

THE BLACK MENACE IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Dormant Fires of Old Time Savagery Threaten to Break Out Among the South African Natives Now That the Boers and the British Are at War.

THE South African black is a born fighter. The passion for bloodshed is bred in his bones. After centuries of intertribal belligerency he takes not lightly to the ways of peace.

England saw this when her redcoats first stepped on African soil. She learned a second time when she attempted to make herself the molder of South African destinies. Those restless black hordes that swarmed 7,000,000 strong over the hills and valleys and plains south of the Zambezi have had to be held down with an iron hand.

When once that great iron hand was relaxed, the kopjes and kraals of South

land enough to join forces with the Transvaal burgher.

But there are other blacks in South Africa than Zulus and Basutos. Today there dwell below the Zambezi river between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 dusky skinned aborigines. To hold these in check there are altogether some 750,000 whites. In the Transvaal there are three blacks to every white. In Natal there are eight blacks to every white man. Taking all of South Africa into consideration, there are at least ten dark skinned natives for every white settler. All these blacks may be divided into two classes. One class is made up of the tribal and still more or less wild natives, who have never yet passed under the yoke of civilization. The other class is made up of the natives who have taken to trousers and industry, who labor on the farms, work in the gold and diamond mines and are in the employ of their white masters in many different capacities. They work not because they love work, but because the new order of things establish-

ing is, numerically, infinitely inferior to the passive black in whose heart the spark of rebellion still burns. Among the wider tribal natives the feeling of revolt must be still stronger. The mantle of semi-civilization has never been forced on their shoulders, they have never passed under the colonial yoke, and to fight is still as natural with them as to eat. When it is borne in mind that Chief Lerothodi of the Basutos can, out of his 21,000 men, call 50,000 armed warriors, one-half of which number could take the field armed with modern rifles, and all in a state of more or less efficient discipline, some idea of the possible fighting strength of the entire black population of South Africa when once aroused may be gained.

Basutoland is a somewhat limited territory, with an area of 9,720 square miles, but owing to its position between the Orange Free State, the Cape Colony and Natal the attitude of its black population just at the present time is a very important consideration with Great Britain. The "Crown Colony of

Basutoland" is, perhaps, more to do with the eventual outcome of this question than any other individual is. Lerothodi, the chief of the Basutos, The initial move, should any be made, would in all probability come from him. Basutoland has had every reason to show its gratefulness to Great Britain. It is indebted to this power for the early recognition of statehood in 1843, and also for a subsequent intervention on the part of England which insured the existence of Basutoland as a state. But thanks are not always given where thanks are due—especially in African colonial work. When Great Britain granted a practical independence to the Orange Free State, the question of the boundary line between the new state and Basutoland was left in a rather unsatisfactory condition. The claim of Moshesh, the astute Basuto chieftain of 50 years ago, was that Basuto territory extended wherever his own foot had pressed the ground or any of his people had once dwelled. It was in 1847 that an approximate line, known as the "Warden line," was drawn to define the western limits of Basutoland.

Sir George Russell Clark acted for Great Britain when the burghers and emigrant farmers appointed delegates to come to terms about the independ-

ence of the Orange sovereignty. When he was asked by them for information as to old treaties, he stated that war between two powers breaks all pre-existing treaties, and that the British government therefore had no treaty with Chief Moshesh. This left Moshesh facing his oppressors, the Boers, as an independent power, and he was not long in taking advantage of the situation. Moshesh promptly placed his frontier line within 20 miles of Bloemfontein, while the Orange Free State were most anxious to see him safely behind the Caledon river. After a few years industriously spent in the consolidation of his scattered tribes Moshesh declared war on the Orange Free State. And no idle little war it was! It lasted four long years. In the earlier part of that struggle with the fierce blacks of Moshesh the burghers suffered severely, and it was not until the Dutch community, under the presidency of Sir John Brand, made a special effort and put a large and effective force in the field that Moshesh and his native warriors were driven back. They were forcibly ejected from the wide, rich plains lying to the east of the Orange Free State and were driven back foot by foot into the barren heights of the Drakensberg mountains. At that time they numbered over 100,000 altogether, and they found themselves without territory upon which to feed their wanderings and homeless people. The Boers showed them no mercy, and by 1858 practically all of their territory had been taken possession of by the Orange Free State.

