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# The Geographical Journal.

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## TWENTY YEARS IN ZAMBESIA.\*

By FREDERICK COURTNEY SELOUS.

I COMMENCED my African ramblings in 1871. At that time the facilities for reaching the interior from the Cape Colony were very different from those which are now available, as there was only one short line of railway from Cape Town to the village of Wellington in existence in the whole country.

Landing at Algoa Bay on September 4th, I at once proceeded to the Diamond Fields by bullock waggon, a journey which occupied two months. At that time neither diamonds nor gold had any charm for me, as my only desire was to get away into the far interior; but as I found that it would be inadvisable to start on such a journey until the rainy season was over, I bought a waggon and oxen, and spent the intervening time in a trading trip through Griqualand, and down the northern bank of the Orange River as far as the country of Klas Lucas, a Namaqua or Koranna chief.

In April, 1872, accompanied by two young men of about my own age, Messrs. Dorehill and Sadleir, I set out for Matabeleland. We had one waggon and span of oxen between us, and, as our money had run short, were rather badly fitted out for a long journey in the way of stores and trading goods. However, we had heard that elephants were plentiful in Matabeleland, and, being young and hopeful, we thought that everything would come right when we got amongst the tuskers, as indeed it did. The route we followed was the old trade road which skirts the eastern edge of the Kalahari desert, passing through Kuruman and Molepololi, and from thence to Shoshong, in the country of the Bamangwato, who were then ruled over by Machin. This chief was as much disliked by the traders living in his country as the present

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\* Read at the Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, February 13th, 1893. Map, p. 384.

ruler, Khama, is honoured and respected. At Sechele's town (Molepololi) we had met Mr. Frank Mandy, who was also on his way to Matabeleland, and who, having been there before, was personally acquainted with Lo Bengula\* and his people; and we all travelled together as far as Bulawayo, which we at length reached in the end of August.

As Lo Bengula has of late years become such a well-known personality in Zambesia, and may become much better known in the near future, I may perhaps be pardoned for quoting the account I wrote of my first interview with him, now more than twenty years ago:—

"We found that owing to the scarcity of grass for cattle near the chief town, Lo Bengula had trekked away and built a temporary kraal near Amachi Mashlopay (white stones); so we too trekked straight across the country to where he was, getting there towards evening. Here we found Mr. G. A. Phillips, who had already been eight years in the country, trading and hunting, and he kindly gave us a goat to slaughter. The following morning Lo Bengula, king of the powerful tribe of the Matabele (or Amandebele, as they should be called), came down to our waggons. He is a man standing about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches, strongly and stoutly built, and even at that date was growing very fat. He was then dressed in a greasy shirt and dirty pair of trousers; but I am happy to say that he soon afterwards discarded European clothing, and now always appears in his own native dress, in which he looks what he is—the chief of a savage and barbarous people. After saying a few words to Mandy, whom he knew, and seemed pleased to see again, he asked who was the owner of the other waggon, and being told by Mr. Phillips, who acted as interpreter, that I was, he asked me what I had come to do. I said I had come to hunt elephants, upon which he burst out laughing, and said, 'Was it not steinbucks' (a diminutive species of antelope) 'that you came to hunt? Why, you're only a boy!' I replied that, although a boy, I nevertheless wished to hunt elephants, and asked his permission to do so, upon which he made some further disparaging remarks regarding my youthful appearance, and then rose to go without giving me any answer. He was attended by about fifty natives, who had all been squatting on the ground in a semicircle during the interview, but all of whom, immediately he rose to go, cried out 'How! how!' in a tone of intense surprise, as if some lovely apparition had burst upon their view; then, as he passed, they followed, crouching down, and crying out, 'Oh, thou prince of princes! thou black one! thou calf of the black cow! thou black elephant!'" etc., etc.

Finally Lo Bengula gave me permission to go and hunt wherever I pleased, as I was only a boy, and I took to the life so kindly that for

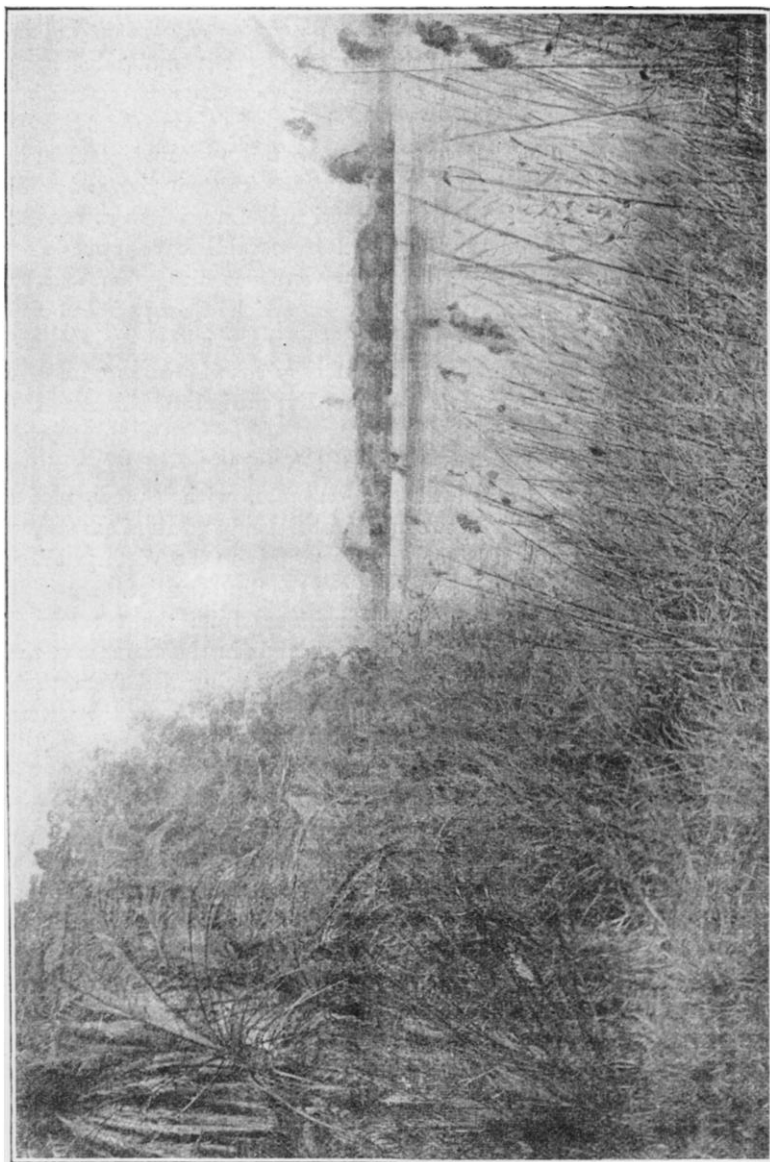
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\* The correct pronunciation is Lo Beng-úla, not "Ben-gula," as is common.

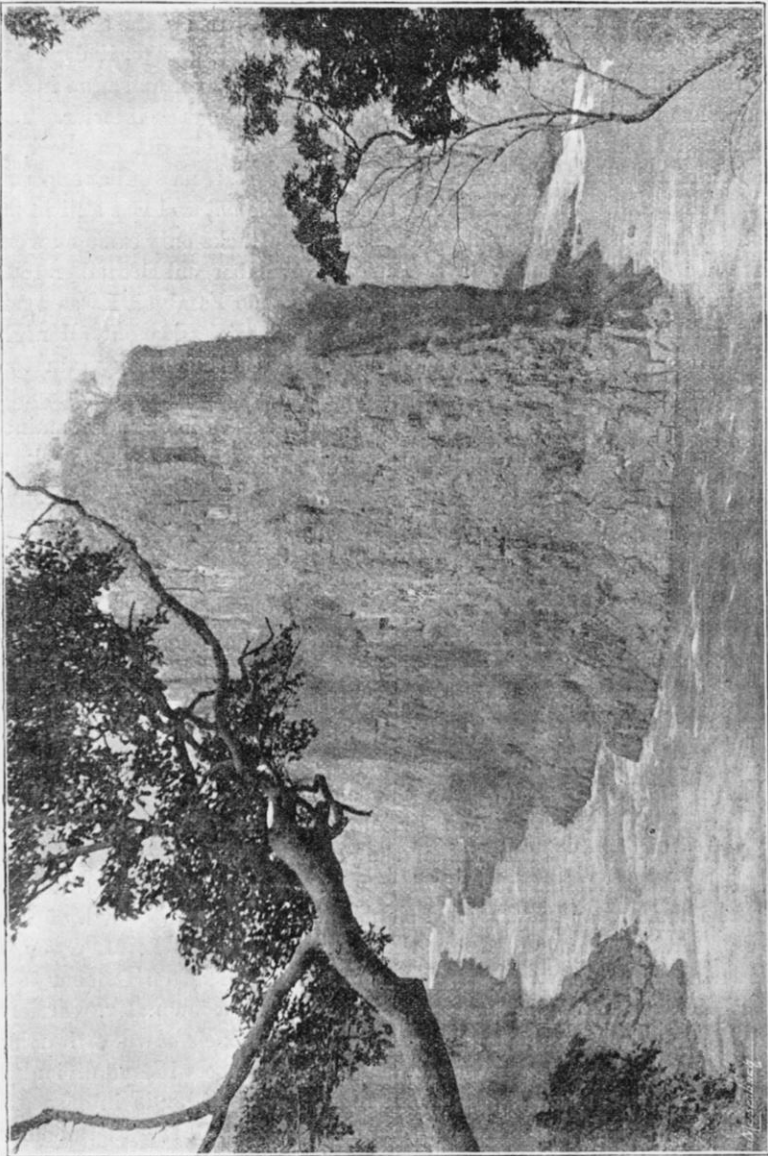
three years I remained in Zambesia, without ever experiencing the slightest desire to exchange my free wild life for the comforts and restraints of civilisation. During that period I travelled over a great deal of country; but, being always engaged in elephant hunting, which occupied all my time and attention, I am sorry to say that I did no surveying work whatever. The rainy seasons I spent in Matabeleland, not remaining in one place, but travelling about the country trading with the natives. In this way, during the rainy season of 1873, and again in 1874, I travelled all over the splendidly-watered plateau, in which the Nwanetsi, Lundi, and Tukwi Rivers take their rise, and went as far south as the junction of the Ingesi and Lundi Rivers not far from Mount Bufwa. Unfortunately, as I have said above, I made no sketch maps of these journeys; but they were not altogether useless, as it was my remembrance of the way in which George Wood and myself piloted our waggon through this country which enabled me sixteen years later to undertake, with an easy conscience, to guide the British South Africa Company's Pioneer Expedition to Mashonaland through this same country in 1890.

