

**A TRIP TO SOUTH
AFRICA, PP. 4-247**

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A Trip to South Africa, pp. 4-247 by James Salter-Whiter

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JAMES SALTER-WHITER

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A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA

BY

JAMES SALTER-WHITER, F.R.H.S.



SUTTON, SURREY :

WILLIAM PILE, 26, HIGH STREET.

1892.

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H.T.



DEDICATION.

In grateful acknowledgment to my many South African friends, whose courtesy, generous hospitality and warmhearted friendship have for ever endeared them to me, I dedicate this account of my experiences in the Colony, with the earnest wish that it may be of service as a hand-book to intending visitors, and also a means, in however small a degree, of encouraging a closer relationship and reciprocity between the Mother Country and the Colony in our mutual ambitions, sympathies, commerce, and interests.

J. SALTER-WHITER.

WALLINGTON,

July 14th, 1892.

Posthumous 21 June 1929

P R E F A C E .

IN the following pages Mr. **SALTER-WHITE** has described his recent visit to the Cape in a manner that cannot but be of value.

Starting from his own home he describes each incident of the journey, and points out the evils to be avoided and the advantages to be secured. He sees clearly the dangers of the coast land at the Cape and the remarkable virtue of the Karoo district. He shews the value of sunshine, dry air, and elevation in securing arrest, even in cases of advanced disease, and in Chapter XV., on 'Health,' he sketches out a route likely to be of essential service to many. The course pursued must vary in different cases, but the advantages of beginning with Wynberg, then going to Ceres, Matjesfontein, and Bloemfontein, are clearly exhibited.

The information is up to date, and in a country which is advancing so rapidly, this is a matter of no little moment. The charms of the voyage and of

the South African Colonies make a holiday trip to the Cape a delightful one, alike to the pleasure seeker and the invalid. Those who are fired, by the perusal of this book, with the desire to test for themselves the virtues of the climate, are not likely to regret their decision.

The observations of the Author, on the climates of South Africa, are of especial value, his naturally acute perceptions being rendered the more keen because he was, at the time of the trip, himself suffering from chest delicacy.

E. SYMES THOMPSON.

passengers depends in a very large measure upon the character and temper of the commander, and I cheerfully bear my unqualified testimony to the great courtesy and consideration this gentleman shows to all his passengers, not only to the swells of the first-class saloon, but equally to the second and third-class passengers. To a very great degree the whole of our pleasure on board ship is due to his exertions for our comfort and amusement. Once on board we find the deck in a great turmoil, luggage and passengers fairly well mixed up in a heap, some trying to find their cabin baggage, vain efforts, if they only knew how much trouble they could spare themselves. All one has to do is to give one's name to the steward, and after the ship starts he will speedily find the luggage as easily as a pointer finds a partridge, and carry it to your berth, without the least fear of its going astray. In the saloon we find luncheon ready for ourselves and friends, who on this occasion are the free guests of the Union Company. Having attended to the wants of the inner man, and joined the well-known "self admiration society," by toasting each other in champagne, our friends prepare to say the last farewell and rejoin the tender which takes them ashore. The mails are on board, and the ringing voice of the first officer sounds "any more for the shore." One more hearty grasp of the hand and our friends, who have come so far to try and cheer us on our way, are gone. A shiver from stem to stern tells us the ship is moving on her long voyage, and we bid good-bye to dear old England, and the still dearer ones it protects, with

the fervent prayer that the primary object of our voyage—"health"—may be obtained. At seven o'clock dinner is served, but it has not reached two courses before, one by one, the passengers deem it the better part of valour to "retire." One begins to sympathise, and spoils one's appetite. To my great regret my young friend, who has been advised to take this trip for the same reason as I, and to whom I stand for the time being in the relationship of foster father, also has to retire to the solitude, and I am sorry to say the misery, of his cabin. Oh! that wretched *mal de mer*; truly only those who experience it can realise what it means. Personally, I have never known what it is to be sea-sick, but I have suffered almost as much in observing the tortures endured by my fellow travellers. This voyage I have had a fair experience of this in tending my young protégé for four days, and do not think I have ever seen anyone so *hors de combat*. At the same time I was proud that he forced the admiration of all the officers for the manly and plucky way in which he tried to master the elements. The worst feature of this wretched weakness is that there is absolutely no cure or means of alleviation of its terrors. The only advice I can give to all who suffer is to take corrective medicine three days before leaving home, to feed well, and get the system in as strong a condition possible. A couple of lemons taken an hour before embarkation is the only possible preventive antidote to this tantalising sickness. By dint of persuasion, I managed to induce my charge to eat all he could, and on the fifth day the nourishment partaken