CHAPTER XVI.

Crossing into Canada—Toronto—Niagara—Winter life in Ontario—Sleigh Journeys—Kingston—Ottawa—Montreal—Tobogganing—The Ice Shove—Quebec.

THIS splendid river was formerly the terminus of the "Underground Railway," as they called the American society that aided slaves in their escape to the true "soil of freedom," and across the green rolling waters many a dusky fugitive found his way. Even at this present time there are runaways who cross this river into Canada, but they are brazen-faced Yankees with carpet-bags—fraudulent bankrupts, swindlers, and embezzlers. Our train, locomotive and all, moved on board a large transfer steamer. We reached Windsor, the Canadian town, whence a train started for Toronto. The guard, or "conductor," was a Scotsman, and we had a long "crack" with him about the mother-country. The journey of 223 miles was very enjoyable. By evening we near our goal, and see the moonlight glinting on the waves of Lake Ontario. Toronto is reached; the "Queen's Hotel" bus is at the station, and in the elegant homeliness of this fine house we are soon installed.

We are delighted to find ourselves in a community so strikingly British. We could almost have hugged the very British policeman as his solid tread shook the sidewalk. We felt inclined to shake hands with every one we met. Even the National Anthem, though played by a brass band, was the sweetest music to our ear.

Less than one hundred years ago, Toronto was an Indian village; forty years ago, the "muddy little city of York." It has grown with the development of farming, and has now 60,000 inhabitants. Opposite the city stretches a long island, and the sheet of water it encloses is called Toronto Bay. Beyond stretches Lake Ontario, far away to the horizon. The city rises in a gentle slope from the lake shore. Most of its

public buildings are commanding, and the streets alive with traffic. There are many English in Toronto, and many Scotch. There being a strong Irish element here, the Roman Catholics are numerous and bold—all the bolder because of the supremacy of the hierarchy in Lower Canada. My brothers and I witnessed a serious riot here. A number of "pilgrimages," or processions from one chapel to another, had been ordered. One Sunday the "pilgrims" were attacked by a mob, and had to fight their way from street to street. The military were called out. The police advanced to clear the street—the crowd fired at them. There was a desperate close encounter, with sticks beating about in every direction, and stones hurtling through the air. The police levelled their revolvers, and for a full minute there was a succession of shots. Stones fell crashing upon the fences close by us. We noticed a stunned policeman taken in through the lower window of a house; he had been violently felled by a big stone. No one had been wounded by bullets; most of the pistols, I fancy, were discharged in the air. Many arrests were made, and the rioters sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The affair was looked upon as a blot upon the hitherto fair fame of this respectable community.

Leaving Toronto, we had a railway ride of forty miles to Hamilton, and from there we went to Niagara. The Canadian town of Clifton is two miles below the Falls, and thence we walked along the high banks of the Niagara River. Woe to any carriage that goes over here, for horse and vehicle will fall crashing through the foliage, sheer to the river. Private enterprise has nailed boards on several of the trees: "Man fell over the cliff hear," "A cow went over her," and other misspelt but philanthropic notices.

At a turn of the road we had a distant first view of the Falls, with their overwhelming presence, power, and ocean-roar. We went as near them as we could get—gazing at them for a long time, with their thunder shaking the rock beneath our feet and quivering the iron railing in our grasp. The Horse-Shoe Fall is tremendous. The waters me ntre from the con-

verging sides of the Fall, and through the clouds of spray you have glimpses of a far-in turmoil of waters. The American Fall is a somewhat lesser body of water than the Horse-Shoe, from which it is separated by the sylvan Goat Island. You have a sense of the loftiness and grandeur of the Falls in the apparently leisurely way the water descends. Nowhere, in a general view of the Falls, have you the idea of impetuosity. Not till you go beneath them do you realise their rush and irresistible power.

My brothers and I, clad in oilskins, went under the Falls. We had a darkie with us as guide—an intelligent fellow, who took an unaffected interest in the various sights. Few other natural exhibitions could have kept a man's mind fresh in the midst of a daily routine. We descended a wooden spiral staircase, half-way down which there is a small window, commanding a view unsurpassed from any other standpoint. You are close to the outer edge of the Horse-Shoe Fall. The giant crescent of the cataract shoots out from the overhanging ledge high above you, and swooping down in a splendid arc against the sky, shatters itself in foam upon the rocks.

We were startled to see that we had to walk on little ledges like bricks, scarcely bigger than the foot. A heavy gale was raging, and the gusts blew the water down upon us in violent paroxysms. We had to turn our faces to the oozy wall, and literally gasped for breath. Sometimes the guide knew when the shift of wind was coming, and waving his hand, for one could not have heard a word, he warned us of the impending deluge. Amid increasing spray, noise, and lessening daylight, we cautiously rounded a dangerous abutment of rock, and arrived at the farthest point that any one has yet reached. We stood in the eerie twilight of a liquid-roofed cavern, resounding with thrilling sounds and echoes. A stormy sky of clouds, with all its rain, mist, and thunder, seemed to be flying down over our heads, loosened from its place in the heavens—the sonorous sound it had in falling being exchanged for a sharp cry of pain as the water smote the rocks.

"Kerridge, sir?" "Have your photograph with the Falls as

background?" "Won't you go an' see the live buffaloes?" "Step into my museum, gentlemen, free of charge?" "Oil-skins, sir?" "Nick-nacks?" "Indian beadwork?" "Kerridge, kerridge, kerridge?" Cabmen, pedlars, and touters thronged about us, and distracted our thoughts from the glorious music welling up from the liquid precipices of Niagara. The season being almost over, the appearance of visitors was the signal for universal excitement. Waxing rash with competition, a cab-man volunteered to drive the whole of us back to Clifton for "heff a dollar." Getting no encouragement, he hurriedly wheeled his cab round, and swore: "Blank, dash, smash, and double-darn me, may you all be dog-tired afore you get home!" And shaking his whip over his head, he drove away in wrath. Another "cabbie" adopted a different tone, urging us plaintively to "let him make somethin' out of us." We crossed to Luna Island, which overhangs the American fall like a mass of earth arrested on the brink of the abyss. Here you almost look down the face of the Falls, and can put your foot into the curve of the water as it pours over the brink. One's individuality is swallowed up in the falling waters; you feel in the fascination of the moment, as if you were going down with them over the giddy verge.

Our next purpose was to see the Whirlpool Rapids. The water, after seething round the base of the Falls like boiling froth of milk, flows tranquilly for two miles. Then, passing under the Clifton Suspension Bridge, where the trains roll across at a height of 250 feet, the mighty river is compressed into a narrow channel, with a very marked decline. You go down a wooden shaft and come upon a small platform, level with the rapids. The water dashes past with terrible speed, the waves tumbling and crashing together, with raging surge, and flying round in great swirls—the involution and convolution almost turning the mind yellow with vertigo—till the stormy river, hurling immense logs at railway speed, empties itself headlong into the whirlpool. The latter was a maze of swirling eddies writhing and drawing everything towards them with their glassy suction. Masses of driftwood formed the

rim of the central vortex, while huge trunks of trees were swept round in great velocity, pitched out of the water, and tilted end over end in the mighty throes of the conflicting currents. Round the green waters of this basin circled a lovely amphitheatre—on every side rising the steep banks of the river clothed with forest trees. Pine, fir, maple, and oak were to be seen gay in all the hues of autumn—red, yellow, brown, purple, and orange—the whole one gorgeous mass of variegated colour, like an immense natural bouquet, and contrasting strangely with the turmoil it encompassed.

On our second visit the sky was bright, and the Falls looked dazzling under the clear sunshine. The spray rose in a well-defined, luminous cloud, mounting up one thousand feet into the air, and a fine double rainbow, arching the foaming cauldron, added a new charm to the scene. Such was our last look at Niagara.

Autumn appears in her fullest loveliness in Canada, after which comes the lovely Indian summer, a tranquil reminiscence of summer, without any of its great heat or passion. During this season we visited the townships of Southern Ontario. At Simcoe we were taken through the Public School. Some of the pupils were learning algebra, some drawing Gothic cathedrals on a black board. The geography class were studying the map of Canada, and a girl pointed out the provinces of the New Dominion, not even forgetting the newly-added province of Manitoba, in the Great North-West. Canadian, like other colonial children, have a changing geography. In another room a class was being catechised in grammar. My father asked, "What part of speech would you use if some one put a pin into your shoulder?" and the answer came promptly from a wee lassie, "Please, sir, an interjection!" Thursday, 28th October, was Thanksgiving Day, when we happened to be at St. Thomas. All the places of worship were open. We led the psalmody in the Presbyterian Church, which was crowded with townsfolk and farmers who had come in to give thanks for the bountiful harvest.

Our route now embraced London, a city of 16,000 inhabitants

and commonly known here as London the Less, to distinguish it from another metropolis of the same name existing somewhere in Great Britain! Here, on the last day of October, there was snow to the depth of two inches. A fortnight afterwards there was another heavy fall, and from that time afterwards we were in full enjoyment of cold weather. A few days later we were at Sarnia, which was swept at this time with cold winds, the roads as hard and wrinkled as the hide of a rhinoceros.

Winter is a jolly time of the year in Canada. Deep snow has not the paralysing influence on traffic that it has in Britain, where thaw is always imminent. Snow here is trustworthy for weeks, and sleighing means business; the shopkeepers are overjoyed. According to everybody this winter was a "darned fizzle." There were two or three days of snow and frost, then thaw and slush. All the severity of the winter came in wild spurts. There was a "cold snap" the last day of November, and the thermometer went far below zero. At this time we were in the good city of Stratford, named after the birthplace of Shakespeare. Like that famous place it is situated on the River Avon. While the great metropolis, London, has not a single street or square named after the immortal bard, they have here given him full honour. The divisions of the town have been named Hamlet Ward, Othello Ward, Falstaff Ward, and so on; while a little village in the neighbourhood has been called Shakespeare. St. Andrew's Day was celebrated here by the St. Andrew's Society. It has been said that to find a true Scotsman you must leave Scotland; and in no part of the world will you find more patriotic hearts than amongst the Scottish farmers of Canada.

Galt is a purely Scottish town, and named after the famous novelist and biographer of Byron. Most of the people here are from the Border counties, James Hogg being instrumental in sending out a great many people to this part of Canada. We met here a man whose wife was a niece of the Ettrick Shepherd, and from whom we heard many interesting facts concerning the great poet. At the hotel there lodged a travelling female [illegible]gist—a bold-faced, sil[illegible] merican woman—who

announced on her handbills that she was the seventh daughter of the seventh, would recover stolen property, reconcile lovers, read your planets, and (oh, anti-climax!) cure freckles!

At Guelph we assisted at the opening of the new Town Hall. During the day we saw a party of workmen rolling a large barrel into the side-room, where it afterwards burst. "It's for the music-folks," said they. "But," we laughed, "ha, ha! you know we don't——" "Oh!" they replied—"this is lager beer for the band that plays at the ball!" And sure enough, the Germanic "brass" appeared in due course. At another town where we gave a concert, the audience commenced applauding long before the hour, upon which the grey-haired mayor of the town rose up and said, "Gentlemen, it wants twenty minutes to the time yet, so I hope, for the credit of the community, that you will refrain from that noise; but, if those folks ain't on the platform by eight o'clock, I'll see you righted!" Later on, the hall became unbearably warm. Ordinary ventilation being impossible, a powerful Scotch voice roared out, "Brak ane or twa o' the wundies!" upon which the paternal mayor walked majestically across the hall and put his fist through a pane, thereby giving his sanction to a more general smash.

Our first sleigh-ride was from Berlin to Ayr. It was raining slightly, though the temperature was at freezing-point. The shrubs and blades of grass were sticking up through the snow like little daggers of ice. The trees were fairly weighed down with icicles. We had a queer collection of drivers during these sleigh-journeys. First a Dutchman; then an old man so stiff with rheumatism that he had to be lifted into the sleigh, and propped up from behind with the luggage. We had another old man with one eye, and that very bleared and watery from facing the winter blasts. After a "noggin" he got at a wayside inn, he became chuckingly communicative—told us how he once belonged to Batty's Circus in England, and constituted the entire orchestra himself, playing the "grand ongtrays" and "trick music" on a keyless bugle. Another driver was the captain of a lake-steamer, who drove our sleigh that he might get a free ride to see his friends, and who greatly amu-

with his ludicrous mixture of nautical and equestrian terms. Lastly, the whip was wielded by a rich relation of the livery-keeper—a Yankee from Ohio, who had come over to Canada to enjoy himself. He took the job of driving us so as to have some relief from the monotony of life in a country-town, and certainly proved himself a lively fellow. He was given out to be worth 40,000 dollars, but this did not prevent his jumping off the sleigh and executing an elaborate double shuffle in the bar of every hotel we came to!

One day the sleigh upset over a culvert. There we lay, all mixed up with bags, bundles, shawls, and rugs, with the seats of the sleigh on top of us. We got extricated at last, shook ourselves like dogs, and proceeded to relieve our poor old driver, who lay helplessly clutching his whip. A long procession of sleighs happened to be passing at the time, and a running fire of witticism came from the drivers. A score or two of schoolboys also ran after us, and were only repelled by a cannonade of "sweeties," which they battled for amongst the snow.

At Listowel we met the brother of Dr. Livingstone, and were much struck with the strong family resemblance between him and the great traveller. The worst journey we had was from Listowel to Wingham, a stage of twenty-two miles. The thermometer stood 20° below zero; a fierce snowstorm was raging. Not a soul was out that could possibly keep indoors. The snow was drifting and falling rapidly, and all tracks of vehicles had been obliterated. The horses struggled amongst the great mounds of powdery snow. Dense wreaths swept along the road; and though our two vehicles were only three yards apart, we were continually losing sight of each other. We were driving in a white night. The cold was awfully bitter. The foam hung from the horses' nostrils in long white icicles. The lapels of our great-coats were frozen as hard as a board, and our cheeks were glazed with scales of ice. We were completely white with snow, like human statues. My [illegible]her Charles, who sat alongside of me, had two blobs of ice [illegible]es, like ice-spec[illegible] could not see till, after

some difficulty, he got them picked off. Then his left cheek became white—he was frost-bitten! Snatching up a handful of snow from the buffalo robe, I vigorously rubbed his face till the blood began to circulate. All at once he cried, "Look at your nose!" but as that was rather a difficult feat in optics, I replied, "What's the matter?" And he said, "It's as white as anything!" So I excitedly rubbed my nose, or rather the place my nose used to be, for I could not feel it. Then my brother's cheek blanched again, and I applied more snow—after which my nose became marble, and it had to be polished once more. Then his cheek, then my nose—nose, cheek, nose, cheek, nose—till a natural hue had set in. At length we reached a small hotel, and though only four miles from our destination, we all ran in and warmed ourselves—all, except my brother and I, who had been frost-bitten. It is not considered safe to trust yourself near a fire after such an occurrence, as then a swollen ear or nose is apt to turn into an open sore for the winter. The driver vowed he "wouldn't go through the same again—no, not for a hundred dollars." It is related that a Scottish Canadian, on his voyage home to Scotland one summer, was found sleeping on deck, when the captain, roused him with a caution against sunstroke. "Sunstroke!" replied the Scotsman, with ineffable scorn, "it wad tak a' the sun atween here an' Greenock to thaw the Canada frost oot o' my head!" And we could almost say it took a week to thaw out the awful cold of this journey.

We always tried to arrive on Saturday at some nice little town, where we could spend a quiet Sunday. We generally attended the "Scotch Church," which had as a rule a good congregation, drawn from the country round. Harmoniums and organs are being introduced into a great many of the Presbyterian churches. As to the preaching in the country districts, you might shut your eyes during the sermon (!) and fancy yourself in any small town in Scotland, which, of course, is paying the Canadian pulpit a great compliment. The country ministers here, in their social relation with their flock,

exhibit few or no professional airs, and mix freely with the people.

One hears a great deal in Canada of "Jack being as good as his master." An old lady from Edinburgh told us of the "deplorable state" of society in this respect. "Everybody is on an equality with everybody else," said she; "my washer-woman's daughter learns the piano; and last night, at your concert, my servant sat alongside of me in a showy dress, with her bonnet all done up with white feathers—a thing that would not be allowed at home, I'm sure." But the poor body had been twenty-three years out from Scotland. We heard, too, of how one day a certain ecclesiastical dignitary was driving along in his elegant "cutter," when he was met by a Highland farmer in a sleigh at a part of the road where the drifts only admitted of one vehicle. The clergyman of course thought the farmer would give him the track, but as "Donald" sat unrelenting, the ecclesiastic rose with great dignity, thinking to ènd the whole matter, and said, "Sir, I am the Lord Bishop of Mapletown." "And I," said the farmer, rising with Highland pride, "I—am Toogal MacToogal of Boska-sho-sho-nee!" Upon which the two sat face to face, glaring at each other, with what result is not known to history.

Among the favourite winter-sports of Canada is that of horse-racing, and of course the reader will be surprised, as we were, to hear of such a thing. Every town or village that boasts its lake or river has a ready-made race-course in the winter-time. The Canadians, like the Americans, go in for trotting-matches, and the horses' shoes are frosted specially for the event. In one village we saw the races taking place in the middle of the street. At Barrie, a considerable town on Lake Simcoe, we had an opportunity of being "on the turf," for there were races taking place on the ice. Imagine the "thimble and pea," the "card-trick," and other bare-faced swindling, with the tempera-ture at zero. There were some hundreds of folks on the ice, and they moved about trying to look as happy as possible. The "favourite" colour seemed to be blue (about the nose). In

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"heats," which sounded like a mockery to one's cold limbs and pinched faces.

