

by one who has the means of verifying what he says. A diamond came into the possession of a merchant at Port Elizabeth. It was a very fine one, and he sold it to a syndicate for £20,000. It was sent to a diamond-cutter to be polished, and a portion was cut off, which was sold for £4,000. When polished, the diamond was sent to the Paris Exhibition, where it excited universal admiration. It has just been sold for £150,000, and the syndicate have reaped a rich reward.

The diamond trade seems to lend itself to roguery. I have already referred to that plague of South Africa, the illicit diamond-dealer, and now as I write, according to the newspapers, 'a good deal of attention has been attracted in Paris by an attempt to give yellow Cape diamonds a brilliant white aspect by the use of a little aniline. A similar attempt some little time ago caused a commotion in the diamond trade. It has recommenced, and stones to the value of £1,000,000 sterling are, according to the *Pawnbrokers' Magazine*, said to have been chemically treated. Some of the large Belgian merchants are supposed to be the culprits, and a score of Paris dealers have purchased diamonds at from twenty-five to thirty per cent. above their market value. A chemist has studied the

question from a purely scientific point of view, in order to find out if it is possible to absolutely alter the aspect of diamonds so as to considerably increase their apparent value, and was surprised at the successful results of his experiments. The process followed by the chemist was based on the principle of optics that violet is the complementary colour of yellow. The chemist prepared an alcoholic solution of violet aniline, adding a few grammes of benzin as an adhesive. A yellow diamond bathed in this became white, but it had lost its brilliancy. He then prepared a solution having a larger proportion of aniline. In this preparation another yellow stone was placed for several seconds ; it came out retaining its full brilliancy. A fortnight later the stone had lost nothing of its factitious whiteness, and the most experienced eye could suspect nothing. As a result of these experiments, it is evident that the fraud is perfectly possible, especially as diamonds are bought without undergoing any test. A careful examination of the tinted stone through a magnifying glass shows no trace of the slightest covering or shade on the facets. Neither does the friction of a chamois leather or cloth alter the tint. There is apparently only one way of explaining the really marvellous action of the dye. This is to admit that it

impregnates solely the cutting edge, which forms the circumference of a stone. This is the only part unpolished, and it is barely perceptible. The only way of testing diamonds is by *aqua fortis*, which the dye cannot resist. The chemist has further managed to fix a tint in such a way that an alcohol bath is not a sufficient test for proving white diamonds.'

Again, let me refer to ostrich-farming. When I was at the Cape, all I could learn was that if you had an ostrich farm and ostriches would find their own food, then and then only would it pay. When Mr. Trollope was there the estimated profits of an ostrich farm were 50 per cent. There was a time when everyone thought an ostrich farm was the sure road to fortune. As I write, I have before me Mr. Arthur Douglas's work on 'Ostrich Farming in South Africa,' published about ten years since. He is careful to write soberly—nevertheless, he makes one's mouth water. He speaks of a farm that paid 30 per cent. on the total investment, including cost of land and all improvements; as also one which for the four years, 1872, 1873, 1874, and 1875, averaged a net return on the capital of 66½ per cent. per annum; but in this latter case the land was hired, everything was studied to lessen the amount of the dead capital, and the

expenses were pared down to the lowest possible shilling, while the farmer worked terribly hard with both hands and head, and thoroughly understood his business. That was the golden age. The ostrich farmer makes no such profits now. When Anthony Trollope was in the Cape ostrich-feathers were, he tells us, the popular produce of the colony. I could not recommend ostrich farming now. Mr. Douglas recommends it strongly: 'Reader,' he says, 'if you are young, self-reliant, and can see your way to get a footing at the Cape in ostrich farming, go forth.' Alas, alas! that advice is no longer applicable. And yet I know not where the farmer can live more comfortably than in South Africa; and if the old-fashioned Boer farmer makes a good thing of it, a more active and better educated English farmer ought to succeed. If he would make butter, he could get a good price for it; if he would condescend to grow cabbages, he can sell them in Cape Town at sixpence apiece. If he could cure bacon, he would get a rich return in a land where bacon fetches 1s. 9d. a pound; and, remember, farms are to be had cheap, and the land is one where you can live instead of die of consumption as at home. Tradesmen do well, and shopkeepers' assistants at the Cape work fewer hours and have

much better pay than they can ever have at home. In a few years they have saved enough money to become masters. When I went out we carried some first-class governesses, who were to take the places of ladies who had forsaken teaching for a matrimonial career, and the chances were that these young ladies would ere long do the same. The traders who go out with their stock into native districts seem to me to do uncommonly well; and though I heard at Natal that sugar-making did not pay, and that coffee was grown at a loss, and that the new industry of tea-growing was not very remunerative, the fact was that I saw no signs of poverty anywhere, and that, if there were no leviathan capitalists, everyone was well off. There is room up the country for thousands, who, if they go out there, and are sober and industrious, and have a little common-sense, will in a little while be far better off than in overcrowded England. As it is, you can get to the Cape in sixteen days, and the chances are you can do it in less; and the greater part of the way you are beneath a smiling sky, and on a sea almost as calm as a mill-pond. As to jam-making, that flourishes as much in Natal as it does in Histon, under the auspices of my respected friends the Chivers.

