

When I see what Canada and Australia have done in the way of creating grand cities adorned with fine buildings, I feel that the people at Cape Town are very far behindhand, and have to thank my friend Mynheer Van Dunk for that. He is calm and imperturbable, as he smokes, as one of the immortal gods. As I was walking in Adderley Street I saw some Transvaal tobacco in a window. Thinking I would like to try it, I went in and asked for half an ounce. The worthy tradesman, who was engaged in a chat with a friend, seemed in no hurry to serve me, which he did in the clumsiest manner. 'What is the price?' I asked, when he had done up the precious article. The question seemed rather to startle him. 'About three-halfpence,' was the reply. But an awakening is coming to the Boers, as well as to the rest of us. They still magnify the minister, and give to everyone who claims to be such not a little of the old-fashioned hospitality, but the young ladies are now sent as boarders to the Huguenot establishment called Wellington, and there they imbibe modern ideas and habits which they do not forget when at home. At this present time there are about two hundred young ladies in the institution, and you may be sure that they will help on the work of progress in

quarters where at one time it was never dreamed of. The Boer himself is being modified. For one thing, he is not such a good shot as he formerly was. The absence of game in South Africa has deprived him of the practice which at one time made him a formidable foe.

Yes, in Cape Town the people are a little slow. The Dutch phlegm has affected the energetic Anglo-Saxon. There is not a decent omnibus to be seen, though the hansom cabs are admirable; and when I turned out yesterday morning the first thing I met was a waggon drawn by six oxen, with a little Hottentot boy leading the front pair, coming into the town at a most funereal pace. All seem sleepy, and all are Conservatives. Politics, as we know them, are quiescent. It was on the railway question that Sir Gordon Sprigg went out and Mr. Cecil Rhodes came in. There is one burning question, and that is all—a resolve to keep the Asiatic out of the land, whether he seek to force his way into the colony as the mild Hindoo or as the bland and artful heathen Chinese. As to the white, I don't think just now that there is much work even for him. If he comes and gets a berth, however, he will be better off more quickly than he could be at home. There is not so much

waiting for dead men's shoes as in the old country, and there are no strikes. The workman is contented with his lot. It is true that not long since one of the American Knights of Labour came over to stir up the people, but his mission was in vain; the seed fell upon stony ground, and he had all his trouble for nothing. With respect to domestic service I hear few complaints. The domestics are mostly coloured, and half-breeds of some kind or other. They are well paid and are content. It is true I have not yet discovered among them the Hottentot Venus, but her hideous-looking sisters are to be seen everywhere; one could almost fancy the Hottentots were the missing link.

Once, and once only, in the course of the twenty-four hours is Cape Town in a state of excitement. It is at nine o'clock at night, when the train starts for Kimberley and Johannesburg. Everyone goes to the train to see it off. Everyone seemed to be on the platform—all I knew and a good many more beside; but in addition there was a crowd not permitted to intrude farther than the inside of the station. The passengers looked very comfortable in the first-class carriages with their reading-lamps and newspapers, and baskets of flowers and fruits. As to the third-

class, they are no worse off than with us. Let me speak of a lower class, of whose existence there is painful evidence down the docks, where they are employed in excavating a new one out of the solid rock. Their number looked painfully large, as I watched them toiling under the sentry's eye in the sultry sun. Most of them were Kaffirs, who had been found guilty of diamond stealing, a temptation to which their occupation peculiarly exposes them, but on which the law has little mercy. There is a great deal of diamond stealing. As I write, near Kimberley the authorities have made a haul of a couple of hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds on their way to Hatton Garden. That will never do. We have now strict ideas of property — that is, ever since the Norman robber came over and stole from the English people their English land. Still I fear that they are not all good people at the Cape. The following recipe for the manufacture of 'Cape Smoke,' says the *Natal Advertiser*, is not an exaggeration, but carefully followed by some of the most enterprising brandy traders in the colony: Quarter of a pound of vitriol, two ounces of Cayenne pepper, half a roll of Boer tobacco, water *ad libitum*, and flavoured to taste. As the article thus manufactured is sold uncommonly

cheap, no wonder it is much enjoyed by Tommy Atkins and the Kaffir, when they can get it, and that it makes them both in a little while feel uncommonly queer.

It is now nearly four centuries since Bartholomew Diaz, the Portuguese navigator, while sailing along the western coast of Africa, and when off the mouth of the Orange River, was caught in a furious gale which lasted for fourteen days. At its termination he reached the Cape, which he termed the Cape of Torments. A mutiny among his crew when he got as far as Algoa Bay compelled him to return to Europe, and Vasco de Gama followed in his steps. He rounded the Cape, to which King John of Portugal had given the more auspicious title of the Cape of Good Hope, discovered Natal, to which he gave its present name, and went on to India, thus opening up the route to that wealthy empire; but no one took possession of the Cape till the Dutch planted a settlement there. Johan van Riebeck was the first of the Dutch governors, who for ten years ruled the infant settlement with a rod of iron. When George III. was king, for a little while the English became possessed of the place, but the colony was found unprofitable, the people were in a state of revolt all the while, and at the peace of Amiens it was restored

to the Dutch ; but in 1806 Sir David Baird planted the English flag on the castle, and ever since it has been under British rule. As was to be expected, there were constant wars with the native chiefs, and the Boers, disgusted with English rule and the abolition of slavery, made their way to the Orange Free State or to Natal, whence, driven away by the English, they ultimately settled in the Transvaal. Meanwhile there was a good deal of fighting with the Kaffirs, which led to the annexation of the district up to the Kei. Since then Griqualand West—the diamond district—was annexed. In 1871 Basutoland became part of the colony. Later on Warwick Bay, with the country for ten miles inland, was added to the Cape. As I write the High Commissioner for South Africa has proclaimed the Queen's sovereignty over and the annexation to Bechuanaland of the strips of territory known as Bastards Country, lying to the west of the Crown colony of Bechuanaland. The country comprised in the proclamation extends north from Cape Colony, where the Orange River forms the boundary, to the Nosob River in the south-west of the British protectorate of Bechuanaland. It is bounded on the east by the Crown colony and on the

west by the 20th deg. of east longitude. This, according to the memorandum of December, 1884, forms the eastern frontier of the German protectorate in Namaqualand, with which the Crown colony of Bechuanaland is thus rendered coterminous. The reason given for the annexation is that peace is endangered by a trek of Boers and Damaras. By this act the whole of the territory from the west coast up to the Transvaal frontier is now in the hands either of England or Germany. It was highly desirable that no independent strip of land should be allowed to exist between the eastern frontier of the German and the western frontier of the English possessions.