Once there happened to be races near a little village we were at. We had arranged beforehand for rooms at the hotel, but on arriving, found that the landlord, in the fever of unusual business, had let his apartments to the first comers. Therefore we had to put up with limited accommodation in another house. The hotel was filled with dense pungent smoke from the stoves, and from the scores of pipes and cigars. The bar-room swarmed with drunk, disorderly men, and the narrow, creaking stairs were blocked with people. The rooms were so small that our larger luggage had to remain outside in the passage. The sitting-room was full of lads and lasses, who were looking out on the tumult in the village. Sleighs were tearing wildly up the street—at one time a drunken fellow, with a maddened horse and a heavy sleigh, dashing into another vehicle, and upsetting its occupants into the snow. Now and again, with warning whoop and yell, a horse and jockey flew past. There was incessant noise in and about the hotel. At night we had a good tea, for, as the hostess said, she had "put out her best licks" for us. About eleven o'clock, just as we went to bed, a dance was started, and we could scarcely snatch a wink. Our room was so frequently invaded by roving fellows "wanting a sleep," that Robert and I had to barricade the door with a portmanteau. All through the "silent watches" a steady thud of feet came from below, like the rumble of a flour-mill. In the morning Robert discovered that his watch-chain had disappeared, and an ineffectual search was made over the hotel. Just before breakfast there were a series of fights in the bar, and a bevy of drunk men were taken off to the lock-up. All around, in the lower rooms of the hotel, lay broken legs of chairs and lengths of stove-pipe, with which the inebriates had belaboured each other. The sofas, too, had had their backs wrenched off by the revellers, so as to make two beds—one man lying on the couch and the other reposing on the back. We found the dining-room door locked, and the landlady guarding it to keep out stragglers; also taking money from each one as

they came out. "We've been very quiet, considering," said she; "I heard they had some fighting at the other hotel!" Right glad were we to escape from the confusion. We never saw anything like it before or since.

Christmas day found us at the village of Mount Forest. On New Year's Day we visited Southampton, a busy port on Lake Huron. Then we returned to Toronto, and went east to Belleville by the Grand Trunk Railway, which stretches through the vast provinces of Ontario and Quebec. A fierce snowstorm was raging at Belleville. We had to sleigh twenty-two miles to Picton, across the Bay of Quinté. The ice was very dangerous, owing to the rainy weather of a few days previously. The landlord of the Picton hotel, and the livery-stable keeper, who acted as guide, both went ahead in a little sleigh—next came our party of eight, a heavy load for the risky ice—the rear being brought up by the luggage. The shore faded, and we were alone amidst the swirling snow. A blast of snow would now and then rend the veil of snow, when we sighted a headland, or some little bush stuck in the ice to mark the track. Only thus could our guide take his bearings, for the opposite shore was not visible till long after. The livery-man did not like the journey at all, and every few minutes cried back in a dissuasive tone, "What do you think of Picton now, boys?"—the answer coming prompt and decisive, "Must get to Picton to-day!" At last, almost smothered beneath a gust of snow, the sleighs pulled up. The livery-man, with a white cloth bandaged over both ears, and looking like an hospital patient, jumped off his seat, and tramped savagely round and round about amongst the whirling snow, shaking his whip and vowing he "couldn't lay salt on that blamed track nohow." As we had never been following any track whatever, we wondered at his vexation, but he told us he wanted to find the track so as to keep off it! A loaded dray had gone through the ice a few days previously, and a father and son were drowned. "If I follow the tracks," said our guide, "I'll get into some of these holes. The surface ice began to break up, and the sleigh kept sinking through the friable crust. The livery-man hastily came

to our sleigh and unharnessed one of the two horses, hitching it to the back of his conveyance—adding, "I want to save one good horse at any rate if we get into a hole—the sleigh can float." After an hour's winding about in the storm we "landed" with grateful hearts.

Here we found the cross-roads totally choked up. A wall of snow extended flush from fence to fence, five feet deep at least Then we went in a body to the fence, and made a gap for the sleighs to go through. From field to field we went, breaking in and breaking out through the "snake" fences. It was very fatiguing work, the heavy bars being firmly cemented together with ice. While going through a break in a fence the luggage sleigh sank through the ice into a ditch. Smash! went the swingle-bars; splash! went the horses, floundering violently, and sending up spouts of mud. The poor beasts were unharnessed, while one of the drivers went over the bleak fields to get fresh swingle-bars at a neighbouring farm-house. Here, too, the ladies were housed till matters were righted. We took the luggage out, prised up the sleigh with fence-bars, and then, with a combined pull, got it out of the ditch—our legs chilled to the bone from standing in the icy-cold water. It was with great thankfulness that we sighted Picton. The twenty-two miles had occupied five and a half hours. On nearing the town we met the mail starting for Belleville, but it had not gone far when it turned back. Our obstinacy in making the journey was rewarded by our having to re-advertise the concert, as the inhabitants could scarce credit that we had travelled in such weather.

Kingston was our next point, 160 miles east of Toronto, and about half way between that city and Montreal. Kingston lies on Cataraqui Bay, just where the Cataraqui River mingles its waters with the great Ontario, and at the foot of which lake the town is situated. Kingston is one of the oldest cities in the Dominion, and at one time was the capital of Canada. On various points of the bay are planted Martello towers, which if not useful for defence, are exceedingly picturesque. Kingston stands on a foundation of bluestone rock, of which the houses

are built, giving them an appearance of massiveness and strength. The streets have an old-settled look, and the public buildings are as fine as those of any other town of 15,000 inhabitants I have ever seen.

From the ancient capital of Canada we went to Ottawa, the new capital, and the seat of the Dominion Parliament. Ottawa lies on the river of the same name. The Parliament Buildings are the pride of the city, and are the most sumptuous and costly of the kind on the American continent. We visited the Chaudière Falls, a mile and a half from the city. The river, after rushing through nine miles of rapids, narrows its channel, and falls forty feet into a boiling chasm, the Big Kettle. Here there is a deep cleft, the Devil's Hole, into which a large portion of the river mysteriously disappears. We saw the Falls during strong frost, the water frozen to the very edge of the descent. The rising spray, too, had gradually hardened into a wall in front of the cataract. Ottawa does an enormous trade in lumber, and its woodyards are a sight to see. The lumbering or tree-felling takes place 250 and 300 miles up, in the forests on the Ottawa river. The logs are floated down in immense rafts, often as far as Quebec, a distance of 1200 miles from the lumber region, taking six months on the passage. In the vicinity of Ottawa we met a large number of Kennedys, distant relatives of ours. They own a farm, and are very musical. During our visits the party assembled was numerically strong enough to attempt oratorio choruses, and pleasant hours were thus spent.

In January of 1876 we visited Montreal, and saw the frozen, snow-covered St. Lawrence, the colossal Tubular Bridge, the Mountain, with its timbered and white-sprinkled sides, rising behind the city. The streets were fat with snow. Vehicles of all kinds were gliding swiftly along, with gorgeously-lined fur-robes floating out behind them, while the air was filled with the tinkling of the bells, that echoed from the stately buildings on either hand. Now a sombre procession of nuns would wend its way along. Now a snow-shoe club in Indian file, in picturesque grey blanket coat, red sash, knickerbockers, scarlet

stockings, moccasins, and a *tuque bleue* with red tassels Presently they would make a "bee-line" over hill and dale, jumping fences and ditches, and going "on the double" with many a shout and whoop.

Montreal is the commercial capital of Canada, and has a population of 125,000, half of whom are French. Your Scotch friend, in the middle of "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" breaks off to say "*Bon jour!*" to a passing Frenchman. Under the guidance of our indefatigable friend Colonel S., we made acquaintance with "Moosoo" in his own district, which lies principally at the east end of the city. Nothing to be seen but French shops and French names—nothing spoken but French. The streets were alive with sleighs, the drivers uttering many a "*sacré.*" It was one of those French hackmen that the old Scotch lady addressed on first landing in the country:—"Man, what'll ye tak tae hurl ma kist up to Lasheen?"—the "*Parbleu!*" of the astonished driver wringing from the good woman the exclamation:—"Eh, mercy! what's to become o' me? the fowk here dinna understaun' plain English!"

The St. Lawrence being frozen, dozens of sleighs were crossing. Any one who sees in summer its broad current alive with shipping, would scarcely believe that in a few weeks it would be a firm highway for horses and vehicles. When a certain noble lord visited Montreal, he refused to cross the frozen river, not deeming such a thing possible. So his friends drove him over in a sleigh without telling him. When half-way, he asked what the level expanse of snow was, and they replied it was a common. "A common," repeated his lordship—"splendid! that magnificent stretch of country would do credit to any town in England!" We walked upon the river, and came upon a party of men cutting ice, none of the blocks less than three feet thick. The view from the river was striking and comprehensive. Along the shore stretched the long unbroken quay of masonry that forms one of the wonders of this great centre of commerce. The entire city-front is an extensive panorama graced by spires and domes.

Mount Royal, or Mont Real, named by Jacques Cartier in

1535, is an abrupt volcanic hill, wooded to its summit, and 400 feet high, though it appears much loftier. The mountains around here are said to have been old when the Alps and Himalayas were at the bottom of the sea. The Colonel, with his accustomed kindness, arranged with a party of friends to visit the mountain. When the time arrived, a large concourse of vehicles occupied St. James' Street. The back of the mountain was ascended by a winding road. On the summit there is being made a people's park; and I am certain that few public recreation grounds have a situation anything like this. When the idea of a park was first mooted, it was laughed at, and people voted it impossible for any one to get to the top. Our friend the Colonel, who is an officer of volunteers, one morning early summoned his whole battery of artillery upon secret service, and led them out of town, none of them knowing their destination, till at last they reached the mountain, and the mystery was out. Colonel S. and his artillery gained the summit, the cannon were planted in position, and when the bells of the city struck twelve, a ripping salute proclaimed the feasibility of a people's park.

The prospect from the summit was grand. Beneath us lay the city, which had quite an ecclesiastical appearance from the great number of steeples, church-roofs, and the towers of Nôtre Dame, that rose like giants above the house-tops. Farther round we saw in the distance the white foaming waves of the never-frozen Lachine Rapids, to "shoot" which in a steamboat is one of the summer delights of the traveller; while dotted over the wide stretch of country were the spires of the French parish churches gleaming in the sun. After feasting our eyes, we went to the house of a friend close by. It lay in a very bleak locality, but the walls were as thick as the ramparts of a castle. Headed by the gallant Colonel, our large party stormed this hospitable fortress, and, after partaking of coffee, danced quadrilles on the spacious floor.

Next morning we visited the "Thistle Curling Rink." After one has associated curling with open-air enjoyment, it seems tame to play, as it were in cold blood, inside a rink; but the

rivers and lakes of Canada are so covered with snow in winter that the game can only be played under shelter. "Would you like to toboggan?" said the Colonel one day. "Delighted," said we; upon which he telegraphed a suburban friend to have toboggans ready. Tobogganing consists in sliding on a sled down a snow hill at railway speed. A toboggan consists of two pieces of bark joined side by side and curved up at the front. You lie on this, and steer the toboggan with your foot. Being novices, we went down in groups, under the guidance of two young Canadians—dashing down the long steep hill at terrific speed—down, down—faster and faster—the snow whisking off like spray in a gale—the ground flashing like lightning beneath us. Getting bolder, my brothers and I now tobogganed singly; but we all came to grief. One got half-way down, and brought up with a loud thud against a tree; another went smashing full speed into a fence, knocking out a rail and breaking his sled; a third went head over heels into a ditch, with his toboggan on top of him. The fun grew fast and furious. Down came one of the young Canadians, standing on his toboggan and guiding it with two strings like reins; then

off went the other fellow in pursuit; then we all started to keep up the jollity. One Canadian lady said she could be a spectator no longer, and vowed that, come what may, she was going to have a toboggan ride, of which she was passionately fond. She even wanted to take the worthy Colonel down with her, but he declined the charming offer, as it was getting late; and so we all went into the kindly folks' house, where the day's proceedings finished with a refreshing tea.

On "Burns' Nicht" we were honoured by an invitation to a supper given by the Caledonian Society in memory of the bard. With toast and song the Burns banquet came to a successful conclusion. Then a procession was formed, and we were escorted to the hotel in grand style, accompanied by the "picturesque" strains of the bagpipes, that pealed through the silent frosty air. Before going to this nocturnal festival, we had given our "Nicht wi' Burns," as had been our custom every year, and, as in the Antipodes, found the name of the great poet to possess a magic charm.

Three months afterwards we again visited this fine city. Hundreds of people lined the St. Lawrence watching for the "shove." Here and there masses of ice were stacked up, relieving the white plain like sheaves in a harvest-field. "Look, look!" A few hundred yards from the shore was a veritable "shove." Scores of people streamed down the streets leading to the river. The ice rose in a huge mass, and block after block heaved up as if by an unseen giant force, slowly rasped one over the other, and fell plunging into the current. Every throe was succeeded by renewed disintegration of the immense pile as fresh fragments, many tons in weight, were urged over by the crushing pressure of the ice-fields. The moving blocks were so ponderous that they seemed to linger in their fall.

Our success in Canada was very gratifying. In the "wee toons" of the backwoods, in the thriving agricultural centres, and in the larger cities, we met with a ready welcome from our countrymen. The Songs of Scotland, too, attracted people of other nationalities. The Canadian-born, especially those of Scottish descent, came in large numbers, and showed almost as

much enthusiasm as the real sons of the heather. The young Canadians are imbued with Scottish sentiment by the "auld folks," the original settlers, who are gradually dying out. We sang in every town in Ontario. This entailed hard work. During the tour there were six weeks in which we "sleighed" to thirty-six towns, singing every night. Sometimes we performed in villages that could scarcely have furnished an audience in themselves, but were the centres of a thickly-populated agricultural region—the farmers coming fifteen, twenty, and thirty miles in their sleighs. Snow was as vital to us as to the shop-keepers. If there was a thaw or very little snow, it made an appreciable difference in the audiences. Clear, frosty weather, with plenty of snow, brings out the country-folks, who perhaps enjoy the fun of the drive as much as the concert itself. One evening an old Scotsman drove forty miles. He came into the side-room with dewy eyes, and grasped my father's hand warmly, saying:—"I dinna care sae muckle for yer sangs—I just want to see a man that's seen Perth since I saw it!" The old farmers were very much affected by the songs, which to them conjured up by-gone scenes and associations. Frequently they would break out, in their enthusiasm, into loud comments. One night at the conclusion of "When the kye comes hame," a man slapped his knee and loudly exclaimed, with a relishing smack of his lips, "Od, that's meat an' drink to me!"

Many of the halls we performed in were town halls—capacious, well-lighted, and well-seated. But for them, in the smaller towns, where there are no regular concert-rooms, we could not have given our entertainment. Of course we had frequently to put up our own platform, and hang up a banner as a retiring room. But, taken as a whole, the halls of Canada are comfortable, serviceable buildings. In one place, however, the town hall was in a wretched state. On entering we found the building already occupied by performers in the shape of a number of hens, who cackled and fluttered about, and occasionally made "daring aerial flights" into the gallery, while a bantam strutted on the platform, crowing his scales

with all the air of an individual well accustomed to the foot-lights. From a hole in the middle of the ceiling hung down the frayed rope of the town-bell. This was rung every night at nine o'clock, and a song had to be stopped while the stolid hall-keeper forced himself into the midst of the audience, and tugged away at his evening chimes! Again, some of the halls were rather unsafe. One was up a stair, and the public were afraid the floor would fall in. While the audience were crowding the hall, the proprietor came to us with a face of great alarm, saying, "If you let another person in, I won't be responsible fcr the building!" When a seat broke down depositing ten or twelve people on the floor, the audience rose in alarm, thinking the fatal crash had come. In a short time the performance was varied by the loud thuds of the carpenters below, who were putting up props beneath the flooring.

Occasionally we would come to a town which boasted its local poet, who sang of home, and freedom, and heather, and broke into poesy anent the Auld Scots Sangs. Next morning, the bard would be seen, with his wallet of poems over his back, taking the road to some neighbouring village, there to sell his books—never troubled about advertisments, canvassers, or discounts to "the trade"—himself the producer, advertiser, publisher and bookseller. We met, too, that wonderful character the bill-poster and town-crier. As we were given to understand by the inhabitants of backwoods townships that our success would be imperilled if we did not employ the bellman, we sometimes handed him a slip of paper: "Mr. Kennedy and Family will give their entertainment on the Songs of Scotland to-night at eight"—telling him on no account to say anything but that. With many protestations of "All right—depend on me!" he would back out of our parlour, shortly to be heard bawling lustily up and down the street: "O yes, O yes, O yes, take notice, all the true sons of Old Scotland—make ready, ready, ready, for the Great Meeting to-night, when the well-known, talented, and musical Mr. Kennedy, accompanied by his charming sons and daughters, will give their world-famous Songs of Scotland, their first appearance in the Town Hall for

the first time, so be in time, time, time—their Name is sufficient!—be early to get your seats, to-night at eight, and sharp's the word! God save the Queen."

From Montreal we went to Quebec, a night journey of 172 miles. A little after five next morning we saw the country under deep snow. Was it really the 23rd of April? We reached Point Levis at half-past seven; and, across the St. Lawrence, saw grand old Quebec, with its citadel-crowned heights, 350 feet above the river.

By eight o'clock we had reached the wharf at Quebec, and were beset by a mob of carriole drivers. They were like wolves that had been starving all the winter and had seen the first food of the season. Woe to the unhappy traveller! One man seized his right arm, another his left, a third besieged him in front, a fourth implored him from behind to take no other vehicle but his; while a cordon of fellows pressed in, exclaiming, "That's my man," "He spotted me," and "Drop him, he's my job!" "Carriole, carriole!" cried the Frenchmen. "Carry-all, carry-all," shouted the English, with a pronunciation very laughable, seeing that each vehicle appeared to hold as few as possible. The wharf was densely occupied by these sleighs, each capable of seating three passengers. We got ourselves distributed into three carrioles, while a fourth was devoted to the luggage.

Above us frowned precipitous rocks and ramparts. The streets, rising from the lower town at the base of the heights to the upper town on the higher table-land, were extraordinarily steep. The snow was covered with dirt and mud, the deposit of months now appearing after a few spells of thaw. The surface was broken into large holes, and the carrioles pitched and jolted in a most amusing manner, making us hold on as if for dear life. The hill was occupied by a long string of vehicles. Now and then, two or three trunks were jerked out into the road, and the sleighs had to be sharply pulled up, amidst loud oaths in French and English, and the merriment of the passengers; while above all, the church bells were

THE TERRACE, QUEBEC.

noisily pealing, and the pavements crowded with good Catholics going to matins.

We put up at the "St Louis Hotel," which was under the hands of the painters. Long ladders and stagings were placed up the front of the building, and Frenchmen scraped and splashed and chattered in mid-air. As we sat in our bedroom, a man would now and then make his way in with a rope, and tie the end of it to the door-handle, as a security to a ladder then and there coming before the window. The passages were full of scaffolding, and we had to duck under pairs of steps at the risk of being whitewashed. In the streets the snow lay dirty and deep, piled up in mounds at places, while men were busy breaking up the snow and clearing the roads. In the outskirts the snow was heaped up to a height of ten feet. In the country the drifts were fifteen feet in depth. The streets of the older part of the town are tortuous and filthy, and wind amongst earthworks and battlements. Ramparts are seen at every turn, with port-holes staring at you, and cannon looking as if about to pour a volley into some unoffending clothier's or grocer's.

