

## At Cape Colony.

### Among the Malays and Kaffirs.

A Glimpse of the People and Customs  
Down in Brightest Africa—Unattractive  
Cape Town.

Whilst famous explorers, Livingston, Stanley, De Brazza and others, have plunged into the heart of Darkest Africa and have returned with wondrous tales of endless forests, nations of pigmies, and other strange things, as yet no explorer has given an adequate report of what may justly be termed Brightest Africa.

We have heard much of cannibals and the fearful rites indulged in by savages, but, strange to say, writers have been comparatively silent upon the country stretching from Cape Town north to the Zambezi River. It is true that trade papers and even magazines have published statistics concerning this land, but little or nothing has been said of its characteristics, its inhabitants and their idiosyncracies. Yet that same Brightest Africa is richer in legend and far richer



in the gifts of nature than many a country better known to fame and history. It has diamonds, gold, sheep and cattle, iron, silver, coal, magnificent forests, great wheat growing districts, vineyards that groan under the weight of their fruit—everything almost that can be desired except civilization; and for that it has little use until its resources are further developed.

Just why the discoverer of the point of land lying between the Cape of Good Hope and the Cape of Storms, unless it be hope for the ultimate reformation of that part of the world, as for Cape Town itself, it looks truly beautiful at a distance, but a closer acquaintance dispels the illusion. It is rather pitifully situated at the foot of Table Mountain—so called, perhaps, because it does not resemble a table—and at a distance looks like a self-respecting town containing proper, church-going people, with civilized instincts. The dominating feature in a long-distance view is the green effect, due to the number of trees. The town stretches over a distance of about three miles and ends in salt marshes toward the west.

The eastern end is lost somewhere in the direction of the Indian Ocean, but no none with any social aspirations lives there. In one corner is the bay, which affords good anchorage and is splendidly protected by a breakwater, built by convict labor. At a distance Cape Town resembles nothing so much as a Swiss town, with its many cottages built on the slope of Table Mountain. The whole effect gives rise to feelings of pleasant anticipation; the realization is doubly bitter.

The closer one gets to Cape Town the more completely is the illusion dispelled. Intimacy with Cape Town is only conducive to disgust, for a great part of the town is so filthy and vile as to be fit only for Malays and Kaffirs. There is one street in Cape Town, Adderley street, which is considered the Broadway—but this is an unbecomingly insulting to Broadway. Adderley street consists in dry weather of the finest grade of red dust. In wet weather its name is mud. On ordinary occasions the sand is a foot deep, but, when necessary water is supplied, the resultant mud attains three times that depth. By reason of this dust a collar that has been worn an hour looks like a sunset painted by an impressionist artist. After that, history is silent, for no one has yet been found who wore a collar more than an hour in Cape Town.

Cape Town is subject to wind storms which blow in all directions at once and have an unpleasant habit of gathering up dust and depositing half a street full in your ears and nostrils. These wind storms are often accompanied by tremendous rain, and give the place a very unpleasant climate. In fact, one gets half a dozen climates a day in Cape Town.

Leading in all directions from Adderley street are other streets, some big, some small, but all unpleasant. The houses resemble barns; but this is not the fault of the inhabitants, who deserve encouragement for they are really trying hard to approach a level where civilization begins and the savage ceases to wear a no-neck.

You can find any nationality in Cape Town, for it is the Mecca to which all sorts of adventurers, and the scum of the earth generally, are drifting from everywhere. You can find every walk of life represented; but no matter where you go you will find the one predominant trait—the greed for gold.

Human beings were a strong magnet to attract them. Gold is that magnet; and as the gold is not to be obtained in Cape Town itself, there is a constant migration through the town northward; so that while the arrivals number 100,000, and even more, a year, the population never gets above 40,000. The greater part of this population consists of whites, but many are darker than our colorists, and many could not truthfully say that they are pure-blooded Caucasians. These are called Afrikaners, and through some mistaken notion are proud to be known as such. They are physically a fine race, but mentally they are below par. Their brain is undeveloped, and they are still in the in-

termediate cabin of evolution. They are conceited, nevertheless, to an assinine degree, are bullies because of their size, are anything but virtuous, and are altogether an unpleasant race.

Next in point of numbers come the Malays. The men are undersized, bilious-looking and insignificant. The women are superb. Their skin is of a velvety yellow, and their hair as black as night, and of a texture fine as unspun flax. Their features are of a Caucasian cast, their figures supple, graceful and well developed.

