

might be seen a small garden, which seemed to indicate that the soil would repay the labourer's task if only water could be found. But it is tiresome travelling: one wearies of the flat karoo, and the scorching sun, and the distant hills, mostly gaunt and grim, here and there little better than a heap of huge stones, as if blown up by dynamite. After leaving Beaufort West—an oasis in the wilderness—the karoo looks less sterile. I shall never forget Beaufort West. On my return I had a carriage to myself till we reached that pleasant place. There was to be a grand agricultural show at Worcester, and everyone at Beaufort West seemed to have resolved on going there. Amongst those so disposed were a couple of German Jews, who, unfortunately, resolved to be my travelling companions. Fortunately, in the morning one of them left, and the other could do little but whistle and smoke, as I refused to have anything to do with him. More fortunately still, a little after, as we stopped at a station, a neat fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden, with her two sisters and young brother, opened the door, and, seeing me prone on the seat, asked, in English, 'May we come in?' I need not add I gave her a hearty welcome. She was a Dutch farmer's daughter—pretty, neatly dressed, about six-

teen, I fancy, and quite calm and self-possessed. She was going to Worcester, and seemed quite surprised that I had no idea of stopping there to see the wonderful show, to which she was carrying a basket of extraordinary peaches—not so fine, however, she said, as some they had at home. She talked of everything—of the elections which were shortly to take place; of the price of eggs and butter, which I found far cheaper than at the Cape; of how she had heard her father talk of the men and politicians he knew at the Cape. I would have given anything to have passed an evening under that Dutch farmer's roof. Hers must have been a happy home, and, I doubt not, a truly religious one. Agnosticism and modern thought never come near the Dutch farmer, who rises early and works hard in the open air all day, is in bed betimes, believes as his father before him believed, and worships—where they have their ancient churches—with earnest prayer. For two hundred years the Dutch Reformed Church has ruled the country. Her ministers are everywhere, and they live on the fat of the land. Whatever they want the farmer cheerfully gives them. I have heard of Dutch ministers who at the time of the Natchmal, or Communion Service, when the farmers and their families come in from all the

country round, have such stores heaped on them in the way of vegetables, and meat, and other creature comforts, that they have to send round to the ministers of other denominations, offering them for nothing a little of their surplus; and there are critics who find fault with these Dutch pastors, say they have done nothing to advance modern thought, have given to the world no distinguished man, that no great author nor preacher has come out of their ranks. At any rate, they are not on the downward grade, and so fearful are they of men who are, that they will not take their ministers from Holland, but train them at Stellenbosch instead.

But to return to the karoo. Doctors say it is a fine place for consumptive patients. I own that the air is wonderfully dry, and the sky above is wonderfully bright. At a station the other side of Beaufort West I saw a nice-looking building in a pretty village which they told me was a rendezvous for consumptives. At Bloemfontein I was told they were building a consumptive hospital, but the karoo must be fertilized and made habitable, or consumptive patients there would soon die of ennui. At some time of the year no life of any kind is to be met with on the karoo. The invalid requires amusement as well as dry air, and

from Worcester to Kimberley, with the exception of Beaufort West, all is barrenness. Worcester itself, where the bustle in consequence of the Agricultural Show was so great that I thought it as well not to attempt to dine at the station at all, bears little resemblance to the Worcester familiar to most of us on the banks of the Severn. You look over a square of fine trees, with here and there the top of a white house or a spire visible, and with the usual amount of dusty road. I was better pleased with Stellenbosch, as you see it stretching afar along the side of the railway, with its college and church, the headquarters of the Dutch Reformed Church and the Victoria University and other educational establishments. You are also in the centre of an extensive wine industry, in spite of the ravages of the phylloxera. All along the line from Worcester to Cape Town the scenery is charming; you have grand old trees, smiling white-washed farmhouses, rich cultivation, and mountains of all sorts and sizes afar off. They are always present. Like the British flag, they have defied the storm a thousand years. They have looked down on black men, and white, and brown, have seen battles fought and won, have re-echoed the cries of living combatants, and the groans of the dying. Our Cape

friends fancy the golden age has come when men are to beat their swords into ploughshares, and learn the art of war no more. May they never be rudely awakened from their sweet dream of peace!

‘You are a brave man to come to Kimberley at your time of life,’ said the landlord of my hotel, and I think I was. The intelligent editor of the *Kimberley Advertiser*, with whom I had the pleasure of a short chat, held, as was to be expected, a contrary opinion. He held Kimberley to be an interesting place, and well worth visiting; and so it is, if you remember how it has shot up, and at what an incredible expense of labour. Its buildings of iron are unattractive, but they become objects of interest when you remember that every nail and every inch of wood and iron was drawn by oxen from the Cape across the sandy karoo. It was a wonder to many, and especially to all South Africa, who greatly rejoiced over its marvellous rise. to is to be feared Kimberley has seen its best days. At one time it was the starting-point for Johannesburg and Mashonaland. The line has been opened to Vryburg, and the gold-seekers now go on there; but Vryburg will lose its interest as the railway is extended, a process which is being rapidly accomplished at this present time; and as to Mashonaland, according to

all appearances, the enormous traffic that may be expected thither will not touch at Kimberley at all. On the other side of Durban and Delagoa Bay the Pungwe river has been discovered, which offers an eligible harbour, and a river navigable for some seventy miles into the interior. Already a service of steamers has been commenced to carry passengers and cargo to the Pungwe river; and thence a land journey of 300 miles brings you to Mashonaland. Mr. Theodore Dent and his wife were proceeding to their destination by Kimberley, a journey which would occupy them a couple of months, but they hoped to return by the Pungwe river, which they expected to find a much shorter and pleasanter route. Kimberley has not much of a future, I fear. It is the De Beers Consolidated Mines that have given it a deadly blow. The company is the sole master there. It is competition that is good for trade.

