

Gerbatu smiled even more artfully and shut his big book with a bang.

"Well, I've had more than enough of you!" he said. "Tell the wolf he will be satisfied when he eats the stupidest and laziest creature in the world."

Hecho said good-bye to Gerbatu and went home. When he came to the fast-flowing stream, the fish asked him: "Well, what did Gerbatu say?"

"He said there was a precious stone under your tongue. It has only to be pulled out, and you will be able to shut your mouth."

"Then rid me of my affliction," begged the fish, "and take the precious stone as a reward."

But Hecho gave himself airs and said: "Why should I soil my hands? Gerbatu is giving me a great treasure, anyway. I have no time to bother with you!"

And he went on his way.

He came to the apple-tree. "Well," the apple-tree asked him, "what did Gerbatu say?"

"He said that if the treasure is dug up from under your roots, your apples will become sweeter than figs," replied Hecho.

"Then release me from my affliction," begged the apple-tree, "and take the treasure as your reward."

"Why should I get blisters on my hands?" said Hecho with a sneer. "Gerbatu is giving me a great reward, anyway."

So the apple-tree was left with its bitter apples.

Hecho hurried on until he saw the wolf lying in the middle of the road. It was waiting for him with its grey snout resting on its paws.

"Well, Hecho, did you ask Gerbatu how I was to get rid of my affliction? Tell me now, or I'll eat you!"

Hecho saw there was nothing to be done, so he sat down beside the wolf and told him all about his adventures.

"So Gerbatu said I would get rid of my affliction if I ate the stupidest and laziest creature in the world?"

"Yes," said Hecho.

The wolf opened his jaws, gave a big yawn and said: "In that case your last hour has come!"

Whereupon the wolf sprang on Hecho and devoured him.

And so Hecho the Lazybones came to grief through his own folly.

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KRELI (SARILI) THE WARRIOR

A Khama to the Bamangwato, so Kreli was to the amaXhosa. Even today, very old men weep tears of sorrow at the mention of his name.

Kreli was born some time after the great battle of Amalinda. He was the son of Hintsa, the Great Chief of his tribe, and his mother was Nomsa, a woman of the Bomvana house.

We know very little of his childhood. No doubt he lived the same life as all Xhosa boys. The first time we hear of him is in the war against Governor D'Urban. After some fighting the amaXhosa had to give in and Hintsa, Kreli's father, was forced to lead the British soldiers to get the cattle that he had to pay as a fine. Kreli and his uncle were held in the white men's camp as hostages, and watched the soldiers ride away with Hintsa among them.

This cattle party, all on horseback, rode on and had reached a ridge sloping steeply down towards a river when - Awu! - in a flash Hintsa put spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed down. The others followed hotly in pursuit - down - down, slipping on the rough slope. Hintsa thought he had escaped, but a man called Smith caught up with him. He tried to shoot Hintsa, but missed. Then he seized the Chief's kaross, and pulled him off his horse. Hintsa was up at once and threw his assegai at Smith, but he missed too. The next moment, the other soldiers were upon him. Before he could reach a small thicket, to which he ran, they shot him.

It was a sad end for the Great Chief, and even until today nobody knows the truth about the shooting, for the lion that roared is dead.

Kreli never forgot that fearful day. The Governor, D'Urban, came to him with a piece of paper, which he could not read. "Make a cross here - like this", said he to the young man. Kreli obeyed. "Now you can go home", said the Governor. "But mark well that you have to pay twelve thousand head of cattle, and move your people across the Kei River to the north side."

Later, Kreli had to sign another paper for the Governor, in which he promised not to harm the missionaries and other white people passing through his country.

Kreli was famous as an orator and as a soldier. He was indeed a small potato from the big ones who had gone before him, the great chiefs of the amaXhosa. All the tribes around felt fear and respect for him. The abaThembu, living close by, knew how heavy his hand could be upon them.

He was still young when he led his impis against the abaThembu. By a clever ruse he moved them round the enemy, most of whom were slain and their chief was taken prisoner. This battle was called umNgqingo (going round). There was a second umNgqingo some years later in the war of "Nongxokozelo", also against the abaThembu. This war was over a woman - one of Kreli's women whom Chief Nganelizwe had treated badly. Calling up his soldiers, "Arm yourselves", he cried; "off you go to get the cattle of those bad, wild men. Leave not an ox with the abaThembu!" But before they had set out, Kreli saw a white man riding up to the kraal. It was the missionary, Hargreaves. This good man begged the Chief not to send an impi to the abaThembu. "Their cattle graze on the same grounds as those of the white men", said he. "If you seize them, you will never be able to tell which is which. Then there will be war again with the white men."

