryburg. The boys are cooking breakfast, and we shall start about 11 and be in Vryburg by noon. The roads are terribly dry

¹ See Biographical Notes. Rudd was the bearer of the following letter from Rhodes:

KIMBERLEY CLUB,
KIMBERLEY,
August, 88.

MY DEAR NEWTON,

Rudd will give you this letter. I have done my best and hope as soon as I am clear also to start and join in enterprise.

I hope you will be able to help Rudd in any little matters he may ask. I think it will be as well for him to turn off and see Shippard before going on to Gubulawayo. I intend also to go up as soon as De Beers matters are settled.

I quite think Kruger may fight for the interior, but I think this time we shall beat him, there will be no support for him from the Colony and we can recruit all right. Besides which he has a nasty factor in Johannesburg and Barberton.

I am awfully restless that I cannot get away to run my hobby in Matabeleland.

Yrs. ever

C. J. RHODES.

and cut up, but the weather is lovely. We are now one hundred and forty miles from Kimberley.

Vryburg. Arrived here at noon. Our wagons outspanned outside, and we went to the Criterion Hotel, where we had a good bath and dinner. We are disappointed, however, to find that Newton is away shooting. We called on Duncan, the Surveyor-General, who married a sister of Mrs. Dallas. He took us over to Newton's house and got me my telegrams from Nind, Runchman and Mrs. Rudd. Runchman wires that after all he is starting to join us. It makes our party rather large, but for sporting and looking after the boys he will be a great acquisition.

Duncan asked us to spend the evening, and we went up there at 8. Newton had just returned, so after staying an hour at Duncan's, we went over to his place and remained there talking business etc. till 11 p.m., when we came home to bed and slept splendidly. Thompson had a slight headache, but is all right this morning.

Weather very pleasant and cloudy. Hope we may get some rain.

Newton wants us to wait for the arrival of the Cape post this evening, so we probably shan't start till tomorrow (Tuesday) morning, and get to Mafeking on Thursday.

Am now going to write a letter and post this.—10 a.m., Monday 20th August, '88. One hundred and forty-seven miles from Kimberley.

[*Endorsement on back*]

Please return this to me when you have read it as I would like to keep it. . . .

Yours sincerely,

29 August [1888]

Frances G. Rudd

*Tuesday 21st August '88, 10 a.m. . . .*¹ On Monday sent telegrams and wrote letters, and got through the day somehow. Cape mail came in early, and having got our credentials from Newton, we spanned in and left at 7 p.m. by moonlight, Maguire and I riding. We got on well for about eight miles and then I heard shouting at one of the wagons, and on riding up I found the axle broken and the wheel smashed. I rode on and stopped the other wagon in which Thompson was. We then unloaded both the wagons, took the broken wheel and axle off the wagon, and Thompson, Dreyer and Gert returned with it to Vryburg in the other wagon.

We got the mangers fixed, the goods packed together and the tents up, and turned in about 11 p.m.

Slept comfortably, but are two miles from water, so had to send

¹ A portion of the original, a repetition of events at Vryburg, has been omitted.

the Zulus for a couple of buckets; they also got some eggs and milk [21 August] from a farm house, and we have just had a very good breakfast.

I am going to try and get some partridges which I hear calling, and this afternoon we shall ride back to Vryburg to see how the work of repairs is getting on. The boys seem quite happy and the Zulus are most amusing chaps. What with the delay in Vryburg and this we shall have lost three days, but these things must be expected and it might have been much worse if we had broken down further on, where we could not have got repairs done.

Maritzani, 23rd.¹ I went out shooting for an hour after last writing, but only got one shot, so I returned to the camp and read, and at 3 o'clock Maguire and I saddled up and rode into Vryburg. We found the broken wheel and axle just finished and the wagon ready to span in. We went up to Newton to get the latest news, and I had a wash at the Hotel and read the latest papers for an hour. Meanwhile Thompson had started with the wagon, and as I thought Maguire had gone on also, I started and rode on fast to the camp. I found Thompson had got the axle and the wheel on, and was packing his things back into the wagons, but Maguire had not arrived. Thompson and I had something to eat, and at 6 o'clock were ready to start. We were a little uneasy about Maguire, so sent one of the Zulus back to Vryburg on horseback to bring him on. After about an hour's drive we met Maguire, Newton and his secretary. Maguire had gone the wrong road, and they had been riding two hours; fortunately they had just struck our road as our wagons came up. I got on my horse and rode with Maguire for the rest of the stage, and we outspanned at 9 p.m. at some water, and pitched the tents. The night was beautifully moonlight but very cold and windy.

Next morning we were up at daylight and had a long trek; I [22 August] remained in the wagon and Thompson and Maguire rode. We outspanned for water and breakfast about 9 a.m. and started again about 11, reaching Moddibuk at 1. Here we stayed some time, and had a good wash and some dinner, and trekked on in the afternoon to Kunana which we reached at 6 p.m. Here we had supper with the Wirings,² and put up our tents and turned in about 9 p.m.

Started at 6 this morning and outspanned for half an hour for water [23 August] at 8.30, and reached this at 10 o'clock. The country has changed very much for the better since leaving Vryburg, and the grass is

¹ The Maritzani river, a tributary of the Limpopo river.

² Wirsing Bros., traders, transport and mail contractors, who inaugurated in 1892 a regular mail service between Mafeking and Macloutsie camp, known as the *Northern Express Royal Mail*.

quite green and the trees all in bud. The road also is very much better than it was, and the weather is perfect, altogether very much nicer than when Thompson and I came up two years ago. We have seen a lot of game by the road, and last evening and this morning Thompson has been riding in the veld shooting but has not got very much.

We are now twenty-five miles from Mafeking, and hope to get there by this evening.

Rietfontein, 3 p.m., Thursday 23 rd. Just arrived here, ten miles from Mafeking. We think of riding on so as to be in time to get our letters and telegrams, but the wagons cannot be in till 6 or 7 o'clock.

Country very green and nice, and weather very fine.

Mafeking, 10 p.m.¹ We rode on from Rietfontein and reached this in one and a half hours, just at sundown. My old horse has been ridden all day and is pretty well done up, but he will have two days' rest while I go to Malmani² to fetch Frank. We just got here in time to fetch our letters and telegrams. I got wires from Nind, Runchman and Rhodes, etc., and a letter from home, also the maps from Rutherford. I then called on Tillard, the Civil Commissioner, with Newton's letter of introduction and had a talk with him, and then went down to the Hotel to dinner. After dinner I saw Bates, the Superintendent of Police, and arranged for transmission of letters by the Government special runners. I also saw Ablett's people whom Nind had wired to look out for shooting ponies; they have secured one. Then at 7.30 our wagons arrived, and we came on with them outside the town and pitched our tents, saw that all the men and animals had a good feed, and I am now writing in the tent before going to sleep. The post goes out tonight, but I could only write hurriedly, so Thompson and I think it better to write fully on Saturday, and the letter will go from here on the following Thursday. We do this because the letters we wrote at Vryburg will only reach you by next post, and the next letters we write (from Kanye) will be fully a week later than these. I met Turner (Polly Stow's husband) at dinner; he says she is ill and he is going down to look after her... Thompson and I had some fair shooting today and got some five or six brace of birds and a hare.

¹ Originally spelt Mafikeng, meaning the place of rocks. Founded by Montsioa's brother Molema, who settled there with a section of the Barolong in the early part of the nineteenth century to take advantage of its rockiness in defending himself against the Matabele and the Boers. See Molema, S.M., *The Bantu*, p. 43.

² In the western Transvaal, where the goldfields which were discovered in 1875 were being worked.

Friday 24th August '88. We turned out this morning at 7, and [24 August] bought some forage on the market and did other shopping. I also sent telegrams to you and others, and then we got a cart and started for Malmani, Thompson and I in the cart and Maguire riding. We got to Malmani about 12.30 and found Frank and Denny at the Hotel, and I got some letters from Currey and Mac. We all had lunch together, and then Thompson and Frank went off to try and pick up horses and a spare cart which we must now take on with us, and Maguire, Denny and I went to look over our gold property, etc. We had a tiring afternoon walking and going over the mines, and got back to the town about dinner time. Thompson had succeeded in buying a cart and horses, and he and Frank will start off with them and the boys' luggage in the morning. I am going for a drive with a man to look at a gold farm for Tarbutt, and Denny is going to inspect a horse for himself. Maguire, Denny and I will return to Mafeking in the afternoon, and we shall get away from Mafeking some time on Sunday morning. We had dinner together and then played billiards, Frank and Denny licking Thompson and me. I had a long talk with some of the mining people, and then came into my room where I am writing. Thompson and I have one room, Denny and Maguire another, and Frank a room to himself.

The weather continues lovely.

I don't think much of these goldfields, but our farm is by far the best here, and I got some splendid specimens.

Saturday, 5 p.m. I have just finished my letters and am going to post.

I had a drive round some other properties at Malmani this [25 August] morning, and got back in time to see Thompson and Denny start with the new cart and ponies. It was a funny sight as nearly all the ponies were untrained; however Thompson is 'all there' with horses, and when Maguire, Frank and I turned up two hours after them at Mafeking we found they had done the twenty miles in two and a half hours. We had a biscuit and biltong, and I have been writing letters since and shall have to do so all this evening.

[*Later.*]¹ After our return from Malmani I went to the Hotel to write letters. I got a message that the officer commanding the Police wished to see me regarding forwarding letters, etc. by the despatch riders, so I walked down to the Police camp and had a talk, but McGregor the head man was away. I came back and wrote up till 5.30, when I went to the telegraph office to send some cables

¹ Although not dated, this entry is obviously later than the preceding one, with which it overlaps. It was written between 10.30 a.m. and 12 noon on Sunday. The preceding pages had been sent off on Saturday night.

and telegrams, and came back to write again, but found they wanted the room for dinner. Ernest Homan¹ came in and I asked him to stay to dinner with me. Thompson had repacked the wagons and cart, and he and Maguire had gone down to the location to interview Montsioa.² Frank and Denny had been writing letters and making some purchases. I had a wash and went to dinner and all the others turned up, and we had about our last square meal.

After dinner an orderly came up and asked me to go down and see Captain McGregor about the despatch riding, so I went down again to the Police Camp and found McGregor in. He is a married man and they received me very civilly; his wife was a Miss Crossman, a friend of Mrs. Thompson's. I stayed and talked with them for an hour, and he then gave me (what I have been trying for all along) a letter of credence to all Police stations and despatch riders to take on any letters or telegrams, and to give all information *re* water, etc.

About 10 o'clock I walked back to the town and found all the others gone, so sat down to finish my letters. About 11 Frank came in, so we closed up everything as I was tired of writing, and we walked round to the post office and then down to the wagons. Thompson had gone to bed and Maguire also, so we turned in at once.

[26 August] This morning at 6 we got up, but what with all the extra animals and boys' things etc., we did not get started till 7.15. We had a lot of bother with the four new horses in the cart, but at last got them started. Maguire, Denny, Thompson and I rode our horses. Frank stayed in the wagon. We started off by missing the right road and thus lost half an hour. We passed through an undulating park-like country; but a very strong dry wind spoils the pleasure of the ride, and I was glad to get here at 10.30, fifteen miles from Mafeking. Name of this place, Ramatlabama. We had some bread and marmalade for breakfast, and are now just inspanning to start again at 12 noon. I am going to ride in the wagon, and I expect most of the others will too, as it is blowing hard.

5 p.m., *Sunday 26th August '88*. We all rode in the wagon the last stage, Denny learning to drive, and arrived here at a large pan³ at 3 p.m. The pan is nearly dry and the water quite brak, and we had to wade through a lot of mud to get a wash, and then the water

¹ E. E. Homan, then representative of Messrs. Julius Weil, Mafeking, and subsequently general manager of London and Rhodesian Mining and Land Company, Salisbury. Died Salisbury 19 November 1921.

² Paramount chief of the Barolong. See Molema, S.M., *op. cit.*, pp. 43-44 and 48.

³ Korwe.

was so muddy and bad it did more harm than good. We had very short commons today, nothing but bread and jam and sardines, and we have not passed a house or kraal on the road. Thompson and Denny have now ridden on to see if they can find any water ahead before it gets dark. We shall span in about 6 p.m.

Monday 27th, 1.30 p.m. We spanned in about 6 p.m., and after trekking about three miles met Thompson and Denny riding back; they had got hold of a native who could show us water about three miles further on. We went on slowly in the dark and came to the outspan about 8 o'clock. We had some bread and biltong and got the tents pitched, and turned in.

We got up about 5 this morning and got off early, Frank, [27 August] Maguire and I riding with our guns, but we got no shooting. We trekked for two hours and then got to a rather pretty outspan where there was some water. None of the so-called water, however, has been much better than mud since leaving Mafeking; just the last in nearly dry pans—not fit to wash with, much less drink; still, we make coffee with it. Frank and I went to see if we could get a shot but got nothing. We had some biscuit and jam and coffee, and then Frank and I walked on. We found a *leguan*,¹ an enormous lizard weighing about thirty pounds. Frank shot it and we then killed it with stones, and Frank put it on the road to frighten the drivers. A little further on Frank got several shots and got a *korhaan*² and two partridges. The wagons then caught us up, and I got on my horse and rode with Maguire, and got a partridge by the road. We are now outspanned here by some hills, marked on the map about ten or twelve miles from Kanye. We have had terribly bad grub the last two days, but are now going to have the four birds for dinner. We are now a little over three hundred miles from Kimberley.

Our mules are looking well, but one or two of the best horses are very shaky.

Kanya, 8 p.m., Monday 27th. We arrived here at 5 p.m. Maguire, Thompson and I rode on into the location and arranged for an outspan place. The principal trader here is John Williams; he keeps a large store and we have just had a most excellent supper at his place. This location is a very large one; there seems to be an immense number of huts (perhaps five hundred) on a sort of plateau on the top of the mountain, while down below, on the slopes

¹ The word *leguan* or *likkwaan* literally means an iguana, properly a South American arboreal lizard. The term is applied loosely to various African and Asiatic lizards and here refers to the monitor (*varanis albogularis*). When full grown it is $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet long, but is quite harmless unless attacked.

² A species of bird belonging to the bustard family.

some three hundred feet below, are the various traders' stores, mission houses and the King's¹ and *indunas*' camps—say another two hundred or three hundred huts. There is a fine spring of water and an air of order and prosperity such as is quite wanting at Moshoe's and Montsioa's locations.

We had a fine bathe in the stream, and got tents pitched, bought a sheep for the drivers, dogs etc., and Thompson and I are writing, and Frank, Denny and Maguire are buying supplies—bread, eggs, potatoes etc. We shall move on more slowly for the next two days, so as to have our animals fresh for the trying piece of road from the Notwane Junction to Shoshong.

Tuesday 28th August '88. I sat writing in John Williams's room till 10 o'clock and had a talk with him and then went down to the tents. All the rest were in bed, so I had a short read and went to sleep.

[28 August] We were wakened in the morning by a continuous stream of women with water pitchers on their heads going down from the kraals to fetch water. They kept making remarks about us and our tents as they went past and called them children's houses; several stayed and looked in, and at last I woke and began talking to them. They called Denny a pretty boy, said Frank 'did not fill his breeches' yet—in fact we all came in for remarks. We turned out about 7.30 and got our bedding put up and tents struck; while we were doing this we saw natives swarming out of every kraal in regiments fully armed, and found that they were going to have a review and council or *pichan*. They all marched down to the plain—about two thirds had guns; then they squatted down, and the various *indunas* (chief men) came; finally the young King and his staff, mounted on horses, rode down. They then all joined together and went through some evolutions, and then marched away into a valley or sheltered spot some distance away. There are some two thousand huts and about ten thousand people altogether at this place.

We then went up to see Williams, who had asked us to breakfast, and after breakfast I rode down to the Police station and got the letters put into the despatch bag that goes to Mafeking tomorrow. I rode back to the wagons and then up to Williams's to get one or two things, and while I was there the King and his staff came back and came to the store. The King came inside and went round the counter into a corner, and I saw him having a go at a private whisky bottle on the sly. He said good morning to me and I had some talk with him through an interpreter. After cross-questioning me, I

¹ Bathoen's

asked him what he had done at his *pichan*, and he said he wanted to see how many of his people had guns—those that had not were to get them; and that they were waiting anxiously to hear news of what Shippard did,¹ and that they would like to have a go at the Boers if they got the chance. He asked my opinion about a gun there was for sale, a very fine ten bore breech-loader. Maguire then turned up and Thompson and Frank afterwards, and we all said goodbye to Williams (who would take no money for our food) and rode on after the wagons.

We came through a pass in the mountains and into a new kind of country with lots of trees and stony hills, but very green and pretty. We are now preparing some lunch and go on about 3 o'clock for some ten miles.

I forgot to say that the name of the chief today is Bathoen; he is regent as his father Gaseitsiwe is old, and all he does is to get up in the morning and spend a few hours getting drunk with some of his old chiefs (*indunas*) and then they all lie down again till the next morning. A more rag tag and bobtail lot than the regiments I never saw. Altogether a very low class lot of Kafirs.

Tuesday night, 9 p.m. We trekked for some ten or twelve miles over the most frightful road and through dense bush and hills. I remained in the wagon and all the rest rode. Frank shot a few partridges. At the end of twelve miles we got out of the bush on to the plains, and came to Piland's kraal, very prettily situated among huge mounds of granite rocks and a nice stream of water. The air seemed pleasant and fresh, as it had been stifling in the bush during the afternoon.

We left the boys to outspan and get the tents up, and Thompson, Maguire and I went to call on the chief Piland. He was not at home but the *indunas* made us sit down and sent for him. He had been drinking at one of the local canteens, and rode up scarcely able to sit on his horse. We tried to talk to him but he was too drunk, so we went to the Kafir church where a lot of them were practising singing. They kept their parts very well, though there were some queer voices among them. While we were there a messenger came to tell us that Piland had insisted on returning our visit, so we went down and found him at the wagons, lying on the grass and still too drunk to talk sensibly, so we gave him some oranges and packed him off home.

There are about eight hundred huts here and it is the prettiest

¹ Sir Sidney Shippard, Administrator of the British Bechuanaland, had gone to enquire into the circumstances of the encounter between some of Khama's people and a party of Boers, which resulted in the death of Piet Grobler.

place I have seen. We have just had dinner and are going to bed. We have an easy day to Molepolole tomorrow. Weather very pleasant.

[29 August]

Wednesday 9.30 a.m., 29th August '88. We spanned in at 5.30 this morning, all riding except Denny. We rode through the veld but saw little game. Thompson tried to stalk a very large *paauw*,¹ but didn't get a shot. We came about ten miles and then outspanned for breakfast. We had plenty of good food yesterday, and today had eggs, fresh milk, butter, Irish stew and jam for breakfast. The country is flat with stony kopjes and lots of bush.

Wednesday 29th 8 p.m. We trekked on after breakfast for about two hours, Frank and I walking part of the way. About 12 o'clock we outspanned and gave the mules a roll, but there was no water. Frank and I walked and got a few partridges. Maguire and the Zulus overtook us, so we got on our horses and let the boys wait for the wagons. Maguire, Frank and I rode into Molepolole (Sechele's town) about 4 o'clock, and the wagons with Thompson about quarter of an hour later.

Thompson, Maguire and I at once rode up the mountain to the main kraal to see the King; we found him sitting outside with his councillors round him, and he asked us to come and sit next him, and we had a long talk, Thompson interpreting. He is eighty-eight years of age and his son Sebele has already grey hair, but both Sechele and Sebele are fine looking men, very different from the other chiefs we have seen. He sent one of his slaves for food, and they brought out a small iron table and a great basin of a sort of sour milk cheese, not like thick milk but much more substantial. Maguire and I were afraid we might be expected to finish it, but after we had eaten about a quarter of it, we gave up and put down our spoons. It was something like very thick Devonshire cream with vinegar over it, and a little was rather refreshing.

After spending an hour or so with the King we went to look up the police, and I arranged to send on a telegram which was all I had time to write, as the place is a mile from our outspan and the post may go on any time tonight; but if it doesn't come in tonight then this can go tomorrow morning. We have had dinner and the others have turned in, so I shall close this now and write more about the place in the morning.

With regard to the general lie of the country, Kanye lies on the south slopes and top of a range of mountains. You pass over the top of these and through broken rugged country for eight to ten miles, then you come out on thirty miles of flats, with granite formation

¹ Another species of the bustard family. Sometimes spelt *pou*.

and masses of rock upheaved here and there—mostly covered with thorn trees and bush, very little water, roads fairly good but heavy sand in places. You see in the distance the range of mountains, on the south slope and top of which this place stands, and as you get up to it you are enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills. This place is prettily situated, and the road goes out of it to the north and east through a rocky gorge.

We are now one hundred and ten miles from Mafeking.

30th August '88. We got up about 7 a.m. and Thompson and I [30 August] walked up the mountain to the location and stores. I found the despatches had not yet come in, so I got the chance of sending my letter and left it with the trooper. I only hope he may send it on. I also wrote a note up at the shop. We came down the mountain and had breakfast, and got spanned in at 10.30. The morning was very cloudy and windy and cool. We are now spanned out at 12.30, about eleven miles from Molepolole.

31st August, 9 a.m. We trekked on yesterday afternoon through low flat between ranges of hills—country covered with thorn and fairly thick undergrowth, road fairly good, but one very bad drift where Mrs. Knight-Bruce, the Bishop's wife, was capsized when travelling up with her husband. It took us half an hour and much trouble to get the cart and two wagons across, but we all got over safely. We saw a large covey of pheasants by the roadside and shot three of them, also a few *korhaan* and partridges. We outspanned at 5.20 and went for a short walk with our guns but only got a hare. The weather continued very threatening with thunder and lightning and occasional showers. We lit an immense fire as there was any amount of dry timber, and got tents pitched and everything made easy for a wet night, but only got showers.

We turned out at 6 this morning, but didn't get away till nearly 7. [31 August] Trekked on through the same kind of country, getting a few shots at *korhaan*, etc. Weather cool and cloudy and still threatening rain. We outspanned at 9 a.m., and have just had breakfast of pheasants etc., grilled, and jam and tea. We are now spanning in and hope to reach Linchwe's (Kgamanthane's) by noon. We all rode this morning, except Thompson who drove the cart.

Saturday 1st September '88, 9 a.m. We trekked on after breakfast, Thompson and I riding in the cart and the others riding. We came through very barren looking country, and reached Linchwe's at 12.30. A man called Miller has a small store there, and we bought some mealies, eggs and bread. We get no more grain now for a long way, so had to load up seven bags for the mules and horses. We outspanned here for two and a half hours, repacked the

wagons and cleaned the guns. The place (location) consists of about seven hundred or eight hundred huts, but it is a shabby looking place and the natives are an inferior looking lot; though no liquor is allowed, several of them were drunk and inclined to be cheeky. We got off about 2.30, all riding. We came through a heavy sand road and then got down to Notwane river about 4.30. Here we outspanned for the night. Thompson and Frank went shooting and Maguire and I went for a bathe. Denny looked after the camp and cooked. We had dinner about 6.30, and had got out some liquor so had a tot as a treat, and turned in at 8.

[1 September] Night very cold but very lovely morning. Got away before 6 and trekked three hours to this place, getting fair shooting at pheasants along the road, all riding. The road was fairly good, more or less along the river banks. We are now grilling pheasants for breakfast and Frank is down the river shooting. Day getting warm. Spanned in at 11.15. Maguire and I rode on and Frank and Denny walked for a bit. Saw little game, and road very heavy and sun hot. Overtook Frank and Denny in a couple of miles, and they joined the wagon. Maguire and I rode on about ten miles, and then Thompson and Denny joined us and we spent an hour hunting for water. Found water at last, and then at last wagons came up. The cart had capsized over the stump of a tree, but no serious damage was done. Outspanned, watered and fed cattle at 2.15. Country much the same thorny bush: road approaching river bed at intervals. Passed four ox wagons belonging to Musson of Shoshong; they had lost their oxen. At 4.30 we spanned in, Maguire, Thompson, Frank and I riding and shooting. Got a few pheasants. Road heavy and mules tired. Trekked on till dark, and had some difficulty in finding water as the river bed was dry.

Camped in low ground near the river bed. Supper, birds again. [2 September] Woke up at 2 a.m., one of the mules being sick. All hands turned up and doctored mule who had eaten too much mealies and swelled up. Administered enema, and turned in again. In the morning found the sick mule had been left loose and had cleared. Boys went out to look for it till 7, but not finding it Thompson, Denny and I started out on horseback in different directions. We arranged a signal of three shots if mule was found, and at 9 a.m. I heard signal and came in. Thompson found mule about three miles away. I saw seven koodoo while riding, and a good lot of other game; being Sunday we do not shoot. We are now waiting for the boys to come in; they have gone out again to look for the mule. This will throw us back a day. We have just finished breakfast. Weather very pleasant. *Sunday 2nd, 9 a.m.*

Sunday 2nd September, 12.30. Just met despatch riders and off saddled to send letters. Mule dead. Everything else going well.

[*Endorsement on back*]

Please return when read . . .

