

# OCCUPATION OF MATABELELAND --- A SOUVENIR



Extract from the Orders of the Day :—

The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve of a medal being granted by the British South Africa Company to all officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Regular Forces, Bechuanaland Border Police, and British South Africa Company's Forces who were employed in connection with the operations in Matabeleland between the 16th October and the 24th December, 1893.

# Bulawayo Board of Executors and Trust Company, Limited.

(ESTABLISHED 1895.)



## THE BUSINESS OF THE COMPANY IS:

To undertake the Office of Trustee, Receiver and Liquidator, Executor, Administrator, Manager, Attorney, Delegate, Substitute, Treasurer, Secretary and any other Office of Trust or Confidence, and to perform and discharge the duties and functions incidental thereto, and generally to transact all kinds of trust and agency business.

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# Occupation of Matabeleland

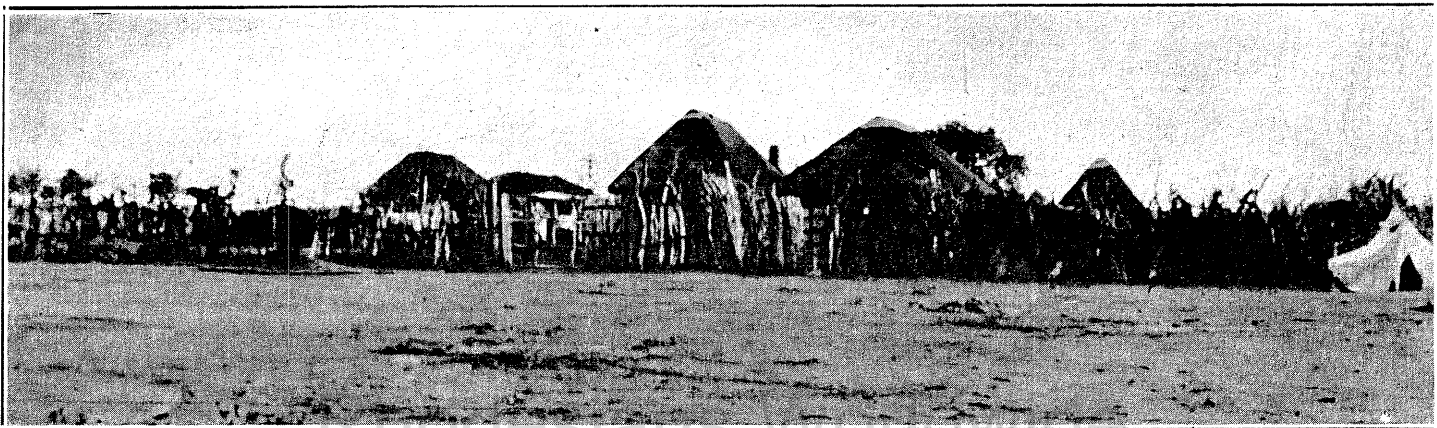
## A SOUVENIR

1893

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1933

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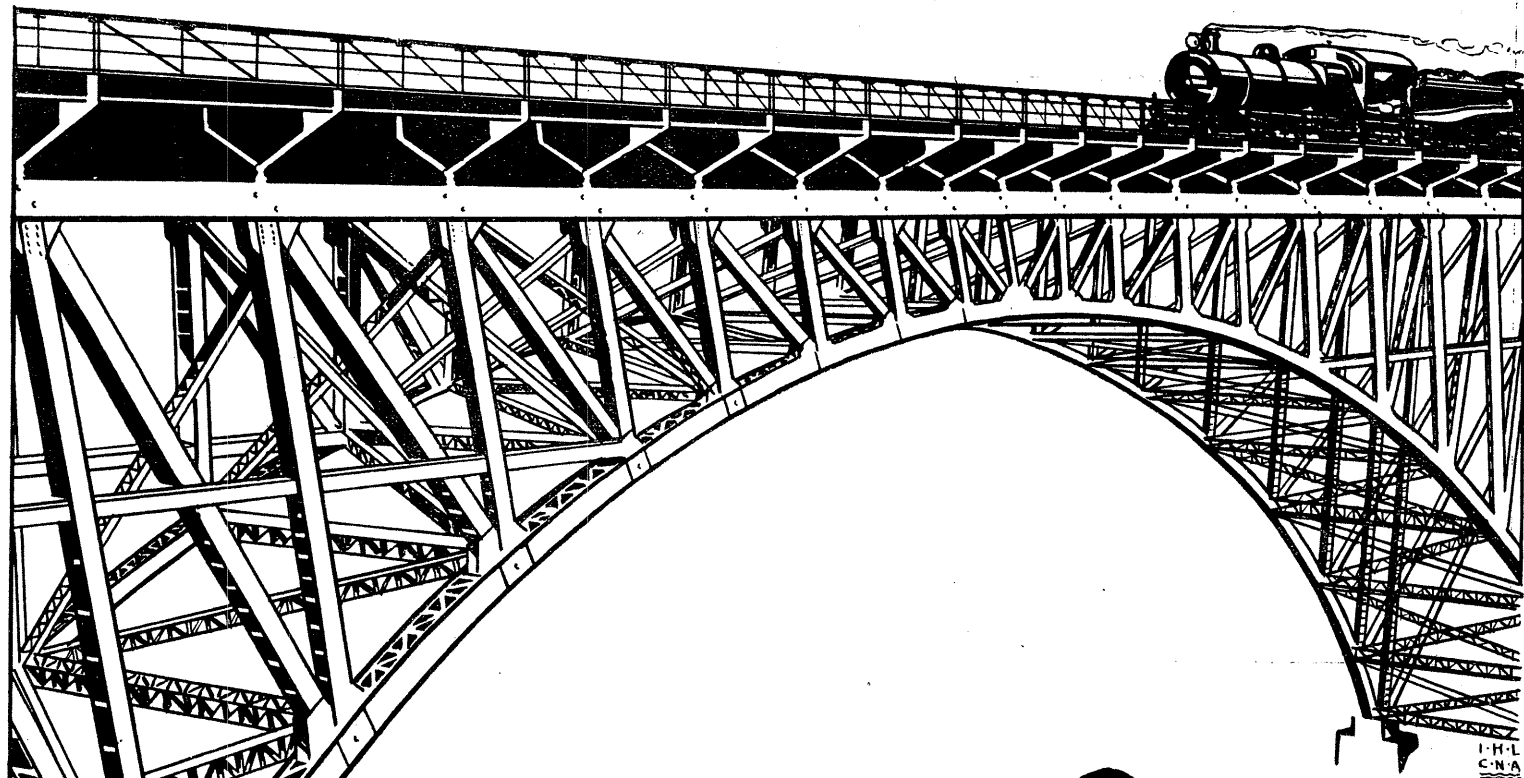
*Johann Colenbrander's store, where the Victoria and Salisbury Columns encamped at the end of their victorious march into Matabeleland, on November 4, 1893.*

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*The Official Design for the 1933 Celebrations*



Rhodesians Worldwide

1893

# The SPAN

of the Victoria Falls Bridge was thrown over the Zambesi in 1904. Another great span in the growth of Empire is measured by the progress of the Beira & Mashonaland & Rhodesia Railways since 1897, when the line reached Bulawayo from the South.

1933

## PAST

Forty years ago the journey from Mafeking to Salisbury took anything from three to nine months.

The first mail service between Salisbury and Tuli was by ox cart, and took six days each way.

## PRESENT

### Passenger :

Bulawayo-Beira . .	32 hours
Bulawayo-Ndola . .	32 hours
Cape Town-Bulawayo	47 hours
Bulawayo-Johannesburg	28 hours

### Goods :

Beira-Ndola . . . .	91 hours
Beira-Bulawayo . . . .	43 hours
Port Elizabeth-Ndola . .	6 days
Cape Town-Bulawayo . .	4 days

# RHODESIA-RAILWAYS



# “They Were Men of Men”

*Matabele Pay a Great Tribute to the Heroes of Shangani.*

*The Last Stand Described.*



*The first grave of Major Alan Wilson and his men at Shangani. The remains were afterwards interred at Zimbabwe and later at the Matopos.*

“THE natives were very loud in their praise of the way in which they fought. They called them the men of men—the very best of men they could wish to have before them,” said Mr. James Dawson, pioneer and trader, when interviewed in London in August, 1894, by a representative of the journal “South Africa” regarding his meeting with some of the Matabele who fought against Major Alan Wilson and his men by the Shangani flood.

Mr. Dawson, accompanied by a Mr. James Reilly, left Bulawayo on the instructions of Dr. Jameson to seek an interview with Lobengula. That was in February, 1894. By that time, however, Lobengula was dead, but Mr. Dawson did not learn this until his party met a contingent of natives returning to Bulawayo from Shangani. The natives, upon seeing the white men, dropped all their guns and bundles and came up with their hands above their heads. One man gave a circumstantial account of the King's death, and Mr. Dawson therefore wrote to Dr. Jameson informing him of what he had heard and intimating that he was going to secure confirmation of the news, and also to find the remains of Wilson's party and give them temporary burial.

They travelled on for four days and then met another party of natives on the opposite side of the river, which was then very full. That would be about February 15, Mr. Dawson said, adding, “On the other side of the river there were a lot of young villains who talked to us

a bit roughly, in fact, they threatened to boil us, like pheasants in our jackets. It was fortunate for us that the river chanced to be full and impassable. Of course, they took it, seeing there were only two of us, that we were spies sent out by the main body. At any rate, we used to interview them by shouting across the river. Later, we got them to bring some of the older men down to the river to talk to us so that we soon got on better terms with them, the older men being pleased to see us.

