

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

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PLACED in the center of the southern hemisphere, many thousands of miles from any other civilized community, and with a civilized population still extremely small in proportion to its vast area,

South Africa has only just begun to excite the curiosity and interest of mankind. Twenty years ago even England seldom thought of her remote colony, except when some Kafir war compelled the despatch of imperial troops; and the rest of the world scarcely noted its existence. Now the discovery of extraordinary mineral wealth, a passionate struggle of races, and the possibility that the clashing interests of great nations may come to mingle in that struggle, have drawn all eyes to the southern extremity of the African continent—a continent the greater part of which was unexplored fifty years ago, and which even twenty-five years ago was an object of indifference to those European powers which have of late been so eagerly striving for a share in it.

The best way to understand the economic conditions and material resources of South Africa, as well as the political problems which now excite our interest, is first to understand the physical features of the country. They are very remarkable. Africa south of the Zambesi River consists, broadly speaking, of two regions. There is a strip of low land lying along the coast of the Indian Ocean—a strip only a few miles wide in the south, between Cape Town and East London, but gradually widening as it runs northward, till in the Portuguese territory north of Delagoa Bay it measures from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles across. Behind this strip, to the north and east of it, lies a great mass of high ground, rising from the Indian Ocean in hills and mountains from 4000 to 11,000 feet in height, but farther inland, at a distance of from forty to two hundred miles from the ocean, stretching out in a huge plateau elevated from 3000 to 5000 feet above sea-level, the more easterly part being the higher. The outer—that is, the southern and eastern—edge of this mass of high land is formed by a long chain of mountains, in most places higher

than the plateau itself. It has no general name, but the central part is called the Drakenberge or Kathlamba range. This chain receives on its seaward side, and thereby cuts off from the plateau within, the great part of the rains which come up from the Indian Ocean. Thus the plateau is much drier than the coast strip or the outer slopes of the mountains, and the westerly part of it, being farther from the rain-sending ocean, is drier than the easterly. Moreover, over all this country, except a small district around and north of Cape Town, the rains are summer rains, which fall in the months from November to February. Under the intense heat of the sun the country soon dries up, and for seven or eight months in the year it is parched and arid—much of it, as we shall see presently, little better than a desert.

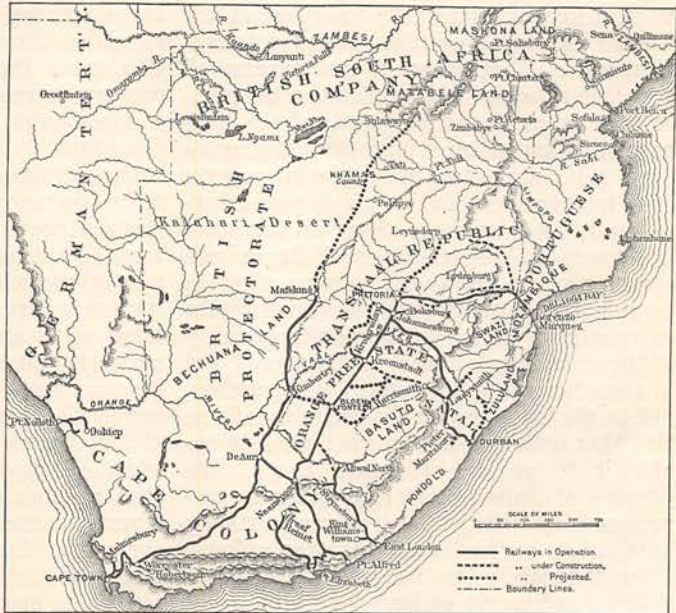
This great and dominant physical fact—a low and comparatively well-watered coast-belt with a high and arid interior—has determined the character of South Africa in many ways. It explains the very remarkable fact that South Africa has, broadly speaking, no rivers. Those that run south and east from the mountains to the coast are short and rapid torrents after a storm, but at other times almost dry. In the interior there are, indeed, streams which, like the Orange River or the Limpopo, seem on the map to have long courses; but they have so little water during three fourths of the year as to be of no service for the purposes of navigation, while most of their tributaries shrink in the dry season to mere lines of pools, scarcely supplying drink to the cattle on their banks. This is one of the reasons why South Africa remained so long unexplored. People could not penetrate it by following waterways, as happened both in North and in South America; they were obliged to travel by ox-wagon, making only some twelve miles a day; and for the same reason the country is now forced to depend entirely upon railways for internal communication. There is not a stream fit to float anything drawing three feet of water.

Here is one result of the peculiar physical conditions I have described. Another, of no less moment, is the fact that the interior plateau gains from its height and its dryness a generally salubrious climate. The parts of the coast strip lying north of Durban, the ris-

ing port of Natal, are unhealthy because infested by those malarial fevers which are the blight of Africa, and which, though worst after the wet season, are more or less pernicious all through the year. These fevers follow the streams up into the interior wherever the ground is low, and sometimes occur at a height of 3000 or even 3500 feet. But they are much less deadly the farther one gets from the coast, and above 4000 feet they seldom occur. The air of the plateau is so fresh, light, and invigorating that the heat even of midsummer is not severely felt, and sunstroke, so common and fatal in India, is not feared. This fact explains how the course of South African discovery has proceeded, and how it is the Dutch and the English, rather than the Portuguese, that have become the possessors of the rich interior.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, long before the first Dutch fort was erected at Cape Town, Portugal had planted her settlers at various points along the east coast, from Delagoa Bay to the Zambesi and Mozambique. They did some trading in gold and ivory with the interior, and they ascended the Zambesi for several hundred miles. But the pestilential strip of flat ground which lay between the coast and the plateau damped their desires, and threw obstacles in the way of their advance. They did little to explore and nothing to civilize the interior. Three centuries passed, during which our knowledge of South Central Africa was scarcely extended; and it was not till some sixty years ago that the Dutch Boers in their slow wagons passed northeastward from Cape Colony to the spots where Bloemfontein and Pretoria now stand; not till 1854-56 that David Livingstone made his way through Bechuanaland to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi and to the Atlantic coast at Loanda; not till 1889 that the vast territories which lie between the Transvaal Republic and Lake Tanganyika began to be occupied by the Mashonaland pioneers. All these farmers, explorers, and mining prospectors came up over the high plateau from the extreme southernmost end of Africa, checked from time to time by the warlike

native tribes, but drawn on by finding everywhere a country in which Europeans could live and thrive; while the Portuguese, having long since lost the impulse of discovery and conquest, did no more than maintain their hold upon the coast, and allowed even the few forts they had established along the course of the Zambesi to crumble away.



For the location of railways we are indebted to a map kindly lent by «The Engineering News.»

That the inhabitants of Cape Colony should have been so long in awakening to the value of the interior is itself to be traced to the physical character of the land they had occupied. Immediately behind the mountains which border the coast to the north and east of the original settlement about Cape Town the country is extremely arid and unattractive. Southwest of Graaf Reinet (see map) there is a tract called the Karroo (the name is Hottentot, meaning «dry»), which extends some three hundred miles east and west, and about one hundred and fifty north and south. This tract is from 2500 to 3500 feet above sea-level. It has a rainfall seldom exceeding five inches in the year, and is therefore totally without running water. Parts of it are mountainous, parts level, but it is everywhere destitute of herbage and of trees, though pretty thickly covered with small thorny shrubs and bushes. The exquisite brilliancy of the air, the warmth of the days and the coldness of the nights, remind one who crosses it of the deserts of western America between the

Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, though the soil is much less alkaline, and the so-called «sage-brush» plants characteristic of an alkaline soil are absent. North of the Karroo a similar and still larger region, equally arid, equally barren, and in most places equally elevated, stretches away to the banks of, and even beyond, the Orange River, passing into the deserts of Damaraland and of western Bechuanaland. The dreariness of this Karroo country long discouraged colonization, and still interposes a vast expanse of very thinly peopled country between the agricultural tracts near Cape Town and the comparatively well-watered lands far to the north-east. It is not all sheer desert, for large parts of it bear small succulent plants which furnish good feed for sheep, though it takes five or six acres to keep one sheep. Villages have sprung up here and there, to some of which consumptive patients have been drawn by the extraordinary purity and invigorating quality of the air; minerals have been discovered, and in some few spots are worked with success; and in the level ground the soil is usually so rich that nothing but water is needed to enable it to produce abundant crops. The expense of finding or storing water for the purposes of tillage is, however, virtually prohibitive; so this immense region of some 120,000 square miles, far larger than Great Britain, and nearly as large as the State of Montana, remains and is likely long to remain useless except for the pasturage of sheep and goats: and the number of live stock it can support, although considerable in the aggregate, is very small when compared with the immense area.

Fully one third of the whole surface of South Africa consists of this sort of wilderness, which includes nearly all of German West Africa and of the British territories between the Orange River and Lake Ngami. The rest of the country is better fitted for human life and labor. Along the coast of the Indian Ocean eastward from Cape Town to Durban there is rain enough for tillage; and northward from Durban to the Portuguese port of Beira, though the frequency of malaria makes the low grounds unhealthy for Europeans, native labor can take full advantage of a sufficient rainfall and a soil in many places fertile. Inland, both on the seaward slopes of the great Kathlamba mountain-range and in the long valleys which traverse it, there is plenty of pasture, and almost the whole of the land is stocked with cattle or sheep, or with ostriches. Still farther inland, the eastern half of the great central

plateau already described is nearly all available either for pasture or for agriculture. But as this part of Africa is that which has for us at present the greatest interest, since it is the part most recently occupied by Europeans, and the part around which the waves of political strife are now beating, it deserves a somewhat fuller description.

The eastern half of the plateau consists of three territories. Two of them are Dutch republics (though a minority of the population speak Dutch). The third includes the country intrusted by Great Britain to the administration of the British South Africa Company.

One of these republics—the Orange Free State—is very nearly as large as England, and just as large as the State of New York. It lies from 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea, and is mostly level, with some low ranges of hills. The surface is bare of wood, except in a few sheltered spots along the streams, but is well covered with herbage. The air is pure and bracing, much like that of Colorado or Wyoming. There are, happily, no blizzards; but violent thunder-storms are not uncommon, and the hailstones—I have seen them bigger than pigeon's eggs—which fall during such storms sometimes kill the smaller animals and even men. To the inhabitants and their government I shall return in a subsequent article. Here it is enough to remark that there are very few of them—only 77,000 whites and about 130,000 natives. Though much of the country is well fitted for agriculture, it is almost entirely occupied by huge grazing-farms; and as such a farm needs and supports only a few men, the population continues to grow but slowly.

Northeast of the Orange Free State lies the South African Republic, which we know better under the name of the Transvaal State. It is about two thirds the size of France, and larger than Arizona, but has in this vast territory only about 170,000 whites, some three fourths of whom are in the small gold-mining district of the Witwatersrand. It is a very high country, much of it above 5000 feet,—Johannesburg, the capital of the Rand district, is 5500 above the sea,—and these high parts are healthy, for the summer heats are tempered by easterly breezes and by copious rains. On the east and north, where the country sinks toward the ocean and the valley of the river Limpopo, there is a good deal of fever, though drainage and cultivation may be expected to improve the conditions of health. Like the Orange Free State, the Transvaal is primarily a pasture-land; it is

only in the lower ground on the eastern and northern border that tillage is likely to make much progress. There are some mountain-chains, but even the mountains, except on the eastern edge of the plateau facing the Indian Ocean, are destitute of trees. The fierce sun dries up the soil, and makes the grass sear and brown for the greater part of the year; the strong breezes sweep over the bare hills and rolling uplands, checked by no forest belts. It is in its gold reefs and its coal deposits that the great wealth of the country lies; but to these I shall return later.

West and north of the Transvaal lie those immense British territories which have been assigned to the British South Africa Company as its sphere of operations. Bechuanaland—so called from the principal native race which occupies it—is a high and generally level country, mostly wooded, though the trees are but small, and with grass which is richer and more abundant than that of the Transvaal. It is looked upon as likely to prove one of the best ranching tracts in the continent. Matabeleland and Mashonaland, farther to the north, are equally high, but more undulating than Bechuanaland, with great swelling downs somewhat resembling the prairies of western Kansas. They are bright, breezy countries, very hot in the daytime, for they lie within the tropic, but with nights cool even in midsummer, and a climate which, except in the lower grounds along the marshy banks of the streams, is not merely healthy, but invigorating. Plenty of rain falls in December, January, and February, and it is only in October, at the end of the dry season, that the grass begins to fail on the pastures. The subjacent rock is, as in Bechuanaland, usually granite; but here and there beds of slate and schist are found, and in these beds there are quartz reefs, believed to be rich in gold, and from which a great deal of gold must in days gone by have been extracted, so numerous are the traces of ancient workings. The extreme easterly part of Mashonaland, where it borders on the dominions of Portugal, is called Manicaland. This is a country of bold mountains of granite mixed with porphyry and slate—a country the loftiest peaks of which rise to a height of 8000 feet above the sea, and where a comparatively abundant rainfall makes the streams more numerous, and fuller even in the dry season, than are those of any other part of the great plateau. Here and there a piece of high table-land, some 7000 feet above sea-level, offers an atmosphere of rare salubrity, while a few miles farther to the eastward, in the low grounds which slope gently

to the coast, malignant fevers warn Europeans against any attempt to settle, and make even a journey from the sea to the highlands dangerous during some months of the year.