Overlooking the river is a fine esplanade, which cannot be less than 300 feet long—a wide, clear platform, occupying a commanding height, and forming the afternoon walk of the citizens. From here we had a quaint view of the lower town —a bewildered confusion of house-tops, ricketty old-fashioned gables, and a forest of chimney-stacks. Little railed stairways led from the attic window of one tenement to the house-top lower down the slope, the roof being used as a promenade. Frenchmen in guernseys, with red cowls on their heads, strolled on these domestic battlements, like the Jews of old. The gaps and cramped lanes between the houses were full of snow, and heavy drifts lay high amongst the rocks, as if about to fall in avalanches upon the frail dwellings beneath. At the citadel, one or two soldiers were moving about, and at intervals a bugle-call broke upon the silence. From the ramparts of the citadel—the highest point about the city—you have, perhaps, the most comprehensive river-view in the world.

Quebec is the Gibraltar of Canada. Its battlements seem to be groaning under history. Here are the famous Plains of Abraham, or "Heights of Abram," as Burns calls them, where in 1759 was waged the fierce struggle for the possession of Quebec, when General Wolfe fell, not however before he had wrested the formidable city from the French. Quebec has ever been the palpitating heart of the historical life of Canada. Coming to events of more modern interest, it was here that John Wilson, the great Scottish vocalist, breathed his last. His grave, marked by a fine obelisk, lies in a cemetery some distance out from the town.

We passed four days very pleasantly in the ancient city. When the evening of departure came, the hotel-folks were arranging for us to drive to the ferry-boat. But we had had quite enough of the carrioles! We walked to the lower town, down the unhealthy smelling streets and past the old houses; then lost ourselves, and had to ask our way of a policeman, who, strange to say, could not give us the direction. "No spick Ainglish," said he, "spick you some oder man." Getting right at last, we took our places on the boat, and presently got into friendly talk with an old Scotsman, who was going across the river. "Eh," he commenced, "I've a fine job on the noo. Ye ken I'm in the agency business. Weel, I'm sellin' washin'-machines; an' what I dae is this—I gang into the hooses an' wash. I just let the folk see what the thing'll dae. Its rollers, ye ken, an' sape an' watter. There's nae rubbin' o' the claes. I putt a five-dollar bill, wrapped up in the claes, through an' through the machine twenty times without spilin' it. Ay, that convinces the folk, an' they buy the washers by the dizzen." During this interesting confession, the steamer had moved off, and was gliding out from under the fortifications and frowning rocky heights of the city, which stood square-cut and massively black against the sunset.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Maritime Provinces—New Brunswick—Nova Scotia—Newfoundland.

OUR faces were now turned to St. John, the commercial capital of New Brunswick, travelling by way of New Hampshire and Maine. After a night journey we awoke to find ourselves in Yankee-land. At Island Pond the baggage was examined by the Custom officers—one of our trunks being opened and the contents overhauled to our intense delight! The train "breakfasted" here. At the hotel-table there sat opposite us two young ladies, who were sisters, and talked in a loud tone of voice concerning their private affairs. From an adjoining table, a young man greeted the fair maidens as old acquaintances, and asked if he might take a seat beside them. "Oh, I should so much wish it," said the younger gushingly. "So glad," said he. "We've jest come from Dee-troit," commenced the elder sister in a scientific-lecturer pitch of voice, "an' we're goin' down east to Professor Brown's College." "Yes," chimed in the younger damsel, "I'm told they polish an' turn out well there; that's why we're goin'." Then the ladies asked the gentleman "what locality he was located in;" after which they went on to state that their "pa" the doctor could not come to breakfast as he was "sick" (ill). The elder sister being pressed to take a hot roll—"No," said she, "I'm too sick to look at them buns." Then stretching her arm across the table after the departing waitress, "Hi! see here, you there," she cried, "I want more tea." "Oh," added her sister, "I'm goin' to fill up with coa-fee!" On the railway platform strolled their "pa" the doctor, a middle-aged gentleman with clean-shaven face, heavy features, his hair arranged in long wispy ringlets stiffened with grease, and wearing a high hat narrowing at the crown. He was shortly joined by his two

daughters, who walked deliberately up and down, each chewing a wooden toothpick.

Our further journey was delightful. The snow was not lying on the lower ground; the air had some balminess and the sun some warmth. The White Mountains of New Hampshire were a noteworthy feature, the loftiest peak, Mount Washington, covered with a liberty-cap of snow, towering into the blue sky. During the forenoon the train traversed the State of Maine, where exists a stringent liquor-law, but where "bitters" of all kinds are sold with impunity. It must be confessed, though, that the towns had a great air of sobriety. A remark of mine that nobody would be able to get a "nip" here was received with smiles of incredulity by our fellow-passengers, and then a number of incidents were told, to show how ingeniously the Liquor Law is evaded. One story ran as follows. A book-peddler, with a bundle of blue-and-gold volumes under his arm, steps into a shop:—"Hev any of my books to-day?" "No!—get away," says the shopkeeper, huffily. "Jest look at one book." "What have you got?" "The Pilgrim's Progress." "Get away, now, d'ye hear?" "Jest hev a look!" "Clear out!" The peddler unscrews a corner of the sham book, and holds it to the storekeeper's nose:—"Hev a *sniff*, then?" "Eh?" (storekeeper sniffs)—"Old rye, by thunder! I guess I'll take three volumes!"

The Yankee element faded out of the "cars" as we entered New Brunswick. When we sighted St. John the train was running on a peninsula. On the left appeared the river, on the right the shores and outstanding seal-rocks of the Bay of Fundy. A short trip in a ferry-boat brought us across to St. John. The town is busy and enterprising. The prospect down many of the streets ends in a pleasant water view, either of the St. John River or the Bay. St. John is famed for shipping and lumbering. There is a ton of shipping for every inhabitant of the province, which numbers 300,000 people. St. John has a pretty good harbour, sheltered at its mouth by an island, on which there is a steam fog-horn. At this time the giant trombone was booming night and day, with a plaintive

dying cadence. The Bay of Fundy is one of the tidal wonders of the world. The tide rises in some places sixty feet—in the harbour of St. John it marks thirty feet. At the wharves you see ships of 1500 tons lying high on the ooze. The St. John River, at a part called the Rapids or Falls, is hemmed in closely by precipitous rocks, and here you see the marvellous effect of the big tide. At high water the tide sweeps up and combats with the wild rapids, flooding them completely, and making a smooth, deep channel for vessels. Again, at Moncton, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, the spring tides flow up in a wave two or three feet high, resembling on a smaller scale the "bore" of the Ganges and the Yang-tse-kiang.

How we enjoyed the delightful sea-breezes at St. John! The people here have been dubbed the "Blue-Noses," probably in allusion to their climate, but I should rather call them the "Red-Cheeks," as everybody has such a good colour. How different from the Western States, with their dry climate and want of salt in the air!

St. John to Newcastle was a pleasant railway journey of 160 miles through New Brunswick, the conductor shouting out such unearthly names as Quispamsis, Nauwigewauk, Passekeag, Apohaqui, Plumwaseep, and Penobsquis. At Newcastle we sang in the new Masonic Hall, the acoustics of which were not increased by the floor being carpeted with two inches of saw-dust. This was for the ingenious purpose of keeping the floor clean. The audience, of course, were limited to the mere clapping of hands; but at last they could stand it no longer, and scraped holes through the saw-dust to the floor, so as to hear the clatter of their feet.

A steamer conveyed us from Newcastle to Chatham, six miles down the Miramichi River. The sun shone in a cloudless sky, the river exquisitely smooth, and the wooded shores mirroring themselves on the glassy water. Now a large stern-wheeled steamer would churn past; now an Indian would steal along in his bark canoe; now an enormous raft, with the water lapping lazily against it, would glide down the river, propelled by sail and oar. On board the steamer were several old men, all

natives of New Brunswick. "I was born down the river here," commenced one of them; "an' when I was a younker, the great fire took place that burnt over a big track of country, a hundred miles long and seventy miles broad, devouring the villages it passed over. My father was workin' aboard one of the boats at the time, an' wasn't at home all that day. There was my mother, my sister, a neighbour's two little children, an' myself in the house. In the evening my mother happened to be outside the cottage, when she saw a red glimmer far off, an' came in saying there was a fire somewhere. A few minutes after that she went out again, an' saw the glare was fast comin' nearer. Then she knew the forest was ablaze, an' she ran in with a blanket to cover us. She had hardly done it when the flames came rushing along. They leaped down in great flakes upon us, like fire out of heaven, an' our cottage was eaten up like tinder. My mother an' my sister perished there, an' I never saw them again; the bones of the two little children were got some time after amongst the ashes. I was the only survivor, an' dreadfully burnt. My father was kept on board the ship all night; no one was allowed to have any connection with the land for fear of fire; an' it was not till next day that he got ashore an' saw the black ruins of our old home."

We returned south again as far as Moncton and branched off to Amherst, where we first set foot in Nova Scotia. From hence to Truro, was a splendid journey amid green refreshing landscapes. Truro lies in the heart of old-settled country and is surrounded by scenery beautiful even for Nova Scotia. The weather was hot; summer had set in with a rush. The railway ride to Halifax was a perfect treat. The recent rains had washed and gladdened the face of nature. The grass was vivid green—the fields were mantled with deep clover—the bushes and shrubs were full of vigorous life—the trees had burst into foliage—the air was inexpressibly fragrant, clear and exhilarating. After the long spell of winter and the wet weather of spring, the verdant loveliness of these Nova Scotian landscapes was truly delightful. This was the Acadie or Acadia over which Longfellow has thrown the glamour of his charming "Evan-

geline." The Scotch element in the province is now very large. The very Indians chance to be called "mic-macs!" The neighbouring island of Cape Breton is almost wholly peopled by Highlanders and the Gaelic is there the language of the people.

At eight o'clock in the evening we sighted the world famous harbour of Halifax. Though not perhaps so beautiful, it is as spacious as the like extolled harbour of Sydney in New South Wales. The situation of Halifax on the sloping ground and heights which look down upon the harbonr is very impressive. The city, rising above the fringe of shipping, is crowned with the green hill whereon stands the citadel. There is here all the life, display and *petit* scandal of a garrison-town. The city when we first saw it presented a very animated spectacle. The pavements were thronged with soldiers, sailors, ruddy-faced sea-captains, young English "swells," negroes, Roman Catholic priests, Indians with dyed basket work for sale, officers in civilian garb, and officers' ladies with little pet bull dogs, while now and again a military somebody, adorned with cocked hat and feathers, would drive past in an open carriage. The market was another point of interest. Along the pavements crouched rows of negro women, smoking short pipes, and displaying baskets of vegetables. The crowd picturesquely relieved by one or two squaws in richly-beaded robes.

Churches are numerous in Halifax, and the Presbyterian body well represented. In one Scotch church there is a splendid organ. The subject of instrumental music in church is agitating the minds of the people here, as everywhere else in Canada. It is related that during the discussion of the Organ Question at a certain meeting of Presbyterian clergymen, one of them rose and said:—"Brethren, I think it expedient that instrumental music should be introduced, to give variety to our plain and quiet Presbyterian service, and keep up with the wants of the day, thereby drawing more young people to the church." At this a grave old minister remarked, that his worthy brother, by making the organ an attraction, was acting

on the principle of the old song, "O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!"

We are off to Newfoundland. The Allan liner steams down the harbour, the shores of which are obscured by the fogs rolling in densely from the sea. The open sea is gained unconsciously, for the coast is invisible, and the water like a lake. We strike up acquaintance with folks on board from all parts of the world—some from New Zealand; a Scottish farmer, too, who has been forty-two years in Nova-Scotia, and is going home "on the sly" to take his brother and sisters by surprise; a Dutchman from the Cape of Good Hope, who is a member of the Legislature there, and left the colony last "Yune;" and an old lady from Newfoundland, voluble in praise of its "dear rugged rocks." Two days we rush at well-nigh full speed through the mist, the steam-whistle blowing night and day. The steamer emerges from the mist in sight of the shores of Newfoundland. Round about us are icebergs, that gleam with dazzling whiteness in the sun. We pass close to an immense block, its dipping crystal edge glittering with a delicious transparent light-green that contrasts beautifully with the pure snow encrusted on its surface. To right and left shoot out wild, precipitous headlands. Before us appears the mouth of the harbour, an exceedingly narrow gut, rent open in some convulsions of nature, and nearly invisible till we are close upon it. The steamer cautiously enters between the sheer heights that sink abruptly into the water, and barren slopes with a threadbare covering of stunted grass, descending steeply on either hand. These Heads have perhaps no parallel in narrowness, and an intruding rock lessens the width still more; but there is a great depth of water close inshore. The ship's cannons are fired, and the reports echo and re-echo with deafening roar from side to side of the contracted gullet. An overpowering odour of cod-fish greets our noses, and the town of St. John's is displayed to view, forming a horse-shoe against the high ground facing the entrance.

The little harbour, locked in by the high hills, is lively with fishing-boats, schooners, and small steamers. The wharf is

crowded by a sample of the inhabitants. We find that the large assembly is not from unusual interest in the steamer (as we had fondly flattered ourselves!) but owing to this being the Corpus Christi holiday, when the Catholics, the majority of the population, are enjoying themselves. As we pass through the crowd, we heard loud whispers of who and what we are; for in this island everybody knows everybody else, and as it isn't the family of Mr. O'Malley of Hearts Content, or Mr. Mauvaise of Carbonear, or the Flahertys of Harbour Grace, it can be no other than the "Kennedys."

St. Johns is the capital of Newfoundland, the oldest colony of Britain. The island is something larger than Ireland, lies at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is the most easterly portion of America. The population is 161,000, so there are a good many acres of land (and rock) per head. St. Johns itself has 23,000 inhabitants. A queer place it is, with one good business street a mile and a half long, running at the back of the wharves. Higher up on the hill is another street, less regular, and not so substantial in its buildings. The rest of the town is composed of bye-streets, lanes, and a nebulous collection of wooden huts perched higgledy-piggledy upon the stony braes that rise in and about the town. The better class of houses are of brick, some faced with plaster, too many with an old uncleansed appearance. If the folks used whitewash or paint, it would wonderfully brighten up the town.

Through the streets drive little fish-carts and other vehicles, drawn by diminutive shaggy horses. Burly red-whiskered men in rough blue guernseys walk along, trailing heavy cod-fish. Shock-headed children and unkempt women are filling their cans at one of the public wells. A knot of bulky black dogs are snarling over some fish-refuse. There are scores of dogs here. You see them prowling about the streets, romping with the children, or sunning themselves in doorways. No matter where you go, you are always knocking against some bass-voiced dog or other. Everybody, even the very poorest person, seems to own one. The dogs are of all kinds, but few, I think, of the pure breed. There are far more Newfoundland

dogs in Scotland than here. Half the poor brutes are muzzled —"to keep them from fighting with the other half," as an Irishman explained to us! Every second or third dog you see has its back frayed and its loins chafed, from having to be put in harness during the winter to draw logs for firewood. In the outskirts you come upon squalor and poverty. You walk on rough cobble pavements and climb foul steep bye-ways, with rocks cropping up in the middle of them. You see ricketty black houses, all off the straight, and shored up with long poles. At one part the slovenly huts are enclosed with high palisade fences like a Maori "pah," while alongside them the abrupt gravelly slope has been scratched into a little patch of cultivated ground. You come upon long rows of squalid dwellings—the narrow door cut in half across, the lower leaf shut, and a slatternly female lolling over it, exchanging gossip with another woman leaning out of the door adjoining. No matter how decayed or wretched the house, it possesses a little shop, principally for the sale of tape and confectionery, with hens dancing in and out behind the counter. Nets, sails, oil-tuns, and anchor-chains lie on all hands. Long-legged pigs, goats, and scraggy cows dispute supremacy with bare-legged, bare-headed children, playing in the middle of the street.

On the other side of the harbour, you walk through a real fishing-village, composed of decrepit shanties, many of them tottering on piles above the water—others poked away into little rocky gullies, or mounted on the edges of shelves and cliffs, and propped up to prevent their being blown over. Above and amongst the houses are erected large "flakes" or stagings for drying cod. Very interesting it is to look down upon them, covered with a field of fish, and see a gang of men and women walking about, stacking them in bunches like sheaves on a corn-field. The road through this fishing-hamlet is narrow, rocky, winding—occasionally leading over the top of the drying-platforms, and at others bringing you amongst the unhealthy huts that lie in the damp cold shade beneath these brushwood roofs. One moment your feet will be splashing in a hill-stream, next going through puddles of fish-brine. In

this place you ascend a wooden plank with ledges, like the entrance to a hen-house; in that, you walk along a crazy kind of balcony in front of some trembling huts; "now winding amongst herring barrels, now alongside ships loading up with seal-skins; now passing immense wooden vats filled with seal-fat, slowly melting by its own weight and the heat of the sun, and being drawn off in barrels for shipment. On every hand boats, oars, and nets—everywhere the smell of cod liver oil, seal oil, and fish.

The fishermen, sealers, carters, all the poorer class, are Irish. Scotch people are few, but are to be found in the prosperous part of the community—the "codfish aristocracy" by name. The large proportion of the inhabitants are natives, no immigration having taking place for the last twenty-five years. The original settlers came from the West of England and West of Ireland. The rich Irish brogue has been perpetuated, and has leavened the language of the island; for even the children of Scotch parents, from association with Irish boys and girls and Irish servants, talk with a strong Hibernian accent.

Cod-fishing is the employment of most part of the people during the summer months. The islanders prosecute the safer and more convenient fisheries along the coast—the Great Banks of Newfoundland being left to the French and American vessels, which may account for one seeing such startling financial news as:—"The New York banker, Edward Jones, has put in here short of salt!" The papers come out with their telegrams:—"Cod has struck in," "Herring has passed here." "Caplin," the important cod-bait, strikes in on 15th June. When it makes its appearance coastwise, the cod is approaching also. Caplins are like sprats, and come in struggling myriads; they are netted in thousands, and even used as manure on the fields. There are two ways of catching cod—one is by the caplin-bait, the other is by "jigging." On Saturday afternoon my brothers and I went out with some Scotch friends in a wee steam launch, through the Heads, and into a bay, where we had "jigging" and caplin-fishing to our

heart's content. But we caught nothing; and, after that, what did we care for the many stern beauties of the coast, the "Black Head," "Peggy's Leg," and other remarkable formations? An ugly swell, too, laid us all prostrate over the gunwale. But a refreshing tea was prepared on board, and, truth to tell, we boiled the bait!