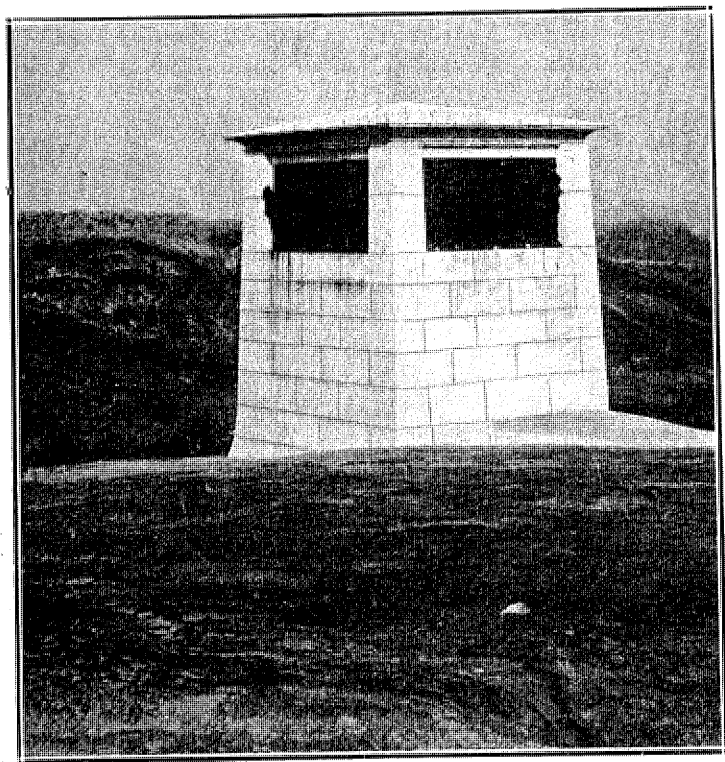
“On the eighth day after this the river became passable, when we crossed over. I told them we wanted to see some of their headmen. They would not go and fetch them. I went up to their kraal and ordered them to bring their headmen, saying that I was going away, and that I expected them to do what I had ordered. I also told them they were to show me where the remains of Wilson's party were, and that they would have to assist me to bury them. They said they would show me where they were, but that they would not help me bury them. They showed me where the remains were, which was about four miles from where Major Forbes had fought. The remains were all lying in a small space; what I might call rather an irregular, oval space, about 20 yards the one way and 15 yards the other way.”

Mr. Dawson said there was not the least doubt that Wilson's men had stood together. They had made their last stand in that small area.

“The fight started a little way off where Lobengula's wagons had been stopped, and our men, finding they were far outnumbered and likely to be worsted, retreated in the hope of being able to rejoin the main body. But, unfortunately, a great number of the Matabele had crossed the river in the early hours of the morning, and Wilson's party met them. Wilson had just time to send three men to tell Forbes where they were, and explain their plight, when they were surrounded and hemmed in. The natives say they could not understand why all should have stayed, as some of them could have escaped, had they tried. But they had not tried because some of the horses had been killed, and those who had horses resolved not to desert their comrades in distress. So they stood there and fought the thing out.

“The natives were very loud in their praise of the way in which they fought. They called them ‘men of men’—the very best of men they could wish to have before them. It was only the Maxims they thought which fought them before; but they said they now saw what a few men could do with their rifles and revolvers. I consider this fight did more to settle the whole Matabele difficulty than a good many other things that have occurred, for from that day to this the Matabele have been thoroughly subdued.”

Mr. Dawson said it was most difficult to arrive at the number of natives who were killed in that fight. “They took away all their dead,” he explained, “with the exception of about half a dozen we saw lying there.



*The noble memorial upon the burial place of the Wilson Patrol at the Matopos.*

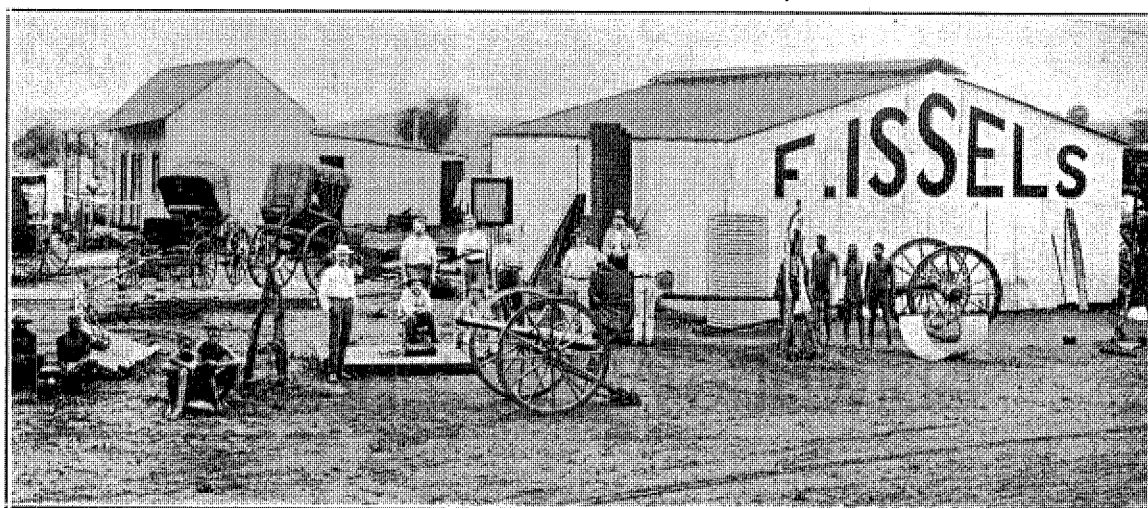
(Continued on page 29.)

# F. ISSELS & SON

## ENGINEERS AND FOUNDERS.

ESTABLISHED 1894

*Within a year of the Occupation of Matabeleland.*



THEN



NOW

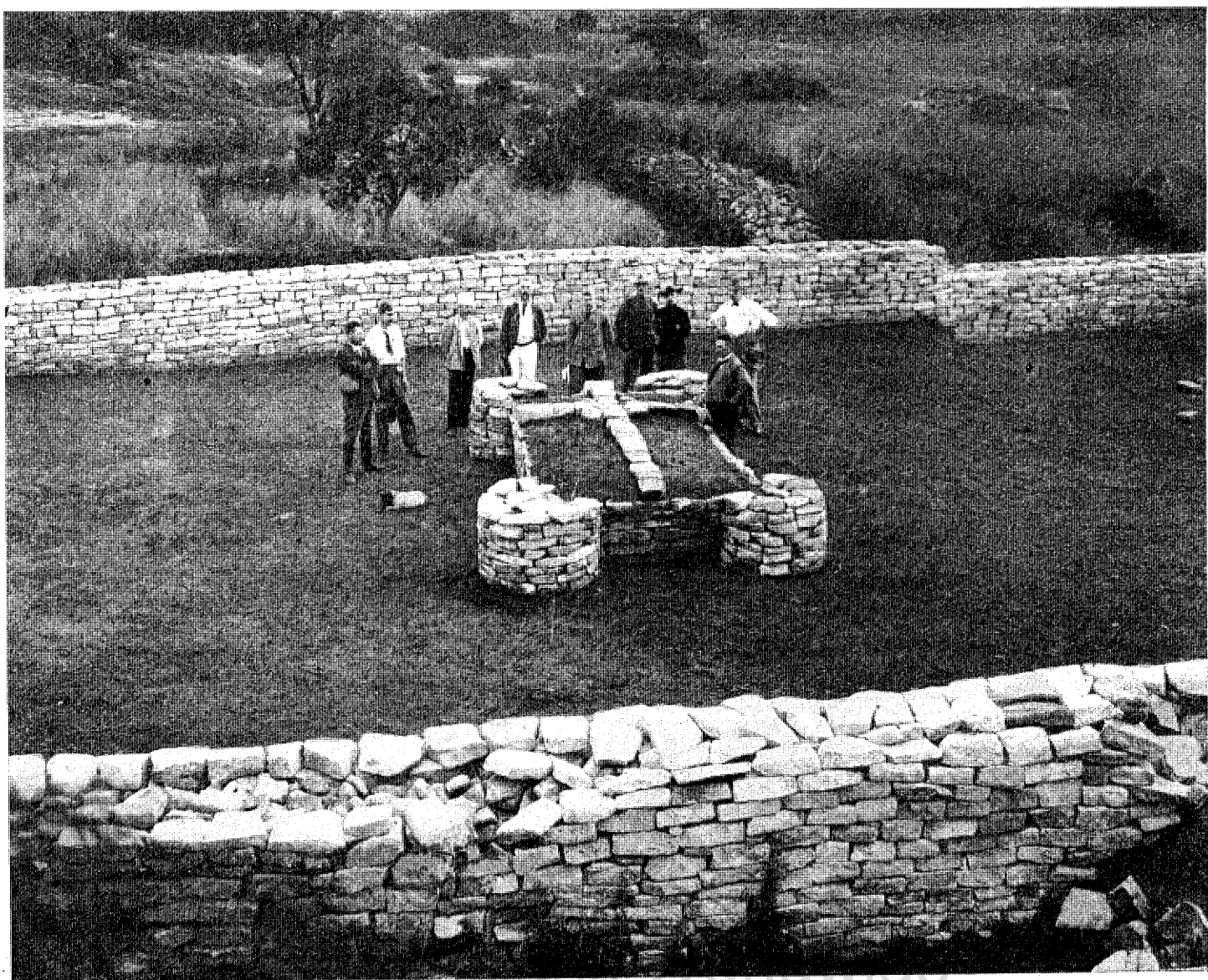
# BULAWAYO.

P.O. BOX 74.

TELEPHONE 2137.

TELEGRAMS: "ISSELS."