The reader will probably have gathered from this brief sketch of the physical character of South Africa that it offers comparatively little to attract the lover of natural scenery. This impression is true if any one takes the sort of landscapes we have learned to enjoy in Europe and in the eastern part of the United States as the type of scenery which gives most pleasure. Variety of form, boldness of outline, the presence of water in lakes and running streams, and, above all, foliage and verdure, are the main elements of beauty in those landscapes; while if any one desires something of more imposing grandeur, he finds it in snow-capped mountains like the Alps or the Cascade Range, or in majestic crags such as those which tower over the fiords of Norway. But the scenery of South Africa is wholly unlike that of Europe or of most parts of America. It is, above all things, a dry land, a parched and thirsty land, where no clear brooks murmur through the meadow, no cascade sparkles from the cliff, where mountain and plain alike are brown and dusty except during the short season of the rains. And being a dry land, it is also a bare land, with only a few veritable forests in a few favored spots, while elsewhere, even in the best-wooded tracts, the trees are generally stunted. In Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, for instance, though a great part of the surface is covered with trees, you see none forty feet high, and few reaching thirty; while in the wilderness of the Kalahari desert and Damaraland nothing larger than a bush is visible except the scraggy and thorny mimosas. These features of South Africa—the want of water and the want of greenness—are those to which a native of western Europe finds it hardest to accustom himself, however thoroughly he may enjoy the brilliant sun and the keen, dry air which go along with them. And it must also be admitted that over very large areas the aspects of nature are so uniform as to become monotonous. One may travel eight hundred miles and see less variety in the landscape than one would find in one fourth of the same distance anywhere in western Europe or in America east of the Alleghany Mountains. The same geological formations prevail over wide areas, and give the same profile to the hilltop, the same undulations to the plain, while in traveling northward toward the equator the flora seems to change far less between 34° and 18° south latitude than it

does from Barcelona to Havre, through only half as many degrees of latitude.

There are, nevertheless, some interesting bits of scenery in South Africa, which, if they do not of themselves repay the traveler for so long a journey, add sensibly to his enjoyment. The situation of Cape Town, with a magnificent range of precipices rising behind it, with a noble bay in front, and environs full of beautiful avenues and pleasure-grounds, while bold mountain-peaks close in the distance, is equaled by that of few other cities in the world. Constantinople and Naples, Bombay and San Francisco, cannot boast of more perfect or more varied prospects. There are some fine pieces of wood and water scenery along the south coast of Cape Colony, and one of singular charm in the adjoining colony of Natal, where the suburbs of Durban, the principal port, though they lack the grandeur which its craggy heights give to the neighborhood of Cape Town, have, with a warmer climate, a richer and more tropically luxuriant vegetation. In the great range of mountains which runs some seventeen hundred miles from Cape Town almost to the banks of the Zambesi, the scenery becomes striking in three districts only. One of these is Basutoland, a little native territory which lies just where Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and Natal meet. Its peaks are the highest in Africa south of Mount Kilimanjaro, for several of them reach 11,000 feet. On the south-east this mountain-land, the Switzerland of South Africa, faces Natal and East Griqualand with a long range of formidable precipices, impassable for many miles. The interior contains valleys and glens of singular beauty, some wild and rugged, some clothed with rich pasture. The voice of brooks, a sound rare in Africa, rises from the hidden depths of the gorges, and here and there torrents plunging over the edge of a basaltic cliff into an abyss below make waterfalls which are at all seasons beautiful, and when swollen by the rains of January majestic. Except wood, of which there is unhappily nothing more than a little scrubby bush in the sheltered hollows, nearly all the elements of beauty are present, and the contrast between the craggy summits and the soft, rich pasture- and corn-lands which lie along their northern base gives rise to many admirable landscapes.

Two hundred miles north-northeast of Basutoland the great Kathlamba range rises in very bold slopes from the coast levels behind Delagoa Bay, and the scenery of the valleys and passes is said to be extremely grand. Knowing it, however, only by report, I will not

venture to describe it. Nearly five hundred miles still farther to the north, in the district called Manicaland already referred to, is a third mountain-region, less lofty than Basutoland, but deriving a singular charm from the dignity and variety of its mountain forms. The whole country is so elevated that summits of 7000 or even 8000 feet do not produce any greater effect upon the eye than does Ben Lomond as seen from Loch Lomond, or Mount Washington from the Glen House. But there is a boldness of line about these granite peaks comparable to those of the west coast of Norway or of the finest parts of the Swiss Alps. Some of them rise in smooth shafts of apparently inaccessible rock; others form long ridges of pinnacles of every kind of shape, specially striking when they stand out against the brilliantly clear morning or evening sky. The valleys are well wooded, the lower slopes covered with herbage, so the effect of these wild peaks is heightened by the softness of the surroundings which they dominate, while at the same time the whole landscape becomes more complex and more noble by the mingling of such diverse elements. No scenery better deserves the name of romantic. And even in the tamer parts, where instead of mountains there are only low hills, or «kopjes» (as they are called in South Africa), the comparatively friable rock of these hills decomposes under the influence of the weather into curiously picturesque and fantastic forms, with crags riven to their base, and detached pillars supporting loose blocks and tabular masses, among or upon which the timid Mashonas have built their huts in the hope of escaping the raids of their warlike enemies, the Matabele.

Though I must admit that South Africa, taken as a whole, offers far less to attract the lover of natural beauty than does southern or western Europe or the Pacific States of North America, there are two kinds of charm which it possesses in a high degree. One is that of color. Monotonous as the landscapes often are, there is a warmth and richness of tone about them which fills and delights the eye. One sees comparatively little of that pale gray limestone which so often gives a hard and chilling aspect to the scenery of the lower ridges of the Alps and of large parts of the coasts of the Mediterranean. In Africa even the gray granite has a deeper tone than these limestones, and it is frequently covered by red and yellow lichens of wonderful beauty. The dark basalts and porphyries which occur in so many places, the rich red tint which the surface of the sandstone rocks so often takes

under the scorching sun, give great depth of tone to the landscape; and though the flood of midday sunshine is almost overpowering, the lights of morning and evening, touching the mountains with every shade of rose and crimson and violet, are indescribably beautiful. It is in these morning and evening hours that the charm of the pure, dry air is specially felt. Mountains fifty or sixty miles away stand out clearly enough to enable all the wealth of their color and all the delicacy of their outlines to be perceived; and the eye realizes, by the exquisitely fine change of color tinge between the nearer and the more distant ranges, the immensity and the harmony of the landscape. Europeans may think that the continuous profusion of sunlight during most of the year may become wearisome. I was not long enough in the country to find it so, and I notice that those who have lived for a few years in South Africa declare they prefer that continuous profusion to the murky skies of Britain or Holland or north Germany. But even if the fine weather which prevails for eight months in the year be somewhat monotonous, there is compensation in the extraordinary brilliancy of the atmospheric effects throughout the rainy season, and especially in its first weeks. During nine days which I spent in the Transvaal at that season, when several thunder-storms occurred almost every day, the combinations of sunshine, lightning, and cloud, and the symphonies—if the expression may be permitted—of light and shade and color which their changeful play produced in the sky and on the earth, were more various and more wonderful than a whole year would furnish forth for enjoyment in most parts of Europe.

The other peculiar charm which South African scenery possesses is that of primeval solitude and silence. It is a charm which is differently felt by different minds. There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls «the rich works of men» essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards, farm-houses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labor, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which evokes the sense of sympathy with our fellow-men, and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse. No one is insensible to these things, and some find little delight in any scene from which they are absent. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and

primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. The self-sufficingness of nature, the insignificance of man, the mystery of a universe which does not exist, as our ancestors fondly thought, for the sake of man, but for other purposes hidden from us and forever undiscoverable—these things are more fully realized and more deeply felt when one traverses an immense wilderness which seems to have known no change since the remote ages when hill and plain and valley were molded into the forms we see to-day. Feelings of this kind powerfully affect the mind of the traveler in South Africa. They affect him in the Karroo, where the slender line of rails, along which his train creeps all day and all night across long stretches of brown desert and under the crests of stern, dark hills, seems to heighten by contrast the sense of solitude—a vast and barren solitude interposed between the busy haunts of men which he has left behind on the shores of the ocean and those still busier haunts whither he is bent, where the pick and hammer sound upon the Witwatersrand, and the palpitating engine drags masses of ore from the depths of the crowded mine. They affect him still more in the breezy highlands of Matabeleland, where the eye ranges over an apparently endless succession of undulations clothed with tall grass or waving wood, till they sink in the blue distance toward the plain through which the great Zambesi takes its seaward course.

The wilderness is indeed not wholly unpeopled. Over the wide surface of Matabeleland and Mashonaland—an area of some two hundred thousand square miles—there are scattered natives of various tribes, whose numbers may be roughly estimated at from 150,000 to 250,000 persons. (There are really scarcely any data for an estimate, so I give this with the greatest hesitation.) But one rarely sees a native except along a few well-beaten tracks, and still more rarely comes upon a cluster of huts in the woods along the streamlets or half hidden among the fissured rocks of a granite kopje. The only traces of man's presence in the landscape are the narrow and winding footpaths which run hither and thither through the country, and bewilder the traveler who, having strayed from his wagon, vainly hopes by following them to find his way back to the main track, and the wreaths of blue smoke which indicate some spot where a Kafir has set the grass on fire for the sake of killing the tiny creatures which the fire may frighten from their nests or holes. Nothing is at first more surprising

to one who crosses a country inhabited by savages than the few marks of their presence which strike the eye, or at least an unpractised eye. The little plot of ground the Kafirs have cultivated is in a few years scarcely distinguishable from the untouched surface of the surrounding land, while the mud-built hut quickly disappears under the summer rains and the scarcely less destructive efforts of the white ants. Here in South Africa the native races seem to have made no progress for centuries, if indeed they have not actually gone backward—a question to which I shall presently return; and the feebleness of savage man intensifies one's sense of the overmastering strength of nature. The elephant and the rhinoceros and the giraffe are as much the masters of the soil as is the Kafir, and man has no more right to claim that the land was made for him than have the wild beasts of the forest who roar after their prey and seek their meat from God.

These features of South African nature, its silence, its loneliness, its drear solemnity, have not been without their influence upon the mind and temper of the European settler. The most peculiar and characteristic type that the country has produced is the Dutch Boer of the eastern plateau, the offspring of those Dutch Africans who some sixty years ago wandered away from British rule into the wilderness. These men had, and their sons and grandsons have to some extent retained, a passion for solitude that still makes them desire to live many miles from any neighbor, a sturdy self-reliance, a grim courage in the face of danger, a sternness from which the native races have often had to suffer. The majesty of nature has not, however, made them a poetical people, although the fact that they read nothing whatever but the Bible might be expected to have stimulated their imagination and purified their taste.

(To be continued.)

Before I turn from the physical conditions of South Africa and the aspects of its nature to speak of the races that inhabit it, a few sentences may be devoted to summarizing the main features already mentioned—features which need to be kept in view when we come to consider the lines on which industrial and political development have moved and are likely to move in future. These features are briefly the following; a hot and moist climate along the east coast, making the flat strip which extends northward from 30° south latitude unhealthy for Europeans; a parched and arid coast on the west northward from 32° south latitude, making the whole of this side of South Africa unattractive and of little value save for its minerals; a high mountain-range running parallel to the southern and eastern coast, cutting off a great part of the rains which come up from the Indian Ocean; a wide desert in the western half of the interior, interposing a sparsely peopled tract between the agricultural districts about Cape Town and the pastoral and mining country of the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and southern Bechuanaland; a climate so dry in the mountains and in the eastern half of the interior that tillage is in most places possible only by the help of irrigation; a high and healthy table-land stretching northward from the eastern parts of Cape Colony nearly all the way to the Zambesi; great mineral wealth in some, possibly in many, parts of this table-land; and finally, a sun everywhere so powerful that although white men can live, and their children can grow up in perfect health, open-air labor and hard physical work of every kind is now done, and is likely to continue to be done, by natives, and not by whites. We shall presently see how these conditions, and especially the last one, are likely to tell upon the future growth of the country, and to determine the type of its civilization.

James Bryce.

AN ENDED SONG.

I SANG of love to many a string,
 With many a sweet conceit and rhyme,
 And everywhere and every time—
 Of love, and love, I could but sing,
 Until my own heart felt the spell.
 Ah, then, how soon my lips were mute!
 How silent lay my untouched lute,
 Since what Love was I knew—too well!

Mary Ainge De Vere.

coat pocket? We have none of us forgotten, I think, that little conversation by the river.»

He saw my intention now, and thanked me with a radiant look. «Here is the picture, Mrs. Daly. Whose portrait did you think it was? Surely *you* might have known, Kitty! This is the girl I wanted years ago, and have wanted ever since; but she belonged to another man, and the man was my friend. I tried to save that man from insulting her and dishonoring himself, because I thought she loved him. Or, if he could n't be saved, I wanted to expose him and save her. And I risked my own honor to do it, and a great fool I was for my pains. But this is the last time I shall make a fool of myself for your sake, Kitty.»

I rose now in earnest, and I would not be stayed. In point of fact, nobody tried to stay me. Kitty was looking at her own face with eyes as dim as the little water-stained photograph she held. And Cecil was on his knees beside her, whispering: «I stole it from Micky's room at the ranch. That was no place for it, anyhow. May I not have one of my own, Kitty?»

I think he will get one—of his own Kitty.

OUR rival schemer, Mr. Norman Fleet, has arrived, and electrical transmission has shaken hands with compressed air. The millennium must be on the way, for never did two men

want so nearly the same thing, and yet agree to take each what the other does not need.

Mr. Fleet does not «want the earth,» either, nor all the waters thereof; but the most astonishing thing is, he does n't want the Snow Bank! He not only does n't want it himself, but is perfectly willing that Tom should have it. In fact, do what we will, it seems to be impossible for us to tread on the tail of that young man's coat. But having heard a little bird whisper that he is in love, and successfully so, I am not so surprised at his amiability. Neither am I altogether unprepared, if the little bird's whisper be true, for the fact that Miss Malcolm is becoming reconciled to Tom's designs upon her beloved scenery. For the sake of consistency, and that pure devotion to the Beautiful, so rare in this sordid age, I could have wished that she had not weakened so suddenly; but for Tom's sake I am very glad. She is clay in the hands of the potter, now that she knows my husband does not want «all the water,» and that his success does not mean the failure of Mr. Norman Fleet.

Harshaw will take the Snow Bank scheme when he takes Kitty back to London. If he promotes it, I tell Tom, after the fashion in which he «boomed» Kitty's marriage to his cousin, we're not likely to see either him or the Snow Bank again. But «Harshaw is all right,» Tom says; and I believe that the luck is with him.

Mary Hallock Foote.