In 1871 the site of Kimberley was a barren desert. It has now a population of 16,000. Diamonds were first found in the district in 1870; a host of diamond seekers rushed in and secured claims, but they would not wait for results, and in a little while the mines fell into the hands of companies known as the 'Kimberley,' 'De Beers,' 'Du Toit's Pans,' and 'Bultfontein.' The

value of the diamonds produced in 1887 was calculated at four millions ; and now, in order to keep up the price of the diamonds, and not permit them to be a drug in the market, a limit has been placed on the output. Diamond diggings are also carried on on the banks of the Vaal River, where about 300 white men and 2,500 natives are employed ; in fact, there are diamonds everywhere, while the Kimberley mines find work for about 1,500 white men and 12,000 natives. The latter are well looked after to see that they do not make away with the precious stones. However, it is clear that they elude their masters at times, from the fact that in an adjacent settlement a good deal of illicit dealing is going on. Kimberley is doing its best to become a great city. It abounds with social and philanthropic societies. The Carnarvon Hospital is a spacious building, capable of holding a considerable number of patients, for whose care every reasonable effort has been made. A swimming bath and botanical gardens have also been added to the attractions of the place. Its citizens display a laudable amount of public spirit. It has further the advantage of being fairly supplied with water from the Vaal. To wash you have to use water the colour of pea-soup. As is often the case, the

Roman cathedral is the best of the ecclesiastical buildings ; it has lately been adorned with a fine reredos ; but the leading Episcopalian church — that of St. Cyprian—is a creditable building. What Kimberley wants is trees, and I heard of a gentleman who has already commenced planting a couple of million. Before you reach Kimberley you stop at Beaconsfield, the fashionable suburb, where perhaps you have a little more grass to look on, but where the order of architecture, that of corrugated iron, remains the same. Kimberley even now is a great place for stores. In the market-place there is a wonderful display of bullock-waggon, with their eighteen oxen each. When new these carts look well. Behind is a small spot covered with felt or canvas, which serves as a dwelling or sleeping place for the traveller, while the luggage is loaded on in front. On that front you can place anything in the shape of iron, or wood, or merchandise that the team of eighteen oxen can bear. The stores are very fine and large. No one will sell anything in a small way, On one side of the market-square is a little broken - down - looking fruiterer's shop. I was hot and weary, and thought a few grapes would be desirable. I went in and asked for some ; the shop-keeper brought me a large plateful, for which

he asked sixpence. I said I did not want so many, that a pennyworth would do. 'You have come to the wrong shop for that,' said the little man indignantly; but I met a coloured man outside, who gave me what I wanted at once. Kimberley is full of bars, and they seemed to me to be the busiest places in the town.

At the top of the town is the exhausted Kimberley mine, an open crater, apparently long deserted. In that quarter the dealers in diamonds congregate, and there is the stock exchange. I peeped in, as far as I might; I saw no sign of life. I looked into the various brokers' offices all round. The door was generally open, and the office had its desk and chair, but there was no one to be seen at work at either. Perhaps the finest building in the place is the office of the De Beers Consolidated Mines (Limited). There there seemed to be a good deal of activity and life. The diamond trade is carried on with the utmost vigilance. Everyone is watched, and woe be to the unlicensed one who is found to have a diamond in his possession. The broker keeps a record of every stone he sells. The one great foe to be grappled with in Kimberley is the illicit diamond-dealer, who is abhorrent alike to gods and men.

‘Did I go down a diamond-mine?’ Well, not exactly. You can take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. I was taken to the mouth of the pit, but they could not get me down. In the first place, I was told by everyone that a diamond-pit was just like a coal-pit—as dark and dirty and repulsive—and not the hall of dazzling light which it often appears to be to the popular imagination. I have been down a coal-pit, and no one who has done so ever cares to go down again, and here the descent was decidedly unattractive. At the top of the incline there was a dolorous wooden structure of the shape of a coffin. You step into that coffin and you are launched into the darkness with awful speed, till after you have dropped some six hundred feet, you come to a full stop. The sensation is more startling than agreeable. I did not care about it, and I watched the black coal-like substance ever brought to the pit’s mouth, and ever being carried away on iron waggons on a primitive tramway to the mill, where the diamonds are washed out. I was most interested in the Compound. I was taken over it by a guide, who seemed determined that I should learn as little as possible from anything he might have to say. The Compound, I may as well inform the reader, is the

space where the works are carried on and the miners dwell. No one can leave it until his time is up, which is generally a period of three months. No one can enter the place without an order. Communication with the outer world is as scanty as possible. If the men have wives they are permitted to come to a gate, when the men give them money when they require it; but nothing is permitted by means of which a diamond can be taken outside. Each man as he comes up from the pit, which is worked night and day, is searched. 'Of course they are thieves,' said my guide; 'they are brought up to it,' and I fear he spoke truly. But the men looked happy; they are of all races, Kaffirs being held to be the best if only they would work, and some of them, indeed the majority, were wonderfully fine men. There were also a large number of Basutos. They all live by themselves, and while not at work lounge and chat outside their sleeping sheds. The company have established a good hospital, and the men are well looked after. At the company's stores the men are provided with everything they require except the drink, which is rigorously forbidden. Of course, this is the truck system which the British Parliament has times without number condemned. At Kimberley it flourishes

and apparently answers well. But at Kimberley, as well as all over South Africa, the province of Political Economy, as we understand it at home, is a *terra incognita*.





## CHAPTER VI.

Politics at the Cape—Mr. Rhodes—Mr. Hoffmeyer—The  
Afrikaner Bond—Republican Tendencies.