12 September [1888] F. Rudd

Tuesday 4th September '88, 11 a.m. I last wrote at noon on Sunday when I got the chance of sending off letters by the despatch riders. We trekked on towards the second drift and on the way met Fairbairn,¹ Swinburne² and others coming down from Lobengula in ox wagons. We got some news from them as to how affairs stood up there, and also regarding the road; then we went to the drift which we reached at 5 p.m., fifty-two miles from Linchwe's.

Here we had a great consultation as we were told there was a short road there to Shoshong, which was very heavy sand but where there was sufficient water to go through; on the other hand we had arranged to go down to the junction of the Notwane and Crocodile, where there is a station of the Police under Lieut. Fuller, and from there to Shoshong, and I had arranged that Shippard should be able to communicate with me there if he wished. On the whole we decided that it would never do to leave out the junction altogether, as we had told Shippard we would be there on the 5th, and at the same time it was very desirable to take the shortest road with the wagons, so it³ was finally resolved that Thompson and I should drive down in the cart to the junction and see if there were any letters, and at any rate see Fuller and arrange for him to send on any that might arrive.

As the mule had died of eating too many mealies we were afraid to give them more, so we had to let all the animals graze all night and take watches to look after them, each having a boy and walking round them and counting occasionally. Maguire got 6.30—8.30, the best time, only his dinner had to be kept for him. He had Gert with him. Denny and Charlie got 8.30—10.30. William and I got 10.30—12.30. Thompson and boy 12.30—2.30; Frank and George 2.30—4.30, and Dreyer 4.30 to daylight. I went to bed immediately after dinner and slept two and a half hours and then did my watch; the animals were mostly lying down, so didn't give much

¹ James Fairbairn, a Matabeleland trader who had acquired influence with Lobengula. He died at Inyati, aged 41, on 11th April 1894.

² U. P. Swinburne, second son of Sir John Swinburne, the Tati concessionaire. Lobengula had refused him a concession in Matabeleland but granted one in the 'disputed territory'. (*Blue Book C-5524*, p. 16.)

³ The writing was broken off at this point and resumed at 3 p.m.

trouble till about 12 when they began to feed and Thompson after me had to keep going to keep them together. The night was fine, but pretty dark. I got to bed again at 1 a.m. and didn't feel much inclined to start in the cart at 6.

We got off about 6.30 with a kaross and a pillow each, and a few biscuits, pot of jam, coffee and kettle; the cart empty all but this. We had the two ponies in the wheel and Thompson's pony and mine as leaders—four good horses. We had to go twenty-five miles to the junction, and the road being very heavy it was a good pull for the horses. We saw lots of game on the road, and I shot six or eight birds, but we didn't stop, only just blazing away off the cart. The road was a mere track and not a sign of habitation or natives anywhere, and mostly thick thorn bush. After three hours hard driving we came to the Crocodile river where the Notwane joins it, but found no camp, so we kept driving on, getting rather uneasy and thinking Fuller must have moved away. At last we had gone four miles up the Crocodile, and were just losing heart and giving up all hope of finding him, when we came across a horse's footmark on the road. As we went on the spoor became more frequent, and at last we came on the camp by the river side, five miles up the Crocodile, or thirty miles from our wagon. We had been five and a half hours coming, with half an hour's outspan. Fuller was very civil and we had some dinner with him, and I wrote a letter to Shippard (there was no letter from him) and we had a look at the Crocodile (Limpopo), and then spanned in to return. It was very rough on the poor horses, but I thought it necessary to get back. We saw more game than ever going back, and I got any amount of birds. About half way home the cart came against a lump at the side of the road and capsized, but the ground was soft and we were not hurt. By 5.30 the horses were nearly done and it was heart breaking work getting them along the heavy road, but by dint of flogging and coaxing we reached the wagons just at dusk, and were nearly as tired as the horses. I was very glad to have a bottle of beer and some fruit and turn in at 7.30, and I never woke till 6 this morning. The horses did sixty miles of heavy road and don't seem any worse today.

Frank had shot a lot of birds and a tiger-cat about which he was very excited: it has a very handsome skin.

] This morning we started off for Shoshong over a very heavy road. We trekked from 6.30 to 9.30 without water, and then outspanned and gave the mules a roll, and then on again to where we are now about eighteen miles from the drift, where we have nice water. I shot one or two birds and a fine *duiker* this morning. The country

is still covered with thorn bush and trees, and has a most desolate appearance owing to the number of old and decayed trees. There are some hills in front, however, and the country is beginning to look a little better, but water is very scarce. The weather continues to be very fine and pleasant with cool breeze. I enclose a rough sketch of our track and the rivers. The next water is twenty miles from here, so we are scheming how best to get through to it. It is now 3.30 p.m. Tuesday 4th September.

5th September, 6.30. We spanned in at 4.30 yesterday and trekked on for one and a half hours, and outspanned for night.

Spanned in at 6 this morning and in half an hour reached this [5 September] water unexpectedly, so outspanned and had breakfast. After breakfast trekked on and got into very heavy sand. Outspanned at 10.30, having done about seven or eight miles. Country still covered with thorn bush and long grass. Weather fine but warmer. We all ride except Frank, who lies in wagon.

Thursday 6th September '88, 9 a.m. Spanned in at noon yesterday and got into very heavy sand. Weather very hot. We entered the tropics for the first time. Thompson and I rode on, and after travelling ten miles all through sand, concluded to off saddle and wait for the wagons. We got a little shade, but the flies were awful. We came up with two natives who told us the water was still ten miles. The wagon turned up about 3, mules very tired and thirsty. Spanned in about 5 p.m. Road getting harder. Thompson and I rode on for two hours hunting for water. After going fifteen miles it got dark, but we came on a Kafir cattle post some way off the road and they told us we had passed the water. We got them to come back with us. One native got on a white ox and one on a black one, and they started off in the dark across the veld at full speed. We had great difficulty in following, our horses being dead tired. I got into a dead tree that had fallen down and had a job to get out. At last we got back to the road, and after about four miles we came on the rest of the party near the water. Some natives had shown it to them. We got outspanned, tents pitched etc., and had a good feed and turned in about 10 o'clock.

The water was very good, and this morning we had a bit of a rest [6 September] and didn't turn out till 6.30. Frank slept till 8. We are all quite well but felt the heat a little yesterday. Frank is grumbling a bit and stuffs himself with Seidlitz powders. We got no shooting the last two days and this is really what is the matter with Frank, as we have to look after the animals and push on when the roads are so heavy and the water so scarce. But I believe we are through the worst of it now, and get into higher and better

country. We are about fifteen miles from Shoshong¹ and shall be there by noon.

Maguire takes things just as they come, and is altogether a very pleasant companion, but does nothing. Thompson, of course, is the life of the party and bosses up everyone. He says he will guarantee us all right to the limits of the Protectorate (i.e. Shoshong); after that his responsibility ceases, and we must all *helpmakaar*.²

Country continues flat and thorny, but the Bamangwato hills or mountains are in front of us. I am leaving off now so as to have this and a letter ready for post when we get to Shoshong.

Friday 7th September, 4 p.m. Thank goodness we are away from that beastly place Shoshong. We got there about noon yesterday, and the first thing we heard was that owing to Khama being away with Shippard, with most of his men, the people were not allowed to dispose of any grain as they might not be able to plough this season. The traders had no grain or meal, and altogether things looked rather blue. We went straight up to see Chief Seretz, Khama's brother, and were introduced to a young fellow about nineteen or twenty, and sat down. An old chap was sitting down and got up when we came; I took his chair and turned my back on him thinking he was only one of the *indunas*, but as it turned out the young fellow was Khama's son, and the old fellow was Chief Seretz. I of course got up and bowed and looked as apologetic as I could, and I explained our mistake in Kafir, and they took no offence. After talking some time we tried to persuade them to let us have some grain, and at last they said 'Your horses must be thirsty; you had better go and outspan and we will talk among ourselves'. We then saw a man called Chapman and borrowed some mealies from him, and I went up to see the missionary Hepburn. He was away with Shippard, but Mrs. Hepburn was at home, and when she heard who we were she told Thompson that the Chief had already been to see her and told her that some people out of the common were come and wanted grain, and asked her what they should do. She promised that she would make them give us grain. In the afternoon, later, I again saw the Chief, and he promised that he would let us have some in the morning, and he and young Khama came down to the wagons and had a talk.

In the evening we got hold of a Jesuit missionary³ who had just

¹ Capital of the Bamangwato, and then the largest purely African settlement south of the equator. The capital was successively moved to Palapye and Serowe.

² Co-operate.

³ The Rev. Fr. J. B. Temming, S.J., who had been on a visit to Empandeni in Matabeleland and was returning to his station at Vleischfontein, near Mafeking.

come down from Bulawayo, and he gave us a lot of information about the place and the road, and had some tea with us.

After tea Thompson, Maguire and I had a long talk, and then turned in, but it was a horrible place to outspan in—all the sand and dirt of the town, and the wind blew a hurricane all night, so we did not get much sleep.

I felt more or less seedy this morning and had a headache, and [7 September] what with wind, dust, heat etc., everyone seemed out of sorts. However, we got our grain from the Chief, got water for the mules, repacked the wagons, and got started about 11 a.m.

We had one outspan and are now here at a water called Bonapitse, about seventeen miles from Shoshong. The road has been very good. I have ridden, and my head is now all right again.

The approach to Shoshong is over low flats covered with thorn and acacia trees till you get within about six miles of the town, when the road goes through a pass and you enter a large valley or flat surrounded by hills. The hills at present are covered with black stones and dry yellow grass, and look very desolate, and the whole flat is covered with old dry mealie gardens; it no doubt looks better in summer. The town or location is under the hills, on the north side of the valley, and consists of some dozen or twenty mud and thatched shanties of traders etc., and an enormous location of some six or eight thousand huts. The mission station is on the right side of the hill above the location. There is no open water, but one or two very fair wells; but the whole place is a mass of red sand and filth, and about the ugliest place all round one could well see.

Musson, the principal storekeeper there, was very civil to us, and so was Austen who has the post office, but we were much disappointed at getting no letters.

Coming away from Shoshong the road goes due east under the mountains, and then turns round the end of the mountains to the north. Veld still covered with thorn trees and bush, but a few hills make it look better.

Saturday 2 p.m., 8th September '88. We trekked on yesterday afternoon and about sundown got to the bed of a sand river¹ with some very good water, and outspanned for the night. Thompson, Maguire and I went down and had a good wash while the boys prepared some grub and got the tents pitched. We had rather short commons for dinner—our last bit of tough goat and some rice.

We got up at 5.30 this morning and trekked on to the Towani [8 September] river, where we had breakfast—eggs, sardines and jam, and reached this (Chakane pan), where we are now, after a long heavy trek.

¹ The Mhalapshwe.

At 12.30 Maguire, Denny and I were riding behind, and when we came up we found that some wildebeeste had passed in front of the wagons, and that Thompson and Frank had gone after them. We heard three shots and hoped they might have got one, but it appears they only got very long shots.

Denny and Frank have now gone out shooting, and we are going to have some tea, and then going on about 3.30 for another ten or twelve miles to Limone pan. Country much the same. Weather rather too warm, and flies very troublesome. Cattle looking well, but shooting and food scarce.

Sunday evening, 7 p.m., 9th September. We reached Limone pan at 5 p.m., and found some pheasants, etc., by the water which we shot, and Frank got a duck, so we had some dinner and then turned in early.

[September] Got up this morning at 5 a.m. As two of the horses were pretty well done up we sent them on, led by Charlie and Frederick. Frank rode Maguire's horse and Denny mine, and Maguire and I walked. Thompson, Frank and Denny rode on to look for water. Maguire and I walked hard for four hours, and then lay down under a tree till the wagons came up. We then got on the wagons, and Denny came back from the front to tell us they had reached the water five miles on.¹

We got there about 11 a.m. and found four wagons of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company in charge of a young fellow called Borrow.² We had some tea with him, and he gave us a lot of information both about the road and water, and also about the King and Matabele country. He also gave us some bread and meal of which we were very short. I went back to our wagons then, and had some breakfast at 12.30. Then we sat talking, and at 3 o'clock we all went down and had a bathe, and Borrow got his wagons spanned in and trekked. We had some dinner—such as it was, as we had no meat, and are now strolling about talking. Thompson has one of his bad headaches and has gone to bed.

Tomorrow morning we are going to rest and not start until the afternoon. Frank is going shooting to try and get a wildebeeste or koodoo. There are lions about here, and one killed a horse of Borrow's not long ago.

¹ At Palapye.

² Henry John Borrow (1865–1893) came to Cape Colony in 1882, took part in the Warren Expedition in 1884. He later joined the Bechuanaland Border Police which he left in 1887 and with his friends Johnson and Heany went on an unsuccessful concession-seeking expedition to Matabeleland. On the way they obtained a concession from Khama, on the strength of which they formed the Bechuanaland Exploration Company. In 1890 Borrow joined the Pioneer Corps which occupied Mashonaland and in 1893 was killed with Allan Wilson's patrol on the Shangani.

Monday 10th September, 4 p.m. We got through this morning [10 September] somehow, though we all prefer being on the road. Frank went off with Charlie to see if he could get some shooting, but after being away six hours returned with nothing. I walked for about an hour but got nothing.

At 2 p.m. we spanned in, and have come about seven miles and outspanned to give the mules a roll. We get no water now till midday tomorrow. There is supposed to be some large game about here, but some way off the road—gemsbok, koodoo, giraffe, lions etc.

Wednesday, 11 a.m., 11th September '88. We trekked on on Monday night another nine miles and outspanned in the thick bush without water. The weather clouded over and became cold again. We had any amount of wood, so made large fires as there was lion spoor about. There was a good deal of chaff among the boys, as some of them are awfully frightened of lions. We had no meat nor bread so made soup with pea meal and potted ham, and ate biscuits. We took our rifles to bed with us in case of accidents.

Started at 6 a.m. and trekked on twelve miles, and got no water, [11 September] so, as the weather was cool, we went on again and about noon reached Mahonane Kop, where we found all the Bechuanaland Exploration Company's wagons outspanned. It is rather a prettier place than most in this dismal country.

As I write this the post has turned up, so I close this to write letters.

13 September, 10 miles north of Tati, 9 p.m. I tore out the last leaves in a hurry as we met the post-boys. I left off at Mahonane Kop where we had breakfast, and bought a bag of meal and some meat from the Bechuanaland Exploration Company.

Frank and I then walked on through some hills, keeping a sharp look out for lions. We got no shooting, however, and the wagons caught us up on the road in about an hour. We trekked on during the afternoon, outspanning about 5 p.m. at the Letlakane river, a dry sand bed.

Started at 6 next morning and reached the Macloutsie river¹ at [12 September] 9 a.m., having gone a stretch altogether of forty miles without water.

There was no change in the country except that it was getting less sandy and more stony. The Macloutsie is a dry sand river bed, but there are large holes dug, in which the water is very good, and we had a good wash after breakfast.

As my old horse was getting rather tired, I tied him alongside the

¹ The disputed boundary between Lobengula and Khama.

wagons and rode in the wagon for the next two stages—twenty miles to the Shashi river.

Frank and I shot a few birds at Macloutsie, and after we got to the Shashi we shot a buck just at dusk, and had a great job carrying it home through the bush. There were great rejoicings as we had had little or no meat for days.

3 September] We spanned in this morning at Shashi and were all to ride in front of the wagons to Tati, but found lion spoor all round our camp and on the road we were going, so we got out all the rifles and rode with the wagons, but of course saw nothing of the lions.

We got to Tati about 10 a.m., and the people there were in a great state of excitement and thought it was the Administrator, as no mule wagons like ours had been there before. The Tati is a large river with water holes here and there, and the place rather prettily situated among wooded hills, but wild and barren looking at this time of the year when there are no leaves on the trees. As we got north we noticed that spring is less advanced, and here there is no sign of green either on the trees or grass. There is a five-stamp mill and one small reef close to the settlement, but the principal reefs of the Concession¹ are thirty-six miles away. The Tati Concession is a tract of country about one hundred miles by thirty, lying between the Shashi and Ramaquabane rivers. The country has a very mineral look, quartz cropping out in every direction, with slate dykes and a sort of greenstone.² The settlement consists of some dozen houses, mud thatched. Thompson, Maguire and I rode up the hill towards it, and found a man named Hitchcock, who used to be in the Cape of Good Hope Bank, and who knew Thompson and myself quite well. There was also an old man named Hall³ who has been there nineteen years, and whom I have often heard of, and a man Matthew, a cousin of the partner of Sinclair Hamilton, who also knew me. There was also the great hunter van Rooyen there who has shot more game the last ten years than anyone, and is a splendid shot. We had a long talk with him and he told us many interesting things. We then called on de Maffy,⁴ the

¹ In 1872 Lobengula granted mining rights to Sir John Swinburne, within the area bounded by the Shashi and Ramaquabane rivers, the Tati flowing between. The area has a length of about 85 miles and a width of 25 miles.

² A group of hornblende and chloritic rocks. Almost all the gold mines of Southern Rhodesia are found in greenstone areas.

³ George Hall, an American who came to South Africa with Cobb and Company's coaches, which ran between Port Elizabeth and Kimberley in 1871. (Windram, R. F., *MS. reminiscences of Ivon Fry*, p. 47a.)

⁴ A. de Maffy, general manager of the Tati Concessions Mining and Exploration Company Limited, French by birth. Discovered the Monarch reef in 1887.

French engineer connected with the Company, and had a talk with him.

They have written instructions here to stop anyone who is going into Matabeleland either for hunting or gold, so we said we were going to see Moffat officially; they warned us, however, that we shall be stopped further on, fifty miles from the King's, until he finds out who we are, etc. I then wrote a letter to Moffat asking him to arrange that we should not be detained longer than necessary, and sent it on by a special runner.

We got some mealies etc. for the mules, but could get very few supplies for ourselves and are very short of meat; bread we have not had for days, but come out very well with meal dampers and rice.

We spanned in about 3 p.m. and trekked ten miles and then outspanned. I am now writing lying in the tent, Thompson having gone to sleep. We have fires lit round the camp to protect the mules in case of lions being about.

Friday 14th September, 9 a.m. We got off at 6 a.m. and arrived [14 September] here at the Ramaquabane at 8, and are now preparing for breakfast. Frank has gone out shooting. It is no use hurrying on until we hear from Moffat that we can get through.

Saturday, 10 a.m. Trekked on three hours from Ramaquabane over very bad road. Front wagon came against large stone and broke *disselboom*¹ and bent axle, but in three hours got on slowly to Umpakwe, a small stream with open water. Outspanned there. Off-loaded wagon, and took front part to pieces. Made large fire and heated axle and straightened it, and lashed up *disselboom* as best we could. Started again at 5 p.m., and trekked for an hour, then camped out for night.

Started again at 6 this morning. Almost at start the cart capsized, pitching Gert and Denny out, but doing no harm. Thompson, Maguire and I riding, Frank lying in back wagon. About a mile on heard a row and found that front wagon had capsized in dry spruit. Everything topsy turvy. Mules had to be cut out of harness. Dreyer and George somewhat shaken and bruised. Axle again badly bent on opposite side, and *disselboom* to pieces. Outspanned everything and set to work on repairs. Denny made fire and heated and straightened axle. Thompson and Dreyer started to cut down tree and make new *disselboom*. I started to repair wagon box with specie in it which had burst open, Frank to repack all the stores, and Maguire and William to get breakfast. We have been about two hours at it and most of the work is finished except fixing in the *disselboom*. We hope to start in an hour, but the roads are

¹ The central pole to which the draught oxen are attached.

awful. Three Matabeles came and fetched some good spring water for us.

I forgot to mention that at the Umpakwe, on the right hand side of the road before crossing the drift (about one hundred and fifty yards from the road) are some curious looking stone walls or ruins¹ of most carefully selected pieces of granite. They are not cut or much broken, but are almost as regular as bricks and about the size. It looks like an old native fortification. No white people would ever have had the patience to select the pieces of stone.

Sunday 16th, 9 a.m. Got started just before noon and trekked on. Road very much broken with *spruits*. Weather lovely. Appearance of country improving—broken kopjes² and better class of trees. Met Dutchman Vermaak³ trekking down from the King's with his family.

About 2 p.m. outspanned in valley on top of hills⁴—lots of water, very pretty country. Frank and I tried to get some shooting but found nothing.

Started again about 4 p.m. and passed through kloof, leaving hills. Beautiful view of country beyond from top of pass—grand flats broken with huge masses of granite 100 to 200 feet high, like enormous castles and villages, and in the far distance ranges of broken blue hills. Then the road leads down into the flats and gets much better. Passed on through enormous boulders of granite covered with vegetation round the base, and kopjes of granite with the pieces thrown together in fantastic ways, and nearly always an isolated stone balancing on the top of each mass. Outspanned about 6. Grub very short—pea soup, rice and dried apples.

September] Started this morning at 6, and continued in the same sort of country. Outspanned at 8 by water and had salmon, rice and jam for breakfast. Weather lovely. After breakfast we passed into hills again with beautiful green valleys. General scenery charming. Crossed Mangwe river and outspanned at 12 noon at Manyami.⁵ Suppose we are about fifty miles from the King's kraal. The boys have had no meat for nearly a week and are beginning to talk very

¹ More fully described on pp. 203 and 204.

² Probably the Manialala hills, placed here by Maund in his description of the route from Shoshong to Inyati. (*Blue Book*, C-4643, p. 109.)

³ Maund, who met him at Tati in 1885, says 'The bark of the *mopani* tree is being used by Mr. Vermaak in tanning leather at Tati and it seems to act as well as oak bark'. (*op. cit.* p. 107.)

⁴ Probably Makobi's hills, claimed by Khama as a point on his north-east frontier. (*op. cit.* p. 109.)

⁵ At the foot of the Mangwe Pass into the Matopo Hills. No traveller could proceed beyond this point without the permission of Lobengula.

tenderly about goats and sheep. Frank has been complaining of being seedy, but as he eats enormously I don't think there is much the matter with him, except scarcity of game. All the rest are well and in good spirits.

Monday 17th, Noon. After our arrival yesterday at Manyami we received a message from a chief who lived near to say that we must not go on until he had sent boys on to announce our arrival. We had a long talk with the messengers, and Thompson and I then started to interview the chief. We met him coming down to the wagons, and a wretched old creature he was with any amount of cheek. We had a long talk; he demanded 10/- toll and a present for the messengers he had to send in front of us. This we had to comply with, but could not induce him to start them that day, so there was nothing for it but to camp, which we did.

Some of the Kafirs came down to the wagons and we succeeded in bartering for some mealies, eggs, pumpkins, milk and a goat, all of which they sent down in the evening. Maguire and I went for a walk up a neighbouring kopje and got a very good view of the country. It seems the same kind of formation on every side as far as the eye could reach, endless granite kopjes and green valleys between, rather pretty except the extreme sameness. We dined off pea soup and pumpkin, the goat not having arrived yet. There being nothing to do and a nasty cold wind blowing we turned in about 7. I read till 9 and then went to sleep.

Got up at 6.30, had a hurried wash and got everything packed. [17 September] Had a hurried breakfast and more 'jaw' with the natives and started about 9. We have just outspanned after three hours walking the mules over an execrable road through the kopjes. I have been in the wagon and Frank riding my horse. Much more sign of population and civilisation than hitherto, and plenty of water.

Tuesday 18th, 11 a.m. We trekked on yesterday afternoon for one and a quarter hours, Thompson, Maguire and I riding. We were called in front and found the front wagon stopped owing to the wheel having jammed on the axle. After much difficulty we got the wheel off and found that a brass collar that kept it on the axle had worn quite through. Our only plan was to lash the wheel as well as we could on to the axle with *reims*.¹ This we managed and got started again after one and a half hours delay, and went on slowly till 6.30 p.m. when we outspanned at Kumalo. Dined at 8.30 and got to bed later than usual.

Up this morning at 6.30, and after half an hour's trek met our [18 September] messengers from Moffat with letter. It appears that the King was

¹ Thongs.

not pleased at our passing Tati in the face of his notice, and also at our writing to Moffat and not direct to him. We have to stop till we have his leave to come on. So we outspanned and had breakfast and have now written a letter direct to Lobengula which we shall send off at once, and I hope to get a reply to by tomorrow evening. We are about twenty miles from Bulawayo.

Wednesday 19th, 2 p.m. Yesterday we wrote letters and sent them down to Tati by our messenger. It was lucky we did, as we have not seen the post boys who must have passed at night. We idled away the rest of the afternoon. Dined at 7 and then played whist, Thompson and I against Frank and Maguire, till 9.30. Thompson and I won seven points.

[September] Got up later than usual this morning, had breakfast and then played backgammon and chess and read till 1 p.m., when we had some damper, potted meat and Kafir beer. We are now playing and reading again. The boys are washing all the dirty clothes, and others are looking after the mules etc. We hope for a reply from the King tomorrow.