Possibly when we have lost her for ever, we shall wake up to the value of South Africa. I have been in Canada; I have been in America; I have gone in Australia from Adelaide and St. George's Sound up to Brisbane, and I prefer South Africa to them all. As an emigration field, it has been a terrible disappointment to us in time past. It has been fearfully mismanaged by Downing Street. Exeter Hall has been by no means well informed on the subject, or helpful; but it is coming to the front. Its great needs at this time seem to be more railways—cheaper railway fares and cheaper freights in South Africa, and at home lighter duties. It is thus so much of South African produce is kept out of the English market. They are getting fine coal at Natal; yet actually it is as dear at the Cape as the best Cardiff steam coal. Surely this ought not to be so. Let me hope I may be the means of inducing Englishmen to emigrate. I do not want to see that land of promise handed exclusively over to hungry Scotchmen or vulturous German Jews.





CHAPTER XIII.

A South African Explorer.

As my readers are aware, Lord Randolph Churchill has gone to Mashonaland to report upon the country there as a field for British speculation and British enterprise. Whether an M.P. is justified in giving up his Parliamentary attendance for a long trip to the Cape or anywhere else is a question between himself and his constituents with which we have nothing to do. He seems to have gone about his self-imposed task in a somewhat singular manner, and to have been much dissatisfied with the fare provided for him by the *Grantully Castle*—a steamer belonging to the Castle Line—which has the reputation for providing for its passengers a somewhat excessively liberal supply; and now we hear of his excessive baggage which he has taken with him, and of the amount of champagne—without which he seems utterly unable to travel—

for which he has already had to pay heavy duties at the Cape, and indulgence in which we may expect to find inimical to his health in the regions in which he travels. It was not thus the old explorers travelled. It was not thus our Livingstone made his way. It is not thus that such men as Thomas Baines travelled. I have known many African travellers, but they have had no champagne, and have done a great deal more than ever Lord Randolph Churchill will achieve. One of the most distinguished of them is now residing on the Essex coast on a farm known as Clay Hall, and where, now that he has made a certain amount of cash sufficient to live comfortably on, he is devoting his leisure to hard study in order to supply the defects of early education. He is married, and has a young family rising up around him; but he is still a young man to look at—with a certain air of independence such as all colonials acquire—fond of a game of cricket, and apparently none the worse for the labours he has undertaken and the hardships he has undergone. We see in him what kind of young men grow up in Greater Britain, that our colonists are men of the right stamp, who care not to lead lives of inglorious ease, who are ready to uphold the fame of the British name, eager for

enterprise and work, anxious to go out and subdue the land—men whom no difficulties can dishearten nor dangers appal.

There are few men interested in South African development who have had such a career as Mr. Frank Thompson, who began his African career when a boy of twelve years of age, when his father was a member for Barkly West. The lad was in no mood to let the grass grow under his feet. He was brimful of energy, and eager for the fray. His first adventure was at the diamond-fields, where, after six months, he found himself utterly done up. He then went to a town, got employment in a counting-house, worked hard for a twelvemonth, and saved some money. But his soul was fired by the adventures of Livingstone and Moffat, of whom he often heard his father speak, and whose career he was anxious to imitate. To this end he learned the language of the natives; then he took a large farm from Government. There he had a terrible experience. The Boers began war, the tribes rose, and his life was in jeopardy. The dwelling in which he, with his father, his cousin, and two natives, dwelt was attacked. For three hours they defended themselves, but at length the natives set fire to the thatch, and the inmates had to make a dash for it to the

nearest shelter. In this attempt Mr. Thompson was wounded by a bullet and his father brutally slain. With a narrow escape, Mr. Thompson, after suffering much hardship and encountering many risks, came to a house the occupant of which was expecting to be attacked. The defending force consisted of the owner, his wife, two boys, and an old man of eighty. He joined them, though his wound had not been dressed, and after his days' fasting and fighting was posted with a rifle at a window, resolved to sell his life dear. Fortunately, he was saved by the arrival of some British soldiers on the scene. For two and a half days he had been expecting every moment to be his last, and the reaction after the strain was very severe. It took him twenty-seven days to get well again. For the third time in his life he had to begin the world afresh—this time as British resident agent among the natives, a post he held for ten years. Again he commenced a new career as compound-manager for the great diamond company at Kimberley known as De Beers. There he had between 30,000 and 33,000 men under him yearly, turning over between eight and nine millions of pounds a year. When Johannesburg started on its grand career, Mr. Thompson went there, and met with a certain amount of