*The grave of Alan Wilson and his men at Zimbabwe. The remains were transferred to the Matopos close to the grave of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, in March, 1904. The Matopos monument was unveiled by the then Administrator, the late Sir William Milton, K.C.M.G., and dedicated by the Bishop of Mashonaland, Bishop Gaul, on July 5, 1904.*

### *"They Were Men of Men"—Continued.*

The natives say they were men without any friends, or they would have been taken away and buried. But you could tell by the trees how terrific must have been the fire, for the branches and stems of the trees were all torn to shreds by the bullets. It was one continual forest, and they fired out of the trees on all sides. Wilson's party were in a small, lightly wooded spot in the forest, which latter was so dense that they could not see far in any direction. One old man whom I brought in—he was the head of a little town—said that he went with a party of men to take part in the fight, when he heard a shout, and before they did anything at all, six of his men were lying dead, and he then went back. This sort of thing must have gone on from early morning until well on in the afternoon."

Mr. Dawson, in further describing the fight, said: "It is quite true that those who were wounded and could not get up, loaded the rifles for the others, for the natives told us that the whites cheered frequently. They can imitate the cheering and the way the natives gave the 'Hip, Hip, Hooray' confirms this.

"In telling the story of the fight, the natives told us that the white men frequently called upon them to come closer and fight it out. 'No, we have got you today,' they said, 'and we are going to take our time for this job'—this in a very jeering tone. Of course, they did not see anything wrong in this."

Mr. Dawson said there were thirty-four in Wilson's party. Against them there were three or four thousand, at any rate. Wilson's men would have about 100 rounds per man for their rifles. That would be about the average. "There was very little ammunition left," he said.

Afterwards Mr. Dawson and others collected the remains of the fallen white men and gave them temporary burial. "We put some bushes over the grave, and cut a cross in a big tree there with the inscription, 'To Brave Men.' That, in fact, was the only thing we could do as we knew they would be removed. We could not bring them away with us as we had no transport."

Mr. Dawson said he was pretty sure Wilson and his men did not sing. He thought it was only the cheering. He asked the natives to imitate the sounds the white men were making and they imitated the "Hip, Hip, Hooray." One of the gallant band, when all the others had been killed or disabled, had gone off to a little mound in an open space 20 yards away. "When the natives came on," said Mr. Dawson, "he beat them off. The natives began to think that he was bewitched, so they gave him time to collect several rifles and revolvers from the remains of the party, and he took them to this place. When they came on again he must have fought splendidly, because he killed a lot of them. He emptied all his guns, and then took to his revolvers. He beat them off twice, but he was at last shot in the hip. But even on the ground he still fought until he was killed."

Mr. Dawson, unfortunately, was unable to discover the identity of the hero. He got the evidence from hundreds of natives who were there.

The death of Lobengula was then confirmed by the induna M'Jan, who told Mr. Dawson he had buried "the Calf of the Elephant" in a cave in all his feathers and finery, afterwards closing up the cave with rocks and stones. Mr. Dawson expressed the opinion that Lobengula was a very pleasant and agreeable man, unless he was in a bad humour, which was occasionally the case, adding, "He would, however, make up for it when he got better-tempered."

## HEROISM ON THE UMGUSA RIVER.



ON April 22, 1896, the Matabele rebels had been fought in a big engagement on the Umgusa River, some distance below the present drift on the Salisbury road. The incident illustrated above occurred shortly afterwards. Lieut. Fred Crewe and Trooper Godfrey Hook are seen in a very tight corner. Hook had been badly wounded and Crewe found him attempting to roll himself out of the danger zone. He put the trooper on his horse and, retreating all the time, kept the Matabele at bay with his revolver. He received a very severe blow from a knobkerrie thrown by one of the natives. Just when it seemed that Crewe could not escape, a small party of troops opened fire at close

range and Crewe was able to stumble along to safety under cover of that fire. Crewe was later killed in the relief of Mafeking.

A Pioneer remarked the other day: "Crewe should have received the V.C.; also Lieut. Windley, who earlier that morning saved the life of Mr. F. C. Selous. Both were in grave peril before they got their men to safety."

The incident on the Umgusa appealed so strongly to Mr. Rhodes that he had it painted, and the picture was presented to the Durban Art Gallery. Lieut Crewe hailed from Natal.

## The Land and Agricultural Bank of Southern Rhodesia.

OFFICES: SHELL HOUSE, BAKER AVENUE, SALISBURY.

P.O. Box 369.

Telegrams: "Lanbank," Salisbury.

Telephones: 2462 & 3289.

The Land and Agricultural Bank of Southern Rhodesia is governed by the Land Bank Act, 1924, with amendments, and was established for the purpose of promoting agricultural and pastoral pursuits in Southern Rhodesia in providing financial assistance to farmers on reasonable terms.

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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The business of the Bank is controlled by the Board.

The principal business of the Land Bank is as under:—

- (a) To advance money to farmers on first mortgage on land within the Colony.
- (b) To advance money to co-operative agricultural societies and companies.

The Board also considers applications for small advances for general agricultural development and purchase of stock out of special funds provided by the Government.

A. W. REDFERN, Manager.



## THREE GENERATIONS OF RHODESIANS.

### *The Carnegie Family.*

IS Rhodesia a white man's country? There are those who have been heard to affirm that it is not. It is interesting, in this connection, to enquire from contemporary evidence, how far this is true, and, if the Carnegie family is any criterion, those who are optimistic as regards the enduring qualities of the Anglo-Saxon, transplanted on to Rhodesian soil, may well take heart.

The accompanying photograph is of unique interest in that it portrays four generations of which three are Rhodesians. The oldest member of the group is the late Mrs. Sykes, widow of the Rev. W. Sykes who came to Inyati in 1859 with the Rev. Robert Moffat, the founder of the London Missionary Society's Mission in Matabeleland. With him came the Revs. T. M. Thomas, later to settle at Shiloh, and J. S. Moffat, who was subsequently to figure prominently in Rhodesian history. Mrs. Sykes was the daughter of the Rev. F. W. Kolbé, a missionary of the Society at Paarl for 19 years, and with her husband lived through the troublesome times of Mzilikazi and established the Inyati Mission, which has the honour of being the first white settlement in Rhodesia. The Rev. W. Sykes was an accomplished scholar and rapidly acquired fluency in the native language. It is said of him that he was able to translate direct from his Greek Testament into the Sindebele language. He was the author of many hymns and the translator of many others, all of which are still sung by the people. He died at Inyati in 1887 after 29 years' service. Mrs. Sykes lived to a ripe old age, and died at the age of 92 in 1920, the year in which this photograph was taken. She is buried at Hope Fountain.

Her daughter, Mrs. M. M. Carnegie, who is still with us, was born at Inyati in 1862 and, on the day of her birth, was presented with a cow and calf by Mzilikazi, the King of the Matabele. She remembers the coronation of Lobengula in 1870 and the battle at Zwangendaba in the same year, when Lobengula defeated Umbigo, the induna who refused to recognise him as king. She also retains a vivid recollection of the early pioneer hunters and explorers who made Inyati their headquarters—Thomas Baines, "Baas" Hartley, Carl Mauch, F. C. Selous, "Elephant" Phillips and others. In 1885 she married the Rev. David Carnegie who joined the London Mission in 1882. They were stationed successively at Hope Fountain and Centenary, near Figtree. Mr. Carnegie died in 1910 and is buried at Hope Fountain. With



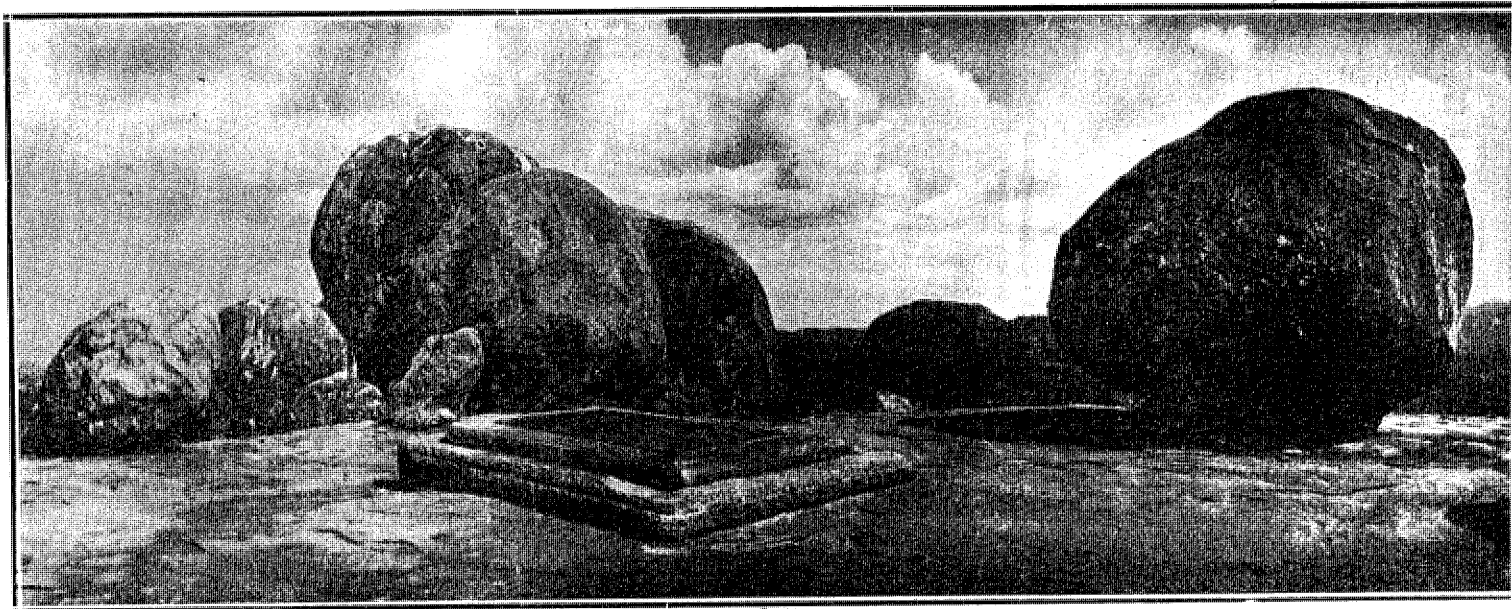
her husband, Mrs. Carnegie translated the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Sindebele and she also translated "Line upon Line." Both these books are still in demand among the native people.

