



PRINCE ALFRED

PROGRESS
through
South Africa





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March 1984



THE PROGRESS
OF
PRINCE ALFRED



THROUGH
SOUTH AFRICA.

1860.

THE PROGRESS

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

Prince Alfred Ernest Albert

THROUGH

THE CAPE COLONY,

British Caffraria,

THE ORANGE FREE STATE, AND PORT NATAL,

IN

THE YEAR 1860.

CAPE TOWN:

SAUL SOLOMON & Co., No. 63, LONGMARKET-STREET.

1861.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT,

THIS MEMORIAL
OF HIS AUSPICIOUS PROGRESS THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA

IS, WITH PERMISSION, DEDICATED

BY HIS MOST FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED SERVANTS,

SAUL SOLOMON & Co.

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INTRODUCTION.

South Africa has been too long to Europeans a mere *terra incognita*. Its place was figured vaguely on their maps, and its name in some guise or other was tolerably familiar to their ears; but respecting its character and capabilities as a country and a colony they were, until recently, as ignorant as they were indifferent. Among Hollanders, indeed, its name was cherished in some considerable degree, along with all the other traditions of the past greatness of the Netherlands Republic. But to the British tax-payer the Cape was inseparably associated with the unwelcome ideas of Kafir wars, and costly armaments, and a million or two of deficit in the exchequer balance of the nation. When attention chanced to be directed towards it as a Colony at all, it was only to institute no flattering comparisons between the seeming slowness and stolidity of the South Africans and the indomitable energy, and enterprise, and progress of the Anglo-Saxon Colonists of the American and Australian Continents. The Cape was two hundred years in European occupation, and what was it when contrasted with the giant growth of New England at the same age, or even with New South Wales in the Southern Ocean? The comparison, though often made, was never just. The Cape of Good Hope, though occupied by the Dutch East India Company from the first settlement of VAN RIEBEEK in 1652, was never colonized by them at all. Colonization was in point of fact systematically discouraged and repressed; and it was only in open defiance of the Government that at successive periods successive bands of venturesome burghers trekked beyond the narrow boundaries sanctioned by authority, and virtually as outlaws spread themselves eastward and northward to contend with the nomad native tribes of the interior. The origin of the Colony as such can certainly not be dated further back than the occupation of the country by the British; and in strict fairness must be held coeval only with the first general immigration of British settlers just forty years ago. Before then it was a military settlement, a port of call: in fact, what some economists of the British Parliament have recently desired it to become again, when they so urgently pressed upon the Government the expediency of abandoning all beyond the narrow peninsula in which are situated Cape Town and Simon's Town. Since then it has advanced at a rate as rapid as was consistent with the due consolidation of each advancing improvement effected. From the original Colony no fewer than four extensive offshoots—British Kaffraria, Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal Republic—have sprung into vigorous and lusty life. Material improvements have



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been introduced in swift succession. The exports of Wool alone from the Cape Colony have increased from less than a quarter of a million of pounds in 1835 to twenty millions of pounds in 1860. The revenue during the same period advanced from one hundred and thirty-three thousand to five hundred thousand pounds sterling. The total exports of the country now yield upwards of two millions sterling, and its imports amount to two millions seven hundred thousand pounds. Its population does not yet exceed four hundred thousand, of whom more than half are coloured; but it is devoting yearly a large portion of its means to the maintenance of a free emigration from the mother country. And most auspicious of all, and most gratifying to our countrymen at home, the long series of our miserable Kafir wars have to all human appearance come to a final termination. The Kafir tribes that for half a century had molested our frontiers, and involved us in bloody and prolonged and costly struggles are now, partly by one of the most extraordinary acts of national suicide recorded in history and partly by the force of Sir GEORGE GREY'S native policy, become dispersed throughout the country, and are occupying the position of labourers and herdsmen over the whole land from Kaffraria to Cape Town. Those of them who still remain on their ancestral homes are subjected to the restraints and accustomed to the improvements of civilized life. And it cannot be uninteresting here to state that one of the last of Prince ALFRED'S donations before he left the Cape was a handsome contribution towards the stocking of the notable SANDILLI'S farm with merino sheep. The political power of the Kafirs is hopelessly broken; most of their influential chiefs are captive exiles on Robben Island; and British law has for ever superseded the crude though not uninteresting laws and usages of the self-outwitted and defeated savage.



And as might be expected, our social and political reforms have quite kept pace with our material improvements. Forty years ago men still living secured for the country the fundamental privilege of the freedom of the press. Regularly-constituted courts of law and trial by jury on the English model soon succeeded. The curse of slavery was removed. A broad system of national education, devised by no less distinguished a personage than Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, was established. And free political institutions were steadily and systematically introduced as the country could bear them. There came first an Executive Council to check the unrestrained absolutism of the Governor. There came next the addition of the legislative functions to the same Council. There came next the recognition of the popular element in the form of "unofficial" members nominated to seats in a newly-constituted Legislative Council. And in the fulness of time came the boon of the Free Constitution granted by Her Majesty nine years ago, under which the Cape possesses now

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the amplest privileges of constitutional representative self-government. And among the fruits of this new and liberal system the Colonists have been emboldened to venture upon undertakings for advancing the material prosperity of the country such as under the old *régime* could not have been attempted for many a long year to come. The first of these was the railway from Cape Town to Wellington, now approaching completion; while the most recent of them, the Breakwater, with the other great harbour improvements in Table Bay, has given occasion to the gratifying visit, the memory of which this volume is designed to perpetuate.

During the brief stay of His Excellency Sir GEORGE GREY in England in 1859-60, he lost no opportunity of pressing prominently into public notice, and especially submitting to the attention of the Queen, the leading events of the recent history of the Cape, and the rapid developments of social, political, and national progress it has been achieving. The Breakwater for Table Bay was then but a vague, and, to most men, a dubious project. But Sir GEORGE GREY had faith alike in it and in the energy and public spirit of the subjects of his colonial government; and he accordingly proffered the request to the Queen that while her eldest Son, the Heir Apparent, was about to honour America with a Royal visit, and to inaugurate the stupendous Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence, her Sailor Son, Prince ALFRED, should be commissioned to confer a similar distinction on South Africa, and in the Queen's name to commence the great harbour improvements of Table Bay. Her Majesty, with her wonted gracious condescension, and with that thoughtful consideration which she extends to all the subjects of her wide Empire, entered warmly into the proposed arrangement; and the expected visit of Prince ALFRED to the Cape was announced accordingly to the gratified Colonists throughout the whole of South Africa.

Sir GEORGE GREY returned to his government by the earliest fitting opportunity, and arrived in Cape Town while Parliament was still in session, and while the fate of the Breakwater Bill was yet trembling in the balance. The fresh faith and energy which his presence inspired into its supporters sufficed to decide the question; and within a fortnight afterwards the undertaking was fully and finally sanctioned, and the preliminaries for the work were fairly begun. His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED arrived in due course on the 24th of July; and the volume which the publishers now present to His Royal Highness and the public—and the preparation of which they intrusted to Professor NOBLE, of the South African College—they offer as a Memorial of a series of events the most interesting and auspicious recorded in the extended annals of South Africa. The narrative and the illustrations which accompany it will speak sufficiently for themselves, and need no extended comment



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here. The reception Prince ALFRED met with from all classes of our multifarious society was as cordial and enthusiastic, if not as splendidly invested with stately pomp and ceremony, as that with which Her Majesty herself was hailed on her first triumphal progress through her realms at home. During the two months of his stay amongst us business and politics were alike suspended; and the one thought that prevailed with all was how best they might display their affection for their Princely Visitor, and thereby attest their loyal attachment to the Sovereign whom he was commissioned to represent. All sects, and parties, and nationalities were fused into one exulting whole. The distinctions of Englishmen and Dutchmen alike, the descendants of French refugees and German emigrants, with Malays, Kafirs, and Hottentots together, were all merged in the common name of British Colonists; and at the Cape, on the Eastern frontier, in British Kaffraria, throughout the "abandoned" Orange Free State, and in the young and enthusiastic colony of Natal, no effort was spared in manifesting how wide-spread and sincere was the general joy. The sentiments of the population were displayed with sufficient conspicuousness in the assembled multitudes, the triumphal arches, the loyal shouts, the dutiful addresses, the warm-hearted hospitality which met the Sailor Prince at every successive stage of his lengthened progress. They are exemplified, perhaps, with even still more striking force in the opinions of the Colonial Press, of which specimens are recorded in the Appendix to this volume. Even in the regions of the country which were unavoidably deprived of the expected honour of the Prince's presence, the Colonists were as demonstrative in their enthusiasm as their brethren elsewhere. As an illustration of this it may here be mentioned that the proprietors of a small but spirited provincial newspaper in Swellendam, not satisfied with the ordinary "editorials" on the subject, published a separate tractate commemorative of the visit, and in an exquisitely-worked casket of colonial manufacture presented it as their "Loyal Offering" for the acceptance of the Prince.

Of the beneficial effects of this Princely Progress through South Africa enough has been said elsewhere, and particularly in the newspaper extracts quoted in the Appendix. In the excitement of the moment some of the most enthusiastic of the writers were manifestly too sanguine in their expectations, and imagined that now at last the Cape of Good Hope would rise into an honourable notoriety and dignity in the eyes of the English Press and the English Public. In that they have been disappointed. The *éclat* of the visit to South Africa was overshadowed by the superior pageantry of the Heir Apparent's Progress through North America; and the unadorned simplicity of our most loyal displays were reduced to seeming insignificance when contrasted with the brilliant despatches of the *Times'* correspondent.

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But the comparative neglect the Cape has experienced at the hands of the British Press, and which South Africans, in the plenitude of their natural and not unreasonable self-esteem, are rather disposed to exaggerate than underrate, has been more than compensated for by the very marked and gracious acknowledgments from Her Majesty of her gratification at the reception given to her Sailor Son. In innumerable ways has this gratification been already manifested; and the effect of all of them has been to increase, if that were possible, the warm attachment of the Colonists to the Queen's Person, to her Royal Family, and to her Throne. The gifts forwarded by Her Majesty and by the Prince to many amongst us will be treasured by the recipients of them as beyond all price, and will be handed down as heir-looms in their families; while the portrait of His Royal Highness, for which the inhabitants of Cape Town combined as one man to provide the requisite funds, and in the procuring of which Her Majesty has so readily and so graciously co-operated, will be preserved for generations as one of the most prized of their public possessions.

Altogether, the visit of Prince ALFRED to South Africa has been one of unmingled pleasure to all concerned. From first to last the arrangements were conducted with the most auspicious success. From the landing at Simon's Town to the final embarkation in Table Bay not a single *contretemps* or accident of any sort occurred to check or mar the universal joy. Of the bearing of His Royal Highness himself throughout it is impossible to speak too highly. It mattered not, whether in the public demonstrations of the *levée*, the review, the ball, and the inauguration ceremonies; or in the excitement of the chase and the adventures of African travelling; or in the quiet, familiar retirement of private life,—he was ever the same. The unconstrained dignity, frankness, and simplicity of his demeanour were such as thoroughly became the Royal Midshipman, and won the affection and esteem of all. Touching his Governor, Major COWELL, R.E., and the respect universally entertained for him, we cannot do better than extract a happy quotation applied to him by the *Friend of the Free State*, a newspaper published in the remote interior:

"His years yet young, but his experience old,
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe,
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

And of Captain TARLETON and his officers of the *Euryalus* it will suffice to add that the country will not speedily forget the uniform courtesy and hospitality displayed by them during their too brief sojourn in these South African waters.