success. Then he made his way to Cape Town with the intention of settling there, but, pressed by friends, he again made his way into the interior in order to get a concession of the country. This he was successful in doing, obtaining the grant of territory about as big as the colonies of Australia. He was there about two years—eighteen months of which he was in reality a prisoner, and his position was not pleasant: there were white men who were jealous of his success and poisoned the King's mind against him. They would fain have withdrawn his concession, but his partner, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, had obtained a charter from the British Government, and thus the British Chartered Company of South Africa had come into existence. But finding there was a danger of being finished off, Mr. Thompson made the best of his way back to the Cape. It was only after great privations and wonderful escapes that he arrived there—on the very day that the news came that the charter had been signed and sealed and settled in London. Before he left the country he had buried his concession, and he now returned once more to show Lobengula the concession which he had demanded, at the instigation of unsuccessful concession-seekers. Perhaps no one has had rougher travelling experiences

than Mr. Thompson. At one time he was reduced to a pot of jam and a little tea. At another time he was obliged to exist on nothing but onions. But it is the opinion of Mr. Thompson, who has been a total abstainer all his life, and whose chief solace is his pipe of Transvaal tobacco, that temperance and perseverance are bound to succeed in the end. It is his temperance that has preserved him from a thousand ills. It is his perseverance that has made him succeed against tremendous odds, and where others have signally failed.

We are told of Mr. George Fife Angus, the founder and father of the flourishing colony of South Australia, that he sternly set his face against the discovery of gold—fearing the demoralization that would ensue. In South Africa the feeling is quite otherwise: in the new region opened up by Mr. Thompson's concession, it is felt that there lies the true Ophir, and that it is high time that its hidden treasures should be turned to good account. Several ruins of ancient buildings are found in this region, which Mr. Theodore Bent is now examining with a view to make a report when he returns to England. In that region it is supposed was the ancient kingdom of the Queen of Sheba, who went to see the great Solomon in all his glory. The

memory of the lone rich Queen is still preserved among the Arabs of Sofala, as well as among the Habesh of Soudan in their scandalous chronicles. That Ophir was in Africa we may quote the authority of our great poet Milton, who writes in 'Paradise Lost' of—

'Mombara, Quilea and Melind,
And Sofala [thought Ophir], to the realm
Of Congo and Angola furthest south.'

Mr. Thompson's own story reads like a chapter in one of Rider Haggard's romances. Thus does he describe the African monarch Lobengula: 'You would not easily forget him if once you saw him. He stands six feet in his skin, and he is fat and big all over, and in weight about twenty stone. In age he is forty-eight or fifty, and walks as I have never seen a man walk, moving his elephantine limbs, and planting his feet one after another as if he was planting them for ever; rolling his shoulders from side to side, and looking around him in a way which is dreadful to see. He has great bulging bloodshot eyes, and when he rolls them to look you up and down in his lordly sort of way, it is enough to scare a man off-hand. His palace, you must know, is a waggon someone has given him. There he used to sit on a block of wood

in the middle of a great pole stockade. Every yard of the ground is covered with dung, layer over layer, and the whole place is filthy. When you approach the King you have of course to squat down on your haunches, and remain in that position during the whole of the interview. Conversation under such circumstances is of course difficult. When he was in a bad temper, as he often was, he used to try and catch you—make you contradict yourself; and he was as sharp as a needle in his own style of palaver. He remembered everything, and if you did contradict yourself, he was down on you at once. “You have two words, you lie,” he would rap out. Then the mean whites, the dogs as he called them, up there were always egging him on or prompting him to ask nasty questions, and twisting round the answers so as to make him angry.’ And who were the mean whites? one naturally asks. ‘They had,’ continues Mr. Thompson, ‘their bread and meat and beer from the King, and wanted him to be let alone. There were no means they would not stoop to. They even forged a letter to the Queen from King Lobengula, and they were willing tools in the hands of any rivals who wanted to make out that the concession meant really more than it did. To make matters worse, there came a letter

from the Aborigines' Protection Society which the King and his councillors interpreted to mean, "Have nothing to do with the whites." I went,' added Mr. Thompson, 'in fear of my life, dared not stir from my waggons, and slept by starts with a revolver by my side. That was a time,' he said emphatically, 'I would not go over again to be a millionaire twice over. I thought every day I should have had to die as I saw my poor father before me.' In his quiet temporary Essex home he seems to be in good health, but he must have suffered terribly then. It is true that he gained his end, but he had to pay an awful price. Perhaps it was his being a stanch teetotaler that saved his life.

'How is it you have no gray hair,' I asked, 'or any hair at all?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'I was always hardy, and brought up hardly on porridge. But,' he added, 'I have gone through a deal.' Yet time has dealt gently with him, or the healthy air of the Essex sea-coast. His brow is unfurrowed by care; his hair is dark brown; he shaves off his whiskers, but revels in a moustache; his face soon lights up with a smile; he looks stern and wiry, without an ounce of spare flesh on him, and very much a colonial.

