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CO-EDITORS { MAY MURRAY.
EFFIE ANDERSON

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EDITORIAL.

This magazine comes out three times a year, April, August, and December.

Contributions must reach the editors not later than the beginning of the first weeks of March, July and November.

The annual subscription is 15/- and should be sent to Effie Anderson, Tressilian, Kenilworth, within the first quarter of the year. Extra copies may be had for 1/6 each.

Literary contributions from South Africa to be sent to Effie Anderson. Those from England or elsewhere to May Murray, 10 Palace Court, London, W. The latter should arrive not later

than the beginning of October. Matter to be written in clear handwriting, on one side of the paper only, leaving a small space at the top of each page and a margin at the left hand side. Pages to be numbered in small figures in the left hand corner.

Readers will naturally be wondering what is to be the fate of the *Family Chronicle* when they hear that we, the editors, will both be marrying and leaving Kenilworth this year. We propose to continue being responsible for the *Chronicle* and will have a secretary and treasurer at Kenilworth from the family to assist us. Fuller particulars will be given in the December number.

Will all who have not yet sent in their subscriptions for 1914 kindly do so as soon as possible.

GENERAL NEWS.

Arthur Bisset was married to Miss Beryl Hutton on 11th June at Bulawayo. They went on to the Zambesi Falls for their honeymoon. On their return they spent a couple of days at Beauleigh which gave us all an opportunity of meeting Beryl. Now they are settled at Kalk Bay where they will be living for the present.

There is great atmosphere of weddings just now, Marjorie Lindley busily preparing for hers, of which we shall give an account further on. Mrs. Lindley returned from England on June 23rd, bringing her beautiful presents from her relations in America.

May Murray is preparing to leave with her mother on Aug. 17th in the Dunluce, and will be married in December in London.

There will probably be another wedding before very long which will be of great interest to all, namely that of Effie Anderson to Elliot Stanford. Those of us who know Elliot feel we can give him a very hearty welcome into the family circle.

Captain Harold Stanley-Murray who is with his regiment in India, is engaged to Miss Verna Howard of Allahabad. They will be married some time this year.

Effie Anderson and Lilian Blackburn have had the most delightful trip up country. A full account of it is begun in this number. They both returned looking splendidly well. They were away about two months. After leaving Basutoland they stayed with Harold and Dot Anderson at Norval's Pont.

We are sorry to say Uncle Bisset was not at all well for several weeks, but he is much better now and is out and about again.

Ursula Bisset is returning from England in August. She will travel back with her uncle, Dr. Kitching.

Bessie Beard left for England on June 15th. She has gone to fetch Doris who leaves school

in July. They think of remaining in England until the end of the year.

Murray and Gladys Bisset are planning a visit to Europe towards the end of this year.

Minnie Molteno has taken a house at Gordon's Bay this winter. Many friends have enjoyed staying there with her. It is a particularly delightful place in winter.

Two of the family have recently received honours. On March 29th Dr. Murray had conferred on him the badge of honorary associate of the order of St. John by Lord Gladstone, and in June William Blenkins similarly received from Lord Gladstone a badge of the Imperial Service order.

Betty Molteno has taken two rooms in Cape Town in Church Street, where she is hanging her lovely collection of pictures which have been lying packed away all these years since she left Port Elizabeth. She and Miss Greene are living at Rondebosch in a little cottage which is attached to a boarding house called "Ivydene". Miss Greene continues teaching Lucy and Carol. They are spending part of their holidays at Kamper's Kraal.

Nancy Botha is continuing living at Hunsdon, she has a sister-in-law staying with her. They lately enjoyed very much a fortnight's change at Mossel River.

Kenah and Hilda Murray had a delightful trip to Kamfer's Kraal in their Valveless car. They took Stewart with them. We hope they will write us an account of it for the next number. Their touring car was a great success and made them quite independant of hotels.

Lil Molteno has had a very happy visit from her youngest brother Capt. Donald Sandeman. They had not met for eight years. He is in the Indian Army and came out here to spend part of his leave with her. Like his brother Gerry he has lost his heart to the Karroo. Lil came with him to stay with Kenah and Hilda and show him a little of the Peninsula before he left for England.

John Molteno came down from Middleburg for his holidays. He has grown broader and is looking very well.

Gordon has been suffering from drought on his farm, but this does not seem to have depressed them. Evelyn writes in one of her letters:

Riedfontein, Cedarville,
Griqualand East.

May 2nd, 1914.

"We have just returned from the Matatiele Show where we did quite well getting 1st prizes for our old bull, our 2 year old bull and winning the milking competition. Our cow only took 3rd prize but I think she would have done better if she had been fatter. Our yearling bull ran away during the night and got back too late to be judged. We also got 1st prize for eggs (judged by weight) and for a goose, and 2nd prizes for fowls and for mealies. Our bull also nearly got the championship of the Show Yard. The judges could not decide between it and Mrs. Maling's Shorthorn and called in Mr. Young to give a casting vote. Being a Shorthorn man he, of course, gave it to Mrs. Malings'. We did not send our imported cows as we were afraid of the long walk in, but think that by next year they will be sufficiently acclimatised."

We have heard very little from Jarvis and Lenox lately, their back letters will be continued in the next number.

We hear that Lenox has again had a very narrow escape. He fired into a herd of Buffalo and wounded the bull, when the whole herd charged down upon him. He was quite in the open, so that all he could do was to throw himself down under a low bush and let the herd sweep past him. Fortunately although some of them brushed the bush where he lay, he escaped unhurt. We have as yet had no account of the adventure from Lenox himself. The following is from one of his recent letters:

Highland Valley, P.O. Nyeri.

Western Renya, B.E.A.

April 11th, 1914.

"I have been away for 5 weeks with a shooting party—acting as guide and hunter and taking my waggon. We had a fairly good time and got most of what we wanted. I got a good black maned lion, the best I have shot. I would like to have kept the skin but the chap I was with, offered me £10 for it. It took 4 shots to kill him—the last one, full in the chest, dropped him stone dead. I have soon got quite rid of East Coast fever, but am still dipping every three days. What a blessing this dipping is to farmers. I regret to say that it seems we may be plunged into a law suit over the house that got burned down. The contractors are Lord Cranworth and the Hon. R. B. Cole (son of the Earl of Inneschillen). I have done all I can to avoid this but their demands are quite unreasonable. I think, and also most people, with me, that I have a very sound case but one can never be certain. If we come to no settlement I shall leave to-morrow as the case is set down for the 18th. of this month. The Government is now going to open up the whole of Lachipia for settlement. This will mean at least 500 farms and 10 years is given for payment. Of course this will eventually increase the value of our land which has a splendid situation and will be very central but just at present everyone is naturally waiting to buy on the Gov. sales. I changed the name of the farm as Cole calls his "Harro-Rum" and he was here before me."

We hear that Lawrence and Cornelius Lemmer whom Bessie Molteno took back with her in April for a visit, are having a perfectly splendid time.

Kathleen Murray is also enjoying herself thoroughly. In one of her letters she writes:

"On Saturday I went to Horsham to spend the week end with Mrs. Palmer, Miss Lamb* that was, at Christ's Hospital. The school removed there in 1902 and has splendid grounds

*An ex-mistress of Bedales.

and owns adjoining farms. They have their reservoir away on a hill, an electric power station, laundry, swimming baths, gymnasium, experimental farm and splendid playing-fields. A wide avenue runs the whole length of the grounds. On the right as you come up the avenue are eight large houses each holding 50 boys. On the left are staff houses. Then you come to the great central block of school buildings, through an old arch-way removed from the London buildings which have since been demolished. Their school buildings are arranged round a great quadrangle and as you pass on through it you come into the avenue again, on the right hand side of which are eight more houses holding 50 boys each and on the left hand side more staff houses. With the preparatory school boys they number over 900, and the resident staff bring the number up to about 1,000, which does not include matrons. The boys get everything free, education, food, board and even clothes. We went to see them laying the tables for dinner in the huge dining hall. They call this "trades" and each one has a special task for the term. Presently the boys began forming up in the quad in groups of 50 according to their house and at the head of each squad stood a boy carrying a small Union Jack on a tall stick. As soon as the sergeant in a voice of thunder had given the command to march, up struck the band, composed of boys, and in trooped the boys to dinner.

They look so picturesque and really very nice in their blue coats which have kilted skirts to the ankles. At the waist they wear a leather belt and two white bands at the neck, silver buttons on the front of their coats, and yellow stockings.

Of course all the buildings are new, having been built at one go. They are of red brick and although not beautiful I think are very nice. We went into some of the buildings, the "big school" or hall, the chapel and the art school. The latter is very fine and really they have a splendid art master who teaches in such an interesting way and such a variety of

branches. Then there is a manual school where they learn carpentering, etc. The school was founded by Edward VI. whom you remember died as a boy. He wished to benefit the poor and gave instructions that all the orphans, boys and girls, and all children who had worthless parents or parents who could not provide for them should be gathered into a great "hospital", given food and education and taught trades. Another thing he did was to get hold of all the decrepit people and put them into a home, and lastly he tried to get hold of all the good for nothings who would not work and put them into an institution where they would have food and lodging and be made to work. I could not find out whether these last two institutions still exist, but the girls' section of Christ's Hospital, still does. They are at Hertford, though at one time they were educated with the boys, then the girls and preparatory boys were together but a couple of years ago, the boys were removed to Horsham, so they are quite separate now. Of course this school was originally intended for the very poorest, but I believe a great many parents get nominations for their children who could afford to pay for their education. It must be a very wealthy foundation to provide for such a huge number of boys and girls and to afford to buy this large place and put up these gigantic buildings. It really looks like a town.

