

CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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CO-EDITORS

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(MAY MURRAY
EFFIE ANDERSON.

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EDITORIAL.

As no suggestions have been received for the cover of the Chronicle, it will remain as it is until something more suitable is decided upon.

Subscribers may obtain extra copies of the Magazine at 2/6 each.

*As will be seen there is only one contribution to the Childrens' Page for this number. It is to be hoped there will be more contributed next time.

The Editors are glad to receive contributions as early as possible.

It may be noticed that the style of the paper of the Chronicle has been changed, the reason of this being that it was not found durable enough.

Contributions must reach the Editors not later than the beginning of the first weeks in March, July and November. Matter to be written in clear handwriting on one side of the page only, leaving a small

space at the top of each page, and a margin at the left hand side. Pages to be numbered in small numbers in the left hand corner.

Subscriptions to the Magazine to be sent to Effie Anderson, Tressilian, Kenilworth.

Literary Contributions to be sent to May Murray, Kenilworth House Cottage, Kenilworth.

GENERAL NEWS.

Since our last number appeared, we have not been able to welcome any members of the family back from England, the party over there, on the other hand, has had its numbers considerably increased.

On May 12th, Nellie Bisset left for a short visit, taking Gwen with her. The latter is to be left at school at Berkhamsted, where Islay and Ursula have been for some time happily established. Before the autumn term begins they are all to pay a visit to Glen Lyon, where Percy and Bessie are to have a large house party.

*We have since received one more

Col. Sandeman returned to England in March. We chronicle his departure as we should that of the swallow awaiting his return with the first hydrangeas.

The news from Charlie and Lucy has been good: they are both enjoying their holiday, and after a pleasant time spent in Switzerland they have gone on to Italy. Instead of returning in July they are waiting until September, and Betty Molteno and Miss Greene continue to take charge of the children at Sandown.

Gladys and Murray Bisset have lately spent ten days at Kamfers Kraal and were very charmed with all they saw.

We have to congratulate Wallace on the success of his ostriches this year. At Port Elizabeth his feathers were much admired, and a bunch of primes sold on the Port Elizabeth market for £125 a pound, which is the highest price paid for feathers since the 'eighties.

Willie Anderson has returned to England and is staying at present at Burton Hill, Petworth, where Father MacAlear is pleased with the progress he is making. Before he left South Africa he paid a visit to Harold Anderson on his new farm Rietfontein.

Much good work has been done by Harold already and both Willie Anderson and Arthur Bisset, who recently paid him a visit, anticipate a great future for the farm when once the Tangye engine gets to work. This engine, Harold hopes, will be working towards the end of July.

The baby has now been christened, his name being Thomas Harold.

Arthur Bisset's engagement to Miss Hutton has been announced.

Kenilworth House has been let for a year and Caroline and Dr. Murray left for England on July 9. They hope to be away until the end of December. In the meantime May and Kathleen have moved into the cottage which used to be the old schoolroom, and which is to be their head-quarters

until they go down to Millar's Point in September. They have made the little place most artistic and homelike. They hope to pay a visit to Johannesburg next month but cannot remain away long as Kathleen has started what we hope may prove a successful and profitable bee farm. She has her hives at Elgin, and in addition to this she is taking charge of bees for various people in the country. Bee stings are an antidote for rheumatism: judging by Kathleen's appearance a few days ago she ought never to be a sufferer in that direction. We wish her every success in her new undertaking

We hear good accounts of the farming at Glen Elgin. The grapes at the end of the summer were delicious, and Ted and Harry kept us well supplied with cases of them long after the vineyards down here were bare.

At present Aunt Minnie and Minnie are staying at Gordon's Bay where they have taken a house.

On June 13th Frank and Ella Molteno celebrated their Silver Wedding. They received their friends at Claremont House in the afternoon and a large number were present to offer their congratulations. Some beautiful presents were arranged in the drawing room, including a silver tea service subscribed for by some members of the family, the idea being that of Clarissa Molteno.

Ernest Anderson had been only a few days in London on his return from Turkey, when he was requested by the British Red Cross Society to leave immediately for Montenegro, where the need for surgeons was very great. We do not give extracts from his letters in this number as we hope to publish a full account of his experiences at Xmas.

He returned to England after the fall of Scutari and has been appointed doctor to the 1st Life Guards. We offer him our congratulations on this interesting appointment.

A happy party consisting of Brenda Monica, Mary and John Molteno and Jack Murray have gone to Kamfer's Kraal to spend the holidays with Lil and Wallace. We all of us have recollections of delightful holidays spent at Nels Poort and the Karoo still retains its popularity especially for the June holidays.

A very pleasant evening was recently spent at Claremont House when a number of friends went to hear Miss Greene speak upon the franchises of the four provinces of the Union, out of which arose a discussion upon the Native land bill and the present attitude of the government towards Native legislation in South Africa. Her subject was naturally one which interested us all and her clear account was much appreciated.

Kenah Murray has imported a cycle car which is proving a great success and Hilda is rapidly becoming an expert driver.

Our hearty congratulations to Willie Blenkins upon the honour of the Imperial Service Order recently conferred upon him.

"Mr. W. B. G. Blenkins, lately Resident Magistrate of Kingwilliamstown, is given the Imperial Service Order. Mr. Blenkins was born in Bombay in 1852, was educated at the South African College, and entered the Civil Service in 1871. In 1880 he was appointed Resident Magistrate at Mount Frere. Since then he has held many magisterial appointments, at Kimberley, Murraysburg, Hay, Herschel, Cradock, and Kingwilliamstown, to which Court he was appointed in 1900. He was Secretary to the Special Commissioner with the Transkeian tribes in 1875, was Special Commissioner on Agricultural Distress in the Northern Districts in 1899, Sub-Commissioner on the War Losses Compensation Board in 1902, and Commissioner in 1903."—*South Africa*.

Ernest Anderson has written an interesting account of the banquet at Windsor given by the King to the officers of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Blues. The following is an extract from his letter:—

I met Cowrie at Pare's house and we all three changed there and taxied up to the

castle together. Here we met all the other fellows of the 1st and 2nd Life Guard and the Blues. We met in the Waterloo Chamber and then passed into a second room where we shook hands with the King and Queen and then went into the St. George's Hall.

This was really a most gorgeous sight—a long table covered with masses of gold stretched down the hall—our red and gold uniforms set it off well. About 160 of us collected here, and then with a fanfare of trumpets the King and Queen and four other ladies came in. The King and Queen sat opposite each other at the middle of the table. The dinner was excellent. There must be an extraordinary amount of gold plate, as there were many courses. The plates are very heavy pieces of gold with designs round the edge. All the knives, forks etc. were gold also. Life Guards and Blues (troopers) stood round with drawn swords and the Blues' band played in the gallery all through dinner. I suppose it was one of the most gorgeous sights ever seen in Windsor Castle as it is the very first occasion on which the regiments have dined together, and I suppose the uniform is the most gorgeous in the world. The King and the ladies then went out and we followed. We went into the Waterloo Chamber and were given smokes. The King was here and after a few minutes Colonel Cook came up and told me the King wished to speak to me. Soon after Cook fetched me and took me up. He seemed very interested about the war and I had about 10 minutes to a quarter of an hour's talk with him. As I moved away he said he was very pleased to have met me. Cowrie seemed very tickled about it as of course most of the men did not know who I was, being a new arrival. Cook of course left me and as I was in the middle of the room alone with the King it was rather conspicuous. We then moved into the room where the ladies were. We all congregated at one end and several people spoke to the Queen. We left at about 10.45 and I managed to catch the 11.5 back to town.