And he and Mr. Maguire and Mr. Rudd between them won the concession. As Mr. Thompson was the

linguist of the party, it is clear they could have done nothing without him. The Chartered Company took over the concession, giving a number of shares for the right—that is, the Chartered Company found all the money, and gave to the Matabele concessionaires the gross half-profits. The directors of the Chartered Company are the Duke of Fife, the Duke of Abercorn, Albert Grey, Hon. Cecil Rhodes, A. Beit, Lord Gifford, and George Causton. The office of the company is in St. Swithin's Lane, London. The concessionaires for their part agree to pay Lobengula £100 every lunar month, and deliver at the royal kraal 1,000 Martini-Henry rifles, together with 100,000 suitable ball cartridges, and, further, deliver on the Zambesi River a steamboat with guns suitable for defensive purposes. What the King gives in return is the complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals situated in any kingdom, principalities, and dominions, together with full power to do all things that they may deem necessary to raise and secure the same, and to hold, collect, and enjoy the revenues, if his, derivable from the aforesaid metals and minerals. The charter vaguely lays down the sphere of the company's operations, says a writer in the *Cape Argus Annual* of 1891, as to the north of

Bechuanaland and to the west of Portuguese East Africa. The western limit of the company's operations is set by the Anglo-German agreement, which fixed the twenty-first degree of east longitude as the boundary of the German protectorate, except in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami, where the German territory extends to the north-east until it reaches the headwaters of the Zambesi. To the north the territory of the company practically runs into that of the African Lakes Company. Mr. Rhodes announced at a banquet held in Kimberley last year that the Barotsi country, containing 20,000 square miles, had been ceded to the company. This cession makes the boundary of the company's territory march with that of the Congo Free State. Nor is this all. The company has undertaken railway construction both under the arrangement by which the Cape Colony has acquired the line to Vryburg, and by an undertaking to carry on the line to Mafeking. With an increasing influx of a large gold-mining and agricultural population into Mashonaland, the railway will doubtless be extended to the far north at no very distant date. 'Is the country healthy?' I asked Mr. Thompson. 'Very,' was his reply. 'There is a belt between the upland districts and the coast (being Por-

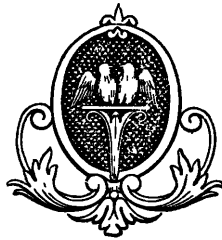
tuguese territory) where the fever is very thick (you may cut it with a knife); but up in the interior the country is healthy, although there is a certain amount of fever before the trees have been cut down and the decaying vegetable matter removed. The country will be a fine healthy country, the more it is opened up. It was just the same with Natal: that was unhealthy at first, and now it is as healthy as anyone could wish.'

'And how about the gold?' I asked. 'Oh, there is no doubt of that; the country is full of it: my brother, who has just come back, says the same. Of course, there have been failures. There has been quite a rush of gold-seekers, and many have been disappointed, as was to be expected, as they came indifferently provisioned for the purpose, and had exhausted their resources by the time they got there.'

'And the Pungwe route, what about that?' I asked. 'That is much nearer, is it not?' 'Oh yes,' was the reply. 'That will come in time, but not for a long time. The railway from the Cape has been laid down for the traffic, and what is wanted is a Customs Union.' Perhaps, thought I, as I left the hall in which the African explorer lives, it is more to the purpose to dwell upon the fact that the

Mashona people, who have always gone in fear of their lives, from the hostile attacks of the Matabele, warmly welcome the advent of the white man. As it is, he is often to be met with as a mighty hunter among the pleasant granite hills which form so picturesque an appearance in that part of the world. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the well-known Burmese administrator and explorer, has been appointed administrator, and the laws have been devised to square as far as possible with those of Cape Colony, and with the special laws for native territories now in force in British Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and the Transkei. But there is plenty of room for romance of some kind or other still. Charles Kingsley tells us of the old Puritans, that there was plenty of poetry in them, but they lived their poetry like men, instead of singing it like birds. A similar remark may be made about South African romance. The country is full of it; you meet it wherever you see a colonial; but it is the romance of life, not of the shilling novel. It is a great gain to the Cape to have secured a district so vast, so full of romance, so fertile. It is a great gain for England thus to have been dowered with such a market for her manufactures, such an outlet for the energy of her sons.

As I left I said to Mr. Thompson: 'How is it Labouchere is always attacking the Chartered Company?' 'Does he not always attack everything the Conservative Government does?' was his reply.