Their eldest son, Mr. W. A. Carnegie, was born at Inyati in 1886. As Secretary of the Agricultural Association he has for many years been responsible for the arrangements for the Agricultural Show, and he is the Secretary of a number of other local bodies. He is moreover a keen collector of "Rhodesiana" and, as a student of the early history of the country, has few compeers.

Mr. Bernard Carnegie, who was born in Bulawayo in 1914, is the first of the third generation of Rhodesians. In recognition of this, the late Sir Starr Jameson presented him with a silver christening bowl, which is surely destined to be a cherished family heirloom.

NEVILLE JONES.

### WHERE THE FOUNDER OF RHODESIA WAS LAID TO REST.



The grave of the Rt. Hon. Cecil John Rhodes among the boulders in the Matopos. This last resting place was selected by the Founder, who described it as the "World's View." The grave is visited every year by thousands of people. Close by is the grave of Sir Leander Starr Jameson. The monument to the heroes of the Shangani Patrol was also erected here at the special request of Mr. Rhodes. Some distance away, Sir Charles Coghlan, the first Premier of the Colony, was buried on August 14, 1930.

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## By Coach to Bulawayo in 1895

MRS. R. A. FLETCHER, of Umvutcha Farm, near Bulawayo, with two children, one aged two years and the other barely four months, made the journey by coach from Pretoria to Bulawayo, via Pietersburg, in 1895—"an unforgettable experience," she remarked the other day.

"We were in the highest spirits as we took our seats very early one morning in one of Zeederberg's coaches," she said, "but I was to learn that this form of travelling was far from being the pleasant outing I had imagined it to be. At the start I thought it all so picturesque, that coach with its long team of mules, and laden with passengers, mails, and luggage.—There was only one other woman among the passengers. A man asked me if I was going to Pietersburg, and when I answered laconically, 'Bulawayo,' he looked at the babies, then at me, and exclaimed 'Great Scot!' The infant, a small scrap of humanity, was lying across my knees on a pillow, and the little one had to endure being bumped through kloof and stream, through storms, and swollen rivers before we reached journey's end—Bulawayo.

"I shall not take you all over that journey by coach. Imagine sitting bolt upright for nearly a week, day and night, with a child in your arms and another beside you! The baby was seldom out of my arms during the journey. One kind man helped me with the other child. I was so helpless attending to the baby in the dark. Actually we had more rest in daytime than at night, for night travelling being more dangerous, we often had to get out and walk."

Mrs. Fletcher drew a vivid picture of one night when in a storm the coach had to negotiate a road that had been badly washed out. The passengers stumbled along through boulders and bush, keeping the coach in sight only when lightning flashed. "Boulders, bush and darkness—these are my memories of that night, as with the baby in my arms, I stumbled along, until at last the coach stopped to pick us up."

"The dawn was always welcome," she said, "for it marked another step onward. After leaving Pietersburg, I was told that I would always be able to get fresh milk, but to my sorrow I found that was untrue, and I had to share my little stock of condensed milk between the children. The moment the coach drew up we all crept out to stretch our cramped limbs. The men stamped vigorously around, but I was always too tired to do more than look for the nearest shade in which to lay my little sons down. All too soon I heard the driver call 'All aboard!' That journey seemed to last a lifetime. In time we reached the Limpopo, and the drift was certainly very picturesque that night with

camp fires. But there was one sad sight and that was the coop of dank, dead fowls, which came to light when a wagon had been pulled out of the drift. We crossed (the coach also) in the pontoon above the drift, and soon left the Limpopo behind us."

In the middle of the night the coach was stuck in a bog. Rain was falling, and soon the driver came to the window of the coach ordering the passengers to climb out. Mrs. Fletcher wrapped her baby in a blanket and got out in the rain. Afterwards she lay down alongside a fire which natives were endeavouring to keep alive. She was soon fast asleep in the rain. After a time the coach was extricated, and seated once more, Mrs. Fletcher got the children into dry clothes.

At Tuli the police reported, "The Shashi is up," but the driver decided to risk the crossing. "We waved goodbye to the police and thanks for their kindness to us," said Mrs. Fletcher, "and then plunged into the stream. Steadily and slowly the coach went, keeping a course up-stream. Soon we began to be nervous; for water was coming into the coach ever faster, and after a time the coach stopped altogether. The water was swirling round it. With our heads out of the window, and a deadly fear in our hearts, we saw a commotion on the river bank, and presently we saw a boat being launched and coming out to us. The driver clambered down and came round to the window to tell us that the river was still rising, that we could go no further, and that a boat was coming for us. He also told us that the coach would be pulled back and we would get a fresh coach and mules on the other side. It was rather an awkward business scrambling out of the coach window into the boat. The boat was so unsteady that I was afraid the babies would fall into the water. However, we reached the other side safely. The boat stuck in the sand some distance from the side and we were then carried pick-a-back by a native who staggered along through the water with his human burdens and calmly dumped us face first into the sand.

"The boat returned two or three times to fetch the mails and luggage, and we were left to trudge through the sand until we reached the stable, miles away it seemed to me. However, we reached the coach and were soon galloping on our way.

"These are the most vivid memories of my coach journey away back in 1895. After Tuli, the only white people we saw were occasional traders, and their hearts melted when they saw the babies. Many of them insisted on being allowed to handle the little ones."



MRS. R. A. FLETCHER,  
*whose experiences are here  
described.*



# THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED

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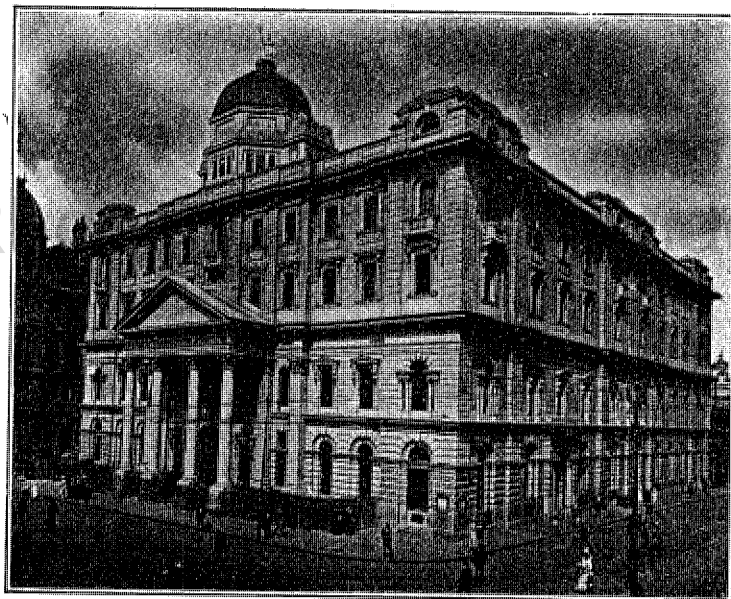
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AGENTS AND CORRESPONDENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

# Snatched from Death in a Flooded River

## Peril of Maintaining the Telegraphs in 1893



*A recent photograph of Lieut.-Col. Dan Judson, who resides at Kirton Farm, Heany Junction, Southern Rhodesia.*

*An incident narrated by Lieut.-Col. Dan Judson (then Inspector of Telegraphs).*

LIEUT.-COL. DAN JUDSON, as Inspector of Telegraphs in 1893, had charge of the whole of the telegraph system in the country. His most vivid memories of the early days concern his swimming of the Tati River, then a raging flood, an adventure which almost cost him his life. His job was to keep open the line of communication with the Cape, no easy task when it is explained that the iron poles terminated at Nuanetsi River, and that from that point to Fort Salisbury, a distance of about 300 miles, the line was carried on wooden poles, except for the section from Nuanetsi to Fort Victoria, which was mixed wood and iron.

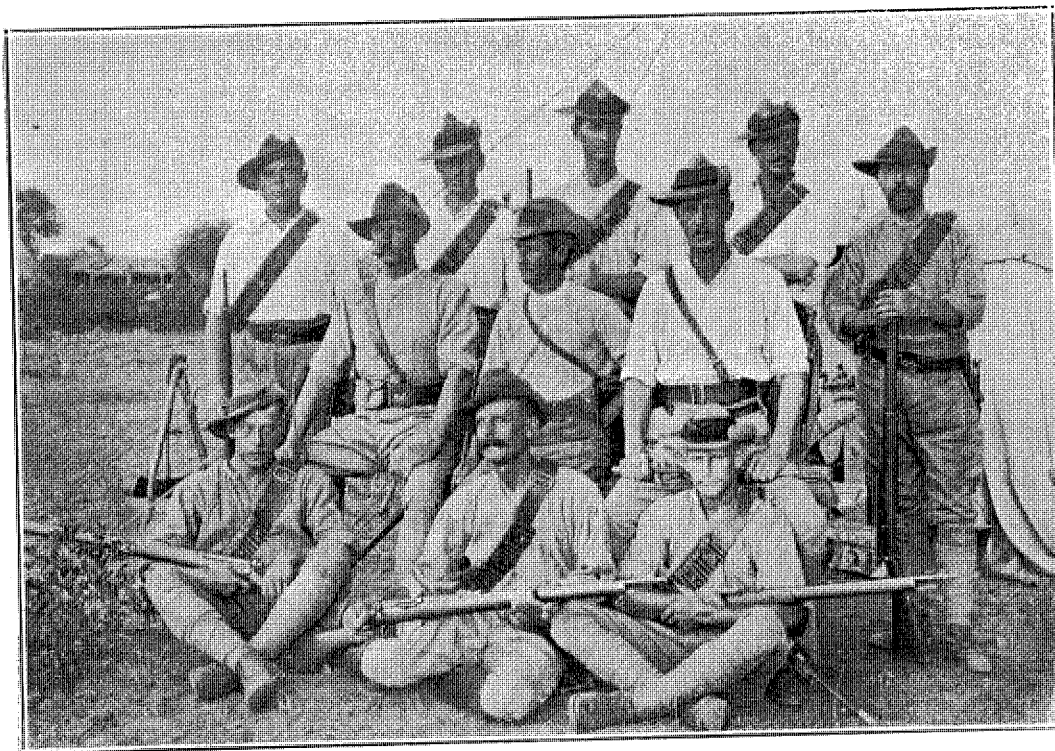
About the time the Occupation of Matabeleland was in progress, the inspector received an urgent message from Cape Town to arrange for a light telegraph line from Palapye (Khama's chief town) to Tati, and from that point to Bulawayo. At that time the only means of communication was by helio between Fort Macloutsie and Tati, and its maintenance depended upon clear sunny days, which, by the way, were then few and far between. He went on from Palapye on the heels of the Southern Column, and hired a "salted" horse (guaranteed against sickness), and with light equipment, including a notebook, some underwear, a small flask of