Kreli gave much thought to his words and in the end sent the soldiers back to their homes. He would always hear reason.

A few years later, the war of Ngcayecibi, also called the Fingo-Gcaleka war, broke out. This started after a big beer-drink on the border between the tribes, when they were living close together.

The Story of Kreli (contd.)

A beer party was held at the kraal of a Fingo named Ntsaeoebi, to which some Gcaleka of a headman named Mxoli were invited. A Fingo insults Mxoli; he jumps up and crash.... crash.... they bang each other with their amaqudu. Now the Gcaleka men grab their spears. Soon the fight is on and men come running from all round. Here they come from all over the veld! A fight! A fight! They form ranks, they crouch down, just ready to attack - but wait for the word. Now Kreli does not quite know what to do; a white friend has warned him that a certain chief is not really his friend, and will desert him for the other side, once the battle is on. The two great impis still wait. But here come riding in great haste British soldiers; in their midst is the Governor, Sir Bartle Frere, Kreli is asked to come to a meeting with him in Fingoland. But "No!" he says. "It is an insult to ask me to meet the Governor on my enemy's soil." He did not go.

When he was asked a second time, he replied that he would not meet the Governor, as his government were to blame for the trouble. They had placed the Fingo tribe on his doorstep. At the time he had told them it would lead to war, when traders' brandy and beer were mixed.

The first clash took place at the Gwadana Mountain. This little fight ended in a victory for Kreli's impi. But from the first, Kreli's wish was only to attack the Fingo people, and not the British. It was a Fingo-Gcaleka affair and not meant to be a conflict with the white men.

But strong European armies arrived - horsemen, great guns and soldiers armed with rifles. Kreli and his impis were driven out of Gcalekaland, and Kreli crossed the Bashee River and settled in the bushy country at Sololora for a time.

The lion had to hide, but not for long. At last the Governor saw that it was not Kreli who had started the war. He sent a man to take him out of the bush. "There is no case against you", he told Kreli. "You can now go openly among the white men." That's the end of the tale of Kreli the warrior.

ATTENTION TWINS. GROUP ONE. 2

1. What is a sea-lion? Where does it live?
2. Name three kinds of trees that grow in the Transvaal.
3. How many wheels has a tricycle?
4. What is steam?
5. How is mealie-meal made?
6. What do we call the little green plants that grow near taps?
7. What are planets? Try to name some of them.
8. Where is the River Thames?
9. When do the leaves fall from the trees?
10. What is a waterfall? What does it look like?
11. What is the use of a sunshade?
12. Sing the first line of any song of S.Africa.
13. Name any man who wrote plays.
14. Bring me any two people who have N and O in their names.
15. What kinds of fish are there in S.African rivers?
16. What noise does the train make when it goes to town?
17. What is a lizard? How is it different from a snake?
18. What food do cows eat?
19. Name three kinds of furniture that are found in the house.
20. What do we call a book that contains maps?

GROUP TWO. 3

1. Why is it dangerous to leave oily rags lying round the house?
2. What month of the year has the longest name?
3. How long is a fortnight?
4. What word is out of place in this group:
train, waggon, car, boat?
5. Air is to birds as what is to fish?
6. Where is Gibraltar?
7. What article of clothing is a bāazer?
8. What is the capital of Egypt?
9. What is mercury? What colour is it?
10. How many wings do bees have?
11. What form does a bird have before it is a chick?
12. What does "PAR AVION" mean on an envelope?
13. What is PAPHYRUS?
14. Name three spices.
15. How do we make tea?
16. What is a piano?
17. What countries border on South Africa?
18. What sort of clouds do we see when it is about to rain?
19. Name three kinds of flowers.
20. Where and what are the Zimbabwe Ruins?

A TALKING-OUT-LOUD SCHOOL.PART II.

As you may see, Liang's school days were full of hard work. From his first school book, the San-tsz King, he got a knowledge of five hundred signs. He had no idea of what the book was about after learning all the signs, because he had never done any reading. All he had to do was to be certain what all the signs were.