... . The Lemmers have gone to Cambridge for the week end. They are really having a splendid time. They go to Scotland with Aunt Bessie on July 8th and return here about the 25th to leave for a months conducted tour to Belgium, the Rhine and Switzerland. Aunt Bessie took us all to the Military Tournament, and to the Horse Show at Olympia and to the White City where we went on everything, and to a cow boy riding exhibition, so they have seen a great deal"

Lucy Molteno seems to be feeling very well and energetic, after her recovery from her operation. They are thinking of spending

August at Miller's Point. Betty Molteno has been having some very good portraits done in pastelle by Miss Madge Cook, of Lucy, Carol and Peter. The latter is a really excellent one.

Kenilworth House is let to a Major Greathed and his family. The lower garden to a florist, named Da Costa.

We are all interested in the work which is being done in the drawing room of Claremont House where a new ceiling and floor are being put in. Rumours are afloat of a dance being given in it for Brenda's twenty-first birthday which comes in September.

Aunt Emmie is settled down in Beaufort Villa with Miss Twycross and will probably make it her home until Willie Blenkins returns from his two years of wandering which begins about September. He has been busy and interested in getting Beaufort Villa quite into good order. He has made several expeditions to Onrust River where he contemplates building a little cottage retreat.

Willie Anderson has left Tunis, the hot weather having now set in. He has gone to France, in the vicinity of Limoges. His health has made very good progress indeed.

AUNT ANNIE.

I know that all scattered members of the family will be looking to the Magazine, for some account of dear Aunt Annie's last days. It is not easy to put into words the things one feels most deeply and which are associated with experiences too great for words. Dearly as the younger generation loved Aunt Annie, they cannot know what a power and blessing her life has been to those of us who were associated with her earlier years. Dr. Murray and I returned from England on the 27th of Jan. with Bessie and Fraulein von Meien. We were delayed for 10 hours by fog in Southampton waters which gave us the opportunity of

seeing the approach to the Cape by daylight. It was not one of those glorious days glowing with colour, for a fairly strong S.E. wind was blowing, but Table Mountain with the Lion's Head looked magnificent with masses of cloud rolling down from the summit into the ravines. As we neared the Docks we began to distinguish, with great delight, one familiar face after another, waiting to welcome us. How different is the feeling of arrival from that of parting. Bessie and Fraulein von Meien motored out with Kenah to stay with the Andersons and we drove out straight to dear old Claremont House where, to my joy, I found we were to stay with May, Kathleen, Betty, Minnie and Miss Greene, until we went to Miller's Point and Frank and Ella returned from Kalk Bay. Miss Hobhouse was still occupying our cottage so it was an altogether happy arrangement.

As soon as possible after our arrival we went up to see Aunt Annie, who, when she was able, had always been amongst the first to come and welcome us. There she sat on her sofa in the dining room with her eager welcoming smile that seemed to grow always more brilliantly beautiful as her physical powers waned. She looked little changed from when, 7 months before, we had bid her good-bye. How thankful we were that she had been spared to greet us again!

Aunt Emmie said she had not been very well and the parting with Willie, the day before, had tried her. Next day it was thought best for her to remain quietly in bed. When I saw her, either that evening or the next, she tried hard to talk but I could only, with great difficulty, understand her. At last I caught Willie's name and when I repeated it, she nodded her head in eager assent and I understood she was thinking of him. A day or two after we went to lunch there but she was not able to leave her bed and Aunt Emmie seemed anxious. When Miss Twycross left the table to see how she was and did not return Aunt Emmie followed, and when she came back she told us that Aunt Annie seemed to have had another stroke. When Dr. Murray saw her he said that it was

only a slight attack from which she might rally but though at times, after that, she seemed better yet she was never again able to leave her bed and just gradually sank until on that Monday morning—the 9th of Feb.—she quietly breathed her last. To the end she was conscious and her face would light up as we came and sat beside her. It was a very beautiful and peaceful passing away into a spirit world to which she had long looked as home and where many loved ones were waiting to welcome her. The memory of her loving life will remain a blessing to the wide circle that felt its influence.

CHRISTINA DE JONGH.

Very soon after dear Aunt Annie had been taken from us, Christina de Jongh began to fail perceptibly. She had all through shewn such courage and cheerfulness that it was difficult to realize how much she must be suffering but now at times her mind became affected with illusions which distressed poor Nancy very much, and we began to feel the end was not far off. I saw her for the last time about a week before the end, for we were, by that time, staying at Miller's Point. She was not in her usual seat by the window of her bedroom where, of late, she used to love to gather about her old books and relics of bygone days at the Cape and live over those times recalling the people and life of that different world in such interesting sketches that I longed to be able to reproduce them, for my own far back memory was able to lend some color to them. She was then already confined to her bed—her mind had been wandering all day but she was, as usual, greatly pleased to see me and she talked quite brightly, in her old way, all the time saying, as I left, "Yes, I know you will come and see me whenever you can." A day or two after she became unconscious. Dr.

Murray saw her before he came to Miller's Point and told me she might not last through the day. I went up at once and found that she had passed away that morning. I saw her lying on her bed in perfect peace. She was one of the faithful friends of a life time who can never be replaced.

Centenary of Sir John Molteno.

This year is the centenary of Sir John Charles Molteno. He was born in Westminster on June 5th 1814, and died on September 3rd 1886, at Claremont House, Claremont, near Cape Town. It seemed suitable to put in the accompanying extracts from some of the papers, and a poem from one of his family.

The following is an extract from *The Lantern*, Sept. 4th 1886.

SIR JOHN MOLTENO.

Father of Responsible Government, Born June 1814; Died, September 1886.

True Colonist! Way-worn, yet toward the end
not frail,
But conscious of the power the blasts might
own,
To lower his grand old head.
To lower? Ah, no! His was a fall
In vigorous age, a monarch of the forest has,
So fell Molteno, whose umbrageous self
The nestlings of our Parliament embraced.
Fallen, as falls the monarch oak to aid
The future by the shelter he has made.
And yet not fallen! He but fell
As timely snow, time-honoured, soft, revered
In full-fruitness of a life of use,
And the full story of his new home's page.
"Sir John Molteno!"—Vast the "Sir"—"Old
John!"

Whom staunchest friend and bitterest foe,
 where clashed
 The rude young politics of Colonial youth all
 honoured.
 Honoured? Yes, honoured, let his bier be
 borne,
 The father, of our government, the staunch,
 true man's,
 Adown the lanes where, heads of all unbent,
 Uncover to it with the prayer "Amen!"

DEATH OF SIR. J. C. MOLTENO.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the death of Sir J. C. Molteno, K.C.M.G., which took place at his residence at Claremont on Wednesday. The deceased gentleman, it is stated, was seized with a fit, from which he never rallied. He had reached a ripe old age, but had such a magnificent constitution that the news of his death was by no means expected. Only recently he had returned with Lady Molteno and some of his family from a prolonged sojourn in Europe. Sir John was thrice married, and leaves a numerous family, one of his sons being an advocate of the Supreme Court, and another a Government Land Surveyor, while two are studying at Cambridge. Of his daughters, one is the wife of Dr. Murray and one of Mr. T. J. Anderson.

Many flags were half-masted throughout the town yesterday.

Mr. John Molteno came out to this colony about the year 1834, being then quite a young man, and was employed in the Public Library. Mr. A. G. Jardine was Librarian at the time. He was next in the service of Mr. J. B. Ebdon as clerk, and afterwards started in business for himself as a wine merchant. He built some stores in Roeland Street, which are now, or have been, occupied by Government. The next stage of his commercial career found him associated with Mr. Henry Quinn, a friend of his. His connection with this gentleman subsequently led to his connection with Beaufort West. When the portion of the estate of the Beaufort West Grazing Company, who owned nearly the whole of the district at one time, was put up for sale, Mr. Quinn bought them, and Mr. Molteno went up to manage the farms. His management was so successful that after a certain number of years he was able to buy out Mr. Quinn and be-

come owner himself of the extensive properties. Concurrently with the farming business he started business for himself at Beaufort West, which has been carried on ever since, latterly under the style of Alport & Co., Mr. Alport being his brother-in-law. He was remarkably successful in everything to which he put his hand, his judgment in business matters being sound, and his application unremitting. The fruits of these qualities were soon apparent in the accumulation of a very considerable fortune—for this country. It is doubtful whether any men in the country, outside Kimberley, are enjoying the handsome returns which rewarded Mr. Molteno's well-applied enterprise. These results were realised in the prime of life, and Mr. Molteno, instead of racing off to Europe to enjoy his gains, set an example which many rich colonists might well follow, in casting in his lot wholly with the country of his adoption. He resolved to devote himself to colonial politics, and entered Parliament as soon as Parliamentary institutions were granted to the country. After he entered on his political career as member for Beaufort West, he still continued to carry on his extensive sheep runs, and he was undoubtedly the largest and most successful stock owner in the Western Province. He had, however, in his younger days served his country in another capacity. In 1846 he headed a commando of burghers from Beaufort West, who took part in the successful expedition into the Amatola country.

His political career was consistent throughout now that it comes to be examined as a whole. When he entered Parliament he was one of what was then the small number of those who held that the legislative institutions of the country would not be complete until they attained their fullest development in the system of Responsible Government. To this end he worked steadily year after year, and this it was that shaped his policy upon the numerous questions that, in their day, shook the political earth, but which it would not be now of much interest to revive at any length. Many of those who worked heartily with him upon other questions were not at one with him upon this, but he stuck to his programme and carried it. Responsible Government is not in favour just now by reason of the vagaries of some of its exemplars; but no one will say that it was not a sound political instinct which led Mr. Molteno to wish to see the

Cape Colony in the same position, in this respect, as the leading dependencies of the British Empire. To the cause of Responsible Government, and, generally, to the political well-being he sacrificed all the leisure which many men devote to less worthy objects, and it was felt to be a fitting termination to the long struggle that, when victory was gained, Mr. Molteno should be the first Premier of the colony. He formed his Ministry in 1872.