The people in Cape Town have much to be thankful for, nor, as a rule, can it be said of them that they are unmindful of their privileges. They avoid living in the city—which is left to the coloured population of a night; in the summer it is too hot to be a pleasant place of residence—and rush off to one or other of the picturesque suburbs in which Cape Town especially rejoices. It is getting more and more to be the fashion for people who have made money in the colony to retire and make Cape Town their headquarters, and I know no part of the world

where they can live more pleasantly. A tramway, apparently excellently managed, carries you to Sea Point, where you enjoy, even in the height of summer, a cooling breeze, and where sea and sky are alike ever fresh, ever blue and ever free. There can be no mistake about the beauty of the Cape atmosphere—always free from smoke and fog, always bright and clear, except, of course, in the rainy season, which comes exactly when our summer comes at home. It is true the fierce rays of the sun have dried up the vegetation, that the parks and lawns and gardens, and the sides of the Table Mountains all look brown and sunburnt; but as soon as the rain comes they are again fresh and green; while in the suburbs, even in summer time, there is an abundance of living grass and of foliage everywhere, set off by a marvellous background of hills and peaks. Let the visitor do as I did, take the train to Kalk Bay, a journey of about an hour, and he will be well repaid. The train runs chiefly by the side of the sea. On the other side is a plain, where there are picturesque bungalows, well-kept gardens, and a cultivated area stretching up to the hills, which are ever a universal boundary. At Wynberg, in addition, you have the advantage of a forest of oaks and pines,

something like that of Soignies, and as fine as anything we have left us in the old country. The Dutch did well in planting trees. Here the Home Government wisely make the headquarters of the small force that represents the might and majesty of the British Army in South Africa, and which some people at the Cape tell you they do not require, as they are quite able to take care of themselves and have nothing to fear from the natives. That opinion is by no means so general as I had gathered. A gentleman holding a responsible position in the town writes to me: 'Now, sir, with the exception perhaps of the extreme Dutch Republican party, the people of Cape Town would regard the withdrawal of the troops as the greatest calamity that could befall them. The large expenditure of the Imperial Government is a most important factor in the prosperity of the town and district, and as to the task of defending ourselves, the fact is, Cape Town would be at the mercy of the weakest power possessing a fleet if the imperial forces were withdrawn.' The camp is not far from the station, and in whatever direction you walk you come to pleasant houses, situated in what appears to be primeval forest, with the sea ever wafting its health-giving ozone all round. In few of these

houses will you find a fireplace—fireplaces are not in fashion here ; but there is an agreeable coolness, very acceptable to all who can enjoy it. In this part there is a good deal of wine made, and there are signs of small farms and market gardening, chiefly in the hands of the Germans, and for miles—that is, all the way from Cape Town to Kalk Bay, on the other side of which is Simon's Bay, where the British fleet, or part of it, lies—you see smiling homes, in which you feel anyone might rest and be thankful. There is little need to establish sanatoriums in South Africa ; all the way every house seemed a sanatorium on a small scale. Fine air, fine sea-bathing, sunshine, good drives and walks everywhere—these are what the invalid requires, and here he can find them all. The real want is that of good hotels, where the English pleasure-seeker can enjoy the feast of fat things in which his soul delights. I only saw one hotel in Cape Town which comes up to the English standard, and that was at Sea Point. I was not surprised to find people living at Wynberg, and at other places along the line, who had fled there from the unbearable severity of an English winter. The drawback is the wind, which oftentimes sweeps along with terrific force. Last night I could scarce sleep on

account of the violence of the gale. I fully expected ere the morning to be blown over the hills and far away. You cannot be long at the Cape without fully understanding why it is that so many of the houses are low and mostly of one story. As an evidence of the popularity of these suburban residences, I may mention that hardly anywhere have I seen a house to let. Unlike our London suburbs, the supply seemed to be unequal to the demand. It has been said that in South Africa the birds have no song, the rivers no water, the flowers no scent. There may be some truth in the remark, but the suburbs of Cape Town are beautiful nevertheless.

Whether the Cape is a cheap place to live in I am unable to say. It seems to me that it is not so cheap as London, where, according to my humble reckoning, you may get more for your money than in any other part of the world. In one respect the Cape has an advantage: it escapes the grinding taxation which increasingly makes the life of the middle-classes in England a burden too heavy to be borne. Here the taxes are light, though import duties make everything a family requires rather more costly than at home; I should say in many cases—drugs, for instance—quite twenty-five per cent. Provisions, also, with the ex-

ception of meat, which is much cheaper than in England, are very dear. It seems a good deal to pay 3s. or 3s. 6d. a dozen for eggs; not to be able to get a bit of bacon under 1s. 3d. a pound; to pay for butter more than 2s. a pound; and to find cheese proportionately high; and I must own that I was shocked at hearing 6d. asked for a small cabbage. I was sorry to hear a lady say that they were compelled to buy boots and shoes made in the Cape as they were so much better than those sent out from England. It is to be regretted when an English manufacturer sends out inferior articles, only made to sell, and thus destroys English prestige all the world over. At certain periods of the year you have a good supply of fish at a cheap rate, but, nevertheless, I see no fishmongers' shops. Grapes are plentiful; the lady of the house yesterday brought me in a tea-tray full of fine grapes, for which she had given but sixpence. Peaches also are plentiful, as well as garden figs. The wild flowers from the mountain are also beautiful. Cape brandy is cheap—too cheap; and so is Cape wine; you get a decent *vin ordinaire* about ninepence a bottle. Servants are dear. Even the rawest Hottentot girl expects her pound a month. Nor can I say that houses are cheaper here than they