The starving Basutos, in their dilemma, appealed to Great Britain. Great Britain came to their rescue, but in a way not altogether unselfish. She proclaimed all the territory of the Basutos as her own, and at once, therefore, and with honest and unspokeable Anglo-Saxon indignation, ordered all the commandments of the oppressive burghers out of the territory they had overrun. England then stepped in herself. At first sight it looked like a case of out of the frying pan into the fire, but, selfish as England's original motives may have been at the time of her intervention, that act was certainly a good

thing for Moshesh and his tribes. As a consequence of such intervention the blacks received a reservation of land sufficient to support their population, and so well have they flourished on their rich, lowland plains during the last 30 years that their numbers have more than doubled, and they have become restive under the consciousness of their numerical strength and their sure of overpopulation. It is still a cherished dream with their people to regain the territory they owned and roamed over half a century ago. Now their land is taken up, and now year by year their male population is forced to travel southward and seek work in the Cape Colony, in the Transvaal, in Natal and even in the homes of their old time arch-enemies, the Orange Free States. Every Basuto who goes in and out of his country in search of work today is forced to travel through the fruitful plain of the Caledon river, which his people still call "the conquered territory." Some day he hopes once more to put up his kraals there. He feels, indeed, that the present time is as good a time as any for making the effort. Is it any wonder then that he is asching to take up arms against the Boer? Yet, should he once be allowed to do so, is it possible to get any limits to the extremes to which his ancient hatred would drive him?

The man who at present has the task of holding the Basutos in check is Sir G. Yeatman Laggdon, and it can be seen that his responsibility is no light one. Should the Zulus, on the other hand, seize the opportunity offered by the



"THE BLACKS HAVE RISEN"



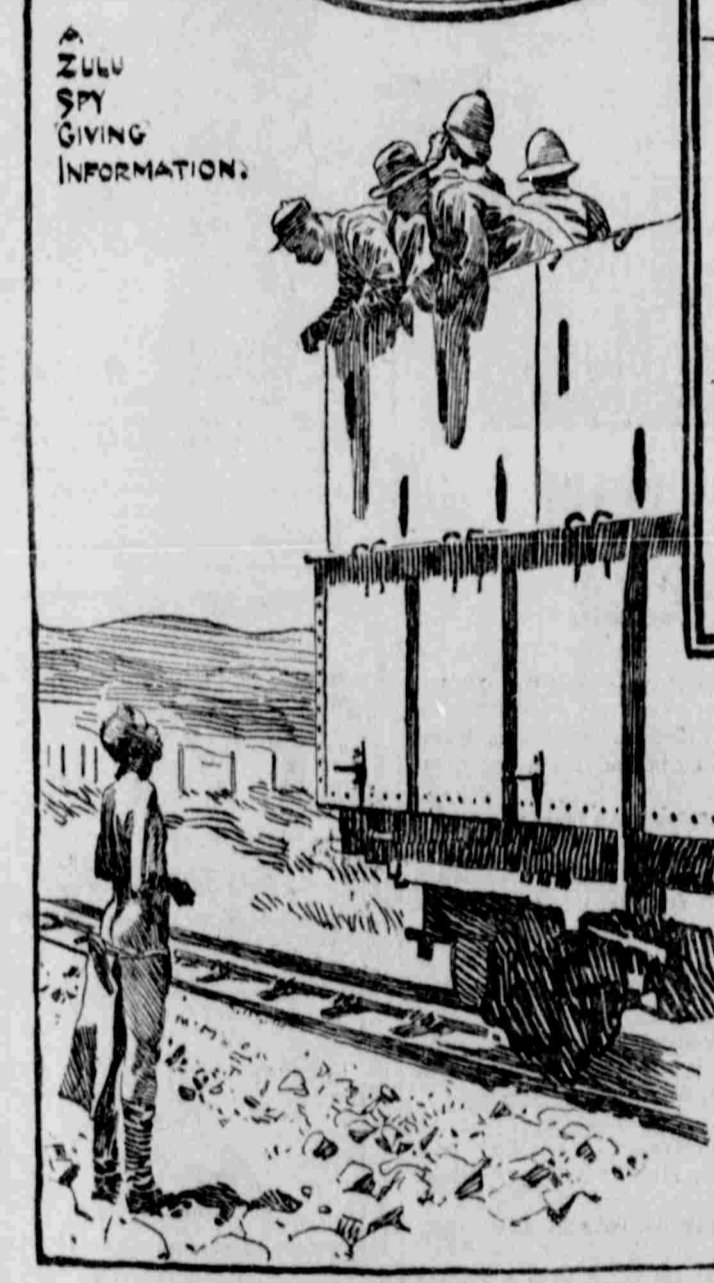
KAFFIR SPIES IN A BRITISH CAMP.