THE END.

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[SECOND PAPER.]

HITHERTO the most interesting features in the history of South Africa have been the relations to one another of the races that originally inhabited or have recently occupied it, and the most difficult problems which its future presents arise from the relations of these races. Three races are native, four are European. The cases of contact or conflict between European and aboriginal races, which have been numerous during the last four centuries, include those where the native race, though perhaps numerous, is comparatively weak, and unable to assimilate European civilization, or to thrive under European rule (a rule which has often been harsh), or even to survive in the presence of a European population occupying its coun-

try; those where Europeans have conquered a country already filled by a more or less civilized population, which is so numerous and so prolific as to maintain itself in their presence; and those in which the native race is numerous and strong enough to maintain itself in the face of Europeans, while, on the other hand, there is plenty of room left for a large European population to press in. This is what has happened in South Africa; the Dutch and the English settlers do not mix their blood with that of the natives. So far as can be predicted, both whites and natives will go on increasing, but not blending. We shall presently see how grave are the problems to which this fact must in the future give rise.

When the Dutch fixed their first post at Cape Town, in 1652, with no thought either of colonization or of conquest, but for the sake of having gardens which could supply fresh vegetables to the scurvy-stricken crews of their ships sailing to the East, they found three native races inhabiting the country. One of these, the Bushmen, though few in numbers, were widely scattered over the whole of South Africa. They were nomads of almost the lowest kind, with a marvelous faculty for tracking and trapping wild animals, but neither owning cattle nor tilling the soil, with scarcely even a tribal organization, no religion, and a language consisting of a succession of clicks. Unable to accustom themselves to civilized life, driven out of some districts by the settlers, and in others no longer able to find support, owing to the extinction of game, they are now almost extinct, though a few are still left in the deserts of the Kalahari and northern Bechuanaland. Before many years the only trace of their existence will be in the remarkable drawings of animals with which they delighted to cover the smooth surfaces of rocks. These drawings, which are found all the way from the Zambesi to the Cape, and from Manicaland to the Atlantic, are executed in red and yellow pigments, and are often full of spirit and character.

The second race was that which the Dutch called Hottentot. They were of a reddish or yellowish black hue, taller than the Bushmen, but with squat and seldom muscular figures—a thoughtless, cheerful, easy-going people, who roved hither and thither with their flocks and herds as they could find pasture. They were decidedly superior to the Bushmen, whom they hated, but quite unable to withstand Europeans, and their numbers rapidly declined, partly from the loss of their best grazing-grounds, but largely, also, through epidemic diseases, and especially smallpox, which ships, touching on their way from India, brought into the country. They are now, as a distinct race, almost extinct in the Colony, though a good deal of their blood has passed into the mixed black population of Cape Town and its neighborhood—a population the other elements of which are Malays and west-coast negroes, the descendants of slaves imported in the last century. Farther north, on the south side of the Orange River, and beyond it in Namagualand, small tribes cognate to the Hottentots still wander over the dreary plains.

Very different from these weak Bushmen and Hottentots was, and is, the third native

race, those who are called Bantu (a word meaning «people») by themselves and Kafirs by Europeans. The word Kafir is Arabic, and means an infidel (literally «one who denies»). It is applied by Mussulmans not merely to these South Africans, but to other heathen; as, for instance, by the Afghans to the idolaters of Kafiristan, in the Hindu-Kush Mountains. The Portuguese probably took the name from the Arabs, whom they found already settled on the east coast. These Bantu tribes—if we may class those as Bantus who speak languages of what is called the Bantu type—fill all East Africa from the regions of the Upper Nile southward. Those who dwell south of the Zambesi are generally strong and well-made men, sometimes as black as a Gulf of Guinea negro, sometimes verging on a brown tint; and though they have the woolly hair and thick lips generally characteristic of the negro, individuals are often found among them whose cast of features suggests an admixture of Semitic blood. They are more prolific than the Hottentots, as well as physically stronger and better made, and they were further advanced in the arts of life. Some of the tribes dug out and worked iron and copper; all of them used iron. Their chief wealth lay in their cattle; horses they did not possess, but where the land was fit for tillage they cultivated it. They had no religion, except in a sort of magic, and that worship of the ghosts of ancestors which seems to be the most widely diffused of all human superstitions. Instead of a priesthood, there were wizards or medicine-men, often powerful as the denouncers of those whom the chief wished to put to death. Intellectually they were very much upon the level of the native races of West Africa. Like them, they had songs and popular tales, some of which much resembled those that have been collected among the negroes of the Southern States of America by the ingenious author of «Uncle Remus,» the hare usually taking the place of his rabbit, and outwitting the stronger beasts.¹ Like them, they were organized in tribes, under chiefs, who in some cases enjoyed an almost absolute power, and in others were little more than leaders, obliged to consult and fall in with the wishes of their followers. Respect was generally paid to birth, and there existed a kind of law, consisting of customs handed down by tradition. All the tribes were accustomed to war, and,

¹ Several collections of Kafir folklore exist: the latest being the interesting «Contes Populaires des Bassoutos,» of Mr. E. Jacottet, a Swiss scholar, stationed as a missionary in Basutoland.

indeed, lived in a state of almost perpetual intertribal hostility.

Of the history of South Africa before the Europeans came virtually nothing is known. The recollections of savages seldom go back further than three or four generations; and these Bantu peoples know nothing of their past beyond vague traditions that they came from the North. When the Portuguese settled on the east coast they found Kafir tribes established there from Natal northward, though there is reason to believe that large tracts in the interior, such as Basutoland and the Orange Free State, now occupied by Bantu tribes, were then wandered over by Bushmen only. One gleam of light, and one only, struggles through the darkness that covers the earlier times—the times which some one has called those of prehistoric history in South Africa. It would seem that, at some far distant date, a people more civilized than any of the present Kafir tribes had penetrated into the region we now call Mashonaland, and had maintained itself there for a considerable period. Remains of gold-workings are found in many parts of that country, and even as far as the southwestern part of Matabeleland—remains which show that mining must have been carried on, by primitive methods, no doubt, but still upon a scale larger than we can well deem within the capabilities of the Kafir tribes as we now see them. There are, moreover, in these regions, and usually not far from some old gold-working, pieces of ancient building executed with a neatness and finish, as well as with an attempt at artistic effect, which are entirely absent from the rough walls, sometimes of loose stones, sometimes plastered with mud, which the Kafirs build to-day. These old buildings are, with one exception, bits of wall inclosing forts or residences. They are constructed of small blocks of the granite of the country, carefully trimmed to be of one size, and are usually ornamented with a simple pattern, such as the so-called «herring-bone» pattern. The one exception is to be found in the ruins of Zimbabwe, in southern Mashonaland. Here a wall thirty feet high, and from six to twelve or fourteen feet thick, incloses a large elliptical space, filled with other buildings, some of which apparently were intended for the purposes of worship. There are no inscriptions of any kind, and few objects, except some rudely carved heads of birds, to supply any indication as to the ethnological affinities of the people who erected this building, or as to the nature of their worship. Such indications as

we have, however, suggest that it was some form of nature worship, including the worship of the sun. We know from other sources (including the Egyptian monuments and the Old Testament) that there was from very early times a trade between the Red Sea and some part of East Africa; and as we know also that the worship of natural forces and of the sun prevailed among the early Semites, the view that the builders of Zimbabwe were of Arab or some other Semitic stock, is at least highly plausible. Two things are quite clear to every one who examines the ruins, and compares them with the smaller fragments of ancient building already mentioned. Those who built Zimbabwe were a race much superior to the Bantu tribes, whose mud huts are now to be found not far from these still strong and solid walls; and those other remains scattered through the country were either the work of that same superior race, or, at any rate, were built in imitation of their style and under the influence they had left. But whether this race was driven out, or peaceably withdrew, or became by degrees absorbed and lost in the surrounding Bantu population, we have no data for conjecture. If they came from Arabia they must have come more than twelve centuries ago, before the days of Mohammed; for they were evidently not Mussulmans, and it is just as easy to suppose that they came in the days of Solomon, fifteen centuries earlier.

It is this mystery which makes the ruins of Zimbabwe, the solitary archæological curiosity of South Africa, so impressive. The ruins are not grand, nor are they beautiful. They are simple almost to rudeness. It is the loneliness of the landscape where they stand, and still more the complete darkness which surrounds their origin, their object, and their history, that gives to them their unique interest.

For us the curtain rises upon the Kafir peoples when the Dutch settlers, spreading slowly eastward from the neighborhood of the Cape, came into contact, and presently into conflict, with them. Hostilities first broke out in 1779, and in the century that followed there are reckoned no fewer than nine Kafir wars. The natives fought with a fierceness comparable to that of North American Indians; and though less skilled in the arts of ambush and surprise, they were not less swift in their movements, or less fearless in meeting death. Had the policy of the colonial government been firmer and more consistent, much fighting and suffering might have been saved; yet some of its errors were due to a desire to deal gently with the natives,

and to stop an advance of conquest which we now perceive was inevitable. The worst blunder was committed in 1879, when Sir Bartle Frere attacked a native power more formidable than any which had yet been encountered by British troops—that of the Zulus.

The Zulus are a branch of the Bantu race, eminent for their courage, their physical strength, and their absolute submission to their king. Tshaka, the able and relentless chief who reigned for about twenty years, and was murdered by his brothers in 1828, had by his force of will, his military talents, and the system of strict drill and discipline which he introduced, subdued all his neighbors, and devastated vast tracts of country, slaughtering or chasing away their inhabitants. His nephew, Cetewayo, when the war broke out in 1879, was at the head of an army of 30,000 men, and inflicted a serious defeat upon the British forces before he was finally overthrown and his country brought under British sway. After his fall

there remained only two strong native kingdoms south of the Zambesi. One of these kingdoms, that of Lo Bengula, king of the Matabele, was conquered in 1893 by the British South African Company; and the other, that of Gungunhana, whose territories lay northeast of the Transvaal State, has within the last six months (December, 1895, and January, 1896) perished at the hands of the Portuguese. With many tribes there has been no fighting at all. Awed by the boldness of the white man, these less warlike tribes accepted the rule of the intruding settlers with scarcely a murmur, and, in many cases, looked on them as protectors. Nearly all the hard fighting in South Africa has been with the Zulus, to whom the Matabele belong ethnologically, and with the Xosa clans on the south coast, while the Bechuanas and Ba-Rolongs and the Tongas, and the tribes of Mashonaland as far as the Zambesi, have, as a rule, submitted promptly and quietly.

Let us now take up the thread of history as it affects the four European nations who have appropriated parts of South Africa, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the English, and the Germans.

The first to come were the men of Portugal, then in the fresh springtime of its power, Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Storms, as he called it, in 1486; and after Vasco da Gama, in 1497–98, had traced the southeast coast as far as Sofala (a little to the south



For the location of railways we are indebted to a map kindly lent by «The Engineering News.»

of the modern port of Beira), the Portuguese established settlements at that place, and farther to the north of it, and thence carried on a considerable trade with the natives, chiefly in gold brought down from the mines of Mashonaland. However, the unhealthiness of the flat country which lies between the coast and the interior plateau checked their projects of exploration and conquest. Individual traders, and sometimes missionaries also, penetrated far into the interior, and articles which the Portuguese must have brought to Africa, such as fragments of Indian and Chinese pottery, and even, in one or two instances, small cannon, have been found many hundreds of miles from the seaboard. But, on the whole, the Portuguese exerted little influence on the country and its inhabitants. The white population remained very small, and it became degraded by intermarriage with the Kafirs; for in Africa, as well as in Brazil, the Portuguese have shown little of that contempt for the native blacks, and aversion to a mixing of their blood with the latter, which has been so generally characteristic of the Dutch and the English. During

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the colonizing force of Portugal declined with the decline of her European power. She made no further efforts to explore, and even abandoned some of her stations on the Zambesi. She remained, however, undisturbed in her possessions till a few years ago, when a question arose between her and Great Britain regarding the right to Delagoa Bay, a port the value of which, as the only deep-water harbor fit for large vessels along the whole stretch of the southeast coast south of Beira, was now generally perceived. President MacMahon, to whom as arbitrator the controversy was referred, decided in favor of Portugal. Subsequently Germany appeared as a formidable neighbor on the north, while boundary disputes arose with the British settlers who in 1890 had occupied the inland country to the west. Thus the Portuguese frontier, which had been very uncertain, has now become defined. It includes a vast area, but in that area the number of white men, or even of semi-civilized half-breeds, is so small that, although some fitful efforts have been made by the Mozambique Company, little or no progress in occupying or improving the country can be recorded. Portugal sends no emigrants to Africa. Her government, now hard pressed for money, cannot find the sums needed to develop her African territories, nor is there private capital in Portugal to supplement the weakness of the government. The Beira Railway and the Delagoa Bay Railway (of which more anon) have both been built by foreign companies. Practically Portugal may be looked on as an extinct force in South Africa. Even those who, knowing the Portuguese at home, appreciate their many fine qualities, may fear that probably their dominions, under the operation of those natural forces which, in politics, as in the animal and vegetable worlds, displace the weaker stocks, will ultimately pass to some other race and power, or be divided among contending claimants. Even to-day the trade with Portuguese East Africa is in the hands of German and British houses, and the once famous flag of Portugal floats only over some small war-vessels.

The history of the second European race that entered South Africa presents a singular contrast to that of the first. All that the Portuguese accomplished was accomplished within the century after their arrival. Thereafter their power and their spirit waned, and when, a few years ago, the advent of German and English competitors roused them, neither the mother country nor the colonists proved able to rise to the emergency. The

Dutch, on the other hand, arriving on the scene a century and a half later, advanced very slowly for many years. But they grew up a hardy and enduring stock, stern, self-reliant, tenacious. When Holland was forced to abandon them their national spirit survived. Misfortunes have not extinguished it; trials have tempered it like toughened steel; it is to-day a factor of prime significance in the complicated play of political forces.

