

POTCHEFSTROOM.

AFTER leaving Klerksdorp, we travelled the next day in our wagon thirty-two miles, halting for the night at Potchefstroom, which is not only one of the oldest, but one of the most important of the Transvaal districts. Recently the presence of gold-bearing reefs has been demonstrated in many parts of the division. On our way we passed, during the afternoon, a spot on the road where a flock of not less than fifty of those unclean birds, vultures, were hovering over and around the carcase of a recently dead bullock. These

birds are the scavengers of this part of the world; they feed greedily on carrion, and rapidly pull a dead animal completely to pieces, leaving only the bones, which afterwards lie bleaching on the Veldt, to mark the spot where it has fallen in death—whether it be either horse, or mule, or bullock—left to die, worn out with fatigue by its unfeeling owners.

Before leaving Potchefstroom, the next morning, I paid a hasty visit to the Fort and Cemetery, rendered so tragically historical in connection with the Transvaal war. It was here that my lamented friend, the late Chevalier Forssman, was shut up with his family for ninety days, and lost during the siege, two of his children, a son and a daughter. I was much struck with the picturesque appearance of Potchefstroom. It has a population of about 2,000. Another long two days' journeying of about sixty-four miles,

through a prettier country than the wide wilderness of the boundless and treeless plain, we had hitherto passed through in the Western part of the Transvaal, brought us to Johannesburg.





JOHANNESBURG.

WE had some little trouble in finding our way into the town, as for the last two hours the daylight failed, and we had to grope our way along at a snail's pace in total darkness. This, in a country of such rough roads and deep and dangerous gulleys and water-courses, was a most intricate and difficult proceeding. Eventually, however, we reached our destination about nine o'clock at night.

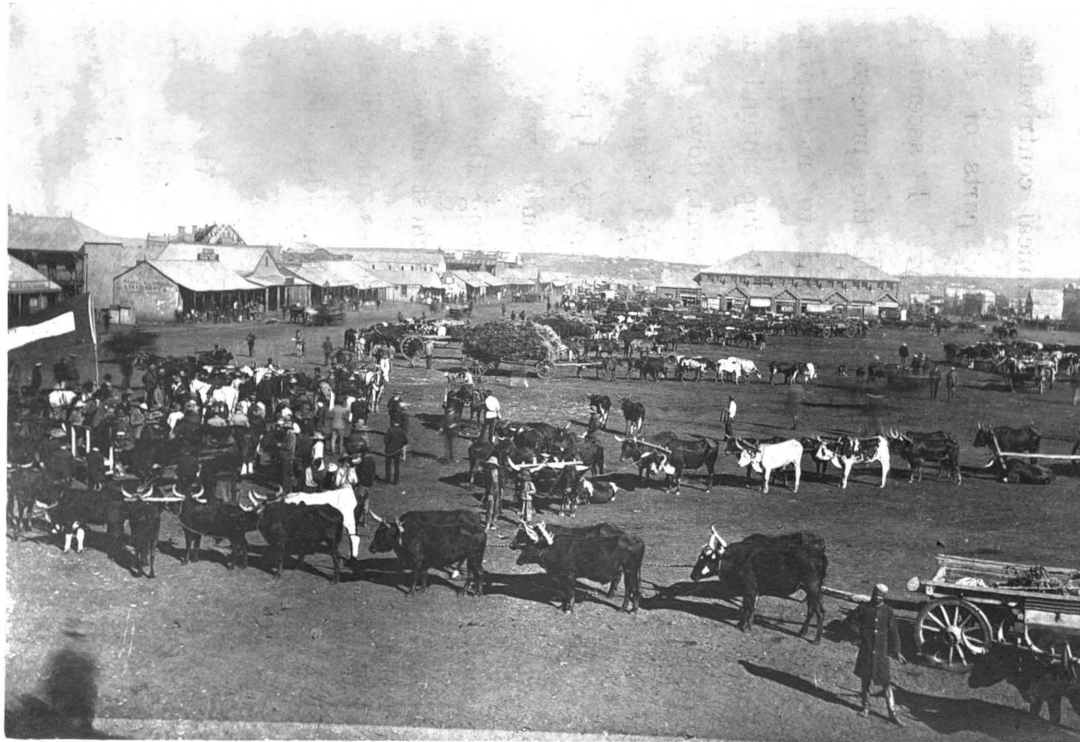
This "auriferous" town is indeed a marvellous place, lying on the crest of a hill at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the level of