There is a heavy feudal feeling about the island. The fishermen, by their improvidence, place themselves under the heel of the fishing-companies and merchants. A man, say, advances 30,000 dollars' worth of goods to a "bay," as a small fishing community is called, the success or otherwise of this transaction depending on the result of the fishing. For if the latter is a failure, then the debt is virtually cancelled. But the store-keeper, to recompense himself for these risks and losses, increases the price of the goods. Then there is a middle-man, or agent at the "bay," who also understands a bad fishery means "no pay," and who also "puts it on" to save his own pocket, thereby making a second rise in the price of the goods before they reach the fishermen. "Independence of mind!" a man said—"if the fishermen don't work to suit their employers they don't get any provisions; and if they don't do what the priest tells them, they're cursed outright—its either starvation or damnation!

St. John's has the extraordinary number of eleven newspapers. They are all small sheets, about a quarter the size of an ordinary daily. One of them boasts a circulation of 150; another taxes our credulity by claiming 200. There is a paper which is "published daily," but only comes out twice a week. We called at another office on Tuesday, but Monday's paper had not been issued. "You see," was the explanation, "the holiday last Thursday has thrown us quite out—my boy only appeared yesterday." We were told of one paper that came out "semi-occasionally." One almost expected to hear of another as "bi-doubtfully." The offices here remind me of one we saw in Canada. Asking for the editor, we were confronted by a brisk young fellow in shirt-sleeves. "Editor? I'm editor, proprietor, printer, compositor, pressman, newsagent, touter,

and account-collector, which is the hardest work of all—so I guess if you want any of those gentlemen, just speak to me!" There are about half-a-dozen kinds of money here. First there is the real Newfoundland coinage—the "pound," or four dollars; the "shilling," or twenty-cent piece, and so on—the currency being on a lower scale of value than ours. All large sums are spoken of and calculated in pounds. Then there is the Canadian money, dollars, and cents, and American money, both of which are taken on different discounts. There are also the Spanish and Mexican dollars; while, to increase the confusion, there is a considerable amount of British money in circulation.

We had some difficulty and much fun in getting a piano for the hall here. In the first place, we called on Mr. A., the music-seller, who showed us a cottage-piano half a tone flat. "I had to lower it," said he, "for some young ladies who sang at a local concert." The piano, we were told, would have to be taken out of the first-storey window. Last time it was moved he had to saw off the banisters of the stairs, but that came to be troublesome and expensive. He dealt chiefly now in pianettes. "The fact is," said he, "the doors and stairs are so narrow that coffins and pianos have to be taken in and out of the windows." We found there was only two "grands" in the island—one at Harbour Grace and one at Mr. B.'s, to whom accordingly we went. It was an ancient, highly-carved instrument, with a sonorous bass, but "tink-a-tanky" upper notes. Off next to see the piano of Mrs. C., a widow, whom we surprised in the act of cleaning house. Oh yes, she had a "cottage"—and it was the most "cottagey" piano one ever saw, for the back of it rose almost as high as the ceiling. "It's rather out of tune," remarked Mrs. C.; so we struck A to test it with our "fork," but the key gave no sound. "Just what I said," she exclaimed—"some of the notes are out of tune altogether!"

Many hours we spent in romantic expeditions amongst the lofty hills that overlook the harbour, and wild rambles along the rocky nooks of the coast. The shore is indented with

deep, gloomy clefts—sheer glistening walls of rock rising on either side, and the imprisoned sea thundering and reverberating up the sides of the terrible fissure. Yet here, on some little alluvial plot between the rocks, you will see a frail fisher-hut sticking as pertinaciously as a limpet. Over the mountain we roam, and lo! after a tough ascent, are standing on the top of the breezy heights, whence we look down upon the coast as it busks in the warm, brilliant sunshine. Great swelling humps and hummocks, like clenched hands with bare ridges for knuckles, are outstretched fearlessly into the sea, their bases fringed with limpid green shallows, on which the waves seem to break gently in creamy foam. From our giddy elevation we see the fishing-cobles rocking on the lazy swell. Below and beyond, all round the circle of vision, and extending to where the dim fog-bank skirts the remote horizon, lies the broad expanse of ocean, over which the sportive wind sends many a dark ruffle—its surface picked out in many places with gleaming sails and the more vivid silvery whiteness of the outstanding icebergs.

The interior of Newfoundland, strange to say, has not yet been thoroughly explored. So far as is known, however, there are plenty of moss-hags and moors, some lightly timbered country, and not a few acres of arable land.

The seaboard of Newfoundland is occupied more or less by fishermen. The remoter villages are called the "Outports." The people are far from civilisation; few of them can read and write. The boys, when they should be at school, are away with their fathers at the fishing. A priest even is seldom seen. Such a state of things is far more woful than the condition of the South Sea Islanders. In the nearer and more frequented ports there are well-ordered thriving, communities. We met a man in St. John's who was a fiddler, and frequently visited "the Ports" in this capacity—that is, he was invited to play at weddings. These are no paltry affairs here. As a reverend "Father" only comes round once in a long while, it is found best to have a lot of marriages at once—sometimes twenty-four at a time. One of the customs is, that the brides decorate the

fiddler with long ribbons of different colours, so that the jolly musician is soon as radiant with streamers as an Arctic sky.

We lived at the only hotel in St. John's—a small house, with accommodation for about fourteen people. The head of the table was graced by our landlord and his lady, in the ancient hostelry fashion. We had cod every day for dinner, save when a splendid salmon burst upon us—its plump, aristocratic form reposing in a tin dish about three feet long. We never tired of cod, boiled or fried—it was a princely dish. Our taste was also gratified in the matter of vegetables, which were cooked in the Irish fashion—boiled, that is, along with pork or ham. Occasionally, too, in default of cabbage, we had dandelions and turnip-tops—"neep-shaws" being accounted as much of a luxury here as in London.

We enjoyed our stay in St. John's to the full. The proverbial hospitality of the Newfoundlanders was not wanting. We met many friendly Scotsmen, and one day received a laconic note:—"Parritch will be ready the morn's mornin' at eight o'clock"—true to which invitation we arose early, and walked two miles and a half into the country, where we were treated to delicious milk-porridge. This Scotsman's house stood by itself in the midst of quiet green howes and knowes, and was a cosy, handsome building in the Elizabethan style. In winter time our friend removed into town, for even the villa was not proof against the wild snow-wreaths that buried up the fences. In the course of a pleasant "crack" our hostess remarked that life passed quietly in Newfoundland—no hurry, worry, or excitement. The fishing season glided into the winter season, the winter season into the sealing season; they did not measure time by days and hours as they did in Scotland. Still an eighteen-pounder fires every day at noon, while at eleven o'clock P.M., a watchman patrols the street calling out the hour, adding—"And a clear starlight night," or whatever the sky may be.

The time never hung heavy on our hands till the Thursday we were to leave St. John's. All day we watched the signal station on the hill for signs of the steamer; but it was not till

very late at night that we heard the double bang of the ship's cannon. About one o'clock on Friday morning the "Caspian" sailed, the last sounds we heard from the shore being some kindly parting words in broadest Doric from half-a-dozen young Scotsmen, with whom my brothers and I had spent a friendly time. The steamer glided past the high land of the harbour, that moved in inky black masses against a starlit sky, then emerged from the dark rocky gateway, with the bright shooting rays of the lighthouse running up and down the ocean swell. In half an hour the elevated outline of the coast was extending behind us, with a gentle aurora rising above it like another twilight. Good night to "Terra Nova."

A journey of seven days brought us to Liverpool, and a few hours later we were in full enjoyment of the comforts of "Home, sweet home," after an absence of four and a half years. Our trip had been one of considerable toil, but also of great pleasure. As a family-party, we carried "our ain fireside" with us, and found "friends in ilka place" to brighten our journeyings to and fro. The hearts of Scotsmen everywhere were full of the liveliest and tenderest feelings towards home and its associations, its poetry, and its song. The Scottish emigrant nearly always proves a credit to his country. He makes a first-class colonist—a fact we frequently heard attested by those of other nationalities. As a rule he is satisfied with his lot, though sometimes expecting to combine the advantages of a new country with all the comforts of the old.

We have often been asked, since our return, "What place did you like best in your travels?"—a very difficult question to answer, where there is such a variety of place, climate, and condition as is presented in the colonies. Canada, being comparatively next door, is very attractive to those who do not like to risk a longer journey. A man goes to Canada or the States with the feeling that, if he does not like the country, he can come back "in a few months." At the same time, there is no more risk in going to the Antipodes, and the prospects are equally good. A capable, healthy and temperate man will certainly better his condition in any of the colonies. Many

of the colonists we met in New Zealand felt that in coming so far they had severed connection with the old country, but they had a yearning, lingering hope of seeing their native land once more. One old Scotsman said, "I doot I'll no get hame to Scotland again—it'll no be convenient to gang; but if onybody said to me, 'Ye shall not go,' I'd be off the morn's mornin'!" Amid Canadian snows, New Zealand mountains, Australian bush, and South African *veldt*, one meets with the same shrewd, persevering Scotsman, steadily moving in his colonial orbit, and moving none the less regularly because of the tender gravitation of his heart towards the central sphere of patriotic affection—dear though distant Scotland.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Voyage to the Cape—Arriving in Table Bay—Cape Town—Table Mountain—Port Elizabeth—Grahamstown—Up-Country Travelling—The Veldt—Tale of a Kafir War.

"I'VE got it settled now," remarked my father one bleak day in January 1879.

"What?—a tour in England?—Scotland?—Ireland?—or—"

"South Africa!" he exclaimed. "Yes, David, we will go to the Cape this summer!"

And in this swift, decisive manner was an important trip settled. The idea did not look at all amiss. The Galeka and Gaika risings had been quelled; South Africa seemed settled. But after our arrangements had been completed, the Zulu war broke out, and Isandhlwana came like a thunder clap upon the British public. Our friends felt assured we would never visit South

Africa now. They thought we would be going with our lives in our hand, or be liable to be seized and kept by Cetewayo as his perpetual Court Minstrels. Zulu war or no Zulu war, we had secured our passages by the Donald Currie line of steamers running to the Cape. I started off in advance, followed a fortnight after by my father and my sisters Marjory and Lizzie; while my brothers Robert and James departed to prosecute vocal studies in Milan.

The harbour of Dartmouth looked fresh and lovely—the green and wooded heights dappled with the swift-fleeting shadows of the breeze-blown clouds. The "Dublin Castle" steamship was sailing out with reinforcements for the Cape. Her decks were swarming with troops—six companies of the 60th Rifles. The saloon was thronged with officers and civilian passengers, among the latter those jackals of history, "our own specials." Amid the cheers of the seven hundred soldiers who thronged bulwarks and rigging, the ship's cannon fired, and "Auld Lang Syne" blared upon the ocean breeze, answered by the same heart-cheering tune from a band upon the headland. On a projecting point had gathered a vast crowd of spectators, and the hill blossomed white with handkerchiefs.

The soldiers were attired in dark-grey overcoats and coarse drooping cowls, giving one the idea of an insurrection of some hundreds of Masaniellos. As a rule, they were not idle—now, like a swarm of ants, coming up with their hammocks to the fresh air; now, forty or fifty of them at a time, helping the sailors to haul the main-brace, or set a topsail; now gathering round some companion, who danced a jig to the music of a tin whistle. The greatest treat of all was when the men felt moved to sing their barrack-ditties. Patriotic songs were most in favour, and sentiments of honour and valour were trolled forth in the twilight, to an accompaniment of sea-billows, by a chorus of two or three hundred voices. Occasionally a solo vocalist with gift of *impromptu*, would introduce apt allusions to the fields of glory at the Cape, and the honourable graves that awaited the 60th Rifles there.

"Land ho!" There, on the horizon, one bright su

noon in March, appeared the rugged ranges of the Cape, with the unmistakable Table Mountain, though seen for the first time, towering up like an old familiar friend. There, too, were the Twelve Apostles,—a dozen peaks as varied in character as their celebrated namesakes, and looking as grim as when, amid the tempest, they heard the impious Dutchman swear he would weather the great Cape. The restless-looking mountain chain shone tawnily under the blue heavens, and loomed larger and larger, till early in the afternoon we arrived in Table Bay. Cape Town, the capital of South Africa, displays itself in a bright, fresh-looking crescent. The streets rise gently from the shore, and break away on the back slopes into nestling villas and gardens, the majestic Table Mountain shutting in the whole scene, with its soaring precipices, 4000 feet high.

Alongside the wharf, we found ourselves under a broiling sun, with hundreds of blacks awaiting us, and scores of Europeans, boasting puggarees, linen coats, and white umbrellas. The gangway was shoved on board by a dozen coolies, "bossed" by a burly Scottish gentleman, whose "braid Scots" tones were the first words that greeted us in South Africa. The motley throng was backed by a long string of light-painted hansom cabs, driven by Malays, hailing one of whom I was conveyed along the coal-dusty wharves. "Any cigars or jewellery?" A gold-braided official standing in the middle of the road, like a highwayman, seized my horse's head, and I had to report myself at the Custom-House, where a number of German Jews were undergoing a searching ordeal. The shed was littered with shirts, socks, slippers, and wearing apparel generally, while over the emptied boxes stooped the unlucky owners, apoplectic with rage and exertion. Fortunately my luggage was passed at once. I said laughingly, "That's surely because I've a Scotch face;" and the answer was, "Right you are, sir!"

The streets of Cape Town are unpaved, and the drainage is open. They are dusty and dirty by day, and unsavoury by night. The houses lack the comfort and shade one expects in a warm climate. Few verandahs greet the eye—scarcely any awnings. The folks on the sunny side of the way darken their

houses with shutters; the streets all seem to be struck blind about mid-day, and the loneliness and glare are very oppressive. The houses have bare staring fronts, large windows with innumerable small panes, and flat roofs; while their Dutch origin is further marked by the "stoep" (pronounced "stoop") —a stone platform, from four to five feet high, raised in front of each house, and reached by a small flight of steps. Every stoep is separated from its neighbour, either by a low stone or brick parapet, or by a break; and as it abuts some three or four feet, occupies the place where the pavement should be. The foot passenger has to be continually swerving off the desultory side-walk into the dusty street. I must say however, that it is a great luxury to sit on a stoep and sip tea in the starry evenings of these latitudes.

The chief thoroughfare is Adderley Street, which contains some fine stores, offices, and warehouses. The "Parade" is a large open space in the heart of the city. An interesting building to the stranger is Government House, which has a comfortable dignity, or aristocratic homeliness, that strikes one very favourably. Another feature of Cape Town is its Botanical Gardens, and close to them the delightful Avenue, —a mile of shady walk, cool in the summer sun, and charming under the Cape moon.

What a mixture of nationalities is in Cape Town! English, Dutch, Malays, Mozambiquers, Indians, Kafirs, and "Cape Town Boys" (descendants of St. Helena immigrants),—all shades of colour ranging from deepest negro night, through twilight of half and quarter castes, to pure white European. Of Cape Town's 33,000 inhabitants, the most numerous are the Malays. The men sport large broad-brimmed hats of basket-work, and many have coloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The women flaunt gay head-dresses, and when a wedding or a feast takes place, the streets are ablaze with colour. At one marriage, the bride wore in the morning a blue silk, in the afternoon pink satin, and in the evening white satin with pearls in her hair; the invitation cards were in silver and gold; and the bride was a washerwoman! The Malays are

industrious,—the men are cab-drivers, warehousemen, carpenters, masons; the women sell fruit and wash clothes. They are all Mohammedans, and one afternoon I visited their mosque, a small building in a side street. At the door lay a heap of boots and shoes, belonging to the Faithful, and watched by a crowd of boys, who pester the visitors for douceurs. The worshippers seemed of the better class, and the variegated colours of their robes made up a brilliant spectacle. They sat cross-legged, each on his own little strip of carpet. The old priest or "imaum" read the Koran, and scores of white turbans rose and fell with the responsive bows of the congregation. Though forming the largest proportion of the population, the Cape Malays are a mere accident— a remnant of the old Dutch days of slavery—and are not found in any numbers out of Cape Town.

Next, numerically, come the Dutch. Cape Town is Dutch, and Dutch it will be for many a long day to come. It has a Dutch Mayor, and the Town Council is largely made up of Dutchmen. The Dutch language is all but universal. The Scotch storekeeper speaks it, so does the Malay; the "Cape Town Boys" speak it; the Mozambiquers, the East Indian coolies, the Kafirs, all speak it. You can walk through street after street of "Kapstadt" and not hear one word of English. The British element is the weakest in point of numbers, but to it we owe what vital energy Cape Town possesses; to it we owe the finer buildings and street improvements; and to it we look for the future progress of the city and the colony generally.

We lived at a boarding-house in Bree Street, the Dutch for "broad street." The house was distinctly Dutch, and the landlady even more so. She was a stout old lady, and sat at the head of her table with a domestic queenliness, issuing her commands in Dutch to her daughter-in-law and little black serving-girls. The side-dishes were Dutch, but though it is the fashion at the Cape to rail against Dutch cookery, we must honestly confess to a sincere relish for the old lady's "arrangements" of fish, flesh, and fowl. Our luggage was conveyed

upstairs by two Kafirs, whom the good Frau called "bad boys" for engaging in the last war; but the poor fellows protested, with sweating anxiety, that they were not rebels, but had been "fighting for Queen Victoria." There are only a few Kafirs in Cape Town, and these are mainly Galeka prisoners, working on the breakwater. Seeing these able-bodied blacks, we remarked to a bystander that the prisoners might rise any night and fire the town. "Oh," said he, with a languid yawn, "they're too lazy!" This breakwater is a necessity for the commercial well-being of the city, Table Bay being commodious, but far from reliable. It faces the north, and in some winds becomes a raging sea. Many a goodly vessel has dragged anchor and been wrecked on its shores.

One day the minister of the "Scotch Church" took us round to the Mission School connected therewith, presided over by another Scotsman. The scholars were composed of English, Scotch, Dutch, and coloured children. They sang some pieces to us very well, especially the part-song "Weel may the boatie row," a duet in which was performed by a Dutch girl and a Malay! The Scotch Church is shaded by gum-trees, the sanitary properties of which are well known. The clergyman is often visited by the Malays, who ask for twigs of it to put in the coffins of their dead friends, and strew about the house. On Sunday I noticed that the "minister's man" was an old grey-haired black, who went into the pulpit with all the solemn deportment associated with this honourable office, and looked well in his broadcloth surtout and white neck-tie. I sat next a black girl, who sang lustily, in a good soprano voice, the tunes of "St Asaph" and "French," as if she had been a true-blue Presbyterian in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

We gave eleven concerts in the Mutual Hall, the largest hall in Cape Town. The Scottish element was very strong in our audiences, and it was flatteringly told us that we had been the means of uniting our countrymen together, welding them, as it were, while under the warmth of Scottish sentiment and song. We had a good many Malays amongst our auditors, these people being exceedingly musical. In the evenings you hear

their part songs, some of the fellows singing at their open windows, and now and again a string of them extending across the broad street and shouting ballads to the accompaniment of guitar and concertina. They have very quick ears, the latest success of the concert-room being reproduced immediately in the streets of the Malay quarter.