From the time of the first Dutch settlement at Cape Town, in 1652, till Holland lost the country, in 1795, Cape Colony was governed by the Dutch East India Company, which had occupied it originally only as a half-way house to India, and had never taken any keen interest in it, because it produced no revenue comparable to that drawn from Java and the Eastern trade. The usual defects of administration by a trading company had shown themselves, and the colonists had frequently murmured, sometimes protested, and once or twice nearly rebelled, against the corruption or oppression of their governors. They were free-spirited and unsubmitive by a triple right. They were the children of those Hollanders who had resisted Philip II. of Spain, and of those Huguenots who had been expelled by Louis XIV. of France. They were Presbyterians in church government and Calvinists in doctrine, apt, like the Scotch, to carry the republicanism of their church polity into civil affairs; and they lived, most of them, an isolated life on the edge of a vast wilderness, forced by their circumstances to be bold and self-reliant, and seldom brought into contact with any authority. In 1779, when there were probably only some five or six thousand adult males in the whole country, they had been so roused by the news from America of the success of the colonists there against Britain as to send delegates to Holland, to demand representation in the government of the colony; and in 1795 two communities, discontented with the administration of the then insolvent company, threw off its yoke, and without overtly renouncing their connection with Holland, established petty republics. The advent of an English force, which in the same year occupied Cape Town, suppressed these movements. England had by this time become the strongest power in India, and the possession of such a naval station as the Cape on the road to her Eastern dominions was, therefore, of the greatest consequence to her during the great war which was then raging with France. The Prince of Orange, who had been driven out of Holland by the French, authorized her to

occupy the Cape, and, though a show of resistance was made by the colonial authorities, his orders and the internal discontent which prevailed with the rule of the Dutch East India Company facilitated the British conquest. By the peace of Amiens, in 1802, the colony was handed back to the Dutch; but next year the war broke out afresh, and early in 1806 the English retook the colony, which, in 1814, was by treaty finally transferred to them by the restored Prince of Orange.

There were, in 1806, only 27,000 white people, counting women and children, in the colony, and nearly all of these spoke Dutch, for the descendants of the Huguenots had long since lost their French. No people likes being handed over to the government of a different race, and the British administration in the colony in those days was of course, though restrained by English law, necessarily somewhat autocratic, because no representative institutions had ever existed at the Cape. Still, things promised well for the future peace and ultimate fusion of the Dutch and English races. They were branches of the same Low German stock, separated by fourteen hundred years of separate history, but similar in the fundamental bases of their respective characters. Both were attached to liberty, and the British had, indeed, enjoyed at home a much fuller measure of it than the Dutch. Both professed the Protestant religion, and the Dutch were less tolerant toward Roman Catholics than the English. The two languages retained so much resemblance that it was easy for an Englishman to learn Dutch and for a Dutchman to learn English. An observer might have predicted that the two peoples would soon, by intercourse and by intermarriage, melt into one, as Dutch and English had done in New York. At first it seemed as if this would certainly come to pass. The first two British governors were men of high character, whose administration gave little ground for complaint to the old inhabitants. Local institutions were scarcely altered. The official use of the Dutch language was maintained. Intermarriage began, and the social relations of the few English with the many Dutch were friendly. In 1820 the British government sent out about five thousand emigrants from England and Scotland, who settled in the thinly occupied country on the eastern border of the colony, and from that time on there was a steady, though never copious, influx of British settlers, through whose presence the use of the English language increased.

Before long, however, this fair promise of

peace and union was overclouded, and the causes which checked the fusion of the races in the colony, and created two Dutch republics beyond its limits, have had such momentous results that they need to be clearly stated.

The first was to be found in the character of the Dutch population. They were farmers, a few dwelling in villages and cultivating the soil, but the majority, being stock-farmers, lived scattered over a wide expanse of country; for the thinness of the pasture had made the stock-farms very large. They saw little of one another, and nothing of those who dwelt in the few towns which the colony possessed. They were ignorant, strongly attached to their old habits, impatient of any control. The opportunities for intercourse between them and the British were thus so few that the two races acquired very little knowledge of each other, and the process of social fusion was extremely slow.

A second cause was the un wisdom of the British authorities in altering (between 1825 and 1828) the old system of local government, and substituting English for Dutch as the language to be used in official documents and legal proceedings. A third arose out of the wars with the Kafirs on the eastern border; for the farmers thought that the government had not sufficiently protected them, and had, in misapprehension or weakness, restored to the aborigines land which ought to have been added to the colony. These complaints had some foundation.

But the main grievance arose out of those native and color questions which have ever since continued to trouble South Africa. Negroes had been brought as slaves to the colony as early as 1658, and when Britain acquired it, in 1806, there were about 30,000, a number exceeding that of the white population. The usual consequences of slavery, the degradation of labor, and the notion that the black man has no rights against the white, had followed. When, in 1828, Hottentots and other free colored people were placed by governmental ordinance on an equal footing with whites as regards private civil rights, the colonists were profoundly disgusted, and their exasperation was increased by the charge of ill-treating the natives frequently brought against them by the British missionaries. Finally, in 1834, the British Parliament passed a statute emancipating the slaves throughout all the British colonies, and awarding a sum of £20,000,000 sterling as compensation to the slave-owners. The part of this sum allotted to Cape Colony was considerably below the value of the

slaves held there, and, as the compensation was made payable in London, many slave-owners sold their claims at inadequate prices. The irritation produced by the loss thus suffered, intensifying the already existing discontent, set up a ferment among the Dutch farmers. Many resolved to quit the colony altogether and to go into the wilderness, where they might live as they pleased, maintaining those old ways to which they clung so closely. They were the more disposed to this course, because they knew that the wars and conquests of Tshaka, the ferocious Zulu king, had exterminated the Kafir population through parts of the interior, which therefore stood open to European settlement. Thus the great *trek*, as the Dutch call it,—the great emigration, or secession, as we should say,—of the Dutch Boers began in 1836, twenty-five years before another question of color and slavery brought about a still greater secession on the other side of the Atlantic.

If the reader will measure from Cape Town a distance of about 450 miles to the east (to the mouth of the Great Fish River), and about the same distance to the north-northeast (to where the towns of Middleburg and Colesberg now stand), he will obtain a pretty fair idea of the limits of European settlement in 1836. The outer parts of this area toward the north and east were very thinly peopled, and beyond them there was a vast wilderness, into which only two or three hunters had penetrated, though some few farmers had driven their flocks and herds into the fringe of it in search of fresh pastures during the summer. The regions still farther to the north and northeast were almost entirely unexplored. They were full of wild beasts, and were occupied here and there by native tribes, some, like the various branches of the Zulu race, eminently fierce and warlike. Large tracts, however, were believed to be empty and desolate, owing to the devastations wrought during his twenty years of reign by Tshaka, who had been murdered eight years before. Of the existence of mineral wealth no one dreamed. But it was believed that there was good grazing land to be found on the uplands that lay north of the great Quathlamba Range (where now the map shows the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic); more to the south lay the territory we now call Natal. It was described by those who had explored it as fertile and well watered, a country fit both for tillage and for pasture; but wide plains and high mountains had to be crossed to reach it by land, and close to it on the north was the

main body of the Zulu nation, under King Dingaan.

Into this vast wilderness did the farmers propose to set forth; and whatever one may think of some of the motives that prompted their emigration, it is impossible not to admire their strenuous and valiant spirit. They were a religious people, knowing no book but the Bible, and they deemed themselves, like many another religious people at a like crisis of their fortunes, to be under the special protection of Heaven. The colonial government saw with concern the departure of so many useful subjects. But it was advised that it had no legal right to stop them; so it stood by silently, while party after party of emigrants—each householder with his wife and his little ones, his flocks and his herds and all his goods—took its slow way from the eastern or northern parts of the colony, up the slopes of the coast range, and across the passes that lead into the high plateau behind. They traveled in large, covered wagons drawn by eight or ten yoke of oxen, and they were obliged to travel in parties of no great size lest their cattle should exhaust the pasture along the track they followed. There was, however, a general concert of plan among them, and most of the smaller groups united at spots previously fixed upon for a rendezvous. All the men were armed, for the needs of defense against the Bushmen, and the passion for killing game, had made the farmers expert in the use of the rifle. As marksmen they were unusually steady and skilful, and in the struggle that followed nothing but their marksmanship saved them. Few now survive of those who took part in this great trek, but among them is Paul Krueger, now President of the South African Republic, who, then a boy of ten, followed his father's cattle as they were driven forward across the prairie.

I have not space to tell, save in the briefest outline, the striking and romantic story of the wanderings of the emigrant Boers and their conflicts with the native tribes. The first party, like the first host of crusaders that started for the East at the end of the eleventh century, perished miserably. They penetrated far to the northeast, into what is now the territory of the Transvaal Republic. Some were cut off by the natives; some, reduced to a mere handful by fever and by the loss of their cattle,—for they had ventured into the lower country to the southeast of the mountains,—made their way to the coast at Delagoa Bay. Another party, formed by the union of a number of smaller bodies at Thaba 'Ntshu, a conspicuous mountain in

the Orange Free State, visible in the eastern horizon from the present town of Bloemfontein, advanced thence to the north, and presently came in contact with a redoubtable branch of the Zulu race, famous in later history under the name of Matabele. This tribe was then ruled by the chief Mosilikatse, a warrior of great energy and talent, who had subdued the surrounding tribes, though himself unable to withstand the main Zulu nation, which, under Dingaan, was living farther to the south. The Matabele provoked war by falling upon and destroying a detachment of the emigrants. Intruders the latter doubtless were, but, as the Matabele themselves had slaughtered without mercy the weaker Kafir tribes, the Boers might think they need not feel any compunction in dealing out the like measure to their antagonists. And, in point of fact, the Boers seem all through to have treated the natives much as Israel treated the natives of Canaan, and to have conceived themselves to have Old Testament authority for occupying the territories of the heathen, and reducing them by the sternest methods to serfdom or submission. They attacked Mosilikatse northwest of where now the town of Mafeking stands, and defeated his vastly superior force with so great a slaughter that he fled northward far away beyond the Limpopo River, and fell like a thunderstorm upon the tribes who dwell between that stream and the Zambesi, killing many and making slaves of the rest. Here, with the king's kraal of Buluwayo for its capital, was established the kingdom of the Matabele, which remained as a terror to its neighbors till, in its turn, destroyed by Dr. Jameson and the British South Africa Company in 1893. It was a curious chain of events that, in 1837, brought fire and slaughter so suddenly upon the peoples of the Zambesi Valley. As the conflicts of nomad warriors along the Great Wall of China set a-going a movement which, propagated from tribe to tribe, ended by precipitating the Goths upon the Roman Empire, and brought Alaric to the Salarian Gate, so the weakness of the French monarchy, inducing the Revolution and the consequent war with England, carried the English to the Cape, threw the Boers upon the Matabele, and at last hurled the savage hosts of Mosilikatse on the helpless Makololo.

The defeat and expulsion of the Matabele left the vast territories between the Orange River and the Limpopo in the hands of the Boer immigrants. Within these territories those small and rude communities began to grow up, which have ripened, as we shall

presently see, into the two Dutch republics of our own time. But, meanwhile, a larger and better organized body of Boers turned southeastward across the Quathlamba Mountains, and descended into the richer and warmer country between those mountains and the Indian Ocean. This region had been shortly before depopulated by the invasions of Tshaka, and now contained scarce any native inhabitants. A few Englishmen were settled on the inlet then called Port Natal, where now the prosperous town of Durban lies beneath the villas and orchards of Berea, and were maintaining there a sort of provisional republic, for the British government was still hesitating whether it should occupy the port. The Boer leaders, thinking it well to propitiate the Zulu king Dingaan, whose power overshadowed the country, proceeded to his kraal to obtain from him a formal grant of land. The grant was made, but next day the treacherous tyrant, offering them some native beer as a sort of stirrup-cup before their departure, suddenly bade his men fall upon and «kill the wizards.» The whole Boer party perished, and a body of emigrants not far distant was similarly surprised and massacred by a Zulu army of overwhelming strength. These cruelties roused the rest of the emigrants to reprisals, and, after several engagements, the combined forces of the Boers and of a brother of Dingaan, who had rebelled against him, and had detached a large part of the Zulu warriors, drove Dingaan out of Zululand. Panda, the rebel brother, was installed king in his stead, as a sort of vassal to the Boer government, and the Boers founded a city, and began to portion out the land. But their action had meanwhile excited the displeasure of the government of Cape Colony. Though it had not followed them into the deserts of the interior, it had not therefore ceased to consider them British subjects. Their attempt to establish a new white state on the coast became a matter of serious concern, and as the government considered itself the general protector of the natives, and interested in maintaining the Kafirs between them and the colony, their attacks on the Kafirs who lived to the west of them, toward the colony, could not be permitted to pass unchecked. The British government, accordingly, though unwilling to assume fresh responsibilities (for in those days it was generally believed that the colonial possessions of Britain were already too extensive), thought itself bound to assert its authority over Port Natal and the country behind as far as the mountains. The Boer emigrants resisted, but,

after a short war, made their submission in 1843, after a warm but ineffectual protest against the principle of equal civil rights for whites and blacks laid down by the British government. The colony of Natal was then constituted, first as a dependency of Cape Colony, afterward, in 1856, as a separate colony. A part of the Boers remained in it, but the majority recrossed the mountains (some forthwith, some five years later), with their goods and their cattle, and joined the mass of their fellow-emigrants who had remained on the plateaus of the interior. Meanwhile an immense influx of Kafirs repopulated the country, and in it the blacks are now ten times as numerous as the whites. Thus ended the Dutch Republic of Natalia, after six years of troubled life. While it was fighting with the Zulus on the east, and other Kafirs on the west, it was torn by intestine quarrels, and unable to compel the obedience of its own citizens. But its victories over Dingaan's armies were feats of arms as remarkable as any South Africa has seen.