Thursday 20th, 1 p.m. We got through yesterday afternoon somehow and dined at 7; we had fowls, potatoes and peas. The price of fowls here is 1d to 1½d, potatoes about 1d to 2d per bucket, and mealies 1/- per bag. We played whist again after dinner. Denny and I won ten points from Maguire and Thompson. Frank went to bed and read.

[September] At 6 this morning I was wakened up by our messenger who had returned from the King with a message to say we were to come on, so we had breakfast and a wash and spanned in at 9.30, and have just reached this stream¹ about six miles they say from Bulawayo. We are going to send William and Charlie on horseback to ask where to outspan.

Friday 21st, 8 a.m. We trekked on at 3 p.m., and after driving about an hour we came to a rather large kraal with a wattle and daub house near the road. This we found to be Bulawayo, and the house belonged to Fairbairn and Dawson, traders etc. We were told the King and all the white people were at Umguza river, about two miles further on, and that they were having a great meeting today. We went on and came to a flat valley with rather more bush than the surrounding country; there were about eight or ten wagons dotted about under trees, and there was a small kraal² with two wagons in the middle. This we were told was the King's residence for the time being, for he lives in a wagon and just treks about from one place to another as he feels inclined. We crossed a very stony

¹ Umganene.

² Umvutshwa.

spruit with a little water in it, and as we found this was the only water about we concluded to go on a short distance and pick out a place to outspan, which we did.

[II NEGOTIATIONS]

We are about a mile from the King's wagon and a few hundred [20 September] yards from Moffat, Sam Edwards and others, and have a nice clump of bushes for camping in. Thompson unfortunately had a very bad headache. Just as we were camping William came up to us and said that he and Charlie had been to the King's kraal and that Charlie was coming on with the interpreter. A few minutes afterwards Charlie and the interpreter arrived, and we cross-questioned him as to what had happened regarding our letters and what the King had said. He told us that the King had said 'Oh they are now in the country—let them come on,' and he told us that the King expected us to come and see him the moment we arrived, so we had the horses saddled and rode over at once.

We dismounted in the outer kraal and then went to the inner one. The King was in the buck kraal which leads out of the inner kraal, and we just got a glimpse of him as we passed in, and then went and squatted against the fence of the kraal waiting for him to come out. He came out in about ten minutes and we then rose, took off our hats and saluted him as Kumalo (Royal Chief), and shook hands with him. Francis and Chapman¹ the traders also came in at the same time and had a few words with him in Sechuana, and then he climbed up on his wagon and sat on the box while we squatted below. I explained through the interpreter who we were, and said that we had come on a friendly visit and begged of him to accept our present of £100, which I then presented to him and asked his leave to visit him while we stayed there. He thanked us for the present and said we could come and see him when we liked, and it being late we then said good evening.

We came back to the camp and Thompson was so ill that he went to bed. We stayed up and played whist till 10 o'clock, and then turned in. I have one of the wagons emptied and now sleep in it, as it is rather stuffy with two in the small tent.

We got up about 7 this morning, had breakfast and went on to see [21 September]

¹ W. C. Francis and E. Chapman, traders of Shoshong, of the Wood, Francis and Chapman syndicate which had obtained a mining concession from Lobengula in 1887 in the disputed territory between the Shashi and Macloutsie rivers.

Moffat and had a long talk with him. We then saw Sam Edwards and he came over with us to our camp and we talked and heard all the news. Young Fry turned up and a man called Greeff,¹ and we kept on talking until 3 p.m. when we had some bread and jam. Thompson has gone over to Francis and Chapman to try to get some articles for barter for meat, fowls, etc., and Maguire and I are writing. Moffat is sending out a special messenger with despatches tomorrow, so we have this chance of writing.

As regards the King's kraal, it is the most dirty miserable affair, and he has had to take to living in a wagon partly because they can only stay a certain time in one place owing to the ants, so he travels about from place to place. A kraal after a year or two is quite destroyed by ants, and you see the sites of previous kraals all about the country, and new ones spring up. Where the King is now is swarming with ants and will soon have to be deserted.

The King is just what I expected to find him—a very fine man, only very fat, but with a beautiful skin and well proportioned. He was perfectly naked except the ordinary Kafir *moocher*² and ring on his hair. He has some sixty wives or queens, some of whom we saw, and also slave wives as well. He spends a great deal of the day now in the buck kraal where he makes medicine. He has great bundles of roots out of which he makes the medicine in calabashes. I hardly know what the medicine is used for, but partly to sprinkle the huts or people to prevent witchcraft, partly to bring rain etc. The King has a curious face; he looks partly worried, partly good natured and partly cruel; he has a very pleasant smile. While we were with him many of the natives came with grievances of one kind or another, and he stopped speaking with us to hear them. They walk up to him sideways and stooping, or else crawl up on their knees. He had his dinner brought to him while we were there. He went back into the wagon and then put a blanket over him, and lay down with his head and arms on the front of the box of the wagon, and a great mass of meat—like the pieces they give lions at the zoo, only as if it had been thrown into a big fire—was put before him, and some kind of bread. He told the slave boy who brought the meat to turn it over, and then he began to tear pieces off with a kind of stick. Altogether very much like a wild beast.

Today one of his regiments has returned from an expedition, having slaughtered a whole kraal of Mashonas, men and women, and have brought in sixty-two children as slaves!

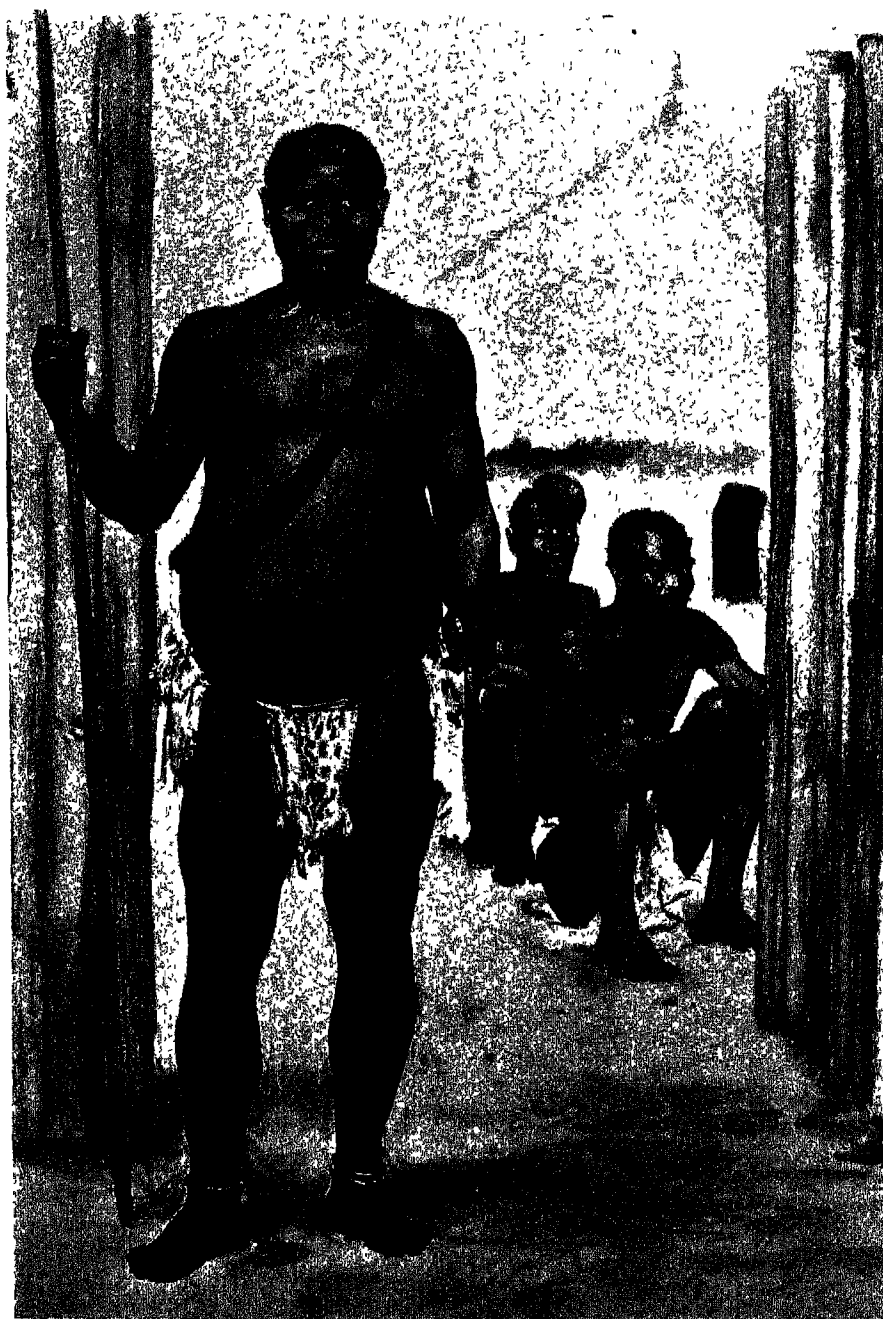
Sunday 23rd September '88. I have forgotten the page at which

¹ F. Greeff, a Boer who had lived in Matabeleland for many years.

² Umutaha, a skin apron suspended from the hips on a girdle.



LOBENGULA'S KRAAL
from a model in the National Museum of Southern Rhodesia, Bulawayo



LOBENGULA, KING OF THE MATABELE, 1870-1893
worked up by the portrait painter Ralph Peacocke, from a contemporary sketch
by E. A. Maund

I stopped but think it was 65.¹ On Saturday we went up to the King's kraal early about 6.30, but did not find him in at first; we [22 September] heard afterwards that he was in the ox kraal and would see us there. Moffat and his son and Sam Edwards arrived also. We said good morning to the King, and then told him that we were rather short of an interpreter and asked him (as we were going out about eighteen miles to a store) whether we might bring in a man called Tainton who was a good interpreter, but who had not been near the King for some months because he had accidentally killed a man. The King said as he had paid his fine (twenty-two oxen) and had been away for two months, he might now come in again and interpret for us. As Moffat had business with the King, and we had a long day before us, we then left and came back to our camp for breakfast.

At 9.30 we had the horses inspanned and started, but before we had gone a few yards one of the horses fell into a hole and broke the pole of the cart and we were all pitched out, but no one was hurt. It took us until 11 o'clock to get started again, and we reached Petersen's store—eighteen miles—about 1.30, over a very bad road. Old Petersen,² a German, we found a jolly old fellow; he gave us a good dinner and we bought some stores and vegetables from him, and then walked over to see Tainton about a mile away. We had some talk with him, but he seemed afraid to come in to the King and suggested our taking Helm, the missionary, as interpreter. We returned to Petersen's and had some tea, and then drove on to Helm's and Carnegie's—two missionaries. This is the prettiest part of the country I have seen, with plenty of water and trees, and hilly, but roads very bad. We met Carnegie outside with one of the children, and found Mr. and Mrs. Helm at home. They seemed very nice people with lots to say and very kind. He said he would gladly come in and interpret for us. I bought some stamps from him as he is postmaster, and they insisted on our staying for tea. We did not get away till 5.30 and had fifteen miles to get home. We got over a lot of road before it got dark, but then lost our road and it was nearly 9 o'clock before we reached camp.

I think the rough journey and eating a lot in the middle of the day upset me, for I woke this morning with one of my bad head- [23 September] aches and have been bad all day, but it is better tonight. We sent William and George up to the King to say I was seedy and could not come today. The King asked them a lot of questions about us and gave them a lot of beer, and they have both come back more or

¹ Rudd numbered the pages of the exercise book continuously as he wrote. On this occasion he had not noted the number of the last page dispatched, which was in fact 67.

² H. Petersen, a trader who settled in Matabeleland in the early seventies.

less tight. I have turned in in the wagon early and am writing in bed. Maguire and Denny are playing backgammon, and Thompson and Frank are reading in bed.

ember] *Tuesday morning 25th.* I woke yesterday morning feeling much better, but did not turn up early but lay in the wagon making notes for our proposals to the King, and Maguire and Thompson sat outside under the tree.

We had arranged to have an early breakfast, then walk over and talk to Moffat and show him our scheme. Just as we were going to breakfast, Moffat and his son and an orderly rode up. They were going out to Helm's to get the post and other business. We told Moffat we wanted an important consultation with him, so he said he would remain with us an hour, and talk. After our talk he rode on, and we had breakfast. We then had a long consultation and tried to work out in order the heads of our proposals and arguments to the King. In the middle of the day we had a cup of tea and then played chess, backgammon etc., and about 5 o'clock walked over to Francis and Chapman's wagons, and then up to the King.

We found the King sitting in his kraal on an empty brandy case, with a lot of his queens next him, drinking beer. We saluted and went and sat down close to him, and told him the result of our drive, and that Tainton would not come in. The King said he heard we had broken our cart at starting, and asked if we had mended it. We asked him if he would come for a drive in our mule wagon, and that if he would he had better send and have the roads put in order. He said his men would not work at the roads. We then talked to him about the railway, and explained to him about steamers, and finally asked him if he would give us a private appointment for special business for today. He said he had a great deal of work connected with his own people today, but we could come to him on Wednesday morning early. We then said good evening and came home again. We played a few rubbers and then turned in.

September] Trade here in provisions is not very brisk. We managed to get nothing by barter yesterday, but we hope we may get some fowls, eggs and sheep today; but in ordinary stores we shall soon be very short, and they are quite unobtainable; viz. coffee, sugar, candles, blue mottle soap, meal etc. Thompson, Maguire and I are just going down for a bathe. It is now 7 a.m.; I have been writing in bed.

Wednesday 26th, Noon. Yesterday morning we were busy writing and consulting about our plans and got the thing finished as far as we could, and then went over to Sam Edwards to consult him,

but he was out, and Moffat had not yet returned from Helm's. We got through the day somehow, and in the evening went for a walk and called at young Fry's wagon. We dined about 7 off some fowls we had bought, and then went over to see Moffat and Sam Edwards. Moffat had waited for letters at Helm's, but they had not come, and he told us Helm would bring them over as soon as they arrived. We then showed our proposals to Moffat and had a long talk with him, and he entirely approved of them. We also showed them to Edwards who also thought well of them. We arranged with Edwards to meet us at the King's at 6.30 this morning and we got to bed about 11 o'clock. Frank had been down to the river with a gun but had not seen much, but saw a lot of fish in the river, so he is busy trying to manufacture fish hooks out of needles.

We were up at 6 this morning and rode up to the King's. He [26 September] was in the buck kraal when we arrived, preparing medicines, and there were some ceremonies going on with four oxen which were being driven about and stabbed with assegais. By and by Edwards arrived and the King came out, but he was covered with paint and other marks and it was quite clear that he had his hands full of work, which we found out was in connection with the impi which had been fighting beyond the Zambezi, and which had lost a good many men and required purifying etc. The King came to us and said rather brusquely that he was very busy, and that we must state our case quickly and that he could not wait, so Thompson in Sechuana had to go quickly through our various heads; the King asked one or two questions and then said that he must go, but that he would think over the matter and hear us again some other day. This was not very satisfactory, but as nobody else was allowed to see him at all it was as much as we could expect.

We then came down to the camp bringing Edwards with us. Fry had sent over some eggs which were very acceptable. We have been talking with one or two callers and consulting among ourselves ever since, and hoping that Helm will soon turn up with the letters. The worst of this life is the forced inaction and laziness which are quite unavoidable.

Thursday 27th, 9 a.m. About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon Helm turned up with Moffat at our compound, but the post had not yet arrived at Hope Fountain. We had a short talk, but just as we were going into business matters with Helm several other traders and fellows turned up and stayed the whole afternoon. About 5.30 we got on our horses and rode up with Helm towards the King's, but we decided to let Helm go in alone (having posted him as far as we could in our business) as we thought the King might not like our

bothering him. Thompson and I then rode down to the river for a bathe, and when we got back to camp we found Helm, who said the King was quite taken up with his own people, and that he had merely saluted him and come away. He stayed and dined with us and we had a long talk after dinner; then I walked over with Helm to Moffat's camp, and got back about 10 o'clock and turned in.

ember] Helm is to interview the King this morning. We have just finished breakfast. Frank has been out fishing and shooting since sunrise. Today again promises to be another idle one, which is awful.

Friday 28th, 11 a.m. After some talk etc. I walked over to Moffat's yesterday to see if Helm had been able to do anything with the King on our business. On arriving at Moffat's I was glad to find that the post had come in and that there were letters for us. I got two from F. G. R.,¹ and Thompson got several from home, and there was also a packet of newspapers for Frank and a telegram for me, which however was not of such late date as the last letter which carried up to the 31st August. While we were looking over the letters Helm returned from the King's. We were glad to hear that he had, after some difficulty, succeeded in getting an audience from the King, and had been able to go through all our affairs with him. The King had apparently viewed it more or less favourably, and had said that he would consider it and consult his people about it. We then came back to our camp and read our letters and papers.

About 4 p.m. Thompson, Maguire and I went for a bathe and then rode up to the King's, taking Frank with us, to pay our respects. We found the kraal full of people, and nearly all the white people in the locality were there, and a rum lot they looked. The King was in the buck kraal, and most of them had been waiting over an hour for him. At last Sam Edwards, who had several letters for the King by the post, sent to the King, and it became understood that the King was much taken up with his charms and 'medicine' and would not come out, so we all came away. A trader called Martin and a man named Boggie² came into our camp after dinner and kept us talking until 11 o'clock, when we turned in.

ptember] *Saturday 29th.* Yesterday morning we sent the cart off with Dreyer to Petersen's to get vegetables and eggs and some stuff for bartering purposes, and he was to call at Helm's on the way back and ask for some sugar.

¹ Rudd's wife.

² Alexander Boggie, partner in the syndicate of Boggie, Wilson and Chadwick, rival concession-seekers at Lobengula's kraal. They eventually realized they had little chance themselves and thereafter supported Rudd in his negotiations.

We heard on Thursday evening that some messengers had come in saying that the Administrator was at Tati, and Moffat came over this morning to confirm this and showed me letters from Shippard and Gould-Adams. Moffat has been to the King to see what he had to say about Shippard coming on here, and whether he would send him an invitation, but he had not been able to see the King. We had breakfast and then I went over to Moffat's camp to have some further talk with him about the Administrator. I met the missionary Rees there, who had come down not long ago from Tanganyika in Central Africa, and had some interesting conversation with him. Moffat then got a message from the King to say that he would see him, and he went up there and had a long talk with the King. As I expected, the King would not send him (Shippard) an invitation, but said he could come in if he chose. The King talked to Moffat about so many white people coming into the country, and as to how it could be avoided, and Moffat took the chance of putting in a good word for us. After Moffat had told us all that had happened, I settled down in the wagon to write to Shippard, and other letters, and finished about 5 p.m., when Maguire and I rode up to pay our respects to the King. Thompson felt a little seedy and did not come. We found the King sitting up at the entrance of the buck kraal and in a very good temper; he had most of his *indunas* (councillors) round him. Maguire and I sat down on the ground in front of him and saluted etc. He asked us about our horses etc., and we asked him about his *impis* (regiments) etc., and after being there half an hour we said good evening. We came back, had dinner, and played whist under the tree till 10 o'clock.

This morning was very cold and windy, and though we had arranged to go up and try and get a business talk with the King [29 September] early, we thought it wiser to have breakfast first.

We started for the King's about 9.30, and found many others of the white people up there; the King was in the buck kraal, but soon came out and got into his wagon and went to sleep. He had, however, ordered as much beer and grilled undercut to be given us as we could eat, and the slaves shortly brought us four dishes of beautifully grilled meat and very tender. We ate a lot and drank lots of beer and talked for a long time, when the others got tired, and by 1 o'clock all had gone away but ourselves. About 1.30 the King came out of his wagon, and after walking about a little, and having some discussion with his wives over a wooden dish of what appeared to be the backbones of fish (I suppose some charms), he came and sat down by us, and after hearing messages from one or two of his *indunas* we got the chance of a talk. In the end he said he quite

understood our proposals and that Helm had explained things to him, and that he would appoint Tuesday next for Helm to come up with us and fully discuss the matter.

Sunday 30th. We came away at 2.30 and after some talk Maguire and I started to play our games of backgammon for a tournament Maguire, Denny and I have arranged. I was awfully lucky and won seven games out of eight. Thompson, Maguire and I then went for a walk, and coming home we stopped at Moffat's and told him of our interview with the King. We then came home to dinner. It was too windy for whist outside, so Denny came into the wagon where I sleep, and we played chess till 10.30. Denny plays chess very fairly, and we are well matched.

It blew a hurricane all night and kept one awake a good deal, and this morning was cold and cloudy, so we all lay in bed till 9 o'clock. We then had breakfast, and Frank, Thompson and I went over to Moffat's service which he holds in the police tent. We came back and had a bit of bread and biltong for lunch, and are now writing. We got sugar from Helm, but today have no meat.

Tuesday 2nd, 3 p.m. Maguire, Thompson and I went for a walk on Sunday afternoon, and then a bathe, and then home to dinner and bed.

On Monday morning Maguire and I started in the cart to Helm's. It was a lovely day; we got there about 12 o'clock. There were several missionaries and others there. We stayed to lunch and started back about 4 p.m. The cart had been sent on to Petersen's to get some coffee that he had succeeded in getting for us, and some honey, etc. The Helm's were very nice to us. She is a German woman but very kind and homely. Helm returned with us at 4 p.m., and one of our mules got sick from having so many mealies. We managed to get him home, but he died soon after we arrived, which leaves us with only ten. We had bought an ox in the morning, so had plenty of meat at last. Frank also had shot some guinea-fowl. Helm dined with us and then went over to Moffat's. Maguire and I stayed up till 1 a.m. drawing up the agreements which we wish to submit to the King.

This morning we turned out early and went over to Moffat's, where we picked up Helm and went to the King; he was in the ox kraal, and when the oxen came out he went out too for a walk, but returned in about an hour and came up to us and asked us if we had come to talk. I said we had come as he had appointed, and wished to talk. He said he could not talk today, but would send and let us know when he was ready. Helm asked if he could go home. The King said no, he must stay here. We tried various excuses, saying

our mules were dying, but it was no use: the King said 'I have spoken'. Just as we were going some messengers came in with a large letter for the King. The King gave it to Helm and told him to translate and read it to him. He went on with it explaining it to the King for an hour or more. It was from Khama, who said that he had been at the Crocodile river with Shippard, and told Lobengula all that was going on there; that the filibuster Boers were organizing a raid into his country, and that Francis and Chapman were at the bottom of it, etc., etc. We stayed till the King stopped Helm, as some impi of his had arrived and brought spoil, and they came into the kraal with their loads and put them down before the King, and then danced and sang till the King sent them beer. He then went into the buck kraal, and we said good morning to him.

We had breakfast at 10.30, and then I walked a little with Helm and talked to him; then Deans¹ and another man came to our camp and talked, and since that Maguire and I have been playing tournament games at backgammon, and won six each. Denny is getting the wagons patched up, and Frank has gone out shooting. This delay in our business is much against us, as of course everyone here is working against us.

Thursday, 4th October '88, 9 a.m. Maguire's Birthday. Frank came back on Tuesday afternoon with some guinea-fowl; he had come in with a troop down the river, but it was too late to get many. He was much disappointed to hear that the King had stopped shooting because he said it kept the rain off.

Maguire and I went for a walk in the afternoon and coming home we met Helm, who had been again to the King to see if he wanted Khama's letter finished, but the King had said it was too late. Helm asked him to let him go home if he wasn't ready to talk business with us, but the King said 'No'. We had dinner and then Thompson and I went over and had a talk with Moffat and Helm, and then came home to bed.

Yesterday morning I woke with a bit of a headache. After breakfast Thompson, Maguire and I went over to see if we could find Sam Edwards, but he was out. We stayed a short time at Moffat's camp and had a talk to him and Helm, and then came home. [3 October]

Thompson went out round the various wagons to talk to people, and afterwards went up to the King's. The King had some beer and made Thompson drink a lot, and had some talk with him. Thompson finding he could not stand any more beer came away, and when he got here he was quite tight; we got him to lie

¹ A trader who arrived in the country in the seventies.

down and chaffed him tremendously. The King said Helm could not go away as he wanted to talk to us, but was not yet ready.

Helm came and had some lunch with us, and then went to the King and told him that he must go home. The King said he could go but must be back on Friday night as he wanted to talk to us on Saturday. It is a great chance if he will, and I expect we shall do nothing till Shippard has been here. He is due about Saturday afternoon. Helm came back about 4 o'clock, and we had the cart inspanned and sent Helm off home. Thompson went with him and will return with him on Friday.

The King said that Frank could go down the river and shoot as much as he liked, only we were not to fire in camp. My head got very bad yesterday afternoon and I had to lie down, but got all right after dinner. We played whist till 10 o'clock and then turned

1.

This morning Maguire and I went for a bathe, and have just had breakfast, and Francis has been here for a talk. We are going to the King's in an hour.

Friday 5th, 10 a.m. We rode to the King's yesterday morning but he was asleep in his wagon so we came away.

In the afternoon a trader named Martin and some of the *indunas* came down to our camp and we had a talk, and then Maguire went up again to the King and I went out shooting with Frank. We had a good ride and saw a lot of game (guinea-fowl etc.), but it was very wild and we only got two. Maguire had not been able to see the King. We had dinner and played whist for a time, but it was very cold so we went to bed early.