IN Cape Town is located the government of an enormous area, more than double the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, reaching far into the bowels of the land, inhabited by Europeans, aboriginal blacks, and other coloured races, making a total of 1,624,000. What strikes a stranger is, as a Cape paper points out, that in this fact lies a legacy of trouble. It was, remarks the writer, doubtless a pleasant sight when 20,000 men, as referred to in his report, paraded before Sir Henry Loch, all armed; but some day perhaps we may have reason to wish that the spectacle had been lacking in some of its more picturesque features. One thing, at any rate, the imperial Government has been able to do, and that is

to satisfy public opinion in England by keeping drink pretty completely out of the territory. In Basutoland it is the chiefs who had set a bad example of drunkenness, the common people having certainly been sober since imperial authority was extended over the territory. There are people in England who will be well satisfied no matter what tribal fights, witchcrafts and cruelties go on in Basutoland, without its being possible for the most diligent of imperial officers to suppress them, so long only as we are to have a stereotyped report that no liquor has been admitted to the country, and that the iniquities of the drink traffic have been stayed. If crimes and calamities arise from natural 'cussedness,' and not from drink, it does not seem to matter much. Under our protection, deeds are done and cruelties committed, by the native chiefs, of which every Englishman ought to be ashamed.

In the Cape responsible government prevails. The executive consists of the Governor as President, and of the members of the Council, five of whom are ministers and responsible to Parliament. They have the right to sit and speak in either branch of the Legislature, but may only vote in that branch to which they have been elected by the constituencies of the colony. The

Governor has to appoint his Ministers from among those members who possess the confidence of a Parliamentary majority. The Parliament dates from 1853, and consists of seventy-six members. Members are paid a guinea a day, and those living beyond fifteen miles from Cape Town have an allowance for travelling expenses as well. The franchise seems chiefly distributed among occupying owners of houses, shops, or other buildings of the value of £25 a year. A similar qualification is required for an M.P. In Cape Town the cumulative system of voting prevails.

South Africa has an immense future before it. It is the place for the British farmer and the British mechanic. I like it immensely. I would as soon live there as anywhere, but a newspaper man is not wanted in South Africa. There is really little occupation for him. In the Cape Colony the people are chiefly Dutch, and don't care to read newspapers at all, especially English ones; and in Natal and elsewhere, more directly under British influence, the newspaper supply seems to me greatly in excess of the demand.

The traveller is disappointed when he takes up a South African English newspaper: first, by reason of the meagreness of the telegrams (they cost a great

deal more than those sent to Australia); second, by the way in which the advertisements are leaded out and made to fill as much space as possible; and thirdly, by reason of the extremely trifling character of the questions discussed. The editors do the best with the material placed at their disposal, but they are but mortal, and have long lost the art of performing miracles. The great want of Africa is public spirit. We have little enough of it in our country, and we shall have still less when we have payment of members of Parliament, and a needy, seedy race of professional politicians grow up, as we see them in Australia and America—men who won't work, but will talk; and of all abominations on the face of the earth, such men are the biggest. They are unhappily unknown in the Cape. Orators are not raised in that part of the world. Mr. Saul Solomon, we all know, was one, but he is spending the evening of his days in the old country, and it is rarely one encounters his grand head and cruelly-deformed extremities. Mr. Merriman, the Cape Treasurer, at whose house I spent a pleasant afternoon, they tell me can make a good speech, but he is the son of a Bishop, and naturally a cynic. The present Premier does not profess to be an orator, nor was the late one—

Sir Gordon Sprigg. The most influential man in the Cape Assembly is the Hon. Mr. Hofmeyer. These are the great politicians of the Cape, but their politics chiefly refer to railways. A candidate for Parliament fights the battle on the plea that he will bring a railway to a certain locality. This is the golden picture he draws. The place has no outlet, and a railway will make its fortune. Sir Gordon Sprigg ceased to be Premier on account of the railway question. He had proposed a scheme which was to have covered the land with railways and was to have inaugurated the golden age. The scheme was defeated on the ground of expense, but Sir Gordon never intended the whole scheme should have been put into execution at once. Nevertheless, Sir Gordon had to retire, which he did with honour. He is a poor man, but his hands are clean. No one charges him with dirty work of any kind. He is rather looked on as an austere Puritan—more religious than politicians are generally supposed to be. I wish he were a richer man, but his property, which is situated chiefly in the neighbourhood of East London, is not very successful. The present Premier (the Hon. Cecil Rhodes) has had a very marvellous career. The son of a Bishop Stortford clergyman, like Sir Gordon Sprigg, he seems to

have gone to the Cape originally for the benefit of his health; the place agreed with him, and he stopped, devoting his energies to wonderful pecuniary combinations, and then crossing the water to prosecute his academical career. Never did a man make better use of his time. On board ship he devoted himself to study. Mr. Froude seems to have read a good deal of Latin when he undertook his celebrated voyage to Australia, but he was nothing as a student to the Hon. Cecil Rhodes. Then he made the fortunes of the holder of diamond mines shares; De Beers were worth nothing till he took them in hand; and so, calculating that if he was such a first-rate hand at making companies pay, he would be equally successful at making the Cape pay, he was made Premier. He has, says a Cape writer, directed colonizing energy from the Limpopo to the Zambesi, with a reserve of recognised influence in territories that stretch hundreds of miles to the northward. He has transferred from the Transvaal to the Cape Colony the responsibility of carrying forward the work of colonization beyond the Limpopo. He has set a limit to the sphere of Portuguese apathy and stagnation by planting in the rear of their acknowledged possessions an armed and organized community of British South

African pioneers. He has blocked the way to German expansion from the west coast to the east, and to Portuguese expansion from the east coast to the west. He has ensured the practical exploitation of those mysterious gold-bearing regions at the back of Sofala, whose evidences of architectural energy in the remote past were brought to light by Carl Mauch twenty-two years ago. He has planted the British flag in the ancient realm of Monomatapa, and has established British miners in the fabled gold-fields of Sheba; and he has forced forward the iron highway of commerce through the bleak wilderness, which only six years ago was the happy hunting-ground of the freebooter and Boer adventurer. These are achievements the reality of which it would be vain to deny, and the significance of which it would be folly to deride. In one respect he sets his people a good example. He lives on five hundred a year; indeed, I am told he does not spend that. Nor need he; he has no wife. A very wise man is the Hon. Cecil Rhodes; but the fact is, no one spends money at the Cape. There are no big houses, and there is no show of any kind. If you do give a party, it can't put you to much expense when you get decent wine from twelve to eighteen shillings a dozen. There are pretty girls to be dressed up in Cape Town as else-

where, but the costly silks and satins, and velvets and furs, of colder climes are unnecessary, and there, as here, we all know beauty unadorned looks the best. At any rate, you need be at no expense for hothouse flowers, and you may get thirty pounds of grapes for half a crown.