We have just heard of the approaching marriage of Colonel Sandeman to Miss Somerville who is an old acquaintance of their family.

Ted Molteno left for a visit to Europe in the Dover Castle on July 21st. He well deserves his holiday, having done splendid work on their farm at Elgin for some years.

HOME RULE.

Percy Molteno became a member of the English house of Commons in 1906. He has always had the most enthusiastic support from his constituents of Dumfriesshire. He has taken part in many of the debates on great questions. The following is his speech on Home Rule in the debate of 1912:—

Mr Molteno: The right hon. Gentleman* who has just sat down has dealt with this matter in the serious way in which he always approaches this question, and I hope in any words of mine I shall treat the subject as one of serious and grave importance. The right hon. Gentleman has not on this occasion gone into any very detailed arguments, but he has endeavoured to rouse our fears in order to prevent us doing that which we consider to be our duty in this matter. One thing the right hon. Gentleman said shows the great difference between him and the party of which he is a leader and those who sit on this side of the House. He said that he was opposed to Home Rule in any form whatever. I would remind the right hon. Gentleman that his party have always been opposed to Home Rule in every part of the Empire. No system of self-government which exists in any Colony is due to the right hon. Gentleman or his party. They have consistently and throughout opposed Home Rule whenever and wherever it has been proposed at any period of our history and in any part of our Empire. They are the lineal descendants of those who refused Home Rule to the American

colonies. The senior Member for the City of London (Mr. Balfour), in his very interesting speech to-day, spoke of the very difficult situation in which he found himself. On what ground could he get up in this House and say that a measure constitutionally placed before the people of this country and constitutionally passed could be the subject of resistance? This is a very serious and difficult subject, and I think we ought to throw as much light as we can upon it from history, and particularly from our own history during the last hundred years. The right hon. Gentleman finds himself in a very awkward position, not only because this policy has been endorsed by Great Britain and by the majority in Ireland, but because it has the unanimous support of the whole Empire. There is only one small portion of the whole of the British Dominions in which there is any resistance to it, and that is in Ulster. Ulster, indeed, has also constitutionally declared in favour of this policy. We cannot forget that when this Home Rule Bill was being considered and was on the point of being rejected by the House of Lords an election took place in Ulster. It was fought in an orderly manner and was a perfectly quiet and peaceful election, resulting, not in an extreme opponent of Home Rule being returned to tell us that we were wrong, and to warn us of the great dangers that we were incurring, but my hon. Friend beside me coming to this House authorised by the people of Derry (Dr. David Hogg) to tell us that we were quite right, that we were doing the proper thing, and that we should be supported certainly by Derry and by the majority in Ulster.

If that is the constitutional position and if the whole of the Empire supports this policy, what possible justification can the right hon. Gentleman suggest—and I was glad to note that he did not suggest it—for actual opposition to this by physical force. He did say that in his view it was not really quite constitutional, but when he came to that point, he left it, and never made it clear, and certainly never attempted to prove

*Mr. Long.

that statement. He said that it was unconstitutional because it placed a portion of the United Kingdom in a position of inequality. That is a very general term. He did not condescend to give us any explanation what that inequality was, or why it was so great that it would justify anybody resisting it by force. This is not the first occasion on which the Empire has had to face a problem of this kind. In every Colony to which self-government has been granted there exists an Ulster of the same kind. There was a portion of each Colony and a section of its people who opposed the grant of self-government in the most determined manner, and, if we had listened to them, there is not a Colony which would have self-government to-day. There was the very strongest opposition from one portion of Canada. The language of protest then used was almost identical with the language of protest of Ulster to-day. If hon. Members will look up the language of protest in the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, they will see that in substance it is identically the same as the language of protest we have had from time to time in recent years from Ulster.

Take another Colony, take the Cape Colony, the first Colony to receive self-government in South Africa. We had identically the same problem there. We had one province putting itself forward, as Ulster does as the most enterprising, the most energetic, the most wealthy, and at the same time, the most loyal and British section of that Colony, and we had the very strongest, gravest, and determined protest on the part of men who really believed what they said, and who really did possess the fears they professed, that they would not receive proper treatment from a local Legislature, and that their interests and industries would all be injured and damaged. What was the result? When a local Parliament was established, that portion of Cape Colony discovered exactly what that section of Canada which opposed Home Rule discovered, namely, that being fairly represented and being men of ability and intelli-

gence and of large interests, when they came to address the local Parliament it was perfectly easy to get proper and adequate consideration and protection for all their interests, and those men, be it said to their credit, were the first to admit that their fears were really groundless and mistaken and that they and their country were much better off for having the right to manage their own affairs. If that be the position in Canada and South Africa—and it is the same in Australia—are we to ignore all our experience during the last fifty years of what self-government does in matters of this kind, namely, that notwithstanding the protests of certain portions of the countries to which we have granted self-government, that self-government has been entirely successful in every part of the world wherever we have had the wisdom and the confidence to accord it.

I know the right hon. Gentleman the Member for the Strand Division sees the cogency of some of these arguments and realises, as the country realises, what the grant of self-government has done in South Africa. That was a remarkable triumph fresh in all memories. "But," he said, "that is not a precedent." Why? "South Africa," he said "is not a precedent, because no sooner had the two Colonies got self-government than they actually gave up that self-government and joined in forming the Union and a common Government for South Africa." He said that is the reversal of what we are doing here. So far from South Africa being no precedent, it is one of the most valuable we could possibly have. Self-government was given to those two Colonies. They prized that self-government more than anything else; they valued it enormously. It actually gave the Dutch a majority in those Parliaments. They therefore, as it were, almost received that country back into the management of their own hands. You would have thought they would have been very loth to part with that Government so recently accorded to them, but they were quite ready, in their own

interests and in the common interests of South Africa, to join with the other Colonies in the Union. Before that attempts had been made to bring about that very same Union by force. What was the result? No Union was effected, though a great deal of bloodshed took place. An attempt was made to unite South Africa after the war. It was quite unsuccessful. It was only when the absolutely vital condition, namely, self-government, to each Colony by which it was able to secure its own interests had been granted that it was possible to bring about the Union. Is not that a very good precedent for us here? Ireland is united to us in a Union, not by consent but by force. Let Ireland have its own Government and let that Government be in a position to secure its interests, and then we shall have a real union of hearts, because it will be by the consent of both parties to that Union. South Africa is one of the most valuable precedents we could wish in encouraging us on the course mapped out by this Bill. We have had a very long and bitter controversy over this Bill; we have discussed all its details, and what do we find? What did the senior Member for the City of London say to-day? He admits that so far as the United Kingdom is concerned it has no feeling on the subject whatever. All hon. Members know that you cannot get up any enthusiasm on the question of opposing Home Rule. Great numbers of emissaries were sent from Ireland to Scotland to appeal to their co-religionists and relatives. What was the result? The whole thing was an absolute and complete failure. They were unable to persuade the people of Scotland away from their common idea that Home Rule is a good thing for Ireland.