Hardly less troubled was the lot of the emigrants who had scattered themselves over the wide uplands that lie between the Orange River and the Limpopo. They too were engaged in incessant wars with the native tribes, who were, however, less formidable than the Zulus, and much cattle-lifting went on upon both sides. Only one native tribe and one native chief stand out from the confused tangle of petty raids and forays which makes up (after the expulsion of the Matabele) the earlier annals of the northern Boer communities. This chief was the famous Moshesh, to speak of whose career I shall digress for a moment from the thread of this narrative. The Kafir races have produced within this century three really remarkable men—men who, like Toussaint l'Ouverture in Hayti, and Kamehameha I. in Hawaii, will go down in history as instances of the gifts that sometimes show themselves even among the most backward races. Tshaka, the Zulu, was a warrior of extraordinary energy and ambition, whose power of organization enabled him to raise the Zulu army within a few years to a perfection of drill and discipline and a swiftness of movement which made them irresistible, except by Europeans. Khama, the chief who still reigns among the Bechuanas, has been a social reformer and administrator of wonderful judgment, tact, and firmness, who has kept his people in domestic peace, and protected them from the dangerous influences which white civilization usually brings with it, and especially from strong drink, while at the same

time helping them skilfully onward toward such improvements as their character admits. Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, was born in the end of the last century. He belonged to a small clan which had suffered severely in the wars caused by the conquests of Tshaka, whose attacks upon the tribes nearest him had driven them upon other tribes, and brought slaughter and confusion upon the whole of southeastern Africa. Though only a younger son, his enterprise and courage soon made him a leader. Adherents gathered about him. The progress of his power was aided by the skill he showed in selecting a residence and stronghold. In what is now Basutoland, about twelve miles south of the Caledon River, there is a flat-topped hill, called Thaba Bosiyu, nearly two miles long, and from half a mile to a quarter of a mile wide. It rises some 600 feet from the broad valley beneath, and is fenced all about by precipitous cliffs of white sandstone—cliffs not very lofty, but so continuously abrupt that at three points only can an ascent be made, and even in these points only by a steep and narrow track. The level top of the hill is grass-covered, and watered by several springs. Here Moshesh fixed himself, and in this impregnable stronghold he resisted repeated sieges by his native enemies and by the emigrant Boers. On one occasion, in the war which began in 1865, a storming party of the latter had climbed the path by which the easiest access was to be obtained—a path leading up a cleft which the decomposition of a greenstone dike, traversing the sandstone rock, had formed. They were within thirty yards of the open top of the hill when their leader fell, pierced by a bullet from one of the few guns which Moshesh possessed. The storming party halted, and then fell back, and the siege was shortly afterward abandoned. The exploits of Moshesh against his native foes soon brought adherents to him, and he became the head of that powerful tribe, largely formed out of the fragments of other tribes scattered and shattered by war, which is now called the Basuto. Unlike most Kafir warriors, he was singularly free from cruelty, and ruled his own people with a mildness which made him liked as well as respected. In 1832 he had the foresight to invite missionaries to come and settle among his people, and the following year saw the establishment of the mission of the Evangelical Society of Paris, the members of which, some of them French, some Swiss, some Scotch, have been the most potent factors in the subsequent history of the Basuto nation. When the inevitable collision between the Basutos and the white men

arrived, Moshesh was substantially aided by the advice of the missionaries, and partly through their counsels, partly from his own prudence, did his best to avoid any fatal breach with the British government. Nevertheless he was several times engaged in war with the Boers, and once had to withstand the attack of a strong British force, led by the governor of Cape Colony. But his tactful diplomacy made him a match for any European opponent, and carried him through every political danger. When this British army had suffered a reverse in a somewhat imprudent movement made against him, Moshesh, instead of renewing the combat, seized the moment to propose terms of peace and friendship, which, while they extricated his antagonist from an annoying position, raised his own reputation higher than ever, and secured the subsequent good-will of the colonial authorities. Moshesh died, full of years and honor, about twenty-five years ago, having built up, out of the dispersed remnants of broken tribes, a nation which, under the guiding hand of the missionaries, and latterly of the British government also, has made greater progress in civilization and Christianity than any other Kafir race.

I return from this digression to trace the fortunes of the emigrant Boers who had remained on the north side of the Quathlamba range, or had returned thither from Natal. In 1843 they numbered not more than 15,000 persons all told, possibly less; for, though fresh emigrants from the colony had joined them, many had perished in the native wars. They were scattered over an area 700 miles long and 300 miles wide—an area bounded on the southeast by the Quathlamba mountain chain, but on the north and west divided by no natural limit from the great plain which stretches west to the Atlantic and north to the Zambesi. To have established any kind of government over so wide a territory would have been in any case difficult. But the very qualities which had enabled them with so much success to carry out their exodus from Cape Colony, and their campaigns of conquest against the natives, made the task of government still more difficult. They were self-reliant and «individualistic» to excess; they loved not only independence, but isolation; they were resolved to make their government absolutely popular, and were little disposed to brook the control even of those authorities they had themselves created. It was only for warlike expeditions, for which they had contracted a great taste, that they could be brought together, and only to their leaders in

war that they would yield obedience. Very few had taken to agriculture, and the half-nomadic life of stock-farmers, each pasturing his cattle over great tracts of country, confirmed their dissociative instincts. However, the necessities of defense against the natives, and a common spirit of hostility to the claims of sovereignty which the British government had never renounced, kept them together. Thus several small republican communities grew up, each with its Volksraad, or popular assembly, held together by a sort of loosely federative tie, which rested rather in a common understanding than upon any legal instruments. In the northeast, beyond the Vaal River, these communities, while distracted by internal feuds chiefly arising from personal or family enmities, were left undisturbed by the colonial authorities. Those authorities, as I have already observed, were in those days, under orders received from home, anxious rather to contract than to extend the sphere of British influence, and would have cared little for what happened far out in the wilderness but for the native troubles which the presence of the Boers induced. At last, in 1852, the then governor of Cape Colony concluded at Sand River a convention with the commandant and delegates of the Boers living beyond the Vaal, by which the British government «guaranteed to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British government,» subject to a condition that slavery should not be permitted or practised by the farmers in the country north of the Vaal River. From this convention the South African Republic, afterward slowly formed out of the small communities which then divided the country, dates its independence. Two years later a similar convention, signed at Bloemfontein in February, 1854, declared the independence from the British crown of the inhabitants of the country nearer the colony between the Orange and Vaal rivers. In this country, then called the Orange River Sovereignty, the colonial government had exercised practical control, and six years before (in 1848) it had defeated in battle an army of the farmers who endeavored to resist that authority. Moreover, whereas the farmers beyond the Vaal were nearly all of pure Boer stock, those in the Orange River Sovereignty were mixed with English settlers, and from their proximity to the colony were much less averse to the British connection. In fact, a large part of them—though it is

not now easy to discover the exact proportion—warmly resisted the proposal of the British government to withdraw, and independence had to be forced on them against their will. The authorities of the colony and the colonial office at home were, however, inexorable. They saw no use in keeping territories which involved great cost of defense against native raids, and from which little benefit was then expected. Hardly any notice was taken in Great Britain of the Sand River Convention, and when, at the instance of delegates sent home by those who in the Orange River territory desired to remain subject to the British crown, a motion was made in the House of Commons asking the Queen to reconsider the renunciation of her sovereignty over that territory, the motion found no support, and had to be withdrawn. So little did Englishmen then care for that South African dominion which they have subsequently become so eager to develop and extend.

From the convention of 1854 dates the beginning of the Orange Free State, which, increased by the acquisition of new territories in the south, has ever since remained perfectly independent and at peace with the British colonies. Its only serious troubles have arisen from native wars, and these have long ago come to an end. In 1854 an assembly of delegates enacted for it the republican constitution under which it has ever since been quietly and peaceably governed. It had the good fortune to elect as its president, in 1865, a lawyer of Cape Colony, of Dutch extraction, Mr. (afterward Sir John) Brand, who guided its course with great tact and wisdom for twenty-four years, and whose favorite expression, « All will come right, » now inscribed on his tombstone at Bloemfontein, has become throughout South Africa a proverbial phrase of encouragement in moments of difficulty.

Beyond the Vaal River things have gone very differently. The farmers of that region were more scattered, more rude and uneducated, and more prone to factious dissensions than those of the Free State. In 1858 an instrument called the « Grondwet, » or Fundamental Law, was drawn up by a body of delegates, which, though subsequently altered in some material points, is still the constitution of the country. It was, however, at first repudiated by two out of the three self-governing communities of which the state then consisted. Not till after the civil war of 1862 can the present South African Republic be

deemed to have been really established. The Volksraad, or representative assembly, proved an inefficient governing body, while the successive presidents, to whom, in the constant financial embarrassments and frequently recurring native wars, a great deal of control inevitably fell, were hampered by the resistance of hostile factions. At last, in 1877, the republic found itself in hopeless difficulties. The treasury was empty, the government was no longer obeyed, a formidable native chief was in arms in the northeast of the territory, and the power of the Zulus constituted a grave menace on the southeast. A British commissioner, who had been sent into the country on the ground that its condition had become a danger to its neighbors, proclaimed its annexation to the British crown, believing, it would appear, that the citizens were disposed by the troubles from which they could not extricate themselves to welcome the protection thus secured to them. The British government at home shared his opinion and approved his action. Probably the great majority of the Boers would have acquiesced had the British administration, which was thereupon set up, been prudently conducted. But the military governor who was soon afterward sent into the Transvaal irritated them, not only by a strict levy of taxes,—a thing which the Boers resent even from their own Volksraad,—but also by delaying to give them such representative self-government as had been promised to them, and by his arrogant and distant treatment of men among whom a strong sense of republican equality had grown up. Discontent soon grew to disaffection, and at last broke out into revolt. In the end of 1880 the people rose in arms, and captured or drove out the small occupying force; and after some engagements on the Natal frontier, in which the British troops suffered heavily, the home government, perceiving that independence was desired by the large majority of the Transvaal people, and unwilling to accentuate race hatreds all over South Africa, recognized, in 1881, the independence, as regards internal government, of the South African Republic, while retaining a suzerainty as regards foreign relations.¹ This canceling of the annexation was a magnanimous act, for the British troops in Natal had received reinforcements which would have made resistance by the Transvaal men hopeless. But it has not produced those results of good feeling between the Boers and

¹ This was modified in 1884, but the interpretation of the modifying instrument has given rise to a controversy with which I have not space to deal. Great Brit-

ain retains an undoubted right of veto on any treaty concluded by the Republic, except one with the Orange Free State.

their neighbors of English race which were expected from it; and the rankling memories of the war of 1881 have had something to do with those very recent Transvaal troubles, which are too well known to need recounting here.

The first result of the war and the recovery of self-government by the Boers was to intensify their sentiments of nationality, and dispose them to fresh enterprises. Their president, Mr. Stephen John Paul Krueger, who had been one of the three triumvirs by whom the insurrection was successfully guided, began to plan acquisitions of territory. The native chief who had threatened the republic on the northeast was gone; a British force had overcome him in 1879. The Zulu power was gone on the southeast, Cetewayo having been overthrown and carried off prisoner in the same year, 1879. Thus the republic, though penniless, had been freed by British arms from its chief dangers. Its ambitions have been successful in the south, where it has acquired a large slice of Zululand, and on the east, where the British government (by a treaty signed in 1894) has given it virtual control over the rich district of Swaziland. But on the west its attempts to raid and conquer some of the tribes of Bechuanaland were checked in 1884, while its hopes of annexing the vast territories which, on the north, lie between it and the Zambesi were dissipated by the declaration, in 1888, that those territories were to be deemed to lie within the sphere of British influence, and by their occupation, in 1890, by the pioneers of the British South Africa Company.

These events complete the story of the relations of the Dutch and English races in South Africa so far as the determination of the territorial limits of the colonies and republics is concerned. Of their present political attitude toward each other, and the tendencies that are at work to shape the political future of both, it will be necessary to speak later. The problems which that

future opens are complicated by the facts that the Dutch element is still very powerful within Cape Colony itself; that a large British population has recently migrated into the mining districts of the Transvaal Republic; and that the British power, which surrounds the Transvaal on the north, west, and south, does not surround it on the east, where it is divided from the sea by a comparatively narrow strip of Portuguese territory, through which a railway runs from Pretoria, the capital, and the mining districts to the port of Lourenço Marques, on Delagoa Bay.

The fourth and last European race that has entered South Africa is the German. Besides her East African dominions, which, since they lie north of the Zambesi, do not here concern us, Germany took possession, in 1884, of a stretch of country on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean between the Orange River and the West African possessions of Portugal. The limits of her claims there have been defined by agreements made with Portugal in 1886, and with Britain in 1890. Under these she is mistress of some 340,000 square miles; but the native population does not exceed 200,000, and the country is so bare and waterless as to be wholly unfit for agriculture, and in most places unfit even for ranching. Moreover, the only tolerable harbor, Walfish Bay, belongs to Cape Colony. There is, therefore, little prospect that any German population will spring up on these unattractive coasts, and if Germany plays any part in South African politics, she will not do so, at least for a long time to come, in respect of her South-west African possessions. It is rather to the east side of the continent, and in particular to the Transvaal, that her eyes seem to have been recently directed. But the question of her plans and desires, as well as the other problems which the economical prospects of South Africa, and the relations of the white and colored races, suggest for discussion, must be reserved for a concluding article.

James Bryce.

ABSENCE.

HOW crowded now these empty rooms
Have grown since she has gone—
No trifle but becomes a thing
That thought must wait upon!

The very silence seems to move
About on stealthy feet,
Tiptoeing lest it wake some thought
The heart would dread to meet.

And oh, the leaden sense of all
Irrevocable fate
In that neglected glove still left
So close beside its mate!

Melville Upton.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH," "THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE," ETC.

[THIRD PAPER.]



IN the first of the two articles which have already appeared in this magazine regarding South Africa, the physical character and aspects of the country were described, these being the permanent and the most potent factors in its economic condition and its industrial future. In the second a brief sketch of its history was given, explaining what have been the relations in the past of the three native and the four European races which originally inhabited, or have subsequently settled in, it. It is now time to pass on to consider the country as it now stands, and to attempt to convey to the reader some general impressions of the nature and value of the resources of the country, of the character of the population, and of the problems, social and political, which confront and occupy them. These are large topics, too large to be adequately dealt with in eight or ten pages. It becomes necessary to select from among them those which are most likely to have interest for readers in the United States. I must therefore pass very lightly over the economical resources and industrial prospects of South Africa, in order to find space for discussing a little more fully the relations of the natives to the white race; the relations of the two European races to each other in the two British colonies and the two Dutch republics; and the political questions the urgency of which has fixed the eyes of Europe and America upon South Africa.