But I am wandering from Cape politicians. There are no politics, as I have said, beyond those connected with railways. I fancy, however, this calm cannot last for ever. The leading political party in the Cape is the Afrikaner Bond, an organization intended to rouse up the quiet Dutch farmers to a sense of their own importance and power ; but they are a sleepy lot, quite content to let well alone, so long as no man meddles with their fraus and their purses. There was a municipal election when I was in Cape Town. The voting power was, I believe, some seven or eight thousand, and the winning candidate polled some seven hundred ! The election was a farce, but it is always so—unless you can create an unreal interest by means of paid canvassers, bunkum speeches, and an exhibition of cash. It is almost as bad in London. Look at the London School Board, or any other elective body. At the start you get some able men to act, but in a little while they have had enough of it,

and given place to inferior ones. Hackney returned originally Sir Charles Reed ; it now rejoices in Mr. John Lobb. The London County Council at its first inception was lucky enough to secure the services of Lord Rosebery, who made way for Sir John Lubbock, who now retires ; but it will not be difficult to predict what sort of a man will be Sir John's successor. Popular politics are hard to keep up. In the Cape they have one advantage—there is no democratic element, and no trouble in that quarter. The colony is a white aristocracy, and the commonest ' Jones ' or ' Brown ' gets rid of his old English democracy as soon as he has cleared the Custom House. ' I am a Radical at home, but I am a Tory here,' is what every British workman says as soon as he has been a few months at the Cape. The explanation is simple. All over the colony the menial work is done by coloured people, and no white man will regard them as equals, save parsons and missionaries, who on such topics don't count. The Cape rejoices in an aristocracy of skin, and the white man is lord and master ; and the white man will never be ruled by Malays, or bastard Hottentots, or Kaffirs. The coloured men are the immense majority, and when they take to voting for the exodus of the white man there will be a rumpus.

I don't think the black man should vote. He may be a man, but he is not my brother. I am the heir of all the ages underneath the sun. His father was a savage. He was one yesterday, wallowing in the mud, feeding unwholesomely, so that his whole carcass stinks most atrociously—abject in the presence of the witchfinder, the rain-maker, and the medicine man. No white associates with the coloured people, nor would ask the best of them into his drawing-room, or would let him marry his daughter; but they are the majority, and there are idiots who scream 'Vox populi vox Dei.' We gave the negroes votes in Jamaica, and they soon upset the Constitution, and the same power in the Southern States of the American Union cannot be said to be very happy in its working. Yet it must be admitted, so far as it has gone, Parliamentary government—as Mr. Trollope remarked—has worked well in the Cape Colony. The only objection I can make is the one of expense. It is impossible to get returned under £1,000, and I have heard of elections which have cost as much as £8,000. When I was at Natal I was assured by the Speaker that if Responsible Government was carried there were really not enough gentlemen in the colony to form an efficient Administration. There you

cannot get M.P.'s unless you pay them a trifle. It is so in the Cape Colony as well, and that colony or state must be sadly lacking in public spirit—which is the only healthy condition of Parliamentary government—if it only can secure a Parliament by means of that degradation, the payment of members. According to Algernon Sidney, the Florentine Republic was the most perfect that ever existed; in the morning its members used to attend their counting-houses in the humble gait and manner of citizens, and in the evening used to do their part as senators; or were ready at night, where necessary, at the sight of the war-fires on the hills, to repair to their fellow-warriors in the Vale of Arno. Under the new order M.P.'s expect to be paid for their service, and a keen critic at the Cape tells me that there, as elsewhere—for it is only what occurs elsewhere—the character of the M.P., as in Australia and America, speedily degenerates. It is a pity it should be so; as Algernon Sidney said: 'Politics and religion are the only things in life.'

I lunched one day at the City Club in Cape Town. It is a place much patronized by the well-to-do, and about mid-day crowded with colonials, native or imported. My host was Mr. Hofmeyer, one of the most genial men I have seen out here. He is of Dutch

origin, but the family have been at the Cape a hundred and forty years. He wears spectacles, is of medium height, benevolent aspect, and is in the prime of life, and as he always goes to bed at ten, rises at five, and has an hour's ride before breakfast, is long likely to remain so. He has been newspaper proprietor and editor. Now, I take it, he has nothing to do but to serve his country in Parliament, where he might be Premier did he care for the honour. There are some people who say that he ought to be Premier; that if placed at the head of affairs he would realize the responsibility of his position far more than at present; that as he is the real king-maker, he ought to be king. I, of course, can say little of Mr. Hofmeyer's feelings or views. It was conveyed to me that he declined to be pumped, and I did not attempt to pump him, though we sat with our coffee, indulging in a few whiffs of that mild tobacco which, as all smokers know, generally has a tendency to open the soul and loosen the tongue.

The Afrikaner Bond, a political organization, was founded in 1882 for the purpose of quickening the interest of the farming—that is, the Dutch—population in politics. An Afrikaner is considered as such by the Bond who, whether by birth or adoption, con-

siders Africa as his home, and its interests as his own. The object of the Bond, as defined by its general committee, is as follows—the formation of a South African nationality, by means of union and co-operation.

In the Cape Colony the influence of the Bond is everywhere, and its leader, as I have said, is the Hon. J. H. Hofmeyer, Member for Stellenbosch, born at Cape Town in 1844, educated at the South African College. For a short while he held office, but Premier he never has been, and perhaps will never be.

There are those who talk of a South African Republic, as an incorporation of the several existing governments, like that of the United States. When that dream is realized, they talk of Mr. Hofmeyer as the first President, as the new Washington of the new republic; and from all I see and hear in Cape Town it would be difficult to find a better man. It is a far cry to Lochawe, says the stop-at-home Englishman. It does not seem so out here. Events are ripening rapidly for a South African Republic. Even the Episcopalian Church is no tie between the old land and the new, as its head is the Primate of Cape Town rather than the Queen of England.