are at home. The working man has to pay for his house as much as three pounds ten shillings a month. Altogether, I may say that there is much to recommend the Cape, especially to people whom our English winters have a tendency to kill off, but who naturally, whatever may be the opinion of their friends, like to keep body and soul together as long as they can. Books and newspapers are plentiful, and so are schools and colleges. Cape Town has a magnificent Free Library, handsomely lodged; and as to theology, you can get it of all kinds, including the highest Ritualism on one side and the purest theism, according to Messrs. Voysey and Conway, on the other. Carriages and horses are to be had on reasonable terms. There are two hundred licensed cabs in Cape Town, and capital cabs they are, most with fancy names. There are also capital tramways in every direction. Life is worth living where no smoke pollutes the atmosphere; where no fog builds up a wall between you and heaven; where dress is a superfluity, except in the crowded town, the greater part of the year; where you can have society if you require it, and live the life of a hermit if you are so disposed; where the tall chimney of the factory and the pale face of the factory worker are unknown. England

and America work for you at the Cape. All that you have to do is to enjoy the fruits of their labour.

In Cape Town, in Natal, at Kimberley, wherever I go, the one cry is that the native Kaffir will not work. There are few people who will, I fancy, unless they are compelled to, or have a love of money, or a desire of fame. The Kaffir needs little money to supply his simple wants, and his ambition is equally lacking. He is like Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters, and sees little good in toiling and moiling; or like his enlightened British brother, who asks for eight hours a day because he can't get four—as Mr. Ben Tillet frankly admits. Like the water-sprites in 'Undine,' the Kaffirs seem to say: 'We have no souls, and we are happy.'

All along my route I found this one complaint—that the coloured man does not care to work in accordance with English ideas. In the Cape, the Malay, however, seems to be very useful, very sober, and uncommonly well behaved. The women, with their lovely faces (this is 'rote sarcastic,' as Artemus Ward would say), quite colour the town, as their heads are enveloped in the most showy of silk handkerchiefs, and their short, dumpy figures quite block up the pavement. We had a good many of them on the *Roslin Castle*, and as they cleared out they made

quite a sensation with their glittering robes on the dark wharf. Of course, they did not walk up to the town as I did, but drove away in carriages and pairs. Coloured people seem very fond of riding. Just as I got into Adderley Street there was quite a procession of carriages. The Malays are very horsey, and make good coachmen and stable attendants. There had been a nigger wedding, and the party were returning from witnessing the ceremony. In each carriage there were four coloured gentlemen in European costume, all wearing tall hats, and all smoking cigars, which are as dear here as in London. It was evident that they were vastly enjoying themselves, and it was equally evident that they were a vast source of amusement to such whites as happened to be in the street at the time. The one odd thing to me was that the ladies were conspicuous by their absence. We talk a good deal sometimes of the extravagance of our working men, but it is rarely that we see them riding in carriages at home. I am not surprised that the native does not care to work, and that he is a bother everywhere. I read in the Port Elizabeth paper that the Rev. Mr. Helm, whose self-sacrificing missionary labours are well known in South Africa, said recently at Colesberg that he greatly regretted his inability to

teach his native boys how to work. Here at the Cape, with a million of natives, they have recently been importing labour from Damaraland for public works. It is the same all over the Cape Colony. The East London paper, for instance, writes: 'Farmer wants labourers for hoeing crops, and goes to the nearest location swarming with natives. Sees a lot of men and states his wants. "No; we don't want work." Presses them. "No, no; but at the other end of the location you will perhaps get some." Goes there; more able-bodied men, plenty of them young and strong. "Will you do some hoeing?" "No, no, no." More pressing, and then he is told, "Ask these women." He looks, and there is pointed out to him a small batch of old hags, mothers and grandmothers, and he goes away in disgust.' Again, here is another case, that of a servant girl who, by way of obligation, is going to do a little washing, for which she is to receive extra pay. Casually her 'educated' brother comes upon the scene. 'Sarah has never done any washing and shall not begin now,' and the poor mistress is left in despair. I am not surprised to learn that the newspapers begin to talk of compulsory labour. It is argued that every native and white man, too, should be compelled to show that he

has some visible means of subsistence, and if he cannot give satisfactory proof that he has, that he should be required to labour whenever his services may be required. The white mechanic works well, and, as he deserves, is well paid.

The one spot where the question of utilizing and Christianizing the Kaffir has been tried to its utmost is, of course, Lovedale, a settlement about 550 miles north-east of Cape Town, and about forty miles west of King William's Town. It was in 1841 that the Rev. William Govan commenced the work with eleven natives and nine Europeans. In 1855, on the occasion of paying Lovedale a visit by Sir George Grey, and a promise of a grant of £3,000, an industrial department was added. In 1876 the institution reached its highest point. There were over 400 receiving instruction, all being boarders or residents. Fees are paid by the natives, and friends at home supply the rest. The natives had been trained theologically and educationally, and it is agreed that they follow the special trade for which they have received a special technical education. But the report of the society acknowledges that many make inefficient workmen, and are compelled to take to some common occupation, such as that of day labourers, at much smaller

wages. The writer declares that the statement is untrue, which is often made, that industrial grants are wasted on the Kaffir, who never takes to a trade, but prefers an idle life. However, he admits that the quality of native work is not high, and that close European supervision and constant direction are necessary. He fairly argues that it is not to be expected that a people emerging from barbarism, to whom the production of a single straight line is a difficulty, and parallel lines or a rectangle an elaborate work of art, should after five years' training turn out remarkably intelligent and efficient mechanics. It is also admitted that for some kind of work, such as sheep and cattle herding, the raw native is undoubtedly superior to his educated brother. From such a noble experiment as Lovedale one would have been glad to have had a better report, at any rate.

'Let the reader be careful how he confounds the savage with the Kaffir savages,' said Lord Beaconsfield to a friend. 'Do you call them savages when they have out-manceuvred one of the oldest of our generals, and converted one of the most learned of our bishops?' Alas! the Kaffir ignores Kant's categorical imperative.

At Lovedale the work of training a native ministry is carried on under the auspices of the Rev. T. D.