He had to make copies of the signs for hours and hours before he was able to do them right. He put very thin rice paper over the teacher's copy and went over the outlines with a brush, word for word. Later on, when he was more expert, he had to make the signs by himself. When he had done a bit of writing his paper was marked by the teacher. He put a circle if there were no errors in the paper. A line through one of the letters was the sign that something was wrong - very much as your papers are marked by your teachers today.

Years after he had been through his first school-book, Liang saw that it was in verse and that it was a book about the rules for learning. It was as if a boy or girl, having been given Alice in Wonderland, had no idea that there was anything but certain letters on the page which he had to get by heart. What a loss it would be!

But this was a very long time back. In China today boys and girls take in the sense of what they are reading in the same way as in other countries.

"Now you are ready for the book of family names, the Pih Kio Sing," said the teacher, when Liang had come to the end of his first book. There were long lists of Chinese family names in this book which Liang had to get into his head. It was very hard work. Sometimes it seemed to Liang he would never get through them. But he went on and on with his work till he had them all by heart.

When Liang said his lines out loud he did so 'backing' the teacher. It was done in this way. When it seemed to Liang that he was ready to say three or four lines from his book, he went to Lo's table and put the book in front of him. Then, turning his back on the teacher, he said his lines in a loud voice. There were two reasons why the boys were made to do this. If the boys' backs were turned to the teacher they had no chance of looking at the book. If they said their lines badly, Lo took his stick, which he kept by his side for use when his boys didn't do enough work, and gave them a whipping.

When Liang was able to go through the first lines in his book without error, he was given some more. He took the book to his seat and went through the new signs, saying them all in a very loud voice. The noise was quite overpowering, because every other boy was doing the same thing. "When they say their work out loud I am certain that they are working," said Lo, "but when they are quiet how am I to have any idea if they are working or not?"

When Liang had a knowledge of reading and writing, and was able to say the books of Confucius off by heart, he was ready for the 'School of the Emperor'. This school was kept up by the Emperor Chow for his sons and the sons of other Chinese families. The boys went there to get ready for the tests which they had to go through.

Liang was the only boy from Lo's school who was working for a higher education. Such knowledge as they now had was quite enough for all the other boys. But Liang had hopes of a government position. He had far to go, but he would not give up, even though it might take him a number of years to get through his tests.

At the School of the Emperor he was trained in the substance of the books of Confucius, and he had to make an attempt at writing like Confucius and the other great teachers. In time he became quite expert at copying their language.

It was the hope of the Emperor Chow that his university would be in existence for ever. He put up a house of religion for the School of the Emperor, and the books of the great teachers were cut on the stones of the library so that they would be there for all time. He said that they were the Stone Books of China.

The time of the test was now very near. Every third year the learners were locked up in separate rooms, and they had to go on for hours and hours, writing long answers to the questions.

The little rooms were like lines of dressing-rooms at a swimming-bath. No one seemed happy in them. The boys had a troubled look on their faces and were unable to take any rest. In every mind was the thought that, out of the six hundred boys there, only one in twenty would get through the test. These happy ones would, for ever after, be named 'Flower of Able Minds'. They would get a gold button to put in their hats, and a place would be made for them at the tables

A TALKING-OUT-LOUD SCHOOL
Part 2 Continued.

of the great and at public meetings.

Liang and his family were very happy because he was one of those who got through the test. His hard work was rewarded. But there was more hard work in front of him. In two or three months he had to take a second test, which was even harder than the first.

When the time came Liang was very much surprised to see that there were old and young men present. Sometimes it would come about that sons and their fathers and their fathers' fathers were all taking the test at the same time. Sometimes a man would go on attempting to get through the test till the day of his death, coming back to take it again every time he was unable to get through.

When he saw all those older men who had gone in for one test year after year, Liang was more troubled than ever. He was conscious that not more than one in a hundred would be able to get through. Would he be able to do it? he said to himself. Would he be able to get through? He went on working hard, and took very little food or sleep; but he had his reward. He got through. He was now a very important person. Now he would have another gold button for his hat, a flag in front of his house, and a plate on his front door. He was certain of getting the government position for which he had been hoping so much from the very first day when he went to school.

But with all this he was still not at the end of his education. Liang was now twenty years old. All his time so far had been given up to learning and working for all the tests which he had had to go through. There was still one more. It would be harder than any which had gone before. Only twenty of the great number who went in for it would get through. Liang had a great desire to be one of the twenty. If he was, he would be in the highest group of government servants.

He had less fear of this test than of the others, because he was getting used to them now. But even after all his experience he was still a little troubled about it, and he was very happy when the news came that he had done very well. He was now given an important position in the Emperor's school.