But the republic is a question of the future—the near future it may be, for we move quickly in these

restless times ; but of the future nevertheless. It is with practical politics that the Afrikaner Bond chiefly interests itself. There was an election impending for the Second Chamber. In the Cape the members of the Second Chamber are chosen by popular election in the same way as the members of the other House, the only difference being in the area of voting and in the possession of a certain amount of property qualification.

But I have wandered a little. I was writing of the Afrikaner Bond, which has issued a decree naming certain gentlemen for whom the members are to vote, and others who are to be rejected. I cannot say that there is anything objectionable in this. It is a way we have in the old country as well as out here. Did not Mr. Gladstone himself recommend on a certain occasion the members of a Scotch constituency to elect a Socialist in preference to a Unionist? And I do not see why Mr. Hofmeyer is to be blamed on that account. But, say his opponents, if he gets his candidates returned he will have a majority in the Second Chamber, as he already has in the First. Granted, and if he gains that majority in a constitutional manner, as he is doing, there is nothing more to be said. It is the part of the majority to rule, as well as that of the minority

to obey. But, then, what are the objects of the Bond? One is, the adoption of the Dutch language side by side with that of the English. At present, Dutch is tolerated only in the Houses of Parliament. There a man may speak in Dutch or English, as he pleases; elsewhere English is the recognised medium of communication. The Dutch say this is unfair, just as the Welsh complain of the ignoring of their ancient but unpronounceable tongue. On such a question, surely, the voters have a right to please themselves. There is another question which is raised by the Bond—they are fighting the battle of the farmer. The farmer is a grape-grower, and he wants to have his grapes turned into brandy or wine. If there be an excise duty, he suffers in consequence of a diminished sale, and in many quarters there is a growing demand for a heavy excise duty on the farmers' brandy and wine. The Afrikander Bond is fighting the battle of the farmers, while the temperance party call out for prohibitory duties. The liquor-seller is a doubtful benefit to the community, I own, but he is nothing so bad as the British trader who gets the Dutch farmer to his house, makes him drink as much as possible, refuses to do business at once, professes that he cannot talk of business in an hour devoted to

friendship, and then, when the farmer is completely intoxicated, proceeds to make bargains for wool and ostrich-feathers, in which the advantage is not on the farmer's side.

Such scenes are often occurring in South Africa, though on all hands it is admitted things are not so bad as they were. The whites are quite right in their protest against selling drink to the natives. It is bad—as bad as making a poor farmer drunk, under the mask of friendship, when you are about to have a deal.

Parliamentary government at the Cape has only existed since 1872, and, according to all accounts, the machine has worked fairly well. Alas! I hear bad accounts of it in the Transvaal; loud are the complaints made as to the way in which members of the Assembly may be (not bribed, of course) got to accept presents from their friends of watches and vehicles known to the community as spiders.

Yet the Cape Colony has its troubles—though the labour question ceases from troubling and the masters are at rest—though no democratic voice is heard, and no energetic or masculine young woman rears the banner of woman's rights. 'A man's a man for a' that,' but the Dutchmen have a way of working to a

thing and of getting what they want. They fight at a great advantage. The Englishman when he has made his pile is off, though he shows little sense in going, as there is no more fruitful or picturesque country than that in the vicinity of Cape Town. The Dutchman remains, and is master of the situation. They plead the Dutch language must be taught in the public schools, 'and,' said a Port Elizabeth gentleman to me, 'if they carry that we shall have a revolution.' Now, I ask, why should not the Dutch language be taught in the schools? It is true that it is not the Dutch of Holland, which has a literature to which some of our divines are partial. It is a Dutch that would not pass muster at the Hague, but it is the language of a living people, of a people who have amalgamated the French refugees, who are now as Dutch as the Dutchmen themselves, and it is a language which is essential to the Englishman if he seeks to do business up the colony. It is a language permitted in Parliament, and consequently the member who can only speak English is at a disadvantage there. Why should not English boys born at the Cape, and who are expected to get their living at the Cape, learn Dutch? If they do, why should there be a revolution? I fail to see the reason why.

Then there is another difficulty, and that is the temperance question. The Cape farmer is a great grower of grapes. The French refugees introduced the cultivation of the grape, and at the Cape they have had grapes ever since. In 1855 there were 55,300,025 vines in the colony, and in 1875 this number had increased to 69,910,215. The increase in the production of wine was about the same proportion. The increase in the distilling of brandy was more than proportionate. The wine had risen from 3,237,428 gallons to 4,485,665, and the brandy from 430,955 to 1,067,892 gallons. Very little of this comes into the English market. It is really kept out by what are prohibitory duties. I brought home with me a dozen of Cape brandy, which cost me 20s. at the Cape, but for which I had to pay £1 1s. 8d. duty when I landed at the dock in Blackwall. The wine and brandy manufactured at the Cape are a good deal better than the stuff foisted on the English market, but the English duties keep it out. Well, the Cape farmer seeks to make money by it, nor will he allow it to be taxed, and this greatly worries the temperance reformers, who argue that it is a sin and shame to tax heavily as they do at the Cape all the necessaries of life, but to let wine and brandy off, merely because

they are the manufacture of Cape farmers. Again, the native in the colony has a chance of getting drunk, such as they will not allow him in Natal, and the temperance reformers are very angry at that. They are in arms, and eager for the fray. Episcopalian and Free Church ministers meet and make speeches and draw up resolutions on the subject, but nothing is done: when anything is done there will be a row, or I am a Dutchman. The grape is the Dutchman's Diana of the Ephesians; little mercy will be shown to the iconoclast who pulls her down. Another question is, How long is the Cape to remain under the English flag? We have English sailors and soldiers there, and Dutch people say that they do not want them. Up in the Transvaal whites say they do not want to have anything to do with Downing Street. As it is, if they require anything done, they walk up to the President's (Kruger's) house, chat the matter over with him, stop and smoke a pipe and drink a cup of coffee, and the thing is done. If they were under British rule they would be driven from pillar to post—from one official to another; and then they would have to wait for years till Downing Street could be got to understand the question. People in South Africa are getting to think little of the mother country. A

lady said to me at Natal, as an illustration, 'My friends are always sending me English newspapers, but I never care to read them.' Loyalty, as we know it, is a diminishing quantity. There is a good deal of republicanism in the air. Already there are two republics on African soil, and there is room for the Federal Republic, which I fancy some of us may live to see. As I was bidding a leading statesman good-bye, I offered to call on the Queen and deliver any message he might like to send her. 'You call?' said he. 'Why, I thought you were a republican!' It seemed strange to me that he should make such a remark; the word had never occurred in any conversation we had.