During the dry seasons—from May till November—of these three years, I travelled and hunted always on foot, with a few native carriers, all over the country between Matabeleland and the Zambesi, as far eastwards as the Sanyati River, and westwards to the Victoria Falls, and up the Chobe or Kwando River as far as the Sunta outlet.

In 1874 I found a lot of Masubias, refugees from the tyranny of Sipopo, chief of the Barotsi tribe, living on islands in the marshes of the Chobe, and in a very miserable condition, as, having fled from their homes without being able to carry any food with them, they were reduced to all kinds of shifts to save themselves from starvation. I found them living principally upon fish and a kind of meal made by pounding up the dried roots of a water plant. They were also eating a kind of food which looked exactly like sawdust. This, I found, was made from the roots of the palm tree, which are first roasted under the ashes of a fire and then hammered, when this substance falls out between the fibres. They said it was very good, and I took their word for it, but did not try it. I became very friendly with these people, and spent some months amongst them; and as during that time I shot twenty-four elephants, besides other large animals, every ounce of every one of which they used as food, I think I may say that I was a welcome visitor. I was the first white man any of the women and children had ever seen, though some of the men said they had seen Dr. Livingstone in Sekeletu's time. It was during the dry season of 1874 that I first noticed that the waters of the Chobe were rising instead of falling, although every day the weather was getting hotter and hotter. I noticed this phenomenon more carefully in subsequent years, and will refer to it later on.



VIEW ON THE ZAMBESI ABOVE THE VICTORIA FALLS.



VIEW ON THE ZAMBESI BELOW THE VICTORIA FALLS.

In 1875 I returned to England, going back to South Africa again early the following year.

As the health of Zambesia is just now a much-discussed question, I will here say a few words on the subject, giving my own experiences during three years of continuous residence in all parts of the country.

Owing to severe exposure to wet and cold during several days and nights, in the early part of 1872, I got an attack of fever and ague in Griqualand so that I was handicapped before starting for the interior. This fever and ague was exactly what I have seen people get on the high plateau of Mashonaland, during the last few years, from similar exposure to rain and cold. It took me some time to shake off, and was still in my system when I reached Matabeleland, but the attacks only came on when I halted anywhere for a few days. During November and December 1872, hunting down in the low hot country towards the Zambesi, I was again very much exposed to wet, and on several occasions lay out all night long, without any shelter, drenched through with such heavy rain that it put out the largest fire and converted hard ground into a swamp. I naturally again got soaked with fever poison, but as long as I remained hunting the disease did not show itself. Directly I got back to Bulawayo it broke out, and during a month or so I had several sharp attacks. By that time, however, my sound constitution had choked all the fever germs, and from that day until in 1878, when very severe exposure in Central Africa once more filled me up with malarial poison, I do not remember ever to have had one single hour's illness or to have taken one drop of medicine. The life I led was, however, if a very hard, at any rate, in many respects, a very healthy one; for the most part I ate nothing but meat and Mashona rice, and drank nothing but tea, usually without milk and sugar, not because I like it so, but because those adjuncts were unobtainable.

In 1877 I again visited the Chobe and Zambesi Rivers, elephant hunting, but had a very bad season, as we could not come across elephants; so towards the end of the year I sent my waggons back to Matabeleland, but instead of going with them resolved to cross the Zambesi and try and find a good elephant country to the north of that river. I was accompanied on this journey by Mr. L. M. Owen, a gentleman well known in South Africa. We started on October 30th from Pandamatenka, with four pack-donkeys and a few native carriers, and a few days later crossed the Zambesi at Wankie's town, swimming the donkeys through the river at the tail of a canoe without difficulty. At this time of the year the heat in the Zambesi valley is intense and very enervating and oppressive. On November 3rd the thermometer marked 87° at day dawn, the coolest time in the twenty-four hours: and at midday in the shade of very thick foliaged trees, with a breeze blowing beneath, it ranged from 103° to 110° as long as we were on the river.

As I thought that elephants were sure to be plentiful in the neighbourhood of the Kafukwe and Loangwa Rivers, and also in the country between those rivers, I determined first of all to follow the course of the Zambesi as far as the mouth of the Kafukwe before leaving the former river. Where we crossed the Zambesi the people belong to the Manansa tribe, and are an offshoot of the Makalakas. These people are mild and peaceable in disposition, and friendly to travellers. Formerly they inhabited a large tract of country to the south of the Zambesi, and to the westward of the River Gwai, from which they were driven with great slaughter by the Matabele.

On the second day after leaving Wankie's village we got amongst the Batongas, a people who now have an evil reputation, and which is well deserved. At the time of our visit to them, however, in 1877, no white man had travelled amongst them since Dr. Livingstone, Charles Livingstone and Dr. Kirk passed through their country in 1861, so that we were still something strange and new to them, and the awe with which we inspired them overcame their innate rascality. They gave us no trouble whatever, and indeed, were very civil, the headman of almost every village we passed through presenting us with a goat, for which, of course, he always got a "quid pro quo." Both banks of this part of the Zambesi seemed very thickly populated by these people, their villages being very close together, with almost all the intermediate ground cleared for cultivation. In every village stood a large dovecot, whose inmates kept up an incessant cooing. This peaceful state of things, however, did not last long, as beyond the River Chaisa fighting had recently been going on between Kanyemba, the Capitão Mor of Zumbo, and the Batongas, and as Kanyemba's men were well armed with guns, and the Batongas had only assegais, the latter had got very much the worst of it. We passed many villages from which the owners had been driven, and their huts and corn bins burnt. At one place we passed the remains of a man and woman lying on the footpath. Many people must have been killed, as the stench was often offensive, though the bodies had been dragged into the neighbouring bush by the hyænas.

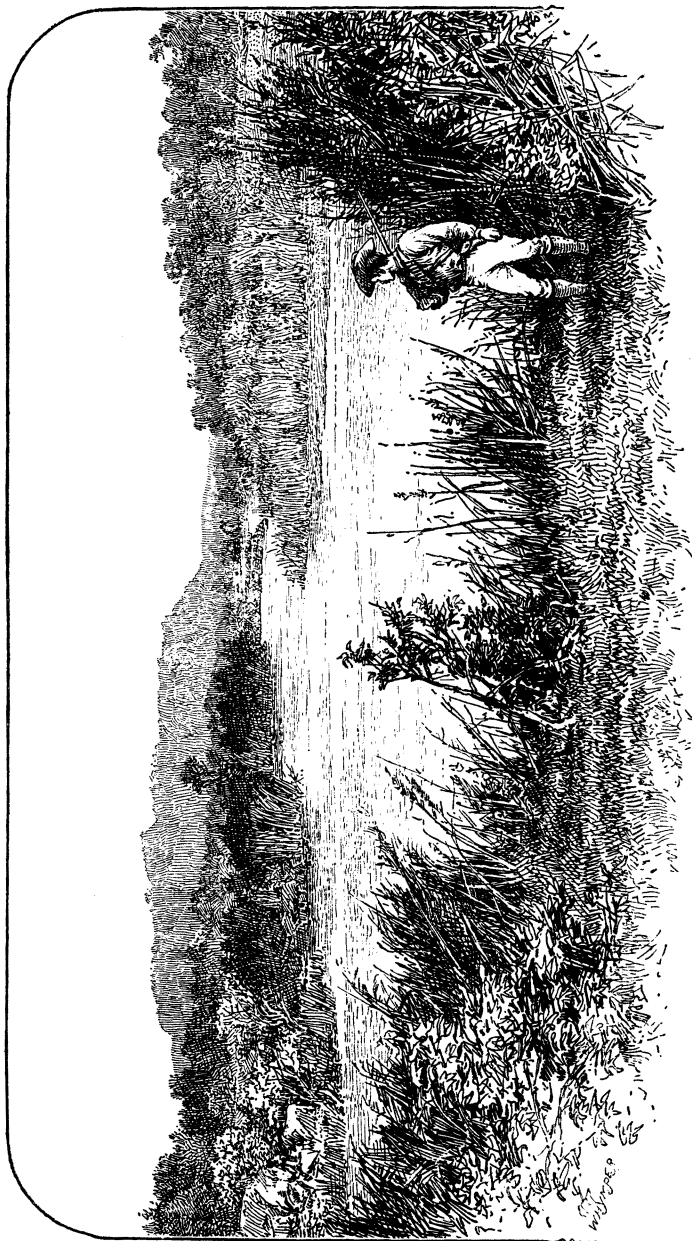
Just at sundown one evening about fifty Batongas came down to our camp near the site of a burnt village, each of them carrying from four to eight assegais. They seemed very friendly when they heard we were Amangees (English). The Enduna told us that all their towns and corn bins had been burnt, they themselves shot down, and their women and children carried off into slavery by the Shakundas. They now were living in the bush with the remnants of their belongings. This man gave us two goats, saying he was very pleased to see Englishmen, as he had heard they did not trouble people. At one place we met a Batonga army of about three hundred men who were going to attack a half-caste Portuguese trader, named Monteiro, who was living on a large island in the Zambesi with a strong following of Shakundas. At



this juncture all our carriers threw down their loads and bolted, so that we were obliged to get men from the Batongas to carry our things, and had to accompany them to near Monteiro's camp. That night the Batonga army was encamped all round us, but they were very orderly, and gave us no trouble whatever. During the night the Shakundas on the island beat their war drum, and bade defiance to their enemies, who only listened in sullen silence. The next morning five of our own men (three of whom themselves were Batongas) returned, but the men we had hired at Wankie's never turned up again. The following morning more Batongas kept coming in, all decked out in war costume. Some of them were, with their large feather head-dresses, as ferocious-looking savages as I have seen, and except for the head-dresses about half of them were perfectly stark naked. There was only one gun, an old flint-lock, in the entire Batonga army; but they were very rich in assegais, none carrying less than four, and many of them as many as eight of these weapons. No fight, however, took place, as each party was apparently afraid to attack the other, and at last an arrangement was come to and the Batongas retired, their Enduna supplying me with seven carriers in place of those that had run away. At length after many delays we reached, on November 24th, the narrow gorge of Kariba, where the mighty Zambesi, which just above is a great river over half a mile in breadth, has worn for itself a deep narrow channel in the hard rock, through which it rushes at a terrific pace in a series of whirlpools and eddies. I went a long way down this gorge and examined it carefully, and in many places it cannot be more than 60 yards in width, as I balanced myself on the rocks on one side and threw stones right across. From the high-water marks I should think that when in flood the Zambesi must here rise quite 20 feet above its level when I saw it, and its breadth would then be over 200 yards. The Sanyati empties itself into the Zambesi from the south, just at the entrance of Kariba gorge. Its bed is one mass of huge boulders of rock, and about 150 yards broad, but when I saw it, at the end of a very dry season, there was but a mere dribble of water running into the Zambesi, though I can easily understand that after heavy rains it may be transformed into a roaring torrent.