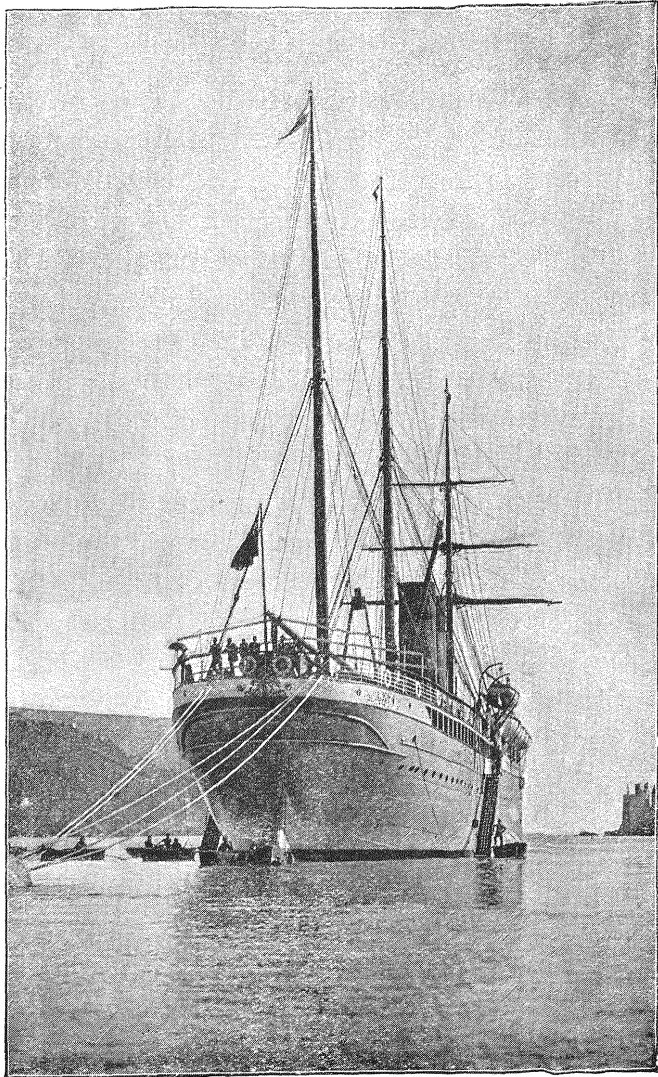




CHAPTER XIV.

Leaving the Cape—The Return—On Board the *Dunottar Castle*
—Captain Robinson's Yarns—The Peak of Teneriffe—On
Emigration.

It is time to go back. I leave the Cape with regret. When I left England I had a liver; by the time I got to the Cape it was gone and joy had come. I was suffering from suppressed gout and all the evils it brings in its train. All the voyage out I was as melancholy as an owl; on my return I was as gay as a lark. I took no medicine—I consulted no physician. What made the change? I reply: 'The voyage, and the bright sunshine, and the fine air of the Cape.' On my return I exchanged the *Roslyn Castle* for the *Dunottar*. I was sorry to leave Captain Robinson, but I had no alternative: he stuck to his ship. I wanted to try the *Dunottar Castle*, of which everyone had so much to say. I must, however, in justice to Captain Robinson, re-



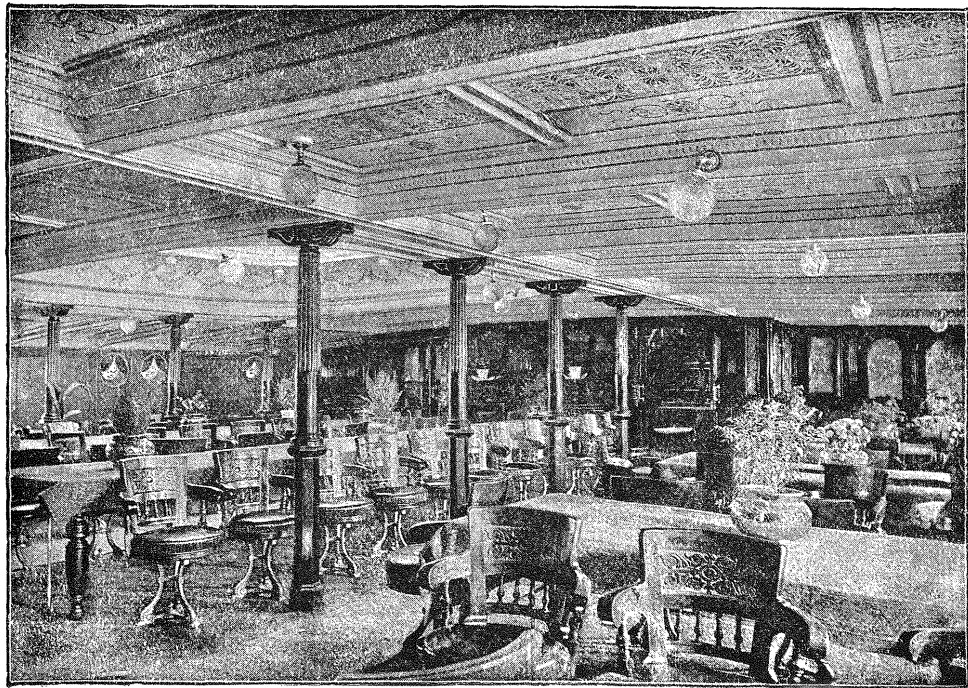
THE 'DUNOTTAR CASTLE' AT DARTMOUTH.

peat one of his good stories : He was out on a foggy night, and sounded his fog-horn, as every wise captain should ; from the starboard side came the sound of a fog-horn, apparently coming from a vessel very close, and showing no lights. 'Port your helm !' shouted the captain, and his orders were obeyed. Then he blew his whistle again. Back from the same position, although his ship had altered her course three points, came the sound of that fog-horn. 'Hard a-port !' roared the captain ; that was done, and the steam whistle tried again. Back from exactly the same position, although his vessel had now altered her course seven points, came the noise of that fog-horn. And the captain, alarmed, was just going to give the order to reverse engines, when one of the officers reported that the supposed fog-horn was the cow that was carried on the forward deck to supply fresh milk for the passengers. The captain had been trying to steer round his own cow. A sailor's yarn, this, and a very good one of its class. May Captain Robinson long live to tell his passengers many such !