## CHAPTER VII.

### The Convict Question—Shipwrecks—Mossel Bay.

THE traveller makes a great mistake who finishes his journey at the Cape. On the contrary, it should be the gate, not the terminus, of his South African career. You can go on to Natal easily by the steamer. And in fine weather it is a treat to leave Cape Town, the sanitary arrangements of which are by no means perfect.

We steamed out with far more passengers than the number with which we originally started. Colonials of all kinds came on board, bound on business or pleasure for Natal. As we sat down to lunch it was evident that the steward expected heavy weather, as the fiddles, as they are called, adorned the dining-tables. Fortunately his forebodings were not verified. Off Agulhas, the tiny lighthouse of which does not

show to much advantage, we had a slight tossing; that was all. It is the meeting of the waters there, and calm never reigns.

As we make our way along the rocky coast, of which we never lose sight, one thinks of the memories clustering around. I am here reminded of Simon's Bay, and the heroic age of the Cape. In 1848 Earl Grey attempted to make the Cape a penal settlement. There was scarcely—so writes the popular Clerk of the Assembly, Mr. Noble, whose graceful hospitality has been enjoyed by many a weary wanderer, and whose 'History of South Africa' is a standard work—a possession of the British Empire less suitable for the reception of convicts. The rule was security of life and person. In the vicinity of towns and villages no man thought of locking his door. Inland, one might ride a hundred miles without meeting a policeman. There were no inns, and everywhere the hospitable farmer welcomed the traveller to his home, and gave him freely the bed and board he required. To let loose a criminal class among such an unsophisticated people was as if you turned wolves among lambs, or threw open your poultry-yard to the unscrupulous fox.

All South Africa was aroused and up in arms. At

Cape Town an anti-convict league was formed, and not a district was settled but responded to its spirit-stirring appeals. Even the Bishop of Cape Town called together his clergy to memorialize with the rest. 'On *every* ground,' said his lordship, 'there cannot be a greater mistake than sending convicts to this country.' As the Home Government remained deaf to the appeals of the people, a masterly policy of passive resistance was adopted. It was resolved to boycott anyone aiding the Government in landing the convicts, in providing for them, in employing them, or in having any communication with them. Buyers and sellers, butchers and bakers, mechanics and labourers of all kinds, refused to have anything to do with them. The Cape, of course, triumphed, but it was long before Earl Grey retracted his unfortunate order, and it was not till February in 1849 that it was officially known at the Cape that the Home Government had given way. The victory thus achieved by the union of Dutch and English was not a barren one. Nor for themselves alone. It served to strengthen the hands of the Australian colonists in their contest with the Home Government on the same subject—a contest which led, in 1853, to Great Britain at length abandoning the transportation of convicts

altogether, and adopting the present system of penal servitude instead.

Again, we pass the spot where the *Birkenhead* went down—a story of which the world will never tire, illustrating, as it does, the splendid discipline of the British soldier. As a rule, we get few of our best men to serve in the ranks, but a few months' training there often makes a man a hero. At any rate, the men on board the *Birkenhead* died like heroes, firing a parting volley as they went down to a watery grave, having first calmly provided, as far as possible, for the safety of the women and children on board the ill-fated ship.

Off Cape Danger, which we see dimly in the summer twilight, we are reminded how there one of the finest steamships of its time—the *Queen of the Thames*—was lost. Well might Byron sing how our huge Leviathans are but the spoils of ocean as they sank down into its yeast of waves. Happily, however, year by year, science teaches us how to conquer even the dangers of the sea.

Little of the land do we see as we steam gaily on, nor does what we do see appear to be very tempting. Yet we pass Knysna district, described as perhaps the most beautiful part of South Africa. Little meets

the eye of the anxious inquirer but barren rocks of chalk or sand, with here and there patches of burnt-up grass. There are apparently no abodes of men along that coast, and few fishermen earning a precarious living on the ever-restless wave, which we seem to have entirely to ourselves. It must also be owned that we are most of us a trifle dull. We have parted with old friends, and as yet have formed no new ties. We have a good many Dutchmen on board, and German Jews, and their English is defective. Life is very different now to what it was ere we reached the Cape. Our committee for the promotion of sports and pastimes has been dissolved. Our captain has business to attend to. We are inundated with strangers, and everyone seeks to please himself as best he can. Smoking and sleeping are much in vogue.

We are not a drinking people. I never travelled, especially in hot climates, in a ship where I have seen so little drinking, and even at meal-times we are all moderate drinkers. The only swell who indulged much in champagne was a gay speculator up the country, who, they tell me, is half a million to the bad, and to whom the bank makes an allowance of £300 a month not to go insolvent. Perhaps he

was the most popular man on the ship. Let us hope he may yet win his little game. If it were not for such as he, South Africa would be poor indeed. I ought to blame him, I know, and preach that life is not a game of chance, in spite of appearances which make it seem very much so.

Twenty hours have passed, and we drop anchor in Mossel Bay. A shaky tug comes out with a few passengers, and takes a few back. On the hill in front of us rises the small town of Alwal South. We none of us think much of it; but we are told the people who live there have a fine opinion of it themselves. There is a fine country of wood and fruit and tobacco at its back. Its native oysters also are held to be goodly by men of taste. Otherwise one has little to say in praise of the rising town. All of us felt we were fortunate in not having to settle there. Little places, like little people, have always an exaggerated sense of their own importance, and Mossel Bay is no exception to the general rule.