The men wear European clothes, with turbans on their heads. The women wear loose-flowing gowns, consisting of bright colored silks wound tightly around their bodies and reaching to the ankles. Their shoes, if they can be termed such, consist of wooden boards, with pegs which fit between the big and second toes, by which the shoes are held in place. At the front and rear end of this board are little blocks which raise it about two inches from the ground, and which make it impossible to wear for anybody but a native or a man used to stilts.

The Malays are a picturesque race. They are magnificent liars, and are free from the smallest taint of morality or modesty. As far as Cape Town is concerned, they appear to best advantage on Saturday evenings, when they turn out in full force in all their gaudy trappings, and walk up and down the various streets. It is a sight really worth seeing, and takes one at a bound from Africa into the Arabian Nights. One can almost imagine Haroun al Raschid come to life again, and his grand vizier and his slaves.

Next to the Malays come the native tribes. There are some twelve hundred of them, and they are known by the generic name of Kaffir. Strictly speaking, the Kaffir is not a negro, though his skin is black; he is the aristocrat of his race. Place an American negro side by side with a full-blooded Zulu, and you will at once see the difference. The Zulu is a gentleman by birth, his skin is brown, but beneath it can be seen coursing the red blood of a pure and noble race. In his eyes shines the intelligence of the child of nature—he is a child in more ways than one. The Zulu is one of the noblest animals that nature created. He is honest, virtuous, courageous, self-respecting, obedient, when necessity arises faithful unto death, and always knows his place.

How different is the Zulu what the Turk is to the American—the acme of all that civilization loathes and despises. His nature is low and his morals lower, if that is possible—thieving, lying, treacherous and unclean. While the Zulu woman bathes herself twice a day, the Hottentot woman does not do so twice a century. The latter is not a beauty; one who called her attractive would be subject to a suit for criminal libel. They rarely exceed four feet six inches in height, are bow-legged and have deformities that make them naturally disgusting.

The smallest part of the population of Cape Town is made up of foreigners, many of whom have come for the good of their respective countries. They usually engage in the stock brokerage business, seeking for lambs to fleeca. Some few and they are the decent ones, are in the employ of the Government or of the larger mercantile houses. Much of the retail business is in the hands of the Malays, who are veritable Shylocks. The Kaffirs are the servants, and their masters treat them a little better than slaves, paying them about \$3 a month, and furnishing food and a piece of bare board for a bed.

Cape Town is the seat of the Government of the Cape Colony, and contains the houses of parliament and the Governor's residence. The Governor is ap-



pointed by the Foreign Office in London, and he has been known to South Africa on affairs the more likely he is to get the appointment. The present incumbent, however, Sir Hercules Robinson, is an exception to the rule; for he has served in this capacity before, and has done well. The parliament consists of an upper and lower house, antagonistic to each other and to everything else. Their purpose in life appears to be to fight the advance of civilization; the main desire to antagonize what they call the "verdamtde Uitlander" (the damned foreigner). They have, however, found a master of late in the person of Cecil Rhodes. The houses of parliament where he rules are situated in the Botanical Gardens in the upper part of the city, and are the finest buildings in Cape Town. They are three story red brick, and are still large enough to contain Mr. Rhodes.

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## Resources of Venezuela

Agriculture and Products—Coffee, Cattle and Sheep Are the Chief Items of Production for Exportation—Little Manufacturing, But Railroads Are Being Built.

"The resources of Venezuela," said Minister Andrade, as he sat in the handsome parlor of the Venezuelan Legation, "the resources of Venezuela are very great. Agriculture, in its broadest sense, may be said to be our chief resource, but to that should be added our mines, our forests and their products and our wonderful facilities for the production of live stock, especially cattle."

Senor Jose Andrade, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Venezuela to the United States, is diplomatic and reserved when questioned about the relations of his country to England, but interesting as ready when asked regarding his own country and its resources. Therefore, it was with an air of relief that he turned from the vexatious questions of international broils to that of his own home and people.

"Two and a half millions of people," said he, "make up the population of Venezuela. Of that number, probably one-fifth are whites. Most of these are of Spanish descent, some natives of the United States, some English, some Germans, engaged in trade. But the mass of our white population is of Spanish descent."

"And the language spoken is therefore Spanish?"

"Yes; that is the generally used language. Our laws, however, require those engaged in law, medicine and other professions to speak two foreign languages. Usually those which are chosen are English and French, though some prefer German. The fact that we have such large dealings with the Germans and



SEÑOR JOSE ANDRADE, AMERICAN MINISTER FROM VENEZUELA.