During His Royal Highness' short excursion to the country bordering on Cape Town, and while in the hospitable mansion of OUDE BAAS at Mulder's Vlei, he declared that that



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was but his first visit to a South African farm-house, and that he earnestly trusted it should not be the last. His audience entered heartily into the spirit of the remark, and so since then has every inhabitant of South Africa. They hope—and the hope may be here legitimately expressed—that Prince ALFRED may yet again visit the Colonists of the Cape of Good Hope; and that on the next occasion he may be accompanied by yet other members of the Royal Family. Whenever any of them again may set foot on South African soil they may confidently rely on at least as warm-hearted a display of South African hospitality as has marked the recent Progress of His Royal Highness.

In conclusion of this introductory notice the Publishers have to express their acknowledgments to all who rendered so much of willing aid in the preparation of the work. Among these they must specially mention the names of two. To His Excellency Sir GEORGE GREY, the Governor of the Colony, they are indebted for the readiness with which he furnished whatever information was asked from him, and for the interest he has shown in the undertaking from the first. To CHARLES BELL, Esq., Surveyor-General of the Colony, they owe a special obligation for the valuable artistic help he has rendered them, alike in the admirable designs of his pencil and the spirited results of his amateur graver. And to the Public they feel they must add an apology for the unavoidable delay that has occurred in the preparation of the volume. This has arisen mainly from their desire to have the whole of its materials and workmanship purely colonial; and in that desire they are gratified to state they have entirely succeeded.

SAUL SOLOMON & CO.

Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope,
May 1, 1861.

OLD SEAL OF THE COLONY.



THE ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN.

ON the 5th of May, 1860, Her Majesty's Steam Frigate *Euryalus*, Captain TARLETON, C.B., weighed anchor at Spithead, bound to the Cape of Good Hope. There were no particular ceremonials or celebrations connected with her departure. She left the shores of England as any other of Her Majesty's frigates might have done on ordinary cruising service. But her voyage was one of high significance notwithstanding. On board of her was the Queen's Sailor Son; and now for the first time in the history of the world was a British Prince to cross Neptune's limits of the Line, and visit these our southern seas. His rank on board was but a midshipman's, and even that he had attained by meritorious service; but as a visitor to South Africa he occupied a far loftier position. Commissioned expressly by the Queen to initiate the greatest work ever projected in this hemisphere, he came the welcome ambassador of his Royal Mother, and the representative to us of British grandeur, dignity, and worth.

The frigate reached Madeira on the 21st of May; and after a stay there of five days, steamed on to Teneriffe, where she remained sufficient time to permit the Prince to ascend the lofty slopes of that volcanic peak and enjoy the rugged grandeur of its scenery. On the 30th, she proceeded on her course to Brazil, and after a short call at Bahia, entered the magnificent harbour of Rio on the 29th of June. The reception of His Royal Highness by the Emperor of Brazil it were foreign to our purpose to describe here in any detail. It was as cordial and enthusiastic as the ancient alliances between the Royal families of England and of Portugal might have led us to expect. On the 6th of July the *Euryalus* bade farewell to Brazil, and turned eastward to her destination in South Africa. Her voyage was prosperous and rapid, and on the 24th of July—the same day on which the Prince of Wales set foot on what at some, we hope far distant, date will become his American dominions—Prince ALFRED rounded the Cape of Storms, and the *Euryalus* anchored snugly in the quiet, safe harbour of Simon's Bay. His first approach to our shores must

THE ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN.

have given him the most perfect idea of the grand scenery of our bold rock-bound coast. First, on the far distant horizon eastward, looms to the nearing voyager the huge cloud-capped mass of the Table Mountain. The southern continuation of the peninsular range rises gradually with rugged front; and as the ship advances to the entrance of False Bay, she passes not two miles distant from the bold, precipitous promontory of the Cape, of whose romantic scenery some fitting conception can be formed from the photographic view presented in this volume. To render full justice to its grandeur would require not the still hues of the photographer's art, but the living colours of Stanfield's brush. False Bay itself, of which Cape Point is the western headland, is a broad expanse of waters, and Simon's Bay, where the *Euryalus* now lay—the head-quarters in South Africa of the British Navy—is but an inlet of its western shore.

The arrival of the Prince had been looked for by the anxious colonists for nearly two months before, and now at last his presence in these waters came upon them with the suddenness of a surprise. The intelligence was speedily telegraphed to Cape Town, the capital, twenty-three miles distant, by the electric wire. Simon's Town itself, a small but picturesque town, which stretches its long line of oriental-seeming white-washed edifices on the narrow strip of level ground which intervenes between the mountains and the bay, was quite beside itself with the unlooked-for honour of being the first to welcome the Sailor Prince. On his arrival, however, His Royal Highness was still on duty as a midshipman; and although he landed in the evening to enjoy the hospitality of Captain TURNOUR, C.B., of the *Forte*—the representative of the Admiral, then absent cruising on the eastern coast—the visit was but a private one, and next morning early he returned to his ship again *incog*. The citizens of Simon's Town, however, determined to let no opportunity escape of testifying their joy. When the *Euryalus* was signaled as she first approached the bay, the town was dressed all over with a profusion of gayest flags and banners; and as the darkness of night set in, the bonfires on the hills behind, the long illumination of the town itself, and the eager crowds who thronged the streets, displayed the enthusiasm with which all were boiling over.

On the following morning a deputation of the inhabitants,—consisting of the two Clergymen, English and Catholic, the Resident Magistrate, the Port Captain, and other gentlemen,—had the honour of waiting by appointment on His Royal Highness, on board his vessel, and presenting him with an address signed by the population generally. To this His Royal Highness forwarded a reply through his Governor, Major COWELL, Royal Engineers.



CAGE POINT

THE ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN.

At ten o'clock the Prince landed at the Admiralty pier, and was received with joyous shouts from the assembled people, and with the discharge of a royal salute from the well-served Volunteer Artillery of the town. The Volunteer Cavalry were in the saddle to escort him on his journey, a numerous company of other civilians were ready to join the train, and, precisely at eleven, His Royal Highness, with Major COWELL, Captain TARLETON, and Captain TURNOUR, proceeded in carriage-and-four from Admiralty House, *en route* to the capital. The first six miles of the road skirts along sandy beaches, and under overhanging precipices. Then the village of Kalk Bay opens up, with its long row of detached, picturesque cottages, between the slope of a towering mountain and the sea, forming the favourite watering-place of the Cape, and one of the prettiest watering-places in the world. Here the advancing *cortège* was swelled by numerous equestrians, and the residents, from the highest of our colonial aristocracy to the lowliest of juvenile Hottentots and Mozambiques, testified their delight by every means within their reach. Turning the angle of the mountain, at a point once deemed, although in vain, the Thermopylæ of the Cape, the aspect of the country is widely different from what went before. To the right extend the broad sand-checked flats of the Cape Downs; to the left is a wide heath-clad plain, hemmed in by continuous mountains, and comprising on its further margin the celebrated Constantia Wine Farms; while seven miles distant in front appear the swelling wood-crowned undulations of Wynberg Hill. The objects of special interest on the road are the quaint old hostelry of "Farmer PECK'S," celebrated in many a traveller's tale before now for its ancient associations and macaronic sign-board; and RATHFELDER'S, a hotel equal to the best of the fast-expiring roadside inns of England, when stage-coaches still were in their prime and railways yet were not. In former days, when the Cape was the sole or favourite sanitarium of India, RATHFELDER'S was the choice resort of many an invalided Anglo-Indian, whose name has since become known to fame; and now it has become the head-quarters of South African sport. Here, accordingly, the youthful Prince halted, and under the guidance of the stalwart host himself—who, with his comrades of the Wynberg Cavalry, stood all equipped and mounted for the occasion—proceeded to visit with great delight the "dappled darlings" of the fox-hound kennel. This accomplished, the *cortège* resumed its course towards Cape Town—now only nine miles distant—and by a road unsurpassed in beauty or in interest by any even in England itself. The traveller proceeds the whole distance through richly-wooded avenues of pine and oak, and waving plumes of Australian blue-gum; passes an unbroken succession of picturesque villages—Wynberg, Plumstead, Claremont, Westerford, Rondebosch, Mowbray,—their variegated cottages all white and trim, and garden-girt, and

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English; while high to his left rise the thickly-wooded ravines and massive, bare rock buttresses that support the Table Mountain.

While the Prince is on his journey the loyal citizens of Cape Town are by no means asleep. The telegram that reached them the previous evening inspired them with a joyous energy previously unknown. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, were animated with one common sentiment of loyal pride at the welcome approach of their Queen's Son, and determined to manifest it to the utmost of their ability. The triumphal arches erected in anticipation of an earlier arrival of the *Euryalus* two months before, and whose fading verdure had been once and again replaced, were now furbished up anew; tasteful flags in all possible combinations and streaming banners of most strange devices waved widely in every street; the transparencies for the coming illumination were adjusted in their various positions; and English men and Dutch, black man and white together, made universal preparation for the reception on the morrow. The Wednesday morning brought, to the joy of all, the most propitious of "Queen's weather." The preparations of the previous evening still progressed apace, and as the forenoon advanced the city seemed quite transformed, and its streets were thronged with multitudes of all degree. At noon, the Governor, Sir GEORGE GREY, the Lieutenant-Governor, Major-General WYNYARD, and a brilliant escort, rode out to meet the Prince at the Grove at Claremont. The hurried but hearty salutations over, His Royal Highness here alighted from his carriage, and, mounting a horse in readiness for him, continued the journey in company with the Governor and his staff. The reception all along the line was most enthusiastic. Numerous arches, tastefully decorated, spanned the road; bunting was flying wherever it could possibly be displayed; the loyal villagers rent the air with their exultant shouts; and the *cortège*, now still more increased by escorts of Cape Mounted Riflemen, Volunteer Cape Cavalry, and many scores of volunteer equestrians besides, extended for nearly a mile in length. At Roodebloem, the head-quarters of Mr. PICKERING, the railway contractor, the Royal Visitor got his first full view of Table Bay and the City of Cape Town, and the occasion was celebrated by a right loyal salute from Mr. PICKERING's great guns. Immediately in front lay what Africanders not unjustly deem their "own romantic town," occupying the wide valley that intervenes between the huge amphitheatre of the Table and the sea, and all bright and smokeless in the clear transparent air; below it extended the graceful sweeping curve of Table Bay, its waters gleaming in the sunshine, and calm and restful as if its destructive tempests of but a month before had never been; while far to the right could be traced the low, soft undulations of the Blueberg vanishing in the distant haze.



THE RECEPTION IN ADDERLEY-STREET, CAPE TOWN.

THE ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN.