Its harbour is considered an excellent refuge during gales from the north-west and south-west. A fine iron wharf constructed by the local harbour board, at a cost of over £20,000, insures the ordinary landing and shipping work, and the supplying vessels

with water, provisions, etc., being carried on with prompt despatch. A market for the sale of feathers is held twice a week, while there is a daily market for the sale of produce. While we lie in the bar we are surrounded by a swarm of hammer-headed sharks, of which, however, I can say little, as we saw but a small part of their bodies as they darted all around.





## CHAPTER VIII.

Port Elizabeth—East London—Arrival at Natal—Durban and  
Maritzburg—A South African Prophet.

For twenty-four hours most of us have been supremely happy. Day and night we have been looking on an unclouded sky and an unruffled sea. It seems to me almost wicked to be enjoying such glorious weather when I think of friends who are dying at home for the want of it, and of the toiling millions to whom warmth and sunshine and pure air are at all times unknown. Perhaps a time may come when South Africa may be opened up to them. It has its millions of acres, where the British workman may enjoy life, and at the same time cultivate the soil. I hear good reports of the second settlement made under the auspices of Mr. Arnold White, where men are earning two hundred a year who were starving at home.

But there is no room for them in the lovely town

of which I write, Port Elizabeth, otherwise Algoa Bay. A workman told me when I was on shore that there was no demand for labour of any kind, that trade was dull (it always is dull), and in the beautiful gardens beyond the town many men were being employed till they found something to suit them better. Yet Port Elizabeth is a rising place. It has the advantage of being a shorter route to Kimberley and the gold-fields than the Cape, and commercially it promises to grow in importance. As I write there are three steamers and about a dozen vessels lying in the roadstead, between which and the landing-pier active tugs ply all day long. We have been two days discharging cargo, and another of the company's steamers has been at the same work for the same space of time. In the harbour, if such it may be called, are a good many fishing-boats, and fish seem abundant. I see them in the watery depth, and have eaten of them as well, and found the stockfish and the sole excellent. In the sandy valleys to the left of the town good vegetables are grown, but as to fruit, the people have to look for that to Graaff Reynet, whence it is despatched by an early train. The men are principally engaged in the wool trade, but I see a large building on my left which is set apart for the

sale of ostrich-feathers. The railway comes down to the two piers, and if you look to the mountains, far in the distance on your right you may see it making its way to Graham's Town and the far lands beyond. In the same direction also you discover a small wood, which pleasantly diversifies the landscape. The town rises up the hill in front, with a line of busy warehouses at its feet. Churches of all denominations abound. In the streets and shops there is every sign of prosperity, and up the hill on the other side are some of the prettiest houses, with some of the neatest gardens, while the ladies you meet with are such as you would meet in any respectable town at home. The prettiest young lady whom I met with in all South Africa hailed from Port Elizabeth. The town hall is a far finer one than they have in Cape Town. It stands in a square, in which there is a small obelisk, and higher up is a monument recording the virtues 'of a most perfect wife,' who is described as having given her name to the town below, for it is to Lady Elizabeth Donkin, the wife of a former Governor, that the town is indebted for its name. In the town hall there is a capital public library, and I was glad to find that a large drill hall just by was utilized as a school of art for young people of both sexes. The place is bright

and clean, the houses are mostly of yellow stone, and the streets are beautifully broad. The town extends along the shore on each side to a considerable extent. I saw but one policeman, and he was a black, wore a ring on his finger, talked English fairly well, and was on the whole quite a swell. What Port Elizabeth wants is a real harbour. As it is, I fancy it has a fine future. The following returns give us an idea as to how far Port Elizabeth may claim to be the Liverpool of South Africa, or, at any rate, of the Cape. The imports for 1890 are :

|                |   |   |   |   |   |          |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|----------|
| Cape Town      | - | - | - | - | - | £640,906 |
| Port Nolloth   | - | - | - | - | - | 659      |
| Simon's Town   | - | - | - | - | - | 655      |
| Mossel Bay     | - | - | - | - | - | 303,319  |
| Knysna         | - | - | - | - | - | 1,240    |
| Port Elizabeth | - | - | - | - | - | 764,222  |
| Port Alfred    | - | - | - | - | - | 494      |
| East London    | - | - | - | - | - | 357,020  |

As regards exports during the same interval of time, Cape Town heads the list, and Port Elizabeth is but second. We had the pleasure of seeing most of the leading citizens in the wool trade on board. They had elected one of their number as Mayor, and to celebrate the event they had managed to get a lunch out of the company, a clever trick on their part, as

they thus got up a jollification in honour of their respected Mayor without any cost to themselves. It was mentioned to me as a proof of colonial cheek. It seemed to me to do great credit to the sagacity and astuteness of the colonial mind. What struck me most was the healthy appearance of the children. Port Elizabeth cannot be a very bad place to live in. The English race does not seem to degenerate there as it does apparently elsewhere.