the sea. Along its sides are spread out every variety of habitation, from the substantial brick and stone structures, which are being erected with extraordinary rapidity, to the multitude of galvanised iron dwellings, and the still not unfrequent tents of the first, and last comers. It is indeed a wonderful and bewildering sight to view it from the opposite hill across the intervening valley. Scarcely more than two years have elapsed since this town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants commenced its miraculous existence. The excitement and bustle of the motley crowd of gold seekers and gold finders is tremendous, the whole of the live-long day. The incessant subject of all conversation is gold, gold, gold. It is in all their thoughts, excepting, perhaps, a too liberal thought of drink. The people of Johannesburg think of gold; they talk of gold; they dream of gold.

I believe, if they could, they would eat and drink gold. But, demoralising as this is to a vast number of those, who are in the vortex of the daily doings of this remarkable place, the startling fact is only too apparent to anyone who visits Johannesburg. It is to be hoped that the day will come when the legitimate pursuit of wealth will be followed in a less excitable, and a more calm and decorous manner, than at present regrettably prevails.

I spent a pleasant, as well as interesting, week at Johannesburg; and, during my stay, visited several of the mines, among them Knight's, the Jumpers, Robinson's, Langlaagte, &c. At Robinson's, I had an opportunity of inspecting the wonderful battery just completed, and in full working order, constructed on the most approved principles for gold crushing, with sixty head of stamps. It is a

marvellous specimen of mechanical contrivance for crushing the ore. Many parts of the machinery work automatically. I ascended the various floors, and had all the processes minutely and clearly described to me in a most courteous manner, by the superintendent of the battery. I afterwards went down into the mine, first to the 70-feet, and then again to the 150-foot levels. In this way, I passed two hours wandering underground with a candle in my hand, and inspecting the gold-bearing lodes of one of the richest mines in the Randt. This mine possesses magnificent lodes, and millions of tons of gold-producing quartz. There is a prospect of most profitable results in it for years to come. Altogether, from what I have seen of the various gold mines of Johannesburg, I am satisfied of the permanence of its gold fields. Of course they are not all of equal value; but many, even



JOHANNESBURG MARKET PLACE.

of the poorer mines, when they come to be worked more scientifically, and on proper business principles, will ultimately be found to pay fairly, although they may never be destined to yield such brilliant results, as some of those I have mentioned. The Market Square (of which an illustration is given) is the largest in South Africa, covering an area of 1,300 feet in length, and 300 feet in width. Some idea of the growth of Johannesburg may be gathered from the fact, that at the latter part of the year 1886 there was not a Post Office in existence, whilst the revenue of that department for the first quarter of 1887 was £167, and at the end of 1888 it had risen to £7,588.

This extraordinary and rapid growth has unfortunately produced the usual results, when an immense population is suddenly planted on a limited area, without any proper sanitary

arrangements being provided for their protection. From its elevated situation and naturally pure and dry atmosphere, Johannesburg ought to be a very healthy town. That it notoriously is not so, and that the amount of sickness and death-rate from fever and other diseases is abnormal, must, undoubtedly, be attributed to the great neglect and utter absence of an efficient system of drainage. I fear this state of things will continue; and the certainty of serious increase, as the population continues to grow rapidly, is only too likely, until there is established some kind of municipal body, acting under Governmental authority, to adopt a thorough and complete system of sanitation. It is to be hoped that the Transvaal Government, which is having its treasury so rapidly filled from the pockets of the British population, which is pouring into Johannesburg, as well as into so many

other towns in the Transvaal, will awake in time to the importance of taking measures for thoroughly remedying this great and glaring evil, which is becoming such a scandal, as well as creating such widely spread and justifiable alarm among the British community in the Transvaal.*

* Since my return to England I am glad to hear that a Sanitary Board is to be established at Johannesburg.





PRETORIA.