At the hour appointed, two p.m., the thunder of the Castle guns announced that Prince ALFRED had passed the military lines, and had now made his entrance into the city. The church bells took up the tale, and rang out the news in their merriest chimes. And as His Royal Highness advanced past the Castle bridge, the Volunteer Artillery, stationed on the Parade and under the worthy command of Chevalier DUPRAT, hailed his advance through Darling-street with another admirably-fired salute. The excitement of the reception from this point was immense. The route was lined with Regulars and Volunteers right on to Government-house. The streets were crammed at every point, and every window and house-top from which a glimpse of the passing scene could be obtained was crowded with eager observers. As the Princely Boy rode up, the foremost figure of the cavalcade, the plaudits that greeted his Royal presence were deafening. He was dressed in his midshipman's uniform, and holding his cap in hand, and, bowing with modest and manly grace to acknowledge the welcome which seemed well nigh to overwhelm him, he appeared the image of his Royal Mother, and won the warm affections of every individual who beheld him. To use the words of a contemporary writer in the *Cape Magazine*, while he sat his horse and "waved his tiny middy's cap with a grace and ease indicative of the high-born gentleman, his beaming countenance betokened how strongly he reciprocated the feelings of the multitude who were invoking blessings 'on his dear face;' yea, until the very Malay and Negro women held their little brown and black piccaninnies on high, bidding them gaze on the 'mooi kleine Prins,' and remember he was *their* Prince too." Sir GEORGE GREY, who rode by his side, seemed a happier and a prouder man that day than we had ever witnessed him before. From Darling-street the procession turned up Adderley-street—the Heerengracht of the good old times—through the municipal arch, profusely decorated and surmounted by several tars bearing the Royal Ensign and Union Jacks in right gallant style; and thence through yet another arch by the central avenue of the Gardens to Government House. Here, upon the terraces, were stationed a brilliant throng of ladies, who welcomed the approach of the Prince in their own most befitting style. The aspect of the approach in summer, with the umbrageous oaks surrounding, is cool and sylvan to a degree. On this occasion—the midwinter of the Cape—the trees were bare, and the glimpses of the towering Table seen through the gnarled and knotted branches added to rather than diminished the effect of the scene. On entering the house, the Executive, the Judges, and the Members of both Houses of the Legislature were personally presented to His Royal Highness; a Levee succeeded, attended by many hundreds of the general public; and the Prince was then left for a few hours of the afternoon to enjoy a needed rest and the hospitalities of His Excellency Sir GEORGE GREY.

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After the excitement of the reception the multitudes had the merciful interval of a two hours' pause for the illumination honours of the night. During this time the Prince, with Sir GEORGE GREY and attendant suite, visited the Botanic Gardens, in the immediate vicinity, and was guided through them by their accomplished and energetic superintendent, Mr. MCGIBBON. In the evening a select party, consisting chiefly of the high officials of Government, had the honour of dining with His Royal Highness at Government House. As soon as the sun went down the preparations for the long-expected illumination commenced. The moon was nearly half, but in no degree marred the brilliance of the effect produced. Every house in the city, from the highest to the lowest, was lit up in all degrees of show, from the humblest sperm to the artistic transparency, the imposing Greek fires and Drummond lime light. Besides these, bonfires blazed conspicuously in various directions, and rockets and Roman candles ever and anon shot across the sky. Some of the transparencies were admirably conceived, well executed, and brilliantly displayed. Foremost in elegance and chasteness of design was that provided by the American Consul, Mr. HUCKINS, representing the American and English banners in harmonious blending of colours, the American eagle of the Consulate below, on either side portraits of the QUEEN and WASHINGTON, and, over all, the happy device that "America welcomes her Mother's Son." Most of the illustrations were allegorical, and bore special reference to the nautical profession of the Royal Visitor. Britannias, and Neptunes, and Tritons, and Dolphins, and Neptunian cars, and illimitable areas of sea in all shades from blue to green, predominated of course, though with a variety in their designs and details which reflected ample credit on the inventive genius of the artists. In striking contrast with these, marked equally by its simplicity and its artistic effect, was one characteristic scene, depicting the arrival of the Prince and Governor at the homestead of a South African "Boer-plaats." The visitors have just dismounted, and the escort of Cape Corps men halt behind. In front, the Hottentots of the farm are firing salutes from rusty rovers with frantic joy; while the burly Boer himself approaches with the hospitable welcome characteristic of the race, "Dag Mynheer, kom't binnen." The streets throughout the evening were densely thronged with the exultant citizens; while, to add to the excitement of the scene, a fire broke out in a well-packed mercantile store, and speedily the lurid flames shot high, until the edifice fell in smouldering ruins. At nine o'clock the Prince and an attendant party drove from Government House, through the streets, to witness the illumination, accompanied by an escort of the Volunteer Cape Cavalry. Along the route he pursued he was received with the most enthusiastic



THE RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

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cheering, and on his arrival at the Masonic Hotel the excitement of the multitude was still heightened by a magnificent display of fireworks discharged from the house-top. The object of his visit here was to accept the proffered hospitality of the Masonic Craft of Cape Town. The leading members of the fraternity were assembled, and through their chief and spokesman, Sir CHRISTOFFEL BRAND, Provincial Grand Master of the Netherlands, presented His Royal Highness with the brimming "Cup of Masonry, the emblem of love and fidelity." This being duly quaffed by the Prince with right hearty reciprocating good will, he expressed, through his governor, Major COWELL, his feelings to the fraternity, and informed them of the pleasure with which he accepted their welcome and kind Masonic demonstrations. His Royal Highness thence, after a further drive along the streets, returned to Government House, to enjoy the repose which the fatigues and excitement of the day must have rendered doubly welcome. Soon afterwards the equally exhausted citizens followed his example, and by midnight the City was restored to its wonted peace and rest. The events of the day had passed off altogether most satisfactorily from first to last, without a single accident or misarrangement to mar the effect so cordially desired by all. It reflects special credit upon the motley multitudes who constitute the lower classes of the population, that notwithstanding the unprecedented excitement and enthusiasm of the occasion, their conduct throughout was orderly in the highest degree, and that next morning the Police Magistrate's office was a perfect sinecure.

The second day of the Prince's stay amongst us was not by any means allowed to be a blank. The events were less demonstrative than those that went before, but not on that account the less interesting to the Royal Visitor. The forenoon was spent in a visit to the South African Museum, which although originated from the ruins of its ancient predecessor only four years ago, boasts already a rich collection, illustrative of every department of Natural History, and especially of the abundant Fauna of the South African Continent. Through this he was conducted by the Curator, Mr. LAYARD, examining as he passed the most important specimens with anxious interest, and afterwards returned to Government House, where the Municipal Commissioners of Cape Town were assembled to present a loyal and dutiful address. One passage of the document may not unfitly be here transcribed: "The three great elements which form the mass of our people cannot but regard your Royal Highness with peculiar interest. The descendants of the French Refugees venerate in the person of your Royal Highness the descendant of the House of BRUNSWICK, the bulwark of religious liberty, while the descendants of the fellow-countrymen of DE RUYTER and BLAKE, of NELSON and TROMP, of TASMAN and COOKE, will hail the Sailor Prince who has selected

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for the scene of his future career the field in which England and Holland made themselves free and wealthy at home, and feared and respected abroad." To this the Prince delivered an appropriate and gracious reply.

It was arranged that the afternoon should be devoted to a country excursion, through the picturesque suburbs of the City to the celebrated wine-farms of Constantia, twelve miles distant. The party was formed about one o'clock, and an escort was furnished by the Cape Volunteer Cavalry, whose commander, the Honourable WILLIAM PORTER, Esq., Her Majesty's Attorney-General for the Colony, had the honour of being gazetted, along with Lieutenant-Colonel TRAVERS, Royal Artillery, to the post of Aide-de-camp to His Royal Highness. As the cavalcade sallied forth they were greeted with loud cheers from groups of citizens assembled along the route. The first object selected by Sir GEORGE GREY as likely to interest the Prince was the Kafir College recently established at Zonnebloem, in the immediate vicinity of the City. It was originally instituted at Bishop's Court some three years ago by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and is supported partly from imperial funds furnished by Sir GEORGE GREY, and partly from munificent donations collected by Bishop GRAY during his recent visit to England. The object of it is to instruct the sons of Kafir Chiefs in the essentials of Christian Civilization, and thus, by working on "young Kafirland" directly, to secure, though indirectly, the advancement of Civilization and Christianity throughout the nation generally. The site and buildings now selected by the Bishop are admirably adapted for the purpose, and from their elevated position on the slope of the Devil's Peak—a bold projection from the Table Mountain—they command the most magnificent view of Table Valley, the City, the Bay, and its opposite coast to be met with anywhere. Part of the establishment is occupied as school-rooms, in which the "young idea" of the Kafir mind may be taught to develop to its full extent; part of it is appropriated to shops, where industrial work is enforced and practised with equal energy; while the remainder furnishes ample space for dwelling rooms to the Principal, his family, his colleagues, and his charge. Under the guidance of Sir GEORGE GREY, the whole Institution was carefully inspected by the Prince, with a degree of interest only equalled by the admiration with which the Kafir chieflings all around gazed upon the frank, mild, loving face of the "Great Queen's" Son.

From Zonnebloem the party, leaving the main road far below, proceeded by a rugged but romantic track across the heath and protea-clad spurs of the overhanging mountain, until they reached the rich forest avenues that intervene between the villages of Mowbray and Rondebosch on the one hand, and the bold precipices supporting the rear of the Table on

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the other. They halted briefly in succession at the wooded domains of Westbrook, and Newlands, the residences severally of ABRAHAM DE SMIDT, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel TRAVERS (the Prince's Aide-de-camp), and P. J. CLOETE, Esq.; and thence rode on to Bishop's Court at Protea, the Episcopal residence of the See of Cape Town. The extensive range of buildings of which it consists has little in common with the Episcopal palaces of England. It, however, can boast of a quaint ancient dignity of its own, quite in keeping with the purpose to which it is now applied. It is one of the best and most interesting specimens of the old Dutch architecture now rapidly disappearing; while its situation is one of the most rural and romantic in the vicinity of the Cape. On this occasion the honours of the reception were fitly conducted by the Bishop himself in person and the leading members of his family. The road from Protea to Constantia crosses the gentle undulation of Wynberg Hill, through groves of shining silver trees and thickets of the most luxuriant Cape heaths; and after a half hour's easy ride the Royal party reached the arched entrance which winds through graceful avenues to the hospitable mansion of SEBASTIAN VAN REENEN, at High Constantia. The reception here it is unnecessary minutely to describe. The stalwart host himself was there, his right manly face all beaming with exultant smiles, while the ladies of his family and many more of the surrounding gentry were assembled to testify, in their own most effective fashion, the joy which the Royal visit had occasioned. Having inspected the capacious cellars and every other object of interest around the immense establishment, and having partaken of the hospitalities which none know better to dispense than the wine-farmers of Constantia, the Prince proceeded next to visit the adjoining residence of Mr. JACOB CLOETE, of Great Constantia, whose estate and wines and exuberant hospitality can only be equalled by those of his rival, friend, and neighbour. The stay was necessarily brief; but the intercourse that passed between guests and hosts was frank and cordial as if all had been old-world acquaintances and friends. The return of the cavalcade was through Wynberg, Rondebosch, and Mowbray, where the villagers did their best by bunting, cheers, and arches to repeat the honours of the previous day. It was well nigh dark when the Royal party reached Government House, where a select circle had been invited to meet His Royal Highness at dinner.

