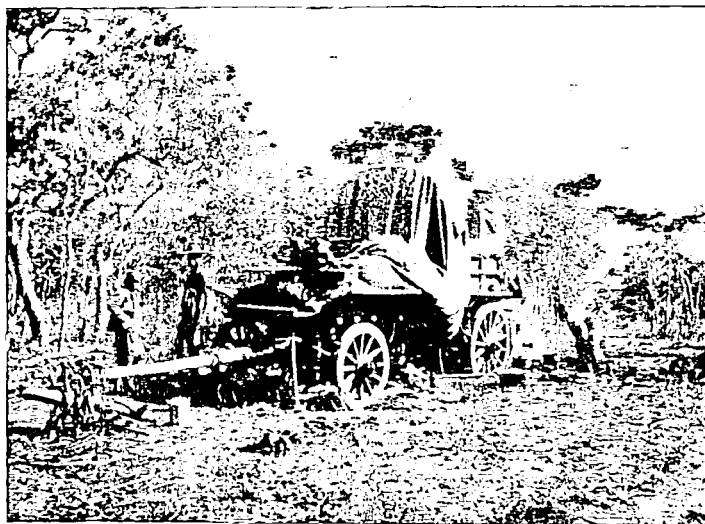


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# IN NEW SOUTH AFRICA:

*TRAVELS IN  
THE TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIA.*

BY  
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CAMP LIFE IN MASHONALAND.

WITH TWENTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS.

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these sneaking scavengers, who, nevertheless, are most powerful brutes.

A great skull, with long horns on its nose, is suspended from a tree close by, and on the wagon are some leviathan bones; of these I have heard whilst in camp, but hardly expected to be so fortunate as to see. The hunter had been commissioned by Mr. Rhodes to shoot a white rhinoceros for the purpose of the Cape Town Museum the race being already not far from extinct. The peculiar characteristic of the white rhinoceros is that it is *not* white. It differs from the comparatively common, ordinary, or garden rhinoceros inasmuch as it feeds on grass instead of on roots, is larger and has a blunt, square nose, instead of a pointed one. Neither is it so fierce as the latter. Inside the wagon I am shown the great hide, cut into two or three pieces for convenience in carrying. The horn that is the larger one, is over thirty five inches long, and it is clearly seen to be attached to the skull by means of a pad of cartilage only.

The specimen had been shot a few days' journey on the other side of my destination. The bullet from the eight-bore rifle had failed to kill the animal and it was only after a three days' journey in pursuit and no fewer than six wounds had been inflicted on

him, that the tenacious hunter came up with him for the last time and gave the poor beast his *coup de grace* as he lay weak from the loss of blood, under a bush. John, the tiny Hottentot at the camp, had aided in the securing of this mighty prey, bringing him to his knees with a well directed shot. The distance travelled had been fully seventy miles, but it was well worth the trouble, the price to be paid for the specimen being very considerable.

Twenty-seven miles from our last night's dwelling we draw up at a cleared spot where three or four huts are in course of erection, another being apparently in a finished condition. In this I am invited to spend the night before inspecting the Ayrshire mine.

The huts are being mud plastered by sixteen Mashona women, twelve of whom have piccanins on their backs as they work, they being slung, spread-legged in a cloth on the ample backs of their mothers. The exuberant anatomy of these ladies is probably a providential arrangement for the convenience of their offspring. Inside the huts are four ancient crones, who are engaged in spreading the mud over the poles and filling up the cracks caused by the shrinking of the mud already put on and dried. Another gang carries the mud in small, flat baskets on their heads (piccanins behind, of course), which

for the night, when the distant cry of a bullock driver in the direction of the Poort signals to us that the oxen are approaching. The wait before they reach us seems interminable, for, verily, the ox is slow, and when at last we hear the scuffle of their feet close by, all we can see is a number of huge horns almost upon us. The oxen being the colour of the Kaffir, only these are visible.

Still not Pat, so we turn in between the wheels of the wagon, and next morning he rides calmly up asking if anyone wants to run into camp to get their English mail, as they may ride his horse back and return on foot. Time has been wasted, and I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that I had better avail myself of the offer and return to Salisbury, as otherwise I shall miss the coach down country. Driving out later to fetch my baggage from the wagon, I find it still in the same place, but actually preparing to start.

As I gather my baggage together we notice a little party approaching us from the direction of Hartley, consisting of a dozen Kaffirs carrying somewhat heavy burdens and a single white man drooping over the donkey he is riding. It turns out to be a poor fever-stricken traveller who has come from two or three days' journey on the other side of Hartley. He had there shot a rhinoceros, which he is

bringing into camp, and had contracted a severe attack of fever, walking thirty miles a day into Hartley in spite of it. By the time he reaches us it is evident that he can hardly hold himself on the donkey he is riding, and I gladly make room for him in my sulky.

Intending to return to the Transvaal by way of Manicaland, Beira, and Durban, I am considerably disappointed to find that the boats are running very irregularly owing to changes in the service, and this entirely precludes me from returning that way. Hartley is a district around which a very large amount of prospecting has been done, but great difficulties have been met with on account of the presence of the "fly," preventing traction, except by means of Kaffirs, and also, in places, of the presence of large quantities of water below a certain depth. This country was on the borderland of the Matabele kingdom, and Lobengula even progressed so far as to erect a battery there, which never was started, and probably remains there yet if the white ants and borers have let it alone.

Manicaland is more favourably situated, being free from fly, and on the direct line from the coast to Salisbury, so that the advantage of railway communication must soon aid materially in its development. The scenery is in great part of a very fine