FROM Johannesburg I proceeded to Pretoria, a distance of about thirty-five miles, through a fine, and bold, and sometimes pretty country. Some of the views on the way were extensive and picturesque. Pretoria itself is an exceedingly pretty town, situated at the base of the surrounding hills. There is a continuous, and most abundant supply of water running through all the principal streets. Here, again, I was forcibly reminded of the absence of any municipal body—although Pretoria is the seat of Government—for dealing with the sanitary and other wants of the town.

The dust, every day (as at Johannesburg), was intolerable, although, with the abundance of water flowing unceasingly through the streets, it would be the easiest thing in the world to apply it, as much as could possibly be wanted, to water them, and keep the dust down. I remained for three weeks at Pretoria. While there I attended some meetings of the Volksraad, accompanied by a Dutch friend who kept me *au fait* of the proceedings by translating to me the speeches of the various members, on the subjects under discussion.

The debates are held in a very large, somewhat low-pitched apartment. About fifty members were present. The President of the Volksraad sat at a table on a platform, covered with green cloth. On one side of him, at the same table, sat Paul Kruger, the President of the Transvaal Republic. General

Joubert—who defeated the English at Majuba Hill—sat at a separate table on the left of the chairman.

I was also present, more than once, at the sittings of the High Court of Justice. The proceedings are conducted both in English and Dutch.

By the courtesy of the Chief Justice, I was introduced by him at a special interview, which lasted half-an-hour, to Paul Kruger. During our conversation, which was carried on by my speaking in English, translated into Dutch by the Chief Justice, I referred to the fact of my having been introduced to him in England some years ago. I went on to speak of my having come from England to South Africa to learn. That I had already learned much, and that I was much pleased with all I had seen, especially in the Transvaal, which seemed to me a country teeming with

riches and great natural resources. That I was a great friend to railroads, and that I was never in a country which I thought required railroads so much as the Transvaal. I expressed a hope, therefore, to see the day when the country would be penetrated by them in every direction—east, and south, and west. The President smiled at my strongly expressed aspiration, but did not give me any other reply.

Like every other town in the Transvaal, Pretoria shows signs of rapidly-growing prosperity. Public buildings and private dwelling-houses are springing up in every direction. The Post Office, recently finished, is capacious and commodious; and the new Government buildings for the accommodation of the Volksraad and the Courts of Justice, already commenced, but, as yet, only a few feet from the ground, and which cover a very large

space, promise to be very fine and imposing. While at Pretoria I had ample opportunity for observing many of the prevalent features of both political and social life, and especially of the condition of the large native population of the town.

The Pretoria winter races took place during my stay there. The races were very good and well-conducted. There was a large and orderly crowd who appeared thoroughly to enjoy themselves, and their outing in that fine and sunny climate. The Racecourse seemed a good one, though rather hard owing to the dry weather. It is in a very pretty spot with picturesque surroundings.

The Kafirs, who are employed in great numbers, and who are earning high wages at their various occupations, are always to be seen, either working hard, or, after the hours of labour are over, amusing themselves

cheerfully, chatting at street corners, walking, gossiping, and talking, and gratifying themselves by giving vent to their very voluble tongues. Here also, as at Johannesburg, at Potchefstroom, and at Klerksdorp, I was forcibly struck with the large amount of English spoken, as well as of the number of English names over the various shops in the Transvaal towns. This is an interesting and important fact, which marks the tendency of the direction of future development. The country must certainly become more and more anglicised, in spite of the political efforts made to oppose it.





WATERBURG.

I LEFT Pretoria on July the 17th in a wagon with eight horses, accompanied by two friends, for an excursion into the Waterburg district of the Transvaal. On this occasion we travelled about one hundred and fifty miles north of Pretoria in the course of a fortnight, returning about the same distance back again. We had a half-breed servant named Sole with us, who made himself generally useful during our journey. All this time we camped out day and night, sleeping always in the open veldt, in true gipsy fashion.

We went by the Van der Vroom Poort,

having the Maaliburg range of mountains on our left.