And next, at nine o'clock, succeeded the ball in the Grand State Room. To this the invitations issued had been numerous and almost indiscriminate. It was clearly the object of His Excellency that all classes of presentable society should participate alike in the delights of the occasion, and most thoroughly did Prince and guests together share the exuberant enjoyment of the night. The spacious hall was speedily crowded almost to excess with fair girls, and beaming matrons, and anxious chaperones, and gentlemen of all degree, from right-reverend

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dignitaries of the Bishop's bench and sage legislative pillars of the State, gallant generals of the Army, and no less gallant captains of the Fleet, down to the junior quill-drivers of the Civil Service. The Prince himself—the observed of all observers—entered into the spirit of the scene with hearty enjoyment, and joined in every dance with all the enthusiasm that so well became a Royal youthful mid. In the selection of his exultant partners he displayed the most perfect taste, and prominent among them especially were those whose hospitalities in the country he had enjoyed in his excursion throughout the day. The eyes of all were ever directed upon him as with his fair companions he quietly floated round the room; while many a venerable matron gazed at the Sailor Boy till their eyes filled with tears, and they murmured unconsciously at times, "Lief kindt; mooi kindt." "It is strange," says a graceful writer in the *Magazine*, "how many hearts the sight of that little face has moved to tears. The feeling is hard to comprehend at first, but I can enter into it entirely. It is a feeling of love and compassion towards the Royal, beautiful, friendly boy; compassion comes with the thought of how many cares will and must be his"—*absit omen*—"in the time to come—violent party factions, domestic sorrows, troubles without number, all must cross his track some day. It is the shadow which sits ever on his face that stirs this feeling within us, not the shade of present care, but a sort of forerunner of sorrow which comes to all upon earth in their turn, and especially nestles in the ermine of a prince's crown. At first, our hearts opened to receive him for his *mother's* sake; now he sits enthroned in their inmost recesses for his own."

The following morning, Friday, was intended for an excursion to the top of Table Mountain. If accomplished, the view from the broad extended summit would have more than compensated for the toil of the ascent. Southward the eye ranges across the wide Southern Ocean to the remote horizon, and over the tumultuous mass of mountains terminating in the Cape, which though thirty miles away now seems close beneath. Northward, immediately below the beetling front, extends the city, with its regular streets, its ample squares, its trim vineyards, its well-ranged gardens, and its green pine forests, hemmed in between the Lion's Hill, the Devil's Peak, and the graceful sweeping curve of Table Bay, "whose murmuring surge cannot be heard so high"—

The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

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And so the traveller relieves the said "turning brain" by gazing through the transparent air over the far distant landscape of the Blaauwberg, Koeberg, and Zwartland corn country northward to Saldanha Bay, or the magnificent "battlement of hills" eastward from Stellenbosch and Somerset for nearly a hundred miles remote. The prospect from the summit of this Table altogether is one of the grandest and most romantic to be met with anywhere in Africa. Unfortunately, however, on this occasion, the elements were not propitious, and the old rugged mountain donned inhospitably his dense table cloth of cloud. The projected visit was therefore reluctantly postponed to some more fitting season, which, in the crowd of events succeeding, unhappily never arrived.

In the forenoon His Royal Highness was waited upon at Government House by a deputation of the Legislative Council, who, through President Sir WILLIAM HODGES, presented him with an address formally adopted by the Council before its prorogation in July. To this an appropriate reply was read by His Royal Highness. Next came an inspection of the troops in the Castle of Good Hope, and an excursion to the home of science and Sir THOMAS MACLEAR, at the Royal Observatory. The Castle is an ancient pentagonal edifice, erected along the sea-shore by our Dutch predecessors, in accordance with all the strictest rules of ancient fortification—with all the adjuncts of bastions, moat, and glacis. It was commenced in 1672 by Governor ISBRANT GOSKE, only twenty years after the first settlement of the Cape by VAN RIEBEEK, and was extended from time to time until it reached its present large dimensions, about the year 1784. Its construction is of the most massive and substantial; but as a defence of the City or the Settlement its occupation is gone. It still, however, presents a venerable and imposing appearance, and can furnish very excellent barrack accommodation to a very large contingent of troops. On this occasion the 59th Regiment and other forces in garrison were drawn up in the front square of the Castle; and His Royal Highness, being received with all the usual military honours, proceeded to inspect the men with a connoisseur intelligence and minuteness which could scarcely have been expected from either his profession or his years. The review with its accompanying ceremonials over, the Prince retired to the Lieutenant-General's quarters, where most of the officers in garrison had the honour of being personally presented. Next he was conducted to the Armoury, which though not so ancient or so rich in historic associations as that of the London Tower, still can boast at least a few objects well worthy of even a Prince's notice. But still more interesting than either arms or armoury was the unexpected presentation by the General of two of the most meritorious veterans in the British Army—Garrison Sergeant-Major MACKAY and Master-Artificer INGLESBY, of the

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Royal Engineers. The Garrison Sergeant-Major is of himself quite a Castle institution. He has served in the Army for more than half a century, and for thirty-five years back has held his present position in Cape Town with unvarying credit to himself and unfailing satisfaction to every officer with whom he came in contact. It displayed to advantage the thorough frank goodness of the General, that at such a moment he should have thought of men though high in merit yet in rank so greatly his inferiors, and equally gratifying was it to witness the kind and cordial reception they met with from the youthful Prince.

From the Castle to the Observatory is but a ride of four miles, and thither now the Royal party repaired. The institution established there is not unknown to fame. Originated by the Admiralty in 1820, on a recommendation of the Board of Longitude, for the "improvement of practical Astronomy and Navigation," it has ever since under its various conductors, sustained a foremost reputation among the best observatories of the world. To its first astronomer, the Reverend **FEARON FALLOWS**, belongs the merit of its establishment in the face of innumerable local difficulties, and its organization in the most perfect order. His successor, Professor **HENDERSON**, rendered it illustrious by the series of observations which terminated in discovering the first known parallax and distance of the double star α , Centauri, the nearest star in the heavens to our system. While the present astronomer, Sir **THOMAS MACLEAR**, has, through seven and twenty years, more than sustained its previous fame by his repeated observations and confirmation of **HENDERSON**'s discovery; his great geodetical survey of **LACAILLE**'s arc of the meridian, which rectified important errors that had lurked unknown for a century before; and by a continued and systematic course of observations—astronomical, meteorological, and magnetic—which may compare favourably with those of the best equipped institutions of the kind, either in Europe or America. The present building—a handsome and imposing one of Grecian architecture—was erected in 1825, on a detached site near the Cape Downs, sufficiently remote from the obstructive clouds of the Table range. From time to time it has received accessions from home of powerful and admirably-contrived instruments, the latest of which is a magnificent transit circle, on the model of that used in Greenwich, with all the added improvements suggested by the experience of observers there. The residence is approached through a rustic English lane and across a picturesque river that glides slowly by between its willowed banks. The Prince and party on their arrival were received by Sir **THOMAS MACLEAR**—on whom only two months before had been conferred by Her Majesty the **QUEEN** the well-merited honour of knighthood—and shortly afterwards proceeded to the various departments of the Observatory. His Royal Highness examined them in detail, with an



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intelligence which displayed his familiarity with most of the operations conducted there. He observed the transit across the meridian of γ Argus with the transit circle. He proceeded next to the equatorial room, where the magnificent instrument in use was worked in its most perfect order; and then retired to the electric room, where amid batteries and galvanometers he seemed most perfectly at home. So delighted was the Prince with the visit then, that he repeated it twice afterwards, and performed innumerable experiments, some of which—the electric ones—as undertaken for the edification of the ladies, showed alike how well His Royal Highness had benefited by FARADAY'S instruction in days by-gone, and how thoroughly he still rejoiced in a middy's mischief and merry pranks. After some further stay with Sir THOMAS and his hospitable family, Prince ALFRED returned to town before dark, there to go through the same round of festivity at dinner and ball which marked the evening before. The Government House ball-room was as densely thronged as ever, and the dance was kept up right merrily till midnight was gone.

Saturday was to be devoted to a military display, and was held a close holiday in Cape Town. Between nine and ten a.m. the various corps of Volunteers mustered on the Grand Parade; and precisely at ten Her Majesty's 59th Regiment emerged from their barracks, and marched for a Review and Field-day at Green Point. They were followed soon after by the Volunteer Cavalry, Artillery, Sappers, and Riflemen, and some companies besides of Royal Artillery and Engineers. The ground selected for the operations of the day was along the southern line of the race course, on which a vast square was formed by dense multitudes of the inhabitants of the City, who came out to witness the display. Shortly before noon, Lieutenant-General WYNYARD, C.B., arrived on the field to assume the command, and the men of the various corps, to the number of nearly a thousand, formed into an extended line with Colonel DUPRAT'S battery of Artillery in advance. The weather was admirably adapted for the occasion, and the scene altogether, though the forces were so comparatively few, was very impressive. Behind rose the green steep slopes of the Lion's Hill; the Green Point Vlei, which after the winter rains had swollen to the size of a lake, was in the foreground; the sea came rolling in upon the rocks in heavy storm swells from the north-west; while a threatening gale from the same direction and a few drops of passing rain gave coolness to the air, and allayed the dust which otherwise would have been intolerable. Shortly after twelve the Prince, with Sir GEORGE GREY and suite—among whom were two of His Royal Highness' companion mids on horseback, unstrapped too in right midddy style—and escorted by a troop of Cape Cavalry, galloped into the open space. As they rode onward they were hailed with a royal salute from the Volunteer Artillery, and loud cheers from the assembled