To avoid the hills of Kariba we took a path which passed at the back of them, through dry, desolate-looking, Mopani forests. The only water we saw we obtained at the bottom of a deep well that had been dug by some natives near their village. On the following day we again struck the Zambesi at Nyampunga. In no part of the great river that I have visited—and I have followed its course for several hundred miles altogether—have I seen as many hippopotami as there are in the reaches beyond Nyampunga. We often saw two or three large herds, of from fifteen to twenty animals in each, in the course of a mile.

On November 28th we crossed the Losito River, and soon afterwards



LUNDU RIVER, LOOKING EAST.

reached Nyaukwe. This place had lately been the headquarters of some Portuguese or half-caste traders, and the remains of eight square huts, with verandahs round them, were still standing. Shortly before our arrival, in the absence of most of the male inhabitants who were with Kanyemba, Nyaukwe had been attacked by a party of Batongas, who had burnt down and destroyed most of the huts. The inhabitants had all managed to escape across the river in their canoes, and at the time of our visit were living in little straw makeshifts for huts on the white sand along the water's edge.

At this place we re-crossed the Zambesi to the southern side, and learned from the fugitives from Nyaukwe that there was a white man—a Portuguese—living on an island a few miles lower down the river. A little before sundown we got opposite the place, and Senhor Joaquim Mendonça sent a boat to bring us to his island. We here remained a fortnight, and during that time I went down with Mendonça to the mouth of the Kafukwe River on a visit to Kanyemba. At that time I believe that the slave trade was still legal in the Portuguese possessions, being only finally abolished on January 1st, 1878, so that we could not be surprised at the sight of slaves in chains. Unfortunately, so little power has the Portuguese Government to enforce its laws in the interior of South Eastern Africa, that in 1891 slavery was still being carried on on the central Zambesi by men holding the official title of *Capitão Mor*, very much as at the time of my first visit in 1877. Both during our first visit and on our return from the north a few months later, Mendonça treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality. He was not a philanthropist, and apparently looked upon his life in Africa as a weary exile. He tersely summed up his ideas concerning the natives and the country in a sentence which he often repeated to me: "negro diablo; Africa inferno"—(a black man is a devil; Africa is Hell). He had, however, many good qualities, but the evil surroundings amongst which he had lived, had exercised a deteriorating influence upon him. Whilst we were at Kassoko (the name of the island on which Mendonça lived) we met with a great misfortune, for three out of our four donkeys were killed by hyenas, and the fourth so torn as to be rendered useless for work. They were not on the island with us, but in a camp on the northern bank of the river in charge of my Basuto servant, and two Batongas. We were now reduced to five boys to carry our baggage. However, we had little baggage to carry. All our provisions were finished, and Mendonça had nothing to sell us, so that from this time forth, until we reached Matabeland in the following May, we had nothing in the way of food but what we shot, and what we could buy from the natives, and nothing but water to drink. As we learned from Mendonça that elephants were plentiful on the Upper Kafukwe, I determined to set out there at once. Some natives that were consulted said we had best first cross the Manica plateau (not to

be confounded with the Manica country, in South Eastern Africa) to Sitanda's, the head chief of that district, and then get men from him to show us where the elephants were. The rainy season was just setting in—and it proved one of exceptional severity—we had neither tent nor waterproof, and only the most meagre outfit in the way of blankets and clothing, very little medicine, and nothing in the way of food but what we got from day to day. As long as we kept our health, however, everything went well. I shot game, and with the meat we bought whatever food the natives had to sell. But when we were all down with fever, and I could no longer shoot, we were very nearly starved, and altogether had such a bad time of it that we only just managed to live through that rainy season in Central Africa.

On December 13th we left Kassoko, Mendonça having supplemented our own five boys with four Shakundas who were to act as guides as far as Sitanda's. We crossed the Zambesi just below its junction with the Kafukwe, and at once made for the range of mountains which here runs parallel with the course of the Kafukwe and Zambesi Rivers, and beyond which lies the plateau of Manica. As a great deal of rain was now falling day and night, it was not until the fourth day after leaving the Zambesi valley that we at length emerged from the hills and stepped on to the table-land beyond; great open plains, or rather rolling downs, intersected by ranges of low hills, for all the world like portions of the Mashona country south of the Zambesi. I think we must have ascended quite 3000 feet above the level of the Zambesi. The temperature was delightfully pleasant, and quite fresh and cool after the sultry heat we had experienced since leaving Panda-matenka; the thermometer showed a difference of 20°. At the time of our visit to the Manica plateau the country looked charming. The young grass, thanks to the recent heavy rain, had shot up 1 foot or 18 inches in height over hill and dale, every tree and shrub was in full leaf, and everything looked green, and fresh, and smiling. Many of the shrubs on the edge of the hills bore sweet-smelling flowers, and, as on all the plateaus of the interior of Africa, small but beautiful ground-flowers were very abundant.

After reaching the plateau we travelled to the north-west, crossing the heads of the Mai-yuni and Chongwe Rivers, which flow first northwards, then eastwards, and finally southwards into the Zambesi. On January 1st, 1878, we reached a rivulet called Kalolo, which ran to the south-west towards the Kafukwe, and from this point to Sitanda's village we travelled nearly due north. The country near Sitanda's is no longer open, but consists of patches of open forest alternating with grassy valleys. Just beyond the village there is a large river or swamp, which the natives said it would take more than a day to cross. As, however, rain had been falling unceasingly for more than a month, almost every valley in the country was flooded. In these swamps of the Lukanga,

large herds of the graceful Lechwe antelopes were to be seen in all directions, standing up to their bellies in water, on the flooded land.

During our journey from the Zambesi to the Lukanga we had suffered much from exposure to the unceasing rain, and directly we halted my companion was laid up with fever. Then Franz, my Basuto servant, got an attack. At this time the struggle for existence was very severe, as there was a famine in Sitanda's country, and the people would only sell corn for meat. The only game to be got were Lechwe antelopes, in the swamps of the Lukanga, and I think it was the continual wading under a tropical sun that at last gave me fever too. Luckily I had laid up a good supply of corn before falling ill. When we were all ill Sitanda became most inhospitable, and, no doubt, was very much disappointed that we did not die and enable him to become our residuary legatee. The only thing for us now to do was to get back to the Zambesi. As soon as I shook off the fever I began to get strong again, and so also did Franz, but Mr. Owen remained in a very weak condition, and could only travel very slowly, and, as we only had a little calico left with which to buy food, and knew that when that was done we should starve to death, I at last took three of our five boys and pushed on to the Zambesi in order to send assistance back to my companion, with whom I left almost all the calico.

On February 19th I reached Mendonça's island, Kassoko, and was very kindly received, and on the following day sent assistance to my companion, who finally rejoined me on March 5th.

On March 21st, Mr. Owen seeming much stronger, we started for Matabeleland, intending to cross the Zambesi to the west of Kariba, and then strike due south, through an entirely unknown and pathless country. Soon after leaving Kassoko Mr. Owen got a bad relapse, and became so weak that he could not walk a step. I then made a kind of hammock of bark, and slung it on a pole, and, having obtained a supply of calico and powder from Mendonça, hired some Banyai to carry him. On April 4th we recrossed the Zambesi to the southern side. The daily worry and trouble I had to get the men to carry my companion can never be understood by anyone who has not had a similar experience. The anxiety of mind and want of sleep soon brought on fever; and though at first I only got an attack every second day, I presently had ague and fever every day, but was forced to walk on in the hot sun with the fever on me. Add to this, that we were travelling through a pathless country, and that, being the end of the rainy season, the vegetation was at its rankest, and I do not know how the journey could have been rendered more arduous.

At last, on April 15th, we reached a Banyai town on the Gweo, a tributary of the River Umay; and further than this the men from the Zambesi would not carry my companion; and as he could not walk a step, we were in a mess. We had only five boys, three of them mere

striplings, and, worst of all, but two and a half pieces of calico left. I myself was very weak and ill. Bad and insufficient food, overfatigue, and worry of mind had worn me out. There was but one thing to do, which was for me to push on to the Matabele country, and send help back as quickly as possible. In my weak state I almost despaired of being able to walk so far; but it was the only chance, for there was nothing left with which to pay men to carry Mr. Owen any further, and we were still a long, long way from the Matabele country. Arrangements were soon made. I left Franz, my Basuto servant, and a small boy, to carry wood and water, and took the other five Kafirs with me. I took nine yards of calico, leaving the two whole pieces and all the beads with Mr. Owen, which was a sufficient supply to enable him, with a little economy, to buy food enough to last at least six weeks, by which time, if I lived, help would have reached him from Matabeleland.

On April 17th I parted with Mr. Owen, and on May 4th reached Emhlangen, in Matabeleland, after a dreadful journey. In Matabeleland I was once more amongst my friends and countrymen, the missionaries and traders. A party was at once organised, and sent to Mr. Owen's assistance, and he eventually reached Bulawayo in better health than when I left him, as he had enjoyed a long rest.

By the following July I had quite recovered my health, and early in August started on an elephant-hunting expedition to northern Mashonaland, where I remained until the end of the year. On returning from this expedition, we (George Wood, Alfred Cross, Matthew Clarkson, and myself) cut a new road from the Umfuli to the Sebakwe River, as the old hunting-road to the north of the Machabi range of hills had become impracticable for waggons. Our new road traversed a beautiful stretch of high-lying, open, and well-watered country between the Machabi and Intaba Insimbi ranges of hills, and after this date, and prior to 1890, was the road always followed by hunters and travellers visiting Mashonaland.