There are three sources of wealth and three kinds of employment for labor in South Africa—agriculture, stock-raising, and mining. Timber is so scarce and so poor as to be hardly worth mention, and manufactures, for reasons to be presently stated, have as yet hardly come into existence.

Agriculture is pursued on a scale very small in proportion to the immense area of the country. Much of it is a desert, sandy in some regions, stony in others. Much of it is

mountainous. Of the comparatively level districts, a great part, probably four fifths of the whole, is too arid to be cultivable without irrigation; that is to say, the rainfall is either too small in total volume, or too ill distributed through the year, to permit good crops to be raised without artificial aid. That large tracts, both in Cape Colony and in Natal, which might be brought under the plow still lie untilled is due partly to the tendency of the European settlers to prefer cattle-farming to agriculture; partly to the inferiority of native labor; partly also to the fact that plenty of arable land is still occupied by Kafir tribes, who make but little use of it. The introduction of irrigation would make a vast difference, for some of the regions which are now untilled for want of rain, such as the Karroo desert, have a soil of surprising fertility, which produces luxuriant crops when water is led on to it. The price of cereals has, however, sunk so low all over the world that it is seldom worth while to go to the expense of irrigation, nor will irrigation become profitable until a larger population has created a better market in South Africa itself. At present Cape Colony and the Transvaal import not only wheat, but maize also, although a protective tariff has been imposed on all food-stuffs. The chief agricultural development of late years has been in the direction of fruit, large quantities of which now go to the English market in the months of January, February, and March, the mid-summer and autumn of the southern hemisphere.

The main industry of South Africa, for the last two centuries, has been the rearing of cattle and sheep. All the country, except the very barest parts of the deserts, is fit for some kind of live stock. Even the Karroo, which looks like a desert as one crosses it in the train, produces small, succulent shrubs much relished by sheep, while great stretches of wild-bush country, covered with a dense scrub, are turned to account as ostrich farms, whence great quantities of feathers are sent to Europe and America. Owing, however, to

the thinness of the pasture in the drier regions, and to the occasional droughts even in those which are better watered, as well as to the destruction of the herbage by locusts in the years when those pests appear, the stock-farms are of great size, and the number of cattle small when compared with the area over which they range. Still, the country, and especially the newly opened regions of Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, will carry many more live stock than have yet been placed upon it. South Africa will doubtless become in time one of the great ranching countries of the world.

Till within the last thirty years nobody thought of these regions as possessed of mineral wealth; for, though iron had been found in some places and copper in others, neither was largely worked, and the belief in the existence of the precious metals rested on nothing more than a Portuguese tradition. In 1867 the first diamond ever found in South Africa was picked up by a hunter out of a heap of shining river-pebbles. This was near the banks of the Orange River, a little above its confluence with the Vaal River. Then a diligent search for diamonds began in all the surrounding districts. In 1870 diamonds were discovered in considerable quantities near where the town of Kimberley now stands. A rush of miners soon filled the neighborhood, and from that time onward Kimberley has been the center of the diamond-getting industry, though there are other mines scattered here and there to the west and south of it. The total value of the diamonds exported from South Africa up to the present year has been roughly estimated at nearly one hundred millions sterling, and the value of the present annual output, which is kept down in order to prevent the price from falling, since the demand is of course a limited one, at between four millions and four and a quarter millions.

One result of the diamond finds has been to create a considerable population in what was formerly an arid wilderness, so little prized that it had remained doubtful whether the British crown or the Orange Free State was entitled to its ownership. Another has been to accelerate the development of the gold-mines which were discovered some fifteen years later in the Transvaal Republic; for the men who had made fortunes out of the diamond diggings were near the spot, and eager to turn their capital to account in fresh enterprises. To describe the gold-fields of South Africa would need more pages than I have lines to give. One fact, however, must

be mentioned and emphasized. These gold-fields are of three kinds. One kind consists of alluvial deposits, from which the gold is extracted by washing. Such alluvial deposits are found in many parts of the world, notably on a great scale in California; and those of South Africa present no peculiar features, and are neither of great extent nor of conspicuous wealth. The second kind is the quartz reefs. These also occur in other parts of the world, as, for instance, in California, in several parts of Australia, in the Ural Mountains, in South America, and in southern India. In South Africa such reefs have been found in Natal and Zululand, in the mountains along the eastern border of the Transvaal Republic, and in many parts of Matabeleland and Mashonaland. Their value has been still very imperfectly ascertained, but it seems probable that in the three last-mentioned districts some of the workings will turn out to be rich. The third kind, however, is peculiar not only to South Africa, but to one particular region (called the Witwatersrand, or «Rand Basin») in the Transvaal Republic. Here the metal is found pretty equally distributed through beds of hard, conglomerate rock, which come to the surface over an area about 130 miles long by 30 miles wide. The gold occurs in very small flakes seldom visible to the eye, and is often so entangled with other minerals, especially iron pyrites, as to require elaborate and costly chemical processes for its extraction. But the remarkable feature, and the one which makes mining in the Rand so much less uncertain and speculative an undertaking than gold-mining has everywhere else proved to be, is that the conglomerate beds (called by the Dutch *banket*) contain through great part of their length, and, so far as has yet been ascertained, through their depth also, down toward the center of the earth, a proportion of gold to rock which varies but little, and which enables the yield of metal to the ton to be pretty accurately estimated beforehand. This yield is greater in some mines, less in others; but its aggregate is so large that South Africa has now become the third gold-producing country of the world, and may probably become before long the second. The total value of the gold extracted annually is now about eight millions sterling. The richest workings are near the center of the northern edge of the Rand Basin, about the town of Johannesburg, which, first laid out in 1886, has now a population of about 60,000 people. The total number of inhabitants in the central Rand district can hardly

be less than 120,000, and this is the only part of South Africa where the density of the population and the stress and strain of life remind the traveler of England and the United States. This district, which twelve years ago was a solitary waste, high and bare, where a farm of three thousand acres could be bought for fifty pounds, has now become the focus of South African industry and finance, and the seat of a new community, whose struggles with the government of the republic have made Johannesburg (as we shall presently observe) the center of gravity in South African politics.

Though both coal and iron are abundant in the two British colonies and in the Transvaal, manufactures have not yet sprung up, even in the older parts of Cape Colony, nor is there any present sign of their development. It is cheaper to import from Europe such articles as the country needs; for white labor is dear, black labor is unskilled, and the poorer classes have not begun to demand a tariff to protect their local industries against the competition of other countries.

The mention of labor brings us to a question of the greatest interest, which touches the central problems of economics and politics in South Africa. Who will form the bulk of the laboring class in the future—the whites or the blacks? And how will the difference of color affect the relations of one part of the laboring class to the other, or of the laboring class generally to the other classes of the community?

The question of labor is largely a question of climate. Now the climate of South Africa is peculiar. It is hot—much hotter than the climate of southern Europe (except a few spots along the Mediterranean coast) or than that of Virginia, Kentucky, or Missouri; but it is not an exhausting climate, because the nights are nearly everywhere cool, and the air is dry. European races can thrive and multiply both in the British colonies and in the two republics. It is only on the flats of the east coast and in the valley of the Zambesi that the conditions of health become really unfavorable. Elsewhere the heat, even of a summer day, is not greater than the peoples of southern Europe—Portuguese, for instance, or Sicilians—could well support. And probably the races of northern Europe, such as the Dutch and the English, could, in most parts of the country, do out-of-door work without injury. Had South Africa, like California or New South Wales, been colonized solely by white men, South Africa, like those countries, would probably have had a white laboring

population. But unluckily South Africa was colonized in much earlier days, when the importation of negro slaves was deemed the easiest means of securing cheap and abundant labor. Slaves were first brought in 1658. Thereafter, until slavery was abolished by the British Parliament in 1834, all the hardest and humblest kinds of work were done by slaves. The white people lost the habit of performing manual labor, and acquired the habit of despising it. No one would do for himself what he could get a black man to do for him. New settlers from Europe fell into the ways of the country, which suited their disinclination to exert themselves under a burning sun. Thus, when at last the abolition of slavery arrived, the custom of leaving all the menial and toilsome work to the colored people, who formed the majority of the population, continued. It is as strong as ever to-day. Both on farms and in towns it is by the «Cape boys» or by the Kafirs that all unskilled labor is performed. The only considerable exception was afforded by the German colonists who were planted in the eastern part of Cape Colony after the Crimean War of 1854, in which they had served among the British forces. These colonists cultivated the land themselves, and cultivated it far more efficiently than did the surrounding Kafirs. But to-day one is told that their children are now disinclined to do so, and that they have either sold or let their allotments to the natives, or else are working the land by hired native labor. All other immigrants from Europe adopt the habits of the country in a few weeks or months. The English carpenter has a «boy» to carry his tools for him; the English bricklayer has a native hodman to hand the bricks to him, which he proceeds to set. Work requiring skill is very often done by whites, because they do it much better; but white labor leans on and uses black labor. So on the railways the station-masters and guards are white, but the heavy jobs which need little skill fall to the blacks; so field-hands and those who actually herd the cattle are natives, though there are usually whites over them in a position of authority. In all new countries skilled labor is dear, but in South Africa it is exceptionally dear, because the skilled white man insists on having blacks beneath him, and black labor, though it is cheap if measured by the price paid for it, is really dear if measured by what it accomplishes; for it is unskilled and uncertain, the native, except in a few of the older parts of the country, not yet hav-

ing acquired that habit of steady and patient industry which makes labor effective. It is of course in the newest districts, where the natives are still raw and scarcely removed from a savage state, that this uncertainty is most felt. In the gold-fields of the Transvaal and Mashonaland the supply of native work-people often falls short, although at Johannesburg a native can earn three pounds (fifteen dollars) a month besides his food and such lodging as he needs. The development of the mines is of course to some extent retarded by this difficulty of obtaining a permanent supply of labor.

The facts we have been considering have a bearing upon still wider questions. They indicate that, as the bulk of the population is now black, so it will remain. The substratum of society, which is larger than the strata that it supports, seems likely to be, probably forever, composed of colored people. What, then, will be the relation of these colored people to the whites? This is a question of so much interest to American readers, who have in the Southern States of their own country a similar problem to solve, that it deserves a comparatively full discussion.

The colored population of South Africa consists of far more diverse elements than does that of the Southern States of America. Besides the race which was formed by the mixture of the imported negro slaves with the indigenous Hottentots, there are a good many Malays in Cape Colony, and a still larger number of East Indians in Natal and the Transvaal. Over and above these, there is a great host of Kafirs, some civilized and established as servants or agriculturists among the Europeans, many more living under their own tribal system and following their savage customs. The grades of advancement among these natives from pure barbarism to civilization are almost infinite. Scarcely less varied are the intellectual capacities of the different elements in this mixed multitude of colored people. All, however,—the educated and the savage, the Christian and the heathen, the African and the Indian,—are alike treated by the whites as divided from themselves by a wide and impassable gulf. No one can imagine a social separation more complete than this is; nor is there any feature of South African life which strikes the visitor with a more painful surprise than the sentiment, I will not say of hatred, yet certainly of repulsion, which he finds so generally entertained by the higher toward the less advanced races. This sentiment is not chiefly due to the long and fierce wars waged with the Kafirs, for

the respect felt for their bravery has tended to efface the recollection of their frequent cruelties. Neither is it caused (except as respects the Indian traders) by the dislike of the poorer whites to the competition with them in industry of a class living in a much rougher way and willing to accept much lower wages. It seems to spring partly from the old feeling of contempt for the slaves (a feeling which has descended to a generation that has never known slavery as an actual system), partly to physical aversion, and partly to an incompatibility of character and temper which makes the faults of the colored man more offensive to the white than the (perhaps morally as grave) faults of members of his own white race. Even between civilized peoples, such as Germans and Russians, Frenchmen and Englishmen, there is a disposition to be unduly annoyed by traits and habits which are not so much culpable in themselves as distasteful to men constructed on somewhat different lines. This sense of annoyance is of course more intense toward a race so widely removed from the modern European as the Kafirs are. The attitude of contempt I am describing pervades all classes, though it is strongest in those rude and uncultivated whites who plume themselves all the more upon their color because they have little else to plume themselves upon; while among the most refined and thoughtful it is restrained by self-respect, and by the sense that allowances must be made for the defects of a backward race. There are always men of weight in the Cape legislature who hold it their duty to protect native interests, and who try to inculcate a friendly policy. The general tendency, however, is that which I have described. It rarely if ever happens that a native, whatever his rank, is received on any social occasion inside a white house; indeed, he would seldom be permitted, except as a domestic servant, to enter a private house at all. When Khama, the famous chief of the Ba-Mangwato, a Christian, and a man of admittedly high character, who has ruled his people with singular wisdom and ability, was in England last autumn, and was there entertained at lunch by the Duke of Westminster and other persons of social eminence, the news excited general annoyance and disgust among the whites in South Africa. A story was told me of a garden party given by the wife of a leading white ecclesiastic, the appearance at which of a native clergyman led many of the white guests to withdraw in dudgeon. Once, when I was a guest at a mission station in Basutoland, I was

asked by my host whether I had any objection to his bringing in to the family meal the native pastor, who had been preaching to the native congregation. When I expressed some surprise that he should think it necessary to ask, he explained that race feeling was so strong among the colonists that it would have been deemed improper and, indeed, insulting to make a white guest sit down at the same table with a black man, unless special permission had first been given. Thus one may say that there is no social intercourse whatever between the races; their relations are purely those of business. Now and then the black man gets ahead of the white, but the latter's pride of race remains. I was told of a white who condescended to be hired to work by a Kafir, but stipulated that the Kafir should address him as «Boss.» Of intermarriage there is, of course, no question. It is not forbidden by law in the two British colonies, as it is in most, if not all, of the Southern States of America, but it is excessively rare; nor does it appear that there are now other irregular unions outside marriage, as there constantly were in the old days while slavery existed. In this respect the case of South Africa remarkably resembles that of the Southern States, where also there is now very little mixture of blood, though there was a great deal fifty years ago. Probably in both cases it is better that the races should not mingle their blood; for the white race would be likely to lose more than the black race would gain.