brandy and some cigarettes, set out on a wet day. His raincoat was not of the best material, and he was soon soaked to the skin. The horse, he declared, was the slowest thing alive, but the inspector put this down to the "salting" process, and although he fumed at the delay, he felt some comfort in the thought that it was better to be "slow but sure" than have a fleeter and better-looking horse and perhaps be stranded in the bush. After dark a thunderstorm with vivid flashes of lightning developed, and as the road was rough and unknown to the rider, the horse was soon compelled to continue at walking pace.

Eventually the Shashi, a wide river, was approached. It was flowing strongly and apparently rising. The horse did not like the look of it any more than the rider did, but the crossing was effected although the water was up to the girths. A flash of lightning revealed that it was eleven o'clock, but the inspector was cheered by the knowledge that he had safely negotiated the Shashi. The Tati River was unknown at that time. A hurried meal was made of bread, biltong and brandy, and then the journey was resumed. A little later a few lights were seen twinkling in the darkness, and the horse broke into a jog-trot at the sight of them. Presently when the lights were clearer, the heavy roar of a river in full flood was heard. Very fearsome the mass of water looked, but with shelter and comfort to be gained after crossing, the inspector endeavoured to persuade his horse to enter the water. But neither whip nor spur had the slightest effect, and the rider, after half an hour's work, gave up the attempt. Then a moment's calm reasoning convinced him that the horse was right.

On looking round, the inspector saw a faint light. Towards this he made his way, and so reached a tented wagon in which Dutch travellers accommodated him for the night, although at first unwillingly. The horse had by that time been unsaddled and tethered to a wheel of the wagon. The rain continued all night, and in the morning the inspector found that his horse had broken loose. The Tati River was then overflowing. It was now a mighty, muddy torrent, and as he gazed at it he felt grateful to the missing horse for its commonsense in having refused to take him to certain death in the

(Continued on page 95.)



"D" TROOP, SOUTHERN RHODESIA VOLUNTEERS, 1899.

*Men who served with Plumer's Column. Front row, left to right: Cpl. Hunt, Cpl. Irwin, Cpl. M. G. Linnell. Centre: Lieut. Chalmers, Capt. (now Lt.-Col.) Dan Judson, Sergt.-Major Galt. Back: —, Sergt. Cowan, Cpl. Chivers, Sergt. Hodge, Sergt. Miller.*



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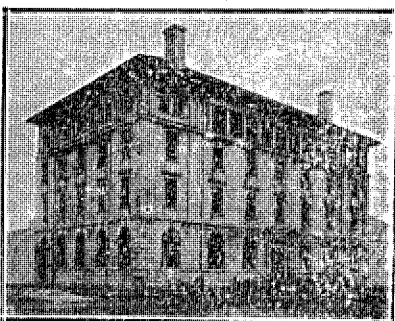
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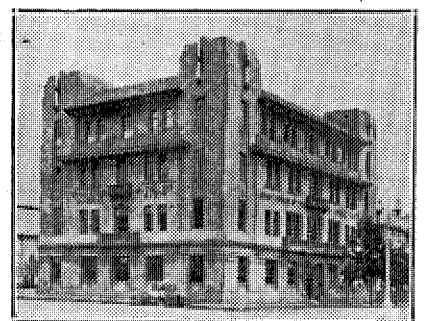
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SOME WELL-KNOWN MEN IN 1896.

*The names, reading from left to right, are:—Front row: Billy Reid, Holland, —. Centre: —, Major McFarlane, Capt. Knapp, Capt. Carden. Back: —, Capt. Paddy Llewellyn, Halstead, Col. J. S. Nicholson, D.S.O., Capt. T. M. Rixon, Lavita, Jack Warwick, McKinnon.*

### *Snatched from Death in a Flooded River—Continued.*

flooded river. On the other side of the river was what is now known as Old Tati, on the site of the Blue Jacket Mine.

For two days the inspector had to remain with the hospitable Dutch people in their wagon. Part of the time was spent in a shooting match—entrance fee five shillings each, which the Dutchman won—with a soap box for a target. The missing horse was recovered, but with the river falling, the inspector decided to swim across. He climbed a tree and with a handkerchief tied to a stick began some flag-wagging. It was not long before he attracted the attention of a uniformed man—an army signaller, luckily. He rushed into a tent and returned with a signalling flag and signalled “Who R.U.?” From his perch the inspector explained the situation and said that in an hour’s time he was going to swim the river, asking if they would be ready to help him. “Right O” was signalled back.

At the appointed time he stripped to the skin, tied a vest and socks on his head, and going about a hundred yards above the drift slid into the water. Full of confidence, he struck out, watched by a large number of men on the other side. He headed up-stream to avoid missing the drift, as the bank on both sides was steep. He got on famously until well into the middle of the river, when to his horror, he saw a black object coming towards him. My God, he thought, a crocodile! As it reached him he threw up his arm and went under. As he did so, something struck him a blow on the arm. It was without a doubt a log! When he came to the surface again he had swallowed quite a lot of muddy water, and lost much valuable distance. The small bundle on his head felt very heavy, and for the first time the swimmer began to despair. Feeling somewhat feeble, he struck out once more, but it seemed now as if he would be swept past the drift where there would be no further hope for him. Encouraging shouts

reached him from the men at the drift, but he felt finished. Three or four more frantic strokes and everything went black. He had a dim recollection of a hand-clasp . . . then silence. Was this the end?

How long afterwards he knew not, he found himself lying on the bank. Men were around him, one saying: “He is full of water. Pick him up by the heels and let it run out.” The rescued inspector had strength enough to dissent. Wrapped in a military cloak, he was taken to the Tati mess and made much of. A rub down, a bottle of English stout, and some hot food worked wonders. In an hour or two he was as fit as ever. Then he learned that the handclasp had been given him by Captain Lindsell, at that time military commander. He was the end of the chain of hands that had effected the rescue, as the drowning man was being swept past.

Three days later the inspector re-crossed the river without difficulty, this time on horseback, and was shown the body of his “guaranteed salted” horse. It had died of horse-sickness!

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“You would complete our happiness if you would make arrangements for a little more rain.” Thus, plaintively, spoke one of the Indunas at the conclusion of an indaba held at Government House, Bulawayo, with H.H. the Administrator, Capt. the Hon. A. Lawley. Was ever a civilised ruler approached with a more bewildering request? To disavow powers of “making” rain was to declare himself impotent, to accede, and try was to risk failure. History has not recorded the answer given, but all who knew the popular and tactful Administrator will conclude that it was a dignified one.

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# The First Pioneers . . . . . . of Matabeleland

## *Notes on Early History and the Missionaries*

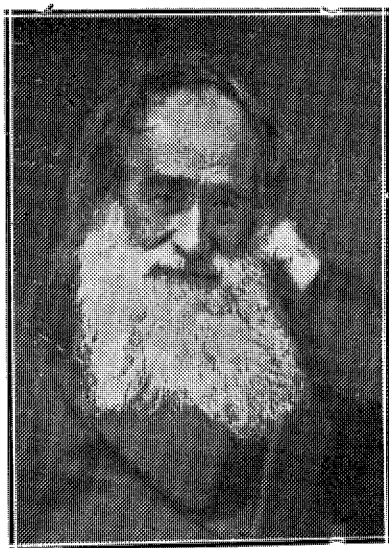
By Sir Clarkson Tredgold

THE Official Year Book of the Colony of Southern Rhodesia in its History Chapter contains the following statement:—

"The Portuguese describe Zambesia in 1667, but there is then an hiatus until 1849 when Livingstone entered the country. Six years later he discovered the Victoria Falls. Apart from his writings very little more was heard of the country until Selous, the hunter-naturalist, visited Mashonaland in 1872."

It is difficult to understand how such a statement came to be penned. In the first place, Livingstone never entered what is now Southern Rhodesia, therefore he never wrote about it; as he was never a man to accept and record information of others. This is not said in

stayed a while. All the visible evidence we now have of that attempt are the lemon trees of the Mazoe River. They, however, held on the coastal belt with a somewhat precarious footing, and continued there till the present time, the mines Penhalonga, Rezende and Bartissol reminding us of the probable limit of effective occupation. In 1888, when the Rudd Concession had been obtained and British activities had started, Portugal set up a claim to the country bounded by a line drawn from the junction of the Sanyati and Zambesi Rivers to Cape San Sebastian (near Inhambane), which would have included Hartley to Melsetter and all the country to the east. This contention was politely but firmly refuted and finally the Vagliano award settled the present boundary on the watershed.



DR. ROBERT MOFFAT.