Our next place of call was East London, which we reached in ten hours after leaving Port Elizabeth. There is a harbour, but it is not always easy for a big ship to get away. A grand river runs at the back, and people tell me East London is the Dartmouth of South Africa. Fortunately we had magnificent weather, and the sea was calmer than any I have experienced on this voyage—so calm, indeed, that we have another dance, which the colonials on board seem greatly to enjoy. Amongst our passengers are some Fingo young ladies, tall and dusky, with bright-coloured handkerchiefs around their heads, which make quite as graceful a head-dress as the fashionable headgear of Europe. I ought to add that it is the gold discovery that has done so much for Port Elizabeth. A few years ago it was in a very bad way. Houses

were to let; everyone was leaving. Now Port Elizabeth is on the highroad to fame and fortune, and it is known amongst its citizens as the Liverpool of South Africa. It has some beautiful country behind, as the old Dutch knew when they laid the foundations of Uitenhage, which is now almost entirely British, and beautiful to see. Port Elizabeth is also the abode of a wise man, who has been stirred to prophesy what will shortly come to pass. His name is John Kelly, and he is the author of 'The Coming Revolt of the English in the Transvaal'—a pamphlet on the same lines as the 'Battle of Dorking.' In his preface he says: 'Though I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet I am bold enough to say that events similar to those I have chronicled in the following pages will at no distant date come to pass in the Transvaal, and that that republic, together with its sister of the Orange Free States, will become provinces of the British Empire. Indeed, the absorption of these two States will soon prove to be a political necessity if Great Britain, the dominant power in South Africa, is to fulfil the mission for which, by Providence, she appears to be designed. This mission is nothing more nor less than the civilization and material development of South Africa from Cape Agulhas to the

banks of the Zambesi.' This is not the sort of talk I heard in Cape Town. But Cape Town is Dutch rather than English, while at Port Elizabeth the people are very much the reverse. There is a good deal to be said on both sides, and it is quite as well that the English public prepare to study a question on which it will have to say something ere long.

One remark made by Dr. Symes Thompson is worth quoting here. The temperature of the coast of South Africa on the south and east is influenced by the Mozambique current, the effect of which is to make all the coast to the eastward of Simon's Bay warmer than that of Cape Town, just as the equatorial current that impinges on the east coast of Australia helps to make Sydney warmer than Adelaide.

On we pass, in lovely weather, steaming along Pondoland, calling at East London, a rising town, on a river which its admirers tell me rivals the Dart, and where not a little activity is displayed. The town is considered to be one of the healthiest in the colony, and is yearly increasing in popularity as a seaside and health resort. However, at present it is not much to look at from the sea. East London is the terminus of the Eastern Railway, and its port is the natural outlet for the trade of the border divisions and of

portions of the Free State, the Transvaal and British Basutoland. On our return journey a friend leaves me here and rejoins the ship at Port Elizabeth, thus seeing some fine scenery and 'doing' such places as King William's Town. This gives one a chance of seeing a good deal of fresh country, and I do not blame those who get out here and return that way to the Cape—a very good plan, to be warmly recommended, unless, like myself, when you find yourself on board a good ship you never like to leave her. I stick to the ship, and as soon as we come to anchor, am hoisted over the ship's side as if I was a bale of merchandise. I am landed in a tug at the port of Durban, the finest harbour in this part of the world, but at present it has a troublesome bar, over which no steamer drawing more than 17 feet of water can cross. From the sea Durban looks picturesque, and the steamers in the bay and inside the harbour indicate that Durban is a place of no small importance. A tramcar carries me to the town, a couple of miles off, along a fine flat road, partly planted with houses, but mostly grass and bush. As you get into the town, with its fine town hall, its big warehouses, its well-filled shops, its capacious thoroughfares, and glance at the well-wooded hills in the background, all

green with the luxuriant growth of the tropics, you feel that no place in Africa can be more pleasant to look at, and, if you can stand the heat, to live in. It has a capital free library, and a supply of churches of all denominations; but many of them are not so well filled as they might be, in consequence of the people who can afford it living in Berea, a lovely suburb in a forest provided with fine trees and broad roads and handsome houses, where the inhabitants enjoy a cooling breeze, and have an unrivalled view of the bay and the Indian Ocean. I was at the house of an intelligent Cornishman, whom I found studying Edersheim's 'Life of Christ' and *The Fortnightly*. At one time he was so low down the social scale that I am told he went round with a baker's cart. He now lives in the handsomest house I have yet seen, standing in its own grounds of four acres. He is quite contented with his lot, and has no wish to go back to England; and thus it was with many with whom I conversed, who prefer the genial sunshine to our English weather, if the sort of thing we get at home really deserves the name. I can't say I am quite so charmed with the climate, which, however, is said to be good for persons with complaints of the throat and chest, those liable to bronchial affections in England being sur-

prisingly free from them in Maritzburg. Some English ladies find this tropical heat very trying; others it seems to suit, and the children all look remarkably healthy. By day Durban is a busy place: Kaffirs and Indians crowd its streets. The Hindoo merchants, they tell me, are getting all the trade of the place into their hands. By night it is quiet as the grave. You see an eager crowd of whites at the auction mart and at Tattersall's—an open space by the side of the town hall, where cattle and horses are sold. But the bustle is soon over. After dark, though the place is fairly lighted, few people are about. One evening I saw a small crowd; it was a gathering of the Salvation Army, and the addresses were of the kind to which we are accustomed at home. I find I have said nothing of the fruit market, close to the railway station. It is well worth a visit on account of its display of tropical fruits, which are abundant in quantity and good in quality. However, such things as peas and beans, and potatoes and cabbages, seemed to me far inferior to those we have at home. Durban is also much to be commended for its fine gardens in the heart of the town. Flowers are to be seen everywhere growing wild in the green plots by the side of the main streets not yet taken up. In the gardens

attached to private dwellings are a wonderful display of flowering plants, such as the pride of India, the moonflower, and the hibiscus, and here and there I was fondly pointed to a Virginian creeper or a honeysuckle brought from the old country, and which apparently flourishes on African soil. Durban is well off for hotels. Most English visitors stop, as I did, at the Royal, with which they are well content. The proprietor is a worthy Swede of the name of Jonsson. Like most hotels in this part of the world, it is more or less of a bungalow. There are about fifty bedrooms opening into an area, which is covered to keep off the sun, and there is a small stream of water in the middle, with a fountain, and with chairs and seats all round, where a good deal of talking and smoking goes on. In the hotel, between us and the street, is the dining-room, where the attendants are all Hindoos, clad in white, with white turbans on their heads, and red or yellow sashes girt about their flowing robes. They wear no shoes, and glide silently about. However, they are capital waiters—are easily made to understand what you want—and always civil, as much so as my noble friend (I stick to him because every one abuses him—for his virtues chiefly, I fear) the Heathen Chinee. One thing, and one thing alone,