Our first night was spent at a farm called "Polonia," belonging to a Russian Missionary who has been for many years in the Transvaal. He unites the pursuits of spiritual instruction according to the tenets of the Greek Church, with farming on a large scale. On leaving "Polonia" we passed the large and picturesque German Mission Station of "Hebron," which is situated in the midst of a rich and fertile valley. One night we outspanned at a spot called the "Salt Pans." While breakfast was being prepared the next morning, I walked to see those wonderful "Salt Pans," which were close to our camping ground. I descended by a steep path some six hundred or seven hundred feet to the bottom. It is an immense amphitheatre at the base of thickly wooded hills. It is larger in extent than the

vast open excavation formed by the "Kimberley" Mine at Kimberley. The salt and soda brine is perpetually oosing from the bottom, and is continually being scraped up with a sort of wooden scraper into heaps, where, after a time, by the action of the atmosphere, it becomes crystallised. I picked up and brought away with me several crystals of pure salt. This is another of the marvels of the Transvaal, a country which abounds in natural wealth of all kinds, fitted for the service of man. These Salt Pans are the property of the Transvaal Government, which derives a considerable income from the tax imposed for taking away the salt, and soda, from them.

Frequently during our journey we outspanned just outside the Kafir kraals, and often entered into them; one of my companions speaking the native, as well as the

Dutch languages very fluently. We were always received by both Boers, and Kafirs, very kindly. Sometimes we were accompanied by a large number of Kafirs for days. I remember once, counting as many as forty Kafirs sitting round our camp fire, clothed and unclothed, and in every variety of costume, from the old British Artillery tunic to the equally ancient pea coat, the bright-coloured blue morning jacket, and the cloak of Jackall skins. On this occasion they remained all night with us, keeping up the fire and indulging in endless and cheerful talk among themselves. When I wrapped myself in my kaross and turned into the wagon at night I left them talking. When I awoke in the early morning I found them talking still.

The country I saw in the Northern part of the Transvaal is very different, and far

more picturesque than it is in the South-West or South-East, which have a close resemblance to one another, in their bare, barren, treeless, and dreary character. I saw some parts which were really beautiful. One day we drove for several miles through quite lovely scenery. In passing along the road I was forcibly reminded of the road between Braemar and Mar Lodge, in Aberdeenshire, which it strongly resembles. The road runs on the side of the hill, sloping down to the rivulet at the bottom, exactly like the river Dee, and the Rooiburg, or red tinted, Mountain, exactly resembles the heather on the Scottish hills. It is altogether a charming spot, and a perfect picture of fine scenery. There is a large quantity of excellent and valuable timber in this district, as well as abundant evidence of mineral-bearing quartz. I believe that, some day, other Johannesburgs are destined

to rise in the Northern part of the Transvaal, rivalling, or perhaps even eclipsing, the treasures already discovered in the Randt.

At the spot I have described, which is called Hartebeestepoort, not far from the banks of the Zand River, where there is a good quantity of excellent and valuable timber, there was quite a romantic scene one night. We were discussing, as usual, our evening meal round our camp fire. It was starlight, but otherwise we were in total darkness. In addition to ourselves, there were nine Kafirs, making a party of a dozen altogether. It was an intensely interesting and remarkable scene to me, to find myself surrounded by these wild fellows in perfectly friendly fashion, in the midst of the vast veldt, the silence and stillness only broken every now and then by the cry of the jackals howling in the distance.

On leaving here we travelled north towards Grouthoek, which is situated in the midst of the Rhynoster range of mountains, being drawn by oxen, our horses following us, in order to give them rest, and so keep them fresher.

I was disappointed at the small quantity of game we found on our journey. We occasionally shot a springbok, and I thus had an opportunity of making myself acquainted with the delicious flavour of the South African venison. But the days of the enormous herds which once abounded in these regions are gone. They have been either exterminated by the Boers, or been driven far northward, into the interior of Africa, together with the lions and elephants, over whose former habitation I was travelling. There are still a good many koodoos, and hartebeestes in this neighbourhood, but I was

not fortunate enough to come across them. Our commissariat was occasionally supplemented by a delicious bird, about the size of a pheasant, called the kooran, as well as by a few pheasants, partridges, and guinea fowls.