### THE MOFFATS IN MATABELELAND.

*Left: Dr. Robert Moffat, who met M'Siligaasi in 1829 and 1835 in the Transvaal, and visited him for the fifth and last time in 1859 in Matabeleland. Right: The Rev. J. S. Moffat, who had charge of the first mission in this country (Inyati). Subsequently he became British representative with Lobengula. The Hon. H. U. Moffat, C.M.G., who in July, 1933, retired from the Premiership of Southern Rhodesia, is the grandson and son, respectively, of Dr. Moffat and the Rev. J. S. Moffat.*



REV. J. S. MOFFAT.

any derogation of his magnificent work, but as a mere statement of fact. Secondly, there is a continuous record of the country from 1857, when Dr. Robert Moffat visited it, up to the time Selous came—a record of fine adventure. It is again almost incredible that the official historian, both in the text and in the chronological table, has omitted any reference to the arrival of the first missionaries in 1859. This omission should in justice to their memories be rectified.

We may just glance at that distant elusive period when the ancients dug for gold, and built (or perhaps others built) the various Zimbabwe in the country. The contact of the Portuguese with the East Coast deserves some attention. In 1499, when Henry VII. ruled in England, they fitted out the first expedition. Vasco da Gama was in command. That expedition rounded the Cape, went some way north, but such were its hardships that only 59 of an original company of about 170 returned. The result was enough, however, to stir the imagination and suggest the lure of riches. Various expeditions followed, notably one in 1560, which visited Sofala, Inhambane and the mouths of the Zambesi. Then in 1570 came the famous expedition under Barreto, penetrating from near Sena on the Zambesi up the Mazoe Valley to a point near Mount Hampden. They came in the full panoply of war of the period, armour, horses, and ancient guns. We can imagine the scene of a heavy conflict with native tribes in the tropical heat. The main object was conversion of the heathen. The missionaries

All through this early period the country with which we are concerned had been subject to raids by dominant native tribes from north to south and back again. Coming nearer our times, it was a Swazi raid which dispersed and almost destroyed Mambo's people, the king himself being killed. For our modern history we can take 1817 as a starting point. In that year M'siligaasi (spelt Moselikatse in our earlier records) broke away from the rule of the great Zulu chief Tshaka. He had failed to account for the spoils of a raid and had to flee. Followed by a large section of his people he left Natal; left a path of desolation across the Orange Free State; and settled finally in the Western Transvaal at Marico. It is an historical coincidence that in the same year (1817) Robert Moffat, the great missionary, arrived in Cape Town. These two men, enlightened European and barbarian ruler, played a great part in each other's lives. In 1836 the Great Trek took place, and the Voortrekkers came in contact with M'siligaasi. Conflict was almost inevitable. Moffat had visited M'siligaasi at Marico, coming over from Kuruman. If anyone wishes to understand the deep impression made by each on the other let him read Moffat's "Missionary Scenes and Labours." In that year a treaty was made between the Governor of the Cape and M'siligaasi. It is in the usual terms of peace and amity and contains provisions against hostilities with other tribes and mutual promises of support. Neither side appears to have paid much attention to it afterwards! (Continued on page 99.)

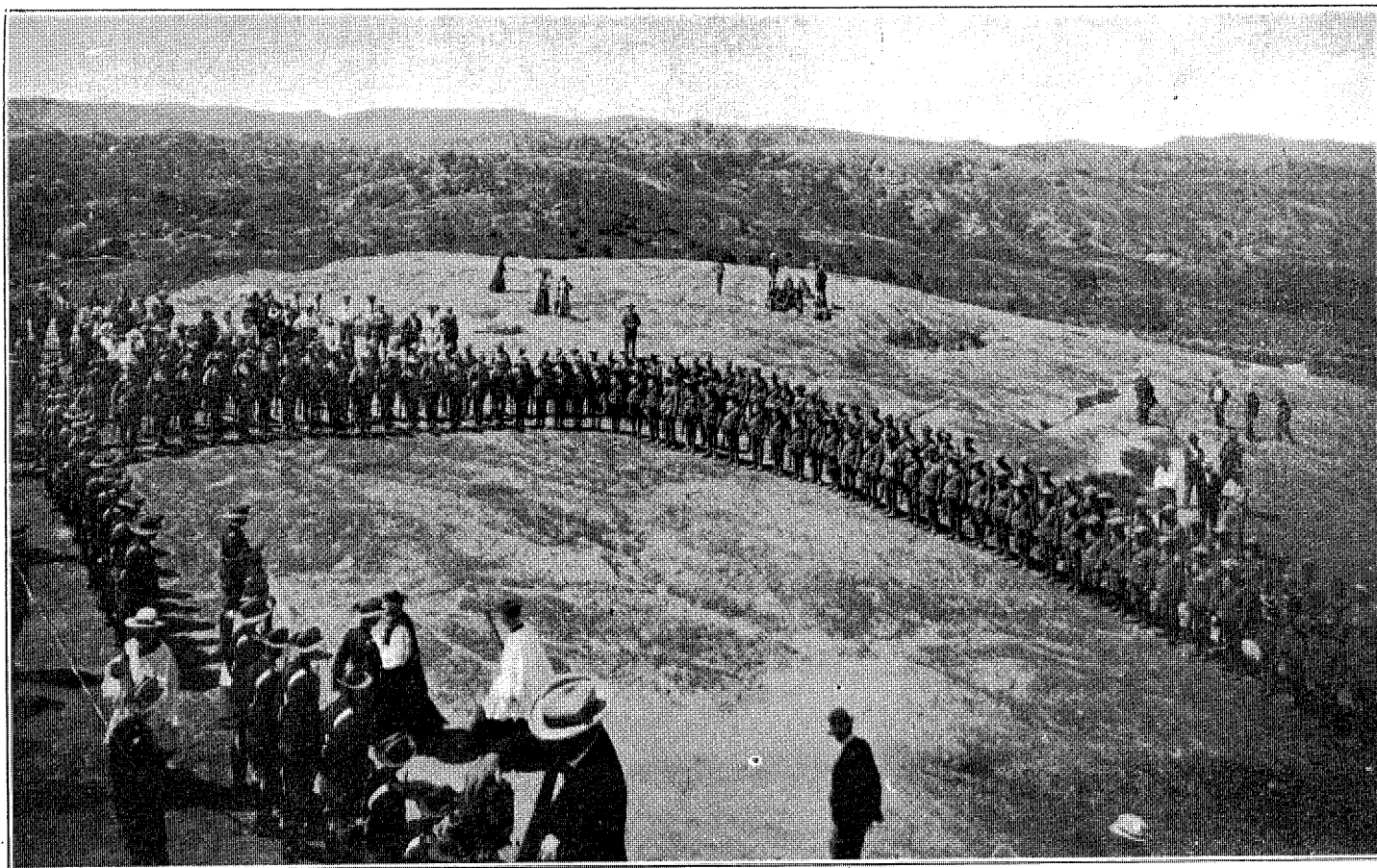


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## FINAL SALUTE TO THE FOUNDER OF RHODESIA.



*A fine photograph of a scene at the burial of Cecil John Rhodes in the Matopos, April 10, 1902. The firing party ready for their final salute to the Founder. The Bishop of Mashonaland (Bishop Gaul), who conducted the service, is seen walking to the grave.*

## The First Pioneers of Matabeleland—Continued.

(It is an interesting fact that the treaty is witnessed by Dr. Andrew Smith, one of the greatest naturalist explorers, and a man who demands greater attention than history has afforded him.)

The friction between Zulu (or Amandebele, as they had come to be called, said to mean "Those who disappeared") and the Boers became so acute that the Amandebele decided to trek northwards. Again they disappeared. Subsequently they were found in this country; there is some variation of statements as to the route they followed, but this is now immaterial. We know this, that the tribe reached the headwaters of the Gokwe River. While the most substantial portion of the tribe remained there, M'siligaasi with a band of warriors pushed on northwards. Some say he did this to ascertain if better country existed to the north, others that it was a mere raid; probably the purpose and the action were combined. He was away for some two or three years. Giving him up for lost, the settled portion of his tribe had placed Kulumane, his son, at the head of affairs, with a body of indunas to support him.

M'siligaasi, returning unexpectedly, found this new government installed. This, to him, serious offence met with condign punishment. The indunas were slaughtered at the hill to the north-east of Bulawayo which records the event in its name, Nthaba'sik'induna.

As royal blood could not be shed Kulumane was ordered to be strangled. The better tradition is that he was allowed to escape and fled southwards.

We may carry on the history of the tribe to 1868, in which year M'siligaasi died. The usual interregnum followed. Extensive search was made for Kulumane, emissaries going as far south as Pondoland. On failure to find him, Lobengula, a son by a minor wife, was installed as chief. He had to assert his authority and consolidate his position by an attack on those who opposed his election, killing many and driving off the remainder. This was in 1870 and the headquarters of the tribe were established at Bulawayo.

We must now look back a few years. In 1841 Livingstone landed in South Africa. After some years in eastern Bechuanaland, in 1849, with Murray and Oswell, he began his long series of explorations. In that year he discovered Lake Ngami; in 1855 he first saw the Victoria Falls. We need not follow this magni-

ficent man in his arduous journeys, but his reports led the London Missionary Society to a double missionary adventure. It was decided to send missionaries to the Makololo (the Barotse) and to the Matabele. The first was disastrous to life, most of the party succumbing to malaria. The names of Helmore, who died there, and Price must ever be remembered as pioneers to that area. Of the whole party of men, women and children who reached Linyanti only Price and two of the Helmore children returned. The mission was abandoned and Price did valuable work in Bechuanaland.