In 1879 I travelled and hunted all over the country between the Mababi, Machabi, and Chobe (or Kwando) Rivers as far as Mai-ini's, where the river divides into two main branches, between which is a large island full of swamps and lagoons, where, at the time of our visit, game was very plentiful, especially buffaloes and Lechwe antelopes. In travelling to the Mababi River I took the desert road from Khama's capital, Shoshong, and our unfortunate cattle suffered much from want of water; in fact, our expedition narrowly escaped total destruction from thirst, for, on the last stage of the journey, the oxen had to pull the heavy waggons from the pool of Sode-Garra to the Mababi River—a distance of 120 miles—without a drink or a rest.

Mr. Arnot has described his journey over this same road three years later as a very arduous one; but he then found water in many places which were dry in 1879. During this year I crossed the Cuando, and

visited the site of Linyanti, the chief town of the Makololo chief, Sebituane, who was visited by Livingstone and Oswell in 1852. At that time Sebituane was lord over a vast extent of country, and his warriors had conquered the Barotsi, on the Upper Zambesi, and devastated the whole of the high plateau lying between that river and the Kafukwe. At length Sebituane died, and his son, Sekeletu, became king in his stead. He also was the friend of Livingstone, by whom he was visited for the last time in 1861. When Sekeletu died, the Makololo empire fell to pieces. There was a civil war between two rival claimants for the chieftainship; and then the subject tribes rose upon their conquerors, and, led by Sipopo, a descendant of the old Barotsi chiefs who had ruled in the land before the Makololo invasion, utterly annihilated the remnant of the conquering race. Every male child was slain, but the females were taken as wives; so that there is a strong strain of Makololo blood amongst the present Barotsi people. Two small parties of Makololo warriors escaped the general slaughter, and fled across the Kwando. One of these parties made their way to, and craved protection from, Lechulatebe, the chief of the Batawani, at Lake N'gami, by whom they were treacherously murdered to a man. The second party went to Matabeleland, and were well received by Umziligazi, who gave them cattle and land to live upon; so that they thrived and prospered, and their descendants are living in the country to the present day. At the time of our visit to Linyanti nothing remained to show its former prosperity but the site of an old native town. Where fifteen years previously cattle had grazed, and human beings had tilled the soil, we found great herds of buffaloes and Lechwe antelopes; and in all the land, to use a native expression, "there were no lords but the lions." With the buffaloes had come the tse-tse fly, and we found these insects very numerous in the district. We visited the graves of Sebituane and Sekeletu, and our Kafirs made offerings, and prayed to the spirits of these departed chiefs. Their pale ghosts, however, frowned upon us, for not only did we not see many elephants, which we had prayed to be put in the way of seeing, but my unfortunate friend Mr. French lost himself, and died of thirst in the desert country between the Chobe and the Zambesi. At Linyanti we found the tires and nave-bands of a waggon that had long since crumbled to decay. This waggon may have belonged to Dr. Livingstone, or to the unfortunate mission party who, with their wives and children, all died here in 1861, with the exception of Mr. Price and two of Mr. Helmore's children.

During this year I noticed more particularly than in 1874 the curious phenomenon of the steady rise of the waters of the Chobe and Machabi—an outlet of the Okavango—from the first week in June until the last week in September, when they commenced to recede. That the Okavango and the Upper Kwando are connected on their upper courses, I think there can be no doubt, as the waters of the Machabi

went on rising steadily *pari passu* with the Chobe, until the end of September, when both commenced to recede simultaneously.

What is the explanation of this remarkable phenomenon I am still at a loss to conceive, as there are no snow mountains at the sources of the Kwando and Okavango Rivers, and the Zambesi, which rises in the same latitude, decreases steadily in volume from day to day during the dry season like all other rivers with which I am acquainted in South Central Africa. Besides the channels which still become annually filled with water from the overflow of the Chobe and Okavango river systems, there are many others which are now quite dry, but in which the natives say they once used to travel in canoes. Further to the south-east too, in the country between the Gowai and Nata Rivers, there are old river-beds, some of which are quite dry, whilst in others pools of water may still be found; and where such pools exist they are either permanent, or water may be obtained by digging when they are dry, which seems to show that water still runs in these ancient river-beds below the surface.

In the following year, 1880, I again visited Mashonaland on a hunting expedition in company with Mr. J. S. Jameson, who recently lost his life under such very sad circumstances, when left behind on the Congo during the progress of the Emin Relief Expedition. Poor Jameson and I lived together for a year in the wilderness, and I have never yet met a more lovable man. He was a very keen sportsman, and full of life and spirits, and being both gentle and brave, was a universal favourite, not only with all sorts and conditions of white men, whether Boer hunters or English traders, but also with the natives, from Lo Bengula downwards. During the year we traced the course of the Umfuli River to its junction with the Sanyati, proving conclusively that it did not run into the Zambesi independently, as represented on all the maps published up to this date.

In 1881 I returned to England for the second time.

In 1882 I again revisited Mashonaland. At that time the topographical features of a very large area of what we now call Mashonaland were entirely unknown to geographers. The well-known and painstaking traveller, Mr. Thomas Baines, had never penetrated beyond the River Manyami (or Hanyani), and although my friends, Messrs. George Westbeech and G. A. Phillips had accompanied a Matabeli impi to the sources of the Mazoe in 1868, they had not plotted their route, or published any notes of their journey. Farther south Herr Karl Mauch, the indefatigable German traveller and mineralogist, after discovering the ancient temple of Zimbabwe (Zimbab-ghi), had made a most notable journey past Mount Wedza, near the head waters of the Sabi, and from thence, passing through Mangwendi's country and down the valley of the Ruenya (or Inyangombi River) had reached the Lower Zambesi at Sena. Still this was a single journey, and the country on each side of Mauch's



route was very incorrectly laid down in the best maps. During 1882, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1890, 1891 and 1892 I have been constantly travelling over almost every portion of the Mashona plateau, and during that time have been constantly mapping out the country in a rough way by taking compass bearings wherever possible from hill to hill, and by sketching the courses of the innumerable rivers and streams from the tops of the hills. This work can be done much better during the rainy season than at any other time, as after the first grass fires the air becomes so thick that it is impossible to take compass bearings. During 1882 I made a journey from the plateau to the Zambesi, first following the line of the Umvukwe hills to the north, and then working down the valley of the Umsengaisi River. After striking the Zambesi, I followed its course westwards to Zumbo, and found that the Panyami River flows into the Zambesi some 15 miles east of Zumbo, instead of to the west of that place as it was always marked in the maps previous to the time of my visit. I returned to the plateau by the valleys of the Panyami and Angwa Rivers. In 1889 I penetrated to the plateau from Tete on the Zambesi, and during this journey I traced the Mazoe River to its source, which I found to be very far from where it was laid down in the maps. In 1891 I made a journey down the Revue to near its junction with the Buzi, and a few months later crossed the former river near Vumbi's town, and examined the country between the Pungwe and Buzi Rivers in order to try and find a route for a waggon road to the lower Pungwe, which would be free from tse-tse fly. In this I was unsuccessful, as I found all the low-lying country infested with this destructive insect.

I have now briefly referred to some of my journeys from the high plateau of Mashonaland to the countries which surround it to the north-east and south; but my ramblings over the plateau itself have been so numerous and ubiquitous, extending as they do over the greater portion of eight years (during the whole of which time I was continually on the move, and seldom slept twice in the same place), that it would be impossible for me to give any detailed account of them. My map, when published, will speak for itself, and show that I have made a careful survey of a large area of country. I have climbed almost every hill, and taken hundreds of compass bearings, sketching-in the courses of the rivers and streams from the tops of the hills. Besides an intimate knowledge of the geographical features of the country, I have learned, too, something of the history of the native races by whom it is inhabited; and I have visited the ancient temple of Zimbabwe, and carefully examined many of the walled towns in the territories of Makoni and Mangwendi. I have my ideas, too, as to the suitability of the climate of Mashonaland for Europeans, the general capabilities of the country, and its future possibilities, and on all these matters I will now proceed to say a few words.

To begin with, the name Mashonaland is a coined word, and how it became current I have never been able to discover. The native inhabitants of this part of Africa belong to many different clans, some of which are probably the remnants of once powerful tribes. Each sept has its own tribal name and tribal marks, and the territory of each is fairly well defined. Thus, Motoko's people are Mabuja; Makoni's tribe Ma-ongwe; Umtasa's, Mabocha; Mangwendi's, Muzizuru, etc. I have never, however, met with any clan whose members called themselves Mashonas; and the name is altogether unknown amongst the natives of this part of Africa, except to a few who have learnt the word from Europeans. As a generic term, however, the word is useful, and may be taken to designate all the tribes of South-Eastern Africa that are not of Zulu blood. These tribes, it may be remarked, all speak dialects differing very slightly one from another, and all of them quite comprehensible to the Makalakas living to the west and south-west of Matabeleland. In speaking of Mashonas and Mashonaland, I may mention that in an article written by me, and published in the *Fortnightly Review* for May, 1889, I expressed the same views concerning the origin of these words which I now repeat. In his paper, published in your *Proceedings* in the May number for 1892, Mr. Bent refers to this subject, and has an uncomplimentary remark about "certain pioneers with their usual perversity," etc., giving wrong names. I believe he had no knowledge of any native dialect, and had only spent a few weeks in the country, while some of the pioneers to whom he refers had spent years. He tells us that all the inhabitants of Mashonaland call themselves Makalanga, and that the country ought to be called Makalanga Land. In support of his contention he adduces the fact that four hundred years earlier Dos Santos found a people called Mokarangas in South-Eastern Africa.

Very likely, but Dos Santos never travelled in the country to the west of the Sabi, where Mr. Bent avers all the people now call themselves Makalangas, and where Dos Santos did travel there are certainly no Mokaranga, Makalanga, or Bakalanga. Possibly the Bakalanga, whom Mr. Theal found living in Basutoland during the present century, are the descendants of the Mokaranga, amongst whom Dos Santos travelled four centuries ago. The explanation of Mr. Bent's mistake is very simple. He had a Matabele boy who acted as interpreter between his white interpreter and the Mashonas. This Matabele called all septs of Mashonas Makalanga, using the word to denote an inferior people. Mr. Bent, too, tells us that Makalanga means people of the sun. Originally no doubt it did, but in the mouth of a Matabele I do not think it has that meaning, it being the Zulu corruption of the word Makalaka, as the people living to the west of Matabeleland call themselves. The Matabele call these people Ama Kalanga, and I know of no other people *who call themselves* either Makalaka or Makalanga. I

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may be wrong, but this is not only my opinion, but also that of Fathers Prestige and Hartmann (S.J.) who speak the Mashona dialect, and have made many inquiries amongst the natives on the subject.