Philip, son of the well-known Dr. Philip, the Hottentot advocate and friend. The students remain six years, of which three are devoted to general, and three to theological, studies. Mr. Philip writes: 'Although the standard of attainment may seem too high to many native aspirants, it presents itself as too low for European students who contemplate ministering to European congregations. I have therefore reluctantly been compelled to abandon the idea that men can be educated here at Lovedale to act as pastors of European churches in the colony.' Mr. Philip explains that 'one of the reasons that prevent desirable men offering themselves for the work of the ministry is that we have no definite sphere to offer a man when he has completed his course. A few years ago a large number of native churches were vacant. These have now, for the most part, been filled up by European ministers,' and he hints at the conflict of races, which threatens to make havoc of our native churches. They have, of course, the sanction of their European betters for these racial antipathies, and although Europeans group natives together into one class, and think they ought themselves to do so, they by no means make light of these distinctions among themselves. In the Cape these racial prejudices are

stronger than elsewhere owing to the mixture of races. In the Cape every variety of colour is to be met with, with the exception of the Chinese. In Natal you only meet with Kaffirs and Indians, and there it seems to me both look better.

It was to a Scotchman—Thomas Pringle—whose fame as a poet and philanthropist still survives, that the Cape owes that palladium of public liberty, the freedom of the press. Pringle, who had been connected with *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1820 went out to the Cape to settle a colony of Scotchmen—always the best of emigrants—on the vacant frontier lands of the Baavians River, now Glen Lynden. He and a friend, John Fairbairn, started a magazine at Cape Town, and a weekly newspaper; but the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, an arbitrary man, insisted on the establishment of a censorship. The editors resolved not to submit, and to appeal to England instead. Earl Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary, decided in their favour. Lord Charles Somerset would have been a wise man to have let the matter rest. In reality he was otherwise, and procured an order from Lord Bathurst for the summary suppression of the newspaper because it had reprinted an article from the London *Times* censuring Lord Somerset's

despotic proceedings. With public opinion behind him, Mr. Fairbairn proceeded to England, where he was supported by all the merchants and others connected with the colony, and gained from Mr. Huskisson, who was then in office, an intimation that 'the press should be placed under the control and the protection of the law; and no arbitrary suppression should take place in future.' And thus the press became free. Its further development was mainly due to Mr. Robert White, of the firm of Godlonton and White.

In 1838 Mr. White joined his uncle, the Hon. Godlonton—of whom there is a fine marble bust, presented by Mr. White, in the Cape Town Parliament House—as a partner in the *Graham's Town Journal*, the only newspaper published on the frontier, or, indeed, in the whole of the eastern province. In an old number of the *Cape Argus* I learn that, from the necessities of his position as a newspaper proprietor, Mr. White took a lively interest in the eventful struggles which were then in progress, or soon afterwards began, between the English settlers and the native races on the one hand, and the Dutch farmers on the other, and also in the agitation for self-government which ensued.

In 1850, at the instance of Sir Harry Smith, the then Governor, who had just returned from Boem-platz, he was induced to establish a printing-office at Bloemfontein. The plant had to be forwarded by bullock-waggons ; and Mr. White followed it up on horseback. His newspaper was christened by Sir Harry Smith *The Friend of the Sovereignty*. Now it exists under the title of *The Friend of the Free State*. *The King William's Town Gazette*, *The Eastern Province Herald*, and most of the newspapers in the Eastern Province were one after another ushered into existence by Mr. White ; and it may be of interest to modern printers and journalists at the Cape to know that Mr. White was the importer of the first cylindrical printing machine used in South Africa. The means of transport were so defective, that it took two or three months to convey this machine from Port Elizabeth to Graham's Town. For years it was driven by four Kaffirs, and afterwards its motive-power was a horse-mill.

The English Press make some funny blunders when writing on South African topics. 'The Chinese in Natal' is the heading given to a paragraph in the *Manchester City News*, describing the objection to Chinese at Kimberley. The *Manchester Guardian* recently re-

ferred to 'Paul Kruger, well-known in financial circles in connection with the amalgamation of the different diamond mines of the Cape Colony;' and the *Sporting and Dramatic News* referred to 'Sir Gordon Sprigg, the late premier of Natal.' They don't know everything—my brethren of the press.

When I was at the Cape, one of my pleasantest experiences was a visit—personally conducted by a friend — to Constantia, a distance of about ten miles, and one of the most charming rides I ever took or was taken. We went in a Cape cart, and that is a machine which deserves description. It is a light covered cart, on two wheels, drawn by a pair of horses. It is on springs, and fitted up with two or three rows of seats, so as to accommodate quite a party, the driver, generally a gentleman of colour, in front. You are sheltered from the sun, you enjoy the refreshing breeze, and most of the way is on a good road, under an avenue of grand old trees, planted by the Dutch ages back. It was a ride of intense interest, and beautiful all the way; and many were the fine houses we passed on each side, built by the old Dutchmen, who had an eye to the picturesque; and in one of the oldest of them lived Captain Bower, the Imperial Secretary, a gentleman to whose kindness I

owe at least one pleasant day, and whose lovely children attest the salubrity of the climate in the most striking manner. The old Dutchmen were wise in their generation. Wood is in great demand in the colony for fuel, and they planted trees all the way from the Cape and Wynberg to Constantia. The road is up hill and down, and the driver had no brake, but we managed to dash on merrily nevertheless. And every now and then you cross another road equally covered with protecting and attractive foliage, and at times you get a glimpse of mountains on one side, and the blue sea, with its white surf, on the other. All you require is a few song-birds, but, alas! they are not in the African green-wood.

All around, the land is in a high state of cultivation, as in Cape Town there is a fine market for everything that the earth can produce. Flowers and fruits are everywhere, and melons, and vegetables, and Indian corn. It surprised me not to see more fowls about, knowing the high prices given for eggs, and porkers are equally scarce, though apparently there is a great demand for bacon and sausages. All at once, as we rush along we come to a great white gate, bearing the inscription, 'Groot Constantia'; we are, in fact, at one of the original vineyards. The stately white

mansion before us was built by the old Dutchmen, who seem to have had a good idea of taking care of themselves. How lofty and airy are the hall and all the rooms! One can fancy those deserted rooms blooming with beauty, and alive with laughter. We pass into the yard, where there is a stream of water running amidst a few trees, and a stone seat, where I doubt not Rip Van Winkle sat and smoked his pipe in peace, little dreaming how the English redcoats were to land in the sand on the other side, and blow himself and his friends into infinite space. On the other side of the seat is the large white building where the wine is stored. On the façade is a basso-relievo of Bacchic allegories, bearing the date of 1791.