It did not seem surprising to the happy Liang that men went on working for years to get such a position as his. He was very pleased with what he had done.

But most boys in China did not go to school for very long. The higher schools were of little use to the man who had to make his living in the normal way. They did little more than keep up the learning of early China. Outside this they were of value only for men desiring good positions, who were able enough and strong enough to go through the long years of hard work. But this was the only sort of education which China was to have for hundreds of years.

This has been changed now. Education in China has taken over much of what is best in our schools of the west. Young Chinese men and women have been to universities in England and other countries. They have gone back with a knowledge of other systems of teaching, and, with their help, Chinese education has taken a great step forward.

1. Why did Liang have to say his lines 'backing' the teacher?
2. Why did the teacher make the pupils learn their work aloud?
3. How did Liang write his tests?
4. What were the pupils who passed the tests called?
5. What do you know about education in modern China?

KADDO'S WALL

1. What is a granary?
2. In what continent is the Gulf of Guinea?
3. What kind of man was Kaddo?
4. Do all rich people behave like Kaddo?
5. Mention 3 suggestions which people gave to Kaddo with regard to his corn.
6. Which of the suggestions do you like best and why?
7. How many girls ground Kaddo's corn and for how many days did they grind?
8. Did Kaddo behave like a man who loved his fellowmen?
9. What should be done with men like Kaddo?
10. Are there any Kaddos in our country? Who are they?
11. When people say: "Don't build a wall of flour around your house", what do they mean?

THE GUILTY FROG

1. Why do frogs have croaky voices?
2. Who called a meeting of all the animals and why?
3. Where did all the animals meet?
4. What two suggestions were made with regard to how to preserve honey?
5. If you had been one of the animals, what would you have suggested?
6. What is a thief?
7. Was the frog wrong to eat the honey in the hollow tree? Why?
8. Where do frogs live today? Why?
9. Did all the animals enjoy the honey at the end of the year?
10. Describe in your own words what happened in the meeting.
11. How did the frogs get bulgy eyes?
12. What lesson do we learn from the story of the frog?

GUINEA FOWL AND RABBIT GET JUSTICE

1. Where did Guinea Fowl have his farm?
2. What kind of a farm was it?
3. What did Guinea Fowl grow on it?
4. Was Rabbit's farm like that of Guinea Fowl? Why?
5. Why was Rabbit indignant when he saw Guinea Fowl's farm?
6. Describe the conversation between Guinea Fowl and Rabbit.
7. What is a headman?
8. Why did Guinea Fowl leave no trail between his house and the farm?
9. Why has Guinea Fowl a bald head?
10. Describe in your own words the trial of Guinea Fowl and Rabbit before the headman's court.
11. What do you understand by the words "The shortest path often goes nowhere".
12. In 10 lines give sound advice to Rabbit.

THE HOMES WE LIVE IN

1. What is a Gipsy?
 2. What troubled the little boy?
 3. Why did he go from place to place?
 4. Europeans live in Europe.
Gipsies live in ----
Africans live in ----
Chinese live in ----
Spaniards live in ----
Irishmen live in ----
Red Indians live in ----
 5. Name the people the little boy met in the course of his travels.
 6. Describe the method of building a house used by M'popo.
 7. Why do Eskimos live in snow houses?
 8. What people in South Africa live in caves?
 9. What lesson do we learn from the story of the little boy?
 10. Describe the method of joining bricks known to you.
 11. What kind of roof is warm in summer, cool in winter and does not let in rain?
 12. Where would you like to live and what kind of house would you like to build?
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A TALKING-OUT-LOUD SCHOOL.

Now let us go to early China. Here you will see a school which is quite different from the one in Thebes. I am giving this school in China a special name, the 'Talking-out-loud' school. This way of teaching used by the schools in early China, far away across the Pacific, was the only thing which they had in common with the schools of early Egypt and the Jewish schools.

Though all these schools were in existence far back in history, there were long stretches of time between them. Ahmed was living before 2000 B.C., but little Liang was not learning the hard Chinese picture-writing till fifteen hundred years later; little Joseph, in Palestine, did not go to school till four hundred years later.

In early China, about 400 B.C., there was a boy named Liang. He was the son of a poor farmer, whose greatest desire was to give his son a chance of getting a government position. But it was impossible for a boy in China to get such a position without first going through the government tests. Ching, Liang's father, had to go without a number of comfort to get enough money - some hundreds of cash - (Chinese copper money) - for his son's education.