Table Mountain heaves itself up at you every moment of the day. In the heat and hurry of business you must perforce turn at the street-corner and have another look at it. No one, to see Table Mountain overhanging the city, towering up in the blue heavens, almost within stone's throw as it seems, would imagine it was on speaking terms with the clouds. But by-and-by you will see a tiny film of vapour steal out like an emanation from its granite front. Then the clouds will surge round its base, lapping up in great tongues, or sun-lit flames of mist. The moisture-laden winds coming up from the south, and striking the mountain, condense on the lee side into that wonderful "table-cloth,"—the only table-cloth that ever raised a human being above material things! The grand mass of shining cloud, white and resplendent, spreads itself like an immense ostrich feather along the flat ridge of the mountain—or again, will pour swiftly down the sheer granite precipices in a Niagara of vapour, then melts away ere it reaches the valley.

The weather was warm, March being an autumn month at the Cape; but vigorous breezes blew in from the sea. The climate is "an excellent Pick-me-up," as the townsfolks advertise it to the stranger. The breakfast-table was copiously supplied with grapes every morning, and Cape wine was also freely laid upon the table at dinner, attesting as much the cheapness of the article as the beneficence of our landlady. Grapes, too, met the eye at every street corner, sold by the fat Malay woman, who takes the place of the British "apple-wife." The climate enables people to adopt earlier hours than at home. I have seen young ladies, fashionably dressed, strolling along the Parade at half-past seven in the morning. The shops open at eight A.M., and shut at half-past five or six, so that there is no expense for lighting; in fact, even in some of the

larger stores, there is no gas laid on. One young lady told us she rose regularly at five, had breakfast at half-past five, dined at eleven, supped at five, and went to bed at seven. She added that therefore she required a bottle of smelling-salts to keep herself awake at our concerts!

We had a pleasant walk round by the Kloof, the valley that separates the "Lion's Head" from the Table Mountain, and on the way, saw those unique "silver trees," whose glossy white leaves are so much prized for their beauty and rarity. Another walk we had was up to the "Plat Klip," or Flat Stone, a favourite pic-nic spot on the lower slopes of Table Mountain. To reach it, we had a stiff climb, following the course of a stream, shaded by trees, where all the clothes-washing of Cape Town is performed. This *al fresco* laundry is certainly a sight! For a mile and a-half up the channel were crowds of Malay women, washing clothes, banging them on the rocks, and scrubbing them with husks of Indian corn. Our way wound amongst the clothes, which lay everywhere. To parody Shakespeare, there were "shirts upon stones, socks in the running brooks, petticoats on trees, and linen on everything." The bushes were covered thickly with fruit-hosiery. Such a clatter of tongues!—a mile and a-half of women up to the knees in soapy water!

The suburbs of Cape Town are strung together by a line of railway which runs to Wynberg, eight miles distant. To reach this you pass a succession of delightful villa-villages. The prettiest is Rondebosch, lying at the back of Table Mountain, amongst vineyards and orchards. A most pleasant day was spent here with a nest of genuine-hearted Scotch people. We joined them in a climb to the Waterfall, which trickles over a glistening wall of rock lying between the Table and the Devil's Peak, and returned by way of the Block House, on the corner of the range—a dismantled fort, erected by the Dutch in former days as a kind of military signal-station. Near Wynberg is Constantia, famed for its wines. In these suburban retreats you find the luxurious architecture one expects in warm climates. Elegance commences outside of Cape Town.

We had a fifty hours' sail from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth. The passengers were landed in surf-boats. The swell was great, and the process of landing rather exciting. The leading oarsman stood up and faced the shore, shouting out his orders to the men: "Steady!—pull! Let this big roarer get past us!" and the fellows rested till the roller foamed past. Then, with a spurt, they sent the boat flying into the broken water, and brought us to the wharf steps.

Port Elizabeth, or Algoa Bay, or "the Bay," as it is familiarly called, has a very sandy site, on hills that rise almost immediately from the Bay. There is a narrow strip of flat ground between them and the shore, and on this the business part is built. The dwelling-houses are all "on the Hill," the fashionable quarter, which is much cooler, and away from the sand and dust.

Despite the lack of harbour, and the barrenness of the surrounding country, Port Elizabeth is progressing—so much so, that it has been called the Liverpool of South Africa. It is a community of merchants and clerks, busily working between steamers on the one hand, and bullock-drays on the other. Going about its streets, you are surprised at the newness and elegance of the public buildings. There is a fine open square, one side of which is formed by the Town Hall. We gave five concerts in this, the finest hall in South Africa, and capable of seating one thousand people. The buildings, which include an Athenæum and a library, cost £30,000. In this public square, utility dominates over beauty, as it is used every morning for the sale of firewood, and all kinds of produce. As each waggon has a span of fourteen or sixteen oxen, and as there are between twenty and thirty waggons, you can sometimes see as many as 400 bullocks standing in the square.

Scotch people abound in Port Elizabeth, and I had quite a lively time of it on my first run round the town—shaking hands with this Glasgow merchant; being introduced to this Edinburgh bookseller, and that Aberdeen chemist; and saying "Hoo's a' wi' ye" to many friendly Scotch "chappies," who blithely answered "Brawly."

If Cape Town has its Malays, Port Elizabeth has its Kafirs, —Kafirs to brush your boots, Kafirs to carry your portmanteau, Kafirs to load drays, Kafirs to turn the printing-machine; and, above all, Kafirs to unload the lighters in the surf! Dozens of nude Kafirs stride out into the breakers, and come back staggering in the foam, each with a heavy sack or box upon his head. Now and then you will see eight or nine Kafirs, with an immense case or bale upon their shoulders, wading to shore with uniform rhythm of body. At night, the surf breaks in lovely phosphorescence—a line of fairy fire, of delightful shimmering green.

Our route lay now towards Grahamstown, eighty-four miles eastward, which, with the exception of a short cart ride, was accomplished by rail. A friend pointed out to us the various objects of interest. "Lots of elephants there!"—but not a single elephant broke crashing through the scrub. "That poort is full of panthers!"—but I believe a babe might have travelled it safely. "These forests are infested with monkeys!" —but not a tail was visible. "Lots of boks over there!"—but not a bok. I am afraid that one must swallow the wild beasts of South Africa with a grain of salt! The line crosses the Zuurveld Ranges, and the views from the summit appeared absolutely boundless. You had the idea of there being land to spare for thousands of people, and could imagine the Government saying temptingly to intending immigrants: "Come! and you shall have a whole mountain to yourself, and all your little ones a hill a-piece!"

Grahamstown is dinned into your ears everywhere as the "prettiest town in the colony." It is situated amongst softly swelling hills; the streets are lined with trees, and have a mature, long-settled appearance. The people have an air of leisure and respectability; trade may be bad, trade may be good, but they remain calm, content to live by themselves and for themselves. We thought them very nice people indeed, and as an audience, found them cultured and sympathetic. Grahamstown was named after the son of Graham of Fintry, the friend of Burns. An interesting sight was the Kafir kraal

just outside the town. It was amusing to see my father going in and out of the huts, talking to the old crones, telling them that he had "eleven bairns," to their great amusement. One girl spoke to us in English very nicely. She took us into her hut where lay her sick husband. They were both Christians, he being the preacher in the native church close by. All the furniture in the hut was ranged round the wall, and a fire blazed in the centre of the floor. Bairns and dogs played about the huts—the dogs seeming to have a more human look about them than those of white folks. The children were naked, but upon the approach of a stranger, instinctively sought the nearest rag. Tobacco was not unasked for by the natives, and the voice of silver spoke as potently in the kraal as in the counting-house.

At Grahamstown our country travel virtually commenced. Acting on the advice of an energetic and attentive friend, we had bought a "Cape cart" down at "the Bay," and brought it on here by rail. This was a kind of heavy two-wheeled gig, with a canvas hood, and it could carry six persons. We purchased four horses here, with second-hand harness, for £100, —the cart cost £24, and was a pure bargain, being when new, worth £70. There remained the question of a driver. Our energetic friend suggested Jappy, a Malay, as the best man for our purpose. Our safety and comfort depended on "Jappy;" the Diamond Fields were not practicable without "Jappy;" the whole success of our Cape tour spelt "Jappy." The by-streets of Port Elizabeth echoed to the calls for "Jappy." At last the paragon was unearthed; but then it was discovered there was a Mrs. Jappy, who would not let her husband risk his life on any such expedition. Then Saul, a "Cape Town boy," was proclaimed by our friend as the only fit successor to Jappy. We got a telegram from Port Elizabeth at the last moment, stating that Saul had missed the train to Grahamstown. But he came on by the night mail, and had a weary tramp of twelve miles, carrying his portmanteau, from the railway station in the early morning. He appeared in town just as we were ready to start, and took his seat breakfastless

on the box. He was about fifty years of age, and had been lamed in a coach accident. We paid him £2 a week, besides his board and lodging; but then he had been taught driving as a profession, and was said to be one of the best "whips" in the colony.

We travelled with a minimum of luggage; indeed, no professional company had ever been seen with so little. We had, with great reluctance, left our small travelling piano in Cape Town; yet folks said,—"Mr. Kennedy, what a load you carry!" "What? there's only this trunk and this brown paper parcel." "Yes, but you're forgetting the two rugs!" This feeling arises from the people in South Africa travelling by the little mail-cart, where passenger luggage is only less limited than if you had to send it by post. Friends recommended us to travel by bullock-dray; it was slow, but very comfortable. The overwhelming advice, however, was in favour of a mule-waggon. Oh, mules were *so* steady and reliable—lived on nothing, and could do anything! "If you *will* have horses, hire!" But we advise any party, professional or otherwise, to buy their own team and cart; for if you "make an arrangement" with a man to take you round, you will not keep your appointments, spend more money, and not be master of your own movements.

Leaving Grahamstown, we had at first rather tame country, which, however, is a mine of wealth to the botanist, the Cape being unsurpassed for variety and beauty of heath and shrub. We "outspanned" after going a few miles. This is as imperative in Cape travelling as if it were a religious observance. You must rest your team every twelve miles or so. Outspanning consists in "knee-haltering" the horses, that is, tying up one of the forelegs to the head with a "rein," or strip of hide. The horse can feed and roll, but it is prevented straying very far. It is a most ludicrous sight to see a lot of horses turned out in this way to grass, their heads all gravely nodding assent to the appeal of their front leg! After letting our team graze on the veldt for an hour, we tried to "inspan," but the halters had not been tied short enough, and the animals could not be

caught. They dashed into a dense scrub, some six or seven feet high, and we lost them and ourselves in it for twenty minutes. With the assistance of two Kafir bullock drivers, we ultimately got the horses harnessed, and the day's stage was accomplished without further mishap.

The night was spent at a little inn owned by Mrs. Watson, an old Welshwoman, 85 years of age. She was the only one in these parts who did not fly into town during the late native risings. She used to go out every night with a big cudgel, and "beat up" the cow-sheds and stables for hidden Kafirs. But the good old lady bore most grudge at the volunteers who were quartered here, "turning her house upside down and breaking her chairs." Here we met an old Irishman, a "kurvehr" or carrier, who was very warm on the Kafir question —a subject that crops up sooner or later in all colonial conversation. He was a twinkling-eyed, grisly-faced old fellow. "Educate the Kafir as much as you like," said he; "a Kafir he is, and a Kafir he'll be to the end." If the "kurvehr" had been less cheerful and humorous, his remarks would not have sounded so grim. "I'm an old soldier!" he cried. "My sons were both in this war, and I'm proud to see in this South Africa of ours that the sons can hold the land their fathers have struggled and died for."

We left the smiling old lady and her cosy inn, early next morning, accompanied by the old Irishman in his trap, who vowed to race us into King William's Town. He had two most disreputable-looking horses, but his whip went like a lamb's tail all the way. Up and down hill he jolted in his light canvas-topped cart, that oscillated for all the world like a concertina, his weather-beaten, rollicking face peeping round every now and then to see how far we were behind, and a loud "Begorrra!" being followed by renewed lashings of his sweating team. His pair were no match for our four, and we soon left him in the rear.

And so we were on the Veldt! Like the Bush of Australia, it is unique. Nothing describes it so well as that Dutch word veldt, or field. It is the grassy, untimbered country forming

so large a portion of these Cape lands. So little of it is under cultivation that, roughly speaking, it may be said to be untilled; and it is wholly unfenced, which gives it even more expanse. Little breaks the prospect except an occasional bullock-waggon with its accompanying pillar of dust, a slow-flapping crow, a swift-darting wild cat, or the hideous "aas-vogel" vulture hovering over a dead ox. You may travel for miles in many parts and not meet a vehicle or see a house. Heavy rains had fallen not long before our journey, and had clothed the landscape in verdure. The broad spreading veldt, undulating in soft billows, mile upon mile, like a sea of living green, stretched as it were to a distant coast-line of mountains on the horizon—the grand range of the Anatolas. We were told that so much grass might not be seen again for years. It was not so nice, after viewing this verdant landscape, to go into town and have to drink condensed milk, or "condemned milk" as the Kafir waiter "pronounced" it.

At mid-day we rested at another small inn. The Kafir groom was drunk, and the landlady, running angrily into the stable, seized the fellow by the coat-collar and flung him sprawling into the yard. He picked himself up, half stunned, put on his old soldier's coat, and slouched off to his hut. "*That's* the way to treat the divils," exclaimed the Irish "kurvehr," who this moment came up, jolly as ever. Round this inn there had been some severe fighting in the late war, in which the landlady's son had taken part. He told me he remained in the hotel, with a few faithful blacks during the war. One day he was attacked by 1200 natives, who poured over the hill close by, their coloured blankets making them look "like a swarm of red ants." The little company would have been killed but for the timely arrival of the Diamond Fields Horse, who soon routed the enemy. When the war broke out, the folks of the inn had to pack up the whole of their household goods, and take refuge in King William's Town for eight months. "That piano there, that Miss Kennedy is playing on, has been on a dray six times," said

one of the daughters, who was a member of the King William's Town Choral Society.

The road from here runs on high ground. The country was thickly dotted with native huts, like mole-hills, the Kafirs in their red blankets stalking picturesquely through their fields of

high Indian corn. When they met us on the road, they never failed to salute my father with "Good morning, baas"—the Dutch word for master, corrupted by the Yankees into "boss." On crossing the bridge into King William's Town, we were almost run into by a crowd of drunken Kafir horsemen who, after their Saturday afternoon carouse, were galloping madly home.

We sang in the Town Hall, which is frescoed with Scottish scenes, "The Birks o' Aberfeldy," "Ailsa Craig," and others. Our tickets were sold at a shop which was a tobacconist's at one counter and a Bible warehouse at the other. At the hall-door the receipts comprised large numbers of threepenny

pieces, with holes bored in them, which I thought at first were sentimental love-tokens, but found out afterwards were Kafir ear-rings, which the impecunious natives had to part with after the Galeka Rising.

We found that the Superintendent of Police here, an Irishman, had Burns' works at his finger-ends, had a number of Burns-relics, had written essays on the poet, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Scottish song. There is a large amount of Scottish feeling in this town, which finds a rallying point in the "Kaffrarian Caledonian Society." We were told there was once a capital piper here, a good fellow, who was not always to be relied upon—in short, he "got fou" occasionally. At the Scottish Festival one year, poor "Sandy" was amissing, and great consternation prevailed, as there was no one to "play in" the haggis! The town was searched, and the invaluable piper at length discovered in the "tronk," or jail. He was in on another "barley-bree" charge. So at the banquet the hat went swiftly round, the fine was paid, and Sandy was promptly released and brought to the festive table, where he never played better in his life!

We met here a venerable old man, late colour-sergeant of a Highland regiment. His stern brow, firm-set mouth, and storm-beaten, war-worn features, told a tale of strife and hardship. It was most striking to see the veteran soldier when he glowed with reminiscences of "auld Scotland," or the "auld Scots sangs." His face beamed with pleasant memories, his mouth relaxed into a smile, and in his sparkling eye you might have seen a glistening tear. You could not imagine it was the same old man who had a few minutes before told you some ghastly tale of Kafir war. He had been in all the native risings, and "pooh-poohed" the last war as "naething," compared to those of the early days.