At that time the colony had just emerged from the unusually severe period of depression which is generally dated by the Governorship of Sir Philip Wodehouse, although, of course, that well-meaning Governor had no hand in causing it. The Diamond-fields had just reached a stage at which the new industry was making its mark upon the colony. It was fortunate that at such a period the finances of the colony were in the hands of Mr. Molteno; for although not Treasurer-General, it was his hand that was recognised in the prudent policy with which Responsible Government in those days was associated. Notwithstanding all the sneers levelled at him by those who eagerly advocated an "advance" system of finance, he steadily kept in mind his main object, which was the administration of the affairs of the country with the same prudence and success that had marked the conduct of his own affairs. He utilised the years of prosperity which fell to him in paying off the floating debts of the colony which had been piled up during the less prosperous years. When that was accomplished, he rigidly put his surpluses into public works. During his first few years of office he was able in this way to invest £170,000 in telegraphs, £100,000 in immigration—as the most permanent of all works looked at in its right light—and something like £800,000 in railways. Even these large items of expenditure left a surplus, which was absorbed in the expenditure for the Gaika and Gcaleka War. Remission of taxation in this happy period went side by side with public works, as the House Duty was abolished in 1873, and was not re-imposed until the glorious days of 1878; while the Customs remained at what we should now regard as a point that would give a great impetus to the trade of the country were it possible to revert to it. Despite his success there were not wanting politicians who spoke sarcastically of "the stocking of the Beaufort Boer" in their advocacy of a more dashing

style of finance; but Mr. Molteno was always able to hold his own and keep the country at his back. A "stocking" of this kind would be welcome to some of these critics to-day. It was to Mr. Molteno's hold upon the country that the inception of our railway system was due—a system which, despite present criticism, is not behind that of any colony in the Empire. It is not too much to say that, looking to the very conservative character of the people of this country, no one but Mr. Molteno, whose lead was implicitly trusted, could have induced Parliament to pledge the credit of the colony to a comprehensive system of railway communication. His own solid stake in the country was an unanswerable argument in reply to those who doubted the prudence of such an investment. Mistakes were of course made in selection of some of the routes, and the political exigencies of the day may have led to the construction of some lines which do not at present pay their way; but in the main it was well for the country that it was encouraged to make a start in the great work by its confidence in the prudence and business capacity of Mr. Molteno.

It was characteristic of Mr. Molteno, in his politics as in his personal relationship, that he knew nothing, and would know nothing, of the territorial and race "lines of cleavage" which are struck to suit the purposes of politicians of our day. The word "Dutch" was never heard in politics, and projects of territorial separation were always stoutly and successfully resisted. It was in order more completely to do away with the very names of East and West that Mr. Molteno carried his Seven Circles Bill, by which the members of the Legislative Council were returned for Circles, carefully designed so as to break up the distinction between the Eastern and Western Provinces fostered by the previous composition of the Legislative Council.

The colony might have continued to proceed—of course with the ups and downs incidental to all colonies—as it did during most of Mr. Molteno's period of administration, if it had not been for the advent to power of Lord Carnarvon with his hysterical and ill-omened policy of Confederation, and its now thoroughly discredited advocate, Mr. Froude. By that statesman's ill-judged efforts to force Confederation on the country, and the worse executed attempts

of his and his successor's agents to carry it out, it is scarcely too much to say that all the troubles of this country during the last ten years, and the confusion into which its affairs have been plunged, are due to the policy which was then attempted. No one will have forgotten the celebrated despatch of Lord Carnarvon, which fell upon the country like a thunderbolt out of a blue sky. To Mr. Molteno's well-balanced judgment the consequences of the movement were apparent from the first. To the terms of the despatch, and Mr. Froude's stumping tour in support of it, he offered the stoutest resistance, refusing to recognise the mission in any way, his standpoint being that any proposals of the kind should come first from the people of this country, if his old principles or Responsible Government were to be maintained. Mr. Froude's mission failed, but its evil effects remained behind. The natives got the idea into their heads that the white men were about to combine against them, and a counter-combination of natives came to be talked about. Dutch colonists, in their turn, were persuaded that they were a much-injured people, and that they must look for their salvation to the scheme sketched out for them by Mr. Froude. This state of things was followed up by the precipitate and unfortunate annexation of the Transvaal, and by the pro-consulate—we revive no worse nickname—of Sir Bartle Frere. From that time to this South Africa has not known complete rest.

After the special session of 1875 Mr. Molteno proceeded to London, where he took part in the celebrated but ineffective Colonial Office Conference. He had not returned to this country long before actual troubles set in. In August, 1877, the first symptoms of war appeared on the frontier. Sir Bartle Frere was upon the spot; and despite his endeavours to keep the peace, the Chief Krel attacked the Fingoes, and the Gcaleka tribe broke out into rebellion. So much has taken place since then that the aspect of the questions then raised with respect to the military defence of the colony has completely altered. It is difficult, therefore, to re-call the fact that this war was carried on by a handful of burghers and police, and at an expenditure that, by the side of the subsequent lavish outlay upon the Basuto War, appears ridiculously trifling. But Mr. Molteno was not destined to conclude the work which he had begun. A

quarrel of a kind inseparable, as the experience of other countries has shown, from the conduct of colonial warfare in which Imperial officers and troops were engaged, side by side with colonial officers and men, under different control, was inevitable. To a man of Mr. Molteno's stamp—a colonist, accustomed to colonial ways of doing things, with one eye always on the Treasury in Cape Town, the dilatory movements of the Imperial forces, and the routine inseparable from their management, were eminently distasteful. Possessed of a decidedly masterful spirit, he could ill brooke the interference of Sir Bartle Frere, who himself was equally masterful, and—eminent as were his capacities in other respects—but ill-fitted to play the part of a constitutional Governor. It was a prime misfortune for South Africa that these two men, both full of zeal and devotion in their respective spheres, and both unequalled in their particular kinds of experience could not continue to work together. However, it was not to be; and on the 3rd February, 1878, by means of a *coup d'état* hitherto unknown in the history of constitutionally-governed colonies, Mr. Molteno and his colleagues were dismissed from office. In the result Mr. Molteno doubtless made a tactical mistake. So confident was he of the justice of his cause, and of the response which, as of old, he believed his fellow colonists would make to the explanations which he would be prepared to offer when Parliament met, that he made no effort to put his case before the country, and may be said to have allowed judgment to go by default. The result was that when Parliament met, it confirmed the action taken by Sir Bartle Frere, and as a necessary consequence, the Sprigg Ministry was firmly established in office and power. With this result the political career of Mr. Molteno may be said to have terminated. He remained in Parliament to the close of that session, but did not offer himself for re-election. It was natural that he should feel the loss of power and influence after the hold which he had so long enjoyed—a degree of influence not perhaps ever possible again to a Responsible Minister now that we have become accustomed to our constitutional privileges; but what really broke his spirit and sent him into retirement was the defection of many of his old political friends, but for which he would doubtless have been able to regain his position.

Mr. Molteno remained in retirement until 1880, when he took the opportunity of a bye-election at Victoria West to re-enter the Assembly; but he took little part in the new controversies that had then arisen, and in comparative quiet filled the position of the Nestor of his party. Upon the formation of the Scanlen Ministry, in 1881, it was felt that the weight of his name and experience were advantages which the Ministry ought not to forego, and he took the office of Colonial Secretary, until Mr. Scanlen's transference from the office of Attorney-General led to a re-arrangement of the Ministry, upon which Mr. Molteno again sought the comparative repose which his advancing age now rendered not unacceptable. His advancement to the dignity of knighthood should hardly be spoken of as a solace, seeing that it was not until it had been thrice pressed upon him that he would accept it. The congratulations which the bestowal of this honour evoked from men of all shades of opinion throughout the colony, showed that when the dust of battle had cleared away colonists were ready generously to remember the life-long service of one of the most representative men that this country has yet produced.

Sir John Molteno's was a whole-hearted character, in its defects as much as in its virtues. In business as in politics he was a plain man, gifted with the inestimable advantages of judgment and common sense. In person, he was of commanding presence, especially before the weight of years had toned down his force. The soubriquet of the lion of Beaufort was due as much to his mane-like flowing beard and robust personality as to the roar of his homely eloquence. His energy was of the kind that builds up colonies.

Whilst he was engaged in commerce in Cape Town, it was no unusual thing to see him in the middle of St. George's Street, breaking open cases of goods, making out invoices with one hand and selling as energetically with the other. He was one of a group of enterprising men who came to the surface about thirty years ago, and who all succeeded in life—Quinn, Fredericsen, Grissold and others. Whatever he undertook he carried out to a successful issue, or he would know the reason why. There is an anecdote of him which is a faint reflex of the celebrated story of Disraeli's conquest of early difficulties. There was a meeting once in the Commercial Exchange, when

the old dons of Cape commerce were solemnly deliberating and settling the affairs of the nation. They had all the resolutions cut and dried, when Molteno came in and wished to speak. Hamilton Ross said to him, "Sit down, young man, you will have plenty of time to speak when we have finished our business." This was not the kind of treatment which suited Molteno, who made himself heard in the teeth of all opposition. They were glad enough to listen to him in after years. In later years, when his qualities had brought him into a position in which he could make his powers felt, his common sense always gained him the ear of the House; but he was greatest in the Council. There his influence was supreme, and if his sense of power made him a little exigent or domineering at times his generosity won the hearts of his colleagues, who learned to know his worth and repaid it with a devotion of which any man might be proud. Our loss to-day is that of a truly representative colonist, whose name will ever be associated with the history of the colony, and whose public career may always serve as a model for men, possibly possessed of more superficial brilliance, but who will never outshine him in the sterling qualities of political honesty, sound judgment and common sense.

FUNERAL ON SATURDAY.