A cash is of less value than a farthing, but Ching was so poor that it was hard for him to get even this amount together. Every cash had a square hole in it so that the bits of money might be threaded on a cord and put away.

"My son," said Ching, "you are seven years old to-day. It is now time for you to go to school."

We would have said that Liang was only six years old. But in China the day of his birth was taken as his first birthday. So when he was one year old, on our system, he was said to two years old in China.

Liang was very happy at the news. He had a great desire for a government position. If he had seen how much hard work there was in front of him before he would be ready for such a position, he might not have been so pleased about it. At the time he had no idea how long the school day was, or how his stomach would be crying out for food before the teacher let the boys out for their meal.

He was up with the sun and on his way to the simple house of Lo, who kept the Chinese school. Ching went with Liang the first day, because, in China every boy had to take a writing-table and seat to school, and, naturally, Liang was not strong enough to take these himself. Liang had hard work to keep up with Ching's long steps.

Liang was very pleased with his writing-table. His father had made it from a tall tree which had come down in their garden, and after days and days of watching he had seen the seat and table slowly taking form. Ching had been working at them for three long months in all his free time.

Ching's instruments were rough, strange-looking things, and all the cutting and smoothing had to be done by hand. He hadn't the delicate instruments which we have today. But father and son were very pleased when the writing-table was done.

"May you become as wise as the men of early China and keep this knowledge in your fertile mind, my son," said his father. "May you take your seat on this poor offering as at the feet of learning."

It was a great day for Liang. When he came near the school he saw a group of boys who had got there before him. Some of the boys were living with Lo, the teacher, and did work for him in payment for their food and a sleeping place. Liang was not going to do that. His house was so near the school that it was very little trouble to make the journey to school every morning when the sun came up, and then back again every night when the sun went down.

"Will Lo be kind to me?" said Liang, with a note of fear in his voice, when they were getting near the school. "I've been hearing stories about him and his stick." But by this time they were at the door. Lo said good-morning to his new boy, and straight away made him do what every little boy in China had to do every morning. Taking him to a small room with very little in it, he made him go down on his knees in front of a great picture.

"This, my boy, is a picture of the great Confucius," said Lo. "Every morning when you come into the room, you are to go to this place and go down on your knees in front of him. After giving your respects to Confucius you will come to my table and do the same thing to me."

Confucius was not a Higher Being - he was simply a wise and good man. But he was looked on as almost a Higher Being in early China. He went about from place to place giving wise teaching to all, and getting everyone to see things as he did. His friends had put down in books as much of his wise teaching as they had kept in their memory. It seemed to the Chinese that these books gave men all the teaching they had need for as a guide in living and in their relations with other men. We are

A TALKING-OUT-SCHOOL continued.

certain now that their teaching was wise and good.

Wherever Confucius went, old and young came round him, waiting for what he had to say. From the poor to whom he gave his teaching he took no money. But from the well-off he took whatever was offered. A number of young men, desiring a greater knowledge of government, took him as their guide and went about with him from place to place, living wherever he did.

Men of education in China still go to the writings of Confucius and of those who were trained by him. For hundreds of years most of the teaching in Chinese schools was based on the Five Books and the Four Classics. They are books of beautiful verses and rules of behaviour. They were Liang's school books. Only the last book is the work of Confucius. But he got the material for the others together and went over it with great care. Liang said them out loud, going over parts of them again and again till he had thousands of their beautiful sayings by heart.

The books of Confucius gave an account of what to do and how to do it. His ideas of what was right were based on the ways of the early Chinese. For a long time men did everything he said. Every school and family made a religion of his teaching. For this reason everyone in China had much the same thoughts and feelings about things. When men have the same ideas they are united, but their development is very slow. If everyone has the same thoughts year after year, there is no change. For a long time there was very little new thought in China. So China went on in the same old way.

If you have ever done any printing at school from pictures cut on oil-cloth or wood, you will see how books were printed in China. Every page was cut on a separate bit of wood. The word-pictures were outlined by cutting away the wood round them. The wood was then covered with India ink and the paper was put against it. In this way a number of copies were made of every page. These pages were then put together into books. The Bible seems to us a very old book, but the works of Confucius are older than most of the books of the Bible.

Liang's first work at school was to get a knowledge of the signs of the Chinese language. There is no comparison between this and the business of learning our ABC.