"Ay, they *were* the fechts lang syne," he said to us one day, and then told the following incident:—"Ye see, we was campin' oot, an' there had been nae Kafirs seen for days; so anither man and me gaed oot to cut grass for forage, an' I, being the sergeant, rode the captain's horse. Aboot twa or three miles

frae the camp, I tied the horse to a tree, an' my neebour began to cut the grass. I was tyin' up the bundles, when I heard a voice, speakin' in English, shout, 'Stand!' I looks up through the long grass, an there's a Kafir wi' a gun pointed at me, an' I could see there was anither man wi' a gun ahint him. I cried to my companion, 'Come here!' He had a heuk [sickle]. We had nae fire-arms; I hadna even a pen-knife. When I was comin' awa frae the camp, I was puttin' my skene dhu on; but a sodger lauched, an' said there was naebody within miles, so I left it. Weel, the Kafir cam' on, so I dodged and joukit him, to spile his aim. He fired, an' missed me. I made a dash syne, an' catched his gun, an' we wrestled a while. He was the biggest, but I could whirl him aboot like a dog. I was terrified I wad expose mysel' to the shot o' the man behint him. I wrestled, keepin' the Kafir's body between me an' the ither man. I cried to my comrade: 'Bring your heuk!' but he stood paralyzed. Then I gied a twist, an' tore the gun oot o' the Kafir's hand, an' hit him a clash on the jaws with the butt-end, knockit him doon, an' was tryin' to finish him off when he rowed awa' like an oiled ba' through the grass, an' I lost him. The ither Kafir made for the horse tied to the tree. 'Bring the heuk!' I cried. 'He'll shoot me,' said my comrade. 'Shoot!' said I, 'he wad miss a hay-stack.' The Kafir edged towards the horse, keepin' the muzzle of the gun pointin' to me. 'My man,' says I, 'ye'll get me afore you get the horse.' So I rushed up to the beast, an' stood in front of it, he aimin' at me. 'Bring the heuk!' I cried again; but my neebor stood still. Then the Kafir pointed his piece at me, an' I zig-zagged mysel' before the horse, ye ken; an' watchin' my chance, dashed at him, an' catched the loaded gun. 'Bring the heuk!' but no, my frien' wadna move. An' we wrestled, an' wrestled, till unluckily the muzzel of the gun cam' near my side. The deevil of a Kafir had the sense to pu' the trigger, an' the shot gaed through my loins; but I hung on to him, an' tore the gun frae him. 'Bring the heuk!' but the Kafir flew awa' like the wind. I fand the blude rinnin' into my shoon. I tore up my sark, an' tied it round my body, an' took some grass, an'

chowed it, an' put it into the twa holes. Then I took the horse frae the tree, leapt on its back, an' cried to my neebor, 'Jump on!' 'No,' says he, 'I'll follow.' For I began to think the twa Kafirs werena their lane, an' I thocht the whole body wad be doon. 'Hing on to the horse's tail, then,' says I; an' off we started like a shot. He let go—'I'll follow ye,' an my beast galloped like mad into the camp. I was put into bed, an' men sent back for my comrade. They got him lyin' in the grass, wi' three assegais in him—ane in his briest, an' ane in each side—*dead!*"

We left King William's Town in the very early morning, and had gone about a mile when we heard the far-off strains of the bagpipe. We drove along the lonely road, and coming up, found the dear old Highland sergeant parading amongst the mimosa bushes, and playing a farewell pibroch in honour of the Kennedys. The tune was certainly *not* "Up in the Mornin's no for Me!" He was dressed in Highland costume, and had his face tied up in a handkerchief, as the air was biting cold. The passing Kafir might well stop, astonished at the sight and sound. We drew up, and the good old soul shook hands with us warmly, bringing out a mysterious flask for a "deoch an' dorras," giving each of us a Scotch "farl," and presenting my sisters with his photograph. We thanked him heartily for his unique and delightful serenade; he wished us "God speed;" and we drove off again as he resumed the pibroch, our hearts warmed beyond measure by his kindly act.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lovedale Kafir Institution—Crossing the Kat Berg—Burghersdorp—The Orange River—A Boer Family—Bloemfontein—A Dopper Nachtmaal.

WE journeyed from King William's Town thirty-two miles to Alice. Being the Queen's Birthday, the little village was alive with merry-making. The public common was crowded with Kafirs and Whites, all in holiday attire—the black fellows dressed smartly, the black girls gay in their Sunday ribbons—every one happy and enjoying the sports. The day closed with a superb sunset—the sky suffused with the most gentle gradations of tender hues, and in the midst of the fading glory a golden crescent moon with one close attendant star.

We sang here in the largest building we could get—a miscellaneous store. The counter made a tolerably good platform, though it was amusing to see "Terms Cash" in a bold semi-circle above our heads. The seats were planks resting on paraffin-cases. As a rule, we did not feel the want of our travelling-piano in these small towns, an instrument being generally lent us by the magistrate or hotel-keeper. At Alice we kindly got the use of one from the English clergyman. I had some difficulty in mustering "boys" to carry the piano to the store. Scouring the village, I reached a disreputable canteen, where I picked out five of the soberest Kafirs—wild-looking, noisy fellows, in old tattered coats, and one of them in a tiger's skin. How reluctant I felt at invading a quiet vicarage with such a band of jabbering savages!

We took advantage of being at Alice to visit the famed Kafir institution of Lovedale, which originated in 1823 as a small mission-station and was named after Dr. Love, one of the early founders of the London and Glasgow Missionary Societies. Dr. Stewart has been Principal since 1870. The institution lies about a mile from the village of Alice, and is

charmingly situated. Going along a shady avenue and through a considerable orchard, you come in view of the buildings. They comprise class-rooms, lecture-room, dormitories, dining-hall, and workshops—all plain, but neat. They well typify the common-sense *regime* that obtains within their walls. The teachers of the institution are principally from Aberdeen. There were last year 309 pupils—153 were boarders, of whom eighteen were European boys. Handicrafts and education here go hand in hand, and close at hand. One's mind gets full of deal-planks and spelling-books, anvils and desks, pens and tenpenny nails. The clang of the blacksmith answers the problem in geometry; the carpenter's sawing blends with the theological course.

Two unassuming Kafir students were introduced to us—one the minister of the Kafir church—both well versed in Greek and Hebrew, and studying Church History. We were taken through the various class-rooms, where are taught mathematics, logic, English composition, and arithmetic. To the latter class my father humourously propounded the well-worn problem: "A herrin' an' a half for three bawbees, how mony for elevenpence?" The Kafir boys laughed, and promptly gave the answer. It was certainly simpler than the curriculum-question put to them: "What vulgar fraction is equivalent to the sum of 14·4 and 1·44 divided by their difference?" We passed through room after room, seeing the black boys and girls busy at reading, writing, and spelling; also the girls' industrial department, where as many as two hundred articles of clothing are made in a year. Then there were Kafir carpenters, waggon-makers, blacksmiths, and lastly, Kafir printers; for Lovedale has three newspapers: the *Lovedale News*, *Christian Express*, and a paper in the Kafir language, to all which the pupils contribute.

We were invited to dinner at the institution. The dining-room is a large hall, at one end of which is a slightly raised table allotted to the teachers, visitors, and most of the white boarders. The larger part of the room is occupied by three rows of tables, at which the natives sit, and one or two

European boys. These tables are not all uniform in character. There is a "£20 table" of white boarders, who get "all the vegetables," and the same stewed "mealies" as the black boys, but with the addition of gravy from the £40 table, which is the raised and select table already mentioned. At the £10 table some half-dozen Kafirs sit, upon whom a harsh yoke is imposed,—they are compelled to wear a collar. The majority of the black boys occupy the £6 tables. These are not compelled to wear a collar, and they do not. The pupils come to the institution in whatever European clothes they can command—some of it rather faded and frayed, perhaps, but the general effect is better than if the boys were clad in any distinctive uniform. The Kafir pupils dine off stewed mealies alone, as healthy a dish as Scotch porridge.

The only Kafir at the teacher's table was John Knox Bokwe, one of the most cultured natives we have met. He is Dr. Stewart's right-hand man, and said to be one of the best book-keepers in South Africa. He has been offered a large salary by leading merchants, but prefers to remain in Lovedale, with which he has had a life-long connection. He has a tenor voice, and leads the Kafir choir of the Kafir church. Among his other accomplishments is that of musical composition; and he presented us with an original manuscript duet, the penmanship of which was irreproachable. He writes and harmonises melodies for the Kafir psalms, that language requiring a special adaptation of tune. On Sunday we attended the little native church of Lovedale, and heard a sermon in English by one of the teachers, which was translated into Kafir with much feeling by John Knox. We were much struck with the singing. One of the pieces was a strange composition—the first Kafir hymn ever written—words and music being the composition of a convert in the earliest days of South African missionary effort. It has a simple pathos of its own, and we were told that no Kafir congregation can sing this hymn without shedding tears. The voices of these Lovedale Kafirs were very full and melodious. And such bass! It moved along like the tones of a violoncello, going to depths seldom heard in European choirs.

These Kafirs were actually singing down to C below the stave (bass clef). The language I may remark, is largely printed phonetically. The only difficulty lies in the "clicks," which are represented by "c," "q," and "x;" "c" being made by pressing the tongue against the teeth, as when one is slightly annoyed, while "q" is a "cluck," and "x" like the "chick" made to start a horse. It was peculiar to hear the three hundred of a congregation "clicking" together. The whole service was most interesting. Next day we had the further satisfaction of hearing the Lovedale pupils, under the baton of John Knox Bokwe, sing secular music in the lecture room. We enjoyed above all the characteristic "Kafir Wedding Song." In return we sang them some glees, and my father's rendering of "Allister Macallister" tickled the Kafirs immensely. The institution is a success, and not the least compliment that can be paid to it is, that the colonists, who are in the habit of deriding missionary efforts, view it with respect. Such organisations as this, with its happy combination of study and manual labour, must sooner or later effect good amongst the Kafir tribes.

There was an interesting assembly one night in the little hotel parlour at Alice. A number of farmers and towns-folk were fraternising, and song and laugh were going round. A jolly old Dutchman, with rogueish eyes and a long clay pipe, sat at the head of the table, and trolled out "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," with all the rollick of a Mynheer van Dunck. Then a discussion broke out as to the distance from Alice to Fort Beaufort, our next stage. The want of mile-stones is aggravated by the fact that the folks measure the distance by hours. For instance, they speak of such and such a place being three hours off, when they mean eighteen miles. The colonial pace is six miles an hour; if, with British energy, you go more than that, you get out of your reckoning at once. High waxed that discussion at the Alice hotel. "It's two hours to Fort Beaufort," said one man. "No!" burst in another, a tall fine fellow, and well-known hero of Kafir wars; "no! it's two hours and three quarters by cart, for it took me

an hour and a-half's hard riding when I used to go and see my sweetheart; and no man will gallop quicker than a fellow in love!" So we took the amorous swain's reckoning, and found it right.

At Fort Beaufort, a clean, well-situated town, we gave one concert; and next morning, following our usual habit of early starts, left at half-past six, without breakfast. We travelled fourteen miles, in the cold eager air, to a wayside inn. Dense mist lay massed in the hollows; but the rising sun dispelled it, and the heights flushed deep crimson, while the twigs of the mimosa thorns sparkled with a thousand rainbow-coloured gems of dew. We started another fourteen-mile stage, whiling away the time by practising glees. The passing Kafir driver stayed his massive bullock-whip, and the Kafir girl paused astonished, with her pitcher on her head, to hear the unusual strains of Spofforth and of Danby!

This was a hard day's stage, as it included the crossing of the great Katberg, a formidable ascent, eight miles long. My father, sisters, and I walked the whole of this hill. If we had not done so, I believe the team would never have reached the top. Now we were full in the blaze of the hot noon sun. Turning a corner, we would be in the depths of a dark dell, with cold damp air, and mountain streams trickling down the rugged face of the naked rocks—the slopes below us and the ridges above us clad in rich vegetation, and out of the trees the shepherd-bird, the sun-bird, and the Cape canary, answering each other from height to height. Then round the road would swing again into glorious brightness and openness, and far below us lying a silent sunny world of hill and vale. The highest part of the road is a bleak, desolate spot, blown bare by the wind, and called the Devil's Bellows. Here we stood 6000 feet above the sea level, having taken a big step up towards that great central plateau, which is the chief physical feature of the country. South Africa has been compared to an inverted saucer, as the land rises whenever you strike in from the seaboard.

By nightfall we beheld the cheerful lights of an inn. The

house was kept by a full-blown Cockney, who dabbled in music, and played the first violin parts of several of Rossini's overtures—a treat to hear in the wilderness! He hated the Kafirs because they stole cattle. "*Your* cattle?" "No-o-o, not hexactly, but they *do* steal cattle." And he had a profound contempt for the Boers. "The Dutch," said he, "are such a higgernant lot! I've tried 'em with my hovertures, but it was no good. What do they know about Roseheeny, or H'auber, or any of them fellows? When two or three Dutch gets together, they don't say nothingk for a long while, but drinks their gin an' water; an' when they *do* hopen their mouths, it's about hoxen!" And, oh! how he swelled indignant over the way the missionaries are contaminating the natives! "They're playing the very devil with them. I had a raw Kafir, as civil a fellow as you could meet. Well, he got into the 'ands of a missionary, and now, when that Kafir meets me, he hactually doesn't take off his 'at to me!" And he kicked the roaring wood-fire to give vent to his wounded dignity.

The fire was a necessity. It was very cold here, the inn standing so high and on so bleak country. A week or two before, the road had been almost impassable with deep snow, and the mail-cart had stuck on the Katberg, while a man had been frozen to death on the hill at the back of the hotel. This was the beginning of June—the winter season—which, in the less elevated parts of Cape Colony, is like an English spring, innocent of snow, and with only a slight touch of frost in the very early morning. When we started next morning, at half-past six, there was frost on the ground. People at home would hardly credit that "Afric's sunny fountains" now and then are frozen up. The wheels of our cart crashed through many a thin sheet of ice before we reached our first outspan. By that time the frost had vanished, and the sun's power made one take off greatcoat, muffler, and gloves. Our driver's hands were dead with cold more than once, and my father held the reins while poor Saul blew on his fingers to warm them. One of our team had been ill ever since leaving Fort Beaufort, Horse-sickness being very prevalent in the Cape winter.

Latterly the cart was being drawn by three horses, the invalid refusing to haul an ounce. How glad we were to sight Queenstown! The previous day we had travelled forty-two miles, this day forty-three—eighty-five in all—and sang that night as fresh as the proverbial lark we had risen with in the mornings.

Queenstown is a lively centre, and does a great deal of business in the way of sending goods up country. Half-an-hour after our arrival we were surrounded by a group of seven or eight worthy Scots, who had noticed the "strange cart" coming into the town, and knew it was "the Kennedys." We gave three concerts here, and the warm reception we met with more than rewarded us for the toil of the journey. We found in South Africa, as in the other colonies, that English and other nationalities highly appreciated Scottish song. We met with several instances of how enthusiastic Scottish feeling exists in the midst of colonial life, which, with its prosaic features and struggle after material wealth, is not always the best conserver of national sentiment. This feeling is apt to become eccentric, as was the case with the Scotsman of King William's Town, who had a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots hung in his bedroom, and who, every morning on rising, stretched his hands towards it, crying, "Oh, my poor murdered queen!" Once we overheard an enthusiast saying: "'My Ain Fireside,' 'Ye Banks an' Braes,' 'The Land o' the Leal,'—eh! a body could be fit to gang to heaven hearing thae sangs sung." And was ever love of country more strongly expressed than in the case of the Fort Beaufort Scotsman, who exclaimed: "Gude save us, I'd raither gang hame an' be hanged than dee here a natural death!"

Our sick horse, which originally cost £25, was left with a friend here—a few weeks after it fetched £15—and we bought another animal for £10. It was a Boer's horse—a rough-coated brute, out of condition through long grazing on the veldt. But "the Government" was buying up all the good horses for the Natal War, and private purchasers had to go to the wall. Our journey still lay northward; we had been travel-

ling towards the interior ever since leaving King William's Town. The first day from Queenstown, we stopped at the hamlet of Molteno,—two dozen houses at most, with an upper and a lower ten very pronounced, and half-a-dozen rival creeds finding room to flourish. The innkeeper was a Scotsman, who had been so long in the colony that his nationality was nearly washed out of him. He was in sore trouble of mind. "This isn't life," he said; "it's naething but a weary drag." He was distressed also by the fact that he had to treat the Kafirs one way, while his conscience prompted another. "The beggars steal my sheep, and I've got to be firm with them. I want to be kind to the fellows; I know it's our duty to do so, to teach them what's right, and——"

"He's off with the brandy-bottle!" cried the wife, bursting into the parlour; and then there was a noisy hunt in the dark night after a dim figure, round out-houses and sheep-kraals, till the Kafir was caught, and the "three-star" recovered. The fellow was released: "I'm not going all those miles to Aliwal North to prosecute him," said the innkeeper. His wife had her troubles also. She told us that the Africanders (the colonial-born) were so lazy, that the young ladies never would soil their hands with household work; but she was going to have her own way, so she had set her children to work about the house. One afternoon, she said, the girls at the Sunday School were put through their facing. "Your hands all clean?" asked the lady-superintendent. "Anna Maria!" (the landlady's daughter) "your parents are in a good position, and yet your mother makes you work like a Kafir; your hands are large, coarse, and not fit to be seen!" In the morning, at the hotel door, we met an itinerant Dutch minister, who went about the country places, Sundays and week-days, stirring up the people. Shaking hands with us, he said: "How glad I am to hear your mother-tongue again! I thank God for the five years I spent in Marischal College, Aberdeen."

Old Saul had not fared very well here. When we arrived, he was suffering from excruciating toothache, caused by sleeping in the cart the night before. He got sixpence to buy

himself some brandy, but was sent out of the bar, and told to go "to the back." The upshot was, my father had to go and buy the brandy for him,—the landlord explaining that he had his licence on the condition that he allowed no Kafir in the bar. Saul's "bedroom," too, in an outhouse, was not much better than a pig-stye; but on our protesting against such treatment, he was allowed, as a great favour, to sleep on the kitchen floor.

Breakfast at the country inns invariably consisted of chops or steak, we latterly sighed for the ubiquitous ham-and-eggs of Australian and New Zealand inns! Then there would be sour home-made loaves, and weak tea sweetened with coarse sugar. We always carried with us a tin box of "Huntly & Palmer," those missionaries of food in a benighted land of bad bread. In this country there is no direct charge made for stabling. You pay for "forage," which consists of small oat-sheaves sold at a shilling or eighteenpence each. Our four horses used to cost us from thirty to thirty-five shillings a-day.

A tempest was blowing when we left Molteno. There were some miles of absolute desert to cross—an open plain of sand, through which the horses struggled painfully. We got out, and staggered along, holding each other's hands to steady ourselves. We could not see more than a yard in front of us, as the sand rose in blinding whirls. The road by-and-by had the shelter of some hills, covered with flocks of sheep: numbers of white merino sheep, and the strange Cape sheep, that have a thick broad flap in place of a tail. Goats too, were browsing on the many rocky "krantzes" or cliffs. Later in the day, we saw the distant Stormberg Mountains, that shone in the setting sun as if they were in a red-hot glow, gradually cooling in the dusk, and becoming a cold black mass.

We found it thirty-six miles from Molteno to Burghersdorp, a pretty little town, its quiet streets lined with shade-trees, filled with twittering birds, while goats roamed peacefully about its quiet squares. Alighting at the hotel, we found the public were not expecting us, punctuality not being a characteristic of professional parties in this colony. We had this

experience more than once. The dialogue generally ran as follows:—"What! you have arrived?" "Of course; don't the bills give the date?" "Oh, but we didn't think you'd be coming till to-morrow." "Well," we would say, "here we are, determined not to disappoint the public." "You're not going to sing to-night, are you? It's four in the afternoon: you'll never have the hall ready." But we would set to work, and borrow chairs from half-a-dozen stores, forms from the churches, seats from Masonic and Good Templar lodges, and lamps from the hotel, making a platform of two or three tables. The general opinion was that we were "rushing" the country, and certainly no professional party ever went over the ground faster. But while we did not linger, we did full justice to every town. To make South Africa "pay," you must keep your dates close together, and keep them religiously, as can only be done by arranging a route, after careful study of the map. This is a very awkward country to travel through professionally, the distances between important towns are so great, and population so sparse.