This is a very serious and very difficult problem. It is the same serious and difficult situation which in the case of Canada was settled by these very same means. You had, indeed, in Canada actual rebellion. Responsible government followed, and you had order out of chaos and loyalty produced

from disorder and rebellion. Again, in South Africa you had a very difficult situation, but with the Liberal principles of liberty, freedom, and self-government applied, what a wonderful change and what a marvellous scene we have in South Africa to-day! Peace and concord prevail where recently there was strife. Why not go forward on the Colonial plan? Why not take a lesson from history and apply it to Ireland? I can perfectly well understand hon. Members opposite not doing it, because the right hon. Gentleman the senior Member for the city of London, the right hon. Gentleman the Member for St. George's (Mr. A. Lyttleton) and the right hon. Gentleman who has just spoken (Mr. Long) have all given tangible proof and evidence that they have no appreciation of the value of self-government in the Empire. They give lip-service to it, but they never understand it or intend to apply it. They speak and act as if we still lived in 1837, before self-government had ever been introduced in the Empire. When they had the opportunity of settling the Constitution for the new Colony of South Africa so late as 1905, did they go to Colonial self-government for a precedent? No. They went to the Constitution of Canada, which led to the rebellion of 1837. They proposed a nominative Executive and Council. I know that this nominated Executive and nominated Council were regarded as essential by them. A protest was raised from Canada, and Lord John Russel quoted that protest in this House with approval. He said, when it was proposed to give responsible government, "What are you doing? You are abandoning the nominated Executive and the nominated Council," and he added that we were throwing the shields of our authority away. That expresses exactly the opinion of right hon. Gentleman opposite. I make bold to say that if their new Constitution had been put in operation in South Africa, we would have had a similar result to in that Canada.

We cannot, therefore, wonder that right hon. and hon. Gentlemen opposite have no faith in this policy of Home Rule. They never have had. They never could have, and if they could have helped it, they would never have conceded self-government to one single Colony. They oppose it whenever and wherever they can, and at all times. We cannot be surprised there should be this great difference between that great Liberal policy which has given us that loyal and united Empire of which we are all so proud, and their policy which would have curtailed freedom and would have led to the results which have occurred elsewhere. In that connection I would just like to read a question put by the right hon. Gentleman the member for the City of London, when he spoke on the Second Reading of this Bill last Session. He put the question to the Foreign Secretary in words which bring out the point I should like to emphasise. Those words were: "Does he know of any case where a centralised and unified Government has been broken up in obedience to a demand for national self-government in which a stable community has been the result?" I should like to answer the question in this way. If you want an example, take Canada. Upper and Lower Canada were united in 1837. They were separated in 1867, yet the Dominion of Canada is a perfectly stable community. But I do not wish to confine myself to such a very small example. I will take the record of this Empire. What has been that record? When it refused to break up its centralised Government, as it did when the American Colonies demanded self-government, it lost those Colonies; it lost the New World, and the Empire was broken up to that extent. But when it gave Canada self-government, it built a prop and gave a foundation to our Empire. In the same way, when giving Australia self-government it provided another prop and another foundation, and so, with South Africa, it again strengthened and added to the security and stability of this great British Empire.

I would ask right hon. and hon. Gentlemen what is there in our history which gives such valuable lessons? If they will only look at it closely they must come to a right conclusion. Let them observe what occurred to those Empires which refused self-government to outlying portions. What happened to the Roman Empire? No self-government was developed, and as soon as the central authority was withdrawn everything collapsed. What happened in the case of the British Islands when the Roman commanders went from the South-East Coast of these shores? The whole civilised society collapsed under the attacks of the Normans because we were not organised for self-government in those days. What happened in the case of a more recent Empire—the Colonial Empire of France? Why has that disappeared? Because it was managed entirely from one centre—in France. What happened to the Spanish Empire? Did it remain a solid stable community? No, the Colonies broke away and gained independence for themselves. None of them remained with the Mother country because they were all managed and controlled from a central, undivided, unified Government, and that was the result. Again, take the Colonial Empire of Portugal. We have identically the same course of events there; the management of the Empire from a centre, a centralised and unified Government, and that centralised and unified Government battered to atoms because it developed no self-government, and placed no reliance on the people on the spot who knew far better what was in their own interests than anybody at the centre could know. I say the answer to the right hon. Gentleman's question is absolute and complete, not only from our own records, but from the history of other Empires, if he will only take the trouble to look at it.

But let us regard the development of our own Empire. If we look into the matter, we shall see that Ireland is the only case in which we have met with failure—in which we have failed to get the assent of the great

majority of the people of a particular place to their government. It is one of the failures which still stands to our discredit. We propose to take that remedy which has been applied in every other part of the world, and under every clime, with success. We want to do for Ireland what we have done elsewhere. Why are our Colonies so unanimous in support of this policy of Home Rule for Ireland? It is because they understand it. They have it in their every day life. There is no one who does not know and feel it is the best thing that could be given to Ireland. What is the position there? You have a nominated executive, and a nominative Lord Lieutenant. They, therefore, say to us, "Why not give to Ireland what you have given us—that gift which has made us what we are, an independent, self-reliant community, absolutely loyal and united."

Is not the philosophical summing up of the Irish question to be found in the few homely words that anyone worth his salt is able to manage his own affairs for himself better than anyone else. There is the whole philosophy in that sentence. Let us look at it from another point of view. Autocratic Government, however able and however benevolent, is a machine, but self-government has the power of assimilation and growth. It may start as a small thing, but, having that power of assimilation and growth, it has great possibilities. It is full of interest. It is full of suggestive possibilities for the future. That is the difference between a machine and a living organism. From my Colonial experience, I entirely support the principles embodied in this Home Rule Bill. I do not desire to dispute the seriousness of the problem we have to deal with, neither do I dispute the fears which legitimately exist in the minds of the people of Ulster. But I ask hon. Members opposite to look at the precedents of their own history, and they will realise that, with free and equal representation in the Irish Parliament, with their abilities and their energies, it is ridiculous

to suppose that their interests are likely to suffer, or that they will be unable to protect what they consider most vital and essential. I would, therefore, in the strongest manner, support this measure. It is the last and ultimate solution of the problem of getting the assent of every part of this Empire to the Government, which is placed over them.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Contributions from children 17 years old and under

"The Review of the Household Troops at Windsor."

This is an extract taken from a letter from Ursula Bisset.

... Imagine my surprise and joy when I came down to breakfast and Cousin Bessie told me I was to be ready to start at 9 o'clock for the Review; I had had no notion that I was to go. I was so delighted. Miss Cowan and I sat in the back seat of the Rolls Royce, Margaret on one of the small seats in front of us and Vincent in front. We had a lovely drive to Windsor and we passed the river where people were punting and skulling. Margaret and I went to the Cavalry stand and Vincent and Miss Cowan to the M. P's stand.