There are only twenty-six letters in our ABC, but in the Chinese language there are about fifty thousand signs. Every sign is representative of a sound, a thing, or an idea. Liang went through his first school without learning all of them. But he did get about five thousand of them by heart. Those were necessary for reading the nine books of Confucius.

Liang frequently got mixed because the same sign was sometimes used for more than one thing. Sometimes it was the sign for six different things. It was hard work for Lian keeping them all straight. For example, the picture of a ship might be the sign for a 'wave' as in 'the waves on the water'. But in addition, it might be the sign for 'dancing flames'. And then, again, it might be the sign for 'loud talking'.

Liang was trained to see what the sense of a sign was by looking at a sign placed after it for the purpose. If the sign for 'ship' had the special sign for 'water' after it, then the two together were the sign for 'wave'. If it had the sign for 'fire' after it, then the two taken together were the sign for 'dancing flames'.

In the same way as the hieroglyphs in Egypt were changed to hieratic writing to make the language more simple for writing, so the early Chinese picture-writing was changed so that it might be painted with less trouble with brushes which were made from plant stems.

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1. What does B.C. stand for?
 2. How much was a Chinese "cash" worth and what did it look like?
 3. What did Liang have to take to school with him?
 4. Name the great Chinese teacher who lived in early times?
 5. What did you learn about him?
 6. Describe the early method of printing books in China.

THE CONTINENTS

There are five continents of the earth. Here is a little about each of them. Next time we will read about different countries in detail.

THIS IS ASIA.

Asia is the largest of the continents - it goes halfway up and down the earth, a third of the way round. It has more people than any other continent. It has the world's highest mountain peak (Mt. Everest) and the world's lowest dry land (near the Dead Sea in Palestine).

Asia has some of the oldest and least known nations, like the high tableland of Tibet. And it has some of the newest additions to the world family of self-ruling nations - China, India, Mongolia, North Korea and many others. In these countries the people have thrown off the shackles of enslavement by foreign countries and have begun to build for themselves. But Asia still has millions of the world's poorest people, who seldom have enough to eat or a chance to go to school and to grow up healthy and strong.

THIS IS EUROPE.

Europe is a small continent. It is broken up by many high hills and mountains, curving rivers and rough coastline. It is also broken up into many countries, about 40 of the 60 countries on earth. These have different languages and governments, different ways of doing things. But they have much in common.

Europe is so crowded with people that most farms are small. Much smaller than the farms we know in our own Country. But the peasants work very hard on them and grow many different fruits and vegetables, grains, and even fields of flowers to sell.

There are many beautiful mountains in Europe. The Alps spread out from Switzerland into France, Germany, Austria, and Italy. Most of the land in the peninsulas of Greece, Spain and Norway is very mountainous. So all these regions have **more** forests and pastures for flocks than large farms or cities.

In many of the mountainous countries there are swift rivers, which are used for making electric power and for lumbering. There are slow winding streams in flatter lands, and these are good highways for boats to travel on carrying goods. It would be strange sight in South Africa to see boats and vessels carrying goods and people, on our rivers.

Europe, as we have seen is a very crowded continent. It has many more people for its size than any other continent. It has many large cities, humming with busy factories. These factories make all sorts of goods, from toys and tiny watches to huge machines.

Almost every one of the countries of Europe has something it makes or grows especially well, which it sends out to sell in many other lands. Some countries are famous for fruits, some for grains, some for raising fine animals. Others are famous for the products of their factories.

The flat "low countries" of Northern Europe have many dairy farms. Fields of flowers grow in the Netherlands, on land lower than the sea. Great walls called dykes hold the waters back. France has many vineyards growing grapes for wine. Sweden has many electric plants built along rushing mountain streams. The hills of Italy have many olive groves.

There are great timber forests in Norway and Russia and many different types of crops and industries in Russia itself. The countries of Southern Europe too, have a great variety of crops and industries.

THIS IS AFRICA.

Africa has been called the dark continent. This name was given to it because so much of the land was little known to the world. These unknown parts were mostly in the rough mountains and in the hot, thickly overgrown forests. Across the widest part of the continent stretch the shifting sands of the world's greatest desert, the Sahara. But today Africa is no longer a "dark continent" and we know a great deal about it.

Up in the North, at the mouth of the River Nile, lies Egypt, one of the oldest countries we know of. It has some busy cities. And we can visit some of the ancient cities which were once as busy and as grand.