The funeral of the late Sir J. C. Molteno took place in the Claremont Cemetery on Saturday afternoon in the presence of a large assemblage of all classes of the community. The procession left the house of the deceased shortly before four o'clock. The coffin was of plain teak, having on it a brass plate bearing the inscription, "Sir John Charles Molteno; born 5th June, 1814; died 1st Sept., 1886." It was loaded with wreaths and other beautiful floral devices, and was carried from the house to the Church, and thence to the grave by a number of old servants of the family. The pall-bearers were Sir J. H. de Villiers, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of the Colony; Sir Thomas Scanlen, M.L.A., the Hon. J. X. Merriman, M.L.A., the Hon. Abercrombie Smith, The Hon. C. W. Hutton, M.L.A. the Hon. J. Burgers, M.L.C., Mr. C. A. Fairbridge and Mr. Walter Searle. The principal mourners were Lady Molteno, the seven sons and three daughters of the deceased, Mr. Jarvis, his father-in-law, Mr. Alport, his brother-in-law, and Dr.

Murray and Mr. T. J. Anderson, sons-in-law. Amongst those attending were the Most Rev. the Bishop of Cape Town, the Hon. T. Upington, M.L.A., Premier, Mr. Justice Dwyer, Mr. Justice Smith, the Hon. J. A. de Wet, the Hon. J. Tudhope, Sir David Tennant, the Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr, M.L.C., the Hon. A. Ebdon, M.L.C., the Hon. J. G. Steytler, M.L.C., Major Spence, Captain Dawkins, Captain Graham Bower, R.N., the Rev. Canon Baker, Messrs. B. Pilgram, T. E. Jones, F. Y. St. Leger, J. Fairbairn, D. P. Haupt, Major Wills, Dr. White, Messrs. R. M. Ross, M. Barry, Gordon Murison, W. G. Anderson, C. J. Manual, M.L.A., A. Ohlsson, M.L.A., Captain Hewat, H. Jones, A. W. Cole, J. Spence, J. Noble, Crowe, J. R. Innes, J. R. Innes, junr., M.L.A., J. M. Crosby, R.M., S. Mostert, Rees, Aurret, Rev. A. I. Steytler, Messrs. R. Myburgh, W. Fleming, J. C. Gie, W. Dixon, H. Howe, C. Hodgson, Tredgold, L. Cloete, F. W. Burrowes, H. Cloete, C. J. Buissinne, A. Sinclair, W. E. Moore, J. C. Silberbauer, C. A. Fairbridge, jun., A. Syfret, W. A. Lippert, Hon. R. Southey, Dirk Cloete, Professor Gill, J. Horne, S. Jackson, H. Myburgh, I. H. de Villiers, M. M. Tait, L. Vincent, M.L.A., Grier, A. van Breda, Van der Riet, R.M., A. van der Byl, M. Blake, L. H. Twentyman, P. G. Willmot, Schreiner, H. M. Arderne, W. de Smidt, M.L.A., J. Deneys, Berry, H. van Breda, Dr. Claude Wright, H. Wilman, H. de Jongh, &c. The carriages of His Excellency the Governor and Lieut-General Torrens, C.B., were in attendance. The Burial Service was read partly in the church and partly at the grave, the clergymen officiating being the Revs. R. Brooke, Canon Ogilvie, J. G. Sutton, and H. E. Morris. A full choral service was performed. Mr. Halford Smith presided at the organ, and played the "Dead March in Saul" as the procession filed out of the church.

OUR FATHER.

Brave Warrior, thy earthly work is done,
Here sleep thy ashes.
We come to lay our garlands on thy tomb,
Not fading wreaths of fragile flowers,
—All too soon their bloom is gone.—
We offer not, however fair, fading blossoms;

Here we bring our living, throbbing, palpitating hearts,

Whose first beat came from thee.

These poor words are but the outward symbol
Of a love that beats strong and deep and faithful,

Of a love that refuses to mourn thee
With tears and weepings and wailings.

Not till we, too, have crossed the dark river

Shall our souls' yearning for thee cease.

But, brave soldier, we thy children

Take up thy banner, and ask that our bearing
of it

May be worthy of our Father.

Thou bad'st us cherish every noble inspiration,

And make life no idle day-dream,

But remember that it is a battle-field,

With many glorious prizes.

May we ever feel thy spirit with us,

And live out our lives as 'neath thy eye,

So shall we serve our God in honouring thee,

And realize that most blessed truth

That the mighty dead speak with a yet clearer
voice,

For dead they only are to us—the oft *living*
dead—

When *we* are deadened by low aims and selfish
purposes.

But when we truly live spirit meets spirit,

And we know that our souls touch thee,

And that thy blessing and thy love,

Increased a thousand-fold, are with us,

And that in the strength and blessing of that
love

We can do mighty deeds, and cling yet more
closely

To thee, our Father, for thy soul ever gloried,
And now glories yet more, in noble deeds.

Port Elizabeth,

June 13th. 1887.

A WEST COAST VOYAGE.

Extracts from W. Blenkins' letters.

Luderitzbucht.

Feb. 1st 1914.

"Arrived here last Monday after a pleasant run round, passengers a mixed lot, Germans and a few French. The food was good and everything very comfortable. The steamer I go by leaves about Wednesday. This is a nightmare looking place, the barrenest I have ever seen. The streets are sand with little truck lines. To build, they have generally to blast away masses of rock. There is no water supply except what is condensed from the sea, or brought round by sea, or by rail from up country some 100 miles away. A fresh water bath can be got at this hotel—charge 4/-. Had a bathe in the sea this morning—water icy—charge 6d. for a bathing-house and 3d. for a towel.

English money is taken freely. On exchange of an English sovereign for local money 6d. is given.

The diamond fields begin some 5 or 6 miles from here. The private digger is a thing of the past. To get to the nearest fields requires a cart and 6 horses or mules—charge £2 for one person. I did not go as I heard enough of them here—surface working in some 18 inches of sand. From my Kimberley knowledge, I can picture exactly how matters are managed.

The people are very civil and a good many speak English. It is fairly hot in the day but the nights are cold. There are eider down quilts on all the beds, in addition to a heavy thing over the feet.

The hotel is comfortable and not expensive. As regards vegetation, the growth at Laingsberg is luxuriant compared with this. The islands, a few miles away, belong to England.

This is about the worst place I could have struck for a 10 days' wait.

The walks are over rocks or sands—principally the former.

The local ways are distinctly continental.

Ever so many people have gone to the Bioscope to-night—charge 2/-. This seems to be a very healthy place.

S.S. Answald.

14 miles up Gabun River.

Feb. 17th 1914.

"From Swakopmund we made for Cape Lopez but did not land there as there was no cargo. We got to Libreville (French Congo) last evening. Went ashore this morning, without breakfast, and wandered about with the Captain. There was another passenger after all—a young German.

I liked Libreville which reminded me of Natal but the heat is bad—not burning, but steamy. We returned to the steamer before lunch and then went 7 more miles up the river where we are now loading great logs of white mahogany.

In coming off to the steamer this morning we struck a crocodile, in some debris; the native rowers wanted to catch it, the Captain remarking: "They will eat anything." We shall only go to each port where cargo is obtainable.

We must go to Cape Lopez as we have a passenger and also Monrovia where almost 100 native boys, who work with the cargo, have to be put ashore. We go to an unanticipated place—Senegal—where we have to take in 600 tons of ground nuts.

The Captain and officers are very civil and all speak English. One day, when the sea was calm and clear, I saw 3 sharks. They say this river is alive with them just about here. The people (Européans) at Libreville look rather pasty which is not surprising.

At Cape Lopez.

Saturday Feb. 21st 1914.

"On Thursday we returned to this from Libreville, crossing the Line again, the distance being about 90 miles. We are not likely to go to Lagos which is quarantined for yellow fever.

In the Gabun we saw a boa-constructor about 300 yds. from the ship. Thursday morning we went ashore at Libreville and had a

look at the morning market which was crowded with natives. There were fowls (leggy ones), meat, fish—fresh and dried, manioc, great long bananas, ground nuts; and traders from the interior with odds and ends.

Yesterday I went ashore with the German passenger and we walked for miles. The town lies in one street on the beach—roads sandy and strewn with saw-dust or wood chips, on account of the heat, for the feet. Cocoa nuts were lying about as they fell from the trees.

We went into a native village in the bush behind the street.

The trade here seems to be solely in timber—great logs lying everywhere. The houses are all built on piles or brick supports, some 5 or 6 ft. high—not, however, the native ones.

The post-office is built of bamboos close together, but the wind went whistling through. I got so warm that the moisture streamed even through my coat, in patches. We all take quinine every day and will do so until beyond Monrovia.

The captain gave me some of his red-coated pills. Food here seems to be called "chop." When our meals are ready, the Captain says "Let us all go to chop." Yesterday a native boy was catching some queer looking fish. I said "Is it good to eat?" He replied "Him chop."

These ports are cheap. Since the captain gave me 25 francs for a sovreeign, I have been ashore 4 times and have not yet spent 5 francs. One goes ashore in one of the ship's launches with a surf boat attached and it costs nothing. Ashore one drinks mineral water and buys stamps and that is all the expenditure. Yesterday afternoon I had an entrancing time. The chief engineer and 3rd officer took the two launches and surf boat and we went to a point 5 or 6 miles away with a drawl net belonging to the ship.

We had 25 natives from the ship in charge of a headman and his sub.

This net was drawn in deep water by the launches until we got to the shore. Then the surf boat and boys were used to pull it ashore.

I can't tell you what excitement there was with each haul. The boys went into the water with clothes on (they certainly had very little) and the two officers followed in their clothes. Such a queer collection came up with each haul—grotesque fish and sea slugs as big as cocoa-nuts. Afterwards only the surf boat and the boys were used, and the boys varied the work by rushing into the bush for "chop," returning with wild dates and such like and digging up hundreds of crabs from the sand. They also searched the mangrove trees for oysters. The crabs ran so fast for their holes, like flashes of lightning. The bush was charming also. I was carried from the boat each time by two men. There were no end of beautiful flowers I did not know, some highly scented. A Frenchman stepped out of the bush with a gun and he could speak English very well. In the bush were wild pigs, buck (antelopes as he called them) green and blue pigeons; lots of buffaloes, he said, were quite close by.