There being a considerable amount of uncertainty as to the number of tribes that may legitimately be classed under the generic term of Mashonas, there is naturally some doubt as to the actual extent of the territory that ought to be called Mashonaland. In former days we used to speak of the whole of the plateau to the east, north-east and south-east of Matabeleland as Mashonaland; but a name is wanted which will include Matabeleland and Manicaland, and in fact take in the whole of the British South Africa Company's territories. Zambesia and Rhodesia are the only two names that I have heard suggested, and the latter, which has been given out of compliment to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, to whom alone it is due, that what may soon become a rich and prosperous territory has been added to the British dominions (practically I think it is so), seems to be steadily gaining ground in popular favour; as the two papers published in Mashonaland are called respectively the *Rhodesia Herald* and the *Rhodesia Chronicle*.

People who hurry through the country, and especially those who do not go beyond Salisbury, have but little idea of the extent of the high plateau of Mashonaland. Stretching away to the east and south-east of the main road between Salisbury and Umtali, there is a very fine tract of country, which is but very little known. In this direction I have travelled a good deal, and made a careful survey, a glance at which will show how magnificently watered is this part of the country. Portions of this district, especially in the neighbourhood of the sources of the Rusapi River, and its numerous tributaries, are remarkable for the abundance of huge naked masses of granite, which rise abruptly from the grassy downs. Some of these, though formed of a single block of stone, are worthy to be called hills; notably the huge cone, named Dombo, which, standing as it does, on the extreme eastern edge of Mashonaland, commands a truly magnificent panoramic view over an immense extent of country; for the plateau itself, on the edge of which Dombo stands, here attains a height of 6000 feet; and whoever climbs this naked crag will stand 6700 feet above the sea, perhaps the highest point in South-eastern Africa; for I doubt much whether the loftiest hills in Manica attain a height of 7000 feet.

It was in February 1891, during the height of the rainy season, that after two attempts, rendered unsuccessful by blinding storms of rain (during one of which my companion, Mr. W. L. Armstrong, was nearly washed down a fissure in the mountain side), we stood at last, compass in hand, on the summit of Dombo. Well indeed were we repaid for our perseverance. The air, freed by months of rain from the smoke of the winter grass fires, was extraordinarily clear, and enabled us to see, at one and the same time, several of the most conspicuous hills in Mashonaland;

the peaks of Wedza far in the west; the great table mountain of Inyarugwe, away down in Maranka's country, near the Sabi River; the granite cone of Temwa, which stands far to the north-east, near Motoko's stronghold; besides Mount Anwa, beyond the sources of the Masheke, and many another well-known hill. Stretching away to the north-east lay the great mountain range of Inyama, culminating in a conspicuous peak, which may, possibly, be the Mount Bismarck of Mauch; while to the south lay a wilderness of rugged mountains, which form a portion of the wild and beautiful land of Manica. Amidst the gorges of these mountains two important rivers take their rise: the swift and impetuous Odzi, one of the main tributaries of the Sabi, and the equally swift, and much more important river, the Ruenya, loved of hippopotami, which, after receiving the waters of almost every river in Eastern Mashonaland, south of the Umvukwe range of hills, pours the impetuous waters of a mountain torrent, clear and cool to the very end of its career, into the giant Zambesi. The upper course of the Ruenya is called the Imyang-ombi (Yankombe of Mauch), and from the top of Dombo it may be seen for many miles, winding like a silver thread (by-the-bye, I think I have heard that simile before) down the valley, running parallel with the Inyama Mountains.

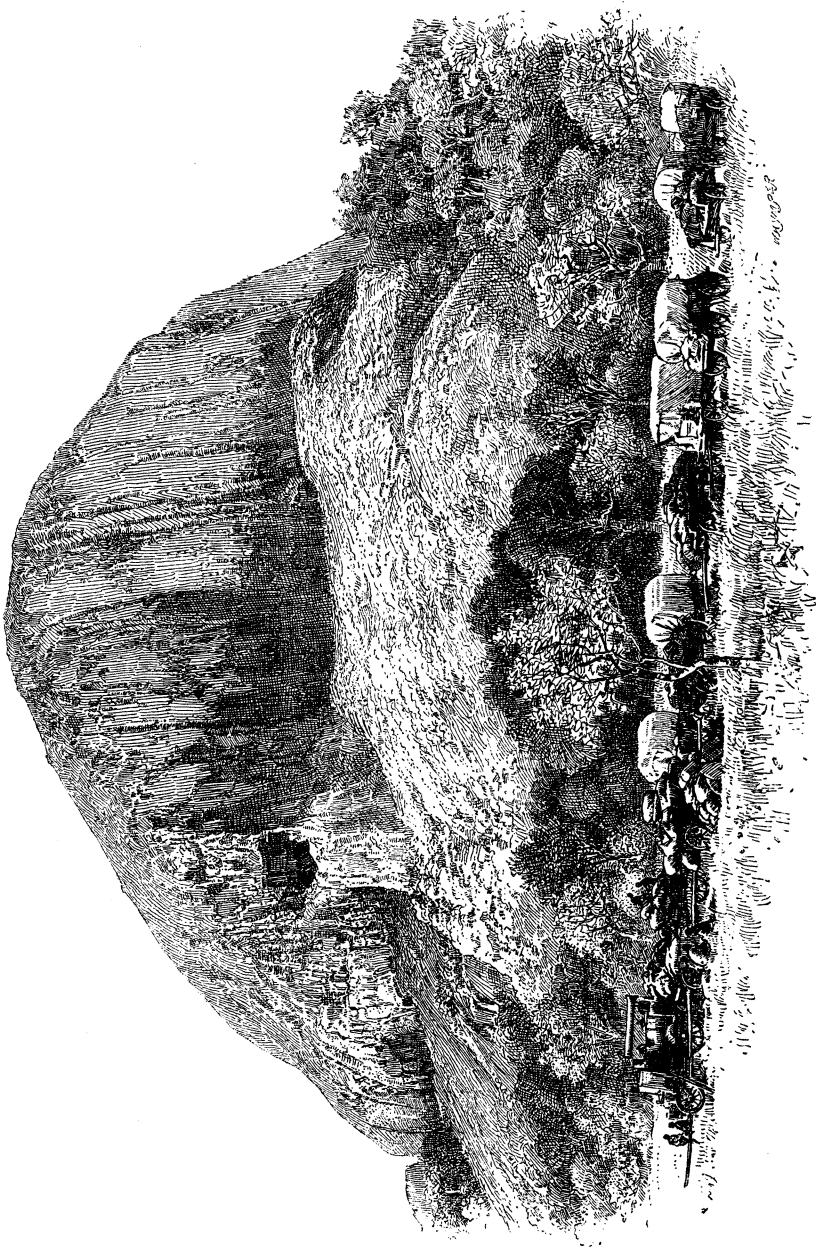
Although Dombo, viewed from a distance, looks like a uniformly smooth-rounded cone of granite 700 feet in height, a close inspection shows that in places deep furrows have been worn in its sides by the action of rain. This phenomenon may be seen in many of the higher granite crags of Mashonaland, but nowhere to such perfection as on the western face of a large isolated hill called Zomba, which stands near the head waters of the little River Inyazuri. This hill stands within half a mile of the main road, between Fort Salisbury and Manica, and cannot fail to attract the attention of any passers-by for whom the operations of nature have any interest. The centre of the western face of the solid granite rock has been scored and furrowed in such a way, that it presents the appearance of a water-worn glacier, and the depth of the furrows must be measured not by inches, but by feet and yards. Now imagine what this means. This hill is a bare granite crag, perfectly isolated, and the only possible agency that can have scored its sides is rain. Yet the effect produced by the showers, which actually fall upon it, during ten years, or even a century's wet seasons, must be so infinitely small, that countless eons of time must have elapsed since this old rock first bared its face to wind and storm.

Judged by our calculation of time, what a very old world this planet must be, for all this erosion of hard rock by rain must have occurred subsequently to the last elevation of this portion of the Earth's crust, as except on the supposition that all this part of Africa was once submerged, I cannot understand how the curious kopjes of wonderfully-balanced granite stones, which are so remarkable a feature in the landscapes of

many portions of South-Eastern Africa, can have been formed. As the land slowly rose, I take it that the soil was washed by the water from amongst the huge loose boulders which had previously drifted together, leaving them at last high and dry, and piled one upon another in the most fantastic confusion. Other single blocks weighing hundreds of tons may be seen standing singly on the slope of a granite hill, and can only have been brought there by water, just as blocks of stone have been left stranded in various parts of Europe by ancient glaciers, which have long since disappeared. I think I have read somewhere that Africa is geologically a very old continent, and I think that the rain-worn furrows in the granite rocks I have above alluded to are a proof that it is so; and what is more, the hippopotamus paths worn deep into the solid rock along the lower Umfuli River—paths formed in the hard stone with the central ridge plainly shown, as in a hippopotamus path made but yesterday in muddy ground—prove that the mammals existing in it at the present day have roamed the land for countless ages.

As regards the native races inhabiting Mashonaland at the present day, they seem to be much the same as they were in the time of Dos Santos four centuries ago. They belong to the Bantu family, which is spread over the whole of south-eastern and south-central Africa; but what the Bantus are ethnologically, who can say? They are certainly not a pure race, though the negro blood predominates in them. The infusion of foreign blood which undoubtedly runs in their veins must have come from a lighter-skinned people, I fancy, for I have noticed that in all tribes of Kafirs, amongst whom I have travelled, good features, thin lips, and well-shaped heads, are almost invariably correlated with a light-coloured skin. Now I will here hazard a theory which may or may not have any foundation in fact. I will first, however, assume that Mr. Bent is correct in the supposition that the original builders of Zimbabwe came from southern Arabia. Dr. Schlichter, in a criticism upon Mr. Bent's lately published book, 'The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland,' proves conclusively that during the six centuries which elapsed between the founding of the Christian religion and the birth of Mohammed there was no intercourse between the natives of Southern Arabia and South-eastern Africa, so that we must put back to a very remote period the first incursion of the worshippers of Baal into the country we now call Mashonaland. That the builders of Zimbabwe were a very rude people possessing no written characters and doing all their building by eye and without measurement, is, I think, abundantly evident from an examination of the ruins themselves.