At first we two went and sat in the same row with Mrs. and Miss Wiseley, a friend of theirs, and Ernest Anderson. Soon however, Ernest, Margaret and I moved higher up the stand to get a better view and later Miss Wiseley joined us. It was hot, oh so hot, but all the same it was lovely. People all looked very fine and fashionable. We had to wait for nearly half an hour before the King and Queen arrived. Before they came an airship flew over the great green space in front of us and we had a nice view of it. I was delighted having the chance of seeing one again. At 11 o'clock the King arrived. He looked very nice indeed and rode a beautiful little horse. After him came the Duke of Connaught and Prince

Arthur side by side, then three others, one being Lord Roberts. Later on came the carriage with the Queen and Princess Mary, both looking so nice. The troops or rather squadrons were of course all standing on the grass and had been there for an hour. How they ever stood it in all that heat I don't know. The horses were wonderfully patient. Oh, it was a grand sight. I wish I could explain it to you. First came the King's inspection and he rode all round the various divisions. Then they all walked past and we had a fine view, next they all cantered past and the noise of the breast plates and swords was splendid, oh it was a grand sight. After that came the galloping, and that was the best. Oh how the horses went, I got quite excited. I do wish you had been there. When that was over there was the cantering past of the regiments, that meant that three squadrons joined up to make one regiment. That was followed by galloping again. There was only one cavalry regiment there and all the horses belonging to the divisions were pitch black. It was just fine to see them wheeling round at the corners; and the horses kept wonderfully in line. The band too was a great sight and the horses there were beautiful. In the galloping one rider came off. I was very sorry for him, it must have been so humiliating. He was not hurt however but galloped back to his place soon after. The King made a speech and he was answered by the commander of the forces. The King when reviewing the cavalry as it passed, was not far from our stand and he sat, there on his horse just in front of the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur. There were two Indians following him too. The Royal carriage was quite close also. I did enjoy it all. It was a sight to make the King feel proud. I have found it difficult to describe it at all well.

Harold Murray is now with his regiment stationed in India and writes very happily from there.

Oak Lodge
Grabouw,
March 13th, 1913.

Darling Mum,

I am going to write you a little letter about what we are doing. A woman has come to pluck the geese and they are very angry and don't like it. There are a great many little pigs, they are so funny, and sleep in the sun on top of each other, and when you go near they run away. When the dogs lie down, the pigs come and sniff them and wake them up. The dam is dried up and everything is very dry. Please give my love to Elizaebth, and tell her that I wish she was up here with me, and tell Monica that I am soon going to write to her.

Mary and Dr. Murray have gone over to Aunt Minnie to take a cake, the men up here are ploughing. Mary and I went up on the hill this morning before breakfast.

Very best love from

Your loving little Kin.

—
Oak Lodge
Grabouw,
March 26th, 1913.

Darling Dad,

I hope the ducks are quite well. The camp-out party come to-day. The mule and horse that are here went to help to draw a waggon which went to fetch the party. There are a great many little pigs, and two little ones that were only born just before we came, their mother is very small and quite fat. Last Sunday we went over to Mrs. Viljoen's for tea. I have had a good many bathes in the river and I tried to swim but could not. I think I am going to have a bathe to-day but I am not quite sure.

Very best love to all at home from your loving little daughter,

Audrey.

—
Alex, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Murray was married on July 24th in London to Mr. W. W. Inglis. She and her husband hope to visit South Africa in the spring.

"JANET".

A SKETCH.

I have been asked to write an account of Janet's farewell party to the coloured people, but as there must be members of the family who have never heard of "Janet", our charming Scotch housemaid, I think it would be better to write a short sketch of the six years she spent at Kamfers Kraal, where she reigned, an empress in her own right, among the coloured people on this little corner of the veld. We have heard much of Mabargoes of late, so why should I not follow the example of our revered legislators though I only chant the praises of a humble Scottish serving maid!

Janet had been many years in the service of my parents when I was married, and she responded to my invitation to come to me in South Africa by return of post. It was a broiling February afternoon when she arrived at Nelspoort Station with the other Scotch maid who accompanied her, and I shall never forget her happy beaming face as she jumped out of the train, holding out both hands and saying "Why, ye've no changed a wee bittie, Miss Lil", or her approval of Wallace, when seeing him for the first time, she murmured in an ecstatic aside "Eh, but you've got a bonnie man." I felt I need no longer yearn for my native land, as Scotland had come to me.

She walked into this house as if it stood in Fifeshire and took up her duties in the most matter of fact manner. When I asked her if she felt homesick she always replied "I canna think I'm no in Scotland" and for six years she showed an example of untiring energy, of unfailing cheerfulness and unremitting hard work, and every one, from the Baas to the smallest coloured child felt the influence of her charming personality. Before a month had passed she knew every man and woman on the farm and all about them, the names and probable age of every child. (The ages of the Hottentot

babies are generally reckoned from "the year the weir broke" "the drought before last" or "the cold rain that killed the goats", etc. etc.). I don't think in any part of South Africa there can be a more idle set of women (with a few bright exceptions) than the Hottentot women of the Karoo. Their idea of misery a day's work, their idea of bliss to sleep in the sun, they will see their mistress slave from morning till night at all sorts of menial tasks and not raise a finger to help her unless compelled to do so. It came as a revelation to them to see two neat, nice-looking English girls at work from morning till night, cooking, sweeping, dusting, washing, or ironing, and singing at their work. By degrees they drew near to the kitchen door with voluntary offers of assistance, and after the first few months there was no longer any dearth of female labour, they competed for the honour of helping in the kitchen, while the garden "boy" or the groom would be found scrubbing a floor or doing anything he could to help "Miss Janie" instead of attending to his own duties. It was to "Miss Janie" they brought their cut fingers to be dressed, their sick babies to be doctored and their joys and sorrows to be shared and sympathised with.

But it was not only the human population that had Janet's love and care. It was she who looked after the poultry, who supported and adored a whole regiment of cats, and who had various pets of her own from puppies to meerkats. One cold morning in April Wallace brought her a little half dead lamb from the kraals, telling her that if she could rear it, she could keep it. And Janet tended it with the greatest love, feeding it from a bottle, until in a surprisingly short time it grew into a sheep of vast proportions. It led a glorious life, grazing about near the house, nibbling pepper trees and geraniums and anything it particularly should not have eaten, and following its mistress about like a pet dog, as well as always accompanying the procession of babies and prams on their daily walk. It is all very well to rhapsodise

about a pet lamb, but when the lamb becomes an enormous merino sheep, it has its drawbacks. Awful crashes were often heard as the lamb wrecked the kitchen in its playful gambols, but the crisis was reached when one afternoon Janet brought in the tea and left the door open behind her. In a moment the lamb bounded into the drawing room upsetting chairs, photographs and tables and breaking up the happy home. The Ou' Baas arose in wrath and condemned the unluckily lamb to eternal banishment with one of the flocks.

Then followed several strenuous mornings spent in trying to chase the lamb away with any flock of sheep that happened to be leaving the kraals for the veld. The lamb refused to leave its mistress and tired out its pursuers.