The ship's officers once went buffalo shooting up a river not far off, in one of their launches, (but I don't think they were sportsmen) and got nothing.

The Customs provided them with military rifles; no charge was to be made for anything shot and they might have got rhino or elephant even.

We got back to the ship just as it was getting dark. The deputy headman swore at the boys in English! and the language was very lurid, borrowed from the English sailors, I should say. The next fishing is arranged for tomorrow but I told them we English have quiet Sundays so that I would not go. I should go in bathing costume, hat, boots (no socks) and return in a macintosh. Everything is very charming except the heat. Streams run down one's ears, most nights, but they say it is quite nice in winter.

Off mouth of the Niger,

Thursday, Feb. 26th, 1914.

We are timed to arrive at Lagos tomorrow but are not likely to go ashore on account of

the yellow fever quarantine. Left Cape Lopez on Tuesday night in heavy rain after another afternoon's good fishing with the launch and surf boat—such a strange variety of fish came up in the different hauls.

On Saturday night a lady and 3 men, all French, had supper on board with the captain; one was a military doctor at Cape Lopez and he gave me a lot of useful information. The entire European population of the settlement is 82, including 6 ladies. There are no European children. The doctor had been there 8 months, after other service on the African coast and he goes next to China. He has taken every morning 25 centigrammes of quinine and it seems to me everyone takes quinine all the year round. Of course there are numbers of natives living in the bush. I fancy the logs we took in the Gabun brought many mosquitoes on board, as we have been troubled ever since.

I have had the water from 3 young cocoa-nuts and found it very good. The flimsy dug-out canoes of the natives, interest me. Sometimes they carry enormous sails—they have no keels. I imagine there must be many tragedies.

On Tuesday one of the Monrovia Kroo-boys died of fever. A Monrovia passenger interests me. He is a pure-blooded negro and calls himself Mr. Brown. On festive occasions, he is quite a masher. I should not like to live on the Equator. It is not pleasant to stew in a bed or bunk all night and of course, on shore, it is still hotter. Yesterday we passed Princess Island about 9 miles off. It is a mass of mountain, at its highest about 3,000 ft. Saturday a party in the launch went from Cape Lopez up the Ogowe River and returned on Monday with 2 bush cows (buffaloes); they have smaller horns than the ordinary buffalo but are equally dangerous in the bush, when wounded.

About 5 miles from Lagos.

March 3rd, 1914.

Got here Friday morning. Quarantine probably removed tomorrow but then we go northward. Have taken in cargo from time to time but other steamers have had the preference.

Today and yesterday we have had our turn properly, getting in quantities of ground nuts (not in pods) in bags, cocoa in bags, looking like shelled almonds but black inside, 700 lb. casks of palm oil, bags of palm oil candles and large quantities of hides. Weather not excessively hot, but moist and sticky. Thermometer not reached 90 I think. I never knew how ignorant I was till I began to travel. The officers on board speak German, French and English and so does the chief steward and most of them have been nearly all over the world. The catpaw has been round the Horn 17 times. Our German passenger was sent away in the surf boat on Sunday night to board the German liner which was there for a few hours, but he returned with all his luggage as they would not take him fearing trouble at other ports. Now he goes on and if he cannot tranship at another port for Kamaroons he will return to Hamburg.

The cargo comes out in what they call "branch steamers" carrying about 600 tons. Then the surf boats drawn by launches bring it alongside. The Kroo-boys have not done much fishing from the steamer. Yesterday they got a shark and barbels which they call "cat fish" (rather an appropriate name). After breakfast I went to the stern to see what they were doing—they said they had caught cat-fish but when I asked to see them they said they had "chopped" them for breakfast. They eat anything and the shark was carefully cut up. I look at Lagos frequently from the steamer and have studied the captain's plan of it. There is a large lagoon behind and a small one in the town. Lovely sort of place for mosquitoes (which, however, no longer trouble us on board). The captain seems much happier now the cargo is coming in. I should like to have seen the Botanical Garden at Lagos, miles in extent.

Off Winneba, 7th March, 1914.

Since I wrote last we left Lagos and went to Adda. Being there only a few hours and the landing bad, I did not go ashore. Next we went to Accra where we remained all yesterday

taking in a cargo, principally of cocoa. I went ashore with the German passenger at 7 and we went to the market and shops for books and tobacco. We had to find passage to the shore and back to the ship. The market was a large one and patronized by thousands of natives. Everything they required was sold and the smells were atrocious. Some of the dried fish must have been rotten. The fowls' eggs were no bigger than pigeons' and cost, I was told, 3d. each. We are now on the Gold Coast and pass ever so many ruined castles, some occupied centuries ago when the people living in them had a very rough time. We are on a coast where the oar is only used for steering. The boats that come off have 8 or 10 paddlers, sitting on the gunwale swinging together and making a hissing sound or singing. The steer oar has a rope attached to it in case of capsizes, which is a frequent occurrence. It was very hot ashore so we came off after a couple of hours. At Winneba we did not go ashore as it did not look tempting. From Accra to Winneba we had quite a number of passengers—a German missionary with a wife and child, the Hon. Wolf Grey, member of the local Parliament with Innes, an engineer. The two last belong to a Company having large trading and mining concerns. I had long talks with them last night.

Grey used to go into the country by water not long ago, taking cargoes of gin for trading—that being the only currency. Innes lives mostly in the bush in connection with mining, apparently. The country is full of insect pests and a large black snake he describes, must be the mamba. The mango fly lays its eggs in the human body where they are hatched out. Innes said he had some in his nose and the worms would have to be cut out later.

They have the bush cow here also which is admitted to be just as dangerous as the Buffalo. I had small talks with the missionary but, when the others came, I saw little of him.

All the Customs' officials who come off are natives and they seem each to get beer, in some cases, rum. A boy from the German mission, brought off some letters and the captain gave

him some rum. I pointed out, he made it difficult for the missionaries. Grey did not speak well of the clergy, except the Roman Catholics. The German mission (Basel) has several stores at Accra for the sale of their produce, etc.

We reach Secondi on Monday where the German passenger will tranship for Kameruns. The other passengers all went off at Winneba.

Secondi is a big place and I am going ashore with the captain. Luckily for us, the quarantine was removed from Lagos the day we left it.

Grey and Innes take quinine all the year round. That would not help with yellow fever which is on this coast and for which there does not appear to be a remedy. Grey never takes spirits but Innes does and says different constitutions require different treatment. We had such adjustment to fix in all the passengers from Accra. The German came into my cabin for a night, having moved out of his for the missionary. Innes slept in the saloon and one of the officers turned out for Grey. We take in lots of cargo now and the steamer is no longer so high out of the water. She can take 10,000 tons.

S.S. Answald, 2nd March, 1914.

We are now on the high seas en route for Las Palmas. We left Rufisque yesterday and returned to Dakar where we were moored to the pier for some hours—left last evening. At Rufisque we took in 950 tons of ground nuts. That place exports annually 150,000 tons.

At Dakar we got 56 tons of skins and palm candles. Dakar is an important harbour on which millions have been spent. There were a number of steamers in the harbour, 4 of which, including our own, left within the space of 3 hours.

Rufisque is a native trade town with its own port for the shipping of produce.

On the 17th I went 30 miles into the country by the Dakar-St. Louis railway to a town called Thiès. The country was parched, the rainfall being small. After rains, it would be beautiful with its numerous large bottle trees, palms, etc. We passed many native villages.

The Senegalais are tall men, slightly built but with broad shoulders. At a distance, their clothes make them look like women. The hotel at Thiès is kept by a Spaniard with an almost black moustache and light auburn hair.

Opposite the hotel was a native trading place and I found it interesting watching the Senegalais bringing in their produce on strings of camels or donkeys. The latter nice little animals—quite aristocratic-looking compared with the Cape donkeys. Many of the men rode beautiful ponies. Apparently the only entrance to an enclosure in which the ponies were tethered, was through the shop and one suspected that was for safety against thefts.

I paid several visits to the Rufisque market and one to the one at Dakar.

The fish were fine and large, those in the tropics having been comparatively small.

Eggs—but still somewhat small—were selling at 1d. each with no reduction, no matter how many purchased. The weather at Rufisque and Dakar was quite bearable but it is their cold season. It was very hot, all the same, at Thiès. Today is quite cold at sea. The ship's agent told me that most of the European women go to France for 4 months of the year to escape the warm weather. They do not seem to take quinine on that coast. The dinner hour at Thiès was 11 o'clock. Like many places we called at, the day is commenced very early and business suspended from 11 to 1 o'clock. The agent did not seem to think Senegal would ever be a white man's country. There are no white farmers, the native doing all the cultivation. At Thiès I noticed a large fort and in going there, saw a number of native troops, preparing for a review. Some of them were mounted on mules others on horses.

Dakar is rather a swagger place—a large Governor's residence and fine quarters for the Commandant-General. There was a magnificent yacht in the harbour. In the French territories they speak of 31 to 24 o'clock but the clocks only show 12 hours. To show how one part of the world affects an-

other—at Rufisque 3 Swedish steamers were loading ground nuts also one Norwegian—the Baltic being closed by ice and the coal and timber traffic stopped.

I shall be quite sorry to leave the Answald on board of which I have been so comfortable for nearly 6 weeks. She is very steady and they say they have never had to use fiddles. The Captain and officers have been ever ready to help me to see what was to be seen and to afford information and they have seen such a lot of the world. Last evening the Chief Engineer told me of a trip, 5 years ago, up one of the Sierra Leone rivers, 120 miles with a steam launch and lighter, to get produce. There were 3 white men in the party and all went down with fever as they got beyond Cape Verde on the homeward journey. All pulled through but he had a narrow shave and had to go off duty for 11 months. One of the others had 21 mango fly egg deposits. It was the first time a steamer had been up the river and all the natives bolted into the bush on her appearance.