The proposal to send missionaries to the Matabele required careful consideration. Robert Moffat felt that it needed investigation and preparation. It was not known where the Matabele exactly were. He therefore in 1857, though then aged 62, went in search of them. This search eventually involved a journey of 700 miles by ox-wagon through uncharted Africa. The Matabele were found on the Bembesi River, near Inyati. At first M'siligaasi would only consent to missionaries coming if Robert Moffat came himself. This, Moffat pointed out, was impossible. He was old and Kuruman claimed all his remaining years. But he said his son John Smith Moffat was just ready; would he be acceptable? This was agreed to. Now John Moffat's inclusion merits some mention. Livingstone had not yet severed his connection with the L.M.S., but he felt, as he was not doing ordinary mission work, he should provide a substitute. John Moffat was selected and for three years Livingstone paid his stipend from his slender resources. This should be recalled, as in the most recent life of Livingstone by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, John Moffat's very existence is ignored and the above fact redounding to Livingstone's credit is not recorded.

The road was now open. Sykes, Thomas and John Moffat constituted the first missionary party. All were young men and married. In 1858 the party reached Cape Town, rejoicing to find Robert Moffat to meet them. On August 20 their 1,400 mile journey was begun. Some idea of the times can be appreciated from the fact that while they were on their journey, the first sod of the first public railway in South Africa was cut at Fort Knokke just outside Cape Town (1859). On the way up Mrs. Sykes died, the first great sacrifice in this

(Continued on page 101.)

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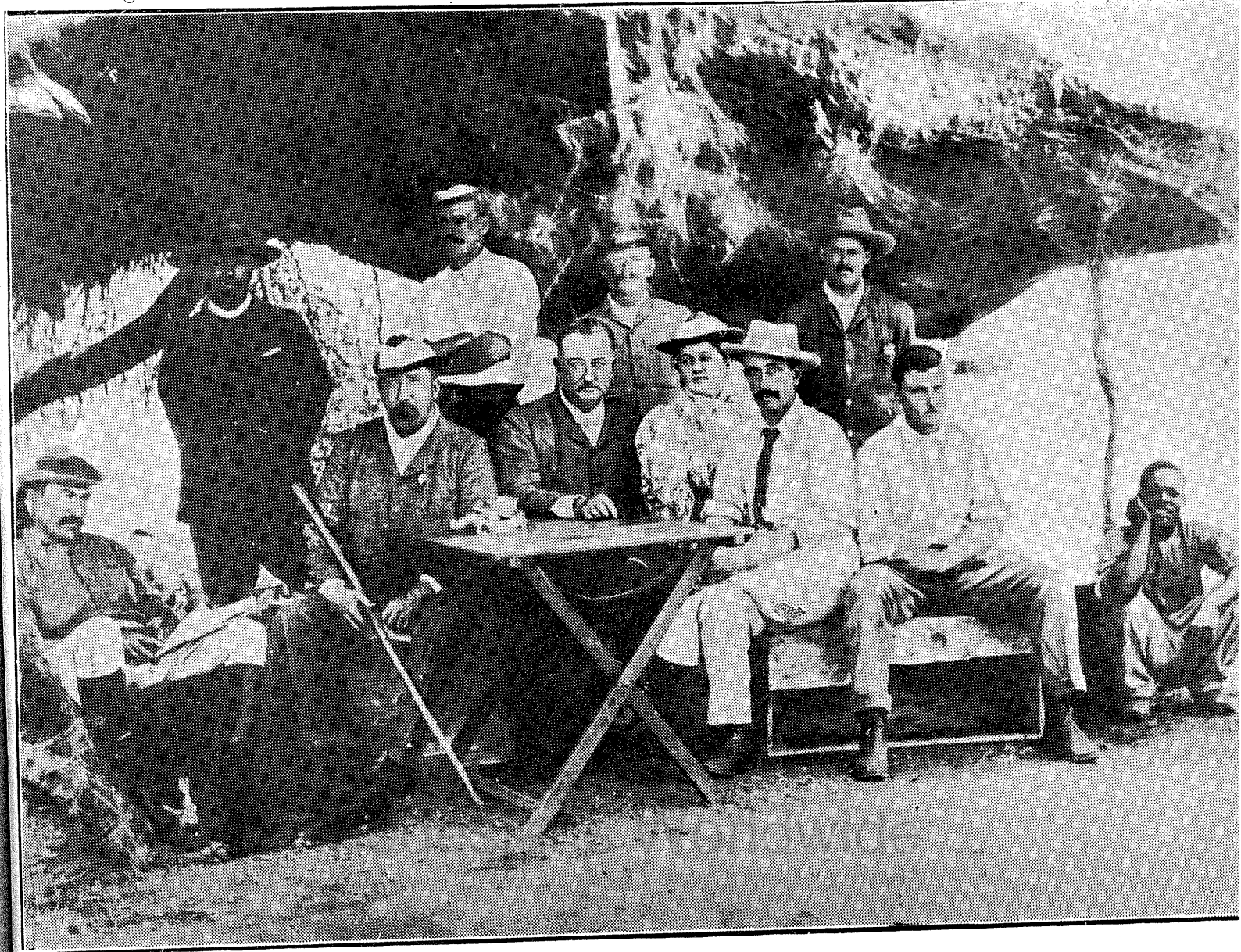
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## MR. RHODES IN CAMP AT THE MATOPOS.



*From left to right in the front row are: Colonel Spreckley, Sir Frederick Carrington, Mr. Rhodes, Mrs. Colenbrander, Earl Grey, and Jack Grimmer. Back row, left to right: Mr. Johan Colenbrander, Mr. Joe Clinton, Mr. Edgar Armstrong, Mr. Mullins (brother-in-law of Mr. Colenbrander).*

## The First Pioneers of Matabeleland—Continued.

remarkable adventure. Resting for a time at Kuruman, the party reached Matabeleland on October 28, 1859. Fourteen months from Cape Town to Matabeleland! So our first pioneers arrive, urged by the loftiest ideal and the humane purpose of converting the heathen to a knowledge of greater things and the fostering of peace and amity among warring tribes.

The more intimate incidents of their coming are of interest. Robert Moffat had accompanied the party to introduce them to their new sphere. He knew that lung-sickness was prevalent among the cattle of the Northern Bechuanas. When he arrived at old Figtree, to avoid contagion in the Matabele herds he sent all his draught cattle back, announced his arrival by messenger, and asked for oxen from M'siligaasi to draw the heavy wagons onwards. Some were sent. One team that had had some training and forgotten it, and a wild mob for the remainder. Attempted inspanning resulted in nothing but broken yokes and gear; till finally a solution was found by several regiments of Amajaka being ordered to inspan themselves and drew the wagons the last sixty miles! If the scene was wild enough with the oxen it was almost terrifying now. Naked hordes of untamed savages, urged on by their indunas, with utter disregard to the presence of the two ladies, yelling and screaming in their endeavours to simulate the services of draught oxen. Can you imagine the feelings of the two ladies, neither of whom had previously been out of England? So the procession advanced, passing at the back of the present Bulawayo, through the Brickfields, across the Ungusa, till eventually the Royal Kraal was reached. There the inevitable native delays took place, but when it was pointed out that the rainy season was approaching, and that houses must be built and gardens prepared, a site was allotted for settlement. In the

then lack of knowledge of malaria the houses were built almost in the swamp of a valley convenient to water. Attacks of fever incapacitated the missionaries from time to time, but they persisted in their work. The foundations of their houses exist to this day, also a few trees brought from Kuruman. Inyati Station is their visible monument.

The isolation must have been almost unendurable. A mail had been received on July 14 at Kuruman. The first mail to Matabeleland arrived on November 9, 1859. The missionaries had been away on duty; when returning they saw silhouetted against the setting sun the Bechuana mail runners. The men seized the newspapers, the women the letters. John Moffat described the scene to the writer. As soon as his cattle were kraaled he lit a candle and read on. The Indian Mutiny was the absorbing topic dealt with in the papers that had then come to hand. The candle burnt down; he lit another. That soon appeared to be giving a dull light. He snuffed and trimmed it. Still no better, till he found the rising sun was the cause of its inefficiency. He had read through the night.

Another mail incident is interesting and gives an idea of the times. The mail received at Kuruman was prepared by R. Moffat, junior. The custom was to seal the whole batch of letters up in canvas and seal the package with black sealing wax. The black wax gave out, so on one occasion red was used. The runners were stopped at Manjana's kraal, the outpost to the south. They took fright, gave evasive answers as to why they were there, and were incontinently killed. All such events had to be reported. Some time afterwards the report was made; a rainy season had passed. One

(Continued on page 103.)

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## The First Pioneers of Matabeleland—Continued.

the missionaries was fortunately present when the report was made. Its purport was as follows:—

"Two strangers tried to come into the country. They were carrying an object marked with red blood smears. They must have intended to bewitch us. They could not account for their presence here, so we killed them and threw away the thing they carried."

The missionary then intervened. "Chief," he said, "That must be the mail we were expecting."

"You hear this," said the chief to the messengers, "where is the thing you threw away?"

"Well," they replied, "we didn't like to touch it, so we called in an old Bushman and made him take it away."

"Go and find him," said the chief; "if you do not you will be treated as you treated those strangers."

Crestfallen, the messengers returned. Search resulted in finding the Bushman.

"What did you do with that blood-smeared thing we gave you?"

"Well, you see, I was afraid of it myself, so I stuck it in the fork of a mopani tree," was his answer.

"Find it or we shall all die." The Bushman's unerring memory came to the rescue. The package was found where he had put it; it was taken to the chief. After this strange journey, and months of sojourn in the wilderness the letters were found intact. A happy ending to a curious episode.

The Moffats asked if they could not be supplied with servants, as children were beginning to arrive. M'siligaasi sent a native boy and girl of about seven or eight—more of a care than an assistance. This was pointed out. "If you don't want them," said the chief, "they will just be knocked on the head." So the two were kept and named Adam and Eve. Eve grew up to be a splendid servant. Adam stayed on to a ripe old age, being finally settled at Kuruman by one of the family. Here he was a most respected member of the general community, and died only a few years ago.