Echo, since the time of the ancients, has played on poor mortals many a trick. One of them is quoted by Gilbert White, who writes :

'Chance parts the youth from his companions dear,
He cries, "Who's here?" and Echo answers, "Here!"
He stares around, and for a while stands dumb,
Then shouts out "Come!" and Echo answers, "Come!"'

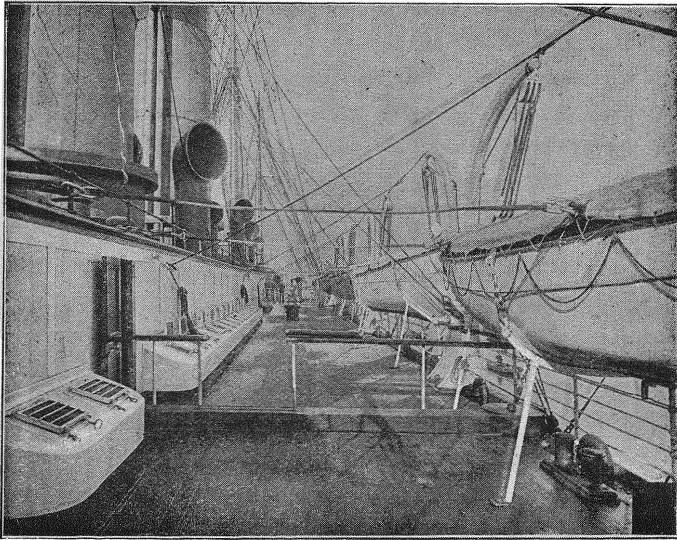
As I left the Cape I could not but contrast the difference between the ending and the starting. As we made our way out of Blackwall Docks, how funereal was the scene in the darkening gloom of a dull December day! and as we left behind us a small crowd, it seemed as if we were sailing into the outer darkness. As we left Cape Town all was brightness and sunshine, the grand mountain in the background overlooking all, while on the wharf were friends looking as hot as they were good-natured—making the parting one of joy rather than of sorrow. Everybody seemed to have made an effort to see the start of the *Dunottar Castle*, the noblest ship that had up to that time ever appeared in Table Bay. The day before Lady Loch had condescended to lunch on board. The Castle Line is great in hospitality, and on the day we left many were the notabilities who had come on board, such as Judge Buchanan, who was pleased to express his regret that I was leaving before he had the pleasure of receiving me; Mr. Noble, the popular Clerk of Assembly, the Rev. Mr. Forbes,



THE 'DUNOTTAR CASTLE': THE DINING SALOON.

and even the editor of the *Argus*, busy as he always is at that particular time, found an opportunity to come and see me off. One incident was rather amusing. A gentleman found me out. He was an entire stranger: 'But,' said he, 'when I saw you were going away, I said to myself, "Well, I'll go down to the dock and see the old gentleman off."' Of course I felt flattered, especially as his remarks (which I have not given) were of an exceedingly complimentary nature. At the same time, such is the weakness of human nature, all will agree with me that none of us are particularly anxious to hear ourselves described as old gentlemen. At four o'clock all our friends had to clear out, to quit the deck, where they were under awning all the length of the ship, and to stand waving their hands or pocket-handkerchiefs on the heated wharf below. We left the dock at the appointed hour; but it was only to anchor in the bay, as the mails had not arrived. In the Transvaal there had been heavy rains, and that made the delay. Dutchmen are never in a hurry; but Anglo-Saxon energy, it is to be hoped, will soon teach them to mend their ways. One advantage of the delay was that it gave us a good farewell view of Cape Town, as it gradually passed before our eyes from gaudy day

to summer night. When I woke up the next morning for my early bath, we were far away, alone on a bright and boundless sea—not a glimpse of land, not another vessel to be seen anywhere. But how lovely was the sail on that fine ship! The *Dunottar Castle* is the crack