This morning we have had a bathe and are going to see the village of Bulawayo.

Saturday 6th October, 11 a.m. After breakfast yesterday we rode up to the King to ask him if we might visit the village of Bulawayo. We found him sitting in the ox kraal with all his councillors round him, and it was evident that something was up. I said we did not wish to disturb him by any talk, but had merely come to ask leave to visit Bulawayo. He asked if we had passed it by night as we came in; I said no, but we had had no time to see it. He said we might go and see it 'after the talk'. I understood him to mean after the talk about our offer to him, which was fixed for today; so Maguire and I went out of the kraal, but a messenger came at once and told us not to go away, and that the King had sent for all the white people in the place to come up and have a talk. Maguire and I walked about the kraal for some time, and at last Moffat, Francis, Chapman, Deans and others turned up, and we

were called into the ox kraal where all the councillors were (the King was not present). They began first about the boundary question¹ which has been a burning one for a long time. Moffat replied—as he always does—that the matter had been referred to the High Commissioner, and that it was 'too late' to talk about it now. One of the principal councillors, Sekombo, then commenced talking and said that Moffat kept putting them off, and that meanwhile he was getting up an impi (an expedition) and that they had seen the impi coming. We were all very puzzled as to what they could mean, and they asked us, each one, whether we did not know about it, and of course everyone said no. After a lot more talk it became evident that the only thing they could mean was the Administrator's party, who have three wagons and sixteen mounted policemen; this their messengers had magnified into fifty wagons, etc.! Moffat, I think, should have explained all about Shippard, but he simply stuck to the point of denying that there was an impi coming, and that whoever told them so told lies. They then cross-examined all the white people (there were about thirty present by this time). They told Chapman and Francis that they had shot all the game, and that there was nothing more to be got in the country. Chapman said there was gold. They asked him where? He said he wanted to look for it. They asked me what my business was: I said I had told it to the King and they could ask him, at which they pricked up their ears. They then asked me what road I had come, and whether I had seen the impi; I told them no, I had come up in thirty days from Kimberley, and there was no impi. They said our party had travelled quickly with horses and mules so as to 'take our place' when the impi arrived, and asked me why I had wanted to see Bulawayo. Then they went on with Renny-Tailyour and Boyle's party,² and after a time (and after the three leading councillors had been once or twice to consult the King) they sent us some beer, and after we had drunk they told us the *indaba* was over for the day. The men who had questioned us came up and made fun with us, so that it was impossible to make out whether the whole thing was not a mere 'try on' and a farce.

As we came down to camp we met Thompson and Helm who had just come in from Hope Fountain; we had some lunch, and then went over to have a talk with Moffat. We found that the King

¹ A dispute between Lobengula and Khama that had been going on for some time as to whether the Shashi river or the Macoute river was the boundary between their countries.

² E. R. Renny-Tailyour and F. Boyle, opposition concession-seekers, who were supported by E. A. Lippert, a wealthy German financier.

down and chaffed him tremendously. The King said Helm could not go away as he wanted to talk to us, but was not yet ready.

Helm came and had some lunch with us, and then went to the King and told him that he must go home. The King said he could go but must be back on Friday night as he wanted to talk to us on Saturday. It is a great chance if he will, and I expect we shall do nothing till Shippard has been here. He is due about Saturday afternoon. Helm came back about 4 o'clock, and we had the cart inspanned and sent Helm off home. Thompson went with him and will return with him on Friday.

The King said that Frank could go down the river and shoot as much as he liked, only we were not to fire in camp. My head got very bad yesterday afternoon and I had to lie down, but got all right after dinner. We played whist till 10 o'clock and then turned in.

[4 October] This morning Maguire and I went for a bathe, and have just had breakfast, and Francis has been here for a talk. We are going to the King's in an hour.

Friday 5th, 10 a.m. We rode to the King's yesterday morning but he was asleep in his wagon so we came away.

In the afternoon a trader named Martin and some of the *indunas* came down to our camp and we had a talk, and then Maguire went up again to the King and I went out shooting with Frank. We had a good ride and saw a lot of game (guinea-fowl etc.), but it was very wild and we only got two. Maguire had not been able to see the King. We had dinner and played whist for a time, but it was very cold so we went to bed early.

[5 October] This morning we have had a bathe and are going to see the village of Bulawayo.

Saturday 6th October, 11 a.m. After breakfast yesterday we rode up to the King to ask him if we might visit the village of Bulawayo. We found him sitting in the ox kraal with all his councillors round him, and it was evident that something was up. I said we did not wish to disturb him by any talk, but had merely come to ask leave to visit Bulawayo. He asked if we had passed it by night as we came in; I said no, but we had had no time to see it. He said we might go and see it 'after the talk'. I understood him to mean after the talk about our offer to him, which was fixed for today; so Maguire and I went out of the kraal, but a messenger came at once and told us not to go away, and that the King had sent for all the white people in the place to come up and have a talk. Maguire and I walked about the kraal for some time, and at last Moffat, Francis, Chapman, Deans and others turned up, and we

were called into the ox kraal where all the councillors were (the King was not present). They began first about the boundary question¹ which has been a burning one for a long time. Moffat replied—as he always does—that the matter had been referred to the High Commissioner, and that it was 'too late' to talk about it now. One of the principal councillors, Sekombo, then commenced talking and said that Moffat kept putting them off, and that meanwhile he was getting up an impi (an expedition) and that they had seen the impi coming. We were all very puzzled as to what they could mean, and they asked us, each one, whether we did not know about it, and of course everyone said no. After a lot more talk it became evident that the only thing they could mean was the Administrator's party, who have three wagons and sixteen mounted policemen; this their messengers had magnified into fifty wagons, etc. Moffat, I think, should have explained all about Shippard, but he simply stuck to the point of denying that there was an impi coming, and that whoever told them so told lies. They then cross-examined all the white people (there were about thirty present by this time). They told Chapman and Francis that they had shot all the game, and that there was nothing more to be got in the country. Chapman said there was gold. They asked him where? He said he wanted to look for it. They asked me what my business was: I said I had told it to the King and they could ask him, at which they pricked up their ears. They then asked me what road I had come, and whether I had seen the impi; I told them no, I had come up in thirty days from Kimberley, and there was no impi. They said our party had travelled quickly with horses and mules so as to 'take our place' when the impi arrived, and asked me why I had wanted to see Bulawayo. Then they went on with Renny-Tailyour and Boyle's party,² and after a time (and after the three leading councillors had been once or twice to consult the King) they sent us some beer, and after we had drunk they told us the *indaba* was over for the day. The men who had questioned us came up and made fun with us, so that it was impossible to make out whether the whole thing was not a mere 'try on' and a farce.

As we came down to camp we met Thompson and Helm who had just come in from Hope Fountain; we had some lunch, and then went over to have a talk with Moffat. We found that the King

¹ A dispute between Lobengula and Khama that had been going on for some time as to whether the Shashi river or the Macloutsie river was the boundary between their countries.

² E. R. Renny-Tailyour and F. Boyle, opposition concession-seekers, who were supported by E. A. Lippert, a wealthy German financier.

had (I suppose at the instigation of the council) sent out a letter to Shippard telling him that he could only come in with one wagon and five white men. This is a great pity as it is a regular insult to the Administrator, and I hardly think he will come in at all under the circumstances.

I played backgammon with Maguire and went for a walk in the evening. The weather continues cool and windy and no sign of rain yet.

- [6 October] This morning we got up and breakfasted early, and about 8.30 rode up to the King with Helm. After we had been there about an hour the King sent for Helm to say he wanted to speak with him. Helm was away about half an hour. The King told him he was very busy and was not well this morning, and did not wish to talk business; also that he had talked our matter over with his *indunas* and that they had left the matter to him. Helm asked when he would see us, as we were anxious to be returning to the Colony. He said if we would fix the day for going away he would go into business with us and settle something. Helm also explained to him about the Administrator, and told him he ought to treat both Moffat and him with more respect. We then came away, and have settled to tell the King on Monday that we intend returning to the Colony on Thursday, and get him to fix Tuesday or Wednesday for business.

Sunday 7th October '88. Thompson, Maguire and I went over to Bulawayo in the afternoon yesterday and bought some honey at Dawson's store, and ordered an ox to be sent over tomorrow as we are short of meat. In the evening I played backgammon with Maguire.

- [7 October] This morning being Sunday we got up late and went for a bathe, then had breakfast and went to church at Moffat's, and have just returned. The Kaffirs are still going on about the supposed impi, and a great number are collecting at the King's kraal and getting somewhat excited. I suppose when the Administrator comes in the whole thing will be explained.

Monday 8th, 2 p.m. We stayed in camp most of yesterday and read. In the afternoon Maguire, Thompson and I went over to Moffat, and then on to Sam Edwards and the new people, Rennie-Tailour and Boyle, and had a talk. We dined early and went to bed.

- [8 October] This morning things seem quite quiet again. Four wagons went out this morning with Francis and Chapman, Deans and others, which makes quite a clearance of white people. We have been over to have a talk with Moffat and intend going to see the King this afternoon. The weather is very hot today, and both yesterday and

today the clouds are gathering up. I hear the King is boiling roots and working all the charms he can in the buck kraal to try and coax the rain.

Moffat has sent two policemen out to Shippard today, so I took the chance of sending a telegram on the chance of its getting down before the post, and wrote a few lines to Shippard with it.

Tuesday 9th October '88. Yesterday we went to see the King about 3 p.m. We found him in a good temper and no one with him, so we had a good talk about our affairs. He discussed most of the points intelligently, and in the end said he intended to deal with us, and that he would send a man to the wagons when he was ready. We then came home. Maguire and I had a bathe, then dinner and backgammon, and then bed.

This morning we have had visits from several *indunas*, and have [9 C] been talking most of the morning. Phillips¹ also has been to see us. There was a dance at the King's kraal this morning, and some of our party went up but were too late to see it. We are off to the King's again at 3 p.m.

Wednesday 10th October, 11 a.m. We went up to the King's at 3 p.m. and found Maund² just arrived up there with Sam Edwards. We sat down for some time and the King then came out of the buck kraal and sat down near us. Maund announced his arrival and greeted the King, and shortly afterwards left. Rennie-Tailyour and his party then turned up and stayed some time, and we got no chance of talking till nearly 6 o'clock. We then told the King that another of our horses was sick and that I was very anxious to get away, etc. etc. The King replied that we had surely not understood him: that he would send to our wagons and let us know when he was ready to talk business. We then said that as the King was praying for rain we hoped he would pray for our horses also; he said 'I am not a missionary—you should go to Helm for that'. We then said good evening.

The clouds gathered up by 7 o'clock and it looked like a good rain, but ended in a fearful wind storm which lasted nearly all night, and we hardly got any sleep. I thought my wagon would have blown over every minute. The tents stood well, but one of the

¹ G. A. Phillips, trader and hunter, who settled in Matabeleland in 1864.

² Lt. E. A. Maund of the Bechuanaland Field Force. He went up to Bulawayo with Major S. H. Edwards and Lt. C. E. Haynes in 1885 to inform Lobengula of the establishment of the protectorate over Bechuanaland and to assure him of the friendship of the British Government. He was now returning to obtain a concession for the Exploring Company formed by George Cawston. After the amalgamation of interests in 1889 which led to the obtaining of the Charter he was instructed to support the Rudd concession.

[10 October] poles of Frank and Denny's got broken. This morning it is cool but windy.

A despatch rider came in from Shippard last night and brought a letter for me from Rhodes, dated Taungs, September 10th. The main post however is not in yet. Shippard is outspanned about forty-five miles from here and waiting to know whether he can come in with his whole staff, because if not he will not come in at all. Moffat has been to the King and he says 'let him come', but he won't take any special notice nor send him an 'invite'. I fear Shippard's coming may delay our matter.

We are busy doing various repairs this morning to the wagon and cart that I am taking down with me, so as to be ready for a start.

Thursday 11th October, 8 a.m. I went up to see the King yesterday afternoon and had a few words with him, but one of the regiments was at the kraal dancing, and the King therefore could not talk much. We have arranged now never to go up all three together; the King seems to be more confused and talks less when there are many present.

Maguire and I went for a bathe, and about sundown the post came in. Frank and I got all the papers you sent and I got the two weekly letters from you. Thompson also got his letters. We also got the Tuesday's telegrams. I got three (4th, 11th and 18th); the former should of course have come by last post: the last one being only twenty-two days is very quick. I feel very glad that the postal arrangements are working so well, for I really doubted whether some of the letters given boys on the road would ever reach you.

[11 October] All the repairs to the wagons and cart are now finished, and I am ready to start, and am anxious to get away on account of the moon, but I fear the King will not do anything with us till he has seen Shippard.

Frank and Denny have just started in the cart for Hope Fountain with Dreyer and William to get supplies from Petersen and call on the missionaries.

Friday 12th, 5 p.m. I have written about today in my letter, so as there is nothing particular I shall write nothing here.

[12 October] Thompson and I went to see the King this morning and had a short talk with him.

Saturday 13th October '88, 1 p.m. Thompson's Birthday. Yesterday we were busy up to dinner time writing and getting off our letters, and then had the usual bathe and dinner. Then Thompson, Denny and Frank played cards, and Maguire and I went over to Moffat's to have a talk. We turned in early and read the papers.

We find bathing in the evening about 6 o'clock makes us sleep well.

This morning we had nothing special to do, so I lay in bed and [13 C
read the papers till 8.30. Thompson is always in a hurry for his breakfast, so he had his at 7.30. Maguire and I like ours about 9.30 to 10, and then take no lunch. Maguire and I always have eggs—six each—but all the rest prefer meat, especially if we have beef. We have been pretty well supplied with meat and everything lately; the only things we never get and rather miss are milk and butter.

After breakfast Denny and I played chess for a time, and then Boggie and some *indunas* came in, so we had to talk. It is rather hot today so I hope we may get a change to rain before long. I should feel quite easy about the journey down if we had some rain.

Thompson and Maguire have just started to show themselves to the King. I am staying at home, but shall go and call on Edwards and Maund by and by.

Sunday 14th October, 10 a.m. Thompson and Maguire had an interview with the King yesterday and managed to talk business for a short time, but nothing fresh transpired. While they were away several Queens came to call on us, and Denny and I had to entertain them; Charlie interpreted for us. They are very amusing and full of jokes, and seem to admire Denny very much. Afterwards Maguire and I went over and called on Maund; his camp was crowded with people as he has brought up wagon loads of stores and goods, and was giving away presents and liquor. Phillips, Edwards and others were there.

We came back, all went for a bathe, and then dinner. In the evening Moffat came over and talked till bed time.

This morning I read in bed till 9 o'clock, and we have just had [14 O
breakfast. Frank, Denny, Dreyer and Charlie are going up to visit the King, as they have not seen him yet. It is pretty hot today.

Monday 15th, 7 a.m. Two months from Kimberley today. The boys and Dreyer had a long visit to the King yesterday: the King asked them why they had not been up before. We had told Charlie to say they were 'attendants' and had their work to do every day, but being Sunday they were out for a holiday. The King had two of the principal regiments at the kraal—the Imbezu and Bulawayo—and they were being drilled, and dancing, so the boys had a chance of seeing it all, which was lucky.

Maguire, Thompson and I stayed at home all the morning, but went for a walk down the river in the afternoon. No news of Shippard yet, which is very annoying: I shall lose the moon for my

journey down. Towards evening the sky clouded over and we had a very little rain. We all turned in early and read.

[15 October] This morning is a cool, cloudy day and we are all up early. Thompson and Frank are making a collection of assegais and curios, and bargaining for things with beads, etc.

Tuesday 16th October, 10 a.m. Denny and I played chess yesterday morning for a bit, and then Dunne and Count Schweinitz, who have been shooting in the interior, turned up and came over to our camp and had a long talk. After they had gone we heard the crack of whips, and found that Shippard was at last arriving. Maguire, Thompson and I walked over and shook hands with him and he then went on to camp out somewhere near Moffat's.

About 3 o'clock I walked over and had a long talk with Shippard. He had had a miserable journey, and the Kafirs had been so cheeky on the road that it was with great difficulty he could keep the peace between them and his men. Moffat and Goold-Adams had gone up to the King to arrange for a meeting for Shippard; I returned to camp, and Thompson and I went for a bathe, and then Thompson and Maguire went to dine with Dunne and Schweinitz. I had a slight headache, so stayed at home. Thompson and Maguire returned early, and about 10 o'clock one of the police came over with a letter for me from Rhodes which had come up in a packet of papers for Moffat. I walked over to Moffat's to arrange about sending out for Helm to come in and interpret, and came home about 10.30 and turned in.

[16 October] It blew very hard all night and is blowing this morning, but a fine fresh wind; but no sign of rain. We got up late and have just finished breakfast, etc. We have bought and killed an ox this morning, as we were short of meat.

Wednesday 17th, 8 a.m. Yesterday was an idle day—the usual visitors, *indunas* and others, and chess and backgammon. Maguire and Thompson went over and made a formal call on the Administrator in the morning, and Maguire and I went and had a long talk with him in the afternoon.

The South East wind continues, and in the evening it is very cold, so we turn in early. All signs of rain have passed away again, and the weather is windy and fresh. Things seem to have settled down a bit, and everything is quite quiet.

[17 October] I have a letter from Helm asking me to send the cart to meet him at Bulawayo. I have just got a message from Goold-Adams to say the Administrator is ill this morning, which is a pity. Frank and Thompson are just starting on a shooting expedition.

Thursday 18th, 8 a.m. Yesterday morning the cart went to



Left to right: The Revs. D Carnegie, C. D Helm, J S. Moffat, H H Sir Sidney Shippard, Major H. Goold-Adams

Bulawayo for Helm and returned about 9 o'clock with Helm and Carnegie, who breakfasted with Maguire and me, and then I walked over with them to the Administrator. We found the Bishop¹ there, just arrived from the interior. The Administrator was better—a slight touch of fever—and he came into the large marquee tent and we all had a talk together with Moffat and Goold-Adams. Then the Administrator went to lie down again, the missionaries and Bishop went to Moffat's, and Goold-Adams and I went to inspect some oxen for which the Administrator was anxious to barter. About noon I returned to camp and at 1 o'clock Thompson, Maguire and I went up to see the King. After waiting an hour the King woke up and came and sat by us, and we had a most friendly talk; he also talked a very little business and told us that he was going to deal with us, but first wanted to make further enquiries. He then had a lot of oxen driven up and selected one himself to send down to the Administrator. He gave us some beer, and we then came away. Afterwards one of the chief men of influence, a witch doctor, came and spoke to us, and we asked him down to our camp. He came down with some others and we made him a present of a rifle, with which he was tremendously pleased.

I then went over again to inquire after the Administrator, and stayed there talking to Goold-Adams until it was time for a bathe. We dined at 7, and turned in early as it was too windy for any games.

This morning an orderly came over and said that the Administrator was better, and brought us a piece of the King's ox. I fear [18 Oct today will be an idle one; I only hope the King will arrange to see the Administrator, as we fancy our business hangs much on this interview.

Weather windy, but pleasant enough.

Friday 19th October '88, 11 a.m. I spent yesterday morning talking to the Administrator, Helm and Moffat, and came back to our camp to have some lunch and start Thompson off to the King. Thompson returned about 4 o'clock; he had had a few words with the King, but there was a trial going on and the King told Thompson he could stay and hear it if he liked. After the trial the King sent down to the Administrator to tell him he would be glad to see him, so Helm, Moffat, the Bishop, Goold-Adams and the Administrator went up and had a talk.² The King received the Administrator very graciously and said he was very glad to see him, and that his 'heart was white', but they were too late to finish the talk and so put it off till next day.

¹ Bishop Knight-Bruce.

² See the entry for 18 October in Knight-Bruce's diary.

[19 October] We dined as usual and went over to see the Administrator after dinner; he is still seedy more or less. Went to bed at 10 o'clock.

This morning news came down that one of the King's children is dead, so he will not see anyone: this is an awful nuisance. Thompson has gone off to Hope Fountain with Carnegie in one of our wagons, and we are idle perforce for a couple of days. Weather still looks very dry. Maguire and I have been having a talk with Goold-Adams.

Saturday 20th October '88. Yesterday afternoon I played chess with Denny, and the Administrator sent over to ask me to lend him mules for his wagon as the King had sent down to ask him to come up and to bring his wagon and all his policemen with him, so that he could see them. I sent my men out to fetch the mules, and walked over to the Administrator to tell him they would be some time. I found them all in a great hurry, and as they had their oxen ready I advised them to span in, as the harness, etc., would have to be all altered for the mules. So they spanned in and off they went. The Administrator asked me to come with him, but I told him I thought it was better not. They had a long interview, and did not get back till 7 o'clock. The King was very friendly and gracious, examined the wagon and let Goold-Adams put all the police through their drill, etc., and then they had a long talk on the Transvaal complication with Khama, and the Grobbelaar incident. They then made an appointment to meet again this morning at 6.30.

We dined at 6.30, but Frank had gone out shooting, and as he did not turn up at 7.30 I got anxious. Then our boys came from the river and said they heard a shot and the kafirs shouting, so Maguire and I at once started off with William and George, and went up the river and hunted all about where Frank sometimes goes; we went to a kraal and enquired, and at last gave up and came back at 9 o'clock. There we found Frank, who had stayed out till 8 to try and shoot a guinea-fowl roosting. I gave him a scolding and shall keep him in now till we start. Maguire and I then went to see Helm and Moffat, and we all went over to the Administrator and had a long talk, and [20 October] came back and got to bed at 11.30.

This morning I woke with a headache and lay in bed, but it went off, and I have had a good breakfast and am going over to hear the result of this morning's interview, as they have just come down from the King.

Thompson has not returned from Hope Fountain yet. Weather still the same.

Sunday 21st, 9 p.m. Maguire and I went over to the Admini-

strator's and found that he had had a most satisfactory interview with the King, and that almost all political matters had been talked out in a most friendly spirit, and that they were going up again in the afternoon to drill the policemen before the King. As Helm was here I thought it best to take the opportunity of telling the King that I was now ready to start, and that he must go on with our matter if he meant business.

We all went up with Helm about 3 o'clock and had a talk with some of the *indunas*, and about 3.30 the King came out and we got talking. I told him I wanted to leave on Monday and wished he would say whether he would do business with us or not, and if not whether he would 'give me the road'. He said he had told us to wait; I said that my affairs down below were all going wrong in my absence; he replied that his affairs were all going wrong up here. I said that we should both be in better circumstances if he did business with us; he laughed and said we could come and talk on Monday. The Administrator and the police then turned up and had drill etc., and we all went and sat outside on the veld and looked on. The King got one of the Administrator's light chairs, and got it stuck sideways up on a big ant heap, so as to see well, and we were all in mortal fright he would tumble down; however, all went well, and everyone was pleased. Then we all came away, and Maguire and I went to dine with the Administrator and talked till 10 p.m.

This morning being Sunday we got up late. Frank and I went [21 Oct to church in the big Government marquee. Moffat conducted the service—there were about thirty whites present. Thompson and Maguire had to stay and interview some of the principal *indunas* who came to our camp.

In the afternoon Maguire and I went to call on Maund and others. We had dinner early and I am now in bed. Helm went away on Saturday night, but returns early tomorrow to go with me to the King. The Administrator is to take leave of the King tomorrow afternoon, and leaves on Tuesday.

Wednesday morning 24th October '88, 9 a.m. I have not written for three days as I have been very busy. On Monday Helm came [22 Oct back, and we went up to see the King at 10 a.m. We found him on his wagon box; he said he was grieved about the death of his child and could not have a meeting with his people on our affair that day. However, he consented to go over our draft of the proposed concession which we had written out, and we had a talk for an hour or more over some of the clauses. We then came away.

In the afternoon the Administrator went up and had a most friendly leave-taking of the King. In the evening we were busy

THE CONCESSION JOURNEY

getting the wagon and Frank and Denny ready to start, as they were to go on with the Administrator at 5 on Tuesday morning.

- [23 October] I got up in the morning and got them off punctually, and said good-bye to the Administrator. They are to go to the Macloutsie and wait for me there. I go on in the cart with Dreyer, and shall travel much faster than they will.

In the afternoon Moffat went up to finish off his business with the King, and then we went in with Helm. We got a good talk with the King, but he had not yet spoken to his people. He is a terrible fellow to keep putting off. We told him my wagon had gone on and that I must go without fail this week, and that Helm must go home also. He said now he was finished with Shippard and Moffat he would have time for our business, and that is all we could get out of

- [24 October] him. It will be useless seeing him today unless he sends for us. I must leave on Saturday anyway.

Thursday 25th, 1 p.m. A wretched day yesterday. Nothing to be done but sit about camp. The post came in, but I got no letters or papers as I had stopped them at Tati. Moffat went up to see the King in the afternoon, but did not finish his business, so is going up again today.

- [25 October] There seems to be no way of pushing the King on. Today promises to be no better than yesterday. Weather windy and dry, but fairly cool. A large wolf paid our camp a visit last night, but I could not get a shot at him.