On the Senegal coast the paddles are shaped like assegai blades but the canoes are just the same, apparently unsafe, dug-outs—though, with skill, they appear to be safe enough. I have enjoyed this trip and much enlarged my knowledge but will soon be too old for this sort of travel, going through surf and over ships' sides by rope ladders, although the latter comes quite easy now.

We certainly have a mixed cargo on board—cocoa, rubber, ivory, palm oil, palm candles, coffee, ground nuts, skins, horns, white and red mahogany, copper ore and copra. I have seen people carried in hammocks and palanquins.

S.S. Answald,

Tuesday, 10th March, 1914.

We left Sekondi last evening and I am now the only European passenger. There are native deck passengers for Monrovia and Sierra Leone. We left Winneba on the 6th and got to Appam about mid-day. There the captain expected cargo—the steamer's hooter went often but nothing came from the shore, and the

captain was very irate. Towards evening the Customs' officer came off in a flimsy canoe. When he scrambled on deck by a rope over the ship's side, the captain had reached the limit of his patience. The Customs' man explained that, on the previous evening the canoe boys of the place, had had a fight with the police and had all bolted. Of course no cargo could come off and the mail bags had to go ashore in that flimsy dug-out, manned by 3 scratch boys and covered in part with cane matting. There were 4 Kroo-boys, one steering with a paddle. The canoe was dancing by the ship's side, the water frequently coming over her bow while 2 of the boys were baling with halves of a calabash. The scene was quite exciting and a ship's officer remarked to me "Those boys are very desperate (meaning courageous)" and I agreed with him. Half the mail bags were got over somehow but the canoe boys declined the rest and paddled a little way from the steamer. The Customs' man found the situation rather beyond him and eventually we took on the other half of the mails to be sent back from some other port. With difficulty the Customs' man got into the canoe and we steamed on. I am sure there are many tragedies in these parts. I hope they reached Appam safely. It was just getting dark and the sea very rough. On the 8th we got to Salt Pond—no cargo so we steamed on passing Cape Coast Castle at a distance of 5 miles—good ship's glasses made it appear about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile away. Seven miles on we passed Elmina. Sunday night the 8th we got to Sekondi—quite a big place. Next morning I went ashore there, at 6.30, with the captain. The train goes from there to Komassie, 170 miles away. I went to the market and bought bananas, plantains, pine-apple, paw-paw and 3 cocoa nuts for which I paid about 2/-. Kola nuts and very large snails were sold there. Had breakfast at an English hotel. There are no cattle, so tinned milk was given with quaker oats. I had about half an hour to spare before breakfast and so enquired for a barber—was informed there was something of the kind at

the hotel but that most people went on board the steamer to have their hair cut—charge 2/-.

As it was a rainy day the merchants would not ship cocoa. However we did get 200 or 300 bags and a number of big logs of red mahogany. We have left the Gold Coast and are now on the French Ivory Coast. We anchored at Grand Bassam this morning but as they signalled that there were only "mails" and no cargo we got up steam and went on.

We should reach Monrovia on Thursday morning. Here, the Kroo-boys picked up on the outward voyage for work on the steamer, will be landed and paid off. I do hope I will have at least an hour on shore. Knowing how the Kaffirs manage their Village Boards, I would like to see something of Liberian administration. Grey, whom I met, said he had travelled in Liberia and there was nothing worth the name of administration inland. They say, on board, that the Minister of Posts (Post-master-general) comes off to the mail steamer to sell post-cards and that when funds are short, the officials are paid in postage stamps. The President is said to be an American negro. On this coast the coast boys appear to be called Kroo boys and the inland boys, bush-boys. The natives call the train the "bush-steamer."

At some port, short of Dakar, 800 tons of ground nuts will be taken in which will take 8 days but I understand that I can get to Dukar in half an hour by rail. We had a tornado yesterday which was nothing more than a thunder storm with rain. It is beautifully cool today. I rather like being the only passenger—the life is very free. The washing on board is very cheap and good, done by Monrovia boys. These natives are very amusing. Mr. Tom Brown, who turns out to be a Sierra Leone boy, has a large concertina which he plays at night while the boys dance all sorts of funny dances—some singly and some with partners. A trip like this is very entrancing but I should like at some places to go inland, for instance to Komassie. They say there are no hotels there and one has to go, cap in hand, to the business men of the place for accommodation.

Off Rufisque,
March 16th, 1914.

Arrived at Monrovia early on morning of the 12th. The Monrovia boys left us. As they are great thieves, our cabins had to be locked in view of their departure. The captain even brought his canary into the saloon. Most of them were got up in their Sunday best, their boxes, in many instances, painted inside and outside. I went ashore in the steam launch with the Company's agent, having to go over the ship's side by a rope ladder with 2 loose ropes to hold by.

I had rather more than 2 hours ashore and enjoyed myself thoroughly. First went to the post-office and sent off a letter to you and some post-cards. Then on to the market but it was a bad day, being Thursday. Then wandering around, I met a native who offered to shew me about. He was a nephew of a Chief. He took me to a raw native Court House where a case was being tried. The proceedings were stopped and I was introduced, as a traveller from South Africa, to the Chief and a Native Attorney. After that we wandered through the raw native town and then on a hill where the swell natives, largely American with an admixture of European blood, lived in houses that would not disgrace Kenilworth, allowance of course being made for differences in architecture, required by the climate.

The Europeans live up the River in towns of their own. Then we went on to a Restaurant where I had an ice with pieces of walnut in it. My guide had a whisky and soda. He had explained that he was just getting over an attack of fever. The Restaurant would have passed muster in Cape Town and had attached to it a Hall for entertainments. Then I was taken back to the market. The fruit was over ripe but I tried an alligator pear and had a drink of palm wine for 1d. (the guide found a clean glass) and bought 6 cocoa-nuts at 2 a penny. Then I returned to the ship in a surf boat together with coffee, ground nuts and ivory, being hauled up the ship's side with the ivory in what they call the "Mummie chair" which

is not unlike a merry-go-round car and seated for 2 or 4 as necessity may require. I really had enjoyed the time but the market was "smelly" likewise the raw native town, and the custom house; and the river, even crossing the bar, had a nasty smell. Monrovia boasts of 2 Banks. The House of Parliament I did not go to. The Portuguese Consulate is a magnificent building. There are no native doctors but a French and a German one, the latter being also a dentist.

Amongst raw natives there are native doctors as among the Kaffirs. The Liberian navy was anchored near us—a yacht, appropriately called "The Lark" which had belonged to a mayor of Southampton. It had been wrecked in the English channel and was then bought for Liberia. She is 750 tons and has 2 small guns—is out of commission, sadly requires paint and is well bearded below the water-line. An officer of our steamer says the yacht used to go cruising to Cape Palmas, soliciting steamers she met for a few bags of coal to help her along.

All say the Government has no money and the merchants have great difficulty in getting their accounts paid. The Liberians have their own flag, like the Americans but only one star on a blue back-ground.

I saw Liberian 2 cent pieces called pennies, otherwise English money seemed to be the currency on the basis of 25 cents to a shilling. The President's salary is 5,000 dollars £1,070. There is a President, Parliament, Executive Council and Judiciary. Officers of law being permanent, subject to good behaviour. There are three judges, my guide told me, and a circuit udge for each of the three counties.

The Customs' Revenue must be quite a big item. There has been no census so the population can only be guessed at.

The country is snaky and insecty. Like Durban, there are pythons in the bush just outside the town. I thought there were only 2 native Republics in the world, but my guide told me that in addition to Hayti, there is one on the S. American coast. The guide appeared fairly educated, had been, in some capacity, in the

English navy and is now employed at the French Marconi station at Monrovia. The surf boats here were worked with oars and I saw no difference in conditions to account for that. On the Gold Coast it was said that oars were unhandy in surf and besides were easily broken. The bar at Monrovia might be nasty. The sea was not rough when I returned to the ship but the cargo was all covered.

We did not stop at Sierra Leone as there was no cargo but made for Dakar which we reached yesterday afternoon and came on here (7 miles) almost at once.

My trip ashore at Monrovia was a cheap one—costing only 6/6. I had to find my own transport to and fro. Launch native had to get a tip of 1/-, surf boat natives 2/-, guide 1/- 2/6 went in odds and ends.

After the Monrovia boys left, the ship was so silent. I missed them but all the others were glad to get rid of them.

We had quite cold weather in coming to Dakar. 100 miles out some new paint got spoiled by desert dust (like flour) from the "Hamattan" the desert wind, and today everything is in a haze. One's collar soon gets dirty.

I went ashore here before breakfast and again afterwards. We are taking in tons of ground nuts—there are hills of them ashore. This is a French country with lots of Arabs. Tom Brown left at Monrovia. Just as we were starting another native passenger came on board and too late it was found he wanted to go to Sierra Leone. Liberia is said to be a rich country as far as produce is concerned. Native administration is not admired. They have land tax, poll tax, road tax and customs. In the bush, on farms, horses and cattle are said to run practically wild.



A VISIT TO BASUTOLAND.

When Lilian Blackburn and I decided to go up to Basutoland in May, we were warned that we were going to a climate resembling Switzerland in temperature. Everyone was agreed upon the extreme cold and all had heard of the charm of the scenery.