Along the Mediterranean Sea is a fringe of land where crops are grown and cities have been built. Lately we have heard a great deal about some of these countries - Algeria, Tunis and Morocco. In these countries the people are struggling for better living conditions and for governments of their own. Next time we will read more about them for we must now travel Southwards and nearer home, to the Southern tip of Africa.

Here the land is cooler and people can work and live more comfortably. But although the climate is, comparatively speaking, a very good one, the people are very poor indeed! There are great mines and factories, farms and towns-but the people who work in them are poorly paid and underfed. Along with their brothers in the rest of Africa, they are struggling for a better and a happier life.

Unfortunately, we cannot say more about our great continent at this stage as we must move on to other lands, but we will have another opportunity later! Let it be said, however, that our country is rich in coal and gold and diamonds and farms lands and that we have much to reap from it in the future.

THIS IS SOUTH AMERICA.

South America is an uncrowded sub-continent. (It consists of three important regions- South America, Central America and North America). Along the west coast is the world's largest chain of mountains, the Andes, runs all the way from the North to the rocky Southern tip of the continent. Some fine cities have been built high in these mountains. And there are great forests and valuable woods on the mountain slopes and plantations of coffee.

The mountains have riches under the surface, too, Copper, gold, silver, tin and other minerals lie in the rocks, ready to be dug out.

There are huge, hot, damp forests in the great valleys of the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers. Hundreds of smaller rivers flow into each one of these great ones. And all through those streaming river forests, live small communities of people. They gather rubber and cacao (cocoa) beans and bananas from which they derive their living.

South America has great plains, too. One some, called the pampas, cattle graze. Wheat and grapes and many other farm crops are grown.

It was the Spaniards who conquered South America's people, hundreds of years ago and therefore Spanish is the language that is most spoken in this part of the world.

There are many industries and crops which are produced in South America, like cocoa, rubber, nuts, tea, platinum, gold, cotton fabrics.

The little countries of Central America are like South America in many ways.

They were explored and conquered by Spaniards many hundreds of years ago. But many of their people are Indians who live under intolerable conditions and are fighting for freedom and independence. We often hear of their struggles in our newspapers and sympathise with them. Such countries are Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Mexico.

The lands too have high mountains and thick forests and like the upper half of South America they are very hot. Their chief crops are bananas and sometimes they are referred to as Banana Republics!

Mexico is attached to North America. Its people are Indian and Spanish. Its cities are partly new, but many of them look like old Spanish towns. It has high jagged mountains with scattered flocks and shepherds. It has tiny, steep mountain farms and great flat plains and deserts.

North of Mexico, the United States of America reaches across the continent from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic. For 1,500 miles from South to North, for nearly 3,000 miles from east to west, we can travel in one country.

In the United States there are many lakes, mountains, lowlands, and rivers. It would take too long to speak of all the different mountain ranges and great lakes and fertile lands (not to speak of deserts too) in this great strip of land.

In the United States there are factories and mills and electric power plants, cattle ranches and great fields of different types of crops. We shall hear more of them later!

Canada runs across North America and stretches from the United States far up into the Arctic. But most of the people live in a narrow strip just beyond the United States. North of that strip is a wilderness. There is hunting, fishing and mining, but few people live there

THIS IS AUSTRALIA.

Australia is a big open, uncrowded land. It has some fine modern cities, most of them sea ports like Sydney. But beyond the blue mountains inland from the east coast lie the wide open spaces of the continent.

Beyond the plains is the wild "bush" country, with scattered sheep stations, as the ranches of Australia are called.

To the North, toward the Equator, are some great, thick forests. But the whole centre of the continent is a great desert which is one of the least known parts of the earth. It is very hot and dry and hard to travel on. There are many parts no man has ever visited to this day.

And now we must leave the continents, but we shall return to them as we discuss each different land in turn!

THE KILLING OF THE CATTLE

The idea of the cattle-killing started with Moshesh, the Sotho Chief, and Kreli, who were great friends. After the battle of Berea Moshesh sent word to Kreli that a handful of his people had defeated the British. Moshesh and Kreli then planned to kill the cattle and fight together against the white men. Moshesh - so he said - would attack the Free State and Kreli and his friends the Cape Colony. "We'll drive the whites into the sea, whence they came!" said they.

They started it by making use of the ignorance in the minds of their people. They called in the help of a famous witch-doctor, Umhlakaza.