Friday 26th, 8 a.m. Yesterday passed without anything special to note. Moffat had his last Government interview with the King, and completed his business in a friendly and satisfactory manner.

- [26 October] I shall go and ask the King for the road today because I cannot stay any longer, and if he means business he will, I suppose, complete our agreement.

Saturday 27th October, 8 a.m. Helm went and saw the King yesterday and told him he must go home to Hope Fountain to get the post away, etc., and said if the King would see us this morning he would stay till today, but if not he should go on with Moffat who left yesterday. The King simply said 'Stay'; so he ought to send for us this morning, but so far we have [heard] nothing. If he does not send by 10 o'clock Helm will go up again to tell him he is actually going away, and I think I shall also go up with him and ask him for the road.

- [27 October]

Monday 29th October '88, 8 a.m. On Saturday Thompson had an interview with the King in the afternoon. When Helm went up in the morning the King again put him off till Monday.

Thompson talked the business over with the King, and he was friendly, but Thompson could get nothing definite out of him.

On Sunday we had a persistent stream of visitors, *indunas* and [28 C others, and we could do nothing but talk all day. It was one of the most miserable days I have ever spent as, of course, all the talking would do no good, and there was the continual strain to be civil.

The weather has changed somewhat, and rain threatens every day. We are now waiting for Helm to arrive. The King has given [29 O me leave to go tomorrow, and a boy to go with me.

Wednesday 31st, Noon. Early on Monday afternoon the King sent down for us to come up at once. We rode up and found all the *indunas* with him, and they had been having a long talk over our affair. After sitting in the kraal a short time we were told to go with the *indunas* outside, and we all sat down under a tree for an *indaba*. Helm sat in the middle to interpret. First one asked questions, then another—some of them pretty sensible and some stupid. I forgot to say that first of all Helm went twice carefully through our draft concession and explained every point to them. I answered the various questions, but there was little argument kept up, as they appeared to be asking the questions as a mere matter of form and hardly to wait for an answer, as if their minds were pretty well made up. After an hour or two of this talk the four *indunas* who were specially told off for the business got up and told Helm to come with them to the King to report all that had passed. We sat and talked to the others as best we could for an hour or more, and then the others came back and said that the King was busy in the buck kraal and they could not see him, and that the *indaba* was put off till the morning. My impression that night was that the thing would go through.

We went up at 6.30 the next morning and found all the kraal [30 Oct gates closed up, and were told that the King had some special medicine business on. After waiting an hour the four special *indunas* came to us and told us to come and go on with the *indaba*. We went round to the back of the kraal where there were soon over one hundred of the headmen, etc. Some of the *indunas* had evidently seen the King as they began a lot of new questions, and especially as to *where* we wanted to mine. We told them we wanted the whole country. They said 'No, take the part this side of Tati, you have seen that'. I said 'No, we must have Mashonaland, and right up to the Zambezi as well—in fact, the whole country'. They said 'Where is Mashonaland, and where is the Zambezi?' One old chap pointed south and said 'The Zambezi must be there'. They kept on saying we must take the piece of country next to Tati; I asked them how much the Tati Concession paid them and how

much we offered, and how much gold Tati had produced in fifteen years. They said they would again go and take our words to the King. After half an hour they came back and said that the King did not know what we meant by 'Mashonaland and the Zambezi': when we talked like this we went beyond their power of understanding and confused them. I said 'Very well then, it's all over,' and jumped up, and so did Thompson. They said '*No, sit down again. The King told us that he had not got all our word, but that Thompson had said something in Sechuana which was important but which they were too stupid to understand. Only Lotje¹ understood and had told the King.*' (Lotje is one of the principal advisers of the King who has worked much in our interests.) They said they must go back again to the King. They had of course now shown their hand, so I said 'No, you shall not go back as you don't understand Sechuana. Let Thompson and Lotje go to the King alone, as the King understands Sechuana.' To this they agreed, and after Thompson and Lotje had been away fifteen minutes, Thompson sent for me to say the King would sign the concession, and to send it in at once. Of course it was absolutely necessary to have witnesses, and for Maguire and me to be present, so at last we all went in and found the old King on a brandy case in a corner of the buck kraal. He said good morning very good-temperedly, but appeared much hustled and anxious. To cut a long story short, he absolutely declined to sign for half an hour, saying that he never signed his name. I had almost made up my mind to try the clearing out business again, when he suddenly said 'Hellem lete lapa' (Helm give it me), and there and then he signed it. He would not allow his *indunas* to sign it, saying that there was no necessity as they had all discussed it and agreed, and as Helm said that there was no necessity and that the whole thing had been conducted most constitutionally, we did not press the matter.

I then told the King that I said good-bye and was off to send the guns. He took my hand and held it some time and said 'Are you really off so soon, and when will you come back?' I told him I or my big brother (Rhodes) would be back by March with the guns. He then asked me how I was going down and a lot of other questions, and kept me half an hour while he arranged for one of his boys to go with me the first fifty miles and see I got all I wanted.

A great deal of course passed at the *indaba* that I cannot put down, the most noteworthy being that Thompson and I, after they showed weakness, explained fully to them their own position and pointed out how they must be driven out of their country if they

¹ Afterwards executed for the part he played in influencing Lobengula.

again to H. King - they had of course now shown
 them how so I said as you shall not go back
 as go. don't undertake Lechuana. Let Tadoch
 go to the King alone as the King understands
 Lechuana - to this they agreed. after I had
 been away 15 minutes I sent for me to say the
 King wd sign the concession & to send it in & one
 of course it was absolutely necessary to have
 witnesses & for me I to be present so at last
 we all went in and found the old King in a
 brandy case in a corner of the back bench, he
 said good morning very, good temperdly but appeared
 much hesitated & anxious - to cut a long story sh.
 he absolutely declined to sign for half an hour say
 that a promise was all he wd give but that all
 he meant, signed his name that almost made
 up my mind to try the clearing out business again
 when he suddenly said to H. King - "Hakem lele kapu"
 "Hakem lele kapu" there & then he signed it, he
 did not allow his Padunas to sign it saying

did not get friends and arms in to help them, and this many of them seemed to understand and looked very serious over.

We then got back to our camp about noon, and after settling a lot of business I got away with Dreyer and the King's boy at 4 p.m., and slept last night eighteen miles on the road. This morning at 7 I passed Moffat and am now fifty miles, and am going to send the King's boy back with a letter thanking him. [31 Octol]

[III HOMEWARD BOUND]

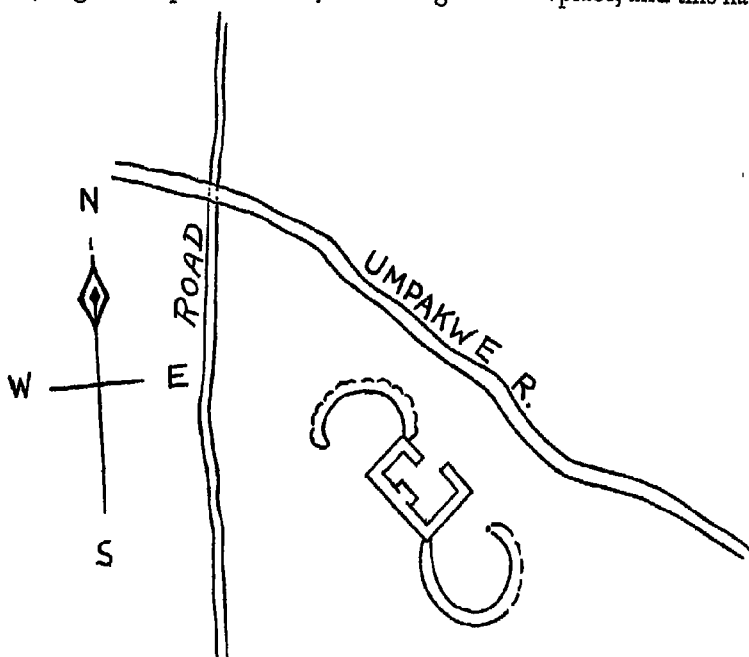
My last writing was fifty miles from the King's by a stream of water and under a large tree among granite hills about three miles north of Manyami's. I rested here for four hours, as I had ridden old Bob the whole way, leaving Dreyer and the King's boy on the cart.

At 4 p.m. we spanned in and started, and in half an hour were abreast of Manyami's, which is a mile to the right of the road. We soon met some natives, and after a talk I resolved to let the King's boy go, as we were through the worst of the kraals and I was very tired of riding. I wrote a note back to the King saying I was all right, and gave the boy a lot of small presents and then pushed on in the cool of the evening, passing Mangwe about 6 and outspanning for the night a mile or so to the south of it. One of the mules and old Bob seemed tired and seedy. I had a capital bathe in the stream and some grub and turned in.

Started again at 5 next morning, and after two and a half hours drive through bush and granite rock and fine scenery arrived at the lovely valley among the mountains called Makobies; here I took the mules to water while Dreyer got some breakfast ready. The weather very hot—sun scorching at 8 a.m. [1 Noveml]

Left again at 9.30, and drove through hills and very bad road to the low country, reaching Umpakwe river at 12.15. Heat terrible here. I went down to the river half a mile to examine the old ruins, apparently old smelting furnaces and a kind of fortress; the building is almost entirely of roughly dressed blocks of granite, rectangular in shape, and about the size of an ordinary brick. The buildings are mostly circular with walls some 2 to 2½ feet thick; the small blocks of granite are built very neatly on one another, inside and outside, but no cement or mortar is used; the centre of the walls is filled in with loose rubble apparently, or else with softer stone which has become decomposed. There are two wings in the form of towers, but the walls are not now more than four or five feet high.

In the middle, between the two circular buildings, is a square building with a place built in, something like a fireplace, and this has



evidently been used as a smelting room, as through a hole, purposely left through and under the wall, there is slag and all the ordinary appearances of foundry work. What struck one most was that there was no appearance of great age about the stones, although in this hot climate the surface of all granite seems to keep very clear of lichens or other vegetation, and it would take thousands of years for the weather to have any effect on such stones. The stone is of the ordinary rock of the neighbourhood, which, however, exists only in enormous masses, and though I searched for some distance around I could find no small pieces, nor did it seem that the buildings had ever been of any great height, as there was very little waste material lying about. The idea given is of a place in the middle for valuables with forts on either side for defensive purposes. The blocks of stone have the appearance of being shaped with other pieces of stone, or a hammer, but have no signs of chisel marks, and are very rough, though wonderfully true in rectangular shape.

We got spanned in and left Umpakwe at 3.30, and after a very hot drive reached the Ramaquabane at 5.20. I shot a couple of pheasants for food, but fired at nothing except for this purpose.

Spanned out at the river merely to give the mules water and a roll. Water very scarce—a small hole, dug in the loose sand of the river, which the mules trod in as they drank.

Left again at 5.50, and outspanned for the night at 6.50, without water. Had to gather lots of wood and make large fires for fear of lions. Began to feel done up with the bumping of the cart and exposure to the sun, and also what with preparing food and looking after the mules, one got no chance of rest; even at night the fires had to be kept up and the mules looked after.

Got off at 5 a.m. next day, 2nd, and drove through bush and [2 Novem
uninteresting country till we reached Tati settlement at 6.30. Tati consists of about five buildings, raw brick and thatch. It is the headquarters of the Tati Concession Company, who hold mining lease of some fifteen hundred square miles of country, from the Shashi on the south to the Ramaquabane on the north. De Maffy,¹ a Swiss engineer, was resident there inspecting the reefs. The Company have a store in charge of Hitchcock, and old Hall¹ who has been resident there for seventeen years. It is a very hot low lying place on the banks of the Tati river, which is an immense sandy drain, some two hundred yards wide, which only carries water in thunderstorms and the middle of the wet season. Nearly everyone had been ill with fever. Hitchcock was still very bad and De Maffy quite doubled up with rheumatism in hands and arms. Dreyer and I outspanned and went up to the store where old Hall received us most cordially, and asked us to breakfast. I got several letters and some papers. Hall gave us a splendid breakfast; I have never enjoyed any meal more in my life. I heard that Shippard, Frank and Denny had stayed there a day and gone on. They had got my wagon repaired and had got eight oxen from a man named Taylor, so they were well set up.

I laid in a few provisions and started again about 11 a.m., reaching Shashi river (six miles) at noon; here I found Knight-Bruce (Bishop of Bloemfontein) outspanned; his oxen were much knocked up, and he was travelling very slowly, having sheep and lots of supplies with him. I outspanned on the south side of the Shashi, which is a dry river like the Tati, but we managed to get a little water for our mules by digging. I then went and had an hour's talk with Knight-Bruce at his wagon.

Got off again at 4 p.m. and after a long tiresome drive over very bad road and flat country reached Macloutsie river (twenty-one miles) at 7 p.m.

Here on the south side I found Denny and Frank camped; it was

¹ See page 176 and note.

getting dark and they had not got their mules in, so we all had to turn out and look for them. We at last got three mules, but the rest with Frank's pony did not turn up, and we were anxious as it is a great place for lions. Some of the wagons of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company were camped here also, as also Wood and Pauling,¹ who were in charge of the Administrator's police; also Dunne who had been hunting in the interior with Count Schweinitz. The Macloutsie is the northern boundary of Bechuanaland (Khama's country). I got some grub and turned in early.

[3 November] Got up at 4 a.m., gave Frank and Denny instructions, sorted provisions and got started at 5 a.m. The lost mules and horses walked into camp just as I started. The Macloutsie is a similar dry river to the Tati and Shashi, but water is more plentiful by digging.

About four miles from Macloutsie crossed another large dry river, and ten miles further on the Letlakane. Soon after crossing this I sighted some of the hangers-on² of the Administrator's staff, and gradually came up with his heavy wagons, which I passed; I later on came up with his wagon, and took a chance of a broad piece of sandy road to whip up the mules and pass them. Goold-Adams caught sight of me, and both he and Shippard gave me a hearty shout of welcome and called out to me to come into the wagon, which I did. They were delighted to hear that I had been successful in getting the concession; poor Shippard looked very knocked up, but Goold-Adams is as hard as nails and always jolly. After driving with them for half an hour I rejoined my own cart, as the mules had been three and a half hours in harness, and I was anxious to get them to water before Shippard's oxen got there and drank it up. I reached it (Mahonane kop) at 9 a.m.; the sun being already awful. I was glad to find plenty of water for Bob and the mules, and I managed to get a bit of a wash myself, but the water was quite thick and only dug out in holes in the ground. I then got a little food, but it was too hot to eat, and about 10 all the Administrator's wagons turned up. Goold-Adams got a proper camp made with double awning, and after they had had breakfast I went over and sat with them, and about 1 o'clock we had a champagne lunch in honour of the occasion. This was the hottest day I ever felt, the thermometer standing at 112° in the coolest place we could find.

¹ J. G. Wood and H. Pauling, of the Wood, Francis and Chapman Syndicate, who were being conducted out of Matabeleland by Shippard at the request of Lobengula. Khama had been informed that they were passing through his territory on the Administrator's guarantee. (*Blue Book C-5918*, p. 128.)

² Fifteen Zambezi natives and two Matabele on their way to seek work at Kimberley asked to be allowed to follow Shippard's party (*Blue Book C-5918*, pp. 126 and 128).

Shippard's oxen could only get water gradually as it drained into the holes as the men dug.

I saw there was no further chance of any more water for my mules, so resolved to push on as soon as I could, but it was too scorching to start before 6 p.m. I had some chance of water ten miles further on but then none for forty miles, so I felt a little anxious. I reached Maratele *laagte* at 7.30, and there was a chance of water some three miles from the road, but it was difficult work as it was through bush and it was already dark. I resolved to stay on the road by the cart, and Dreyer rode Bob and drove the mules to where the water was supposed to be; I waited for over two hours and then began to get anxious, so got some wood and lit a fire. As there was plenty of dry wood I made an enormous fire, and also kept firing my gun every five minutes. At last, at 11.30, to my great relief Dreyer turned up; he had missed the water but fallen in with some natives who had taken him to it, but it had taken him a very long time to drive the mules back through the bush in the dark, and had it not been for my fire and gun, he would never have found the cart.

We spanned in at midnight, and it came on cloudy and a sand-storm with a few drops of rain. I rode Bob in front to try and keep on the road, but we got off the track continually, and did very little good till the weather cleared. We reached the Seruli (dry river) about 2 a.m., and went on till 3 a.m. when we outspanned. It was a little anxious work riding alone in the dark, as it is a great place for lions, and one could hear the jackals and hyenas crying. Both Dreyer and myself and the animals were all very weary, but we could not afford more than an hour or two for rest. [4 Nove

After sleeping by the side of the track started again at 6 a.m. A long drive over a fair road brought us to Palapye at 9 a.m.; here we found the water quite dried up, and the poor mules kept hunting for it and scratching where they had drunk before as they came up (the water at the last place, Maratele, had been in deep holes and only three of the mules had been able to get any, so old Bob and the other three had had none for twenty-four hours). At Palapye we found a board stating that there was water seven miles to the south and describing the locality. Dreyer and I made a kettle of tea with the last of our water, and gave old Bob a cup full of dirty stuff at the bottom of the *vatje*,¹ and then tried to drive the mules cross-country to the water, but we soon found this was hopeless as they would not leave the place they had drunk at before. I therefore concluded that the only thing to do was to try and push on eighteen miles to Limone pan where there was lots of water when we came up.

¹ Small barrel.

getting dark and they had not got their mules in, so we all had to turn out and look for them. We at last got three mules, but the rest with Frank's pony did not turn up, and we were anxious as it is a great place for lions. Some of the wagons of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company were camped here also, as also Wood and Pauling,¹ who were in charge of the Administrator's police; also Dunne who had been hunting in the interior with Count Schweinitz. The Macloutsie is the northern boundary of Bechuanaland (Khama's country). I got some grub and turned in early.

[3 November] Got up at 4 a.m., gave Frank and Denny instructions, sorted provisions and got started at 5 a.m. The lost mules and horses walked into camp just as I started. The Macloutsie is a similar dry river to the Tati and Shashi, but water is more plentiful by digging.

About four miles from Macloutsie crossed another large dry river, and ten miles further on the Letlakane. Soon after crossing this I sighted some of the hangers-on² of the Administrator's staff, and gradually came up with his heavy wagons, which I passed; I later on came up with his wagon, and took a chance of a broad piece of sandy road to whip up the mules and pass them. Goold-Adams caught sight of me, and both he and Shippard gave me a hearty shout of welcome and called out to me to come into the wagon, which I did. They were delighted to hear that I had been successful in getting the concession; poor Shippard looked very knocked up, but Goold-Adams is as hard as nails and always jolly. After driving with them for half an hour I rejoined my own cart, as the mules had been three and a half hours in harness, and I was anxious to get them to water before Shippard's oxen got there and drank it up. I reached it (Mahonane kop) at 9 a.m.; the sun being already awful. I was glad to find plenty of water for Bob and the mules, and I managed to get a bit of a wash myself, but the water was quite thick and only dug out in holes in the ground. I then got a little food, but it was too hot to eat, and about 10 all the Administrator's wagons turned up. Goold-Adams got a proper camp made with double awning, and after they had had breakfast I went over and sat with them, and about 1 o'clock we had a champagne lunch in honour of the occasion. This was the hottest day I ever felt, the thermometer standing at 112° in the coolest place we could find.

¹ J. G. Wood and H. Pauling, of the Wood, Francis and Chapman Syndicate, who were being conducted out of Matabeleland by Shippard at the request of Lobengula. Khama had been informed that they were passing through his territory on the Administrator's guarantee. (*Blue Book C-5918*, p. 128.)

² Fifteen Zambesi natives and two Matabele on their way to seek work at Kimberley asked to be allowed to follow Shippard's party (*Blue Book C-5918*, pp. 126 and 128).

Shippard's oxen could only get water gradually as it drained into the holes as the men dug.

I saw there was no further chance of any more water for my mules, so resolved to push on as soon as I could, but it was too scorching to start before 6 p.m. I had some chance of water ten miles further on but then none for forty miles, so I felt a little anxious. I reached Maratele *laagte* at 7.30, and there was a chance of water some three miles from the road, but it was difficult work as it was through bush and it was already dark. I resolved to stay on the road by the cart, and Dreyer rode Bob and drove the mules to where the water was supposed to be; I waited for over two hours and then began to get anxious, so got some wood and lit a fire. As there was plenty of dry wood I made an enormous fire, and also kept firing my gun every five minutes. At last, at 11.30, to my great relief Dreyer turned up; he had missed the water but fallen in with some natives who had taken him to it, but it had taken him a very long time to drive the mules back through the bush in the dark, and had it not been for my fire and gun, he would never have found the cart.

We spanned at midnight, and it came on cloudy and a sand-storm with a few drops of rain. I rode Bob in front to try and keep on the road, but we got off the track continually, and did very little good till the weather cleared. We reached the Seruli (dry river) about 2 a.m., and went on till 3 a.m. when we outspanned. It was a little anxious work riding alone in the dark, as it is a great place for lions, and one could hear the jackals and hyenas crying. Both Dreyer and myself and the animals were all very weary, but we could not afford more than an hour or two for rest. [4 November]

After sleeping by the side of the track started again at 6 a.m. A long drive over a fair road brought us to Palapye at 9 a.m.; here we found the water quite dried up, and the poor mules kept hunting for it and scratching where they had drunk before as they came up (the water at the last place, Maratele, had been in deep holes and only three of the mules had been able to get any, so old Bob and the other three had had none for twenty-four hours). At Palapye we found a board stating that there was water seven miles to the south and describing the locality. Dreyer and I made a kettle of tea with the last of our water, and gave old Bob a cup full of dirty stuff at the bottom of the *vafje*,¹ and then tried to drive the mules cross-country to the water, but we soon found this was hopeless as they would not leave the place they had drunk at before. I therefore concluded that the only thing to do was to try and push on eighteen miles to Limone pan where there was lots of water when we came up.

¹ Small barrel.

We started at 10.30 and had a scorching drive of four hours, Dreyer working the whip and reins, and I walking or running alongside, urging on the mules. Arriving at Limone at 2.30 my heart sank within me when I found the pan quite dry. We of course outspanned and let the poor mules go and hunt for water among the dry reeds. We then found a piece of paper stuck on a thorn tree saying there was water two miles to the south-east, and signed by Fry, who had passed that way with natives ten days before.

We decided to try and drive the mules in hopes of finding the water; the mules, however, were most loath to leave the dry pan, and it took us an hour to drive them about a mile, and Dreyer and I began to feel done and stupid. At last we seemed to miss our bearings in the bush, and seeing no signs of water resolved to go back to the cart; we got wrong in our direction, and after walking for another hour found ourselves on the road we had come with the cart, and some two miles from the pan. I had been afraid we were lost altogether, and was glad to see the road, though I was dead beat and quite out of heart. Dreyer sat in the road and could not come on, but the mules kept on the road and got back to the cart in about an hour, at 5.30 p.m. Dreyer turned up half an hour after, and we divided a pint of champagne which Goold-Adams had given me.

We both lay prostrate for some time, and then tried to consult as to what was best to be done. Dreyer was for trying to push on ten miles to another pan where there had been plenty of water as we came up, but I was against this, as if we found no water left there it was certain death, and I preferred to try to get back to Palapye, where we knew for certain there was water seven miles from the road. It, however, seemed almost equally hopeless, except that I had some idea that the Administrator might send on some of his party to explore, and they might fall in with us. We had a flask of brandy and bottle of stout left. We lay till nearly dark, utterly exhausted, then I managed to get the specie (£3,000) which I had in bags in the cart, and drop it into an ant-bear hole.¹ I then wrote to the Administrator telling him where it was, etc., and I wrote to my wife telling her that we seemed to have no chance of escape and that I might not have strength to write later on. The mules and old Bob seemed to realize the situation, and were standing all round us licking the ground and wheels of the cart. I managed to put the saddle on Bob, and tied my pillow, a pot of Liebig, a biscuit and the bottle of stout in a bag, and we tied some rugs and put one

¹ According to Knight-Bruce, Rudd's papers, including the concession, were also placed in the hole. See the entry for 12 November in his journal and his note on the matter.

of the spare bridles on the best of the mules. I then helped Dreyer on to the mule and got on Bob myself, and we started back at 7.30 p.m. The mule had not been ridden before and was very restive, and eventually threw Dreyer; I got off to help, and then we could neither of us get on again, so lay down for an hour. It was then cooler, and we took a mouthful of stout and managed to mount again. We went on walking very slowly for an hour, when the mule again threw Dreyer and hurt his leg, and we again lay down for an hour, having made about four miles altogether. The horse and mule stood beside us and we had difficulty to prevent them treading on us. I gave Dreyer more stout and urged him to try and come on, but he was quite done, and had been drinking the brandy which made him quite stupid. After doing all I could to rouse him, I concluded it was the only chance left to try and push on and send back help, so got Dreyer under a tree, tied the mule up and managed to get on Bob again, but he would not at first leave the mule and I had to get off and get a stick and beat him. I tried to lead him, but could not walk more than a few yards. At last I succeeded in getting him off, and when once started he seemed to go better, and the night was cool; but I was suffering from a terrible thundering in my ears with every breath I drew, and my tongue was so swollen I could neither speak nor try to swallow. I had about a wineglass of stout left, and kept on with this for about two hours, walking slowly.

