

**THE PRISONER OF  
CHILOANE: OR, WITH  
THE PORTUGUESE IN  
SOUTH-EAST AFRICA**

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The Prisoner of Chiloane: Or, with the Portuguese in South-East Africa by Wallis Mackay

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**WALLIS MACKAY**

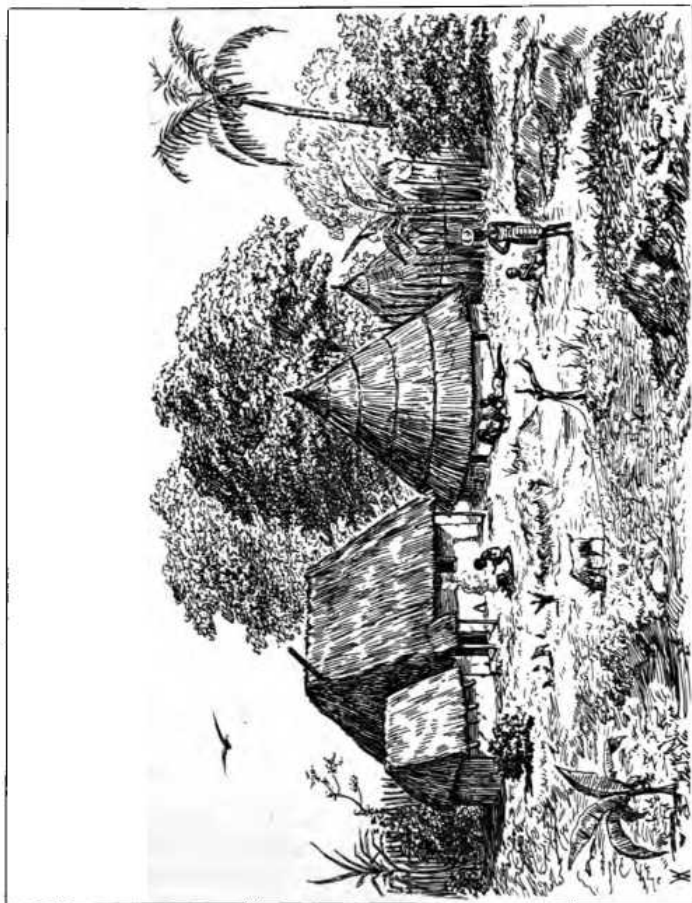
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THE PRISONER OF CHILOANE ;

OR,

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OUR HUT AT CHILOANE.

Fransisier.

THE  
PRISONER OF CHILOANE;

OR,

WITH THE PORTUGUESE IN SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

BY

WALLIS MACKAY.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

"A small green isle, it seemed no more,  
And by it there were waters flowing  
And on it there were young flowers growing  
Of gentle breath and hue."

BYRON'S *Prisoner of Chillon*, Stanza xiii.

3c.

London:

TRISCHLER AND CO.,

18, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

1890.

THE HOOPER LIBRARY

TO MY FRIEND,  
PHILIP KNEE, ESQ.,  
LATE H. B. MAJESTY'S VICE-CONSUL AT DELAGOA BAY,  
IN TOKEN OF  
A GRATEFUL AND PLEASANT MEMORY,  
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.





## PREFACE.

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SHORTLY after my return from Africa I was in the smoking-room of a genial club, where I met a friend who has travelled much and who knows a great deal about the world in general. In the course of conversation he said to me in his pleasant way, "I suppose you are going to do a book? Well, if you do, you'll be swamped, sir, swamped. There are big guns about and coming along, and Africa is a big place to talk about." He being of the American persuasion, I made answer unto him in the diction of his country, and said, "Well, sir, I am going to do a book, and I have been swamped already, and that I am going to tell of. I am aware that there are big guns about, and also that Africa is a big place; but, sir, I have learnt that if you want a new-laid egg there is no necessity to purchase the whole farmyard, and as regards Africa, perhaps I have found an egg that is not altogether addled in a very small corner of it, so we shall see." He replied, "We shall."

It is usual, I think, in books recording pain and danger alleviated by human kindness and sympathy, for the narrators to express their gratitude to those who have succoured them. I have, therefore, to offer my cordial and heart-felt thanks to Mr. Philip Kneec, Dr. Edgelow, and Mr. W. B. Giles—all belonging to Delagoa Bay—for their kindness to me during my peregrinations in South-East Africa. Farther afield, I must do the same to Herr A. Hüpfre and Herr Gutting, at Chiloane, and to Mr. Philip Dörrbecker, at Aruanguae, and Mr. Reuben Benningfield, of Durban. At the same time I must ask them, in company with my indulgent readers, to forgive the shortcomings of my story and sketches herein contained.

And now, turning to the book I have brought into existence, I will say with the gentle Herrick:

Make haste away, my booke, and let there be  
A friendly patron unto thee;  
Lest wrapped from hence I see thee lie  
Torn for the use of pastery;  
Or see thy injured leaves serve well  
To make loose gowns for mackarel;  
Or see the grocers in a trice  
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

London, 1890.

WALLIS MACKAY.