French, as well as the English and the people of the United States, makes it extremely important that those of our people who are engaged in commerce, as well as in those professions of which I have spoken, should speak these languages. So you see we have a mixed language as well as a mixed population."

"Returning Mr. Minister, to the original question of the resources?"

"Agriculture and stock production, mining and the products of the forest, are, in brief, an answer to that. You see," continued the Minister, as he produced a map of Venezuela, "we have all sorts of climate, elevations and soils, and, therefore, our products vary very much, according to location. Running along our western and northwestern borders are high mountains, and these supply a varying climate, governed by the question of altitude. Then, at the south and east of our territory are lower lands, some of them covered with forests, some plains—prairies they would be called in this country, I presume. They are covered with rich growths of vegetation, and as we have no cold weather there, the stock flourishes the year round without feed or attention."

"The production of cattle, then, is a matter of little difficulty and very considerable profit?"

"Yes. It is considered a certain thing that the man who has a given number of cattle this year may count upon having twice as many two years from now. That is, if a man has a thousand head to-day he knows to a reasonable certainty that he will have 2,000 head two years hence, 4,000 two years later, and 8,000 in another two years. So you see, stock growing is very profitable, even though prices are not large. I have known times, though they were exceptional ones, when cattle were sold at \$5 per head at the port on our northern coast. But ordinarily, fair prices are obtained. Then, too, there are other classes of stock grown successfully, sheep, goats and mules. Our last census showed nearly 9,000,000 cattle and 5,000,000 sheep and goats. This gives a larger number of cattle for each inhabitant than any other country. Of course, most of the cattle are utilized at home up to this time, though the facilities for shipment now promise to make this feature of our industry more profitable."

"Your products for exportation up to this time have been—?"

"Coffee, cacao or chocolate, sugar, indigo, dye woods, and rubber. Coffee, however, is the chief agricultural product. It is produced at certain elevations in the mountain and plateau regions, and is a safe, reliable and always marketable crop. There is no difficulty in always finding a market for our coffee at good prices."

"Coffee growing, then, is a profitable industry with you?"

"Always. The plants begin to produce at two years, and at four or five are matured and produce a full crop. In some localities two crops per year are grown. The prices obtained for our coffee are such that there is a profit of from 100 to 200 per cent. in its production. That is, we get for it from two to three times what it costs to produce it. Cacao is, too, becoming a prime article of produce, and is profitable and sure. Next to this comes sugar cane. We produce considerable sugar for exportation, though the fact that sugar is now very cheap the world over of course depresses the cane industry with us."

"How do you work your agricultural sections? In large plantations or small sections owned by the masses?"

"A good deal of the agricultural section under cultivation is now broken up into small farms or plantations. Formerly, during the existence of slavery, there were many very large plantations for the raising of coffee, cane and even cotton. But now many of them are broken up, though there are near Caracas a number of large ones still in operation."

"You speak of cotton as one of your products?"

"Yes, we grow some cotton, though not very much. We generally find that we can utilize our land and labor to a better advantage in growing coffee, cacao and other articles of that class which cannot be grown in those countries where cotton and grain flourish. In short, our climate is too much of a tropical one to make it worth our while to spend time in raising those things which grow elsewhere plentifully, when we can produce those which are in demand the world over and only produced in a limited area. This is especially true of coffee, which is our great staple."

"Then you do not attempt much in the way of manufacturing?"

"Not yet. We grow our coffee and cacao and sugar, and sell them to other parts of the world, and in exchange we buy cotton cloth from England and some from the United States; flour and lard and hams and machinery from the United States, and other articles from France and Germany. We buy very largely, now, from the United States, and sell a great deal of our coffee and other products to the people of this country. Our commerce with the United States is growing rapidly, especially with the direct lines of steamships now running, and will, doubtless, continue to grow."

"You have spoken of your agricultural products, Mr. Minister. What of the mines which you mentioned?"

"Our mines are very valuable, especially the gold mines. They are situated in the southeastern portion of Venezuela, a part of them in the territory now in dispute with Great Britain. They are very valuable—some of them placer mines, some worked by other methods. There are other minerals of value, coal and iron, copper and sulphur. The undeveloped wealth of our mountain country is very great, as is also that of the Great Orinoco Valley, which is rich in woods and stock-growing facilities."

"The Orinoco is our great highway for internal commerce. It is a great river, furnishing navigation for a distance of nearly 5,000 miles. Its valley is a region of great possibilities in the productions of stock and also of tropical production. There are lines of steamers now operating on the river, and work is gradually opening it up to settlement and the spread of the dominant classes into that section, which has been largely occupied by the natives in the past. The very large proportion of the white population, up to the present time, is in the northern part of Venezuela, where they can get a milder climate by attaining a higher level in the mountains and plateau region. A large share of the country further south is yet largely inhabited by the natives."