I then about midnight crossed the dry bed of the Lotsani river, ten miles from Limone and eight from Palapye. Bob would not leave this for a long time as he seemed to think there was a chance of water, and, after fighting with him and about five hundred yards after crossing, he swayed about and came down. I fell, but was not much hurt and lay in a sort of stupor for two hours or so, when I woke in great pain and found that Bob had rolled over and struck my leg with his hoof and cut the shin to the bone (I had lost half the leg of my trousers and my hat in the bush previously). I tied my handkerchief round it and lay looking up at the stars, when all of a sudden I thought I heard a dog bark, and looking round I thought I saw a flickering light reflected on a big tree half a mile off. Bob also heard the bark and looked up, and just afterwards the flicker was quite plain. I got up and gave Bob a blow with the stick, and he got up also. I could not call out nor mount him, but crawled towards the light. Before we had got fifty yards the dogs had got our scent, and two or three were barking and running towards us. I kept them off as best I could, and after a time two natives followed the dogs and found us. They carried me to a small camp made of branches, where there were some five or six of them, and poured water into my

[5 November]

ears and rubbed my face with water, then gave me some to drink (they had a small mud hole dug out in the bed of the Lotsani river). I very soon came round and drank a whole calabash of water, which, however, at once made me very sick. I then explained to them as best I could, as I knew little or no Sechuana, that another man was left on the road some way back. They soon understood and two of them started off with some water, and within two hours brought in Dreyer and the mule; another of them took old Bob to the water, and brought him back looking like a hogshead on four legs. Dreyer had managed after all to come on a bit with the mule, and was only about three miles behind. We both slept a little, and then we had a little milk that the Kafirs brought us, and later on some Liebig and water. Dreyer and I then explained to the natives how we had left the other mules and the cart, and towards evening they brought in three of the mules and the cart with everything untouched. I was very ill all day and the sun was awful. I lay under the shade of the trunk of a tree, and kept shifting round as the sun moved as there was not enough foliage to make shade. The flies and also the ants were dreadful. The Kafirs behaved very well, one being always seated by me, and they kept wet rags on my head continually.

[6 November] The second day Dreyer was quite right, so I sent him off on Bob to try and find the Administrator, as I hoped both he and Frank and Denny would be at Palapye by this time. The Kafirs were very good today also, keeping the calves from the cows in order to give me milk, and making a kind of custard out of berries which was not bad but of which I was afraid to take much.

About 4 p.m. Dreyer returned, and with him Frank with a bit of meat and a pint of champagne from the Administrator. All the wagons had got to Palapye, and are coming on tonight.

[7 November] I had a fair night's rest, and in the morning the wagons had arrived. I gave the natives some good presents, in fact all I could spare, one of them choosing two boxes of matches rather than two sovereigns which I offered him. We had some breakfast at the wagons and my mules had a good feed.

At 3 p.m. I started off, taking now only four mules (two being lost) and Frank's pony, leaving Bob to rest with the wagons. The Administrator had gone on, but I came up with him in a few miles, outspanned and had dinner with him and Goold-Adams.

After dinner I went slowly on to Limone, where I recovered my specie at 8 p.m., and waited there for Frank and Denny, also in hopes of getting my two lost mules, but we saw nothing of them. About 10 p.m. Frank and Denny with the ox wagon turned up; I

then took Frank with me, and one of the boys riding, and we pushed on to Chakane pan which we reached at midnight. This was the place we might have tried to reach when we found no water at Limone. On arrival it looked by starlight as if there was a nice sheet of water, but this turned out to be liquid mud and filth of every kind. We had to dig holes and try and strain some off for the animals, and filter some through our handkerchiefs to make coffee with, but it was the worst I have ever tried.

We got a few hours rest, and at 6 a.m. the Administrator and all his party turned up. We formed one camp for the day, and a scorching day it was. The Administrator went for a stroll in the bush about 10 a.m., and did not appear again for two hours, so we were very uneasy and all turned out to hunt for him. Just as we had started he turned up; he had lost his way, but eventually struck the road further north. He was much done, so we laid him down under the wagon and sponged his head and arms, but he was very seedy. We then fired guns and got the rest in. [8 November]

At 5 p.m. Dreyer and I again started with the cart and mules as we were all fairly rested, and in a couple of hours reached the Towani, where there was a nice pool of water and I had a bathe. One and a half hours from the Towani brought me to the Mhalapshwe river at 10 p.m., and from there I reached Bonapitse at midnight. Dreyer and I had some supper and turned in. I slept badly, and a great toad got on my face in the middle of the night and gave me a great fright.

Spanned in at 5.30 a.m. and reached Shoshong (Khama's great location) at 7.30 by a very good and rather pretty road. Met on the road Haggard (Rider Haggard's brother) and Wallop (Lord Carnarvon's nephew) on their way to Matabeleland. At Shoshong I went to Musson's trading station where they were very civil and I had an excellent breakfast. I then went to see Khama and deliver some messages that the Administrator had given me. I found Khama at his royal kraal, and had a long talk with him through an interpreter, told him of my accident and how well his people had behaved, but that we had been very short of food. He said 'White people should not be short of food in my country. Why did you not get meat?' I said I asked them to sell me a calf or a goat, but they said they were not their own, that they were only looking after them for their master and had no right to sell them. He said 'Why didn't you take one? If white people are short of anything in my country they are to take it and let me know they have done so.' He then walked round the location with me, everyone saluting him with the greatest reverence, and we then went up to the Hepburn's [9 November]

the missionary, who is Khama's special counsellor. Khama there executed a document for the Administrator and asked me if there was anything further I wanted. I said I wished for leave to go the road by the Mhalapshwe and Crocodile river (a road no one is allowed to go because it does not pass Shoshong); he said 'I have been much annoyed by whites passing that road, but as you have come in here to ask me, and as I know there is at present no water for your mules on the other roads, you may take it'. He then left, and I stayed and had a long talk with the Hepburns. I then went down to the trading station again, wrote some letters, and had tea with the Hepburns at 5 p.m., and at 7 started back to Bonapitse. I had to take a heavy load of grain, and though I was riding we made very slow progress, till at 9 p.m. we were caught in the rain and had to outspan for the night. I got my little patrol tent up and we kept as dry as we could.

[10 November] Started at 6 a.m. Roads very wet and heavy, and only reached Bonapitse at 9 a.m.; here I found Frank and Denny, Haggard and Wallop, and we had a long talk and some dinner. At 3 p.m. I sent Frank and Denny off with the ox-wagon and a guide I had engaged in Shoshong. He is to take them by a short cut through the bush to the Mhalapshwe road. I intended to follow and catch them up later, and after an hour I hurried on as some thunder clouds began to work up. I said good-bye to Haggard, and thought it right to give him the King's message that he would not be allowed in the Matabele country but would be turned back at Tati;¹ he replied that he would go on and see the country as far as Tati, and take his chance.

I got off about 4.30 and followed the road till I saw their wagon tracks turning off, then followed the spoor easily through the bush. In half an hour it began to rain, and shortly after commenced one of the heaviest and most blinding storms I was ever out in. I held on to the wagon tracks pretty well for some time, till all depressions in the ground became absolute rivers, and even then, knowing the general direction, I managed to pick them up by riding cross and cross on each elevated piece of ground. Dreyer had the greatest difficulty to make the mules face the storm at all, and I had to ride back and help him every now and then. At last we came to a stony ridge where the wagon must have turned off one way or another, and the ground being hard, I was fairly stumped. I tried both up and

¹ Haggard and Wallop were turned back at Tati by Maguire, acting on Lobengula's authority and supported by an induna and armed force. (*Blue Book C-5918*, p. 155) The right to exclude rival concessionaires was contained in the concession granted to Rudd.

down the ridge for half an hour, it still continuing to rain and showing signs of getting dark. I knew the wagon could not have got very far in such weather, and our prospect of spending the night in the bush was dreadful, as we hadn't a dry rag on the cart of any kind, so I got out my gun and cartridges and tried to fire a shot, but all my cartridges were soaked and would not go off; at last I found one that had escaped the wet more or less and it went off. We waited listening till we had almost given up all hope, and then heard a rifle shot not more than half a mile away, and after going a hundred yards came upon the wagon spoor quite fresh since the heavy rain had fallen. In a quarter of an hour we were up with the wagon, and shortly after reached the Mhalapshwe road; here we outspanned and made a large fire, and standing on a waterproof sheet I changed my clothes before the fire and hung all the wet things out to dry. We had some grilled meat and coffee for dinner. At 9 p.m., the night being fine, I sent Denny on with the ox wagon, and Frank, Dreyer and I slept near the fire.

Started at 5 a.m., Frank and Dreyer in the cart, and I riding [11 November] ahead on Frank's pony. We had an excellent road and pretty scenery, and the morning after the rain was lovely. We came up with the ox wagon about 9 a.m., had breakfast together, and then sent the wagon on again, overtaking it about 2 p.m. We now travelled on, keeping the ox wagon always ahead.

By daylight next morning reached the Crocodile river, where we [12 November] found some natives and got some milk. Frank, Dreyer and I had some sleep between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m., but Denny and the boys were done up, so we let them sleep there a few hours.

We now travelled on for two days and nights¹ down the Crocodile river, being always more or less in company, getting good weather and seeing plenty of game, till at 11 p.m. I came on the frontier police camp which Thompson and I had visited on the road up. I turned up the sergeant in charge and found out about the road from him, and at midnight outspanned at the junction of the Notwane river and Crocodile.

At daylight Denny and the wagon joined us, and we remained till [13 November] 10 a.m. when we crossed the Notwane river, and after an hour's drive all together reached Francis's cattle post. The place (in Francis's absence) was in charge of a man named Smith, and there was a Boer Vermaak and some others with him. They were very civil and let me have some sugar, etc. I called on Mrs. Francis and had a talk to her; she seemed very lonely, and no wonder.

¹ The two days and nights include the events more fully described in the following paragraphs. Cf. *Appendix III, Log of the homeward journey.*

She is one of the only two white women who have been to the Zambezi.

We sat by the river among the trees, and slept, and gave the cattle a good rest.

At 5 o'clock I once more said good-bye to Frank, Denny and the wagon, and started alone with Dreyer, with four mules and Frank's pony tied alongside, in the cart. The route from here is down the west bank of the Crocodile and Marico rivers, then across to Vleischfontein mission and Ikalifing, a large native location, and thence to Mafeking; in all one hundred and eighty-five miles. Shortly after leaving, a splendid koodoo ram jumped into the middle of the road and stood looking at us; I was, however, in no mood for shooting except for food.

[14 November] We drove through the night in stretches of two hours with one and a half hour intervals. Slept from 1 a.m. to 5 a.m. in a broad plain, with long grass and dead timber and a nasty dank smell, very suggestive of fever; then drove till 7 a.m. when we had a lovely outspan close to the Marico river, and I got a really good bathe, keeping a sharp look out for crocodiles.

Then from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. another drive, and from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. outspanned—six of about the hottest hours I ever spent in my life; the heat and flies destroyed all chance of sleep. Started again at 5, and before long overtook Deans who left the King's three weeks before me. Outspanned about 7 and got some milk from Kafirs and had some grub, oatmeal and Liebig being the principal articles of diet. Travelled on through the night, eventually losing my way and getting to a large Kafir location where we narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by dogs. Got some instructions as to road, but on coming to a range of hills the road took an unexpected turn and it began to rain, so I thought it best to outspan and wait till the morning. I got the little tent up with some difficulty, as the ground was stony and the pegs would not drive in, and
[15 November] the ground was awful to sleep on, stones and hard tussocks of grass.

Got through the night somehow and there was not very much rain. I was up early and went up a hill to reconnoitre, but could make nothing of it, so we resolved to go back about two miles to some cross-roads where we got hold of a native in charge of a cattle post. We got as much milk as we could drink, and he told us that the road we were on was the right one, so back we went past our old camp and up the mountains. The road was almost impassable and we had to walk, and as we approached the top of the mountains there came on one of the most awful thunderstorms I have ever been out in. The lightning seemed dancing about among the rocks and

the thunder kept rolling and crashing round one's head, and the rain came down in sheets; the mules wouldn't face it so we had to turn their backs to it for half an hour. At last we got to the top of the mountains and turned to go down, the rain continuing and everything we had being saturated. In about half an hour we reached a deserted Kafir village, and found some German prospectors living among the ruins. Enquired the way from them, but could not make much of their description, and after another hour's travel along wet heavy roads at about 10 a.m. saw some houses at the other side of a valley. I outspanned the mules, who were dead beat, got on the pony and rode across to the houses which I rightly judged to be the Jesuit mission at Vleischfontein.¹ It took a big stick to get the pony away from the mules and across the wet flat, but I reached the houses at last and was very glad to find one of the mission whom I had met at Shoshong on the way up. He was delighted to see me, and couldn't do enough for me, cooking some breakfast for me himself, and giving me wine and spare clothes—mostly new—to wear while my own were being dried at the kitchen fire. Afterwards we walked round the garden and place, and he had my pony well looked after. There are three missionaries, one of whom was away, and the second² was doing penance or something and couldn't be seen. They have a native location consisting of some five hundred Kafirs connected with the mission, and the farm, buildings, etc., belong to the mission, and they are practically chiefs of the location. He gave me one of the natives as a guide, some grain for my mules, and everything I could want, and about 1 p.m. I returned to the cart where I found Dreyer had lit a big fire and got some of the things drying; however, the sun was out and the day very hot, so there was no danger of damp. We started about 3 p.m., I riding and the guide in the cart with Dreyer, and after two stages of about two hours each we outspanned for the night.

Started again at 1 a.m. and after several stages of heavy road [16 November] reached the large location and mission of Ikalifing about 11 a.m. Here I walked through hundreds of Kafir huts and gardens and fine fig trees, and my poor mules got their first bite of oat hay for three months. I visited Johnston, the missionary of the Berlin Society, but found him a very different stamp of man from the Jesuits, so did not trouble him much.

The location as a whole is one of the finest and most picturesque

¹ The Jesuit mission at Vleischfontein had for some years served as a halting place for those trekking northwards; but the railway put it out of action, and in 1894 it was taken over by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

² The Rev. Father P. Bontemps, S.J. who was ill and confined to his room.

and fertile looking I have ever seen, and the natives on the whole are a fine looking lot; I did not call on the chief as I was told he did not expect it, and I was very tired. The place is surrounded with mountains, and to get out of it we had, when we started at 5 p.m., to go up the longest and worst hill I have ever seen a road traverse; it must be three miles from top to bottom, and one mass of loose stones. We got over it at last and came out on an apparently endless table-land extending right away to Mafeking. We drove for an hour and a half on a good road, then spanned out and had some supper: spanned in again, but after an hour the clouds came up very thick and it began to rain, and as we could not see the road I thought best to outspan again and get the tent up. I got ready about 10 p.m., and it was lucky I did, for it commenced to rain hard and continued all night. The water came under the tent, and after getting everything under me soaked, and lying in water for an hour, I got up and sat on my rugs and bag till daylight when it stopped raining.

We were then about seventeen miles from Mafeking and the whole country was flooded; however, we managed to thrash the poor mules on till within sight of the town, when one of them finally broke down and had to be left behind and fetched afterwards. The other three and the pony managed to crawl in and were rewarded by a good stable and as much food as they could eat.

[17 November] We reached Mafeking at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, having left Notwane junction, one hundred and eighty-five miles away, on Tuesday evening. I was disappointed to find that the postcard had left for Kimberley the day before; however, I wired the contractor saying I wanted special horses, and engaged King's cart to take me fifty miles as far as Setlagoli. I left Mafeking at 6 p.m.

[18 November] Reached Vryburg at noon next day, and here Giering the contractor joined me and took me through to Kimberley, reaching there at 3 p.m. on Monday or 260 miles in 45 hours.

[19 November] I got on by express to Cape Town by noon on Wednesday little more than a week from Notwane junction—nearly 1,100 miles—a record that will never be broken till the railway is extended.

[21 November] On the whole one received great kindness both from Kafirs and white people on the road down, not excepting Mr. Isaacs of Mafeking, who is always most anxious to do anything he can for travellers.

On the following Wednesday I was back on my farm in the Transvaal, and found that Frank and Denny had arrived safely on the previous Saturday with Dreyer and my mules, who had cut across from Mafeking and found them at Zeerust.

All the animals had a fine holiday on the farm for a long time. Old Bob now belongs to Denny, and pitches him off occasionally. Frank's pony belongs to Girdlestone in Kimberley, and the mules have gone back with Sam Edwards to Matabeleland. Dreyer has also returned in charge of some of our wagons.

APPENDIX I

The Concession

THE CONCESSION SIGNED BY LOBENGULA

Know all men by these presents that WHEREAS Charles Dunell Rudd of Kimberley Rochfort Maguire of London and Francis Robert Thompson of Kimberley hereinafter called the grantees have covenanted and agreed and do hereby covenant and agree to pay to me my heirs and successors the sum of One hundred Pounds sterling British Currency on the first day of every lunar month and further to deliver at my Royal Kraal one thousand Martini-Henry Breech-loading Rifles together with one hundred thousand rounds of suitable ball cartridge five hundred of the said Rifles and fifty thousand of the said cartridge to be ordered from England forthwith and delivered with reasonable despatch and the remainder of the said Rifles and Cartridge to be delivered so soon as the said grantees shall have commenced to work mining machinery within my territory and further to deliver on the Zambesi river a Steamboat with guns suitable for defensive purposes upon the said river or in lieu of the said Steamboat should I so elect to pay to me the sum of five hundred pounds sterling British Currency upon the execution of these presents I Lobengula King of Matabeleland Mashonaland and certain adjoining territories in the exercise of my Sovereign powers and in the presence and with the consent of my Council of Indunas do hereby grant and assign unto the said grantees their heirs representatives and assigns jointly and severally the complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals situated and contained in my Kingdoms Principalities and dominions together with full power to do all things that they may deem necessary to win and procure the same and to hold collect and enjoy the profits and revenue if any derivable from the said metals and minerals subject to the aforesaid payment and WHEREAS I have been much molested of late by divers persons seeking and desiring to obtain grants and concessions of Land and Mining rights in my territories I do hereby authorize the said grantees their heirs representatives and assigns to take all necessary and lawful steps to exclude from my Kingdoms principalities and dominions all persons seeking land metals minerals or mining rights therein and I do hereby undertake to render them such needful assistance as they may from time to time require for the exclusion of such persons and to grant no concessions of land or mining rights from and after this date without their consent and concurrence provided that if at any time the said

THE CONCESSION JOURNEY

monthly payment of one hundred pounds shall be in arrear for a period of three months then this grant shall cease and determine from the date of the last made payment and further provided that nothing contained in these presents shall extend to or affect a grant made by me of certain mining rights in a portion of my territory south of the Ramakoban river which grant is commonly known as the Tati Concession.

This given under my hand this thirtieth day of October in the year of our Lord Eighteen hundred and Eighty-Eight at my Royal Kraal.

Lobengula  his
mark

Witnesses

(Signed)

CHAS. D. HELM

J. G. DREYER

(Signed)

C. D. RUDD

ROCHFORD MAGUIRE

F. R. THOMPSON

COPY OF ENDORSEMENT ON THE ORIGINAL CONCESSION

I hereby certify that the accompanying document has been fully interpreted and explained by me to the Chief Lobengula and his full Council of Indunas and that all the Constitutional usages of the Matabele Nation had been complied with prior to his executing same.

Dated at Umguza River this thirtieth day of October 1888.

CHAS D. HELM

APPENDIX II

*Letters from Rhodes to Rudd*I. *From Taungs, 10th September, 1888*

... my Kimberley work in all with elections will take 3 months. If you have any luck with Lobengulu you must leave Thompson and Maguire and I will come up 3 months hence, but you must not leave a vacuum. Moore is back at Kimberley and is waiting for Dan Francis answer in case he refuses he will go in with me, that is if he really has any concession. My own opinion is he has done the 'Home Rule' trick that is agreed to bring back white miners to work for the King and I doubt his having a paper. But I am sure the fellow was on right lines. I hear young Fry is at Shoshong. You will see him he is no good and do not bother with him even if he has a concession as we have it but I am sure he will have nothing and will have simply wasted our money. John Fry is dying fast poor fellow, how true it is 'never have anything to do with a failure'. He had over £2000 of Beit's and my money and did nothing. You must look out for Maund he represents these guinea pigs at home with R. W. Murray and Metcalfe here their idea is a great Interior Company possessing all minerals with a Railway to Zambezi. I quite agree with him but the Interior Company must be De Beers and Gold Fields and not the Bechuanaland Prospecting Association their capital at present is £50,000. (Maund will fail because he will want a concession.) Ours with Gold Fields represents thirteen millions. You will be glad to hear there is no suggestion to alter or limit our powers in New Trust Deed of Consolidated.

My advice as to Lobengulu is to take concession to work for him with large share of profit in your name he will not understand Companies you can apportion it afterwards. Go on the lines of becoming his Gold Commissioner and working for him. Do not leave him without Thompson and Maguire. I will come up as soon as I have finished here. You must square Tainton. Find out if Moore has anything and let me know. Even if he has nothing but a promise and I settle with him and he returns he will do to prospect, but let me know the Kings feelings to him. I should offer a steamboat on Zambezi to King same as Stanley put on the Upper Congo. If you see the new northern reef called Monarch at Tati on your return report on it as if Fry dies his share must be sold and it would give us a footing in the country, there are seven shares of which Fry

THE CONCESSION JOURNEY

and S. Edwards have one. If you liked look of country, it would be worth while for you to buy Edwards on your way down. You must remember it is the safest concession above and is I believe 100 miles by 40 miles. Even if you paid £5000 for S. Edwards and same for Fry it really is nothing for the 1/7 of a country it certainly is worth considering. The Governor writes he has no reply from Lord [Knutsford to]¹ his confidential despatch. But my view is the matter lies more with Lo Bengula than Knutsford as there is not even a protectorate and Lo Ben can do what he likes with his own. Your most valuable man will be Moffat—Newton says he is thoroughly with you. Stick to Home Rule and Matabeleland for the Matabele I am sure it is the ticket.

II. *From Kimberley, 26th December, 1888*

... You need fear bishop of Bloemfontein no longer, he made a slip at Vryburg,² but without telling you a long story I will simply say I believe he will be our cordial supporter in future. I am sorry for his Vryburg speech especially part re guns but he has repented, you might have converted him on the Limpopo if you had taken trouble, but you rubbed him up the wrong way.

III. *From Kimberley, 10th January, 1889*

I enclose you correspondence re Haggard since which he has returned here and is going home fuming to oppose us. His companion is Wallop Lord Portsmouth's second son. He is a brother of the author. He wants to know whether we would give him any show in the country I said I would write to you. Kindly consider whether we should say we will give him a few shares and if so how many or say when we develope we will give his Company called Austral Africa a show. Kindly telegraph your views by Durban as he leaves next week and may commence a literary campaign against us.

Getting guns through has been no joke. Shippard has behaved like a brick I think the Governor is a little funky after that brutal assault by the Bishop at Vryburg. I must watch the base and second shipment. I heard from Newton at Capetown, he is strongly in favour of my going home at once to see Lord Rothschild and Lord Salisbury through him, he is afraid our opponents will bowl us out if I do not at once go to headquarters. Our concession is so

¹ A portion of the original, bearing Rhodes's signature on the verso, has been cut out.

² The reference is to the speech printed in the appendix to Knight-Bruce's journals.

gigantic it is like giving a man the whole of Australia and our opponents are numerous. Kindly telegraph your opinion re Haggard. I think the most important is Fairbairn with his prior concession, you must settle with him and then it is a question whether we should give Maund's crowd something, and I think that finishes it but you must remember it is a very big thing and wants support to put it through. I hear Maund is going to Johannesburg to see you. . . .

IV. *From Kimberley, 24th February, 1889*

. . . I have seen a lot of S. Edwards, he says just what we both think that you did admirably but the mistake was that after you left they did not settle with the few whites having concessions. He says he is sure the King thinks he has done Fry a wrong as he took his money. Sam suggests that Fry should go in with your party from Johannesburg and take up his piece by arrangement with Thompson. Something as follows—Fry goes to the King and then goes to Thompson and says the King is desirous that he should have a piece then Thompson should go to King and say if you desire Fry to have a piece say so and we will agree as if making it come from the King, then in case we fail on the big concession we shall come in on the sectional pieces we have allotted. Sam says the King frequently asked about Fry. This would settle Sam who has $\frac{1}{4}$ of Fry's interest, Usher and Fry in which Beit and I have the biggest share and he says if they settled with Moore for a piece by the King's request, this would settle Tainton and we should have no opponents. I think I leave Wednesday week and I have most satisfactory cables from Maund's people. I have looked through our agreement at the time you got concession we had an overdraft and capital was expended. I do not think it wise to bring up the matter. You must write Thompson. He must not abandon his post. The Governor has recommended an agent and the police are on the road to the Chapong hills, 80 miles north east of Shoshong in number 300 meantime Moffat goes back, everything is moving so fast that a vacuum at Lo Bengulu's would be fatal. . . .

