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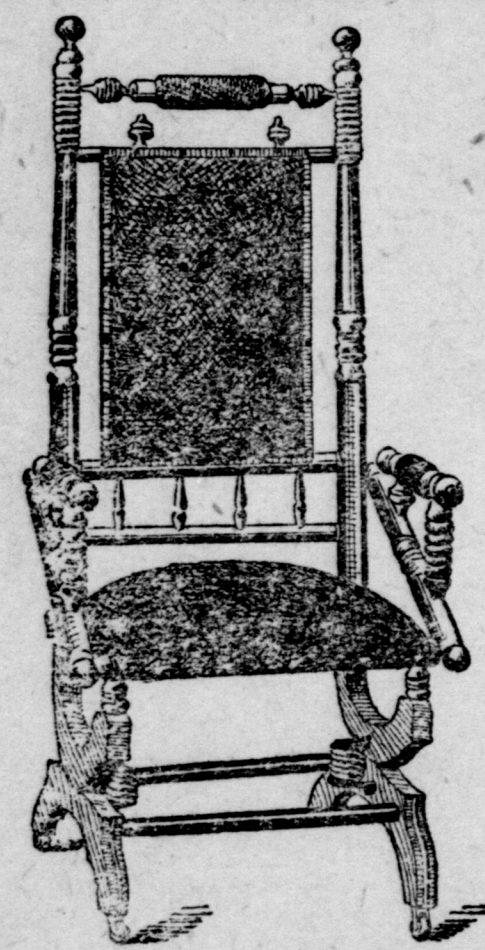
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A COMPLETE LINE AT

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KING LOBENGULA.

Description of the African Savage

REGARDED AS MORE REMOTE CETEWAYO.

His System of Justice—Some Horrible Examples of His Cruelty—A Fat Old Man.

The Review of Reviews says: Lobengula, the son of Moselekatshe, as he used to be called in all the earlier missionary books from which we gain our first information of this region, or Umziligazi as later and more correct information has led us to describe him, is a Zulu. His father more than sixty years since revolted against Tshaka, the founder of the Zulu Kingdom. Leaving Natal, where Tshaka brooked no rival, he settled at first in the Transvaal, but being pressed by the advancing Boers he crossed the Limpopo and settled in Matabeleland. There, in the heart of subtropical Africa, in a pleasant and well watered land abounding in great game and free from the tsetse fly, he established a Matabele counterpart to the original Zulu kingdom. The Matabele are as much Zulus as the Americans are English. They

Are Practically Identical

in race, in manners, in language, and in their social and military organizations. Lobengula is but a more remote Cetewayo. He himself objects to be called a Matabele, always asserting that he and his men are Zulus. The Zulus of Zululand have kept their blood purer than the emigrants who trekked westward under Moselekatshe. The men who formed the impi which destroyed our army at Isandhlwana, and who were subsequently broken up at Ulundi, were men of purer blood than the men who are gathering on the Matabele frontier to-day. Lobengula's impi are only partially made up of the pure-blooded Zulu and very largely of other native races. Many of them

Have Been Captured as Boys

in the predatory raids of the Matabele, and been taught as the Turkish Janissaries to have no other country than that of their victors and no other religion but war. The organization of the Matabele, however, is entirely Zulu. The authority of Lobengula is absolute; he is lord and master of everything and every one in his territory. His word is law, his frown is death. About three hundred thousand men, women, and children call him lord, and among them, and not less among his neighbors on the frontiers, his authority is maintained by means of some ten to twenty thousand fighting men, who

Form the Standing Army.

and whose chiefs or indunas form a military hierarchy by which the government of the country is carried on. The king in Matabeleland both reigns and governs but he reigns and governs subjects to one condition—he must keep his fighting machines in good order and in good humor. Fighting machines can only be kept in order by being allowed to fight, and hence the annual forays which enable the Matabele warriors to keep their hands in and allow the younger warriors who are coming on to wet their spears and prove their manhood by slaying their fellow-creatures. Lobengula has been often described, but seldom photographed. Efforts have been frequently made to photograph the king, but he has always refused. He said he did not like to be shot at with the camera, and told Mr. Maund that it would never do for him to be photographed as his people would believe that part of his soul had been taken away with the picture. Word pictures, however, enable us to form a tolerably clear conception of Lobengula. He is now an enormously fat old man of sixty years of age. His height is not more than five feet eleven inches, but owing to

His Excessive Stoutness

he seems to be shorter than he is in reality. The descriptions of him recall a passage in Judges, which describes how Eglon, the king of Moab, a very fat man, met his death by the dagger of Ehud. When Lobengula sits upon his biscuit-box receiving his visitors, he rests his hands upon his thighs, which are almost covered by the protuberant paunch. Notwithstanding his corpulence, he is, according to all observers, not without dignity. He used to wear breeches and a dirty coat, but he has long since reverted to the more picturesque costume of his own people. When in full dress he wears a broad brimmed black felt hat, with a bunch of monkey skins round his middle and a sword by his side. Sometimes he variegates this by twisting some blue calico round his shoulders. When he danced—which