At that time the Dutch had it all their own way, and the house and grounds must have been the property of a family who reigned in semi-regal state. On one side are the workshops and residences of the people, while gardens and orchards bloom all round till we come to the vineyards flourishing at the foot of the mountain. It is a fine estate, but now in the hands of the Government, who get learned or practical men from France to come there to teach the farmer to manufacture better brandy and wine. As there is no one to receive us here, we drive to a neigh-

bouring farm, that of Mr. Renan, at High Constantia, who gives us a cordial welcome. He has a farm of some two hundred acres, and as we wander among the ripening grapes, he explains the enemies which threaten, if not the extermination of the grape, at any rate loss to the farmer—the phylloxera, the locust, and a small beetle that eats out the hearts of the buds. He has to manure his land every year, and to look well after his workpeople, who, if his eye is once removed, either do nothing at all or more harm than good. The vines are like small currant bushes, and were laden with grapes, black or white, of great size and sweetness. They bear luxuriantly: I saw one branch that must have weighed twenty pounds. Then we walked among the winepresses and the great casks, which contained the generous fluid—of which I tasted specimens—Hermitage and Constantia—which were certainly up to the mark.

But it seemed to me that the people at Adelaide were far in advance of the Cape people in the manufacture of wine. I said as much to Mr. Renan, and his reply was that they grew the finest grapes in the world, that no country could compete with them. And there, I believe, he was not far out. ‘But, said he, ‘we never get our wine put properly before the

public. It is never allowed to ripen. The Cape wine-merchant has no capital, and he sells it directly he has purchased it, instead of keeping it in store a few years.' 'And is that all?' I asked. 'No,' was the reply; 'we have no cellars, and that is a terrible drawback. To make good wine we require a uniform temperature. Here one day it may be burning hot, and the next comparatively cool; the wine suffers in consequence.' It seemed to me that the question of cellars was easy of solution. The Government might easily set the example. But the Dutch, with all their virtues, are, both in Europe and Africa, a slow people; however, I must say for them that they drink their Cape wine, and like it, and the wine-makers are a great power in the land.

One day, as I was taking lunch at a pleasant villa on Sea Point, with the blue waves dashing over the boulders at our feet, where all was sea in front and mountain behind, the worthy host, a gentleman well known in Cape society, told me how, when in England, at a breakfast-party at Sir Donald Currie's, in London—and as far as I can learn, Sir Donald seems to keep open house—he asked Sir Donald, who was going to take out Mr. Gladstone on his celebrated cruise around the English coast, to be allowed to send some Cape

wine on board, which he hoped Sir Donald would get the Grand Old Man to drink. At the same time, my friend expressed his hope that Sir Donald would call the attention of Mr. Gladstone to the injustice inflicted on the Cape by the high duty placed upon its leading industry. Sir Donald performed his task: the wine was duly tasted, the grievance of the Cape grower duly pointed out. 'And what did Mr. Gladstone say?' asked my friend. 'Only this,' replied Sir Donald, 'that if the Cape people made such good wine, they were quite well able to pay duty at the higher rate!'

Of late years the Cape Government has done much to encourage the growth of the grape and the development of it into wine. Stellenbosch has a School of Agriculture and Viticulture. Baron von Bano, Government viticulturist, reports: 'The wine made on the new principle is now an article of general consumption. The quality of it can still be improved, especially in regard to strength, the light wine being more suitable as a beverage in a hot climate like that of this colony. As there is still plenty of room for increasing the vineyards, all pains ought to be taken to improve the quality of the light wine, so as to be able to compete more successfully against the stronger drinks.'

The prices for wines have risen, so that farmers may be perfectly satisfied, as they can expect to receive good returns from their vineyards if the latter are kept in proper condition.'

It is impossible to do justice to the clear, unsullied atmosphere of Cape Town. Morning, noon, and night, the heavens above are beautiful, and the sun robes everything in golden hues. One never tires of looking at the mountain, which reveals new charms as the shifting light gleams on crag and gorge where before there seemed to be only a gigantic precipice of stone. Of course I speak only of the summer, which lasts long, and of which the people make the most—especially by night, when the silver moon takes the place of gaudy day, and over hut and hill and green fields or barren sand casts an additional charm. It is then that the Cape Town folk rush off to Kalk Bay to hear the band play or look at the fireworks; or there are musical attractions in the gardens; or the fine road leading from Sea Point to Campes Bay is visited by young people, whose courtships are greatly accelerated by means of a moonlight walk beneath the hills, and with the much resounding sea at their feet. If it chance to be fine, and that is a matter of course at the Cape, as you retire to rest you hear a

murmur from afar. Is it the cats, you ask, or are the frogs chanting their melodies?—melodies which have been the theme of the satirist, at any rate since Aristophanes. It is neither; the fearful sound which lasts the whole night through is that of the Malays—men and women, young and old—who sit outside their whitewashed cabins singing to the moon—and not singing alone, for every now and then you hear a great clapping of hands, and then the Hindoo comes in with his tom-tom, and the night becomes noisy as the day. It is a religious ceremonial, I believe; let us hope that they are all the better for it.