One afternoon we were exposed to a thrilling adventure, which, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, might have terminated in a most disastrous way. Suddenly, as we were driving along the road, through a dense wood, we discovered to the right of us the light of an immense bush fire. It was careering wildly along, fiercely burning, and sweeping everything before it. We saw it was coming swiftly towards the road we were travelling. We pulled up the horses, and taking out lucifer matches, jumped off the wagon, and tried to set alight to the grass, which was about five or six feet high, and very dry, close by us, in order to secure a

clear open space around us. But it was too late. The fierce fire, to the height of several feet, was rushing and crashing through the wood furiously towards us. Another moment, and we should have been within its terrible grasp, and wagon, horses, and ourselves infallibly burnt. It was in truth an awful crisis. We jumped back into the wagon and pushed frantically forward. Showers of sparks were already in the road. But, fortunately, the fire, which for a full half mile was burning behind us, was only a short distance in front of us, and, thank God, we happily escaped.

One of the great advantages I have derived from my tour is, that I have had many opportunities of communicating personally with so many men of different races, and all classes—British, Dutch, and natives.

During my present journey I had a most interesting conversation one morning with a

transport driver, who was travelling by the northern part of the Transvaal, with three hundred lean cattle from the Cape Colony into Bechuanaland. He gave me some very valuable and important information with regard to Colonial feeling in the country districts of the Cape Colony. He was Colonial born, and a fine, handsome man of about forty—a descendant of the Scotch farmers, who emigrated to the Cape in 1820. His conversation impressed me much. He told me that the Colonists generally are loyal to the Queen to the backbone; but not to the British Government, which they consider has not represented their feelings and opinions, and has sacrificed their interests. They dislike the Colonial Government, and are not favourable to responsible Government, as they see it.

They would prefer being under the British Government direct, in spite of all its terrible

mistakes and mishaps, from which they have so cruelly suffered. My informant's opinion was, that the present policy of the administration in Bechuanaland is not conducive to encourage emigration, as it puts artificial impediments in the way of farmers with small means settling there, which, he thought, they would do in crowds from the Colony, if they were allowed to do so on paying a quit rent, say of £10 or £15 per annum, instead of the high terms of £40 demanded at present. He had a very high opinion of Bechuanaland as a cattle-grazing country.

The Waterburg warm sulphur baths—to which I paid a visit, taking a hot bath myself, which was certainly much too hot for me, but which was otherwise refreshing, after nearly a fortnight's residence on the veldt, where there is a decided scarcity of water, both for drinking and washing purposes—are situated about seventy miles north of Pretoria. They

are extensively patronised by the Boers, and are said to be most efficacious in every variety of rheumatic and gouty complaints. They are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and might be made very attractive in the hands of anyone of enterprise, who would construct a suitable establishment of baths, fit for patients who would be quite ready to pay handsomely for them, instead of the miserably primitive and wretched receptacles, called baths, into which the highly excellent natural sulphur water is conveyed, and used by the motley crowd of invalids I saw there.

From the Waterburg warm baths our route lay to the southward, across the Springbok Flats, to the Nylstroom road, along which, in two days more, we accomplished the intervening distance of about seventy miles back to Pretoria, thus concluding a most interesting and instructive journey into the northern part

of the Transvaal. During all this time, with the exception of the first night, I lived entirely in our wagon, sleeping in it every night, and having every meal (which consisted principally of the game we shot on the way), cooked at the various camp fires kindled on the veldt, and drinking nothing but tea. I saw much, of course, of the Kafirs in their kraals, as well as of the Boers in their tents and wagons, in my trek through this wilderness.





PRETORIA TO NATAL.

AFTER reaching Pretoria, I stayed only two days there, engaged in bidding farewell to my numerous friends, and making preparations for my next long journey into Natal. I left Pretoria for Johannesburg by coach, on the 1st of August, and started from the latter town at five o'clock in the morning of the 3rd, in very cold weather and pitch dark, by the post cart. This most uncomfortable vehicle is a kind of wagonette, with somewhat dilapidated canvas curtains, through which the wind whistled most unpleasantly, being utterly insufficient to keep out the cold. It is drawn by eight

horses, and has cramped seats for eight or ten passengers. On this occasion there were seven others besides myself. In addition the mail bags, were crammed inconveniently under the seats. In this post cart I travelled for three days and two nights by way of Richmond, Heidelberg, Standerton,—where cattle rearing and horse breeding is successfully carried on,—and Newcastle, which will be remembered as having been the base of operations during the Boer war, and also as the place where the final treaty of Peace was drawn up and signed by the joint Commission, to Eland's Laagte, the present terminus of the Natal railway, thirteen miles beyond Ladysmith. At Eland's Laagte a very promising coal field is being worked, from which great and important results are expected in the future. Soon after crossing the Transvaal border we passed the battle fields of Laing's



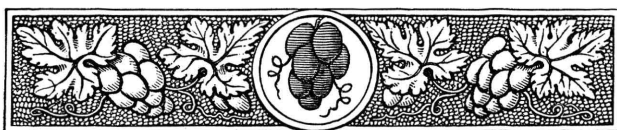
CEMETERY, MAJUBA HILL.