A BASUTO MOUNTED SCOUT.



KAFFIR VOLUNTEERS.



A ZULU SPY GIVING INFORMATION.



SIR G. YEATMAN LAGGDON.

Bechuanaland" is over five times the extent of Basutoland, having an area of some 51,000 square miles. Throughout this territory dwell over 60,000 natives. North of the colony proper stretches Bechuanaland itself, reaching away north as far as the Zambezi river. Mafeking lies at the lower end of this territory, while farther up toward the Nymanas stretches the great Kalahari desert. Adequately to police this immense district is impossible. The natives who wander about its wildernesses have for some time been held more or less in check by the whites, but where the pale of civilization ends beyond Mafeking the actual influence of the English troops also ends.

Zululand today is supposed to have a black population of about 150,000. Tongaland, just to the north up the coast, has also a native population of about 40,000. Swaziland, just northwest of this again, has a population that is hard to determine. The fighting powers of its natives, however, are not great, for they are an agricultural and peace loving people.

There are, however, supposed to be some 65,000 of these pastoral natives in Swaziland, and just how they would act when the infection of revolt reached them it is hard to say. In the South African Republic itself there are some 650,000 blacks. So these different figures are somewhat disquieting when considered in connection with the menace the black offers to civilization in South Africa.

It can easily be seen how the attitude of these different black races is one of the most important factors, apart from the struggle between the Britisher and the Boer, which have to be taken into consideration in South Africa. It can be

unpopular with the people by referring in a public address to the ancestors of the present colonists—a subject which is strictly tabooed, as New South Wales was a penal settlement. Now he has stirred the Congregational union to wrath by using Sunday for sightseeing instead of going to church, and a protest against his conduct has been sent to the queen.

Brigadier General Reginald Pole-Carew of the Coldstream guards, to whose

services in the first battle at Modder River Lord Methuen made special reference, had previously distinguished himself in the Afghan war in 1879-80 and in the Egyptian war in 1882. In 1886 he served with the Burmese expedition.

Gideon Hawley, the oldest locomotive engineer on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway between Buffalo and Chicago, and probably the oldest engineer in the United States, is, ac-

ording to well founded rumors, soon to be retired on a pension of \$97 per month. It is decidedly unusual for the Lake Shore road to pension its employees. Such a move will be a token of genuine esteem for valiant services. For 55 years Mr. Hawley has been a railroad man, for nearly 50 years an engineer on the Lake Shore road. He is 75 years of age.

Robert Louis Stevenson's home in Samoa has been sold to a rich German

Africa have been steeped in blood. So the mailed fingers were tightened on the throat of the native. The native writhed and struggled under that stony pressure, but the hand proved stronger than the throat it held, and Zulu and Swazi and Tonga and Basuto and Grika swung away their assegais and warclubs with protestations of peace on their lips, but eternal enmity in their hearts.

Today the great iron hand is other work to do. All its strength is demanded in the struggle of white against white. The vital question at such a time is, will the blacks take advantage of this war between the Britishers and the burghers? Will they seize the op-

portunity to gratify this dormant passion for bloodshed? Will the natives of Africa once more take up arms, and because of the preoccupation or the impotency of their old time white masters who hitherto have held them down, deluge the lower half of the dark continent in blood and turn the hands of the clock of civilization back a century or two by the savageries and atrocities which would be sure to follow?

Such questions it is not easy to answer. Just what such an uprising would stand for, however, it is not difficult to understand. There have been many symptoms and not a few actual occurrences to show that such a con-

tingency is far from remote. The burghers of the Transvaal and the Kafirs have already had a clash of arms. The Basutos have also applied to the English authorities for permission to go on the warpath and wipe out in their own characteristically savage way certain old scores they hold against the Boers.