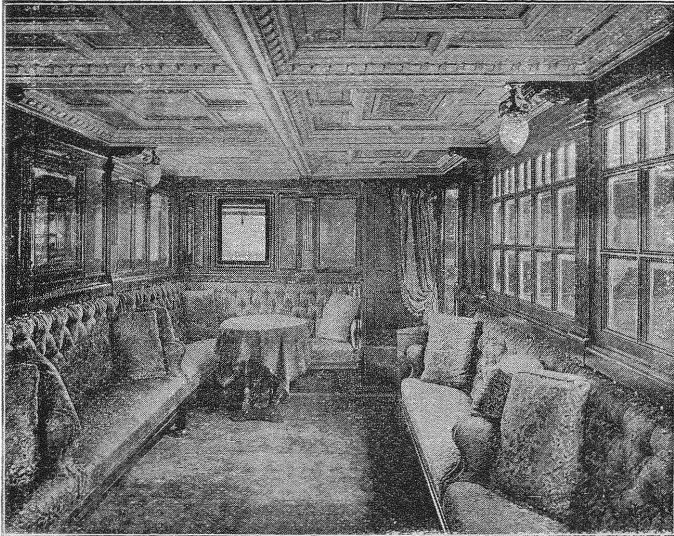


THE 'DUNOTTAR CASTLE': DECK.

ship of the Castle Line, and the company may well be proud of her, though the great aim of the company is not so much to have one crack ship, as to improve all the fleet, to bring them up to the standard of

modern requirements, and thus to own a fleet, as a whole, superior to that of any other line. We did the trip home in a shorter time than it was ever done before, and we fared superbly all the way. Our baths were marble ; our cabins were as comfortable as any I ever saw. On these grand steamers you have no means of locking the door, and on our journey a gentleman passenger lost a very handsome and a very valuable gold watch and chain. I did hear something of a second-class passenger being found a long way out of his proper soundings during the small hours. Really, you seem defenceless. In the night no one is about. The big ship seems left to herself. The decks are clear ; no stewards are to be seen down below ; it may be that the captain is in the chart-room, that the first officer is on the look-out, that at the extreme end a constant watch is kept, that down in the depths firemen and engineers are all hard at work ; but in your silent cabin you seem very lonely, nevertheless, and in the *Dunottar Castle* the cabins are much more separate than usual. The arrangement is a great improvement, I own ; yet you do feel cut off for awhile from everybody, and, like Alexander Selkirk, are monarch of all you survey. It is true you are not left long, as the boy comes with your boots at unearthly hours, and

the steward never omits to wake you at six, as he comes round with the coffee, and all day long you live in the midst of a gay crowd. As it is, I fancy we were sorry to leave. Where will the men have such a handsome smoking-room, or the ladies such an exquisite



THE 'DUNOTTAR CASTLE': LADIES' BOUDOIR.

music-room? Or where can we have such banquets, adorned with tropical flowers and finished off with such tropical fruits?

Incidents were few on the return. The most start-

ling of all was the grand appearance of the Peak of Teneriffe, as, with its diadem of snow, it rose out of a sea of glass, at a distance of some hundred and twenty miles. It grew upon us, as well it might, as we watched it all day, and saw the sun set on its peak while it was all dark below. Then, again, I was wonderfully impressed with Madeira, which had undergone a welcome change. The island was green as emerald, and the cosy mansions on the hills seemed far prettier than when I had seen them last peeping out of the brown and dusty rock. I was also glad to find that one hotel—Read's—was spoken of quite enthusiastically by those who had been there, as not only cheap and excellent, but as being conducted by those who were exceptionally kind to the suffering and the poor—and the suffering and the poor who are landed there from England are far more numerous than most of us have any idea of. I question whether many people would take the trouble on their account that the family to which I have referred, and to whom I am a perfect stranger, appeared to do. A good Samaritan in a foreign land seems to me always to possess a double charm. But why don't the Portuguese do something to ensure a better landing? Surely they could make a tiny pier for a small tug to make its

way into. To be dragged through the surf, especially where invalids are concerned, is not pleasant, especially, as is sometimes the case, if the boats are upset. We landed a poor Portuguese from Delagoa Bay, yellow with its wretched fever, and it seemed to me that he would give up the ghost ere he reached the land.

After leaving Madeira we fell into the arms of a north-east gale. Some of my readers may know what that is. When crossing the Bay of Biscay on a small ship, that would have been an unpleasant experience; on board the *Dunottar Castle* it affected me not the least. On the only really bad night we had I slept like a top, though some of my friends who had deck cabins assured me that the wind was so high that they expected to be blown over every minute. Our passengers mostly left at Plymouth. London heeded little the arrival of the *Dunottar* passengers; though I did hear that Oceana shares rose half per cent. in consequence of the announcement that we had brought with us its manager or secretary, I forget which; but as to the arrival of the rest of us, no particular sensation—as far as I could learn—was created, though I doubt not in many a happy home all over the land there was rejoicing over our safe return. But over

that we troubled not. We had had a splendid trip, for a run to the Cape and back is always a splendid trip. For the health-seeker it seems to be preferable to any other, especially when on board such magnificent floating palaces as the *Dunottar Castle*. Its great speed was a slight disappointment to me. I would rather have enjoyed a little more of life on the ocean wave.