It must not, however, be supposed that this social severance is accompanied, at least in the British parts of South Africa, by unjust laws or harsh treatment. Since the famous ordinance of equal civil rights, published in 1828, colored people (in Cape Colony) have been, in the eye of the law, on a level with whites. When the electoral franchise was conferred on the colonists in 1853, no color-line was drawn. Some years ago the whites, and the Dutch party in particular, which is the specially anti-native party, became uneasy at the strength of the colored vote, though it was not a solid vote, and a statute was accordingly passed introducing a combined property and educational qualification, which will tend to reduce the number of colored voters. The same restrictions are, however, applied to whites also, so there has been no inequality of treatment. Neither the natives nor their friends in the colony seem to complain of this act, which may be defended by observing that while, on the one hand, it admits those colored people whose

intelligence qualifies them for the exercise of the suffrage, it excludes a large mass whose ignorance and indifference to political issues would put them at the mercy of rich and unscrupulous candidates. It appears less open to objection than some of the attempts recently made in one or two of the Southern States to evade the provisions of the latest amendments to the Constitution of the United States. In Natal the Kafirs are nearly all in a tribal condition, and hardly any natives enjoy the suffrage, though they are not expressly excluded. There has grown up, however, a strong antagonism to the Indian immigrants, who are numerous and intelligent enough to cause disquiet to the small white population, and legislation has been proposed for excluding them from the electoral suffrage. Probably, however, this legislation will not take color *per se* as the disqualifying element, but will be based upon the fact that the Indians come from a country where responsible government has not been granted to the inhabitants. The two Dutch republics are much less indulgent than the two British colonies. Neither in the Orange Free State nor in the Transvaal is any person of color permitted to vote; indeed, he cannot even hold land. Democratic republics are not necessarily respectful of what used to be called «human rights.» Indeed, the Transvaal Dutch are accustomed to taunt the Cape colonists at being, to use their phrase, «ruled by black men,» though the colored vote is an appreciable factor only in a few constituencies of the colony, while it seldom or never happens that a colored man is either elected to the Assembly or appointed to any public office.

There is in the British colonies a certain amount of special legislation regarding the blacks, designed partly to protect them, partly to impose restrictions on them in what is supposed to be the general interest of the community. Cape Colony, for instance, has a so-called «curfew law,» obliging natives who are out after dark to be provided with a pass, a law which acts oppressively in the case of the best class of natives, though defended as necessary for public order and security, having regard to the large population of the lower class and their propensity to petty thefts. The colony has also passed certain «labor laws» intended to check the disposition of the Kafirs living on the native reserves to become idle or take to vagrancy. There is, no doubt, a danger that people who have never acquired habits of steady industry (for the tribal Kafir leaves to his wives

the cultivation of his plot of maize or sorghum) may relapse into a laziness prejudicial to their own advancement, seeing that a few weeks' labor is enough to provide all the food which the ordinary Kafir needs to support him through the year. But as such laws are prompted not merely by a regard for the welfare of the Kafir, but also by the desire of the white colonist to get plenty of labor, and to get it cheap, they are obviously open to abuse, and require great care in administration. In the Dutch republics the laws which control the natives are far more stringent. The Transvaal Boers have sometimes worked their system of apprenticeship, and the scheme of treating natives resident on a farm as being attached to it for the purposes of labor, in a way which can with difficulty be distinguished from predial serfdom. And even in the more liberal Orange Free State a «pass law» is in force, which requires every native moving from place to place to be provided with a passport, in default of which he may be detained. On the other hand, the laws which, in Natal and in the Free State, and in the territories of the British South Africa Company, forbid the supply of intoxicating liquor to natives are clearly in the interest of the natives themselves, and it is much to be regretted that the influence of the wine-growers and distillers in Cape Colony has hitherto prevented a similar protection from being enacted there.

A survey of the laws in force is of course not enough to convey an impression of the actual treatment of the weaker, though more numerous, native element by the stronger whites. That treatment is, in the two British colonies and in the Orange Free State, as well as in the territory of the Company, seldom harsh or unjust. Sometimes a farmer punishes his servants with excessive severity, and escapes punishment because a local jury refuses to convict him. A shocking case of this kind occurred a few years ago. Sometimes an unscrupulous trader defrauds the natives he has been dealing with on the outskirts of civilization, and enjoys immunity because it is hard to secure legal evidence of his misdeeds. Sometimes an employer tricks his native workmen out of part of their wages, relying on their ignorance of the modes of obtaining redress. But, on the whole, the natives have not much to complain of in the way of positive injury; and public sentiment, if less strict than that of England, is more strict than it used to be, and more strict than it has been, at various epochs, in the Southern States of America.

The lynching of natives is unknown. This is partly due to the presence of missionaries, who are always quick at reporting offenses committed against natives in the outlying districts; partly also to the high sense of duty shown by the magistrates and other officials, especially those of the imperial government. It is, however, largely due also to the general good conduct of the Kafirs themselves. There is much petty pilfering, and a disposition to acts of violence against other natives, but much more rarely against whites. Native morality is of course lax in many of the points which whites deem important; but outrages on women, such as are, unhappily, common in parts of the Southern States of America, are extremely rare. Indeed, it is only in Natal, where the native population is very large, and the white population small and scattered, that one hears of them at all. Thus the cause to which most of the American lynchings are due is absent, while the general respect for law and authority so conspicuous in South Africa, where people do not carry arms (except for the purposes of hunting), and murderous affrays scarcely ever occur, has prevented the habit of taking the law into one's own hands from growing up among the whites.

Similar in many respects as is the position of the natives in South Africa to that of the colored people in the Southern States, there are also some remarkable differences. Though in point of natural capacity and strength of character the Bantu races are equal, possibly even superior, to the negroes brought from Africa to America (most of whom seem to have come from the Guinea coasts), the former are, in point of education and in habits of industry, far behind the latter. They have not been subjected to the industrial training of nearly two centuries of plantation life or domestic service, while comparatively few have had that stimulation which the grant of the franchise after the war of secession has exercised upon a large section of the American negroes, even in places where they have not been permitted to turn their nominal rights to practical account. On the other hand, the South African natives are far more numerous, relatively to the whites, than the negroes are in the Southern States. In the two British colonies and the two Dutch republics the total number of Europeans is about 650,000, that of colored people about 2,450,000, or nearly four to one, whereas in the old slave States of America there were (in 1890) 13,000,000 of whites against 6,740,000 colored, or just half. Moreover, in Amer-

ica there are more than forty millions of whites in the other parts of the republic, and the strength of the white element is therefore overwhelmingly in excess. This numerical preponderance of the blacks in South Africa does not, indeed, constitute any present political danger. The Kafirs and other colored people are not only very backward, but have no cohesion whatever. Most of them live under their tribal chiefs, and the tribes are divided from one another not only by differences of language, but by ancient feuds. Zulu laborers, for instance, and Kafirs of the Xosa tribes will sometimes fight when employed side by side as railway plate-layers. The time is still far distant when all the natives will have learned to use one speech, and when they will have so far advanced in knowledge and character as to be capable of combining and of producing from among themselves leaders who can direct their collective action. So far, therefore, as politics go, there is really no more reason for alarm in South Africa for a century to come than there is in the United States. It is not so much the political as the social situation that here, as in the United States, may excite some apprehension. And this situation is likely to grow rather worse than better as time goes on; because the more educated and capable the natives become, the more will their industrial competition press upon the whites, and the less inclined will the natives be to acquiesce, as they now do, in the social disparagement and inferiority to which the contempt and aversion of the whites condemn them.

This race problem is one of the two clouds which hang over the future of South Africa. The other is the jealousy and rivalry of the Dutch and English. This latter seems for the moment to cover the sky. Yet it is really less menacing, for the difficulties it springs from are difficulties which can be measured, and which do not go so deep down into the roots of human feeling and character. Although the antagonism of the two European races has been a great misfortune for the country, and may give a good deal more trouble in the next few years or decades, it need not be permanent; for a fusion is not merely possible, but even probable, if judicious means are followed, whereas in the case of blacks and whites fusion is evidently out of the question.

In the second of these three articles, the relations of the Dutch colonists to the British government during the first years of British rule were mentioned, and the circum-

stances which led to the establishment of the two Dutch republics briefly sketched. I now come to the present relations of the two races, a topic full of interest, but not easy to discuss, because at the moment of writing this article (March, 1896) the political position is a critical one, and events may happen which will have transformed that position before these lines can be read in the United States. Common prudence requires that one should avoid prophecies which a few weeks may falsify, and be content with setting forth those broad features of the situation, a knowledge of which will at least help the reader to comprehend any and every event as it may supervene.

The South African Dutch, or Boers (farmers), as we commonly call them, are a very peculiar people, who, in isolation and backwardness, if in little else, resemble the Spaniards of such a country as Ecuador more than they do any French or British colony. They have little tie to Holland, little knowledge of, or interest in, anything that passes in Europe. Their attachment is wholly given to Africa, so much so that some have even disclaimed European origin, till it was pointed out to them that if not of European they must be of Kafir stock. The love they bear to Africa is all the more intense because the mother-country has no share in it, and their detachment from the stream of modern life is increased by the fact that they speak a tongue which is so unlike modern cultivated Dutch that they have to learn that language as they would learn Latin or English. Many cannot even understand the Dutch version of the Bible, or comprehend the talk of a Hollander when he comes among them. Their speech—the *taal*, as they call it—is very rude, with a small vocabulary, corrupted to some extent by native words, and incapable of expressing abstract ideas. It has helped to keep them ignorant and curiously conservative in their social and religious ideas. Not a few look upon the scab that afflicts their sheep as a direct visitation from the Almighty, against which it is impious to take human means. Some opposed railways because God had made the country without them. So rigid is their orthodoxy that one of the former Transvaal presidents lost his hold upon the people because he became suspected of free opinions.¹

¹ The story is sometimes told that they distrusted him because he was reported to have declared in a sermon—having been formerly a Predikant (preacher)—that the devil had no tail, that personage being always represented with one in the old picture Bible which no Boer family is without.

They have no taste for agriculture, much less for commerce or mining or manufactures; but love to live alone in the midst of a huge farm, where they can see no smoke but that of their own hearth, hunting the wild creatures, and driving their cattle hither and thither where the pasture is best, ruling their black herdsmen in their own grim way. No people has shown less taste for politics, and it is probably from this distaste for association and town life, which has spread from the Dutch to their English neighbors, that Cape Colony is, of all the greater British colonies, that one in which there has been the least active political life, a fact the more remarkable because there is no new country which has crowded more history into its short career than South Africa has done. The Boers are strong, active fellows, good marksmen at short range, full of courage and capable of enduring great fatigue, unpolished as well as ignorant, but kindly and given to hospitality. The women lead sedentary lives, and are, by common consent, seldom attractive, and still more seldom intellectually cultivated; but they too showed wonderful spirit and constancy in the dangers and hardships of the terrible Zulu wars.

These characteristics belong to the Boers generally all over South Africa, in the British colonies of the Cape and Natal as well as in the republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. But they vary in intensity according to the degree in which the Boer has been affected by English institutions, and by the ideas and habits of the English settlers.

In Cape Colony there have been ninety years of British rule, with a steady, though not large, influx of English and Scotch colonists. Of the 380,000 whites, rather more than half are of Dutch origin, or habitually speak Dutch, though of course it is as hard to say who is practically to be treated as a Dutchman as it would be to say who is to be deemed a German in Iowa or a Swede in Minnesota; for language and origin do not necessarily govern a man's habits and sympathies. That the process of Anglicization should have proceeded so slowly in these ninety years may be ascribed, not only to the singular conservatism of the Boers, but also to the thinness of population, the Boers living in small villages, or scattered over a vast area, with few occasions for contact with the British part of the population. To-day the country districts, especially near Cape Town and in the Western Province generally, are almost wholly Dutch, while the townfolk, even if they bear Dutch names, are practi-

cally English. There is no social separation between the two races, who intermarry freely, and have much the same interests, except so far as the interests of the townsman diverge from those of the farmer. Nor was there any sharp political distinction till, in 1880, the Boers of the Transvaal revolted against the British government that had been established there three years previously. The sturdy resistance which the Boers then made to the British troops evoked so warm and general a sympathy from the colonial Dutch that some fears were entertained of a civil war within the Colony itself. An outbreak of race hostility there would have been a grave misfortune, and the desire to avert such an outbreak was the strongest among the motives that induced the British government to restore to the Transvaal (in 1881) its independence. Since 1881 the Dutch have formed in the colony a political party, which at present commands a majority in the Assembly. They are not, however, an anti-English party. They are an agricultural party, to some extent an anti-native party, in some slight degree a protectionist party; but they have never shown any disaffection to the British crown, and their desire to secure the minimum of interference by the home government is shared by the English members of the legislature. That the danger of race enmity, and of hostility to the connection with the mother-country, has been so far avoided is mainly due to the efforts of two statesmen. One of these persons is Mr. Hofmeyr, himself of Dutch stock, a shrewd, cool, and somewhat taciturn man, who was one of the chief founders of the so-called «Afrikander» party—the party which is, first of all, African, and therefore primarily, though not exclusively, Dutch in sentiment. The other statesman is Mr. Cecil Rhodes, an Englishman born, the son of a country clergyman, and himself a graduate of Oxford University. No man in South Africa has been more steadily attached to the British connection, or has done half so much to secure for Britain those vast territories to the west and to the north of the Transvaal, which were coveted by both the Transvaal Republic and by the German Empire. But in his political career in Cape Colony, of which he was prime minister from July, 1890, till January, 1896, Mr. Rhodes succeeded in obtaining the support of the Dutch party, and labored assiduously to bring about a unity of sentiment and aim between the Dutch and the British elements in the population. The energy and firmness of his character, and the grasp of

political and economic questions which he has evinced, make him the most striking figure among the colonial statesmen of Britain in this generation. He has been deemed by some a less adroit parliamentarian than was the late Sir John Macdonald in Canada, but he is possessed of a wider outlook and far more conspicuous executive capacity. The ascendancy which these gifts secured for him enabled him, while extending British influence up to and beyond the Zambesi, at the same time to retain, down till the recent Transvaal troubles, which have gravely affected the situation, the confidence of that Dutch, or Afrikaner, population which had least national sympathy with what is called an «imperial British policy.»