I cannot leave Burghersdorp without saying that it possesses the most wonderful person we ever met—an editor who would not take payment for the advertisement in his paper, saying he would not do so, as he had been so delighted at having us visit the town!

On the way to Aliwal North, as we sat at a small hotel eating our tinned red herring, there rode up the very grocer who had sold us that provision before we left Burghersdorp the same morning. But now he had doffed his apron, and was attired in burgher uniform, off to join the forces besieging Morosi's mountain in Basuto Land Aliwal North stands on the Orange River, which here separates the Cape Colony from the Free State. The hotel was full of burghers, on their way to and from the war in neighbouring Basuto Land. In the gaol we saw huddled together some seventy or eighty wretched prisoners from Morosi's Mountain—a motley crew, ranging from the ugly, dwarfish Hottentot, to the tall Basuto. My father was passing this "tronk" one night when he was

suddenly challenged by a man with a loaded gun. "What do you want?—I've orders to shoot any prisoner found here." Another warder called out that that was not a Kafir rebel, but Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish Vocalist, who was on his way to the hall. So my father was carefully escorted beyond the boundary he had unknowingly transgressed in the darkness. We sang two nights in Aliwal, and found the people not afraid of getting wet, though the rain fell in torrents.

On the morning of departure on our long trip of one hundred and forty miles to Bloemfontein, word came to the Aliwal Hotel that the Orange River was rising. Saul steered the cart and horses into the stream, while I hung to the back seat, with my feet on the cushion, to avoid the inflow of water. After we had gone four or five yards, the leaders reared and plunged, and panic seized the wheelers. We had nothing for it but to come back, and get a man on horseback to guide our leaders across. On we went from one depth to another, the water sweeping into the cart at every lurch on the uneven channel; but we got over the broad river safely. My father and sisters were ferried across in a most romantic manner by two Kafirs. The obliging fellows unceremoniously took off their "breeks," and each, clad only in his shirt, waded the boat along, one at the bow and the other at the stern. The fellows asked for this the sum of eighteenpence, saying apologetically that they charged extra as "the water was cold!"

A rainy, muddy stage brought us to Smithfield, a quiet little place, where we had, however, a splendid audience. The majority of the "second seats" were Dutchmen. Scarcely any of them knew English, and I posted a man at the door as interpreter. Some of the Boers entered into lengthy parley as to the price of admission—"priggin' doon," in fact. One or two of them hung about the door for twenty minutes, going away strategically, and returning again and again to the assault. The Dutchmen appreciated the concert thoroughly, laughing as loudly as anyone at the humorous Scotch anecdotes, and joining at the end in "Auld Lang Syne." We sang in the Masonic Hall, and at the close the Worthy Grand

Master said he was authorised not to take a penny of rent. "We have so heartily enjoyed your entertainment," he explained; and the hall-cleaner, not to be outdone in generosity, gave his services free, and said he would himself pay the paraffin oil! Their spontaneous kindness was valued by us far above the mere money interest involved, and cheered our hearts in this our musical pilgrimage.

The landlord of the Smithfield hotel was a German and a "character." In the afternoon, at the back of the hotel, he was standing speaking to my father, when a number of cattle followed by Kafirs and a Dutchman, rapidly entered the yard. He "clicked," to the Kafir, "sprached" to the Dutchman, and tried in broken English to explain to my father who they were. An ox at that moment rushed past him, its horn grazing his back, and he skipped into safety, shouting: "Cottferdam! to get on in dis country you'd have to know a towsand lingwidges!" He was the incarnation of slowness, as I found on trying to pay the bill.

"Mr. Schmitt, we will settle up now, if you please."

"Ah! you musn't hurry Mishter Schmitt—I am a man as takes my time, an' I must dink over the matter, an' I'm not ein poor man as wants de money bad—I'm a reetch man, an' so is mein brother, an' so is mein—"

"All aboard!" cried my father outside.

"The bill, Mr. Schmitt, the bill!—don't you hear we're starting?"

"Well—well—*well*," said he, with increasing deliberation—"here is de pen—an' dere's de ink—an' dere's de paper—an' dere is de items—an' if you are in ein big hurry you can go without paying, but YOU MUSN'T HURRY MISHTER SCHMITT!"

And so on, with endless talk about himself. The account consisted of only four lines of writing, but what with digressions and interruptions, its preparation took a quarter of an hour by the clock. We had been told by a colonist that we should "take things easily—this is an ox country, Mr. Kennedy; take pattern by Job"—and certainly we found more things slow than "Mishter Schmitt."

We stayed with a Dutch family the night after leaving Smithfield. The portly old "Baas," in a white hat, received us cheerily, but in silence, as he did not know English. Following the Boer custom, we shook hands with the whole family—with the old Frau, the daughters, and the sons, down to the youngest. As all the Dutch have large families, and as you have to shake hands with the whole household when you retire to rest, and when you meet them in the morning, the thing becomes rather monotonous. These people were of the better class. The Dutchman had a good house, with an orchard in front of it, and owned a large farm, with thousands of acres of pastoral country. In the still twilight, we heard the far off bleating of hundreds of ewes and lambs, as they were being gathered in from the surrounding slopes into the large kraal, or pen, where they were sheltered for the night. It was quite in keeping with the tranquil scene, when we all went in-doors, and sang the beautiful hymn, "Abide with me! fast falls the eventide," accompanied by the harmonium, which is to be found in most Dutch houses. We joined the family at their bounteous and savoury supper, and afterwards retired to the parlour, where my father and the Baas, who was an exceptionally jolly Dutchman, tried to converse. An Englishman living in the house knew Dutch; and it was laughable in the extreme to see my father sitting at one end of a little sofa, and the Dutchman at the other, with the interpreter in the middle, passing back and forward their series of side-splitting jokes. How my father enjoyed it, and how the Baas laughed, his goodly paunch shaking, and his face turning apoplectic-purple with the fun! Betimes we went to bed—my sisters getting a comfortable room, and my father and I having to make a shift with a small apartment, where we slept on jackal skins, with tiger skins above us.

Next morning we resumed our journey over the broad-sweeping plains—the ground white with hoar-frost, and the air bitter cold. Herds of spring-bok were bounding in hundreds a few yards ahead of the cart. They are about the size of sheep. Their bound is wonderful; they spurn the earth, and

leap to a height of six or seven feet. With every jump, the long white hairs over the tail flap up like a fan, and the prettily-funny appearance of this is intensified when large numbers of spring-bok run together. They have been called "the kangaroos of South Africa," from their peculiar bound. It is almost perpendicular when the animal is in play; but when a dog—and it must be a very fleet dog—hunts them, the spring-bok ceases the vertical leap, and settles down to swift running. These were the first wild animals we had seen in the country, with the exception of the meer-cats, those dainty little creatures that sat on the ant-heaps, with elevated front paws, and looked curiously at us as we passed.

On the road, we were accompanied by a newly-married couple, who were driving in a light cart drawn by four good horses *also* in new harness! They were on their way to their home on the Diamond Fields, and were travelling by very easy stages. Another of our team—the Queenstown £10 horse—now became ill: so ill, that Saul declared he had, in his long experience, never seen a horse worse. It was getting late in the afternoon, so the cart drove on with the three horses, while I followed on foot, dragging sick "Adam" some weary miles to our destination.

This was a private house belonging to a decent farmer and lay preacher of the Wesleyan Church, who received us kindly. The house, and all the adjoining outhouses, had been built by himself of dried mud. The floors were composed of the earth of ant-heaps, and were washed with milk once a week, milk being very abundant with them.

After tea we sang some pieces to the folks, and played the harmonium, an instrument of which the "gudeman" was very proud. In the morning, when we asked the bill, we were astonished to hear that our host would not accept any payment. "You have cheered our loneliness," said he; "and then didn't you sing us a song or two last night?" We laughed, and said we had never dreamt of those "notes" being taken as payment; but he resolutely refused to accept anything. So we thanked him warmly for his hospitality, and tendered him

what he could not refuse—a "contribution to his kirk." In his care we left the sick horse. Eight or nine weeks afterwards, as we were leaving the colony, we heard that the animal would not be recovered till the summer had set in, and that by that time he would have eaten his value in forage.

We duly reached Bloemfontein, the chief town of the Orange Free State, and virtually an English capital in a Dutch Republic. It is a fine open town, plentifully adorned with trees. English is spoken about the streets, and though Dutch is the official language, English is the commercial. The newspapers are printed in English and Dutch on the same page. The finest building in the town is the large hall where the Volksraad, or People's Parliament, meet. We went into it one day, but the deliberation was on no graver matter than the transfer of a "landdrost," or magistrate. The speeches were in Dutch, of course, but during our short visit there had been more than one nationality speaking it; one member was a Scotsman.

In Bloemfontein we bought another horse, which was given out to be very fiery. The owner ostentatiously held it while it was being harnessed, and the street was cleared while the steed was being tried. "Oh, his pace is A1, Mr. Kennedy—he'll pull the machine himself!" But the glory of "Bloem," as he was called, soon faded with hard work. Bloem's first journey was a severe test of his powers, being from Bloemfontein to Kimberley in two days, a distance of eighty-five miles. The first day brought us to where we had been told of accommodation. Lo! when we got there, we saw an encampment of Doppers, who were attending the Nachtmaal. The Doppers are a strange sect of severe religionists, seceders from the Dutch Reformed Church. They are Old Testament Christians, and not only discountenanced the preaching of the Gospel to the blacks, but believed they were doing God service in rooting out the Kafir Canaanites from the land. The Dopper wears a Quakerish hat and a short jacket, with corduroy trousers tucked into his boots, and widening upwards towards his haunches—his hands being generally stuck into his breeches'-

pockets, as if to increase still further his ample rotundity. The Dutch hold their Nachtmaal, or Communion, every three months. The farmers drive in long distances with their families, "trekking" for days with their slow bullock-waggons—reminding one of the Jews going up to Jerusalem at feast-time. The Nachtmaal is a kind of "Holy Fair." They attend church, partake of the Sacrament, get married, are examined as to their religious knowledge, and buy and sell in the stores.

The Nachtmaal we saw was held at a lonely spot containing merely a miscellaneous store and a large barn. In front of these was an encampment, composed of waggons and tents placed alternately, and before each tent a fire was blazing. The proprietor of the store said all his rooms were occupied by the minister and the deacons. But there was a tent in the garden, furnished with beds, chairs, table, and candles, with springbok skins on the ground. Here we had tea, and spent the night under canvas pretty comfortably. Before "turning in," we went to see the barn, which was converted into a church, with improvised pulpit, round which were spread skins and sacks. Fifty persons were seated there, each on his or her "Jenny Geddes stool," and with countenances so grave that the ordinary Scottish Sunday face seemed vivacious in comparison. Three couples, brides and bridegrooms, sat in front of the minister—the brides attired in lavender silks and orange blossoms. The preacher was impressive; the psalm-singing slow and monotonous. When the service concluded, the congregation moved out, all carrying their Jenny Geddes stools. Over the fires, which were tended by ugly diminutive Bushmen, there now swung large kettles, and a smell of cookery filled the air. It may be that courtship was not forgotten in the general bustle. The store was transformed into a bar, and all seemed to mix their talk with gin and water. At five next morning we commenced to inspan. The tent-fires were in full blaze, and the people seemed to have been up for some time. This second day we travelled fifty miles to the Diamond Fields, and about six that evening entered far-famed Kimberley.

CHAPTER XX.

Kimberley—The Great Mine—Return Journey through the Free State—Fauresmith—Perils of the Road—Cradock—Graaf Reinet.

KIMBERLEY, at this time scarcely in the ninth year of its existence, had become one of the most important towns in South Africa. It stands on a desolate site—nothing but flat dreary "karroo," or miserable grassed desert, all round. Sir Bartle Frere said that the people of Kimberley were "living in a state of perpetual encampment," and "The Camp" it is familiarly called. The town is built entirely of corrugated iron. From the top of any of the neighbouring hills of debris, you see a great stretch of ugly sheet-iron roofs, extending in uniform leaden dulness—these house-tops presenting the same depressing appearance as a crowd of umbrellas on a wet day.

The houses are all of one storey; a tailor, for instance doing a flourishing business in a hut of half-a-dozen feet frontage; a diamond-merchant in an office like a little iron box; a doctor seeing patients in a consulting-room six feet by three. Some of the slimmer-built houses are now and again moved from one place to another, and it is a funny sight to see a canvas or frame cottage going down the street, with eighteen or twenty Kafirs inside, carrying it, their feet popping out from below like the limbs of a large tortoise. There are some fine stores in the town, and as they are one-storied, they cover a goodly piece of ground. The Kimberley Market Square is a wide open space, and more interesting than any market square I ever saw. Here you feel yourself linked with the far interior; there is an air of traders, and hides, and ivory, and beads about the locality. One store I saw had its floor occupied by scores of huge elephant tusks, and "karosses," or rugs made of skins.

We lived at the Queen's Hotel, which outwardly bore some

resemblance to a booth at a country fair, but within was more promising. The guests were mostly males. The Fields are to a large extent the home of single men, and though living in lodgings they dine at the hotels. The bar was crowded with business men discussing the prospects of their claims, and showing each other their "washings." We soon noticed the careless manner in which diamonds are handled in Kimberley. A friend, in the midst of a conversation, casually brought out his "last washing"—a Bryant and May's vesta-box running over with diamonds, which he carried in the outside pocket of his overcoat.

We made it our first business to go and see the world-famous mine, only a few minutes' walk from the hotel; for the town is built close to the edge of the workings. You come to the end of a street, and see a slight rise—all that remains of the old Coles-berg " koppie." A few steps further, and you stand on the clear-cut brink of the biggest hole that man has ever dug. A vast crater suddenly yawns at your feet. It is shaped like a bowl, has sloping sides of light-coloured rock, stretching down to the blue diamondiferous soil at the bottom. Such is the expanse of the mine, that in the first hasty glance you may actually fail to note for a few moments that it is alive with human beings; but there are more men down there than would people half a dozen villages. You see thousands of blacks working in the claims at the bottom, and dotted like ants on the sides. You see every nook and corner, every man in the mine, every one of the many interests that centre here, all displayed at once. The claims lie clearly spread out beneath you like a map—an expanse of small blocks, which do not look to be thirty feet square. These present great irregularities, as some of the claims are being worked faster than others. If a claim stands idle, the adjoining workers, digging down on either side, leave it standing like a square tower; but there is a law which compels a man to work, if his claim is becoming dangerous to those around him. You see the blacks busily toiling round sheer clay battlements at one place, shovelling on the edge of steep precipices here, climbing up

naked pillars of earth there, the column being marked with tiny holes, the only foothold of the daring worker. Square pools of water gleam in several places, and walls of dark blue clay cross and re-cross the whole bed of the mine. Round the margin of this deep bowl circles a fringe of steam machinery, working the buckets that run up and down on wires, and convey the "blue," as the diamondiferous soil is called, to the surface. These wires converge from all sides into the bottom of the mine. They are not very large, but very numerous. They stand out like threads of silver, when struck by the sun's rays; but in some lights, or when viewed against the darker side of the mine, are not visible at all. The mingled hum of voices rising from the seething mass of labour below, the whirring of the many buckets flying through the air, the Æolian murmur of the wind playing over the web of wires, the far and near rumble of vehicles running round the edge of the mine,—make up a wondrous sensation for eye and ear.

Once we saw the mine late in the afternoon, when the men were leaving work. Out from the depths the Kafirs were swarming, like bees from a disturbed hive. Some were crawling up the steep slopes; some skipping along narrow tracks, where, from our distant standpoint, we could see no foothold; some jumping from ledge to ledge; here and there a couple of them coming up in a bucket, with other Kafirs hanging on to the bottom of it by the runners, flying through the air on such a lengthy journey that you could scarcely believe a man could suspend himself by the arms so long. On all sides the Kafirs were laughing, shouting, and singing, as merry as boys released from school. After the men had dispersed the blasting operations commenced. The charges are lit by one or two of the "boys" belonging to the different claims, while the proprietors look down from the brink. One claim-owner standing near us wished he had an opera-glass, so that he could see if his Kafir was lighting the fuse properly. Every few moments a puff of smoke burst from the floor of the mine, followed by a dull rumbling sound, and an immense mass of rock would heave slowly over with a grinding crash. Frequently the hard clay would

fly up viciously, and the spectators ducked their heads behind the edge, though there seemed little fear of fragments reaching us at such an elevation. I overheard a claim-owner remark, rubbing his hands gleefully as he saw the flying pieces of rock: "Aha! that shot has landed a rich lump on *my* claim!" In a few minutes, the huge basin, so lately a scene of busy life, was as silent as an open grave.

For eight years from 8000 to 10,000 men have been engaged in excavating the wondrous Colesberg "koppie." Little did anyone dream, a few years ago, that that gently swelling hill, then unknown and unnamed, rising in the midst of a dreary barren country, was soon to be heard of in all ends of the earth. "All kindreds, and nations, and tribes" flocked to the magic ground. The hill disappeared as if by enchantment, as one might chip an egg, or uncover a pie, previous to scooping it out. The mine, when we saw it, was 300 feet deep, a quarter of a mile wide, and three-quarters of a mile in circumference.

The two great evils that afflict Kimberley, in addition to dust and flies, are diamond stealing and its allied crime, illicit diamond buying. The ten commandments, if they are not kept on the Fields, are at any rate condensed into one: "Thou shalt not steal diamonds." The stealing, which is all done by the Kafirs—O yes, all by those black rogues!—is in part suppressed by means of white overseers, who are paid from £3 to £5 a-week to do nothing but watch the Kafirs at their work. The natives, it is said, are amazingly expert at stealing diamonds. They can pick them up from beneath the very eyes of the overseer, either by their hand or between their toes. They swallow the stone, or secrete it in the mouth in such a way as to defy detection.

The great mine of Kimberley must be credited with the civilising of thousands of the dusky sons of Africa. From far and near the natives come—Griquas, Basutos, Kafirs, Zulus—many of them travelling 1200 miles from the interior. They tramp, week after week, on their long pilgrimage, subsisting on what they can kill in the shape of game. Failing this, the poor wretches have sometimes been seen picking up and eating bits

of hide, also stray bones, which they first grind down. The rate of wages paid them is 10s. a-week, and their food. The native generally stays on the Fields a year, after which time he goes back to his tribe plump and fat, and bearing a load no white man would care to undertake. In his blanket, which he throws over his shoulders and ties round his waist, he carries a suit of moleskin clothes, a couple of guns, a pot, a tea-kettle, a grid-iron, a sauce-pan, three or four gaudy blankets, a pocket handkerchief, beads, wires, mealies for his food, knobkerries, and a piece of meat stuck on the end of one of his assegais. He also bears back to his people ineradicable ideas of the value of wages, of clothes, of white modes of life,—a better man physically and mentally than when he first saw the metal metropolis of the interior of South Africa.