It is this foreign element that confuses one at Cape Town, and wherever you go. The coloured people live by themselves. The larger number are Malays, and their numbers constantly increase, for as fast as the coloured people become Mohammedans—and there is a great move in that direction—they call themselves Malays, and adopt Malay ideas and habits. At this present time the leader of the Malays is a man of Scotch descent—a Mr. Burns, the son of a negro woman, who is described as an eloquent orator, and the spokesman of the Malays at election times and other occasions. The Malays scorn domestic service. They are cabmen and coachmen; they have

the supply of vegetables and fruit in their hands; and their women are the laundresses of Cape Town. It is a curious sight on a Monday to meet them everywhere with enormous packs of dirty linen on their heads. You meet a dozen at a time thus bravely bearing their burdens; but they are not lovely to look at, these washerwomen, with their cold black eyes and Jewish noses. When dressed in gorgeous array they beat Solomon in all his glory. A Malay lady will have a yellow shawl around her head concealing half her charms. Then she will have a garment around the chest—pink, or of some bright colour; and her ample limbs—for they often are huge creatures, the reverse of fairylike—are arrayed in purple silk. Some of them have wonderful eyes—the work of some Malay Madame Rachel. There are no medium women. They are all either tall and fat or short and fat, and on a windy day, as they walk about with their cotton dresses distended to the utmost, they look more like balloons than human beings. The men are, as a rule, leaner, though now and then one comes across a coloured Falstaff. They wear the Turkish fez and tunic, and flowing skirts; many of them, however, dress almost like Europeans. Now and then you meet a Hadji, one who has been to

Mecca, and to whom particular sanctity attaches. He wears a turban, a green tunic, with perhaps a pink or red waistcoat and trousers. I use the terms, but in reality the robes do not answer to our English ideas of vest and trousers. A scarf goes round the waist. The costume is one well adapted for a warm country.

Next, perhaps, in Cape Town comes the parson, Protestant or Catholic. He is in great force. You meet him at every step. He seems to have nothing else to do but to run up and down the streets. Sisters of various sects and sorts and sizes are also common. The parson's lot is cast in pleasant places and he has a goodly heritage. The faithful do him reverence everywhere, and even deacons cease to worry. Amsterdam was deemed at one time the common receptacle of all the churches. In our time Cape Town seems to have succeeded to its place.

‘In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.’

Such is the lesson conveyed in a letter on education and religion which appeared in the *Zuid Afrikaan*, in Dutch, by a Cape Malay. ‘Let the creed of a child,’ he writes, ‘be what it may, education does

much to confirm him in it. I was a Mohammedan when I was being educated. I was taught English and Dutch by Rev. W. Stegman, and many a time have I with him bowed the knee in prayer, Mohammedan though I was and am, before the God who is the Father of us all. I possess a Christian Bible, which I regularly read and study. We are glad for our children to reap the advantages of schools. We are the children of our Father, even if we travel different roads to reach Him. Why should we condemn each other?’

In Cape Town a strong anti-Roman Catholic feeling prevails, especially among the Dutch. A little while ago there appeared there an adventurer from America, who called himself a doctor, but who had no diploma to show, and no testimonials. He was, however, reckless and unsparing of invective against the scarlet lady. *The Argus* exposed him, the British Protestants would have nothing to do with him, but the Dutch Reformed Church took him up, his lectures were well attended, and his gains were great.

When I was at the Cape the Cape General Mission issued its first report. It is a record of very active work in many directions. The little band of seven, with Mr. Spencer Walton at their head, who landed at

Cape Town early in September, 1889, had increased to thirty-three, every member being at work in one or other of the religious agencies in town or country, there being living agencies at Kimberley, in the Transkei, at Barberton, and elsewhere, while Swaziland and Pondoland have been traversed with a view to future operations. But Boer and English alike build churches and plant their agents in every part of South Africa. There was quite an imposing number of bishops and clergy at the Synod which was held in Cape Town when I was there. It is true that the pretensions of the Church are pushed to an extreme, but they are friendly with their Free Church brethren, and are ready to unite with them against a common foe. The fact is, that the number of whites is so small in this colony, as well as all over Africa, that it will not do to put forward claims which might pass unchallenged at home, but which would be held to be unseemly and ridiculous out there. Circumstances alter cases, it has been often remarked, and so it is at the Cape. At the Government House receptions the clergy of all denominations are equally received, and stand upon an equal footing. We cannot carry out, however, in a colony everything that prevails in the old country. Even Presbyterianism and Methodism

conform more to the practice of Congregationalism than they do at home. The Presbyterians have no Presbytery, and the rules of Wesleyanism are relaxed to suit the exigencies of the case.

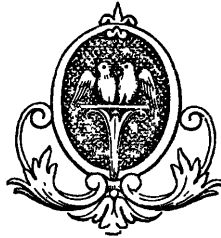
In Cape Town the Congregationalists are a flourishing body, active and energetic. They have raised £2,000 for the purpose of building new schools—schools, by-the-bye, being here strictly denominational. Of the leading Congregational church, in Caledon Square, the Rev. William Forbes—who left Devonport a couple of years since—is the pastor: a gentleman in his prime, apparently very energetic and contented. Sir Gordon Sprigg and his lady are members of his church, as were the well-known Saul Solomon and his wife, ere they removed to England. In connection with the mother church there is one at Claremont under the care of the Rev. Arthur Vine Hall, a nephew of Newman Hall. In the morning the congregation at Caledon Square consists chiefly of families who live in the lovely suburb known as Sea Point. In the evening it consists mostly of young men, of whom there are a large number in the commercial establishments in the town. There is a mission church in Barrack Street and numerous schools and stations, and the Cape Christians seem to

give freely for religion and benevolence and education. The Congregational Year-book gives an idea of great activity all along the line. A good deal is done by the Ladies' Christian Workers' Union and Young Women's Christian Association, who have nice rooms, which are a welcome boon to many young women who come from England in hopes of obtaining employment. As it is, it is a standing memorial of a Cape gentleman who has dedicated it to the memory of his daughters. The Young Men's Christian Institution, just by, is unusually vigorous. Last year its membership sprang up from 407 to 488. The rooms are attractive, and it has a hall utilized for public meetings at one time, and as a gymnasium at other times. In the rooms members are permitted to smoke—a wise toleration in a community where everyone smokes. The active secretary, Mr. Hancock, has his hands full, as, in addition to his other labours, he meets the mail steamers and receives large numbers of new arrivals from Europe, for whom he often obtains situations up country or at the Cape.

As I write, a letter comes to me from one of the leading men in Cape Town :

' We have burst a great bust of Booth. Cape Town is given over to Salvationism, Social Purity, and all

kinds of crazes. It is getting as bad as England. If it were not for the healthy stolidity of the Dutch I do not know where we should be. I heard a Dutch prayer the other evening: "O Lord, Thou hast done Thy best, we know, in the matter of the crops; but they are not what we could wish; pray try and do better next year."