Nek, Majuba Hill, and Ingogo, names indelibly associated with one of the saddest, as well as most humiliating, episodes of English modern military history, in connection with the Transvaal War of 1881. I gazed mournfully on Majuba Hill, that black spot of bitter memories to every Briton, and of natural exultation and pride to the Boers; and on Colley's grave, the unfortunate commander, whose unhappy and most unaccountable military blunder led to the lamentable and fatal defeat, which cost him his life, and resulted in the miserable fiasco—the retrocession of the Transvaal to the Boers. It is impossible to estimate the damage done to British influence, prestige, and power by the political consequences resulting from that disastrous day.

The south-eastern part of the Transvaal is as bare, and treeless, and altogether as uninteresting and unattractive as the south

western region, between Bechuanaland and Klerksdorp, through which I had travelled a few weeks previously. The instant, however, the border is crossed, and Natal is entered, the scene is at once changed, and the beauty of the surrounding country becomes apparent. Instead of the flat, wearisome desert of the Transvaal, undulating hills, clothed with verdure, and an extensive panorama of broad and fertile plains meets the eye.





MARITZBURG.

AFTER leaving Ladysmith, I proceeded to Maritzburg, the seat of Government of Natal. This picturesque town is in a charming situation, the surrounding scenery being extremely pretty. The town itself, is well laid out, the streets being wide, and in most cases edged with trees. Amongst its public buildings may be mentioned the new House of Assembly, of which Sir John Akerman is Speaker. It is a handsome edifice, well arranged, and economically constructed at a cost of £20,000. A life-size statue of Her Majesty is to be erected in the front of the



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MARITZBURG.

building, the pedestal of which is already *in situ*.

While staying at Government House, and enjoying the kind hospitality of Sir Charles and Lady Mitchell, my ear was often gladdened by the sound of the cavalry bugle and the roll of the drum, those striking symbols of British sway, as the troops passed my window in their early morning rides. I am persuaded that these outward evidences of latent power, impress not only the minds of Englishmen, but of natives also, in this distant land. There cannot be a doubt of the influence exercised by the British race over the aboriginal inhabitants of South Africa. That this should be used, at all times, with justice, tact, and discretion, "goes without saying;" but that it is a factor of great effect on their minds is unquestionable.



A STREET IN MARITZBURG.



DURBAN.

THE railway journey from Maritzburg to Durban, a distance of fifty-seven miles by road, is long and rather tedious travelling on account of the slow pace. The line (a single one), which seems to have been very skilfully engineered, is necessarily constructed with such steep gradients that this seems inevitable. The long stoppages at stations might be certainly improved. Durban is the prettiest as well as one of the cleanest, and most well-ordered towns I have seen in South Africa. I was at once struck with the Town Hall, a magnificent building, recently

erected, and generally stated to be, although not the largest, in some respects the handsomest in South Africa. The total cost of construction was about £50,000, and it is worthy of note that in their selection of an architect, the Corporation of Durban did not have to go beyond their own town, an efficient man being found in Mr. P. M. Dudgeon. The building is of the Corinthian order of architecture, having a frontage of 206 feet, with a depth of 270 feet. It is prettily situated, and is a striking proof of what colonists can do when an occasion demanding skill, and perseverance, arises. There are several other fine buildings in the town. A stranger coming from the Transvaal is immediately impressed with the contrast between the careless indifference, which marks the absence of proper municipal arrangements in the towns of the South African Republic,



TOWN HALL, DURBAN.

and the proofs of their presence in an energetic British community. The Natalians certainly deserve the greatest credit for the way in which they carry on the business and manage the public affairs of their prosperous, and thriving town, which has a population of 17,000, of whom about 9,000 are Europeans. Recent commercial returns show that the trade of Natal, of which Durban, as the seaport town, is the centre, is rapidly increasing.