These same Basutos hate their neighbors, the Zulus, almost as much as they hate the Boers. Nothing could ever make a Zulu and a Basuto fight side by side. The Zulu, on the other hand, remembers a cruel trouncing or two Great Britain gave him not so many years ago. It is true he abominates the Boer even more than he dislikes the English, but against the English and the Basutos combined he would be

ed with the incoming of the Anglo-Saxon demanded that they labor, leave the country or perish. Even the apparently peaceful laboring classes among the Kafirs have held the potent bayonet point held significantly over them as a gentle reminder that law and order, and a law and order novel to them, is their present heritage. The veneer of civilization which has been forced on these Kafirs does not go very deep. They have been forcibly disarmed, forcibly domesticated, hammered into docility and coerced into the use of the hoe and the pickax.

But the power that has done all this has been suddenly shown up in all its weakness. Every man it can call upon it needs in its struggle against a foe

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When Lord Beauchamp, the governor general of New South Wales, assumed the duties of his office, he made himself

by the name of Knust, who spends about half the year in his native land and the rest cruising about the Pacific. The Vaillans estate comprises about 220 acres, and it was sold for \$2,000.

Captain Rietes to a friend in Denver, Col., that the one drawback to his position is that it is the only place on land, except in Samoa, which he has ever held where he could not get his daily newspaper.

St. Columba's shrine, with the ruins of the cathedral of the Isle of Iona, has been turned over by the Duke of Argyll to the Scotch Presbyterians. He has handed it over in trust to the established church of Scotland, and in case the church should ever be disestablished to the three civil representatives of the nation.

At the recent congress of veterinary

physicians at Baden-Baden, Dr. Heckler of Halle maintained that the foot and mouth disease can be transferred to healthy animals by birds, flies, etc., a fact which, if substantiated, will call for a modification of legislation.

James P. Lee, the inventor of the Lee-Metford rifle, recently revisited the town of Galt, Ont., where he spent his childhood. After completing his educa-

tion there he moved in 1851 to the neighboring town of Chatham, where he started in business as a watchmaker. In 1860 he took charge of a gun factory in Milwaukee, and it was there that he began his career as an inventor. Mr. Metford, the well known amateur marksman, whose name is associated with Mr. Lee's, died recently.

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ROYALTY BEFORE THE CAMERA.

Who is the most photogenic royal personage? And whose lineaments are most valuable commercially? As might be expected, Albert Edward, prince of Wales, easily heads the former list. There are so many thousands of his photos that it is popularly supposed that he poses before the lens every time he assumes a new tie. Then comes his ubiquitous and vivacious nephew, William II, who has a neat little collection of his regal self in over 600 different poses, and all out of his own head. Naturally, most of them are military. Empress Frederick is repeatedly photographed, but inclines to a family group arranged by herself.

Emperor Francis Joseph objects to being posed at all, but prefers a natural attitude. He is a first class model, in direct contrast to the emperor of Russia, who simply hates the camera so much that, what with his objection to face the lens at all and his nervousness under the operation, there are very few portraits that resemble him, except those that are not his at all, but borrowed from his double, the Duke of York.

The sultan's hatred of the camera even amounts to a mania, and his taste is justified, judged by his latest photo. Wilhelmina the Good likes to be "shot" early and often, while Carmen Sylva loves a shabby representation of her classic self as a professional poetess. And last, but by no means least, the aged queen of England is very tired of being photoed, and generally her weariness is shown in the result. She regards the matter from the point of view of duty.

Commercially "the pope" goes off like hot cakes, and 15,000 of him are sold yearly, chronos not counted. The Princess of Wales is only beaten by a head (the pope's) and comes an easy second with 16,000. "William the Second" and "None" goes very strong with 15,000, and the czar comes only a short length behind with 14,000, while Eugene, finds only 800 purchasers per annum.

WHAT THE FINGER NAILS TELL.

In days when superstition was more prevalent than it is now the shape and appearance of the finger nails were considered to have reference to one's destiny. To learn the message of the finger nails it was necessary to rub them over with a compound of wax and soot and then to hold them so that the sunlight fell fully on them. Then on the horny, transparent substance certain signs and characters were supposed to appear, from which the future could be interpreted.

Persons, too, having certain kinds of nails were credited with the possession of certain characteristics. Thus, a man with red and spotted nails was supposed to have a hot temper, while pale, lead colored nails were considered to denote a melancholy temperament. Narrow nails were supposed to betray ambition and a quarrelsome nature, while round shaped nails were the distinguishing marks of lovers of knowledge and people of liberal sentiments. Conceited, narrow minded and obstinate folk were supposed to have small nails, while those of indolent people fleshy nails and those of a gentle, retiring nature broad nails.

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