CHAPTER IV.

Robben Island.

In the bay of Cape Town, or, rather, just outside of it, lies Robben Island—a low, flat sandbank peopled with lizards, black snakes, rabbits, convicts, lunatics, lepers, and paupers. The fact is, as there are no poor-laws in the Cape, the few old men and women unable to earn a living are sheltered there. In the Cape, as in England, the old error survives of making no difference between the deserving poor and the poor who are destitute from folly of their own. It may be that at the Cape pauperdom recruits its ranks chiefly from the latter, and that they have not masses such as we have to contend with at home—who were born paupers and are content to pass the greater part of their existence within the four walls of a workhouse. Be that as it may, Robben Island offers an asylum to all the poverty and lunacy and leprosy of the Cape,

and to many of its convicts ; and of these there are a large number, most of whom have been convicted of the unpardonable crime of diamond-stealing. At one time Robben Island was the resort of the whalers who were in the habit of frequenting that part of the world, and Robben Island really means the Island of Seals. It is now in the hands of the Cape Government, and utilized as I have already stated. It is in view of Table Bay ; it is only a few miles from the Blueberg, where the British encountered the Dutch, overcame them, and took possession of their lands. It seems only a very few miles across, but the current is strong, and the only prisoner who has attempted to swim across was drowned. He was a political prisoner. There are no political prisoners there now, with the exception of a native chief, who has been confined there, I believe, some fifteen or sixteen years. On the occasion of the last visit of Sir Gordon Sprigg to the island, the chief met him, fell on his knees, and implored his liberty. Sir Gordon promised to inquire into his case on his return. Sir Gordon did so, and it was found impossible to let the man out. As to the other prisoners, I fancy they are content to be at Robben Island. They are certainly well off there. They do as little work as they possibly can, and when

they are not working they amuse themselves by fishing and smoking. It is little of hardship that they feel, and the iron does not seem to enter very deeply into their souls. In case, however, any of them should be of another way of thinking, they are guarded by a sentinel, who has a revolver, by means of which, as the song says,

‘They can be prevailed upon to stop.’

It was a miserable morning when, in company with the Rev. W. Forbes, the leading Congregational minister of Cape Town, who takes a warm interest in the island and its unhappy inmates, we left the Outer Basin for the island in a little steamer, which rolled terribly when we encountered the big waves which are characteristic of this, as its discoverer rightly named it, the Cape of Storms. We had a heavy cargo, consisting of carcasses of beef, a number of unfortunate sheep hurled on to the deck but just alive, and men and women and children. It rained hard as we started from our quarters in town. On board the steamer the weather was what our Scotch brethren call ‘soft,’ and it was a kind of softness which made everything damp and unpleasant, and was exceedingly hard to bear. To make matters worse, we crawled

along so that a trip that might have been done in a little over forty minutes occupied twice that time. The landing was not particularly pleasant. First we had to find our way into a big boat rowed by convicts; then we had to step out into some chairs carried by convicts, who deposited us safely on shore. The chair was placed on a wooden platform with poles; these poles were grasped by two convicts, one before and behind; and thus we were borne proudly along till land was reached—and what a land! Hot, and sandy, and barren, with about a thousand inmates to be looked after day and night by officials, who certainly out there have a far drearier life than similar officials have at home. A few steps led us to the lepers' ward, chiefly occupied by coloured people, who were well cared for, evidently; lying on clean cots in airy wards, the walls of which were ornamented with engravings and pictures sent from England, while here and there some Scripture text was added, the meaning of which, perhaps, our poor coloured brother might attain unto in time. The patients seemed happy in spite of the fact, known to all, that they had come there to die of incurable disease. Not long since an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* called attention to the state of affairs in Robben Island,

which the writer described as scandalous in the extreme. That article, exaggerated as it was, undoubtedly did a great deal of good. People in England were shocked to learn that the wards had only mud floors. That seemed a great shame, whereas the coloured man in South Africa knows nothing else. In such a case the hardship is more apparent than real, but there were serious faults disclosed. The officials had become fossilized; a new order of things was required. The present leading man in the island is Dr. Dixon, who looks to everything, sees that every patient is properly treated, and has a faith in his vocation that amounts to enthusiasm. If the disease of leprosy can be stayed, it will be to such men as the Doctor that the discovery will be due. As we strolled onward, we heard the sound of the passing-bell. Some poor soul had left its disfigured body behind and had gone to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. There are many in Robben Island, as elsewhere, to whom death comes as a happy relief. These poor lepers suffer a good deal at times. However, to me they seemed cheerful. From the lepers it is but a few yards to the lunatics, mostly coloured, though there are not a few whites among them. The inmates

were evidently well looked after. It was the same with the patients in the female ward. The attendants of the latter seemed to me exceptionally well qualified for their task. As much as possible, occupation is provided for everyone. I saw more than one leper gardening. Some of the lunatics are useful. The best baker in the establishment is one of them. Another had employed his time in painting a large picture, which is carefully preserved ; it is a hideous military nightmare, and makes you mad to look at it ; the authorities ought to be careful in this ward. In the female lunatic ward there was a full-size portrait of her Majesty, our Empress-Queen. It is perfectly scandalous : her Majesty is made to look as if she had swallowed a glass of Cape wine—wine of the early Cape period, when the art was in its infancy.

Perhaps nowhere else more than in Robben Island do you see signs of active progress. New wards are being built up, and in a little while there will be no mud floors at all. As much as possible, amusements are provided for the patients. There is a billiard-room for the men. There is an Episcopalian Church, and one of the Dutch Reformed. The Bishop of Cape Town one day came over and confirmed everybody. That roused the phlegmatic Dutch into action. The

greater number of the inmates are of their church, and now they have a minister of their own faith to look after them. Government has the pleasure, in consequence, of paying for two clergymen instead of one, a privilege of which the economical tax-payers are, I doubt not, justly proud.

I hear that in the course of the year thousands from Cape Town cross to the island for a picnic. There is no accounting for tastes: Robben Island is about the last place you would expect to find anyone select for a picnic.

