

rust are not planted, and even an indifferent crop of the poorer grain cannot be counted on.

Oats sown to be cut while green for fodder do reasonably well. Immediately north of this belt the country is broken and covered with a dense growth of small scrubby trees, but 20 miles inland a forest belt is encountered, and in the kloofs or deep valleys there, large trees are abundant. This forest affords magnificent shooting, well stocked as it is with bucks of the larger kinds, Cape Buffaloes, elephants, leopards, pheasants, partridges, Guinea fowl, etc. Nowhere in Cape Colony except in this forest, and in the Knysna before referred to, are Cape buffaloes and elephants to be found.

It is dangerous to attempt to penetrate these forests except in the company of a thoroughly trustworthy guide. The trees are festooned with a pendant of grey green moss, and thickly laced with hop-like creepers. It was most amusing to see from the car windows the small monkeys watching us from some small grassy opening springing away when we came too near to run nimbly up the monkey ropes, leaping from tree to tree, perching recklessly at last at a giddy angle on some topmost branch as we rushed by. The baboons, much larger, were less confident, and preferred to observe us from the comfortable security of the projecting rocks on the steep hill sides. At Grahamstown, 30 miles from the sea, though 120 miles by rail from Port Elizabeth, we secured seats in the mail cart, and enjoyed the swift drive of 90 miles to King William's Town. Both these towns have a considerable population, and an extensive trade with the country around them. Grahamstown is prettily situated in a pocket in the hills, and though warm from being protected on all sides from the winds, is celebrated for its healthful climate. The hillsides have almost a forest growth from the planted oaks, limes and eucalyptus trees. Fruit trees thrive, and it is altogether a very pleasant place.

Leaving Grahamstown our road at first led through the valleys and between steep wooded hills. The plumbago shrubs were in their full perfection of delicate blue blossom, while the fragrant white Cape jasmine twined everywhere through and over their branches.

Such glimpses do much to make one forget the rocky, dreary, treeless stretches too often encountered in a journey throughout South Africa. Twenty miles to the east of Grahamstown we crossed Fish River, at one time the eastern boundary of Cape Colony, and the scene of many fierce battles with the Kaffirs from 1819 until their final defeat in 1835. On the fertile hillsides of the country east of this river small groups of Kaffir huts built now as before the advent of white men began to appear. These huts are very primitive both in design and construction, much resembling the old time straw beehives. They are perfectly round, from 12 to 18 feet in diameter, built of poles planted in the ground and sprung to a common centre at the top. This frame is stoutly laced together with slender branches, and over all, roof and sides, is neatly woven a substantial thatch of grass or rushes. Primitive as these huts are they seem well adapted to the climate, and to a people of such simple habits. A small door not more than 30 inches high forms the entrance not for the people only, but for the

light and the air as well. It is the only opening—there are no windows. The native dress is not more complex than the lives of the people, and not less well adapted than their houses to the dry and sunny climate. The children up to the age of 10 or 12 years are "clothed in all their native nothingness," while their elders assume the dignity of loin cloths and blanket. These people cultivate small patches of Indian corn (mealies) their staple food throughout the year.

They grow as well small quantities of Kafir corn, from which is brewed a cooling native beer, but slightly an intoxicant. Each family has its herd, however small, of cattle, sheep or goats, but as the several families of a village have a common grazing ground the flocks are usually together and cared for by the smaller boys.

These herds in the aggregate are often quite extensive. Under good headmen the communities are thrifty and the people contented. The clothing of these Kaffirs is invariably dyed to a dull reddish color with an Ochre found in the hills. The festive young men and the younger women daub their faces with the same pigment; the belles sometimes varying this monotony of color by leaving regular sections of their black skins exposed, or by working intricate patterns over the red, with a gray white clay. The women are quite as fond of ornaments as their white sisters; rings, girdles, necklaces, armlets, ankle bangles of ivory, beads or brass constitutes their usual adornment. It is not uncommon to see the arms of the young women from wrist to elbow highly incased in rings of brass, which although entirely covering the flesh preserve the outline and admit the free movement of the arm. Some of these ornaments are exceedingly pretty and represent long weeks of patient labor. The bead belts, necklaces and bangles are worked in strange patterns and not infrequently a surprisingly happy effect is secured. Dull color tones rather than bright are most often chosen.