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people. The Review commenced in the usual fashion. The Prince rode along the lines, inspected the various corps, and then retired with his suite to the post he originally occupied, hard by the Royal Standard. The whole force next passed before him successively at a slow march, quick march, and trot, the Volunteers showing admirably, as usual, and hardly in any respect inferior to their comrades of the Regulars. Then succeeded skirmishing, advancing, retiring, file-firing, forming squares, charging with British cheers, and so forth, in the wonted military fashion. After which the great event of the day was attempted, and right gallantly achieved. This was the repulse into the sea of an invading army landing at Three-anchor Bay, to effect which the forces were ordered off in two divisions on either side of the lake, with instructions to concentrate upon the enemy at the point of landing. The manoeuvres throughout were admirably managed, and the old mud forts at the bay were captured triumphantly, and the foes repulsed into their boats. The Rifles, in skirmishing order among the rocks, picked off the baffled invaders in detail with unerring aim; the Regulars fired volleys right into the boats; and the Artillery thundered their Armstrong guns, we presume, at the war-ships in the offing. The enemy of course perished miserably. Those whom the fire of our defenders spared sunk beneath the terrific sea which poured in upon the shore. This achievement—or something of this sort, but probably in more strict accordance with military rules than what hath here been described—having been completed, the bugle sounded the order to cease firing and retire. The scattered forces speedily returned to their original position, and drew up in line as when the ceremonial had first begun. They then advanced; the Prince advanced to meet them; and when the band had done performing the National Anthem, His Royal Highness in a few apt words expressed to the Lieutenant-General the gratification he had felt at witnessing the scene throughout. Within a few minutes more he, with Sir GEORGE GREY and the rest of his suite, returned to town. On his departure another salute was fired by the Volunteer Artillery. The operations altogether occupied three hours, and everything passed off in the most admirable order. No accident of any kind occurred to mar the general enjoyment, although upwards of ten thousand people were gathered to witness the event. As a pendant to the whole, we transcribe the General Order issued for the day, which details the evolutions effected with more of military precision than we have attempted in the preceding narrative: “General advance; two lines to the right, right thrown back, covered by Cavalry and guns; Cavalry and guns to the front, guns in action, limber up and retire to flanks of general line; 59th column in rear of the right; Volunteer Rifles in front of the left; squares on leading divisions; Cavalry to the front from both flanks; Rifles deploy and general line on them with guns on flanks supported by

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Cavalry ; echelon of companies of the whole reforming, the right guns and Cavalry in support ; company squares ; on cease firing, Cavalry to the front pursuing ; Cavalry to reform on flanks of Volunteer Rifles with two guns ; Volunteer Rifles in line on left division, 59th in column in rear, left in front ; Volunteer Rifles to skirmish as a battalion, supports and reserves ; guns fall back on the 59th ; two guns at this time will be detached to the right in charge of Royal Artillery and Royal and Volunteer Engineers, and on reaching the Light-house, watch an opportunity to open fire on Three-anchor Bay, to turn the flank ; Volunteer Rifles drawn in through the 59th, which must be deployed with guns and Cavalry on flanks ; sharp file-firing, repeated charges in succession of Cavalry, Cavalry to pursue ; line advance, charge of Infantry, file-firing again, cease firing, Volunteer Rifles to the front again ; the whole advance and take up position on the beach, the Volunteer Rifles amongst the rocks, the guns under cover, the 59th flanking the main battery ; the Cavalry well in rear ; cease firing ; 59th in column, Volunteer Rifles to cover the retreat of the guns, with Cavalry on flank, covered by the Rifles in skirmishing order, to original ground ; general line ; advance to the front in review order. The right brigade under the command of Colonel STAUNTON, the left brigade under the command of Colonel HILL ; the whole under the command of Lieutenant-General WYNYARD."

On the Prince's arrival at Government House a deputation of Malays, headed by their priests, were in waiting to present His Royal Highness with a congratulatory address, inscribed in Arabic, and translated by one of themselves into fluent English. The Prince was highly gratified with this demonstration of homage, and equally amused and interested at the solemn gravity of the Moslems, decked out as they were extensively in all the splendour of Oriental costume. The Malay community form nearly one third of the population of Cape Town. They originally consisted of Malays and Malabars, introduced as slaves from Batavia and elsewhere in the old Dutch times ; and now there are incorporated with them and associated in their creed a very considerable proportion of the Mozambiques imported as prize negroes from the east coast, and the native half-caste races of the Cape. A few, indeed, of even English immigrants have been absorbed into their number. In features, dress, and manners, as in faith, they form quite a distinct community by themselves ; and it is but just to them to add that in loyalty, industry, and sobriety they can bear a favourable comparison with the labouring classes of any European town. Their joy at the Prince's visit to the Cape was unbounded ; and so enthusiastic was their zeal to see the Son of the Queen who freed them, that one of them, a woman, at the first reception in Government House forced her way among the fashionable crowd, and against all the remonstrances of the attendants insisted on

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her right to gaze at him who was *her* Prince as well as theirs. The Governor, who stood near and observed her eager importunity, good-naturedly gave orders to allow her gratify her loyalty to the fullest extent.*

Another dinner party assembled at Government House in the evening; and the week was suspiciously closed with yet another ball, which, though necessarily shorter in duration, was unsurpassed in spirit and enjoyment by any that went before.

On the Sunday the Prince with the Governor and party attended divine service in St. George's Cathedral, where the Bishop of the Diocese preached—the career of JOSIAH, the youthful Prince of Israel, being the appropriate theme selected for the occasion. In the afternoon His Royal Highness visited in turn the military invalids of the Sanitarium in the Main Barracks and the colonial patients in the Somerset Hospital. The interest shown by him in the sufferers he met in both these abodes expressed very pleasingly the kindness of his disposition; and the Royal pardon issued shortly afterwards to the Kafir chieftain PATO, a patient prisoner in Somerset Hospital, indicated how effective his intercession on the old man's behalf had been. In the evening another pleasant visit was paid to Sir THOMAS MACLEAR, at the Observatory.

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Long before the Prince's arrival in the Colony, confident hopes were entertained that his tour to the frontier might be made through the various intervening inland districts. All of them anticipated the honour of the Prince's appearance with the most enthusiastic joy, and endless preparations were made for his reception many weeks in advance. The length of the voyage out unhappily prevented these expectations being realized. In the short time assigned for His Royal Highness' stay in South Africa altogether, it was impossible to effect the

* A precisely parallel incident is recorded by Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER, in his Progress of the Queen through Scotland. As the royal train was emerging from Edinburgh Castle, "an elderly woman succeeded by a *cosp de main et de force* in making her way past the guards, and having most unceremoniously pressed through the party in attendance on Her Majesty, she exclaimed in a convulsive state of excitement, 'Oh, will ye no let me see the Queen.' A military gentleman pushed her back; but she was not to be so easily beaten. Again squeezing forward till she stood within a yard of the Royal carriage—'Hech, sirs,' exclaimed she, clasping her hands, 'is that the Queen? Is that the Queen?—Weel, what have I no seen this day? Eh, but she's a bonnie leddie!' The poor woman gazed upon Her Majesty with the fixture of perfect wonder, until she was compelled to withdraw from the spot, greatly consoled, however, by the gratifying reflection that not only had she seen the Queen, but that the Queen had seen her."

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journey to the frontier and the remote interior by the overland route. To compensate in some measure for this, Sir GEORGE GREY determined to give at least to the inhabitants of the districts in the vicinity of the Cape the opportunity of meeting with their Sovereign's Son, which all of them had coveted so eagerly. The country selected for the expedition is the richest and most picturesque in the Western Province; and though heavy rains fell during the Sunday night, the weather on the Monday morning, on which the Royal Visitor was to start, cleared delightfully into cooling breezes and brilliant sunshine. The party consisted of the Prince and his Governor, Major COWELL, Sir GEORGE GREY and Suite, Lieutenant-Governor WYNYARD, with a few more guests of Government House, among whom were two of the Prince's mess-mate Midshipmen of the *Euryalus*. The journey of the day was to extend to the Paarl, a distance of thirty-six miles, which, however, was arranged should be broken by a halt at the hospitable homestead of CHRISTIAN BEYERS, at Muller's Vlei. The main course of the road for the first twelve miles runs nearly parallel to the railway now advancing so near completion. A few years ago these Cape Flats, as they are termed, formed a dreary and almost trackless desert of sand. They were traversed by uncertain sluggish streams, over whose quicksands it was always perilous and occasionally fatal to attempt to cross. By the energetic administration of the late Mr. MONTAGU—the Colonial Secretary of the time—fourteen years ago the rivers were effectively bridged; a hard main road equal to the best turnpike roads in England was laid across the whole plain for thirty miles; and where the drifting sands were as unsteadfast as snow wreaths before the freezing gales of a European winter, a plantation of pine, Port Jackson willows, and other trees equally adapted to the situation, is growing up luxuriantly. The first part of the journey across these flats is usually monotonous in the extreme, with little to interest the eye but the occasional tufts of variegated heath, the abundant parterres of bright mesembryantheums, and the distant view of the magnificent range of the Stellenbosch Mountains. As the Prince and his party rode by, however, the scene was lively and inspiring enough. At various points triumphal arches, gracefully dressed, spanned the road; the inhabitants of every cottage along the line testified their delight as loudly as they could; and even the stolid swarthy drivers and leaders of the ox wagons, with which the way is always well frequented, assumed an air of interest on the occasion, at times approaching to enthusiasm. At the twelfth mile-stone the Durban Cavalry were in readiness to join the escort; and after a two hours' further ride His Royal Highness reached the well-known farm of Muller's Vlei. The preparations for his reception here were magnificent, and quite in keeping with the generous, open-hearted, princely hospitality for

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which Mr. CHRISTIAN BEYERS—the *Oude Baas* (South African synonym for squire) of the place—has long been celebrated. The tiffin was served in the main hall of his spacious residence, where a few months before he had entertained together a company of one hundred and fifty agriculturists, assembled at a ploughing match upon the farm. The guests in waiting on this occasion consisted of the principal gentlemen farmers of the surrounding districts—the South African representatives of England's yeomanry. Tiffin over, speeches and toasts succeeded in rapid succession, and of the heartiest and most enthusiastic kind. As these were but specimens in language and in sentiment of what was repeated on many a subsequent occasion on even the remotest frontiers of the Colony, it seems fitting to record here one or two brief extracts from the reports furnished by the newspapers of the day. The toast of Prince ALFRED's health was proposed by Mr. ROBERT HARE, one of the noblest Anglo-African farmers of whom the country can boast. He said :

“ My heart, as yours undoubtedly are, is filled with pride, gratitude, and pleasure that
“ Her Majesty has honoured us by permitting her son to visit us as she has done. It is not
“ for me to sing the praises of the Royal Prince who is now amongst us, for he will leave
“ sufficient landmarks behind him. There is, as you know, not a place that he has visited but
“ he has left a deep impression, an impression that will never be erased. And here, gentlemen,
“ the very walls will be more hallowed, the table at which we are now assembled will be more
“ honoured, and the chair on which he sits will be preserved sacred, a memento of his Royal
“ presence in this house. Methinks, in some score of years, when I, one evening, peep in at
“ one of these windows, I shall see Oude Baas, with one grandchild on one knee and another
“ on the other, recounting to them with loyal pride and satisfaction, as the best-remembered
“ and most pleasurable anecdote in his history, the whole particulars of this delightful day.
“ Thanks to Her Majesty for the honour she has conferred upon us. This is one other nail
“ that attaches us still more firmly than before to good old England—a nail, gentlemen, well
“ driven, and one that will well bear clinching. We had looked upon ourselves before as men
“ who would have defended Her Majesty to the death, but this will draw our affections to her
“ nearer still. It is not for me, as I said before, to sing the praises of the Prince, but I know
“ that I am addressing a number of Her Majesty's subjects who will prove, in receiving the
“ toast that I am about to propose, that they have loyalty and lungs equal to the same number
“ of men in any part of Her Majesty's dominions. Gentlemen, I give you long life and
“ prosperity to His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED, and many thanks to him for honouring
“ us with his presence to-day.

“ The toast was drunk with immense cheering.