P.S. The great point is to have interests in sectional concessions in case big one fails—try in each case allowing them to please King so as not to invalidate.

APPENDIX III

Letters from Missionaries on the Concession

I. C. D. Helm, *Hope Fountain, to the London Missionary Society,*
11th October 1888

... There have been and are a large number of white people in the country to seek concessions & this has helped to emphasise the uneasiness of the people. Some of those who came to seek concessions left yesterday. Some came here to say good bye and told Mr. Carnegie that we should ask the Directors to discontinue the Mission for a time till things were more settled. We however think that if we were to ask to leave the country the Chief would think there was really an English impi coming & would refuse us permission to leave. I cannot say that I have felt no uneasiness. But we are not here on our own business & we must have clearer indications that it is our duty to leave before we can begin to think of doing so. We have committed ourselves to the care of our Father & trust in Him.

It seems to me that unless the Chief comes to some arrangement with a strong Company to work the Mashona Gold fields & keep out others, there will be a rush there soon & that things will come to a climax.

Among those who have come about the gold mining there are Messrs. Rudd, Maguire & Thompson representing the De Beer's Mining Company (Kimberley) or if not the Company at all events some of the largest shareholders of the Company Mr. Rhodes among them. Mr. Rudd is also a large holder of shares. They represent a large amount of money & have made liberal proposals to the Chief. They have received no answer yet. But are in hopes that their answer will be favourable. Should they get such an answer they will send a representative to live in the country. Mr. Rudd asked me that seeing their representative will be new to the country & to the ways of the people whether I would not help them a little. He did not say in what way. I said that I could not undertake anything that would hinder our work & could do nothing without the sanction of the Directors. He said he would state in writing what he wanted & that I could then forward it to you. To-day he wrote me a note to say that as they have not had their answer from the Chief, he could not yet make a formal proposal but requested me to mention the subject generally to you. ...

II. *C. D. Helm, Hope Fountain, to the London Missionary Society,
22nd December, 1888*

... I enclose a letter I received from Thompson referring to a subject I mentioned in my last at the request of Mr. Rudd.

I held out no hopes to them that the Directors would agree to my receiving a salary which would in a sense bind me to the interests of the company. From what I understand they would only want me to do what I have already done & should at any time be willing to do for them without remuneration. . . .

[*Enclosure in II.*]

F. R. Thompson to C. D. Helm, 9th November 1888

Mr. Rudd asked us to write on behalf of our partnership as follows

You will remember what passed between Mr. Rudd and yourself relative to your taking a position as friendly intermediary and adviser between ourselves and the Chief Lobengula in case of our getting a concession and it was agreed that in the above case Mr. Rudd should write you more definitely on the subject so as to enable you to lay the letter before the Secretary of your Society. We now beg to offer you a subsidy of £200 a year to act as our adviser and intermediary with the Chief Lobengula and to hold yourself to some extent at our disposal should emergency arise to visit such place as the Chief may be temporarily resident in our interests. Duties you will say difficult to define but we can suggest a trial at any rate for one year feeling sure the trial would result satisfactory.

We need not refer to our views and general policy with which you are already intimately acquainted and which we feel sure your own and others of your Society are in accord.

We trust your Society will take the view that some increase of influence for good will result to them both with the Chief and with ourselves and we might almost say with the British Government through this connexion.

Should you desire to discuss matters further before writing we shall be glad to do so.

III. *W. A. Elliott, Inyati, to the London Missionary Society, 27th
March 1889*

... In November of last year Mr. Thompson came over to Inyati on a short visit. He then explained to me his plans & his

connections in the Colony, and asked my support. I told him that as far as moral support went I would go as far as I conscientiously could, but that Directors' regulations & my own judgment forbade my taking any side either for or against him in any 'official' sense. I added that the scheme appeared to me to be under the circumstances very advantageous to the people, more so than I ever expected any gold mining scheme would be. The amount paid to the King seemed to me to be small compared with the extensive rights he (Mr. T) acquired. My memory of his answer is very indistinct, but I think he spoke of giving more when it was seen how the thing would work.

You will have received my letter anent Umcitwa's death on March 2nd. . . . The same day Lobengula sent a mounted messenger to call Mr. Rees and myself. We arranged to go next morning. . . . On our arrival at the chief's we immediately went to him, & after only a short interval for rest & a little refreshment, five white men came to meet us. They were Messrs. Dawson, Tainton, Moore, Ussher & Cohen, men who had banded together in opposition to Thomson, and who are themselves seeking concessions, except the last named, a Jew trader. From them we learnt the cause of our being called. Two indunas presently came to say that the King wanted us to read the document containing his concession to Thomson. . . .

. . . We read through the document, discussed it with the opposition, found we could not go to the extent they did in interpretation but that on the whole we agreed with their reading of it. Then we went to the Chief & I read the latter half of the paper to him & the assembled head men. About the first half, concerning receiving pay from Thomson, there appeared to be no dispute. A good deal of conversation followed, in the course of which the Regent Umhlaba asked me, if the mining rights of a like tract of country could be bought anywhere else for a similar sum. Only one answer is possible to that question & we gave it—'No!'

. . . Returning for a minute to the *umlandu* (affair) at Court,—the whole trouble seems to me to be caused by the concession document being drafted in too general terms. As I told the King and the white men, and Mr. Thomson, in the hands of honorable, upright men, all would be well, for Mr. T. had given verbal explanations through Mr. H. that met all the difficulties raised by the opposition, but in the hands of rascals all would be bad for the Matebele. These explanations were unfortunately only verbal,¹ & when we read the paper to the King we could not say they were

¹ Compare the following letter.

there. It was a thousand pities the document was not more particular & explicit. I may add that Mr. Thomson has since submitted a paper of addenda to the King embodying these 'verbal explanations'. Mr. Helm thinks they are involved in the original document, but with this I cannot agree. . . .

IV. *C. D. Helm, Hope Fountain, to the London Missionary Society,*
29th March 1889

I informed you some time ago that Messrs. Rudd Maguire & Thompson had come here to try & get from the Chief a concession of the mineral rights in his country

As they could get no one to interpret for them, Tainton being under a cloud at the time, having killed a native by accident, they came and asked me to interpret for them. I would rather have had nothing to [do] with gold & told the Chief so: but not thinking that harm could come from simply interpreting I consented & the Chief said he was glad I should do so, & that he perfectly understood that I had nothing more to do with it.

After a great deal of talk with the Chief & the Indunas the Chief granted a concession giving the Grantees charge over all the minerals in his country & giving them power to do all they deem necessary to get out the gold & also promising them assistance to keep others from bothering him any more about concessions. Mr. Rudd then went south leaving Messrs. Maguire & Thompson here to watch their interests.

The Grantees explained to the Chief that what was deemed necessary to get out the gold was to erect dwellings for their overseers, to bring in and erect machinery & use wood and water. They promised that they would not bring more than 10 white men to work in his country,¹ that they would not dig anywhere near towns etc & that they & their people would abide by the laws of his country & in fact be as his people.

But these promises were not put in the concession.

While part of the Concession was published in the papers & these came here, Tainton who had meanwhile again been admitted

¹ Lobengula referred again to the 'ten white men' when he protested to Rhodes about the entry of the Pioneer Column. The letter, as given by Johan Colenbrander in his diary for 14th July 1890, reads:

'King answers—Why do you want so many white men to dig the gold, when Doyle told King ten white men only should come into my country to dig the gold and the other workmen should be Amandebele. . . .'

Doyle came to Bulawayo in October 1889 as Jameson's interpreter.

into the Chief's presence read the papers to the Chief & told him according to the Papers he had in fact sold his country, that the Grantees could if they so wished

Bring an armed force into the country

Depose him & put another Chief in his place

Dig anywhere, in his kraals, gardens & towns

The Chief then sent for the original (duplicate) concession he had asked me to keep & sent for me to read it to him.

I did & gave the same interpretation as at first, I told him the Concession said nothing about land, only about minerals in the land. That no power was given the Grantees except to get gold out of the land & that necessarily the Grantees in his country had to abide by the laws of the country. The Concession certainly not abrogating the laws of the country in which it was given, that it was simply nonsense to say that under the Concession the Grantees could do what ever they like in the country.

The Chief said the matter would be discussed again when the Indunas were present. He sent a notice to the papers that there was a misunderstanding about the concession & that it had to be discussed by his Indunas.

This was on the 18th January.

APPENDIX IV

Logs

I. LOG OF THE FORWARD JOURNEY

<i>Date</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Miles</i>	<i>Remarks</i>
August 1888				
23	Mafeking	Ramatlabama	15	Dam water, right hand
26	Ramatlabama	Korwe Pan	15 (about)	Large pan, left of road, round hill on right hand
26	Korwe Pan	Outspan	6	Water right hand, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile
27	Outspan	Outspan	12	Valley water right hand, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile
27	Outspan	Outspan	12	Under hills, right hand, running water
27	Outspan	Kanye	5	
28	Kanye	Outspan	5	Very bad road: good water
28	Outspan	Piland	11	Good water: fair road
29	Piland	Sand River	8	Water dug out of sand bed, fairly good
29	Sand River	Outspan	11	No water: fair road
29	Outspan	Molepolole	10	Very heavy road
30	Molepolole	Outspan	11	Fairly good
		(Manokoo)		
"	Outspan	Outspan	12	road through
31	Outspan	Outspan	11	Bushy
"	Outspan	Linchwe	10	flat
		(Kgamanthane's)		
"	Linchwe	Notwane River	5	Along the
September 1	Notwane River	Outspan	14	course of
"	Outspan	Outspan	10	the
"	Outspan	Outspan	6	Notwane,
2	Outspan	Outspan	10	south
"	Outspan	2nd Notwane	10	side
		drift		
3	2nd Notwane	Road turning	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	By river side
	drift	off to Shoshong		
"	Road turning	Junction Not-	26	(or 30 miles to Fuller's)
	off to	wane and		
	Shoshong	Crocodile		
		Rivers		
"	Junction	Fuller's	5	
"	Fuller's	2nd Notwane	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	
		drift		
4	2nd Notwane	Outspan	17	From cross roads over rocky neck to good water, rocky spring: heavy road mostly
	drift			

<i>Date</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Miles</i>	<i>Remarks</i>
September 1888				
"	Outspan	Outspan	10	To rocky pan: good water, fair road
5	Outspan	Outspan	7	Water dug out of sand: very heavy road last half
"	Outspan	Outspan	10	No water: very heavy road
"	Outspan	Outspan	12	After 1 mile road improved: very good water
6	Outspan	Shoshong	16	Good road
7	Shoshong	Bonapitse	17	Good road: good water
"	Bonapitse	Mhalapshwe River	8	Good road: good water, sand river
8	Mhalapshwe River	Towani River	11	Rather heavy road
"	Towani River	Chakane pan	9	Good water: rather heavy road
"	Chakane pan	Limone pan	8	Good water: rather heavy road
9	Limone pan	Palapye	19	Mud holes in river
10	Palapye	Seruli	20	No water: fair road
"	Seruli	Outspan	6	Little water, 1½ miles from road
"	Outspan	Mahonane Kopjes	10	Rather heavy road
"	Mahonane Kopjes	Letlakane River	10	No water except by digging: rough road
12	Letlakane River	Macloutsie	13	Dig water: rough road
"	Macloutsie	Shashi River	20	Open water: rough road
13	Shashi River	Tati (old)	7	Open water: good road
13/14	Tati (old)	Ramaquabane River	19	Dig water: good road
14	Ramaquabane River	Umpakwe River	9	Small river, open water: very rough road
"	Umpakwe River	Kopje left of road	6	Water under north side of kopje, 500 yards from road
15	Kopje left of road	Outspan among hills	6	Good water left hand, road very rough: bad spruit in road, 2 capsizes
16	Outspan among hills	Outspan	10	Leave hills for flat road, fairly good
"	Outspan	Outspan	10	Road fairly good: several waters passed
"	Outspan	Manyani	7	Rough road
17	Manyani	Outspan	10	Rough road
"	Outspan	Kumalo (Khami River)	14	4 rough 10 good road (water fair)
18	Kumalo (Khami River)	Mabocutanene	1	Stopped
19	Mabocutanene			Stopped
20	Mabocutanene	Stream	15	Rough road
"	Stream	King's kraal	8	Via Kumalo River and Umguzza River

II. LOG OF THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY

<i>Date</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Miles</i>	<i>Remarks</i>
1888				
October				
30	Umguza River	Khami or Kumalo River	18	4 p.m.-7 p.m.
31	Khami or Kumalo River	Met Moffat on road	12	5 a.m.-7 a.m.
"	Moffat on road	Spruit $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Manyani's	18	9 a.m.-12.15 p.m.
"	Spruit, Manyani's	Mangwe (south)	12	4 p.m.-6.15 p.m.
November				
1	Mangwe (south)	Makobie's	16	5.10 a.m.-7.50 a.m.
"	Makobie's	Umpakwe	13	9.50 a.m.-12.15 p.m.
"	Umpakwe	Ramaquabane	9	3.30 p.m.-5.20 p.m.
"	Ramaquabane	Outspan	6	5.50 p.m.-6.50 p.m.
2	Outspan	Tati	12	5.10 a.m.-7.10 a.m.
"	Tati	Shashi	7	11.30 a.m.-12.40 p.m.
"	Shashi	Macloutsie	20	3.40 p.m.-7 p.m.
3	Macloutsie	Mahonane Kop	24	5 a.m.-8.50 a.m.
"	Mahonane Kop	Maratele	10	4.30 p.m.-6.10 p.m.
"	Maratele	4 miles west side Seruli	10	10 p.m.-12 midnight
4	4 miles west side Seruli	Palapye	17	4.50 a.m.-8 a.m.
"	Palapye	Limone	18	9.30 a.m.-1.20 p.m.
"	Limone	Lotsani River	11	6.30 p.m.-2.20 a.m. (5th)
7	Lotsani River	Limone	11	5 p.m.-7 p.m.
"	Limone	Chakane pan	9	9 a.m.-10.30 p.m.
8	Chakane pan	Towani	8	3.30 a.m.-8 a.m.
"	Towani	Mhalapshwe	10	6 p.m.-8 p.m.
"	Mhalapshwe	Bonapitse	9	10 p.m.-12 midnight
9	Bonapitse	Shoshong	16	5 a.m.-7.30 a.m.
"	Shoshong	Outspan	10	7.30 p.m.-9 p.m. Rain
10	Outspan	Bonapitse	6	6 a.m.-7 a.m.
10/12	Bonapitse	Notwane Junction via Mhalapshwe	85	4.30 p.m. (10th)-12 midnight (12th)
13	Notwane Junction via drift	Francis's Post	5	8 a.m.-10 a.m.
13/15	Francis's Post	Vleischfontein	95	4.40 p.m. (13th)-8 a.m. (15th)
15/16	Vleischfontein	Ikalafing	45	1 p.m. (15th)-12 noon (16th)
16/17	Ikalafing	Mafeking	40	5 p.m. (16th)-9 a.m. (17th)

N.B. The times of arrival and departure do not in all cases agree precisely with those in the diary.
[Ed.]

Biographical and Topographical Notes

BARTHELOT, Edmund Musgrave, Major, Royal Fusiliers. Commanded the rear column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, 1887-8. The column suffered badly from desertions during June and July 1888. On the 19th of July, during a disturbance at Unaria caused by the Manyuema supplied to the expedition by Tippu-Tib, he was shot under the heart and died. Mr. J. S. Jameson records of him: 'He was a straightforward, honest English gentleman—his only fault was that he was a little too quick-tempered'.

BATHOEN, succeeded his father Gaseitsiwe as first Christian chief of the Bangwaketse. Died 1911.

BULLER, *General Sir* Redvers Henry (1839-1908), served with distinction in the Zulu War, 1881, was appointed chief of staff in the expedition for the relief of Khartoum 1884. Commanded the first expeditionary force in the Boer War.

CARNEGIE, David (1855-1910), of the London Missionary Society; appointed to Hope Fountain, 1882.

CHILIMANZI, hereditary name of the chiefs of the Vagovera. The original Chilimanzi was named Mepo, and acquired the nick-name of Chirimuhanzi (the shirt wearer) because he appeared before the Mambo of his day in a shirt or long coat woven by himself. He was said to come of the royal house of the Vamanyika, who to this day are skilled craftsmen.

COILLARD, François (1834-1904), French Protestant missionary. Settled at Leribe in Basutoland in 1859, visited the Banyai, Matabele and Barotse, 1877-8 and made a second expedition to the Zambesi in 1884-6. Founded the station at Sefula in Barotseland in 1887. Gained considerable influence with Lewanika, chief of the Barotse, whom he advised to accept the English protectorate. Died in Barotseland.

DENNY, C., friend and contemporary of Rudd's son Frank. Accompanied the Pioneer Column into Mashonaland in 1890 with the Goldfields party. Died on the Mazoe river 9 October 1890.

DUNCAN, Andrew Henry Farrell, Surveyor-General of British Bechuanaland. Joined The British South Africa Company's service in Southern Rhodesia in 1892 as Surveyor-General, retired 1896 and entered commerce.

DUNNE, E. E., lieutenant in the Bechuanaland Border Police. A professional 'conductor' or travelling companion. Later transferred to the British South Africa Company's Police in the column which occupied Mashonaland in 1890.

EDWARDS, Samuel Howard (1826-1922), one of the earliest traders and hunters in Matabeleland. Conducted Robert Moffat to Mzilikazi in 1854 and acquired great influence with Lobengula. In 1885, as an officer in the Bechuanaland Border Police, he was sent on an embassy to Lobengula; in 1887 Lobengula appointed him as his representative and 'immigration officer' at Tati. Edwards was manager of the Tati Gold Mining company.

ELLIOTT, William Allan, born 1851, missionary. Appointed to the London Missionary Society's station at Inyati in 1877. Apart from periods of furlough and a short retirement to Palapye in 1890 he spent his missionary life at Inyati. His connexion with the London Missionary Society ceased in 1894.

ERSKINE, St. Vincent Whitshead, traveller and surveyor. Born 1848, the son of the Colonial Secretary of Natal. Between 1868 and 1876 he made four journeys to south east Africa, the second being in 1871 as special commissioner of the Natal government to Umzila, the Gaza chief.

FOSTER, Frederick, also known as Frederick Monks, born 1861. Bishop Knight-Bruce, states that he made two expeditions through Bechuanaland and Matabeleland to the Zambesi, and ascended the Shiré. The last letter received from him on his second journey was dated from Tete 10 November 1887, but he did not make the rendezvous arranged with the Bishop, who therefore presumed his death.

W. E. Thomas states that he sent him with Bannister in 1886 to join his brother David on the Zambesi. Foster (with a German named Sell) left Thomas and Bannister in 1886 for the East Coast.

FRY, Ivon (1864-1941), son of J. L. Fry. Visited Lobengula with his father in 1888 and remained behind after his father's departure. Was superseded as Rhodes's agent by Rudd, Maguire and Thompson but persisted in his attempts to obtain a concession. Returned to Kimberley in October 1888. Visited Lobengula's kraal again in 1889 with instructions to pacify the opposition to the Rudd concession, but was pronounced by Thompson in a letter to Rhodes, Rudd and Maguire dated 2 August 1889 to be a failure and to have been working for his own ends. Attached to the column which occupied Mashonaland in 1890. Died at Bulawayo.

FRY, John Larkin, one of the syndicate for whom S. H. Edwards obtained from Lobengula the reversion of the Swinburne concession in the Tati district. Set out from Kimberley early in 1888 to secure a concession from Lobengula on behalf of Rhodes and Beit. Returned to Kimberley owing to illness about the middle of 1888 and died of cancer in Kimberley hospital in November of that year.

GASEITSWE, chief of the Bangwaketse, a tribe of the Bechuana. Betrayed and succeeded Makaba II in 1823, died 1889. A notorious drunkard.

GOOLD-ADAMS, *Major Sir* Hamilton John (1858-1920), born in Cork, joined the Army in 1878 and served in Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland Expedition in 1884-5. He commanded the detachment of the Bechuanaland Border Police escorting Sir Sidney Shippard to Lobengula's kraal in 1888. After a distinguished military career he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Orange River Colony.

GROBBELAAR or GROBLER, Pieter David Cornelis Johannes, representative of the Transvaal government at Lobengula's kraal. Stated by President Kruger to have obtained from Lobengula a treaty of friendship and non-aggression in 1887. The treaty was denied by Lobengula. Returned later to Matabeleland, taking an unauthorized route through Khama's territory. Fell foul of guards posted by Khama to prevent a repetition of the trespass, and was shot, some said by Khama's men.

HAGGARD, Alfred W., Managing Director, Austral Africa Exploration Company. Stated by Rudd to be the brother of Henry Rider Haggard, but no member of the family is known with these initials. He and the Hon. J. F. Wallop attempted to visit Lobengula's kraal in 1888 but were turned back at Tati by Maguire in terms of the concession granted to Rudd.

HEANY, Maurice, originally of Virginia, U.S.A., served in the Bechuanaland Border Police, traded in Bechuanaland in partnership with H. J. Borrow and Frank Johnson, who obtained the contract for the occupation of Mashonaland in 1890. Prominent in the commercial life of Southern Rhodesia, and died in Bulawayo in 1927.

HELM, Charles Daniel (1844-1915), of the London Missionary Society, Hope Fountain; appointed to that station in 1875. He several times acted as interpreter between Lobengula and white men, notably in the matter of the Rudd Concession.

HEPBURN, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of J. D. Hepburn. Her reminiscences were published in 1928 under the title *Fettings*.

HEPBURN, James Davidson (1840-1893), of the London Missionary Society. Settled in Bechuanaland in 1870 and for twenty years remained among Khama's people. Khama held him in great esteem, but differences arose between them in 1891 which led to his return to England.

HOPE FOUNTAIN, a station of the London Missionary Society, about 10 miles south-east of Bulawayo, founded in 1870 by the Rev. J. B. Thomson.

HUNYANE (Hanyane, Panyame), one of the bigger tributaries of the Zambezi. Rises near Marandellas and describes a wide sweep south and west of Salisbury before running north and into the Zambezi below Zumbo. First mapped, under the name Ganyana, by Thomas Baines in 1869. The name Panyame was applied particularly to the lower reaches.

INYATI, a station of the London Missionary Society NE. of Bulawayo; founded by Robert Moffat in 1859.

KANYE, headquarters of the Bangwaketse tribe, and seat of a station of the London Missionary Society. Twenty-five miles NW. of Lobatsi.

KANYEMBA, native chief on the south side of the Zambezi opposite Zumbo. Stated by Selous to have held some sort of official position under the Portuguese Governor of Tete. He came according to Selous from the lower Zambezi, and settled originally on an island at the junction of the Kafue river. He made raids, by leave of the Governor of Tete, on 'any people in the neighbourhood who have anything to be taken'. He was a slave-trader. (F. C. Selous, *A Hunter's Wanderings*, p. 298 foll.)

KERR (Walter Montagu), author of *The Far Interior*, describing a journey made in 1884 'from the Cape of Good Hope across the Zambesi to the lake regions of Central Africa'.

KHAMA (1827?-1923), Chief of the Bamangwato. Baptized 1862, was plotted against by his father Sekhome on account of his being a Christian. Succeeded 1872 and governed his people with enlightenment and loftiness of purpose. Disputed with Lobengula the jurisdiction over the territory between the Shashi and the Macloutsie rivers.

KUMALO river, the principal tributary of the Gwaai, having its source in the vicinity of Mzilikazi's first royal kraal. It derives its name from that of the royal house of the Matabele. Today it is lost in obscurity because it is shown on the maps of the Colony as the Khami river, whereas the Khami originally was only a tributary of the Kumalo. At the junction of the old trade road from the south to Bulawayo stood the Kumalo kraal, belonging to the Igo-kokwe regiment, and from here a road branched off to Old Bulawayo and Hope Fountain (*see* C-4643, p. 111). The old road, or track, has been identified by Mrs. C. E. Fripp, M.B.E., with the one that passes the homestead 'Four Winds' (on the Fort Usher road), on top of the ridge which runs across from the Matopo road to the northern border of the Sauerdale estate, where Old Bulawayo stood. From here the road continues eastward and joins the present road to Hope Fountain.

KUNANA, the village of Moshote, chief of the Baratlou, a sub-tribe of the Barolong. Situated on the trade route to the interior, midway between Vryburg and Mafeking.

LINCHWE, chief of the Bakhatla, a small tribe settled in the vicinity of Gaberones.

MACKENZIE, John (1835-1899), L.M.S. missionary. Joined Robert Moffat at Kuruman 1858, and after many journeys to the north settled at Shoshong in 1864. Moved to Kuruman 1876. Opposed annexation of Bechuanaland by Cape Colony. Resigned connexion with Society in 1884 on appointment as Commissioner in Bechuanaland. In the disorders which followed he was recalled. Adviser to Sir Charles Warren's expedition in 1885. Returned to England where he remained some years. In 1891 accepted the charge of the L.M.S. station at Hankey, Cape Colony.