We started off on May 5th, and had a warm send off at Capetown station. Our boxes were crammed with all sorts of wooly garments, balacava caps, jaeger gloves and the like. The first part of the journey was familiar enough but after we left Bloemfontein we noticed a difference. We were fortunate in coming across an obliging fellow traveller who pointed out the various farms of interest along the way, among them Mr. Newbury's large estate with many wild animals grazing and the big mills which have been erected by Stevens, who, as a trader in Basutoland has made a large fortune. We were to leave the train at Fouriesburg road and the Ashtons with whom we were to stay at Butha Buthe had arranged for us to be met. It was about dusk when we reached the station and there we found a motor awaiting us: the driver wore a Balacava cap and we felt we had quite the correct kit in our boxes. The 25 miles drive to Butha Buthe was most lovely and we were especially lucky in having a glorious moon. When we came through the Caledon's Poort and crossed the River and were at last in Basutoland we felt a thrill of joy. Every here and there as we sped along we could distinguish the round huts of native villagers and hear the furious barking of native curs; it was a novel feeling to be in a real native country where not an acre of land is owned by a white man. The Ashtons had heard our motor approaching and were at their gate to meet us. Butha Buthe proper is a large native village under the mountain of that name but the police camp where the Ashtons live is a couple of miles distant from it and here there are three white families—the Ashtons, a trader and a doctor.

The following morning we were up very early and were astonished at not finding the ground white with frost. We learned from the Ashtons that they had had some cold weather about 10 days before but the whole month we were there we did not have a single frost and thus our arctic explorers' kit reposed peacefully in our boxes the whole of our visit. The next few days we spent in short rides about the neighbourhood and in preparing for our long trek to the Mt. Aux Sources. As Mr. Ashton could not get away and accompany us he had arranged for a native police escort which consisted of Sergeant Michael, Macomerel and Griffith and a cook boy Poutso.

On the following Wednesday morning we set off—the 3 packs had gone on ahead and Lilian and I and Macomerel started about two hours later and overtook the others before lunch. The days were every one of them perfect and the country is a lovely smiling one. There were constant streams to be crossed and the few trees which we saw grew by the water—either willows or peach trees. The autumn colouring was delightful and the ripe kaffir corn in the valleys was a golden brown. There were numbers of people about and the country swarms with stock which we heard would later suffer badly as the season had not been a good one.

At about 1.30 we off saddled for lunch at the Caledon river. The packs were in charge of Poutso and a policeman who was only coming as far as Tibono where we were to find Michael and Griffith. Poutso took our fancy at once, he wore an old shooting coat with enormous pockets, patched riding breeches and episcopal gaiters, very like the ones Inando had lent me. He was very thin and looked very young although he assured us that he was 29. We learned later that he was a protégé of Bishop Balfour (hence the gaiters, I expect) and in his younger days had been an acolyte. He soon established himself as the jester of our retinue and always had to be in the thick of everything. He was very enterprising though he excelled at nothing but cooking. After

lunch we followed the course of the Caledon River for some way and then passed through several fine gorges, where the autumn tints were lovely, the wacht een beetje had turned a wonderful colour. Our path wound up and up although crossing a watercourse always entailed a precipitous scramble. The washaways all over Basutoland are a great trouble. We were now among the mountains which could be seen in the distance from Butha Buthe and very grand they were, especially towards sunset when they caught wonderful lights and the short red grass made even the near fore ground catch the sunset glow. We were wondering if we would reach our destination before dark when Macomerel said in his very careful English "Here is Di.Bona." It was a little mountain village very finely situated near a large ravine. Sergeant Michael received us and after seeing our ponies off saddled he said he would show us to our "room." He led us away from the village to a spot overlooking the ravine and there was perched the little guest hut. We found it contained two beds and a table and chairs. Putso shortly brought us some grilled chops and coffee with milk, this last a present from Sergeant Michael, and after supper, with a tremendous amount of ceremony, a large tin bath was squeezed sideways through the door. We had a glorious hot bath and were in bed by 8.30. We learnt the next day from Michael that the bath had been borrowed from a store about 15 miles away. During the night various animals roamed about cropping the grass but on the whole we slept very well in spite of the strangeness of our surroundings. Putso was at the door with tea and hot water at 7 and we dressed and had breakfast outside, looking down into the ravine with quite a fine waterfall just below us. We went up to the village afterwards and were much amused by the sight of the whole school with bare legs, and blankets flying, racing off to gather thatch for the new school house which was being built. Sergeant Michael was a man of great importance and to see him stride to his office was most inspiring. We told him of our intention of resting

the horses that day and taking our lunch down the ravine where it joins the Caledon River. He at once told off Trooper John to accompany us and we found him a most interested companion, eager to show us the charms of the place and quite keen to help us collect various plants. We found a nice spot for lunch and there told him he could leave us, he asked when we would be returning and said he would come down and meet us at about 4 o'clock. We crossed the Caledon and had a ramble in the Free State and then returned to Basutoland for lunch. John returned rather earlier than he had promised and took us home by a different way stopping at the waterfall below our hut. On our reaching the hut we found Putso and Macomerel in great distress with a bag containing a few chewed bones and the tragic tale that a dog had been found devouring our meat and this was all that had been saved. Evidently the village felt badly about the behaviour of its dog and at supper time Putso appeared with six potatoes and a mug of milk which he said were presents. He was very opposed to our eating the potatoes at once as he said we must keep them for once in the mountains there was no food, as we were well provided with tinned things we did not share his alarm. That evening for supper he made us two mugs of Bovril, using sufficient essence to make 10. We, both of us, have not been able to touch it since. Again after supper the bath made its appearance and then it was returned to the store and fetched back again for our next visit about 10 days later!

The next morning we were up at 7 and eventually got off at 9. We always found an early start very difficult to achieve. We were a large cavalcade. Our two selves, Michael, Macomerel, Griffith, John who said he would come half way, Putso and the three packs. The path led past our hut and through the ravine, some of the riding that day was very rough and we were thankful to be astride, there was no monotony the way continually winding and mounting and dipping. There were numbers of people about and we met some mounted

on oxen with a piece of plaited straw through the nose, serving as a guiding rein. I believe it requires exceptional skill to ride an ox as the skin slips about so. The people all looked very gay and their ridiculous grass hats with tiny crowns were fascinating. We soon discovered that Michael was a well known person and a great favourite with "the ladies", when we off saddled for lunch they would appear carrying pots of beer on their heads and immediately help with the fire and then stay and chat. Lilian and I would sit apart eating our lunch and the retinue would chat merrily and drink beer, some youngsters being told off to keep the horses out of the fields. The sun was quite hot and we felt ourselves getting very burnt but there was very little shade to be found and then it was usually too cool. On the first day's trek Putso had insisted upon taking charge of one of the packs and when he finally overtook us, at lunch time we found the pack had leapt a ravine and fallen, breaking the tent poles and cutting its leg. Poor Putso looked most upset when we scolded him for having so adjusted the gridiron that had worn a hole in the poor thing's back. However, in a few days even the hair had grown again. The pack horses had various peculiarities, this one would lie down and attempt to roll at any moment and as they were generally loose, only being led when they got too obstreperous, there was always a wild stampede to get him up before everything was ruined. Then two of them would be continually turning aside into the fields and Putso was always ready to gallop in and turn them out, doing considerably more damage himself than the two packs. Putso's spirits were always high and his tongue never still and his effect upon the packs was a very unsettling one, he would constantly have the whole lot proceeding at a wild canter, strictly against Mr. Ashton's orders, who had said the packs were never to go out of a trot. Occasionally we would have to remonstrate and then Michael or one of the policemen would say "Putso, he is very young boy" and Putso himself would sulk for 10 or 15 minutes. He was

really very devoted and later when we did the last bit up the Mt. aux Sources and had two white men with us viewed any attentions on their part with great disfavour; he always looked to Lilian for his orders. The night before our final climb we slept in a cave on the mountain side, overlooking the Elands river ravine. It was the home of an old fellow called Cocarn who however made us welcome and after supper gave us a most amusing pantomime display. He was a little nervous of our police retinue but after we had got to bed he made friends with them and went through his repertoire all over again. We were an amusing party—Mr. Casement and Mr. Collins took the far end of the cave—then near the middle came Lilian and myself and then came our retinue, divided from us by a stone wall some 18 inches high. They had a fire and here they were entertained by Cocarn till late in the night when he retired with numerous little herd boys to his own fire a few yards off. Putso was nearest to me. I could have grabbed him by the head. Just after we had got to sleep there was an invasion by a herd of goats repelled with much noise by Cocarn's boys and dogs. The next time I awoke I was not certain of the cause till I discovered Putso was having a pipe of native tobacco. Later the ponies came in and were successfully turned out; so after all it was a wakeful night. Lilian declares Putso had three pipes but I only noticed the first. At first signs of dawn Putso was up and making tea and then Lilian and I went down to the river and had very icy wash. After breakfast we saddled up and all set off for the top leaving our packs, etc., in Cocarn's charge. It was a very steep ride and we were most of the time hanging on to the ponie's manes but they climbed wonderfully and in two hours we were on top. We had been lucky all through and this day was no exception for it was perfectly clear and the view on the Natal side is magnificent—we were absolutely charmed and so were our retinue. Putso had been up when he was with Bishop Balfour and Michael with Lord Selborne. We spent hours looking at the view

from different parts and had our lunch and then lonely little wisps of mist stole up from the Tugela Gorge about 2,000 feet below and clung lightly to the peaks and gradually the whole distant view was veiled in mist. The ascent was worth any amount of trouble and we felt we had had things made so very easy for us, the only time we walked was the first part down and then we noticed that the ponies managed much better than we did. The first part of our return journey was by a different way until we got Witzies Hoek, when we got on to the path to De Bono where we spent another night.

One night we slept at Peacock's village, in our little patrol tent on dry grass and here the retinue were very well entertained—somehow Putso was left out and on our questioning him he said sadly "they do not know me. If they would know me they would be my friends." This lack of hospitality was amply atoned for elsewhere. It was altogether a most delightful trip. We were away from Butha Buthe for about 10 days and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. After our return we had other riding expeditions but none as long as this.