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“ Prince ALFRED, who was loudly cheered on rising, said : Gentlemen, many thanks to you for your very kind welcome. It gives me very great pleasure to be here amongst you in an African farm-house for the first time, and I hope it will not be the last.”

“ Mr. HARE next proposed the health of the Governor, and in doing so said, that he called upon them quickly to drink this toast, because he saw them clutch their glasses so tightly that he was afraid they intended to smash them after drinking the health of the Prince, that they might never be defiled with any other. When they heard the toast mentioned that he was about to propose he was sure they would be glad that they had good sound glasses to drink it in. What he was about to say was not something according to set form and fashion, but the spontaneous expressions of an honest heart that would be re-echoed in the hearts of every one present. He was not about to propose *the* health of *the* Governor, but the health of *our* Governor. That was the toast which was known in every farm-house of this colony—‘ *onze Gouverneur.*’ Aye, these were the words, and there was no other sufficiently expressive word but *onze* that could be used. About twelve months ago, His Excellency was here at the meeting of our agricultural society ; he was welcome then, and he was ten times more welcome now that he had returned to us again. He was welcome for himself alone, but in addition to himself, he had brought us the brightest jewel that Her Majesty had to bestow,—the, to us, Koh-i-noor of Her Majesty’s House and of all England. He felt that all were waiting to do honour to the toast, and he concluded by giving them ‘ *Our Governor, Sir GEORGE GREY.*’ ”

“ The Governor returned thanks briefly, and with an evident depth of feeling. His Excellency assured them that he wished most earnestly to return to the Colony, and said—“ Here I am—I will not say more upon the point.’ In reference to the Prince’s visit he said he was sure there was not a heart in this whole colony but beat with gratitude and pleasure that Her Majesty had sent her beloved child amongst us. In these times of peace and prosperity we are all ready to *fêter* and welcome him, but His Excellency felt sure if he had come in times of difficulty and danger, there would have been thousands upon thousands of brave men ready to defend and preserve him from harm.”

These festivities at Muller’s Vlei being over, and many an amusing incident besides, which would occupy too much space to narrate here in full detail, the Prince proceeded on his journey to the Paarl, gratified as fully as a frank sailor boy could be at this his first introduction to country life in Africa. The scenery along the route now is as varied and magnificent as what went before was tedious and dull. Immediately around are spread the richest corn-farms of the Colony. In front extends the long detached mountain of the Paarl.

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While to the right are spread the fruitful vine-clad homes of Drakenstein, bounded on their further limit by a rugged range of snow-capped towering mountains. Here, too, the new railway line rejoins the vicinity of the turnpike road, after its long divergence eastward to the Eerste River Valley and Stellenbosch; and among all those who demonstrated their proud joy at Prince ALFRED'S appearance amongst them, none could have been more successful than Mr. PICKERING'S English navvies there employed on the railway works. Triumphal arches were erected of exquisite taste, designed by the local railway engineer; and so exuberant was the loyalty of the men, that when disappointed, from want of time, in their intention of unharnessing the horses and dragging the Prince's carriage by force of their own stalwart arms, they ran along the whole distance to the Paarl in company, and rent the air with their deafening shouts of joy.

The Paarl, to which the cavalcade were now fast approaching, is about the most picturesque, as it certainly is the most quaint, peculiar, and interesting village—or town as it should rather be called—in South Africa. It extends for seven miles along the base of the mountain from the huge granite boulders on the summit of which, glistening in the sun like pearls, it derives its name. The solitary lengthened street is lined with noble avenues of pine and oak, furnishing the most grateful shade from the heat, which otherwise would prove insupportable. The houses, all detached from each other, are as scrupulously clean and white as paint and lime can make them; and most of them are surrounded with their orchards and vineyards extending down the gentle slope to the clear, rapid stream of the Berg River, which passes northward parallel to the whole. The architecture is strictly Dutch and thoroughly antique; while the population, though nearly all of Dutch or Gallic origin, are as intelligently loyal as any of their fellow-colonists in the land. This they testified abundantly in the reception now given by them to the youthful British Prince. As he approached the limits of the Municipality, the Paarl Corps of Volunteers, headed by their admirable band, went out to meet him with all the military honours proper to the occasion. At the entrance to the town a graceful arch was posted, supported by dense throngs of people from all the country round, whose cheers were almost as loud as the boom of the big guns and the sharp rattle of the musketry which rent the air. Thence to gratify the loyal multitude, the Prince and party rode on the whole length of the town, returning afterwards to the well-known hotel of mine hospitable host, Mr. GIRD, where a splendid arch, surmounted by a tasteful crown, spanned the gateway, and where choirs of school children were assembled to hail the Royal Visitor with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." Here His Royal Highness, His Excellency the Governor, and the rest of the party alighted, and soon a large number of



THE BERG RIVER VALLEY FROM DRAKENSTEIN

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the inhabitants, with Dr. ZEEDEBERG at their head, had the honour of being personally presented. In the evening, and after dinner, to which several of the leading residents of the place were invited, the Prince, with Lieutenant-Governor WYNYARD and Major COWELL, sallied forth and promenaded the greater portion of the town to see the illuminations, which were as effective and imposing as those of the capital itself. Every house shone bright in some loyal guise or other; many buildings were decorated with transparencies of very exquisite taste; while blazing bonfires flamed out conspicuously from the mountain top. His Royal Highness expressed the warmest pleasure at the scene presented altogether, and the exuberance of his delight after returning to the hotel was displayed in fitting professional larks performed by himself and his messmate Mids.

On the following morning His Royal Highness received a loyal address from the Commissioners of the Paarl Municipality, and returned to it a very gracious and appropriate reply. Expectations had some time before been entertained that he might extend his journey to Wellington, a town about nine miles further on. Had time permitted, a visit there and to the neighbouring Pass, named after its constructor, Mr. BAIN, across the huge mountain range, could not have failed to yield great pleasure to the Royal traveller. Wellington is a beautifully-situated village of recent date and rapid growth, and destined to rise to still higher importance as a depôt of inland trade since it has become the northward terminus of the railway from Cape Town; while immediately behind it commences the rise of Bain's Pass, which traverses one of the grandest and most romantic mountain kloofs in the colony. It was impossible now, however, to proceed so far; and so a deputation of the Wellingtonians, headed by Mr. ADDEY as their spokesman, waited upon the Prince at the Paarl, and presented him with an address, which was very graciously accepted and responded to.

Soon after these and other receptions were over, the Prince and his party left the Paarl for Stellenbosch, taking Drakenstein and Franschehoek by the way. These picturesque rich valleys form the centre of the wine-growing country of South Africa; and are famous as being the scene where the French Refugees settled on their first arrival in 1687. Nearly the whole of the present population are lineal descendants of these noble exiles; and in their Normandies, Rhones, Languedocs, and La Rochelles they still commemorate the Gallic homes from whence they have sprung. Both Drakenstein and Franschehoek are completely hemmed in between towering mountain ranges of most rugged and imposing form, and are abundantly watered by the Berg River and its tributaries, which wind picturesquely past the vineyards, orchards, orange groves, and homesteads glancing white from between the avenues and clumps of surrounding oaks. Some fitting conception of the scenery may be formed from the accompanying photographic

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illustration after a sketch taken for this work by our leading colonial artist, Mr. BOWLER. As the party approached to Drakenstein, they were met by about two hundred farmers, nearly all mounted and under arms, to do honour to the Prince by joining his train as an escort. An address was presented, after which the whole cavalcade rode on at a hard gallop to the residence of Mr. HAUPT, at Languedoc. Here the scene was as effective as the loyalty and excellent taste of the inhabitants could render it. At the entrance was erected a triumphal arch, decorated with orange branches, on which the golden fruit hung rich and tempting; flags and banners waved from every tree; five hundred people were assembled to join in the general joy; and as Mr. HAUPT received the Prince and led him proudly to the house, the band of the Paarl Volunteers struck up the National Anthem. A bountiful tiffin succeeded, and enthusiastic toasts and brief loyal speeches followed on the model of those at Muller's Vlei the day before. The Prince having next visited the orange grove and plucked some of the abundant fruit, the Royal party bade farewell to their host, and proceeded on their journey to Stellenbosch, yet some twelve miles distant, and along a route as rugged as the scenery is grand. A short distance on from Mr. HAUPT'S is the Missionary Institution of Pniël, with its population of some three hundred native Hottentots, under the excellent charge of the Reverend JOHN STEGMANN. Here, as the cavalcade passed by, the road was lined on either side with the girls belonging to the Mission School, wearing upon their heads wreaths of green boughs intermingled with roses. They were but children, and they were Hottentots; but their delight at the opportunity of honouring their Prince was as unbounded as if the scene were in the mother country, and the participants in the demonstration were English too. The display was altogether beautiful in its simplicity, and did not fail to excite the hearty gratification of the Royal Boy. A few miles further on and the road reaches the summit of the ridge or "col," which separates Drakenstein from the wide range of the Cape Flats, extending thirty miles away to Table Mountain and Cape Town. Here is first seen the quiet well-wooded town of Stellenbosch, resting calmly in its still repose close by the base of the mountain range. The Royal party reached it early in the afternoon; and the inhabitants displayed as much enthusiasm as any else of their fellow-colonists, to give the Sailor Prince a right loyal reception among them. Stellenbosch differs widely in form and situation from its neighbour of the Paarl. It extends over a broad square plain surrounded by gently undulating hills. Its streets are all at right angles to each other, and abundantly shaded with luxuriant rows of wide branching oaks; its houses are all of the old quaint Dutch construction; and its inhabitants, also almost entirely Dutch, enjoy in it a quaint, peaceful, quiet life, which would have rejoiced the heart of him who sketched the amenities of the

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Transatlantic vale of Sleepy Hollow. Not, however, by any means, that all is dullness and stagnation. Stellenbosch is in its way as busy as it is calmly prosperous. It is the seat of the newly-established Theological College of the Dutch Reformed Church and of one of the most thriving Missionary Institutions of the Rhenish Society in South Africa. And now that within six months from this date its peaceful echoes are to be awakened by the whistle of the railway train, it is certainly destined to increase immensely in wealth and commercial importance. As the Prince approached, he was received under the arches erected at the entrance to the town by the Civil Commissioner, Mr. RYNEVELD, and the Volunteers of the District with all befitting honours; and after advancing through the crowded streets, lined by Volunteer Riflemen, the procession halted at a tastefully constructed arch in front of the Dutch Reformed Parsonage of the place. This, being the most spacious residence in the town, was given up for the Prince's reception by its occupant, the Reverend Mr. NEETHLING, and was newly furnished for the occasion by the inhabitants generally. A carpet was laid from the arch to the house, and as the Prince and suite advanced to the platform erected in front of the stoep or terrace, and was there received by Sir CHRISTOFFEL BRAND and Mr. BOSMAN, the representatives of the Division in the Colonial House of Assembly, the applause of the assembled multitude testified how thoroughly they appreciated the honour of this Royal visit. Here a dutiful and loyal address was read, and shortly afterwards an appropriate reply was returned. In the course of the afternoon a considerable number of the residents of Stellenbosch and the principal farmers of the surrounding district were presented to His Royal Highness; and in the evening the Civil Commissioner entertained the Prince and a large party to dinner at his own residence. After dark the town was brilliantly illuminated with tasteful transparencies and variegated lamps, and every possible device within the reach of the overjoyed inhabitants.