The work of the Kraals or in the fields is usually done by the women, who carry all burdens, no matter how light or how heavy, on their heads. Last year (1894) owing to the unusually long drouth, the smaller streams dried up and the water supply for the villages had often to be carried a distance of three or even four miles. To see in the early evening these women in their dull red garments coming in single file down the winding path of some steep hillside, each with a jar of water on her head gave an effect at once picturesque and particularly pleasing. It would be hard to imagine anything more graceful than the erect and easy swinging motion of these women under their burdens.

Much of the very best land adjacent to King William's Town has been allotted to the Kaffirs, and it is pleasing indeed to notice how carefully their small farms are worked, and to learn of the undoubted prosperity of the natives of this section. The country north and east of King William's Town above Kie River, to the Orange River, one of the southern boundaries of the Orange Free State, is very largely given up to sheep farming. The sheep are small, and the flocks on the whole evidenced great neglect on the part of the farmers, or boers. Many of

them were suffering from "scab," the peculiar pest of most sheep countries.

At Queenstown and Molteno a considerable quantity of wheat has been grown, and each year a larger acreage is put under cultivation. At Molteno and Cyphergat coal is found in sufficient quantities for the operation of the railroads, and for the working of the diamond mines in the Kimberley district. The coal, bituminous, is of a fair quality only, but when the mines are worked to a greater depth cleaner and better coal no doubt will be produced.

The eastern division of Cape Colony, say from Grahamstown, is divided into three terraces, separated by mountain ranges running parallel to the coast. In a very general way the land may be said to gradually rise in a series of plateaus or table lands, varying in altitude, as the distance from the ocean increases. The coast plateau at Port Elizabeth attains an altitude of 180 feet. The midland plateau at Grahamstown rises to 1800 feet, while the plateau at Aliwal North is 4330 feet above sea level. The average rainfall in these districts is about 20 inches, 29 inches, and 23 inches respectively. The difference in grass and shrub growths in the various plateaus is necessarily very marked, and there is of course also a marked difference in the temperatures. In the higher altitudes, although through the daylight hours in the summer months the heat is unusually oppressive, when evening comes a light top coat may more often than not be worn with comfort.

Leaving the main line at Burghersdorp, a spur of the railway runs north east to Aliwal North, a pleasant little town on the Orange River, with a good flour mill and a good market. A great deal of the wheat and wool of the south part of the Free State and of the Basuto Land comes to this market.

Crossing the river into the Orange Free State, my way lay through the rich grass country to Wepener, near the Caledon River, which forms the south eastern boundary of the Free State and divides it from Basuto Land. The country seems of a character entirely different from that of Cape Colony. The land is richer, more free from stones, running streams are more frequent, while the grasses are more luxurious and more nutritious. In the 80 miles to Wepener but little of the land has been broken, as on account of the irregularity of the rainfall dams must be built and the fields irrigated at intervals to insure a good crop of cereals.

The section of the Free State between the Orange and Caledon Rivers is, however, particularly adapted to sheep and cattle grazing.

The sheep, mostly Merinos, were large and in splendid condition; the cattle sleek, splendid creatures, seemed much more able than the Cape cattle to draw the heavy transport wagons, and one could not help believing that they would make much more tender beef. Little wonder that in the earlier days the Boers were content to live their quiet, restful lives in that genial climate, with such flocks and such herds to yield them a generous living, without undertaking the labor attendant on the cultivation of the land. But things now have changed.

In 1874 South Africa exported 80,000,000 pounds of wool valued at £3,000,000 stg., while in 1893 83,000,000 pounds were exported, (an in-