One word as to South Africa as a field for our surplus population. I saw much to recommend it. I saw no end of people who would have done little at home, who were living in comfort, and many of them making large fortunes, out there. But it is impossible to say who will succeed as regards any particular case, as far as my limited knowledge goes. I quite agree with Sir Frederick Young, who has had an experience to which I lay no claim, and whose testimony, consequently, is far more valuable than my own. To him emigration is a question of such national importance that he thinks it ought to be undertaken by the State. I confess, so jealous am I of State interference, and so deeply do I feel the mischief of it, that I would be slow to argue in its favour. But in the following remarks of Sir Frederick, with which I close, I heartily agree: 'In South Africa,' he said in his lecture before the

Colonial Institute—'in South Africa I have seen millions of acres of fertile land—in Bechuanaland, in Natal, in the eastern and western provinces of the Cape Colony, to say nothing of the Transvaal—capable of supporting many thousands of our surplus population. But I have also satisfied myself that it is no use whatever to transplant those that are unfitted for it. Instead of a success, certain failure would be the result of an attempt so unwise. Colonial life is alone suitable for the enterprising, energetic, steady, and industrious men and women who are determined, with patience and courage, to overcome the difficulties and trials which they must certainly encounter on the road to ultimate success. South Africa is a land of promise for them. It is by no means so for the feeble, the self-indulgent, the helplessly dependent class of whom, unfortunately, we have so large a number in the overpopulated Old Country.'

THE END.

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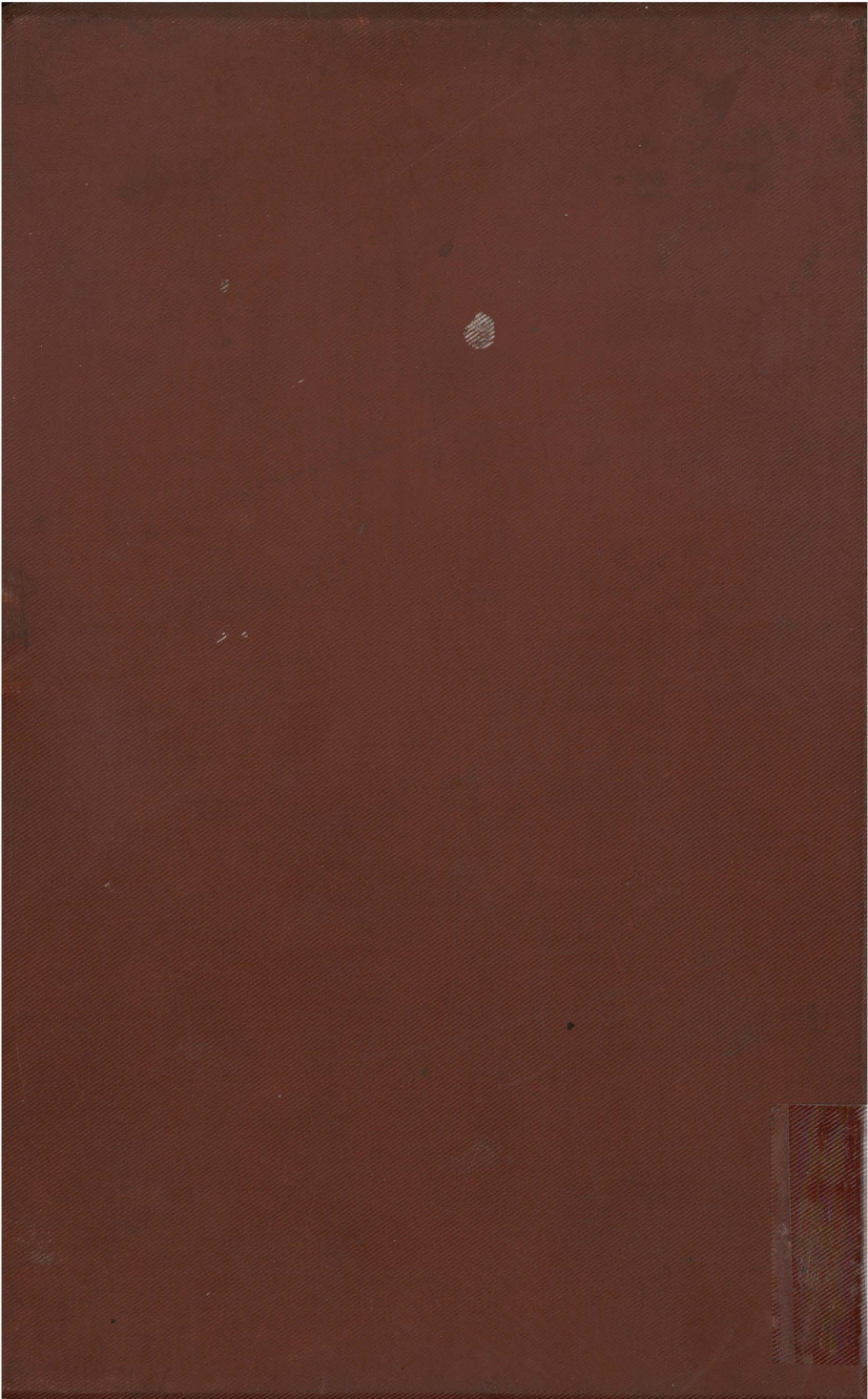
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