So much for Cape Colony. Now let us turn to the two Dutch republics. In the smaller of these, the Orange Free State, the Boer element largely preponderates over the British. English is spoken in the towns, and by many farmers; but South African Dutch is the official language, and the speech of three fourths of the whites. They are, on the whole, less Anglicized than the colonial Boers, but they have little or no anti-English sentiment; for the British government has never, since the renunciation of its sovereignty in 1854, interfered with their independence, and the citizens of English stock are just as much attached to that independence as are the purest-blooded Boers. The commercial ties that unite them to Cape Colony have been drawn closer by the construction of a railway through the state by the Cape government, and by the conclusion of a customs union with the Cape. Nevertheless, the sentiment of kinship with the Boers in other parts of Africa remains strong. In 1881 many of the Orange Free State men were arming to help their Transvaal brethren, and since then projects of political union between the two republics have been more than once mooted.

It is in the Transvaal that the Dutch African stock has remained least intermingled with any foreign strain, preserving in their crudest form all the peculiarities of its very peculiar character. The Boers live dispersed on their huge farms over this huge territory. There are only some sixty or seventy thousand of them in an area as big as Great Britain, seeing few strangers, and hearing little of what goes on in the rest of the world. Many are illiterate, and the rest read nothing but the Bible. These conditions, coupled with natural force of character, might seem to be favorable conditions for the production of a simple and imaginative literature. But the Boers have never produced any literature

whatever, and the limited resources of their taal would, indeed, hardly permit them to do so. They are very prejudiced, and the strongest of their prejudices, next to that against Roman Catholics, or persons theologically suspect, is against the English, whom they call «red-necks,» except when they use a more opprobrious term. So dearly do they love their roaming pastoral and hunting life that the discovery of gold-fields in their territory caused them little pleasure. They were content to sell the land to the speculators who flocked in, and never attempted to work the mines themselves, or even to take shares in the mining companies. There are among them so few persons fitted by education or taste for any kind of administrative work that when the need was felt for such persons to fill the largely increased number of official posts, President Krueger, being unwilling to take them from the Dutch-speaking people of a British colony, resolved to import his officials from Holland. These newly arrived Hollanders, whose number has become considerable,—I have heard it estimated at fifteen hundred,—are now an important factor. They are disliked and suspected by the old Boers, partly as strangers, partly, one is told, because their orthodoxy is doubted; but they exercise much influence on the policy of the Boer government, and they are, not from prejudice, but from self-interest, fully as anti-English in sentiment as the most old-fashioned Boer can be.

Besides the old Boers and the new Hollanders, there has grown up in the Transvaal during the last ten years a large population of strangers, the so-called Uitlanders, who have come in for the sake of working the mines or of supplying goods to those who work them. Probably one half of the strangers come from Cape Colony and Natal, some being of British, a smaller number of Dutch origin. Of the rest the large majority are British, but there are also many Australians, several thousand Germans, some Italians, and a few French and Scandinavians, as well as Russian Jews. There are also Americans, important not so much from their numbers as from their position; for most of the mining engineers, with a good many of the foremen and skilled workmen, have brought their special knowledge and experience hither from California or other parts of the Western States. It is impossible to estimate either the total strength of this host of newcomers or the respective numbers of its component national elements, for the influx has been rapid, and the component elements vary

from month to month. You might as well try to measure the volume of a South African river, which rises and sinks according to the rain-storms that in the wet season burst along the courses of its various affluents. Last November the Cape railway was bringing into the Witwatersrand gold-fields a thousand European immigrants every week. This mixed multitude, however, falls into two broad divisions, those who speak English, coming from Britain, from Cape Colony, from Australia, and from the United States, and those who speak some other European language. The former are, of course, far more numerous—probably four fifths of the total, which at the end of last year must have reached or exceeded one hundred thousand, being therefore much larger than the whole number of native Boers.

The singular contrast of two populations which the Transvaal presents is probably without precedent. On the one hand, a multitude of strangers, brought together from every corner of the earth by the desire of gain, and crowded into a small space, from which they have squeezed out the former inhabitants; on the other hand, a simple, pastoral people, untouched by modern commercial civilization and modern ideas, scattered over a vast area, where they seek to live in the primitive fashion of their forefathers, but unable to avoid the impact of these strangers, and driven to think how they can best avoid being absorbed or overmastered by them. In the struggle which circumstances have made inevitable, the chances might seem to lie in favor of the newcomers, who have wealth, numbers, and intelligence on their side. The Boers, however, are made of tough and well-tempered metal. As in Montenegro, every man between sixteen and sixty is a soldier—a soldier who, like the Montenegrin, makes up for the want of discipline by his hardy frame, his courage, and his religious devotion to the cause of his people. They have also the advantage of a seasoned and skilful chief. President Krueger, who came from Cape Colony as a boy of ten in the great trek of 1836, has, since he reached manhood, been conspicuous in the military adventures and civil troubles of the country. To the natural shrewdness and tenacity of his character, these years of active and changeful life have added a great experience of men and a perfect coolness in emergencies. He is keen, vigilant, astute, and, above all, resolute, and he represents so faithfully the dominant feelings and the inbred habits of the Boer people that he has been able to

acquire a surprising influence over them, and to exert over the Assembly a practical authority far in excess of the very limited powers which the constitution of the republic permits to the President.

The struggle between the Boers and the strangers, which has practically become a struggle between the English and the Dutch elements, now centers in the demand of the strangers to be admitted to the electoral franchise. Formerly electoral rights were readily acquirable by an immigrant in the Transvaal, as they are to-day in the Orange Free State. In 1881 a residence of two years gave the vote. But when President Krueger perceived that the influx of strangers would alter the character of the electorate, and ultimately transfer the balance of power to English-speaking citizens, he persuaded the Assembly to extend the period of residence required for citizenship, first to five, and then to fifteen years, and thus practically to exclude the whole of the new population which has come in since 1885. Thus electoral rights are now confined to less than twenty-five thousand citizens, while probably double that number of persons, of voting age and sex, are living within the republic debarred from those rights. It is easy to understand Mr. Krueger's position. «These newcomers,» he argues, «are in all essentials strangers to our polity. They do not belong to our Dutch Reformed churches; they do not like our customs; they do not speak our tongue. They would use their votes, if votes were given them, to turn out the present officials and legislators, and would end by making the country English, like Cape Colony or Natal. It was not for such a fate that we quitted the homes of our fathers to go out into the wilderness and overcome the Zulus sixty years ago; and against such a fate we will struggle to the end.» On the other hand, the strangers complain that, though they form a large majority of the population, own half the land in the republic, and pay more than ninety per cent. of the taxes, they are denied a share in the government of the country and in the application of its revenues, and are obliged to submit to excessive and unfair imposts, voted by a legislature some of whose members are gravely suspected of corruption, and administered by officials many of whom are far from trustworthy. These were the motives which prompted the creation three years ago of an organization to obtain political reforms, and which led to the rising of the stranger population, or rather of a part of the English-speaking portion of it,

at Johannesburg in December last—a rising the declared aim of which was not the overthrow of the Transvaal Republic, but to compel the Boer Assembly to extend the suffrage to the newcomers.

Of that abortive rising, and of the expedition of the British South Africa Company's men, which came to help it, but was surrounded and forced to surrender to the Boer troops, this is not the place to speak, for those events have led to judicial proceedings now pending in England. The result has so far been unfavorable to the demands of the strangers. President Krueger's hold on his citizens had been previously shaken by their dislike to the officials he had brought from Holland. The invasion, however, evoked all the patriotism of the Boers, and made the President, who successfully withstood it, more popular than ever. At the same time it stirred the feelings of the Dutch in the Orange Free State and even in Cape Colony. Seeing their own kinsfolk threatened by an expedition which had started from British soil, they forgot for the moment their own commercial grievances against the Transvaal government (which had built up a wall of tariffs against them), and gave all their sympathy to the threatened republic. As the British home government had not only disavowed, but had even tried to stop, the expedition on its way, no resentment has been felt by the Cape Dutch against Britain. But the movement toward a political fusion of Dutch and English in the Colony has received a check, and the tendency of the Orange Free State toward a closer union with its sister republic has been strengthened. Meanwhile, the grievances of the new population in the Transvaal have not been removed, and as the influx of strangers to the Witwatersrand mines will doubtless continue, it is clear that something must be done to give a more or less complete satisfaction to their claims, and to prevent a recurrence of the troubles of last December and January. It is impossible, in our times, for a minority to continue to rule over a large and increasing unenfranchised majority of people superior in intelligence and wealth, however strong the original position of the minority may have been, and whatever sympathy their attachment to their own simple and primitive life may evoke.

I have dwelt somewhat fully on the relations of the Boers to the English-speaking strangers in the Transvaal, because the questions now at issue there involve the wider issue between the English and Dutch races in South Africa. The Witwatersrand mining

district is at this moment the political center of the southern half of the continent; for it is by far the wealthiest district, and it is the spot where population is becoming dense, and in which finance has established its seat. For the next fifty years at least it will apparently be the focus of industry and commerce for the surrounding counties from Cape Town to the Zambesi. It is the magnitude of the prize that makes the present contest exciting, and draws the eyes of Europe to these few square miles of barren upland, of which no one had heard fifteen years ago. Whatever be the political outcome of the contest, whether the strangers obtain votes or not, and whether or not the present form of government is maintained, there cannot be much doubt as to the ultimate result. Man for man, the Boers are not inferior to the English settlers either physically or in force of character. Probably they are not less capable of developing, with proper education and under stimulative conditions, a vigorous intellectual life. There is no better stock in the world than that Low German stock to which they belong. But not only are they less numerous and less wealthy than the English-speaking strangers (many of the cleverest of whom are not English at all, but of Semitic origin), but they are unsuited by their ideas and habits for the task of developing the material resources of their country, and dealing with the financial and commercial problems which its rapid growth has brought to the front. Without in the least comparing them to the Mormons, who were far inferior to them in many respects, their civilization resembles that of the Mormons in being one which could maintain itself only in isolation. Now that the strenuous industrial current of the modern world has reached it and begun to wash against it, its foundations cannot long resist the sapping influences. The Transvaal, therefore, and all South Africa with the Transvaal, seems destined in the future to belong to the English type of civilization, and to speak the English tongue. But the Dutch tongue also will hold its ground for many years to come, and Boer traits will no doubt powerfully affect the South African character as it acquires, after a generation or two, a settled and distinctive quality. The wish and hope of every one who knows the country must be that the fusion, which will (almost certainly) come at last, may come peaceably, and come not by a victory of the one element which could leave resentment in the breasts of the other, but by a process of gradual assimilation similar to that which turned Englishmen and Scotchmen from ene-

mies into friends, and is welding Flemings and Walloons into one Belgian people.

The reader may expect, before this article comes to an end, some brief expression of opinion as to the more distant future of South Africa, and particularly as to whether its inhabitants will become a great civilized nation, one of the dominant powers of the southern hemisphere—a nation such as the Australians are becoming in the East, and as the Argentine Republic might become in South America, were it in the hands of an orderly and progressive race.

That South Africa will ultimately be united into one political body, probably in a federative form, seems highly probable. Federative union would not only increase its political strength, but would also accelerate its material development. Its growth in wealth and population will, however, depend chiefly on its natural resources. Agricultural progress can hardly be rapid while other countries produce, without artificial aid, food-stuffs which in this dry climate must, over wide areas, be grown by means of irrigation. The capabilities of South Africa for stock-raising are unquestionable; but stock-raising, even on a vast scale, does not imply any great increase of population, or any great advance in the arts and refinements of life. It is therefore chiefly in respect of its mineral treasures that wealth will grow, and the country fill up rapidly with immigrants; for the afflux of settlers to the mines creates markets and stimulates every branch of trade. The value of the mines of Matabeleland and Mashona-

land is still imperfectly ascertained, but that of the Witwatersrand gold-field admits of no doubt, and even if, as some experts hold, that gold-field will be worked out within a century from now, it seems certain that for fifty years at least it will continue to provide occupation for a large mass of people, skilled as well as unskilled workers. In that region, therefore, a considerable growth of population may be looked for, and it will be accompanied by a less rapid rise in the number of those who pursue agriculture, or otherwise supply the wants of a mining class. Probably, therefore, a steady growth, as well of population as of wealth, can be counted on for a century to come, which is as far forward as any one can venture to look. But the growth may not be very swift, and the white population, which is now much less than one million, probably about 750,000, in all South Africa, may, twenty-five or thirty years hence, scarcely exceed two millions. For it must be remembered that the laboring population is colored and will remain colored. Speaking broadly, the country will be a black man's, and not a white man's, country, and this is why the question of the future social and industrial relations of blacks and whites becomes of such paramount importance. There is no reason to apprehend in South Africa, any more than in the Southern States of America, a predominance of the inferior race; but the future peace and prosperity of the country will largely depend upon the wisdom and temper with which the higher race treats the backward one, and leads it onward and upward.

James Bryce.



«I JOURNEYED SOUTH TO MEET THE SPRING.»

I JOURNEYED South to meet the Spring,
 To feel the soft tide's gentle rise
 That to my heart again should bring,
 Foretold by many a whispering wing,
 The old, the new, the sweet surprise.

For once, the wonder was not new—
 And yet it wore a newer grace:
 For all its innocence of hue,
 Its warmth and bloom and dream and dew,
 I had but left—in Helen's face.