Finally it had to be conveyed in a scotch cart and deposited with a flock five miles from the house. Terrible rumours reached Janet that her lamb was becoming pale and emaciated, refusing to graze with the sheep and pining for its mistress, and one Sunday a cart was inspanned and Janet driven in state to visit her lamb. She returned happier in her mind, having arranged with the shepherd to board the lamb in his house together with his six children, some scraggy fowls and a mongrel dog. There the lamb lived happily enough, apparently grazing on soap, candles and boxes of matches, to judge by the shepherd's bill brought monthly to Janet for settlement, to replace his destroyed property.

How can I write of the ultimate fate of this pampered pet? Words fail me! When Janet left for Scotland she said nothing about her lamb and we supposed she had given it away, until the day after she sailed a skirmish was heard and round the house bounded "Janet's lamb". It had come to the house with the flock and was searching for its mistress. Then the Baas uttered awful imprecations and swore that there be an end to sentiment. The purchase money was despatched by cheque to Janet and no one asked any more questions, and forebare

to remark on the ultra excellence of the mutton for several days to come!!

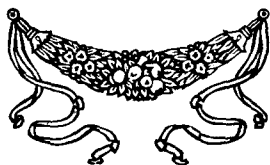
I wish I could say that Janet's only sorrow was the homesickness of her lamb, during her six years here. But alas! it was inevitable that such a domestic treasure should not lie hid, even in the Great Karoo, and a gallant police trooper rode up one day with flashing buttons and jingling spurs and laid siege to the heart of Janet. He was sent away almost immediately after their engagement, to Mafeking, and they kept up a correspondence for nearly three years. Then she heard from another that he was paying attentions elsewhere and realized that he had loved and ridden away. She wrote and broke off her engagement. She was never quite the same again though she stoutly declared "I'll no break my heart for a man," her health broke down, her spirits waned and longing for her native heath assailed her. And so it was arranged that she should return to Scotland.

She asked my permission to give a farewell party to her friends the coloured people and I was only too glad she should do so, and to provide the ingredients for a feast. With her own hands she baked all the bread and five hundred cakes and with her own money bought oranges and quantities of sweets. The word was sent round that Janet would give a ball in the new wagon shed on the evening before she left, and the news spread far and wide, so that when the evening came a hundred and twenty adults appeared and countless children; although there are only forty grown up men and women on this farm and seventy children.

It was altogether a very grand party, the young men resplendent in fancy ties and new felt hats rakishly cocked, the belles in coloured print skirts and blouses and new striped "doeks" round their heads, most of the young women dancing with babies securely tied on their backs, their woolly black little heads wobbling in the most alarming manner in time to the music. There were two bands consisting of banjos and concertinas, and the gramophone played

at intervals, and a magic lantern entertainment (notable chiefly for its smell of paraffin) in a corner of the shed for the children. The tea was a great success, coffee being served in bed room jugs and trays heaped high with cakes, bread and jam. There was no silly bashfulness about Janet's guests, they ate until everything was finished, tying up what they absolutely couldn't consume in coloured handkerchiefs.

It was really touching to see the people's devotion to Janet and the farewell they took of her. Nearly everyone had a present of some sort for her: one woman brought her a dozen eggs, another a fowl cooked for the journey, a young girl gave her a rhubarb tart ("And please Miss Janie must give me back the dish"), and a shepherd contributed a live goat, a somewhat embarrassing attention! However the Baas with a rueful countenance, as he detests Boer goats, bought it from the shepherd who gave Janet all the purchase money, thus solving the problem. At 12 p.m. Janet took her leave and left her guests to dance till daybreak. People are apt to say that these Hottentots are hopelessly ungrateful and callous, but no one witnessing their farewell of their beloved "Miss Janie" could call them callous; it was with tears, with hearty handshakes, with blessings and with ringing cheers that they said goodbye to this simple-hearted kindly girl who had been their guide, philosopher and friend for the six years she had lived among them. And so she has gone from among us, away from the sunshine, the great wild veld to the grey stone villages, the cold dour climate of her native land, and the karoo knows her no more; but the coloured population at least, will never forget their dear "Miss Janie".



ITALIAN SKETCHES.

After a pleasant voyage via the East Coast, Red Sea, and Suez Canal, we found ourselves negotiating the Mediterranean, with Naples as our destination.

The day prior to our landing on Italian soil we met the Royal yacht having on board Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, escorted by two British men of war. The Royal squadron presented an exceedingly graceful sight proceeding through a somewhat heavy sea on its cruise to Corfu and other points of interest in these historic waters.

Yes, bound again for Italy, a country which has for me, as for so many, an extraordinary charm and fascination. We landed at Naples 12 April 1911 on a glorious spring morning, the streets thronged with gay and cheery crowds. How the Italians love an out-door life! The Neapolitan Jehus cracked their whips, and shouted to pedestrians to clear the way, driving recklessly through the congested thoroughfares to the imminent danger of the unwary.

Bright and animated Naples, how my heart rejoices to be amid its attractive scenes. I listened attentively to the cheerful chatter, proceeding on all sides—for I maintain keen interest and pleasure in the study of the language—the Neapolitan accent however and provincial dialect always confuse me. As on previous visits we took up our quarters at Hotel Britannique, picturesquely situated on the heights overlooking the city and its glorious bay, which that morning lay placid and radiant in its ethereal blue, flanked by Vesuvius—ominous, mysterious, inconstant sentinel of this fair land—its cone even then ejecting dense volumes of smoke, testimony abundant to the turmoil and commotion occurring within. I noticed that the summit had materially changed in formation since the last violent eruption.

Although generally conceded that the city proper can lay small claim to the beautiful, the surrounding heights and suburbs and

environs are of surpassing beauty, and the panorama as displayed from them—glorious. Here indeed nature has with a lavish hand painted of her best, and as I again took in the enchanting scene, I observed that wherever possible for colour to lend its charm, there were to be seen trellises, terraced gardens, and artistic pottery all exhibiting a perfect wealth of flowers, in striking contrast to the harmonious tints of villas and residences. And then a glance across the water!—there at the end of the peninsula which encircles the south side of the Bay, gleamed in the beauteous sunlight the town of Sorrento where we passed six delightful weeks on a former visit, whilst protecting, as it were, the base, and still more clearly outlined, lay Castellammare. Separated from the peninsula by a very expansive channel—the highway to and from the South—rises the island of Capri, while away to the right, filling in the panorama, clear and conspicuous as if on guard duty, are the isles Ischia, Procida and Nisida, with Pozzuoli and Baia nestling on the mainland foreshore.

“Vedi Napoli e poi mori” so runs an Italian proverb—the force of which however always fails to come home to me. Rather would I exclaim—standing here in the midst of such enchanting loveliness: *Vedi Napoli e poi assapora la gran gioia di dimorare in un paese così incantevole.*

How we enjoyed our rambles and drives in and around the beautiful environs, and with what pleasure we revisited many points of interest in the town, none more attractive than the Museo Nazionale to which one could retrace his steps a score of times with increasing interest. Its most fascinating acquisition, as perhaps all will admit, is the very extensive and beautiful collection of treasures and antiquities excavated at Pompeii and Herculaneum. These are unrivalled—superbly beautiful—as are also the Grecian marble sculptures. We revisited Pompeii of course. To view the historic and tragic scene to advantage the services of a guide are quite essential—we were fortunate in securing the services of an

excellent fellow—Genaro, by name. He spoke English well, and it was a question whether we would hear him in his native tongue (Italian) or in our own, eventually deciding for the latter. He was quite unlike most of his class, who parrot-like roll off by rote descriptions of the scenes of bygone days. He took a keen interest in us, and was very entertaining. Before starting he suggested taking us over the chief points only, and even so, our visit, we afterwards found, had extended over four hours. Four hours of fascinating interest in the historic and buried past oblivious of the flight of time! And in lending imagination to our vision as we inspected those artistic villas, homes of the light and leading of that day—as we made our way through the temples, the Forum, the luxurious public baths, the theatres, and even the quaint taverns,—as we traversed the streets showing to-day the wheel marks and the ruts of the Ancients’ traffic indelibly crystallised as it were in the soil—as we did all this, we pictured vividly the busy and festive scenes enacted here 1800 years ago; and awaked as from a dream to the consciousness of this matter-of-fact twentieth century.