Next morning early, the Royal party sallied forth and galloped down the rich valley of the Eerste River to the hospitable home of Mr. LAURENCE VAN DER BYL, where a bountiful breakfast was in waiting—a necessary preliminary to the Fox Hunt which was to follow. Substantial justice being done to all the good things on the table, the hounds were brought out, the Prince mounted his steed in full hunting costume, and was attended by the master of the pack, the members of the hunt, and all the party present. The following animated picture we extract from a sketch which appeared at the time in the *Argus* newspaper:

“Two things we have here in common with our more fortunate brothers in England,—
“hounds staunch and true, and men possessed with that spirit of fox-hunting which is a
“distinctive feature of our race. A glance at the hounds will assure even a tyro that their

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“ blood, and bone, and sinew are the produce of English kennels. And for the men, let us
“ select two as types of those who, in Southern Africa, pursue fox-hunting under difficulties
“ undreamed of by the dwellers under happier skies. There sits one—PERCY VIGORS,
“ Esq., of the Colonial Office—who has laboured with a self-denying zeal worthy of the
“ noblest cause to maintain here the sport which was his delight in days gone by in the
“ Emerald Isle. In spite of obstacles and hindrances, coldness and indifference, he has
“ devoted a large share of a not abundant income and the spare hours of time already fully
“ occupied to his darling pursuit. He has proved on scientific grounds to an incredulous
“ generation that his quarry is a true fox, and not, as he was foully and libellously called, a
“ jackal, and he has imported fox-hounds at much trouble and cost wherewith to hunt him.
“ All honour be to him who for so many years has laboured unselfishly to maintain among
“ us an English institution ! The other whom we shall take leave to introduce is a character
“ different in most respects, but united with the former in the strong bonds of sporting
“ sympathy and brotherhood. Come forward, Jack Thomas, tough and true as ever
“ hammered iron shoe on hoof or buckled surcingle round a four-pound saddle ! A thorough
“ good fellow, and a thorough good horseman, whether on the Green Point course, in the
“ well-worn cap and jacket, or gorgeous in blue and silver, and helm and nodding plume, as
“ a volunteer trooper, or in the black leather apron of work-day life, ‘ talking horse,’ and
“ emphasizing his sage periods by tinkling together a couple of horse-shoes, or, as now, in
“ ‘ pink ’ and cords and tops, the huntsman, *par passion*, of the little pack.

“ Nor must thou be forgotten, honest Gomez, *fidus Achates* to thy master, the huntsman.
“ Little thought the Portuguese ancestors who bequeathed to thee an illustrious name that it
“ should be borne one day by a whipper-in. Nevertheless, it has been borne, ere now, by
“ less honest fellows. Thou dost well whatever falls to thee to do ; whether it be whipping
“ in to thy master, or backing the unbroken colt, or leading the long, steady training gallop,
“ or polishing thy favourites with brush and wisp—thou doest thy work faithfully and well,
“ and what can the best of us do more ?

“ But little more is there to remind us of the cover side in England. Far around
“ stretches a wide, dreary, undulating plain. Here and there it is covered with the wild
“ heathy growth of the country. Here and there the grass shows green, with blackened
“ roots and twigs where the rough growth has been burnt off. Here and there is a little
“ jungle of long lank grass and sedge and reeds, along a swampy spot. Here and there are
“ piled hills of shifting sand. Far away on one side is Table Bay, on the other is False Bay.
“ Before us is the ridge of the Table Mountain range. No compact covers of gorse to draw,

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“ no copses, spinnies, or woods, with wide straight rides, across which the hounds flash for a moment like meteors, and are lost again in the tangled obscurity. No ploughed land to pump the horses, no grass on which to let them go, no fencing, no raspers or bulfinches, or timber, or water, and—alas that we should have it to say! sometimes—no fox! On this day of all others, when we could least afford a blank day, when the Royal Prince is out with the hounds, and we most desire to show him a day’s sport, we are doomed to disappointment. We drew and drew, but our drafts were dishonoured. As THOMAS HOOD says, ‘it was all drawing and no painting, for want of a brush.’ Well, we must hope for more success on another day. The young Prince must not leave us with his neat top boots unacquainted with the roughs of African fox-hunting. He must see what English hounds can do in the Southern hemisphere. He must see how they can run into their fox in the open, after an hour’s brush that tries what hounds and horses are made of. He must learn that the rough veldt of South Africa, with its swamps, and gullies, and *aardvark*-holes, and hidden pitfalls of various kinds, is a test of nerve, and endurance, and horsemanship as true as Leicestershire, or Cheeshire, or the Vale of the White Horse.”

Unfortunately, that other day on which the success desired was looked for did not arrive. After the Prince’s return from his frontier tour the time at his disposal was so limited, and the crowd of other engagements so great, that no opportunity presented for another run with the Cape Town fox-hounds. And so, on this occasion, about noon, the Prince and party turned their faces homeward to the capital. Along the route is the picturesque village of Kuil’s River or Mitchellville, all whose houses were decorated in their best, and all whose inhabitants turned out and cheered most loudly as his Royal Highness passed. After a ride of twelve miles more across the Flats, the Prince reached Salt River, where the Cape Town Volunteer Artillery welcomed his return with a Royal salute, and the Volunteer Cavalry were in waiting to escort him into the city. The hour of his expected arrival was unknown to the people generally, but still the streets were well filled with loyal citizens, who loudly cheered the Royal Boy as he rode past to Government-house.

In the evening, the Prince dined with the officers in garrison at the mess-room in the Main Barracks, and at nine o’clock proceeded to the ball given by Lieutenant-General WYNYARD at his quarters in the Castle. The arrangements in readiness for his arrival here were most effective. The moon, just after an eclipse, shone out with redoubled splendour in the cloudless African sky; but, mingled with her beams and producing an indescribable effect, were the intermittent flashes of an electric light and the flaring blaze of torches gleaming on the military guard drawn up in the Castle-square. The reception by Mrs.

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WYNYARD in the spacious ball-room inside was quite in keeping with the magnificence of the scene without; and so thoroughly did the Prince and every other guest enter into the enjoyment of the evening, that his Royal Highness, though necessarily much fatigued by the long journeys of the day, did not quit the ball-room until an early rather than a late hour.

Thursday was the day appointed for the departure to the frontier. But before leaving the capital, the young Sailor Prince had a pleasing duty to perform for the welfare of his noble profession. For some years past it had been felt that the building now used as a Sailors' Home in Cape Town was inadequate for the purpose in view, and that it would be necessary to erect a new one specially adapted to the requirements of the port. Since the Prince's arrival it was suggested that no more fitting opportunity could be found for commencing the work than in connection with that auspicious event. The Committee of the Home took up the question readily, appealed to the public, and were gratified with a very generous and munificent response. Within a few days upwards of £3,000 was subscribed for the erection of Prince Alfred's Sailors' Home; and His Royal Highness, who expressed his great gratification at the movement and his anxiety to lay the foundation-stone of the new edifice, now on this Thursday forenoon proceeded to the vacant grounds at Rogge Bay to select the most appropriate site. He was accompanied by Sir GEORGE GREY, Mr. RAWSON, the Colonial Secretary, and Mr. PORTER, his Aide-de-Camp, and was received by the Chairman and Members of the Sailors' Home Committee. An excellent site close to the sea and commanding an uninterrupted view of all the shipping in the bay was speedily chosen, approved by the Prince, and sanctioned by the Governor, after which the Royal party drove back to Government House.

The departure for Simon's Town and the *Euryalus*, *en voyage* to the frontier, was fixed for one o'clock, and by that hour all were ready. Two carriages were in waiting to convey the Prince's party, which included Sir GEORGE GREY, Major COWELL, Mr. RIVERS, Colonial Aide-de-Camp, Capt. TARLETON, Mr. BONHAM CARTER, and Midshipmen JOCELYN and GREY, the sons of Viscount JOCELYN and Earl DE GREY. The escort consisted of a troop of Cape Mounted Riflemen, another troop of Volunteer Cape Cavalry, and the Prince's Aides-de-Camp, Col. TRAYERS and Captain PORTER.

Along the route to Simon's Bay—twenty-three miles distant—the *cortège* was received with demonstrations of joy as hearty as those which marked the first arrival. At Mowbray a band of young ladies were assembled, bearing nosegays, which they flung to the Royal Visitor as he passed; and shortly further on a very beautiful arch was erected, which, in the simplicity of its design and mottoes, attracted the Prince's curiosity and admiration greatly.

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The first motto bore, "God Bless the Queen and her Sailor Boy;" and the quaint legend of the second, manifestly the genuine composition of the simple-hearted loyal florist, Mr. Upjohn, who was the principal manager of the demonstration, ran thus :

Eat an Orange,
There's another,
Six for Father,
Twelve for Mother!

At the top a splendid crown was suspended and covered with oranges and flowers; and as the Royal carriage passed underneath, the crown with its contents was lowered to the Prince in obedience to another motto, "Let go the Anchor." Mr. UPJOHN at the same moment stepped forward, and in his own plain, but very hearty style, addressed His Royal Highness in words which were as cordially responded to. At RATHFELDER'S, five miles further on, the Wynberg Cavalry joined the train, and at Farmer PECK'S the Simon's Town Volunteer Cavalry were in waiting to relieve the Cape Town Corps. The reception at Simon's Town, where the Lieutenant-Governor and party had arrived two hours before, was very enthusiastic. The streets were filled with cheering crowds, and the local Volunteer Artillery fired, very effectively, a Royal salute. During a few minutes' stay at Admiralty House, the Mohammedans of Simon's Town presented an address, headed by a prayer from the Koran for His Royal Highness' safety, to which soon afterwards was returned the following reply: "His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED has desired Major COWELL to thank the Gatieb and congregation worshipping in the Mosque at Simon's Town, South Africa, for the expressions of loyalty, devotion, and thankfulness towards the Queen which His Royal Highness has received from them, and for the kind wishes which they have expressed for his happiness now and hereafter. His Royal Highness rejoices to hear that the people of their race are happy under British rule, and can assure them that it will be a source of deep gratification to Her Majesty to learn this from His Royal Highness." After a brief delay the party proceeded to the Admiralty Jetty where the Prince's barge was in waiting. Here he was received by Captain TURNOUR, of the *Forte*, the officers of the Naval Dockyard, and the leading inhabitants of the town. As the boat ran alongside, the yards of the *Euryalus* were manned, and a Governor's salute of seventeen guns welcomed Sir GEORGE and his Royal charge on board.