Well, we will suppose that two or perhaps three thousand years ago a commercial people penetrated from Southern Arabia to Mashonaland. They were acquainted with the requirements of the civilised nations of Asia at that period and understood the value of gold. This metal



A KOPJE.

they discovered amongst the hills and in the streams of Mashonaland. In time these Arabian merchants gained a footing in the land and taught the black aborigines to mine for them. Their principal station was at Zimbabwe, where they built, with the forced labour of the aborigines, a temple for the worship of Baal, and a strongly-built and well-situated fortress. But I take it, that, like the Arabs in Central Africa at the present day, these ancient Arabians brought few or no women with them, but took a very handsome allowance of wives from amongst the aboriginal blacks. For a long period intercourse was kept up with Arabia, and during this period the gold-seekers spread over the whole of South-eastern Africa from the Zambesi to the Limpopo, everywhere mixing with the people, and teaching them their own rude arts of wall-building and gold-mining. In course of time, we will suppose, that events happened in Arabia which put an end to all intercourse with the distant colony in Mashonaland, and as time went on, as the alien race were still in small numbers, compared with the aboriginal blacks, and as they had none of their own women with them, they gradually became completely fused, and nationally lost amongst the aborigines. The mixed race called the Bantu had been formed, which spread in course of time northwards as far as the Congo, and southwards as far as the Cape Colony, or the migrations may first have been northwards and then again southwards down the east coast, with an admixture of other tribes, such as the Zends, spoken of by El Massoudi. At any rate I am absolutely convinced that the blood of the ancient builders of Zimbabwe still runs (in a very diluted form if you like) in the veins of the Bantu races, and more especially so amongst the remnants of the tribes still living in Mashonaland, and the Barotsi of the Upper Zambesi, who are, there is little doubt, a branch of the Barotsi tribe who were destroyed by the Matabele, though the separation took place long prior to this event.

I make this statement after much thought, a close study of the relics unearthed at Zimbabwe, and a knowledge of the natives of South-eastern Africa gained during many years of travel. There is no impassable gulf between a highly-civilised race and an utterly savage one, as some people would have us believe. Many things tend to prove that the ancient builders of Zimbabwe were a very rude people. They were sufficiently imaginative to have a religion, and possessed sufficient energy and concentration of purpose to carry to an end the immense work of building the temple of Zimbabwe. But the work itself, though very wonderful, is rude and unsymmetrical. Nowhere is the wall absolutely plumb, and on the top it varies considerably in breadth. The fact that no written characters have been found on any of the flat granite or soapstone beams imbedded in the walls, or the large flat stones standing upright like tombstones in the floor of the Zimbabwe, seems to me to prove that the people who built this temple were

unacquainted with writing of any kind. The only carvings on the sides of the soapstone beams are lozenge-shaped and herring-bone patterns (badly carved, not a single line being quite straight), agreeing exactly in some cases with the ornamentation on the outside of the temple; and more curious still, not alone with the patterns carved on the wooden knife sheaths, and scored on the pottery of the natives all over Mashonaland, but also with the patterns used in ornamenting the household utensils of all kinds in the Barotsi Valley hundreds of miles away.

In asserting that no sign of any written character has been found at Zimbabwe, I am aware that I am ignoring the small piece of soapstone brought home by Mr. Bent, with some marks scratched upon it. I do this advisedly, because I believe (and I am not alone in the belief) that these marks are quite modern. However, the stone, which is now in the South African Museum at Cape Town, may be examined under a magnifying glass. To me the scratches certainly seemed quite fresh, when I examined it at the late Kimberley Exhibition. The most curious relics that have been found at Zimbabwe are, undoubtedly, the birds carved sitting on the tops of the soapstone beams; these bear no resemblance to anything now seen amongst the Bantu people, and were doubtless connected with the ancient worship. Not so, however, the carvings on the soapstone bowls. These are very rude, so much so that the animals that have been taken by Mr. Bent to represent hippopotami, I take to be meant for baboons, as they have long tails. But the curious thing about these bas-reliefs is the close resemblance they bear to the wooden carvings of animals to be seen amongst the Bantu people at the present day. The genius of the ancient artists still lives amongst them.

Mr. Bent speaks of the "ruined cities" of Mashonaland. What trace of them is there, I would ask? I have seen the temple of Zimbabwe and some smaller ones, the fortress on the hill near the large temple, and further, many hundreds or thousands of stone walls in various parts of South-eastern Africa, but never a trace of a city built of stone. There is strong presumptive evidence that the structures which the people lived in near the great temple were huts plastered with mud. For this reason: at the foot of the hill on which stands the fortress are two immense holes dug in the ground. I have heard the theory advanced that these holes were used as reservoirs for water; but I take them to be merely the holes excavated by the people living on the hill, to obtain clay for their pottery and with which to daub their huts. The native population was large and endured for a long period of time; therefore the excavations are larger than those found at the side of any Bantu village at the present day; but, wherever there is a village, or the site of a deserted village, a similar hole, larger or smaller in proportion to the size of the town and the length of its duration, will always be found.



As to the relations of the ancient builders of the temple of Zimbabwe to the present inhabitants of the country. On my theory the blood of the ancient worshippers of Baal still runs in their veins; very much diluted, no doubt, but still in sufficient strength to occasionally produce amongst them men with light-brown skins and high features, and sometimes of great intellectual power. After a certain lapse of time, when the higher race had become entirely fused and practically lost amongst the lower and more numerous aboriginal people, the worship of Baal died out, and was superseded by the old religion of ancestor worship which still prevails; but I maintain that the wall-building and gold-mining, originally learnt from the ancient Arabians, were carried on continuously from the first inception up to the middle of the present century. It is the Zulu migrations northwards through Mashonaland which have taken place during the present century (invasions which have absolutely depopulated large areas of country) that finally obliged the Mashonas to cease working in the shafts which their ancestors had centuries before commenced to sink on the quartz reefs which abound in the country. As the mining had been carried on for a long period of time, naturally an enormous amount of work had been done in the aggregate, some of the shafts recently discovered in Mashonaland being as much as 120 feet in depth. But I cannot dwell on the subject here. Many people seem to imagine that an ancient race once existed in Mashonaland, who built temples and cities and did an immense amount of work in the way of gold-mining. This race, they say, was destroyed by the ancestors of the present inhabitants of the country, and the gold industry then ceased until the advent of the Portuguese, by whom it was again revived. It is this idea which I wish to combat. When the Portuguese arrived in South-Eastern Africa at the close of the fifteenth century, they found Arab settlements on the coast, and first learned from the Arabs of the gold mines in the interior of the country. These gold mines were being worked by the natives of the country, who used the gold as a medium of exchange, to buy the goods brought to them by the Arabs, and for centuries before this time their ancestors had in all probability made use of gold, whose value had been first taught them by the ancient builders of the temple of Zimbabwe to trade with the commercial peoples of the East who from time to time penetrated to Mashonaland. Thus, when the Arabs were driven from South-Eastern Africa the mining did not cease, as the natives simply sold their gold to the newcomers, whom they probably found even more anxious to obtain the metal than the Arab merchants had been.

After this period Portuguese records abundantly prove that the gold mining went on without interruption till early in the present century, and the old men amongst the Matabele, who took part in the first raids made amongst the Mashonas by Umziligazi's warriors, state positively

that they found the Amacholi working for gold in the "Amaguti,"—*i.e.*, "in the deep holes" between the Zweswe and Umfuli Rivers. An interesting confirmation of this statement lies in the fact that at the bottom of an old shaft, 120 feet deep, at Concession Hill, near the Zweswe River, Mr. Cock, in 1891, found a bucket and rope made of "Machabel" bark, besides some iron implements. Now this bucket and rope, evidently intended to haul quartz up with from the bottom of the shaft, being made of such perishable material as bark, could not possibly be of any great antiquity, whilst the iron implements, axes, etc., were absolutely the same as those in present use amongst the Mashonas, and showed no signs of age. Mr. Rolker, the American mining expert, lately in Mashonaland, also told me that from the condition of the heaps of *débris* at the mouths of some of the shafts, he was convinced they had not been long abandoned. And if my readers will turn to Mr. Baines' well-known book on the gold regions of South-eastern Africa they will find that the Mashonas were still little more than twenty years ago getting quartz from the reefs, which they roasted in great fires, and then pounded up with round stones in order to extract the gold. The passage I refer to reads as follows:—

"G. Wood took me to a place in which he had seen a heap of quartz burned, and another heap, piled with wood among it, ready for burning. The crushing stones, like a printer's slab and muller, had also been lying in a hut near, but at the time of my visit these were removed, and the calcined quartz also; but the other heap had been fired, and now lay mingled with the charcoal ready for crushing."

The Mr. George Wood here referred to was my constant companion for two years, and he often used to tell me how he had seen the Mashonas extracting gold from quartz; and he further told me that, after crushing the roasted quartz, they used to melt the gold into little ingots in small crucibles made for the purpose. There is nothing to be surprised at in this, as both the Mashonas and Makalakas still extract copper from the ore and run it into moulds, whilst in Katanga the form of the mould into which the natives run their copper is almost identical in shape with the soapstone mould found by Mr. Bent at Zimbabwe. Before quitting the subject of the ancient mining, there is one other fact which I will adduce as evidence that gold mining was carried on by the natives up to a comparatively recent date in South-eastern Africa, I was at Tati, in South-western Matabeleland, some years ago, when Mr. S. H. Edwards discovered an old shaft, and I examined it carefully in his company. At the mouth of the shaft was a heap of *débris*, on which a small tree was growing, about 4 inches in diameter, and, just beyond, a stack of roasted quartz, ready for crushing, and several peculiar round stones, of a kind that we had never seen in the district, intended to be used in grinding the quartz. The quartz vein itself had been about 5 feet broad on the surface of the ground, and

dipped at an angle of about forty-five degrees, going down in the shape of a wedge and becoming thinner and thinner, until at the lowest point where the work had stopped, it was not more than 18 inches thick, and the quartz at this depth could only have been extracted most laboriously by a man lying head downwards and picking at it. The *modus operandi* had probably been to first light fires against the face of the quartz to soften it before picking it out, as, where the work had been abandoned, the quartz was burnt black by fire. But the most remarkable thing about this shaft was the fact that, at its upper end, the roof was supported by about ten logs of Mopani\* wood. At that time I had never seen a gold mine; but lately I have seen mines in Johannesburg with portions of the roof supported in precisely the same manner as in the old shaft at Tati. We knocked all these supports out, and Mr. Edwards and I examined them one and all very carefully. They had all been chopped with the same kind of narrow-edged axes used by the natives at the present day, whilst all of them were still covered with bark, and, in fact, were in such good condition that they could not have been very ancient. I imagine that this shaft was abandoned, together with others in the district, at the time when Umziligazi first took possession of Matabeleland, in about 1840. So much for the gold-mining in Mashonaland; now for the wall building.