Was in His Younger Days,

for he is now too fat and gouty for that exercise—he was dressed in monkey skins and black ostrich feathers. But these articles of apparel are trifles which only bring into relief the habitual nudity of the monarch. By far the most vivid picture of life at Bulawayo is given by Mr. Thompson of Natal, who, together with Mr. Maguire, succeeded in negotiating the concession which brought the British South African Company into being. Mr. Garrett interviewed Mr. Thompson when he was preparing his admirable series of letters 'In Afrikander Land' and Mr. Thompson subsequently wrote a further account of the king and his court in a number of 'Great Britain.' After stating that Lobengula was a man who would never be forgotten if once seen, and that he weighs about twenty stone, or 300 pounds, Mr. Thompson proceeds:—

'Lobengula walks as I have never seen any other man walk, moving his elephantine limbs one after the other, seeming as if he were planting them forever, rolling his shoulders from side to side and looking round in a way

That is Dreadful to See.

He has bulging bloodshot eyes, and when he looks at one, I can assure you it is enough to scare a man offhand. The bloodshot appearance of his eyes, it should be stated, is not on account of any special ferocity on the part of their owner, but to the smoke in the winter time, which brings about a disorder of the eyes which constantly requires medical treatment. The effect, however, is none the less impressive. The visitor, however, does not usually see Lobengula walking; he is generally seated on his chair in the midst of his goats, or lying on skins in his house. Presentation to Lobengula, although less ceremonious than a presentation to Queen Victoria, is much more disagreeable. If you visit him in his house you have to crawl on your hands and knees through a small aperture in the front of his hut as if you were a bee entering a hive. The ordinary place of reception, however, is in the centre of the kraal, where the king administers justice with his indunas round him. In that case, the visitor has to

Sit in the Broiling Sun

until the business in hand is disposed of. As there are no trees, the only shade possible is afforded by the meat-rack, on which the beef is suspended, and which is the centre of the attentions of millions of flies. If however, His Majesty accords his visitor a confidential interview he receives him in what is called the buck-kraal. It is his sanctum, and a very unpleasant sanctum it is. It is an enclosure into which the goats and sheep are driven at night time. The place is aromatic with their droppings, in the midst of which the visitor has to squat. No one is allowed to sit in the king's presence excepting on the ground, and any attempt to sit upon anything else but mother earth is regarded as an insult to the king's majesty, which might justly be punished with death. The dung and the odor thereof are, however, among the trivial discomforts of a reception in Matabeleland. On one side of the buck-kraal there is a stage or platform made of rough hewn logs. Every morning the flesh of four bullocks, the quantity required daily for the royal household, is placed on this stage. As may well be imagined, the

Constant Dropping of Blood

from the meat on to the ground has collected millions of ants on that particular spot. While holding a conference, or granting an interview, the king is very fond of sitting on an old condensed milk-box and leaning against one of the posts of this stage. Lobengula is perfectly impervious to the attacks of the myriads of ants; but the unfortunate white man who has the honor of conversing with the king does not enjoy the same immunity. Another ordeal through which the visitor has to pass is the risk of ruining his digestion by eating immense quantities of beef and drinking gallons of beer. Mr. Thompson says: 'White visitors, when paying their respects to the court of Lobengula, are expected to eat three plates full of grilled beef, and to drink three cans of beer, each holding about a gallon. As one plate of beef or can of beer is finished, another follows.

Frequently, when his sable Majesty's back was turned, I used to get the little slave boys who hang about the court to assist me; but he caught me at this on one occasion and reproved me, so that I had to resist the temptation in future. All he said was, 'Do you think I cannot feed my own dogs? but that was quite sufficient, coming from the source it did. As to the king's character there is a disagreement of opinion, but all agree that he conscientiously devotes himself to

The Government of His Kingdom.

according to his lights. In Matabeleland we have personal government in its simplest form. The king sits in person, like the Kadi under the palm tree, administering justice. Cases are brought from all parts of the country and are formally argued and judicially decided. The Indunas act as counsel for the parties and take technical points with an ingenuity which would do credit to a British Queen's Counsel, and discuss and debate the cases with great eagerness. Indeed in many ways the Matabele litigation is similar to our own; for although the Indunas fiercely urge the claims of a client while the case lasts, their differences disappear the moment the King's decision is given. During the pendency of a case, moreover, the Indunas keep religiously away from the parties concerned and their friends; but as soon as the case is over they approach the successful or defeated party as if there had been no dispute.