One day we went with a party of friends to visit one of the diamond-brokers, most of whose little offices stand together in a street leading off from the mine. Here we saw diamonds in galore. Package after package of the shining white gems were brought in, and we streamed them through our fingers like water, passing them round for inspection—a thing I would not have liked if I had been the broker! But he seemed quite easy in his mind; and in fact, if I remember rightly, once or twice turned his back! Diamonds, somehow, lose all apparent value when you see them in the rough and in large numbers. We were told that "Those few diamonds there represented £2000," and we were unmoved. A £100 stone is put in your palm, but you feel no precious thrill. A rough diamond is not nearly so taking as a gold nugget.

One morning the Camp resounded with the news that a large diamond had been discovered—the largest ever found in Kimberley. The lucky owner kindly sought us out in the hotel, and out of a swathing of chamois leather unrolled the diamond before our eyes. It was a 250-carat stone—a perfect octahedron—"off-coloured," as the term is here—a tinge of lemon hue about it that might lower its value. The stone was said by some to be worth £5000, while others declared it

would not fetch £1500—so uncertain is the valuation of very large diamonds.

My father and I paid a visit to the Kimberley gaol. The buildings lack, of necessity, the massiveness and seclusiveness that prisons have in England—what can be done with sun-burnt bricks, wood, and corrugated iron?—and the gaol is managed in an off-hand, amateurish way that contrasts strangely with the sharp routine and dignity of an old-country prison. A lot of white-washed outhouses were scattered round two rough back-yards, while the warders, not having any uniform, might have been judged to be plasterers, or plumbers, or anything, in short, rather than gaolers. In company with the energetic visiting-doctor we made the round of the cells. In the first were two native chiefs, who suffered the indignity of having to put out their tongues. A general inspection of health then took place about the court-yard, our friend the doctor deftly disposing of the various cases. Here there was a treadmill, which turned a washing-machine. I stepped on the wheel and trod for a few revolutions, the Kafirs on the mill looking as if they thought me an egregious fool. Close by was a large cell, containing a tribe of bushmen—starving refugees from the war in Secocoeni's country, far to the north of Griqualand. There they were, all herded together—men, women, and children. Dwarfish, yellow, ugly-visaged people they were; the race who, in their native state, live in mountain-caves, shoot with the poisoned arrow, use the flint and steel, and smoke their native opium; whose forefathers painted those marvellous pictures on the rocks, which have ever been the wonder of ethnologists. This huddled crowd of emaciated beings was a sight which could not be forgotten. One could never dream that hunger and privation and savage life would lower man so near to the level of the brute; and yet there was the bushwoman "skelping" her squalling child, just like any fond British mother. In a room near this we were introduced to two ladies, one of them the matron of the gaol. My father invited her to come and hear our concert; he could not do less than proffer a ticket to the decent old lady who sat

knitting beside her. "She's a prisoner," whispered the matron. "Ah, Mr. Kennedy," said the decent old lady-convict, "here they put people in the gaol for things they would never dream of at home." We were not long in discovering that she was Mrs. ———, a notorious buyer of stolen diamonds!

Kimberley, inclusive of the adjoining Bultfontein and Du Toit's Pan diggings, which go to make up what is called "the Fields," has a population of 18,000. Of these, 10,000 are blacks; the Europeans number only 8000. We found here an intelligent and cultured class of people; and they have no mean idea of themselves either. Kimberley has suffered in its time from ignorant depreciation, and it is but natural this should engender a little self assertiveness. The people know that the Fields electrified a half-dead continent into prosperity. Cape Town has been slow to acknowledge this. There is little affinity, and less love, between the two towns. Kimberley, for instance, chafes at Cape Town reaping the duty on the large amount of goods imported for the Fields. As one man growled to me: "The folks there, poor beggars, could not afford to eat the foods we import; and who drinks Champagne and Amontillado in Cape Town, I should like to know, eh?"

Kimberley is largely a town of single men, who, when not sifting out diamonds, frequent the hotel bar, the billiard saloon, or the skating rink. If ever fast living could be condoned, it would be in the persons of those men of Kimberley. Life is not too full of enjoyment on the Fields. What is there for these men, apart from their diamonds? They work amongst them, and talk of them, and think of them, all day long. The rush of week-day work, by its impetus, sometimes carries business over into Sunday. Men even talk of diamonds at the church door. One Sunday, a young fellow, with tired look, came yawning up to the hotel about tiffin time, and I said to him: "You have been hearing a dull sermon, surely!" "Sermon!" he echoed; "no fear; I've been diamond-sifting!"

There are people here from all parts of the world. One day, within five minutes, I had spoken to a Dane, a Russian, an Orcadian, and a man from Canada. It is a pity the people

have not built themselves a more abiding city. The truth is, though every Kimberley man will indignantly deny it, that they have no absolute certainty in the continuance of the diamonds. They have had faith enough to remove a mountain ; but it has not been strong enough to lay one stone on top of another. Diamonds alone created Kimberley ; but for them, a civilised town would never have been shot into uncivilised space for the next generation, at least. It looks like a logical sequence that, with the decay of diamond, must come the end of Kimberley ; but there will be a town here as long as South Africa exists. The interior is fast settling up, and trade with Kimberley must continue.

A community of such energy and enterprise, with such tastes, and the memory of comforts left in other lands, never before inhabited such a sterile waste. But not the least of the marvels of Kimberley, is the manner in which some of the people have rendered the interior of their houses comfortable and charming; in some cases ornamenting them with choice works of art, pictures, vases, recherché furniture, and invariably an elegant piano, on which you hear perhaps a sonata of Beethoven, or airs from the latest comic opera. Nor are the pleasures of the table forgotten. We dined one evening at a Scottish gentleman's house, who entertained us with a repast that would have graced any club in Pall Mall, and which was served by his coloured "boys" in a quiet yet expeditious style that would have pleased the most fastidious gourmand.

High prices prevailed at one time in Kimberley, and to some extent prevail still. But we paid only a very little more for hotel living here than in the other South African towns. In times of drought, brown sugar has been 2s. 6d. a pound, and other things in proportion. Milk and potatoes are always dear. Eggs were selling at from 5s. to 6s. a dozen when we were in Kimberley. Firewood is particularly expensive ; but then as it is never cold, no fires are required save for cooking. Meat is not dear, but bread undoubtedly is, for here the element of skilled labour comes in, and you have to pay a shilling a pound for your loaf. The Kimberley washerwoman has her preten-

sions also. A resident may get his linen washed at 8s. a dozen, but a visitor has to pay 10s. Perhaps this is owing to the high price of water. You pay 4s. for a large barrel, 2s. 6d. for a small cask. Last year there had been severe drought, and the small cask had risen to 10s. The supply is solely from wells and rain-water. The price of goods in Kimberley depends on "transport." Everything is brought up from Port Elizabeth, or from Cape Town, most of the way by bullock waggon—in the one case 500, in the other 700 miles. Imagine Great Britain to be sparsely populated, the country destitute of railway, little or no grass on its plains and hills, and not overmuch water in its rivers. Then imagine goods landed at Brighton, and having to be wearily dragged by oxen up to Aberdeen, and you will have some idea of how the wants of Kimberley are supplied; for Kimberley has to get nearly all its supplies from without. Much of the food, and all of the drink, furniture, and clothing, all the many items that go to make up house plenishing—yea, the very town itself, in the shape of planks and sheets of iron—have been hauled by bullocks over many a thirsty plain and toilsome berg to this far, lone-lying spot. The probability of high or low rate of transport, even the very existence of transport, depends entirely on rain or no rain. If there is no rain there is no grass, and if there is no grass the oxen die, and become the prey of jackal and vulture. At this time the rate of transport from Port Elizabeth to the Fields was 26s. the hundredweight. When there have been some weeks of drought, prices of provisions rise. The general store is the Kimberley barometer.

The Scottish element is strong here, and St. Andrew's Day held with *éclat*. The dinner is a great feature. The tickets for the last celebration were three guineas each, which included champagne and twenty different kinds of wine. Appetite was awakened by a furious blast of the bagpipes. "Kail soup" figured on the bill of fare along with "venison cutlets and guava sauce." A "Scotch haggis" sturdily held its own against "stewed kidneys with champagne." "Ice asparagus" and "Marachino jelly" brought up the rear of forty choice items.

We missed amongst the vegetables that great luxury in Kimberley—cabbage. There was a cabbage one day on the table of a Scotch friend with whom we were very intimate, but we heedlessly partook of the dainty, and it was not till we had left that we suddenly remembered cabbages were 7s. 6d. in Kimberley. We soon found ourselves in a circle of Scotch friends, who strained every nerve to make our visit one of great pleasure.

We sang in the Theatre Royal, a commodious building. In Kimberley the songs of Scotland did not fall on unappreciative ears. "Why," said one man, "since the Kennedys have been here, folks have stopped drinking Cape brandy, and Irish, and French, and stick to nothing else but Scotch whisky; and (becoming serious) there's more people attending the Scots Kirk, too." Another, addressing a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, a dignified bachelor, said, "My good sir, you should go and hear Kennedy's 'Nicht wi' Burns,'—you'd go and get married at once!" "Oh," replied the clergyman, in a superior manner, "I could get married any time I choose, without the aid of Burns!" We sang ten nights—not long enough to exhaust the enthusiasm of our audiences. Hitherto I have maintained a little reticence as to our professional business throughout South Africa. I cannot refrain from mentioning here that it was always good—in some places excellent—but that, taking the number of the population into account, we had greater success in Kimberley than in any other town in any part of the globe. When we bade adieu to the Diamond Fields, a large cavalcade of our Scotch friends escorted us from the town. At length, with a "Good-bye and God speed," the last lingering friend waved us a farewell, eighteen miles from the town.

The first day we travelled thirty-six miles from Kimberley, most of the way through the Free State. We stayed for the night at the house of a Dopper—a very religious man, who held family worship, and said a long grace before and after meals. In the evening the whole household sat round the spacicus apartment, while we sang them one or two glees, to which they listened with not much apparent pleasure; but

when we rendered the "Old C," their faces brightened at once. Formerly the Boers were exceedingly ignorant; but now they have wakened a little to the benefits of education, and the more well-to-do Dutch farmers have occasionally a schoolmaster living in the house. There was one here—an Englishman, colonial-born, who had resided a long time amongst the Dutch. He lamented to my father privately that he felt it hard "having to live amongst people of no education." What was his surprise to find, in the course of conversation, that this schoolmaster had never heard of Brigham Young, or the Mormons,—well, that might be pardoned in a man living in the solitudes of South Africa—but he also knew nothing of Robert Burns! He was, let us hope, a most exceptional case. The children were taught Dutch only, which is rather unusual, as English is now largely taught among the Boers. This farmer was a stern Dopper, who hated the English and their tongue, and whose only literature was the Bible. The Boers are not a reading people. We were told that in fifty houses you would not find fifty books. My father and I slept in the little schoolroom, with sheep-skins for a bed. The charge for accommodation was high, but the food was good.

The second day's travel was thirty-six miles. This was the roughest road we experienced in South Africa,—a sharp jolt throwing my sister Marjory off the back of the cart into the road; happily, she was unhurt. We reached Fauresmith, a quiet Dutch town. Our concert took place in the Court Room, where we had a capital audience—the people, as is their wont in this town, bringing their own chairs. It was amusing to see a gentleman in full evening dress coming down the street with a chair on each arm, followed by a party of ladies, and the end of the procession brought up by two or three Kafirs, each carrying three or four chairs on his head. In the hall were soon collected plain chairs from dining-rooms, red-cushioned chairs from drawing-rooms, here a settee, there a sofa, here a ponderous old arm-chair, a stuffy family heir-loom—all spread anywhere about the floor, at the good pleasure of the owners. The joke was, that friends seeing each other, brought their

chairs together in little clumps, till I believe there was not a straight row in the room. The hotel here was rather comfortable, but the bedrooms were facing the back-yard, where the domestic animal freely ranged. Just as I retired to rest, a knock and a voice came:—"For goodness sake, be sure an' keep yer door shut, or the pigs 'll be in!"

On our journey of thirty-four miles to Phillippolis, we breakfasted at a farm kept by an intelligent Dutch woman. The house was neat, but primitive; the chairs were "cane-bottomed" with strips of raw hide. We amused the children by a song or two, and the big strapping son, coming in from the stable, rewarded us with a tune on the concertina. We saw few houses all this day, and scarce a vehicle. The towns hereabouts are connected by a slim thread of travel; the hem of civilisation is sewn with wide stitches. The weather was ecstatic, and we saw, more than once, indications of mirage, for which South Africa is remarkable. Phillippolis was a most

primitive town—a tranquil place, with one narrow street, and a disproportionately large Dutch Reformed Church at one end of it. The minister of this is a Scotsman, and much beloved by his people, who, it is said, make him presents of milch-cows, bullocks, and sheep. Folks have been known to pay more than the value of farms in the neighbourhood, for the sake of being under his ministrations. The clergy in these parts have great power over their people.

We sang in the Court Room, next to which was the post-office, the sacred precincts of the latter being granted us as side-room. In Phillippolis I met an old South African veteran, who was engaged in the heroic task of cleaning glasses in the hotel-bar. He was a perfect Bodadil—full of strange colonial oaths—a mass of cuts and scars sewn together with brag. "Allamuckta! don't imagine there's any good in the nigger. Jeroosalem! *I've* seen enough of them—they're a lot of sweetly-smelling cherubs, *they* are! Oh yes, tell *me* all about them. Blow-me-tight! why, I've fought in every Kafir war that ever was! I'm wounds all over—there's not an inch of me that aint got knocked about. An assegai stuck me in the eye; there's a gash, look, in my cheek; there's a knobkerrie dent on my skull; there's a bullet up my back; a lump hacked off my calf. Great Cæsar's ghost! *I* know what fightin' the nigger is!"

During our next stage, we recrossed the Orange River, and were once more in Cape Colony, so far on our southward journey back to Port Elizabeth. Colesberg has an exceedingly quaint and picturesque situation, lying in a nest of "spitzkops," or rocky hills. The people of Colesberg have been nicknamed "rock-scorpions." During our travelling in these districts, we frequently saw flocks of domesticated ostriches—now in a hedged paddock, now in a stone kraal, or walking unconfined about a village. In many places the farmers have given up sheep, and taken exclusively to ostriches, which they will repent some day, when the feathers lose their fancy price. The value of feathers averages from £5 to £20 each plucking.

What an eventful three days' drive we had to Cradock! The

first day we had thirty-six miles of rain and mud. In a part of the veldt more than unusually lonely, the cart got into the deep ruts of a dray, and as these were too wide apart for our vehicle, the axle was bent in a moment, the upper half of the wheels being jammed against the side of the cart. It was a desperate fix, and this, too, amid pouring rain, vivid lightning, and deafening thunder. With the butt-end of the whip, with an old chisel, with a bit of stick, and with our very fingers, we dug out the stiff clay from between the spokes of the wheels. Then, with shout and shove and lash, we got the horses to drag out the dislocated cart. Saul, poor man! was very down-hearted at the unfortunate affair. Luckily, by dusk, we reached a small road-side inn, called Macassarfontein, thankful to get even its poor accommodation. As it is not the custom in this country to have fires, except for cooking, we could not get our dripping-wet clothes dried, and it was not the most pleasant thing in the world to put on our cold damp clothes next morning.

This second day we again drove thirty-six miles. At one deep spruit my father was shot clean off the front seat into the air. As he fell, he had the presence of mind and time to roll over, thus escaping the wheel by a hair-breadth. He landed flat on his back in the stream. The horses dashed up the steep side of the spruit, and looking back, we saw him staggering up in a deplorable state of mud, but providentially unscathed. I at once cancelled the "Postponement of Concert" placard that had flashed through my mind. This accident delayed us but a few moments. Our motto was "Onward"—in these long journeys every minute being valuable. We spared no effort, but pushed on resolutely, and faithfully kept all our appointments in a tour of unusual length, and most exacting to man and beast. We arrived in Cradock at four in the afternoon. That night we were all in such good "form" that the audience never would have dreamt of the three days' toil we had had to reach them. Here we had the axle of the cart straightened, and broken springs replaced.

From Cradock we had a two days' drive of seventy miles to Somerset East, a pretty little village, lying at the foot of a

mighty berg, whose mammoth spurs stretch down like elephantine toes into the plain. In this township we met with the warmest reception from the inhabitants, many of whom we found to be fellow-countrymen ; Somerset East has been called "Little Scotland." Seventy-five miles, performed in two days, brought us to Graaff Reinet, one of the oldest towns in Cape Colony. Fine mountains closely encompass it on three sides. The Town Hall is the place where entertainments are generally held. We paid rent for it, but got merely the shell of the building. We had to seat it, light it, and clean it. Chairs had to be borrowed all over the town—forty from this place, fifty from that; a dozen from one kind lady, four or five from another private house, some from the hotel—the streets being busy best part of a day with Kafir "boys" carrying the seats. Then the lighting had to be attended to. There were only two oil-lamps, which belonged to the Choral Society. The walls were covered with rough wooden sconces, to fill which for three nights required £1 3s. worth of candles. Footlights were improvised by placing candles in groups of half-a-dozen in tin shades. One night there was considerable excitement, when, under the influence of a strong draught, the "dips" melted away, the liquid tallow in the trays latterly flaring up in an alarming manner. The most dangerous of the lights was removed by a gentleman in luxuriant flaxen moustache and side whiskers. Next day I was accosted in the hotel by a stranger, a clean-shaven man, who said: "I suppose you were pretty glad I came to your help last night." "You! really, I don't remember—" "Not likely," said he, lugubriously; "I'm the man that *tried* to blow out the foot-light!" The railway from Port Elizabeth to Graaff Reinet, a distance of 200 miles, is almost completed. At this time we had to drive twenty miles to a small station, where we shipped horses and cart down to Port Elizabeth. We committed them to the care of the friend under whose experienced guidance we had purchased them. He was of invaluable service to us during our stay in South Africa, and concluded a series of kind offices by getting our cart and team put up to auction during our visit to Natal.