The imports during the first three-quarters of the year 1888 were about two millions; and in 1889, during the same period, they had risen to three millions. The exports during 1888 were one million; for the same period in 1889 they were one million and a quarter. Imports have advanced 50 per cent., exports by 25 per cent. Customs revenue has advanced by 25 per cent., and if the

receipts be maintained, which is more than probable, the total income for the year from this source will reach £350,000. It is anticipated that the combined trade of Natal for the year 1889 will not be far short of six millions sterling. The increase is a substantial one, and, what is more satisfactory, is that there appears to be every reasonable prospect that the trade will go on increasing by leaps and bounds. Affairs are in a generally prosperous state, and a good sign is to be found in the fact that the emigration returns are also rapidly rising.

The gigantic Harbour Works, commenced and now nearly successfully completed for the purpose of removing the bar, according to the plans both of Sir John Coode, and subsequently of his pupil, their late lamented engineer, Mr. Innes, and under the active personal superintendence of their distinguished townsman



HARBOUR WORKS, DURBAN.

the Chairman of the Harbour Board, comprise an undertaking of which the citizens of Durban may well be proud. Nor is less credit due to them, and to their spirited leaders, for their enterprise in so rapidly pushing on their railway to the Transvaal border, in the confident expectation that they will be the first to bring the benefits of that most necessary modern mode of conveyance, both for passengers and goods, into the heart of the Transvaal Republic.

The Harbour Works, the Railway, and the Durban Town Hall are all works of sufficient magnitude to give undoubted evidence of the public spirit and unconquerable energy of the people of Natal.

The inhabitants of Durban are fortunate in possessing picturesque surroundings to their pretty town. The "Berea," one of its most attractive spots, is an elevated suburb where

many of the principal merchants, and others have their residences. It commands a lovely prospect over the bay, and a beautiful view of the country inland.

During my stay at Durban I paid visits to two of the most remarkable places in the neighbourhood. These were the Natal Central Sugar Company's manufactory at Mount Edgumbe, and the famous Trappist establishment at Marionhill. The sugar manufactory is situated on a farm of some 8,000 acres, about 15 miles from Durban. A short railway ride brought me to it. I was courteously received by the manager, Monsieur Dumat. This gentleman, a Frenchman of great experience in the manufacture of sugar both in India and Mauritius, has been at Mount Edgumbe for the last ten years. He is remarkable for the way in which he maintains order and control over all his numerous native workmen. In

the mill itself there are 160 men employed, everyone of whom is a Coolie. There is not a single white man on the premises, excepting two English clerks in the counting house. I was astonished at the perfect order which reigned in the mill, where I spent some time. Everyone appeared to perform his allotted task with activity, cheerfulness, and untiring perseverance. Monsieur Dumat told me he could never get the same steady work from white workmen. He seems to govern them all with perfect tact and kindness. Some of them have been with him for many years. There are about 900 other men, Kafirs and Coolies, employed on the farm. I was shown all the various processes of sugar manufacture, from the crushing of the cane, to the crystallising of the sugar. The first sorts are ready for sale in forty-eight hours; other qualities require a week, and again even as much as six months

to perfect them. There is some wonderful machinery in the mill.

The Trappist establishment at Marionhill is one which should be seen by everyone visiting Natal. It is reached by rail from Durban in about an hour's ride to the Pine Town station. A drive from thence of about four miles brings a visitor to Marionhill. The monks, as is well known, are under a vow of strict silence. I was met by one of them at the station, who drove me in a waggonette to the Trappist farm. Here I was met by, and presented to, the Abbot. He is the real leader and director of this remarkable establishment. He devoted three hours to taking me over it, and showing me all the various industries and works which are carried on. About two hundred brothers are there at present, but more are expected shortly, and upwards of one hundred sisters, and about three hundred Kafirs. The latter are taught,

not only the ordinary branches of a practical education (of course including religion), but all sorts of handicraft. It is, emphatically, a school of technical education. Everything is manufactured and made at Marionhill, from the substantial bullock wagons, and the delicate spiders, to the baking of bread, the building of houses, stables, and cattle lairs, the printing of periodicals, and book-binding. Work is the great and leading feature of the Trappist creed. The motive power is religion. Its controlling influence is here complete.