REMINISCENCES.

As I recall those early days at Beaufort and the few families that formed its simple society, each name bears a little group of associations which always make me feel a special interest when I meet now, in such a different world, anyone connected with them. There were Dr. and Mrs. Christie with whose children we most often played as they lived not far from us on the opposite side of the long straggling street. He was the only doctor in the dorp until Dr. Kitching, Beatrice Bisset's father, settled there for a time. A very great friend of Papa's was Mr. Rice whose father, Dr. Rice, was principal of the Blue Coat school in London and a distinguished scholar. Kind motherly Mrs. Rice was a Miss de Jager of Beaufort. Near us lived Mr. Dantje de Villiers, a man of

great ability and character and who had a very large family. One of his daughters married Mr. W. Elliott who managed one of Papa's Nelspoort farms for many years and who is the father of Mabel and Emily Elliott. Then there were the Pritchards, Thwaites's, Devenish's, Mustos, Kinnears and the Dutch clergyman Mr. Fraser and his family. The lonely old postmaster, Mr. Cardwell, was said to belong to a very good family in England and no one knew why he came to bury himself in this far-away solitude; but he was very kind to us children when we went to his post-office which I think must have also been a little shop, and there was always a handful of small pink rose peppermints ready for us. Mr. Madison too, the manager of Uncle Alport's store, was always a kind friend with a pleasant word of welcome and often a little packet of sweets too for us.

Many years after when, for the first time, I re-visited Beaufort, it was with the keenest interest that I sought, and did find, some of the old landmarks in my memory. As I walked down the street, still shaded by the familiar old pear trees, an old man rose from a stoep where he was sitting and coming forward, shook me warmly by the hand. I found he was our old friend Mr. Madison. When I asked him how he could possibly recognise me when he had not seen me since I was 7 years old, he said "Oh, I could never fail to recognise a Molteno face." Then he began to talk of Papa and of how optimistic he was as to the possibilities of the district. He told me how once when Mr. Rawson, the Colonial Secretary, was on a visit to Beaufort he invited him to go with him to one of his Nelspoort farms where he said he could shew him 40,000 sheep collected in one spot. This he did, to Mr. Rawson's complete amazement, for those were the days when the Karoo was looked upon as a worthless desert.

There was no kind of social life or amusement that I can remember, in that serious little community but once, when Sir George Grey, the Governor, was expected, I recollect seeing, with some wonder, little white muslin

frocks, with pink and blue ribbons, being made for Betty and me. The actual function has left no clear impression except that the Governor took me up in his arms and kissed me.

Another time I again remember seeing Sir George Grey, was about 2 years later, when he called at Somerset Road to see Papa just before we left for England. I remember sitting on his knee while he talked to Grandpapa and Papa who both had a warm admiration and friendship for him.

It was strange to look back to these times when Percy and I met him again many years after in London. He was then an old man of over 80 but he talked in the tenderest way of the old days at the Cape and of the people there, while at times, as we talked of recent stirring events, there would flash out the old generous fire of his youth.

As my mind wanders back to those old days at Beaufort, dear Aunt Sophy and Uncle Alport seem linked with our lives almost as closely as our own parents. Their home was quite close to ours, our gardens meeting at the back.

How well I remember that garden—the vines with the irrigation sluits between—the peach and fig and apricot trees—two other friendly trees—a walnut and a mulberry, which seemed to me of gigantic size, stood in front of our house.

Between our garden and the back of Aunt Sophy's house, were the kennels, with a railed-in courtyard, where Uncle Alport kept his hunting dogs. These we regarded with the same terror as we would wild animals.

I can still see Uncle Alport riding back from a hunt with the dogs dancing round his horse and with hares and corans hanging from his saddle. His horses and dogs were to him like children in the tenderness with which he cared for them.

One could not think of Uncle Alport and Aunt Sophy apart from one another, their lives were so completely blended. In the beautifully ordered home that dear Aunt Sophy made wherever she went one could feel the influence

of her quiet, capable character while the sweetness of her unselfish nature made her a helpful refuge in every difficulty, and it was just this combination of gentleness and strength that gave her the courage to uncomplainingly endure a life of unusual suffering which finally reduced her to a complete helpless invalid. She told me that she had a severe attack of rheumatic fever when a child of 12 and that since she was 16 she had not known one day free from pain. Papa was deeply attached to her as well as to Uncle Alport and to Mamma she took the place at Beaufort of a mother more than of a sister.

MARJORIE'S WEDDING.

Majorie's wedding was the thought of and talked of event for some time past. Mrs. Lindley and she looked quite pale and tired over the unpacking of the beautiful trousseau and the numberless lovely wedding presents. We went down to Barkly House in the afternoon before the wedding and found a very busy scene. Nellie Bisset, Hilda and Lil with several other helpers were all merrily at work at the decorations, which needless to say were lovely. Quantities of arum lilies were most helpful at this scarcest time for flowers. The only cloud in the scene was seeing Mrs. Lindley looking very pale in an arm-chair, just recovering from a severe attack of sciatica. Miss Matthee was hovering over her in great anxiety to suppress her eagerness to direct where every flower and every present should be placed. Mr. Lindley was very pessimistic about the weather which after days and weeks of delicious sunshine had begun to shew unmistakable signs of change, but Marjorie appeared looking fresh and blooming and announced with great confidence, that the day would be fine. Nevertheless, when we looked out of our windows next morning there was the rain—the weather still seemed reluctant to break and ended with a most pleasant and refreshed afternoon. When we got to the

church it was already nearly filled with the family and guests as well as onlookers. It had been beautifully decorated by Brenda, Sheila, Maclean and Doris Blackburn and the choir was composed of a number of friends who had practised the hymns and singing for the service. Mrs. Lindley was looking very pale but bright as usual and wore a lovely dress of amethyst velvet. Miss Matthee sat beside her and Elsie with her two sons just behind looked particularly smart in her pretty blue dress. Very soon the bride arrived. She looked tall and stately and rather pale and grave followed by her 4-bridesmaids, Effie, Inanda, Lilian Blackburn and Alice Stanford dressed in turquoise blue with brown hats that were trimmed with feathers of the same colour and they made an exceedingly pretty group. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Daintree of Mowbray. As the bride came down the church she had recovered all her self-possession and looked really beautiful. The Honiton lace veil she wore was one that Mr. Blackburn's mother had worn at her wedding and was most becoming. At the house Mrs. Lindley received the guests seated in an arm chair near one of the French windows of the drawing room and the bridal party was grouped at the other end of the room. As the congratulations were given to the newly married couple they were next showered upon Effie who stood beside them sharing as nearly as possible as usual, the experiences of her inseparable companion. The guests then passed on to the sitting-room behind the drawing-room where the display of presents was exceptionally fascinating and excited enthusiastic admiration. It was amusing to see Marjorie critically watch the bridegroom and bestman in their attempts to cut the wedding cake till with characteristic command she took the operation into her own capable hands. There was no professional photographer but numerous friends had brought kodaks and some of the results are very satisfactory. Marjorie soon went to change her dress and quite a pretty scene took place outside her window; all the girls gathered

there and there amid much merriment Marjorie threw her garter into the midst of the laughing group. It was caught by Alice Stanford who for the rest of the afternoon proudly wore it on her arm. It was quite an artistic garter of blue satin and forget-me-nots specially made for the occasion by Doris Blackburn. Marjorie's going away dress was of soft nattier blue and suited her admirably. There was none of the customary throwing of confetti or rice but every one was supplied with a handful of fragrant rose leaves. They have motored up to George and the Wilderness for their honeymoon.

Scraps from an Old Diary. I.

THE KARROO.

Long long ago in far-away South Africa
I lived, a lonely little child,
My head filled with strange fancies
And heart all hungry for love.
A strange land is the Karroo,
Abounding in deserts, in mountain-
sentinelled solitudes,
Bare rocks, stones, scraggy bushes,
Dry river-beds all bathed in sun-dried air,
and dazzling sunshine.
A strange, strange land, oft apparently
dead,
And not welcoming human children
Rashly to make it their home.
No choice had the lonely child,
Born in that desert solitude,
Amongst those baked bare mountains
Under those blinding hot blue skies,
There first drew she breath. There must
she live.
Not a merry light-hearted child was she,
Born in such surroundings,
Rather a prematurely wise little woman,
Peering sad-eyed into the strange world.
But man shall live by many things,
In least expected quarters finds he food.
This land so vast, so lone, so desolate,
Has messages most deep for the soul of
man;

To all thinking souls pierces ceaselessly.
"Judge not alone from the bare baked
surface.

Dig deep, dig deep my children,
Pierce to my heart and search out my soul,
I, your gray, scantily-clothed, Earth-
Mother,

Can feel only deep-hearted children.
No light mockery, no witching smiles
Play across my oft stony visage,
Until now and again at long long intervals,
Break o'er my face, strong, inscrutable,
April smiles through blinding tears.
When at last a loved son or daughter
Comprehends me, its mother,
And pierces to the warm, passionate,
vibrating soul,

And feels the clasp, all too strong for weak
children,

Of a mother whose touch must bless or
destroy,

Then my great heart palpitates so power-
fully,

I give in such abundant measure,
I bathe my child in waters so life-giving
That every pulse is instinct with life.
No slow, cold, weak-blooded circulation
Now pulses through the veins of my
glorious child,

But fire from Heaven, vivid lightning,
Concentrated, long-pent-up, resistless
force.

And why with these dread gifts
Are my blest children thus dowered?
Because in the stern school of long self-
suppression,

Have these weapons for them been forged.
In that same stern school have I taught
them

That pain and suffering are sore,
But are also God's agents
By which His fine human steel has ever
been tempered;

Because work now lies before them
That these gifts will enable them to
accomplish,

Water must they bring from the stony
rock,

And make of the desert a living blooming
garden."

June, 1890.