So the mission carried on. Mrs. Thomas and one of her children died in 1863. "She was very young and of singularly gentle disposition. Her period of service was short and severe. She never murmured." She rests in the quiet graveyard at Inyati.

Sykes had married again. At least six children were born to the missionaries before 1865. The rigours of the life, the isolation, lack of all medical assistance, and dependence entirely on native food, proved too much for some of them. The Moffats left in 1865 to carry on work in Bechuanaland. Thomas remained for many years; Sykes for the remainder of his active life. Their descendants are with us, respected and loved. Mrs. Carnegie, Sykes' daughter, married one of the later missionaries. Depletions in the ranks were filled by new recruits. The movement of the Matabele to Bulawayo necessitated a station in closer contact, so Hope Fountain was selected. Elliott, Thompson, Charles Helm, David Carnegie and Bowen Rees are those who took up the burden.

The work of reclaiming the Matabele race continued without a professing convert till 1893. The Matabele regime would admit of allegiance to no other power. There were inquirers, but one who showed too keen an interest in the teaching of the new faith was quietly done away with—his own brother being ordered to kill him.

We should also remember that some time in the early '70's a band of Roman Catholic priests started a mission near old Bulawayo. Who they were and what happened to them is still a matter for exact ascertainment. Their names should be on our roll of honour.

If further information is desired of these times, the Rev. Thomas, Elliott, Thomas Baines, Edw. Mohr (a German) have written of them, and the "lives" of the two Moffats (Robert and John) contain an interesting record. The "little information" apparently deplored by your official historian can be added to with certainty and interest.

The path opened by the missionaries was immediately followed by the trader and hunter. One, with less consideration for the country than Robert Moffat had, brought his own draught oxen in, and in a few weeks lung-sickness raged through the land. The missionaries left their work to inoculate cattle, treating some 60,000.

Then we have men like Selous, Sam Edwards, Francis and the Hartleys. Hartley, whose name was given to certain hills on the Umfuli River in Mashonaland, found and reported gold. Sir John Swinburne obtained a concession the nature of which the writer has not been able to ascertain. The most important concessions of the earlier days were those obtained by Dobbie, the two Francis and Sam Edwards. There were three, one of which gave Edwards power to make laws for the peace, order and good government of the area of the concession. These words convey full power to govern, and the area was what is now the Tati Concession. That is why the Tati Concession was first of all definitely excluded from the field of operations of the Chartered Company, and has since been expressly excluded from this Colony. Sam Edwards transferred his rights to a company, and it may be noted that the powers he obtained were far greater than those contained in the Rudd Concession. His concessions run from 1880 onwards.

Francistown was named after the two brothers, two of the original concessionaires.

But by now Matabeleland was attracting more general attention. The Transvaal sent up one Grobler as "Consul" to see what powers he could get. He subsequently (1887) produced a treaty between Lobengula and the Transvaal. It is a curious document, recording a very unlikely alliance and some doubt has been cast upon its authenticity.

Even the Germans were watching developments. The events in Bechuanaland in 1885 had shown Mr. Rhodes the danger of the road to the North being closed. He bestirred himself and put the position before the Imperial Government through the High Commissioner. The result was the decision to appoint a Resident Commissioner and in 1887 John Smith Moffat again appears on the scene, having been appointed to that post. His first official act was to negotiate a treaty with Lobengula. The treaty, always known as the Moffat Treaty, was one of peace and amity and contained the important agreement that Lobengula would not enter into any negotiations with any foreign Power without the knowledge of the British Government. This appeared to close the door against other Governments.

Rhodes determined to take the matter further and in 1888, the year of the Treaty, he sent C. D. Rudd, R. Maguire and F. Thompson to obtain a concession, if possible. These emissaries were successful and the concession gave the right to search for and win all metals and minerals.

Let the writer say this, that, having studied the history of many concessions obtained from native chiefs in South Africa, his firm opinion is that the Rudd Concession was one least open to question in the methods adopted to obtain it. The honour of those concerned was never doubted.

Having obtained this concession, Rhodes obtained the Charter. We need not dwell on its terms which are familiar to all. To carry out its purpose the Pioneer Column was formed, and on July 6, 1890 Captain ("Skipper") Hoste crossed the border at Tuli at the head of B Troop of the Pioneers, the main body following on July 11. They had signed on to proceed to Mount Hampden, another curious historical coincidence, as that was the furthest point reached by the Portuguese from the East in 1570.

We may mention one other concession. In 1891, one Edward Lippert, a German financier resident in the Transvaal, obtained a concession purporting to give authority to give rights to land. This grant by Lobengula was clearly in contravention of the Rudd Concession, and also of the Moffat Treaty, as Lippert was working for the Transvaal, if not the German Government also. This concession is very obscure in its terms, but to avoid trouble and dispute, in 1892 the Chartered Company purchased it. With the whole position thus again consolidated, the settlement of Mashonaland already begun was continued.

The period 1890-1893 was dealt with in the celebrations at Salisbury three years ago. The events of 1893 are now being commemorated, so it may be well for us to leave this subject, recalling as each celebration occurs the wonderful sacrifices of our early pioneers, men and women, and the high ideal which sustained them in their great adventure.

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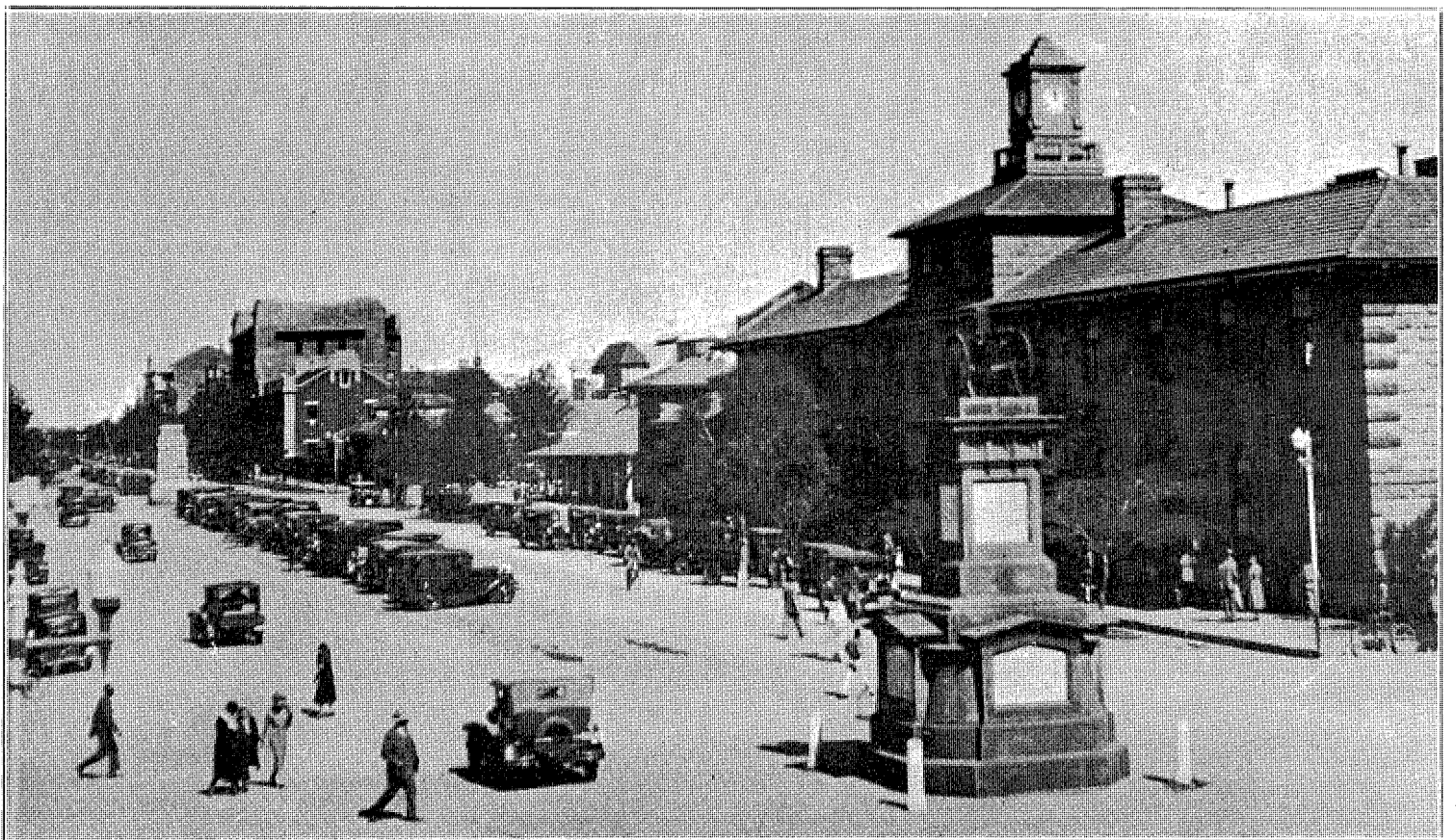


# *Bulawayo: The Main (and only) Street — 1893*



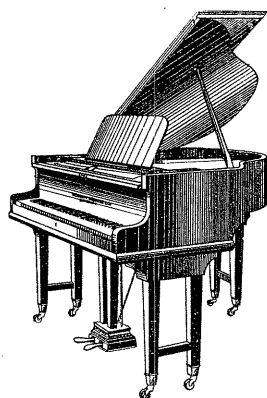
*This was the Bulawayo of 1893, when traders began to arrive. This picture and the one below mirror the progress of 40 years.*

## *Main Street, Bulawayo as it is in 1933*



[Photo by Len Richardson.]

*This photograph of Main Street, Bulawayo, in 1933, was specially taken for the Occupation Souvenir. In the foreground is the 1896 Rebellion Memorial; on the right, the Post Office and offices of the Municipality; in the distance at the crossing is the Rhodes Statue.*



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