In some cases the mural paintings still remain, but the best of them and the superb mosaics, statuary and antiquities generally have been transferred to the Museo Nazionale in Naples. All for the most part has thus been withdrawn from the characteristic surroundings, at which many express regret—obviously there were difficulties in allowing them to remain where discovered. It was however with a degree of satisfaction that we heard the authorities contemplated new arrangements whereby in future the discoveries made would remain in the original setting.

Although the work of excavation has been proceeding more or less systematically for 50 years, only one half of the buried city, so it is estimated, has been brought to light. A large number of official guards armed, are in constant attendance, and the scene is regularly patrolled at all points day and night.

The four hours spent in the inspection of these remarkable and interesting scenes had brought something like exhaustion on the ladies, and to effect recovery from the ordeal, and maintain in tune the sensitive cords of their imagination, we administered to each a "wee drappie" to very good effect.

Before leaving Pompeii we were informed that during the process of sinking certain shafts for some domestic purpose or other, on a property in the immediate neighbourhood of the buried city, and owned by an Italian lady, the workmen so engaged came upon certain submerged villas, and it was reported that the Italian government had opened negotiations with the lady for the acquisition of her property. I sincerely hope she will fully reap the benefit of her discovery, and that whatever is done, her interests will in no way be allowed to suffer.

I regretted afterwards not to have made enquiries in available quarters, so as to have learned something authoritative as to this very interesting discovery.

T. J. A.

(To be continued.)

Extracts from Letters from British East Africa.

Nov. 22th 1911—Kijabe.

Since Lenox left (for Cape Town) I have been very busy. The Government have given me a survey between Kijabe and Naivasha stations which, I expect, will take me about 2 months. After Lenox left I attended the Government sale of stock at Naivasha and bought 10 thoroughbred merino rams and a thoroughbred Short-horn bull. At a sale at the village of Naivasha, where a partnership was being dissolved I bought 500 Masai ewes dry and 590 to lamb, 2 thoroughbred Merino rams, at the end of

this month. I am camped at this place and have my sheep running at Mr. Bowker's, he lives about 6 miles from here. All these highlands are splendid farming areas but the best of the lot are the Western Kenia farms where we hope to get Government ground. It is a most beautiful country and anything seems to grow. Just around here the country is very volcanic and full of craters. One of my trigonometrical stations is on the top of a big crater, about 1000 feet deep, on the one side and not far from here is a crater about 15 miles across with another small crater inside the large one. In some places steam still issues from the cracks in the ground. If you look at the map of these parts you will see a chain of lakes running from lakes Rudolf, Iugota, Baringo, Nakuro, Elementita, Naivasha, Magadi, Natron etc, into lake Nyassa, although, in German territory, not half of the existing lakes are marked. These lakes form the Rift valley which is a volcanic depression running from from the Red Sea into Nyassa lake. Most of them have craters in them and none have any fish. I did not realize till the other day, that the scenes in "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allen Quartermain," are laid in this country. Tell Uncle Vic that this is the country to come to if he wants really good sport. If we get farms in West Kenia, we will be about 2 days journey from the best shooting in the country, along the Northern Uaso Nyiro River. The forests are very fine, containing some good timber and quite a good thing already being done in timber sawing. A lake of pure soda has been found, called Lake Magadi, on the German border South of Nairobi, and a railway is being started to tap it. It is said that there is enough soda to supply the world. Just across the German border is another soda lake, quite near to Magadi and the Germans are building a railway from their side, to tap it. The light rains are on during this month after which practically no rain falls till April when the heavy rains commence and continue till June.

Naivasha. Jan. 26th 1912.

I am in rather a tough piece of country for surveying, but hope soon to finish it off. I have had quite an interesting fortnight with the lions. They kept mostly along the lake, but 5 have come up and been in this thick bush for the last fortnight. The first 3 nights here I heard them regularly about 2 miles away and determined to try and turn them out, so got my head boy to build a sort of couch between two trees in the neighbourhood of where I heard them roaring and he made an excellent place in the trees. It was on the side of a kopje and about 200 yds from the edge of a small plain which was the hunting ground for the lions, all around elsewhere is thick bush. My couch was about 10 feet above the ground on the top side and about 30 feet on the lower. My idea was to put a good bait which would keep them till morning and get an easy chance as they were eating early in the morning. I had my kaross and blankets sent with a friend, I could sleep in the tree as comfortably as in my tent and it was nearer my work. I slept each night in the tree from Monday till the following Sunday, having two large Kongoni (hartebeest) as a bait under me. Two or three times I heard the lions, but they never came near me. On the Thursday, when going to place a flag in an open patch in the bush, I came on very fresh spoors of three lions which had killed and eaten an impalla. When it came to Sunday and they had still not been near me, I thought I was out of their beat, and as the Kongonis were smelling very unpleasant I slept in my tent on Sunday night. You may imagine my disgust, when I awoke about 4 o'clock, with the lions roaring just in the direction of my tree. I went over early on Monday, with a lot of boys and found the greater part of the two Kongonis eaten up. I knew they would come back again the next night, to finish the remains, so went off with a boy to shoot two more Kongoni, to keep them going till daylight. I was skirting along the edge of the bush to get a shot at some

Kongoni I had seen on the plain, when I saw something sitting up against a tree, about 700 yds away. On looking with my glass, I saw 4 lions sitting on their haunches looking at me. There was a bit of a dip between me and them and I determined to get within about 100 yards and shoot from a tree. I stalked up to about 100 yards from the spot and then climbed a small tree to look for them. It was an awkward tree to climb having no branches; however, I scrambled up just high enough to look over the bush, the boy holding my gun below. On turning round to look, I saw a great big fellow calmly watching me, about 150 yds away. The tree was too awkward to shoot from so I slipped down again and stalked carefully up to the spot; but they had cleared and there was no sign of them. I take it that they had been watching the hill under my tree, as, from where they sat, they had a good view of it. I went on after that and got two Kongoni which the boys dragged up to the tree. That night I again slept in the tree with one of my boys. There was no moon but the night was quite clear. It had hardly got dark before the lions started roaring at my camp where they had apparently gone for water. They remained there about half an hour occasionally roaring and I then expected them to come straight for the tree, but instead they hunted the two miles, slowly, through the bush. It was most interesting hearing them come. One fellow, with an immense voice, kept roaring every 10 minutes or so, while one kept well out on the flank giving a low answering purr every now and then. Apparently the big roar was to frighten the game over to the one on the flank who was simply keeping in touch with the main lot, where, sometimes, two would roar together. They came on slowly in this way till about 700 yds. from the tree when there was dead silence for about 20 minutes, then I heard them chewing away at the Kongonis, but it was too dark to see them. They did not make a sound until midnight