MANYAMI, an Induna stationed by Lobengula at the foot of the pass leading up through the Matopo towards Bulawayo, to see that no unauthorized persons came into Matabeleland. He sent word to the chief of all travellers and detained them there till permission to enter was received.

MARTIN, George, a trader at Inyati. Settled in Matabeleland in the early seventies.

MASHUKULUMBWE, the derisory name given by the Barotse to the Ba-ila and allied tribes living on or near the Kafue River in Northern Rhodesia.

MOFFAT, John Smith (1835-1918), son of Robert Moffat. Settled at Inyati with the first missionaries to Matabeleland 1859, joined the London Missionary Society, 1864, resigned 1879. Assistant Commissioner for Bechuanaland 1884. For several years represented the Imperial Government at the kraal of Lobengula, whom he persuaded in 1888 to sign what is known as the Moffat Treaty. Retired in 1895 and devoted the rest of his life to religious work.

MOFFAT, Robert (1795-1883), missionary. Arrived in South Africa 1817, established what was then the most northerly station of the London Missionary Society at Kuruman, paid five visits to Mzilikazi between 1829 and 1859, when he took the first missionaries to settle at Inyati in Matabeleland. Returned to Kuruman, where he remained until he retired from the mission-field in 1870.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES 237

MUSSON, Alfred, settled in Shoshong in 1875. During the concession negotiations he was responsible for relays of messengers between Shoshong and Zeerust, the nearest telegraph station. After the signing of the concession he saw to the forwarding of the rifles and ammunition to Lobengula, and was later appointed forwarding agent to The British South Africa Company, in which capacity he was employed during and for some years after the occupation of Mashonaland in 1890.

MZILIKAZI (1790-1868), founder of the Matabele nation, formerly an induna of the Zulus. Seceded about 1822, settled first in the Northern Transvaal, was driven across the Limpopo by the immigrant Boers and finally settled in 1840 in what is now Matabeleland. Father of Lobengula.

NEWTON, Sir Francis James (1857-1948), Acting Administrator and Chief Magistrate, British Bechuanaland 1888. Joined service of British South Africa Company in 1902 as Treasurer. Several times Acting Administrator of Southern Rhodesia. Retired from the civil service in 1919, and entered politics. K.C.M.G. 1919. Colonial Secretary of Southern Rhodesia 1923, High Commissioner in London 1924-30.

PANDAMATENKA, a trading and hunting centre on the 'northern hunters' road' about fifty miles from the Victoria Falls. The Jesuits established a mission there in 1880 but death and other causes necessitated its abandonment in 1885.

REES, Bowen (born 1857), of the London Missionary Society. After a short spell in Central Africa he arrived at Inyati in 1888, and spent almost the whole of his missionary life there.

RAMAQUABANE river, a tributary of the Shashi, forms the boundary between the Tati Concession and Southern Rhodesia.

ROBINSON, Sir Hercules George Robert, *Baron Rosmead* (1824-1897), after a distinguished colonial career was appointed Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa in 1880, holding the office until 1889. Did much to promote good relations between British and Dutch in South Africa.

SCHWEINITZ, Friedrich von, *Count*, son of the German ambassador at the Russian court. Was hunting in the interior in 1888 and according to Mrs. Hepburn (*Fottings*, pp. 47, 48) left for Germany on receiving news by letter of 'the death of the old Emperor'.

SECHELE, first Christian chief of the Bakwena, a tribe of the Bechuana. Died 1893.

SEKOMI (SEKHOME) I., Chief of the Bamangwato, eldest son of Khari by an inferior wife. Murdered his half-brother Khama and so succeeded as chief. Disputed the chieftaincy for many years with Macheng his other half-brother, and made several attempts to murder his own son, the great Khama, on account of his being a Christian. Driven out by Macheng in 1867, he returned to Shoshong in 1872 on the invitation of Khama, plotted once more against him and was finally deposed in 1875. He died in 1883.

SHIPPARD, Sir Sidney Godolphus Alexander, K.C.M.G. (1838-1902), held various judicial appointments in Cape Colony; in 1884 was appointed administrator of Bechuanaland, and the next year became resident commissioner,

holding that post till 1895. Sir Sidney was appointed a director of The British South Africa Company on the resignation of Rhodes and Beit after the Jameson raid.

SYKES, William (1829-1887), missionary. Appointed in 1859 to the London Missionary Society's station at Inyati, where he died.

TAINTON, W. J., of Peddie, Cape Colony, went to Matabeleland from Kimberley diamond fields in 1871, on a hunting expedition; later he traded and interpreted, and in 1885 was cattle farming on the Ramaquabane river. In 1888 he accidentally killed a native and was consequently afraid to act as Rudd's interpreter. Managed the payments to Lobengula under the Concession from 1891.

TATI, a district on the borders of Southern Rhodesia and the Bechuanaland Protectorate, between the Shashi and Ramaquabane rivers. Gold was discovered in 1866, and various mining companies opened there, chief of which was the London and Limpopo Mining and Trading Company, founded by Sir John Swinburne in 1868. By 1888 all rights and land in the district had been acquired by Tati Concessions Ltd.

THOMAS, Caroline Hutchinson, second wife of Thomas Morgan Thomas, who settled as a missionary at the L.M.S. station Inyati in 1859. He broke away in 1872 and established an independent mission at Shiloh in Matabeleland, where he died in 1884.

UMVUTSHWA, a kraal, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the modern Bulawayo, on the old road to Inyati, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the Umguza river.

UMZILA, Chief of the Amatshangana or Shangaans, younger son of Soshangane, one of Chaka's warriors, who seceded about the same time as Mzilikazi, migrated northwards and settled near Mt. Silinda in the present Chipinga district of Southern Rhodesia. He usurped the chieftaincy in 1861 at the expense of his brother, and was succeeded about 1884 by his son Gungunyana.

VAN ROOYEN, Johannes Cornelius (1861-1915), a renowned hunter. Born at Zeerust in the Transvaal, settled at Old Tati in 1875. Died Plumtree, Southern Rhodesia.

WALLOP, John Fellowes, *7th Earl of Portsmouth* (1859-1925), connected with A. W. Haggard in Austral Africa Exploration Company.

WARREN, *General Sir Charles* (1840-1927), best known for his command of the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-5. He first came to South Africa in 1876 as special commissioner to delimit the Griqualand West and Orange Free State boundary. He commanded the fifth division under Sir Redvers Buller during the Boer War.

WESTBEECH, George, a hunter and trader. Came to Matabeleland in 1863, and set up a store at Pandamatenka, not far from the Victoria Falls, in the early seventies. Died August or September 1888 at Vleischfontein Mission in the Marico district of the Western Transvaal and is buried there.

WOOD, George, a daring elephant-hunter. Went to Natal from Yorkshire in 1865, made numerous trips to Matabeleland and Mashonaland between 1866 and 1882, when he died at Daka near the Victoria Falls.

WOOD, Joseph Garbett (1833-1892), born at Grahamstown, member of Parliament for Lower Albany and colonel of the Bathurst Volunteer Force.

Visited Lobengula in 1887 as a member of the Wood, Francis and Chapman syndicate, which ultimately obtained a concession from Lobengula in the territory under dispute between him and Khama. Francis and Chapman subsequently made an unauthorized entry into Khama's territory and thus precipitated the Grobler affair: Wood, together with H. Pauling, had proceeded separately to Matabeleland and had been ordered to leave by Lobengula. Sir Sidney Shippard persuaded them to leave peaceably under escort, in consideration of which he requested the High Commissioner not to proceed against them on account of their connexion with the disturbances in the Protectorate. A full account of the enquiry into the Grobler affair is given in the *Blue Books* C-5524 and C-5918.

ZUMBO, Portuguese station on the Zambesi, at the junction of the Kafue river.

Index

- ABLETT'S PEOPLE, 160
 Angwa River, 45
 Antigone, the Mashona, 34
 Assegais, 42, 66, 196
 Austen (postmaster), 173
- BALFOUR, CANON F. R. T., 140, 142
 Bamangwato, 114, 115, 118, 141
 Bamangwato Hills, 172
 Bangweulu Lake, 48
 Barkly West, 127, 155, 156
 Barotse, 74, 90
 Bartlott, Major, 128
 Basuto, 74, 75
 Bates (superintendent, police), 160
 Bathoen, 165
 Beads, 51, 196
 Bechuanaland Exploration Company's
 wagons, 174, 175, 206
 Berlin Mission Society, 215
 Bloemfontein, 116, 127
 Boggie, A., 186, 195
 Bonapitse, 173, 211, 212
 Bonham, Sir George, 100
 Borrow, J. H., 174
 Boundary dispute, 191
 Boyle, F., 191, 192
 Bredekamp's, 155
 Bulawayo, 180, 190, 191, 192
 Bulawayo regiment, 67, 195
 Buller, Sir Redvers, 111
 Buruma, chief, 47, 49
- CAPE TOWN, 47, 216
 Carnegie, Rev. D., 13, 183, 197, 198,
 224
 Chakane pan, 110, 173, 211
 Chanda, 53
 Chapman, E., 172, 181, 189, 190,
 191, 192
 Charlie, 156, 169, 174, 175, 180,
 181, 195
- Chikasi, chief, 16
 Chilimanzi, chief, 17, 87
 Chimanga, chief, 61
 Chimanikeri, chief, 41
 Chipunzamongo, 46
 Christian, 155
 Chuzu, chief, 14
 Coillard, Rev. F., 99
 Concession, 201, 202, 205, 227, 228
 Crocodile River, 99, 169, 170, 189,
 212, 213, 214
 Curios, 196
 Currey, H. L., 155, 156
- DANDE RIVER, 43
 Dawson, J., 180, 192
 Deans (trader), 189, 190, 192, 214
 de Maffy, A., 176, 205
 Denny, 156, 161, 162, 163, 164, 166,
 168, 169, 174, 177, 180, 184, 188,
 189, 194, 195, 196, 198, 200, 205,
 206, 210, 212, 213, 214, 216,
 217
 Dimasanguese Brook, 37
 Dreyer, J. G., 156, 157, 158, 169,
 177, 186, 194, 195, 200, 203, 205,
 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213,
 214, 215, 216, 217
 Dubainzi River, 90
 Duncan, A. H. F., 158
 Dunn, Mr., 28, 63, 65, 66, 68, 83,
 84, 104
 Dunne, E. E., 196, 206
 D'Urban, Sir Benjamin, 136
- EDWARD, 15, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25,
 26, 31, 33, 36, 42, 46, 48, 55, 56,
 59, 62, 63, 77, 78, 79, 80, 98, 110,
 117
 Edwards, S. H., 13, 14, 16, 75, 100,
 181, 182, 183, 184, 186, 189, 192,
 193, 195, 217, 222, 223

- Elliott, Rev. W. A., 90, 91, 92, 93, 225
 Elliott, Mrs., 104
 FAIRBAIRN AND DAWSON, 180
 Fairbairn, J., 169, 223
 Foster, Frederick, 91
 Foster, Richard, 14, 50, 51, 68
 Francis and Chapman, 182, 184
 Francis, Mrs., 213
 Francis, W. C., 181, 189, 190, 191, 192
 Francis's cattle post, 213
 Frederick, 156, 174
 French Missionaries, 75, 125
 Fry, I., 182, 185, 221, 223
 Fry, J. L., 13, 16, 221
 Fuller, lieutenant, 169, 170
 GABEROUNI, CHIEF, 123
 Gaseitsiwe, chief, 165
 Gaseitsiwe's Town, 163
 Gato Mountain, 61
 Gaza people, 73, 74, 77, 90, 92
 Geographical Society, 42, 53
 George, 156, 169, 177, 183, 198
 Gert, 156, 158, 169, 177
 Giering, (post-cart contractor), 216
 Girdlestone, 217
 Goldfields at Malmani, 161
 Gomoro, chief, 16
 Goold-Adams, Major H., 94, 95, 99, 100, 101, 102, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 125, 140, 187, 196, 197, 198, 206, 208, 210
 Goto, chief, 16, 78
 Gotoru, 70
 Goto's Town, 71
 Greeff, F., 182
 Grobbelaar incident, 198
 Gunning's, 155
 Gwaai River, 98
 Gwelo River, 25
 Gwirimba, chief, see Kwarimba
 HAGGARD, A. W., 110, 111, 112, 211, 212, 222
 Hall, G., 176, 205
 Hamilton, S., 176
 Harris, F. Rutherford, 155, 160
 Hartz River, 156
 Heany, Maurice, 113, 116, 117, 135
 Helm, Mrs. E., 15, 18, 96, 97, 140, 183
 Helm, Rev. C. D., 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 95, 96, 101, 108, 134, 140, 183, 184, 185, 186, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 224, 225, 226
 Hepburn, Mrs., 113, 172
 Hepburn, Rev. J. D., 116, 172, 211
 High Commissioner, 191
 Hitchcock, 176, 205
 Homan, E. E., 162
 Hope Fountain, 14, 20, 94, 95, 101, 185, 191, 194, 198, 200
 Hoste, Captain, 141
 Hunyane River, 14, 31, 37, 44, 50, 67, 68, 141
 IKALIFING, 214, 215
 Ikaneng, chief, 124
 Imbezu regiment, 67, 93, 94, 195
 Impakwe River, 98, 103
 Ingwenia River, 25
 Ingwesi River, 100, 119
 Inqwala, 16
 Inyambare Mt., 40, 48
 Inyamwenda, chief, 16
 Inyati, 20, 24, 51, 69
 Isaac, 14, 18, 23, 26, 31, 33, 63, 64, 76, 77, 78, 104
 Isaacs, Mr., 216
 JELLY, 16, 18, 19, 23, 24, 26, 31, 32, 33, 40, 43, 48, 59, 60, 63, 70, 71, 73, 78, 88, 97, 102, 103, 104, 127
 Jesuit missionary, 172
 John, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20, 28, 31, 33, 36, 39, 42, 46, 47, 48, 55, 56, 57, 59, 62, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 78, 84, 88, 93
 Johnson, F. W. F., 135, 141
 Johnston (missionary), 215

KANYA (KANYE), 94, 124, 160, 163, 166
 Kanyemba, chief, 46, 48, 77, 126
 Kanyemba's Town, 46, 47, 48, 100
 Kazilamumbi, chief, 35
 Kerr, Montagu, 21, 127
 Kgamanyane's (Linchwe's), 167
 Khama, 21, 56, 96, 99, 104, 105, 108, 109, 111, 114, 117, 119, 122, 123, 133, 137, 172, 189, 211, 212
 Kimberley, 75, 112, 113, 127, 155, 158, 191, 195, 216, 217
 King, 216
 Knight-Bruce, Mrs. L., 63, 65, 66, 81, 91, 97, 113, 139, 167
 Knight-Bruce, Right Rev. G. W. H., 197, 205, 222
 Korwe pan, 162
 Kumalo River, 13, 96, 179
 Kumalo, William, 156, 157, 169, 177, 180, 181
 Kunana, 159
 Kurusu, 61, 62
 Kwarimba, chief, 17, 72, 76
 Kwarimba's people, 73

•

LAMONIE, 110
 Letlakane River, 106, 175, 206
 Limone pan, 174, 207, 208, 210
 Limpopo River, see Crocodile River, 170
 Linchwe, chief, 122
 Linchwe's, 119, 120, 122, 167, 169
 Livingstone, Dr., 48, 52, 53, 61, 79
 Lobengula, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 51, 65, 85, 92, 94, 96, 99, 100, 101, 104, 108, 109, 112, 114, 123, 126, 128, 129, 130, 133, 134, 136, 138, 139; death of child, 95, 198; displeased at passing Tati, 180; permission to enter, 180; at Umvutcha, 180; interpreter, 181; meeting with, 181; kraal, 182; description of, 182; interviews with, 183, 184, 186, 187, 193; medicine making, 185; anxious about white people coming into

country, 187; appoints day for interview, 188; postpones interview, 188; refuses to let Helm return, 188; stops shooting, 189; receives letter from Khama, 189; gives Thomson beer, 189; gives permission to shoot, 190; allows Helm to return, 190; sends for white people, 190; holds *indaba*, 191, 201; admits Shippard, 192; *indunas* leave matter to king, 192; receives administrator, 197, 198; Moffat's last interview, 200; signs concession, 202, 219; Rudd bids good-bye, 202
 Lomagandi, chief, 16, 31, 34, 36
 Lotje, 202
 Lotsani River, 110, 209, 210
 Luangwa River, 48, 49, 50, 126
 Luipaardsvlei, 155
 Lundaza River, 30

MACKENZIE, Rev. J., 116, 139
 McKenzie, Right Rev. D., 125
 McGregor, Captain, 162
 McGregor, Mrs. (née Crossman), 162
 Macclouts River, 141, 175, 176, 200, 205, 206
 Mafeking, 31, 118, 124, 126, 127, 160, 161, 162, 167, 214, 215
 Magueta Hills, 30
 Maguire, J. R., 140, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 168, 169, 172, 173, 174, 176, 177, 179, 180, 184, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 202, 219, 220, 221
 Mahonane kop, 175, 206
 Mail, 95, 158, 160, 161, 162, 164, 166, 179, 186, 194, 196, 200
 Makalaka, 99
 Makobies, 203
 Makololo Christians, 52
 Malmani, 160, 161
 Mangwe River, 99, 178, 203
 Manialala Hills, 178
 Mansanswe Mountain, 48

- Manyambere, Mt., 51, 53
 Manyami, 15, 21, 98, 178, 179, 203
 Mapondera, chief, 16, 37
 Maretela, 106, 107, 207
 Marico River, 214
 Maritzani River, 159
 Martin, George, 20, 22, 90, 186, 190
 Mashona, 24, 25, 27, 31, 38, 65, 69, 71, 137
 Mashonaland, 17, 22, 90, 96, 118, 129, 133, 201
 Mashona raids, 35
 Matabele, 20, 22, 24, 28, 31, 37, 38, 61, 66, 67, 77, 92, 97, 115, 116, 120, 125, 126, 138
 Matakanya, chief, 50, 126
 Matakanya's, 70, 100
 Matemwe, 53
 Matthew, 176
 Maund, E. A., 193, 195, 199, 221, 223
 Mauwe Brook, 98
 Mbare River, 39, 40, 60
 Mchesa, chief, 16
 Mesitkwe River, 38, 39, 60
 Mhlaba Hills, 27
 Mhalapshwe, 113, 173, 211, 212
 Miller (storekeeper), 167
 Mission to the Mashonas, 16
 Moddibuk, 159
 Moffat, Rev. J. S., 22, 95, 101, 108, 112, 135, 140, 177, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 187, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 200
 Molopolole (Molepolole), 112, 166, 167
 Montsioa, chief, 162
 Montsioa's location, 164
 Morere Brook, 60
 Moshoe's location, 164
 Mukwadzi, 37
 Muller's, 155
 Mushiyqua, chief, 68
 Musson, A., 173
 Musson's waggons, 168
 Mutandi, 46, 50
 Mzilikazi, chief, 15, 18
 NAMFUKADZA, CHIEF, 44, 45, 51
 Newton, F. J., 157, 158, 159, 160
 Ngesi River, 28, 88
 Nind, C. E., 155, 158, 160
 Notwane River, 117, 119, 120, 164, 168, 169, 213, 215
 Nyarakatu Brook, 85
 Nyatzimi River, 69
 PAIAPYE, 110, 207, 208, 209, 210
 Palaswie Hill, 108
 Paterson, Captain, 114
 Pauling, H., 206
 Perizengi, 53, 56
 Perizengi's Town, 53, 100
 Petersen, H., 183, 186, 188, 194
 Phillips, G. A., 193, 195
 Piland, chief, 165
 Piland's Kraal, 165
 Pokwani, 127
 Postage stamps, 183
 Pretoria, Bishop of, 123, 124
 Protectorate, limits of
 Puruman, 156
 Que Que River, 26
 RAMAQUABANE RIVER, 176, 177, 204, 205
 Ramatlabama, 162
 Ramocha, 124, 125
 Rees, Rev. Bowen, 21, 22, 24, 91, 93, 104, 187
 Renny-Tailyour, E. R., 191, 192, 193
 Rhodes, C. J., 139, 155, 156, 160, 194, 196, 202, 221, 224
 Rietfontein, 160
 Robinson, Sir H., 100
 Römwe Mountain, 37
 Rudd, C. D., 110, 140

- Rudd, Frank, 156, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 168, 169, 170, 171, 174, 175, 177, 178, 179, 180, 184, 185, 186, 188, 189, 190, 194, 195, 196, 198, 200, 205, 206, 210, 212, 213, 214, 216
- Rudd, Mrs. F. G., 155, 158, 186
- Ruins, 178, 203
- Runchman, 158, 160
- Rutope, 69, 71
- Ruzawi, 76
- SABI RIVER, 14, 19, 70, 74, 130, 141
- Sadza, chief, 16
- Salisbury, Lord, 100
- Sebakwe River, 26
- Sebele, 166
- Sechele, chief, 112, 166
- Sekombo, 191
- Sekomi, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 64, 66, 73, 74, 79, 92, 114, 115, 116
- Selous, F. C., 14, 17, 19, 27, 30, 31, 38, 39, 53, 57, 68, 83, 84, 85, 90, 111, 117, 135, 137, 138, 141
- Seretz, chief, 172
- Seruli River, 105, 207
- Shangani River, 90
- Shashanie River, 98
- Shashi River, 103, 130, 176, 205, 206
- Shippard, Sir Sidney, 13, 17, 19, 94, 95, 99, 100, 101, 102, 110, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 122, 129, 133, 134, 136, 165, 169, 170, 172, 187, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 205, 206, 208, 210, 211, 222
- Sykes, Rev. W., 22, 108
- Shire River, 50
- Shoshong, 99, 110, 115, 164, 169, 170, 172, 173, 211, 215
- Sinoia's Town, 35
- Sipiro, chief, 17, 77
- Sipolilo, chief, 14, 16, 38, 40, 41, 60
- Springbokfontein, 156
- Swinburne, U. P., 169
- TAINTON, W. J., 13, 14, 183, 184, 221, 227
- Tanganika Lake, 21, 91
- Tarbutt, 161
- Tati, 21, 100, 103, 105, 113, 175, 176, 180, 187, 200, 201, 202, 205, 212
- Tati concession, 176, 201, 205, 220
- Taungs, 112, 156, 157, 194
- Taylor, Canon, 130
- Temming, Rev. Father J. B., 172
- Tetè, 100
- Thabas Induna, 20
- Thomas, David, 54, 117
- Thomas, M., 117
- Thomas, Mrs., 117
- Thomas, Rev. T. M., 51
- Thompson, F. R., 96, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 176, 177, 179, 180, 181, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 194, 195, 196, 198, 200, 201, 202, 213, 219, 220, 221, 223, 225, 226
- Tiger Pass, 98, 99
- Tillard, (civil commissioner), 160
- Toll at Manyami, 179
- Towani River, 173, 211
- Transvaal, 123, 125, 130, 133, 198, 216
- Tsetse Fly, 27, 58, 60, 62
- Turner, (Polly Stow's husband), 160
- UMFULI RIVER, 28, 70, 83
- Unganene, 13, 140, 180
- Unguza River, 180
- Umnati River, 27, 28, 80, 81, 82, 83
- Umpakwe, 177, 178, 203, 204
- Umsangwa River, 24
- Umsengaisi River, 50, 53, 55, 79
- Umsusa's Village, 57
- Umswewe River, 28
- Umtigeza, chief, 17, 79, 80
- Umtigeza's Hills, 79
- Umvutcha (Umvutja), 99
- Umyamwenda's, 65

- Umzila's, 130
 Umzila's Kraal, 21
 Umzila's people, 73
 Universities Mission, 129
 Utete River, 57

 VAN ROOYEN, J. C., 22, 24, 176
 Vermaak, 178
 Victoria Falls, 21, 31, 77, 90, 93, 100, 126
 Vleischfontein mission, 214, 215
 von Schweinitz, Count Friedrich, 28, 29, 32, 33, 63, 64, 82, 83, 84, 85, 104, 196, 206
 Vryburg, 127, 137, 157, 158, 159, 160, 216
 Vungu River, 24, 89

 WALLOP, HON. J., 110, 211, 212, 222

 Warren, Sir Charles, 111
 Water, in search of, 208, 209
 Wedza Mt., 70, 71, 116
 Wilhelm, 58, 59, 62, 98
 Williams, J., 163, 164, 165
 Wirsing's, 159
 Wisbech (Westbeech), G., 90
 Witfontein, 155
 Wood, Colonel J. G., 115, 206
 Wood, G., 27,

 ZALOKA RIVER, 26
 Zambazi, 21, 38, 47, 51, 58, 77, 93, 97, 101, 120, 126, 128, 129, 138, 140, 201, 214, 219
 Zanzibar, 21, 68
 Zeerust, 216
 Zimba Mt., 38
 Zumbo, 19, 45, 47, 49, 50, 53, 93, 100