But our painful task is over, and we hasten to get back to the mainland, which, as the afternoon turns out to be fine, reveals all its grandeur and glory. Between us and that lies the deep blue sea. How are we to get across? 'We return at half-past two,' says the captain. Well, at that time we are back on the primitive landing-place, which, I venture to suggest, might be much improved by the construction of a short pier, a task which might also give the convicts what they seem greatly to need—a little useful recreation. No captain is visible, nor any sign of starting. Three o'clock comes, and there we are. Officers stand and smoke, convicts loll and do the same. It is hot, and I seat myself in one of the chairs. Alas! no

one offers to carry me to the boat, which is only a few yards off. Four o'clock comes, and no sign of starting, while the little steamer, not far off, whistles for us to come on board. At length we and the small cargo are rowed off to the ship. Still no sign of starting. Why this delay? It is at length explained that the Governor's son, who unfortunately came over with us in the morning, is out shooting rabbits, and it was not till a quarter to six that that young man condescended to come on board, apparently utterly unconscious of the inconvenience to which he put everyone. I was angry and hungry, or I would have given him a bit of my mind. Perhaps it was as well that I did not; but surely Cape Dutchmen are a long-suffering race if they put up with such conduct on the part of governors' sons.

Going to Robben Island is no easy matter, and seems to give rise to a good deal of bitterness. Under the heading 'Robben Island Again,' the following letter appeared in the Cape dailies:

'Sir,—On Saturday last I had the privilege of conducting one of our oldest and most respected English journalists, Mr. Ewing Ritchie ("Christopher Crayon"), over the establishment at Robben Island. With characteristic courtesy the Surgeon - Superintendent

and his coadjutors placed every facility in our way. Previously to leaving the boat we were instructed to be ready for embarkation at 2.30, and made our arrangements accordingly. At 2.30 promptly we presented ourselves, at four we were embarked, at 5.45, *i.e.*, after three and a quarter hours' waiting, we sailed for Cape Town. Why were we and several other passengers subjected to this tedious detention? I have had occasion previously to complain (privately) that a party of five persons engaged on a philanthropic errand were left on the island for the night because they were some five minutes late. The captain, perhaps justifiably, refused to detain his boat five minutes for late-comers, but on Saturday the boat was detained for long hours. Why? Was it because two or three young gentlemen were engaged in shooting on the island, and we must not go until their pastime and social calls were ended? If so, is it right that the public should thus be inconvenienced?





CHAPTER V.

Off to Kimberley—Railway Travellers—A Dutch Maiden—
The Karoo—The Diamond Fields—Return to the Cape.

THAT no one is in a hurry at the Cape you realize perhaps more in a railway journey than anywhere else. For instance, I took a trip to Kimberley—a run of some six hundred and forty miles. I left Cape Town on the Saturday at or about 9 p.m., and I was landed at Kimberley about nine or a little after on the Monday morning. When I got into the dusty, sunburnt town, with its ugly stores and houses and shops of corrugated iron, I wondered why on earth I had come so far. I was glad, however, to find decent accommodation at the Grand Hotel, one of the very few hotels that are built with a view to treat the traveller properly. In Cape Town itself the hotels are quite unworthy of the city professing to be the gateway of South Africa and the headquarters of the Cape

Government and Parliament. For instance, I met at the lovely suburban residence of the Hon. Mr. Merriman, Treasurer of the Cape, Mr. Bent, who was about to start for Mashonaland with a view to investigate the ruins there, and his wife, a refined and delicate-looking lady, shocked me by telling me that she had, at the hotel where they were staying, to pass through the bar to get to her bedroom! If Mr. Frederick Gordon would but turn his attention to Cape Town and plant a Métropole there he would, I am sure, confer a benefit on the community, quadruple the number of English tourists, and reap a rich harvest for himself. On the railway to Kimberley the refreshment department is fairly conducted. You have a chance of a good breakfast and dinner, and at almost every station at which you stop you have plenty of time for a cup of coffee or a glass of any other liquid towards which you may feel disposed. It was only at one station coming back that I had to pay sixpence for a cup of dirty water that did duty for coffee. Let me add also that the journey down is a little quicker than the journey up. You leave Kimberley at 8 a.m., and at the same hour of the evening of the next day you are at Cape Town. Of course, on such a journey in hot weather you require a good

deal of fruit, and fruit of some kind or other is offered you everywhere. Hot as it is by day, however, at night you will be sorry if you have no great-coat or railway rug. Four thousand feet above the sea-level the nights are apt to be cold. The return journey has this advantage over the up one, that you go through the Hex River Pass by daylight—a wondrous confusion of mountain and valley. At times even you may feel a little nervous as you gaze into the depths below, and think how little stands between you and a railway smash. Once upon a time a train did leave the rails, and rolled and rolled till it reached the bottom, or such part of it as had not been shattered to pieces in the awful descent, but that was long ago, and I was glad to hear no one was hurt. The rail in one part reminded me of that over the Alleghany Mountains.

We were four of us in our carriage, a common first-class one. At the Cape everyone travels first-class, and the coloured people have the third entirely to themselves; and where they are there is a chatter and a merriment and a sound of laughter such as you have nowhere else. I never carry much luggage, but my companions did; and we had a good deal that in England would be consigned to the guard's van. But

Cape guards and porters are not as attentive as they are in England; and the traveller naturally likes all his belongings in the same compartment with himself. As night advanced we prepared, if not to sleep, at any rate to assume a recumbent position. The matter was easily arranged. The elbows and divisions of the seats were pulled out, the stuffed leather back was turned up, and hooked on two powerful brass springs which were pulled out, and thus each one of us had the whole length of the compartment to himself—a very clever contrivance. A dark net which hangs by the side of the lamp is drawn over it, and we were ensured a subdued light which could not be charged with any tendency to keep one awake; for myself, I did not sleep much that first night. We seemed to me going up through the unclouded skies to the stars. Earth and the abodes of men seemed far below. It was really a strange sensation. Morning dawned on us, urging on our wild career across the karoo—a dry, sandy plain, to which there seemed no end, but covered with a small shrub, on which the cattle seemed to thrive in a wonderful manner, and with ant-hills. Every now and then we passed herds of bullocks and flocks of sheep which seemed to be doing well, and occasionally in the vicinity of a station