I came away quite amazed at all I saw, as well as pleased at the attention I received from the Abbot. He is certainly a very remarkable man, of great natural gifts, and indomitable energy and power. He is sixty-five years of age. He was born on the shores of Lake Constance; and before he took to studying for the Roman Catholic Church in a

German University, he was employed, as he told me, in early life in the care of cattle at his native home.

The Trappist farm is beautifully situated, and within its area contains some really fine scenery. The Kafir women's part of the establishment is distinct, and quite half a mile distant from the men's quarters. Women are taught to sew, and sing, to cut out and make dresses, to cook, clean, and go through all the usual routine of household work. The costume of the female Trappists, who, as well as the male, are highly educated, is scarlet serge, with white aprons. The men are clothed in brown serge.

I was struck with the admirable arrangement of the stables, constructed for twenty horses, and of the cow and cattle sheds. All the engineering works also show evidences of the complete knowledge of science possessed by the

“brothers,” and their energetic leader. I came away much interested, and wonderfully impressed with all I had seen in this remarkable institution.

Up to the present time the defences of the Colony have been in a very backward state but I was glad to find that a battery is in course of construction, commanding the entrance to the Bay, which is to be armed with guns of the latest pattern, one of them having recently arrived at Durban.

Having passed ten very pleasant days at Durban and its neighbourhood, I embarked, on the 15th of August, on board the coasting steamer, *Anglian*, for Port Elizabeth. I had a terrible experience of the annoyance of the present mode of embarking passengers at Durban. After attempting to get over the Bar in a tremendous sea, we were obliged to put back into the Harbour thoroughly drenched. Once more

attempting it, we succeeded after another good wetting in getting alongside the *Anglian*, where we remained at anchor until the morning, waiting for the Cargo Boat we were obliged to leave behind, rolling and pitching all night. The eastern coast of South Africa is subject to weather which is often very rough and stormy; and I was, unluckily, destined to experience it. I certainly had a most disagreeable time in making this short voyage. After touching at East London, where extensive harbour works are being constructed, I was landed at Port Elizabeth (after three days' knocking about at sea) on the 18th, being let down, like St. Paul, in a basket, from the deck of the *Anglian* to the tug, which took me to the pier in the open roadstead. Right glad was I to get on *terra firma* again.



PORT ELIZABETH.

PORT ELIZABETH (Algoa Bay) which is generally known as the "Liverpool" of South Africa, is the chief seaport of the Eastern Province, its trade being steadily increased by the development of the Transvaal Gold Fields, and the growth of the interior towns of the Cape Colony. It is a thriving business town. Its inhabitants, like those of Natal, are thoroughly energetic and active in the pursuit of their various mercantile avocations, and number about 12,000, a large proportion being Europeans.

The town contains many fine buildings, the

most conspicuous being the Town Hall and Public Library combined, which is a striking edifice, erected at a cost of £26,000. Attached to it is the market, leading out of which is a splendid and capacious hall, 180 feet long by 90 feet broad. Here I saw a curious and unique scene. Long tables were extended along its entire length, on which were arranged large heaps of ostrich feathers, carefully tied up, and sampled for sale. Port Elizabeth is the staple market for this industry. The value of the feathers I saw, I was told, was something fabulous.

Port Elizabeth is a handsome town. In the upper part of it, called the Hill, there are many good private residences, and an excellent club house, at which I stayed, and enjoyed the kind hospitality, courteously extended to me.

A large, well kept, and conveniently laid

out botanical garden, which is much resorted to, is a great attraction to the town. There is also an excellent hospital at Port Elizabeth. I was much pleased with its appearance, and with the arrangements made for the comfort of the patients. The ventilation struck me as being particularly perfect. There is accommodation for 100 patients, male and female. A well-arranged children's ward, attracts much attention, especially with the lady visitors.

There is, in addition, a good water supply obtained from Van Staden's River, distant about twenty-seven miles from the town, at a cost of about £150,000.

There are several Churches, including Trinity Church, St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Scottish Presbyterian Church, and a Congregational Church, upon which no less a sum than £7,715 was expended.

Previously to leaving Port Elizabeth, the