A short way east of the Great Kei River there is a smaller one, called the Gxara. It runs through good country, and near the sea it widens out into a large sandy mouth. At a spot on the west bank, far away from any other people, and in sight of the sea, there stood at that time a small group of African huts - a kraal. This belonged to Umhlakaza, the witch-doctor and prophet of the great Chief Kreli.

Well, here he is, in this lonely place. With him lives his niece, Nongqause, a big girl, an intombi. Her duty it is to move about in the gardens and frighten the birds away from the corn. Now, look, there she is walking in the fields! Who are those ten young men, who all of a sudden come into the garden? She is afraid! But now she is talking to them. "Who are you? What do you want?" she asks.

In deep voices they say: "We have been sent to order you to kill your cattle, to use up your corn, and to hold back from ploughing your land. Let it lie! Your dead fathers will soon rise from their graves with great herds of cattle, horses and dogs. Many of them have now risen, and in the form of the people called Russians, are fighting the British."

Nongqause runs home and tells Umhlakaza about the young men and their words. He shows no surprise. Oh, no, he is the first to begin killing his cattle. "Go, my girl", he says, "spread the news - this strange news - this message from the spirits."

The girl runs everywhere, and her words are passed from one kraal to another, till they reach all parts. The killing begins.

But some of the amaXhosa laughed at the idea of dying and rising from the grave as Russians. Chiefs like Magomo would have nothing to do with Umhlakaza. He had been deceived by the prophet Umlanjani in the war a few years earlier and that was enough for him. So that is how the amaXhosa were divided into two classes, the ama-Gogosha and the abaTemba - those who would not believe in the prophets and those who did believe.

When Kreli was asked by one of his men what he would live on when all his cattle were dead, he said that he meant to make war on the British. The cattle were to be killed so as to set the men free from guarding them. "When there is war", said Kreli, "a chief thinks always of the safety of his stock, but now he can fight." So more and more cattle were killed.

Now another prophet appears. This is the small girl Nonkosi, a child of about 5. She is the daughter of one Kulwane, also a witch-doctor. One day, when she is playing at the edge of the vlei, near the Umpungo River not far from Kingwilliamstown, what does she see?

She sees the head of a man rise all of a sudden out of the water. Awu! Off runs Nonkosi with loud cries, but she comes back next day. Again she sees the head and this time the man speaks to her. "My name is Umlanjani", says he, "I have risen from the dead to put this country right." Down he goes under the water and heads come up at other

The Killing of the Cattle (contd.)

places, also speaking to her. They say they are Phato, Hintsa, Gaika and so on; they all order her to tell the people that many of their dead chiefs have come to life again. "Tell them to kill their cattle", say the heads. The news of this spreads and many go to see Nonkosi and hear about the vlei.

The man Nonkosi saw was none other than the witch-doctor, who had been told to pretend that he had risen from the dead. He crawled from one tuft of grass to another and kept raising his head. This he confessed to the magistrate when he was brought before the court later.

There was a special day for the forefathers to rise from their graves. It was fixed for February the 18th, in the year 1857. The people were told that a blood-red sun would rise; it would travel some way in the heavens, then turn back and set in the east again. Next would come darkness and a great gale of wind. Then the graves would open and give up their dead! Herds of cattle, too many to count, would cover the plains, and the corn-pits would be full again of good fresh corn.

Everyone was watching the first signs of day on that morning. "There it is at last", they cry as the sun shows itself in the rosy sky. But it is just as usual. It is not blood-red! Their hearts grow heavy as they see it travel slowly across the sky. It never turns back, but sets in the west as always. No darkness, no gale of wind, and, far worse, no cattle and no corn.

The people saw they had been misled. Far and wide they went to find food. But many thousands died before they could reach King-williamstown, the chief centre for help. Umhlakasa himself died from lack of food at the end of the year.

The Basutho did not kill any of their cattle, as far as I know. It was all Moshesh's secret plan to make trouble, and keep the white soldiers in the Cape Colony busy, while he went to war with the farmers in the Free State.

When Kreli sent one of his headmen to Moshesh to beg for cattle, he sent him only a few lean ones, and the message: "My people have taken many cattle from the Boers. Now they have put a halter round my neck and say I must pay large herds to the Free State before they will set me free." When he was asked why he had not joined in the killing and the attack with Kreli, Moshesh replied: "The jackal saw a lion in the path, so he lay down where he was, in the long grass."

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FEDERATION OF SOUTH AFRICAN WOMEN 1954-1963

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