An anonymous writer describes Lobengula as follows: His features are aquiline, but very coarse and sensual and in repose they

Exhibit Great Craft and Cruelty.

But his smile quite changes the character of his face, so childlike and sweet is its expression. His natural disposition is not cruel, but the continued exercise of almost unlimited power over the lives of others has grafted in it a love of bloodshed. The annals of his domestic policy, are written in lines as bloody as are those of his foreign conquests—brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, friends have all fallen before his ruthless hands. In the same sense writes Mr. Maund, who has certainly had good opportunities of forming an opinion. He says King Lobengula is by no means so black as he is painted (I mean in character). I must differ from those who say he is deadly cruel. We must not judge him by our standard. He has to rule a turbulent people who do not know the value of life: Speaking one day of killing, he said, 'You see you white men have prisons, and can lock a man up safely. I have not. What am I to do? When a man would not live

ten to orders, I used to have his ears cut off as being useless; but whatever their punishment they

Frequently Repeated the Offence—

Now I warn them—and then a knobkerried man never repeats his offence.' This for a savage was fairly logical. It may appear to us cruel, but remember how short a time it is since we hanged for sheep-stealing, and certainly the savage execution with the knobkerrie is not so revolting, and is less painful than a civilized execution refined with electricity. A blow on the back of the head and all is over. I have now paid him three long visits at a very trying time, and I must say that throughout he has behaved splendidly to the white men. I only judge him by his acts. Constantly he used he used to send me oxen and sheep, keeping me supplied with them for months.

On the other hand, Mr. Thompson gives a ghastly account of the way in which Lobengula

Sometimes Inflicts Torture.

The writer says: 'I remember once, when I was waiting for an audience, I saw a man brought in who was guilty of having drunk some of the King's beer. It was at the time of the great dance, when for a month there is a special license, and when any one carrying beer about is likely to have it raided. But this man had levied toll on the King's beer, when it was being carried by the King's women. The poor wretch was brought before the King. He was horribly afraid. His eyes stuck out of his head, and his knees knocked together as he tried to make obeisance. The King bade them hold him fast; then he looking the culprit up and down, 'You have a nose and a mouth, and two ears and two eyes. You have used your nose to smell King's beer—turning to the attendants—cut off his nose.' They cut off the man's nose. 'You have used your mouth to drink King's beer; cut off his mouth.' They cut off the man's lips. He was a horrid sight. Lobengula waited a moment. Then he said deliberately: 'You have heard that it is not allowed to drink King's beer; but your ears are no good to you.' Off went the poor wretch's ears. He looked at the King with a look dreadful to see. 'Your eyes—cover up his eyes!' shouted the King. 'Put his forehead over his eyes that he may not see King's beer! and they cut the forehead of the man and

Turned Down the Flap of Skin

as a surgeon might turn it, so that it hung over his eyes. Then the King looked at the man for a few minutes, and the man grovelled before him in the dung, until suddenly the king fell into a rage—perhaps he was ashamed of himself—and bade them beat the man with logs of wood. They beat him within an inch of his life. Last the poor wretch mustered strength to crawl away, like a broken snake, along the ground, and he went and lay under a wagon until night-fall. Then he crept down to the stream to bathe his wounds. He came close past my wagon and you never saw such a ghastly sight as he was. The flap of skin hung over his eyes, but it was dried and stark.'

By old English law a baron was required to have at least five hides of land, a church, a kitchen, a bellhouse, and a borough gate with a seat in it.

A table showing the monetary system of the world has been prepared by Director of Mint Preston. The statistics show that the aggregate stock of gold is \$3,582,605,000; silver, \$4,042,700,000, and uncovered paper, \$2,635,873,000.

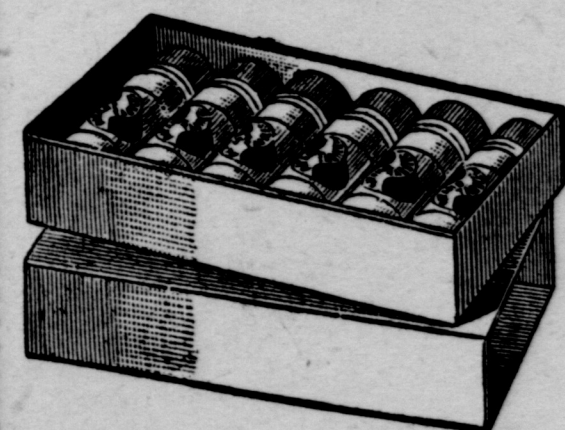
The spider is known to be a successful builder of bridges, and it is reported in a St. Louis newspaper that a large spider made a bridge clear across the Meremoo river, a distance of 200 feet, near where the Missouri Pacific bridge spans the stream.

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