I maintain that, so far from there having been an abrupt transition from a people who built the temple of Zimbabwe to a race who never put one stone upon another, the inhabitants of Makoni's and Mangwendi's countries in South-eastern Mashonaland, only ceased to surround their towns with well-built stone walls during the last generation, when they found that these walls offered but an inefficient protection against the Zulu hordes of Manikos, and his son, Umzila, by whom their country has been continually ravaged during the present century. The more ancient the towns appear to be, however, the better, speaking generally, they have been built; and in Makoni's country, at any rate, there is clear evidence that there has been a gradual deterioration from a people who were capable of building walls which will compare with any part of the great Zimbabwe, to the very inferior hut-building barbarians of the present day. Makoni's† town as it now stands is a monument of filth and uncleanness, and is undefended by anything but a small fence. His old town which I also visited, and from which I believe he was driven by Umtasa, was surrounded by a moat and a loopholed mud wall, whilst the town, which it is said was built by his ancestor, Chipadzi, was surrounded by a well-built, loopholed stone wall. This is one of the best old walled towns I have seen. I visited it for the first time in October, 1890, and again last year. There are

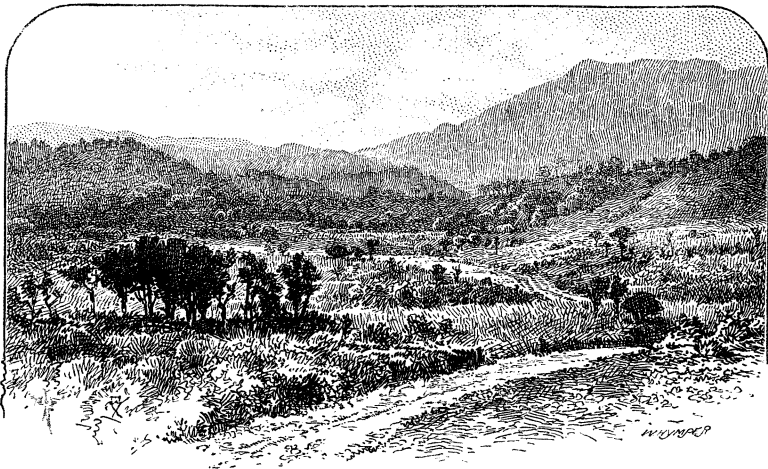
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\* This is the common wood of the district.

† Father of the present chief.

many other walled towns in the district, some of them reminding one strongly of the fortress on the hill at Zimbabwe.

Let me here make an extract from my diary, bearing date October 19th, 1890. "On that day I left Makoni's and passed some very curious old ruins. First, there was a hill on which were built several concentric walls and the stone foundations of round huts, the whole being surrounded by a moat. A little further on, there was a small kopje composed of a few large blocks of granite, some of which were piled up in the centre in the form of a tower. The whole of this kopje was enclosed by a very well-built wall about 200 yards in circumference, 8 feet in thickness, and 10 feet in height. The stones composing this wall have the appearance of having been cemented together with mud, which is the first time I have ever noticed anything of the kind



THE SELOUS ROAD, MASHONALAND.

in South-eastern Africa. Through this wall there were four entrances, apertures about 4 feet in height, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in breadth. These apertures were let into the base of the wall, and were roofed over with large flat slabs of granite. Inside this wall were the foundations of numerous round buildings. These foundations were all very well built of closely fitted pieces of squared granite, and were about 18 inches in depth. The huts that were built upon them must have been at least four times the size of the huts used by the natives at the present day. Whilst speaking of these carefully fitted stone foundations on which to build huts, I may mention that in the centre of Umtasa's deserted town on the Chodzani River, a town which he built himself, and from which he was driven a few years ago by the Abagaza, will be found a similar hut foundation, very carefully built of small slabs of granite, beautifully fitted without mortar or cement, which proves that the art of building

walls of carefully fitted granite stones is not even yet dead amongst the Mashonas."

However, let me return to the walled town of Makoni's ancestor. Besides the four entrances into the stronghold, there were numerous small holes let into the wall, some of which may have served as loopholes through which archers discharged arrows, but others, from their position I judge to have been intended for drains to carry off water. This stronghold is said to have been built by Chipadzi, the ancient chief of all this part of the country and an ancestor of Makoni's. The name of the walled town is Chitiketi.

About half a mile from this old walled town was the burial-place of Chipadzi, one side of which was enclosed by a beautifully built wall about 10 feet high, of evenly laid and squared granite stones, most carefully fitted together without mortar or cement of any kind. This wall was an exact facsimile of the best built portions of the great Zimbabwe, and no one who has examined carefully both these relics of a bygone age, can doubt for an instant that they were both built by the same race of people. This place is the Zimbabwe or temple of Makoni's people, and is spoken of by them as "The Zimbabwe." Here in time of national trouble the chief slaughters cattle, and makes propitiatory offerings to the spirit of Chipadzi, and private individuals make offerings of goats, fowls, or pots of beer. Now there is no tower or indeed anything to make one believe that this Zimbabwe was ever connected with Phallic worship. It was probably built long after the great temple, when the Arabian element had become lost amongst the more numerous aboriginal race, and when the people had replaced the worship of Baal by the still older form of ancestor-worship.

The enclosure is probably simply the burial-place of Chipadzi, but the wall could not have been better built had it been the work of the actual builders of the great temple. I may here say that the word *Zimbabge* or *Zimbabghi* (the form used by the natives in the neighbourhood of the ruins) is in all probability derived from the words "umba" or "imba," a building, plural *zimba*, and "mubge," "stones," these words being used at the present day in Mashonaland. Thus *Zimbábge* means the "buildings of stones," and as there were no other buildings except grass thatched huts, came to have a special significance and may be best translated by the English word "Temple."

In the foregoing pages, I have endeavoured to show that there is no evidence that any high form of ancient civilisation ever existed in South-Eastern Africa at all, whilst many facts go to prove that the two industries or arts which are supposed by many to separate the ancient inhabitants of the country from the Bantu people living there at the present day, namely, gold-mining and wall-building, have only been abandoned very recently. The evidences of Phallic worship which have been discovered at the temple of Zimbabwe, give one a fair right

to suppose that the original builders of the temple came from a country where that form of worship is known to have been practised in very ancient times ; but I do not believe that this foreign race, in its pure state, spread over the whole country between the Zambesi and the Limpopo, and did all the gold-mining and wall-building that has been done in that vast territory, and was then utterly destroyed and supplanted by a more barbarous people. The evidence available seems to me to be far stronger in favour of the theory which I have advanced of the gradual fusion of a numerically small number of a race of traders and merchants, who were themselves in a low state of civilisation, with the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. Thus alone can I account for many things ; the long continuance and the gradual deterioration noticeable in the wall-building in Mashonaland ; the ingrained inherited impulse which causes the Barotsi of the Upper Zambesi, who are an offshoot of the Barotsi of Mashonaland, to still carve the same chevron patterns on their pottery, on their knife-sheaths, and on their wooden pots and bowls, that the ancient worshippers of Baal represented in stone-work round the Temple of Zimbabwe and carved in soapstone hundreds or thousands of years ago. Add to this that the wooden bowls themselves still retain the same form as the ancient ones carved in soapstone ; that the wooden carvings of animals made at the present day, and the rude bas-reliefs on the soapstone bowls are the products of the same school of art, and the fact that the Bantu races inhabiting Mashonaland and adjoining countries to-day are subject to atavism or reversion to a type of man, which is Asiatic or semitic rather than negroid, and it seems to me that only one theory is possible, which is that the ancient builders of Zimbabwe were not first destroyed and then supplanted by an inferior race, but that they became gradually fused with a lower race, which still bears traces of its admixture with the more intelligent people.

I will now say a few words concerning the history of Mashonaland in modern times, which I think will show, that it is not to be wondered at that the native races inhabiting that country should have abandoned some of their arts and industries, and become the timid and broken-spirited people which they now are.

As far as we can learn, the country we now call Mashonaland was in the early part of the present century ruled over by the ancestors of the petty chiefs Makoni, Mangwendi, Motoko Sosi, Umtasa, &c., who were the rulers of large and prosperous tribes, living in huts, the foundations of which, where they still exist, show them to have been at least three times the size of the miserable tenements which satisfy their degenerate descendants, and whose towns were, for the most part, surrounded by well-built and loopholed stone walls, many of which still remain in perfect preservation to-day, especially in the country of Makoni, the chief of the Ma-ongwe. Hundreds of thousands of acres

that now lie fallow must then have been under cultivation, as is proved by the traces of rice and maize fields, which can still be discerned in almost every valley, whilst the sites of ancient villages, long ago crumbled to decay, and now only marked by a few deep pits, from which the natives obtained the clay used by them in plastering their huts, are very numerous all over the open downs, where no stones were procurable with which to build walls round the towns. On almost every hill traces of the stone walls will be found which once encircled and protected ancient villages. At that time the inhabitants of this part of Africa must have been rich and prosperous, possessing large flocks of sheep and goats, and numerous herds of a small but beautiful breed of cattle. This state of things was not, however, destined to continue, for some twelve or fifteen years after the Cape of Good Hope became a British Colony, in 1806, some of the outlying Zulu clans broke away from the harsh and cruel rule of Chhaka and commenced their migrations northwards; and wherever these ferocious warriors went their track was marked by the flight of the vultures which feasted upon the corpses of the men, women, and children they had slain, and the flames of the villages they had set fire to. Manikos, the grandfather of Gungunyan, the present chief of the Aba-gaza, was the leader of one of these bands, whilst the ancestor of Pezen, the principal chief of the Angoni, who are now settled to the west of Lake Nyasa, led another horde. These two Zulu chiefs, after devastating a great portion of what is now called Mashonaland, both settled near the head-waters of the Sabi, where they soon came into collision with one another. A great battle was fought, lasting, so Bengula told me he had heard from old men of the Abagaza, for three days, at the end of which time the Angoni were defeated and driven from their settlements. They retreated northwards, devastating the whole country through which they passed, and crossing the Zambesi to the east of Zumbo, made their way on to the high plateau, which lies to the west of Lake Nyasa, where they are living at the present day, a scourge to all the surrounding tribes.