"What are they like, the natives?" "Not unlike your North American Indians, in a general way, though, perhaps, more like the natives of Mexico, where only about one-fifth of our people, in Venezuela, are pure white; some of the others are mixtures of white and native, some negroes, and some a mixture of the natives and negroes."

"You have not spoken of your cities, Senor?"

"Caracas, our capital, has 80,000 people. It is located about nine miles back from the port of Laguayra, but the distance which the railroad runs to reach it is about twenty-seven miles, winding through the mountains and climbing up their sides. Laguayra is our principal port of entry, though Puerto Cabello, lying further west, is a smoother port; so much so that it gets its name from our Spanish word for hair, 'Cabello,' meaning that it is so smooth that a single chair will hold a vessel. Then, Lake Maracaibo is a magnificent sheet of water, ninety miles long and forty miles wide, though not yet having a good entrance. Over 100 rivers empty into this beautiful lake, whose shores are lined with coffee and cacao and sugar estates."

"You speak of railroads?"

"Yes, we have now several railroad lines branching out into the country back of the coast and developing very materially."

"What of your Government?"

"It is based upon the system of this country in most particulars. Our voters are persons over 18 years of age. They elect members of a House and Senate. The congress selects a Federal Council, and that Council selects a president. This happens every two years. Most of our revenue is raised by a tariff collected on a large proportion of the imports. Our income is nearly ten millions per year, which about equals the expenditures. Our imports amount to about \$2,000,000 per year, and the exports about 20 per cent. more than the imports. So, you see, we flourish, and if we are able to maintain our territorial rights we shall continue to be a prosperous and happy people."

Geese That Made an Eclipse.

"While I was on a hunting trip last month at Inman, Ka, I saw a sight which few sportsmen have ever seen," said Cook Herman. "One night just as it was growing dusk, our party was hunting on a lake where we had been having good success with duck. Suddenly the sky seemed to be clouded over so that we thought a storm was coming up, but looking to see what was the cause of the sudden darkness we discovered that immediately over us was a flight of wild geese which literally covered the sky for as far as the eye could reach. I do not believe I would be exaggerating if I was to say the geese in that flight were numbered by the thousands. For half an hour we watched them flying by, forming all sorts of picturesque groups like maps in the sky, shifting rapidly from one combination to another. They were flying just high enough to be out of gunshot, but I managed to get a few shots at the big bunches and ventured where he could be reached by a long shot. It was a sight which I shall never forget and I am still regretting that we could not have got a crack at them."—Kansas City Journal.

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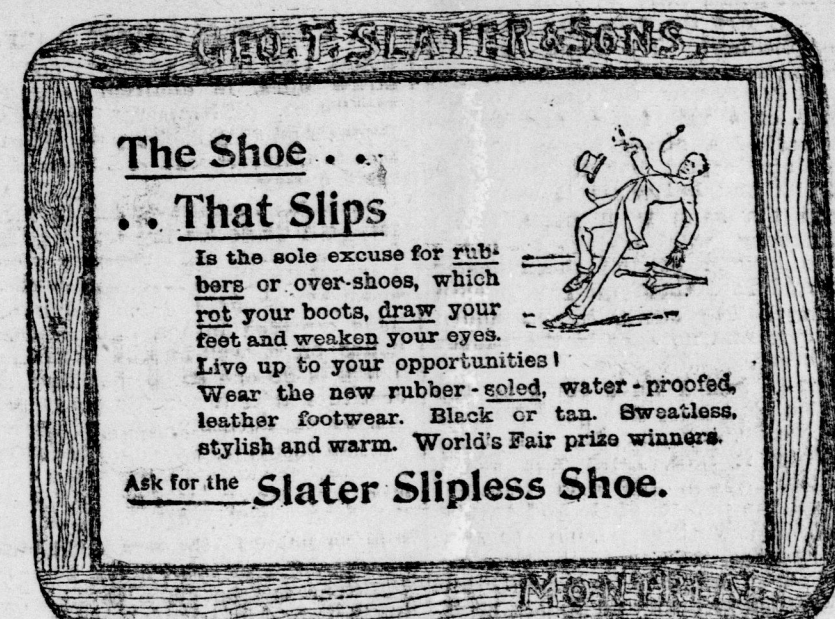
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