except once, when one made a snarl and rush at another who, apparently tried to get a bit away from him. They fed for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour and then lay in a bush and snored. After an hour or so, they fell to again. About 2 o'clock they began to roar. One big one, in particular, would go a few yards from the hill and begin low down ending with a tremendous roar which would die away with a few sighs. I think there were only three that night. At about 5 o'clock, much to my disgust they made off. It is impossible to shoot till about 5.30. They left quite a good deal of meat so I felt sure that it must be their rule to leave before daylight. Feb. 3rd. The lions have entirely disappeared from these parts. Three or four days ago a man gave me 3 more dogs which I am very glad to have. One is a young collie, quite a puppy, a very pretty animal. Another is a black dog with a good deal of pointer blood and he is really very good. I shot a large bush buck ram yesterday and hit him a little too low. He might have got off in the thick bush, but the black dog pulled him down in fine style holding on to the nose, in fact I had great difficulty in getting him off. This morning I shot a fine water buck ram. Three days ago a bush buck ram rushed through the middle of my camp. I was calculating in my tent and saw him pass about 10 yards off followed by my camp followers and dogs but he was too quick for them and got away. I have just been over to Mr. Bowker's and made all arrangements for Lenox to bring his stock there. Mr. Bowker has a little stone cottage at one end of his farm with kraals and huts and a large shed which will suit us admirably for the present. You will be interested to hear that an heiress is living in the cottage now with her mother, they are a Mrs. and Miss Farly and will be there till the middle of March. They seem nice people and are out on a visit. They don't like the hotels so Mr. Bowker let them take this cottage. I believe Mrs. Farley is a great yachting lady, the daughter is 19 and very keen on shooting.

Lenox will therefore have quite pleasant company for a couple of weeks. I have arranged that we will occupy a house also empty about 10 minutes walk away although Mrs. Farly wanted Lenox to stay with them.

The following is the latest news from Jarvis.

Address P.O. Nairobi

Nakuru

June 8th 1913.

I enjoyed the trip to Kenia very much and found Lenox just preparing to go over to a place called Rumruti about 60 miles away to fetch some cattle which had arrived at the government quarantine camp there, having come down from Abyssinia. I was very glad to have come in time to join him, as we had quite an adventurous trip. We started away from his farm about midday and camped the night on the far side of a river called the Guaso Nyiro, about 7 miles away. The next morning, while having breakfast Lenox knee-halted his horse to get a feed, and when the boy went to catch him he had disappeared. We spent the whole day looking for him but could find no trace of him, and a boy whom we sent to the farm returned saying he had not gone back; as it afterwards turned out he must have got back just after the boy left, as we found him safe on our return. We camped that night again at the same river and continued our journey on foot the next morning. We were taking a short cut and were not quite sure how far the road was, and had a very long day's walk before we reached it and camped at dusk on a very nice river in the middle of the Laikipia plains. We had ten porters with us to carry our things and help drive back the cows. The next day we pushed on to Rumruti which we reached early in the afternoon. I should have said that a great trade is done between Abyssinia and the Protectorate, in cattle, and it is at present the only stock route open for trade. The Somalis do the trading and all cattle are passed through a quarantine at Rumruti before being allowed into the occupied areas of the Protectorate. It is a very out of the

way place, being 3 days' march from everywhere, and we were very disgusted to find that a little lot of Masai had come in from the Lambuni country and raided on one night 80 cows and a week after 63; in the latter bunch were 12 of ours and 15 belonging to the Somali who brought our cattle down. We also found that the lions were very much in evidence. All the Masai proper have been shifted to the Southern Reserve on the German border, so that there is not a native in Laikipia. The lions therefore are starving at Rumruti, as there is not much game, owing to the country having been so heavily occupied by the Masai previous to their being moved. The night before we got to Rumruti, a lion got into the booma and sprang on one of our cows, but was so weak from hunger that he could not kill it. The Veterinary officer, who is the only white man at Rumruti, came out on hearing the row, the kraal being only 100 yards from his house, and found the Somalis hitting at the lion with fire sticks while the cow was dragging it round and round the kraal. He got up close and shot it. When it was cut open it was found to have nothing in its stomach. The cow was none the worse except for two or three deep claw marks on its nose. We took back our stock, amounting to 33 cows and 12 calves, and got them safely back to the farm. The only other adventure we had was the night before we got back to the farm, where we had to camp at a river with dense scrub all about it's neighbourhood. We had 2 lamps in the cattle booma and one tied to the tent pole. Lenox had brought 5 dogs with him and they were very foot-sore that night with the long grass we had passed through, and must have been sleeping heavily in front of the tent door. We woke suddenly in the night with yells from the dogs and found that two leopards had slipped in among them and seized two of them; one an Irish terrier, we heard give a second yell a 100 yards away in the bush before we could reach the tent door, and that was the last of her. The other dog was a very nice wolf hound bitch of Lenox's, and although only a pup, quite a

big dog; she must have struggled loose as we got her back with a rather nasty bite in the side, which however did not seem to worry her much. I consider dogs are invaluable in this country and Lenox will soon have a splendid pack. I am sending him 17 half bred bloodhounds which were given me a present. I spent several days with Lenox on the farm, and went over it well. It is without doubt the best piece of stock land I have so far seen. The two rivers are about 3 miles apart and separated by a ridge running the whole length of the farm. With one's boomas on the ridge it is very easy to feed down either slope to the water. Except for a piece of forest in one corner the country is quite open, and both rivers are very strong, in fact they are the two best rivers in Western Kenia. By gravitating the water down the middle ridge the whole could be irrigated. We have quite a strong spring on the top farm, but of course for stock, owing to the two rivers running the whole length of the farm, one does not need to spend a penny on developing water. Below where Lenox's house is, there is a very valuable piece of vlel in which he can run his cattle in dry season. The veld over the farm looks very good, and what I like about the farm is that the land all lies high. Lenox's cattle all look tip top and I did not recognize the young heifers he brought up from Kyjabe, they have grown so much. Lenox's neighbour, Cole has now a telegraph post office and shop which are within six miles of Lenox's house. The idea is that there will be a village in the near future either on Cole's farm or ours. Cole is putting all his energy into timber business, and we saw some awfully nice furniture he had made out of olive wood. It has been and is still raining a good deal but I have been fortunate in getting into an empty house, so that the rain does not worry one much. I interviewed the governor over the cattle raiding. He was very nice about it and has sent out a military expedition to recover the stock. As they were taken from a government quarantine and we shall get compensation if they are not recovered. Since I have

come back the buffalo have moved into the edge of the forests and about ten days ago I came on about a dozen of them in the long grass but did not shoot as I was a long way from camp. About six days ago I saw 7 at midday feeding in the open. The elephants are also about, a troop of 31 came on to the adjoining farm. The rain seems to bring big game out of the bush.