After the battle with the Angoni, the Abagaza retreated southwards and settled on an elevated and fertile tract of country to the east of the Central Sabi, and from that date, until a few years ago, they never ceased to devastate the southern and eastern portions of Mashonaland, their principal raiding grounds being in the countries of Mokoto, Mangwendi, Makoni, Sosi, and Makwirimba. In spite, however, of the devastations committed by the Angoni and the Abagaza, large portions of northern and western Mashonaland remained untroubled by the Zulu raids until about 1840. About this time the Amandebele, under their warlike chief, Umziligazi, being unable to hold their own against the Dutch Boers, who were then commencing to settle in the Transvaal, crossed the Limpopo, and travelling northwards, destroying as they went,

finally halted, and built permanent kraals in the country now known as Matabeleland, and soon well-disciplined bands of desperate savages men born and bred amidst the ceaseless slaughter of Chhaka's never-ending wars, overran every portion of Mashonaland, which had up till then escaped the blood-stained assegais of the Angoni and the Abagaza. These oft-recurring raids upon the unwarlike inhabitants of Mashonaland, raids carried out with all the ruthless ferocity of savage warfare, almost completely depopulated large tracts of country, and, as may be easily understood, at once put an end to the gold-mining industry, which, there is no doubt, was still being carried on in the early part of this century, and also put a stop to the wall-building, as the Mashonas found out that the walls with which they had been accustomed to encircle their towns, and which were probably very often an effective



NATIVE VILLAGE, MASHONALAND.

means of defence against other tribes of their own race, were of but little avail against the braver and better-organised Zulus. Thus the high plateau of Mashonaland, which at no very distant date must have supported a large native population, once more became an almost uninhabited wilderness, as the remnants of the aboriginal tribes who escaped destruction at the hands of the Zulu invaders, retreated into the broken country which encircles the plateau to the south and east. Had it not been for the constant destruction of the native races that has been going on in Mashonaland during the last seventy or eighty years, there would be no room for European immigration to-day. As it is, not only has the occupation of the country by the British South Africa Company been effected without wronging the native races, but it has very likely saved some of them from absolute destruction at the hands of the Matabele.



I have brought the history of Mashonaland up to the time of the recent occupation of the country by Europeans, and I must, before leaving Mashonaland, say a few words about the country itself. Almost the whole of Mashonaland and Manica lies at an elevation of over 3000 feet above the sea, whilst much of the plateau (especially that portion of it lying to the south-east of the main road from Salisbury to Umbali) reaches an altitude of from 5000 to 6000 feet. The higher portions of the country, though lying well within the tropics, possess a thoroughly temperate climate which is primarily due no doubt to their altitude above sea-level, but also in a minor degree, I think, to the fact that it is the highest land in South-Eastern Africa, and therefore catches directly the cool winds coming from the Indian Ocean. At any rate, during the hottest months of the year the heat of the sun is almost always tempered by the breeze which constantly blows from the south-east—a breeze which, during the winter months, is apt to become so keen and cold, that an Englishman suddenly transplanted from home, and deposited, without knowing where he was, on some portion of the Mashona uplands, would never dream that he was in tropical Africa, but would be rather inclined to believe that he stood on some wild moorland in northern Europe; and the sight of a bed of bracken, looking identical with what one sees at home, would only lend colour to this belief. The nights are cool the whole year round, and during the winter months bitterly cold, whilst the excessive heat of the sun, during the spring and autumn, is always tempered, as I have said above, by the south-east breeze. An ounce of fact is worth any amount of theory and assertion, and a table of temperatures kept daily for two years by Major Forbes, at Salisbury, in Mashonaland, and which is now in the possession of Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, will, I feel sure, satisfy any one who cares to examine it that the climate of this part of Africa is an exceptionally fine one for North Europeans.

If not exposed to privation and hardship, it has already been conclusively proved that European women and children enjoy excellent health all over the plateau of South-Eastern Africa—whether in Matabeleland, Mashonaland, or Manica. In fact these are emphatically countries that will rear a strong and hardy race of men—such men as are the descendants of the English and Scottish colonists of the Cape Colony or the burly Boers of the Transvaal. During eight months of the year the whole country is very healthy, but during the remaining four, from the middle to the end of the rainy season, fever is very prevalent in the lower parts of the country, and will almost certainly be contracted by anyone who is unduly exposed to cold and wet in any part of the country.

The same may probably be said concerning many other portions of the world, in which large communities of Europeans are now living; and it has already been abundantly proved, both in Mashonaland,

Manica, and Matabeleland, at Salisbury, Umtali, and Bulawayo, that, given the most ordinary conditions of comfort, and freedom from excessive exposure, white men, women, and children, enjoy as good health in these countries as in any other part of South Africa. I need now say no more concerning the present condition of Mashonaland, than that it bids fair to become at no distant date one of the richest and most prosperous of British colonies. The future of its vast goldfields is becoming every day more assured, and the railway now in course of construction from the Pungwe River to the borders of Manica will facilitate their speedy development, by affording the means of introducing the heavy machinery necessary for mining operations. Three townships have been laid out, not only on paper, as unfriendly critics would have one believe, but in fact, as many substantial brick buildings have been put up both in Salisbury and Victoria, in both of which townships a good weekly newspaper is now printed. Much of the land too has been taken up by farmers, who have already proved that wheat, oats, barley, and every kind of vegetable, such as potatoes, onions, cauliflowers, cabbages, carrots, etc., can be grown with greater facility than in any other portion of South Africa, as the country is so magnificently watered that irrigation works can be carried out during the dry winter months with comparatively little trouble or expense.

Before concluding my account of exploration in Mashonaland, I must not forget to mention that in 1884 my friend, the late Mr. Walter Montagu Kerr, made a very remarkable journey through Mashonaland to Chibinga, and from thence to Tete, and from there through the Makanga and Angoni countries to the southern shore of Lake Nyasa. Dr. Knight Bruce, Sir John Willoughby, and Mr. Swan, who accompanied Mr. Bent as cartographer, have also done a lot of good and careful work in Mashonaland, so that the materials probably now exist for the compilation of a very accurate map of the whole country. In 1884 I met Mr. W. Montagu Kerr in the Transvaal, and he travelled with me to Matabeleland. We there parted company, and whilst he journeyed eastwards through Mashonaland to the Zambesi, I started for the Mababi River, and piloted my waggon for 300 miles across country, chopping my own road as I went, until at last I struck the old hunting track from Khama's town to the Mababi, near the pool of Sode Garra.

I have now given some account of all my journeyings, with the exception of those undertaken in the year 1888 to the Mashuku-lumbwe and Barotsi countries, a narrative of which I sent to the late Mr. Bates in the form of a letter, which was published by him with an accompanying map in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Geographical Society for April 1889. I need not repeat here the narrative which has already been printed in the Society's publication.

In October 1888 I once more reached my waggon at Penda-ma-tenka,  
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and, after doing a little more mapping work south of the Zambesi, returned to the Colony, and thence to England, which I reached in the end of February 1839. Early in May I was again in South Africa, and soon afterwards made my way to Mashonaland through the Portuguese possessions on the Zambesi. In the following year, 1890, I guided the British South Africa Company's expedition to Mashonaland, and it is a matter of history that over 400 miles of road were made through a wild country of forests, swamps and mountains without ever a mistake or the detention of the large column of eighty waggons for one single hour owing to the road not being ready for them. This memorable march was accomplished in less than two months and a half, from Fort Tuli to Fort Salisbury. After the occupation of Mashonaland I remained in the country for two years, in the service of the British South Africa Company, and the nature of my work enabled me to make a very careful compass survey of a large portion of the Mashona plateau. Of this work I have already spoken in this paper, and so need say no more here.

In conclusion I wish to point out that with the exception of the attack made upon my camp by the Mashuku-lumbwe, led by a few rebel Marotse, in 1888, I have never had any other serious trouble with the natives. During my twenty years' wanderings I have been amongst many tribes who had never previously seen a white man, and I was always absolutely in their power, as I seldom had more than from five to ten natives with me, none of whom were ever armed. On the whole, therefore, I think I may say that the natives of the interior of Africa with whom I have come in contact have treated me well; and, on the other hand, I can proudly affirm that in my person the name of Englishman has suffered no harm in native estimation.

After the reading of the paper the following discussion ensued:—

Mr. E. A. MAUND: If I may trespass upon your time for a few moments, I should like to say a few words with regard to Mr. Selous. In my hunting excursions up in Matabele and Mashonaland I had the advantage of having hunters, trackers, and boys who had travelled with him; one of them, Van Rooyen, a Dutchman, being one of the greatest hunters in those parts after our Nimrod. The stories of Selous' doings I have often listened to far into the night as described round my camp fire by his excited and admiring followers. Mr. Selous is not only known as a hunter, held in awe by the Matabele for his unerring aim, and beloved by the Mashonas as a food-giver, but he is a map-maker, and *the* road-maker of Mashonaland, and the absolute pioneer of that part of Africa; for it was he who guided the expedition that opened up that part of the country for our colonisation, which to-day is being developed with such rapid strides. There being so many present who now know that country, I should like, if possible, to make a geographical point to-night, because we do not often get the opportunity of having present at our meetings men who have been five-and-twenty years in such a country, like Mr. Phillips—who I believe is present—and Mr. Selous, who has spent twenty years there, and whose authority should therefore carry great weight. Mr. Bent has said, and I believe has made a point of it in his interesting book, that this







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