Lenox has some nice neighbours. Paice is about 5 miles off and is a hard-working fellow and very handy in the building line, and makes quite nice furniture etc. out of his own wood. Then Kenealy and Cole are only 2 miles away from the top corner of the farm, but about six miles from Lenox's house. I think Cole will make things move in the neighbourhood. He is making quite a big business of his timber concessions. I believe he and Lord Cranworth are working together. He turns out anything in the wood line, making excellent furniture. It only wants government to give out more land in the neighbourhood and things will go ahead very quickly. Lenox will be able to make a very pretty place of his farm soon. We are putting in some trees near the house and he and Bastard are getting up some fruit trees from Pickstone. He has Cape gooseberries and Cape tomatoes bearing. As soon as his cows are in milk he will be able to sell butter in Nyieri, and eggs. His fowls lay very well. There is a man in Nyieri who would take 30 lbs of butter a week from him. Through Cole's push the government have now bridged the three rivers near Nyieri and as soon as the road is made up between the bridges Lenox will have a very good road to his farm.

I had a most interesting talk to a man who had just returned from the Abyssinian border having gone up and returned through Kenia. About half way from Kenia to the border is a government station called Marsabit, which he describes as the most beautiful spot he has ever seen. It consists of a crater inside of which is a fresh water lake about three quarters of a mile across. The government buildings are situated on

the rim and along the edge of the lake, and the gradient from the plain below is so easy that a Dutch transport rider takes his waggons right into the crater and camps on the edge of the lake. This extinct volcano is about 6500 ft above sea level and is surrounded by magnificent forests which this man reckons are quite as extensive as Kenia's. He says the soil there is wonderfully rich. Between this volcano and the Uaso Nyeri river, bounding Kenia district is a waterless track of country which however has numberless dry sandy rivers in the beds of which water is easily obtained by scratching a foot or two under the surface. Much of the veld there seems to be covered by Karroo bush, and supports large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, mostly owned by wandering tribes of Somalis who have large herds of camels.

Lenox writes from their farm Narro Nioru River. P.O. Nyeri on June 22nd. He says: We are building a house, it is built entirely of Cedar wood and has a shingle roof and verandah. We expect it to be completed about the end of July. I will send you a plan of it. They make furniture up here at the saw mills. The district is at present alive with stock thieves. Did I tell you a Rhino chased me for about two miles right up to Bastard's house within 100 yards. I was in no danger as I was mounted and in the open, although we wounded him badly, he got away.

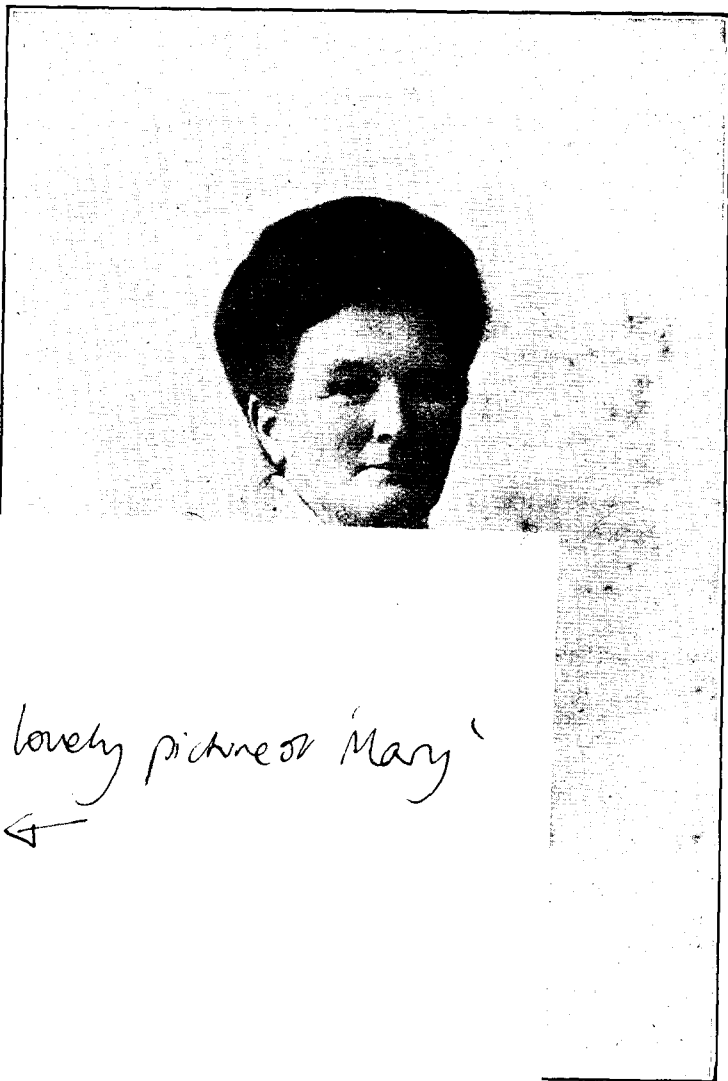
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The yearly subscription for the magazine is at present 15/-. It is requested that subscriptions be paid in during the first three months of the year. As soon as the list of annual subscribers reaches 50 the subscription will be reduced to 12/-. as soon as it reaches 70 to 9/-.

The list of annual subscribers will be published in each Christmas number. The above subscriptions include postage.

IN MEMORIAM.

The 7th of Sept. will be the anniversary of the day that dear Mary passed away from us. It will always be a day of sacred memories to some of us who were privileged to be near her during those last solemn hours. It had been difficult to realize, even to the last, that her life hung on so frail a thread that the end was inevitably near. During those last four months that she spent amongst us there had been nothing of sadness about her, one could only wonder at and admire the unfailing brightness, keenness of interest and charm which never left her. It was easy to understand the love and devotion of her numberless friends all over the Cape Province. She was exceptionally gifted to be a social leader, which was her rôle as the wife of a Civil Commissioner and wherever she went, she brought life and sunshine and new energy. But the special value of her gifts was, that they shone as brightly in her home as in the wider social circle and were the simple expression of her natural character, inherited, perhaps, from her fine missionary parents. It seemed as if the love and service of their lives were repaid, in her life, by the willing and devoted service which was so freely given to her by all those about her. With her splendid physique and her powers of mind and character, refined by the experience of a full and varied life, still almost at their best, it seemed as if she had still so much



to give that it was hard indeed to yield her up, but the unquestioning courage with which she accepted the decree and bravely prepared for it, made one feel that, though life was so dear, yet death was, to her, only a passing on to a fuller life. Even at that last service in the beautiful "God's Acre" at Maitland there

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It is not possible, yet, to write of the circumstances connected with that tragically sudden close of dear Vyvyan's earthly life. The pain of it is still too fresh. But the memory of his short, happy life, is a constant joy. Up to the time that he left for England, after taking his B.A. degree here, his interest seemed wholly absorbed by his College life and his immediate home circle including the home of his grandparents, which was near. It was only when we met in England, at Parklands, that I learnt to know him and that we became real friends. We were drawn together by our mutual strong love for our dear South Africa but that love did not obscure his keen appreciation of the wider world, so full of fresh interests, into which he found himself plunged. It was most interesting to watch how freely he responded to the appeal of all



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