And thus the first act in the successful drama of the Prince's visit to the Cape was played out. His stay hitherto had been brief, extending over no more than eight days; but during that time he had made a thorough acquaintance with South African life in most of its brightest phases, and by his amiability, frankness, and courtesy,

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rendered himself beloved by all who had the pleasure of beholding him. How fully he had enjoyed the varied novel scenes through which he already passed, he had previously expressed repeatedly himself; and as he was now about to leave this portion of the country for a season, he spent the few minutes yet at his disposal in signifying by every means in his power his appreciation of the cordial warmth that had been displayed to him. He forwarded to the Honourable Mr. STEIN, the Chairman of the Sailors' Home, an autograph letter, and a contribution in money to the building fund just then in progress. And finally he charged his Aides-de-Camp to convey his hearty thanks to the several Volunteer Corps of Durban, Paarl, Stellenbosch, Wynberg, Simon's Town, and Cape Town, for the escorts of honour they had furnished at the various stages of his progress. Among these especially were distinguished the Volunteer Cavalry of Cape Town, and their learned and gallant Captain, the Attorney-General, His Royal Highness' junior Aide-de-Camp.



TROOPER OF THE CAPE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

THE ARRIVAL AT ALGOA BAY.

The *Euryalus*, with Prince ALFRED, Sir GEORGE GREY, General WYNARD and suite, steamed out from Simon's Bay on the Thursday afternoon at five o'clock. His Royal Highness on board his ship returned to his plainly equipped Middy's berth, his modest rank, and professional duties, as readily and with as much simplicity as if the demonstrations of the previous week had never been. The run to Port Elizabeth was a rapid and favourable one, and marked by no incident of any particular interest. The first part of the track passes near to the fatal rock on which went down the *Birkenhead* and her brave five hundred men. On the Friday morning the frigate stood abreast of Agulhas with its light-house, and thence along the low rock-girt coast for two hundred miles to Mossel Bay. There is no scenery to attract the eye, even when the line of shore is visible, except the distant parallel range of mountains. Eastward towards the Knysna, Plettenberg's Bay, and St. Frances' Bay, the aspect of the country completely changes. The coast becomes bolder and more rock-bound; the undulating slopes inland are seen clad with dense primeval forests; while a vast continuous mountain chain forms a magnificent background to the scene. The weather was so favourable that the sea was comparatively smooth, and presented no indication whatever of the tempestuous billows—ininitely more majestic than those of Biscay's Bay—which have won for this region its ancient name of Tormentosa.

Early on the Sunday morning Cape Receife was rounded, and the tall masts and stately form of the *Euryalus* announced to the loyal burgesses of Port Elizabeth that the Sailor Son of their Queen was entering the ample waters of Algoa Bay. The Port Captain and Military Commandant were speedily on board to learn His Royal Highness' pleasure respecting the landing at the port, and were informed that it would be deferred until the following morning. The inhabitants ashore were meanwhile on the tiptoe of expectation, and were speedily depressed beyond measure by a report, circulated for the occasion by some anonymous and most wicked wag, that His Royal Highness was suffering from indisposition, consequent on the fatigues of his Western tour, and would be unable to honour them with his presence at the grand ball and other festivities which had been provided for his reception. The early arrival of the Lieutenant-Governor from the ship, however, to aid in the arrangements of the following morning, soon reassured their anxious minds and dissipated the gloom which in an amazingly short space of time had already enveloped the town. The Prince would certainly spend the Monday—his birthday too—among them, and notwithstanding the slight indisposition referred to would be rejoiced to join in the festivities of their ball.

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And in the meantime, while His Royal Highness and suite are spending their quiet Sunday on board the war-ship, and the Bayonians—as the inhabitants of the port are familiarly termed—are mingling with their devotions the most fervent supplications for that Princely Boy, we shall take the opportunity of presenting a brief description of the place, and of the Province through which now the young Sailor was about to travel.

Algoa Bay, so called by its first Portuguese explorers, is nearly six hundred miles eastward of the Cape, and consists of a sweeping indentation with a curve of nearly a hundred miles extent between the opposite horns of Cape Receife and Point Padrone. Toward its north-eastern extremity are the Bird Islands, still tenanted by the countless flocks of sea-birds from which they derive their name, and even yet remembered with a romantic interest as the scene of the wreck of H. M.'s ship *Doddington*, nearly a century ago. Further in along the curve, and close to the northern shore, rise the white gleaming cliffs of Santa Croix, the classic isle where first "stout DIAZ" landed and planted his rude emblem of the Christian faith in Southern Africa. And still further southward, and only ten miles from Cape Receife, is Port Elizabeth—which boasts itself, and not unjustly, the Liverpool of the Cape. The town stretches along the shore for some two or three miles; and not quite unpicturesquely occupies the slope and summit of a terrace-like elevation parallel to the coast. The "town below" is the seat and centre of business, and its stores would do credit in magnitude and architectural taste to towns of far larger pretensions than this; while on the hill above are the private residences of the "aristocracy"—*videlicet*, the energetic merchants to whom Port Elizabeth is indebted for all it is—and several public buildings, such as the Provincial Hospital and the Grey Educational Institute. Conspicuous on the brow of this elevation and marked more by its quaintness than its beauty, is the pyramidal brick monument erected there to commemorate the virtues of the Lady ELIZABETH DONKIN, after whom the town has many long years ago been named. A short distance—half a mile—to the southward, is squatted, also on the crest of the ridge, the sole defensive fortification of the place, Fort Frederick, whose crumbling walls would sooner crash about the ears of its occupants than shelter them from shot, or shell, or shrapnel. The anchorage in the bay adjacent is firm and sure; and, saving when the south-easters blow and the whole becomes an open roadstead, is perfectly safe. In winter, while the north-west gales prevail, the shipping in Algoa Bay rejoice in the completest shelter. The trade of the place is very extensive, for here is the only point along the whole eastern coast to Natal where goods can with facility and convenience be exported. The harbours at the Kowie and East London will yet be fully opened it is hoped; but hitherto in that direction, Port Elizabeth has ruled without a rival.

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The back country whose produce finds its way to Algoa Bay for exportation is of almost boundless extent. It consists of what is known as the Eastern Province of the Colony, of a considerable part of the Western Province too, and of the remote independent Dutch Republics northward of the Orange River. The Eastern Province may conveniently be marked into two divisions, the Northern and the Eastern. The population of the former, of which Graaff-Reinet—the Gem of the Desert, as its denizens proudly call it—is the capital, are more thoroughly of Dutch descent, and therefore more intimately allied to the older colonists of the West. The latter, of which the City of Graham's Town is the metropolis, is held mainly by the descendants of the hardy British Settlers of 1820, and comprises those frontier districts—Albany, Somerset, Fort Beaufort, and Victoria—that have so frequently and so long been wasted with all the ravages of Kafir war. The whole combined Province is more pastoral than agricultural, and though occasional vineyards, and still more frequent corn lands, are met with over the country, the staple produce on which all rely is Wool. How well the colonists have prospered in the pursuit of this important branch of industry a few statistics will clearly show. The total wool produce of the Province in 1835 was under 80,000 lbs. In five years from that date it increased more than five-fold. In 1845 it exceeded five times that again, and in 1850 it swelled to nearly four millions and a half. In the past year, 1859, it has extended to fifteen millions and a half!

On Monday morning Port Elizabeth was astir betimes, and preparations for the demonstrations of the day were progressing apace. Arches were trimmed out afresh, flags and banners were set waving in the cold morning wind in all directions; transparencies for the evening's illumination were affixed to numerous buildings throughout the town; a sturdy batch of special constables were sworn in to secure the maintenance of order; the shipping in the bay dressed out in all their bunting; and crowds of boats rowed or sailed alongside of the *Euryalus* to congratulate the young Prince on the recurrence of his birthday, and to cordially wish him many happy returns of the auspicious day. The landing was fixed for ten o'clock, and punctually to a second the *Euryalus* then manned her yards, belched out a thundering salute, and the Prince and Governor and party were on their way shorewards, attended by a perfect flotilla of boats of all degrees. The concourse awaiting him on the beach was immense, and as His Royal Highness landed on the Breakwater stairs, under salute of the Volunteer Artillery, and was received by the Lieutenant-Governor and a guard of honour of the 10th Regt., the shouting and cheering of the huge motley multitude became deafening. On the Breakwater were stationed, first, about a hundred ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs and displayed by glances and smiles, if not in louder speech, their unbounded

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loyalty and joy. As the Prince proceeded along the Breakwater cap in hand, and in his own quiet, modest, princely way acknowledged the enthusiasm displayed all around him—the Volunteer Band meanwhile playing the National Anthem—the crowd became still more thronged; and when he reached the carriage and “six cream-coloured steeds” provided for him, the scene was impressive in the extreme. Englishmen and Dutchmen, Kafirs, Fingoes, and Hottentots were there in every combination of colour, fashion of dress and undress, and variety of loud enthusiastic loyal demonstrations. The procession then moved on across the Baaken's River bridge, *en route* to the residence of WILLIAM FLEMING, Esq., and stopped at the first arch erected a few hundred yards in advance. The structure was very creditable in its ornamental design, and was flanked on either side with lofty pyramids of bales of wool—the representatives of the staple produce to which the Eastern Province owes all its wealth. Here an address from the Malay inhabitants of the town was presented and read by Mr. PEARSON, after which the cavalcade passed slowly on to the grand arch on the Market-square, where the Municipal authorities were in waiting with another address, to which at once a happy reply was made by His Royal Highness. The road next ascends the steep slope to “the town above,” on which stands conspicuously Mr. FLEMING's mansion. Here bands of Fingoes lined the way on either side, and as the procession moved upwards the throng of hurrahing citizens was more dense than ever. In the enthusiasm of the moment a proposal was made to unharness the horses and display the loyalty of the multitude by dragging the carriage up the hill with force of stalwart arms alone; but, at the special request of the Prince himself, this design was reluctantly abandoned, and the *cortège* moved slowly on to its destination, where the Volunteer Rifles of the town were drawn up to form a guard of honour, and where the Volunteer Band again performed the National Anthem.

After a short interval a *levee* was held, attended by a great number of the inhabitants; and at two o'clock the Prince, with Sir GEORGE GREY, Major COWELL, and suite sallied forth to see the principal institutions or lions of the town. First, they visited the Grey Institute, a rather imposing building situated on the crest of the hill, and founded a few years ago by Sir GEORGE GREY, after whom it has been named. The reception here by the Masters and Boys of the Institution was very gratifying to the Royal Prince, and his intercession to secure for the juveniles a holiday in honour of the occasion excited, of course, their loudest plaudits in return. Next were visited, in turn, the Provincial Hospital, the new Gaol now advancing to completion, some of the imposing edifices erected in the Main-street of the town, and the handsome Town-hall and Athenæum at its western extremity. Shortly afterwards, the Royal party reascended the hill, inspected the Fingo location on the plain

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behind, where all the rudest barbarism of Kafirland is displayed side by side with all the civilization and refinement of Port Elizabeth, and then galloped across the breezy downs to the westward as far as Walmer, one of the favourite suburban villages of the Bay. On their return home to Mr. FLEMING's residence—which had been given up by that gentleman and his family for the exclusive use of the Prince and his suite—a dinner party was assembled, comprising the leading representatives of the town. Mr. FLEMING, who is one of the oldest of the Bay merchants and long their representative in the Legislative Council, was by special invitation of His Royal Highness, appointed to preside, having the Prince on his right hand and Sir GEORGE GREY on his left. After dinner was well discussed, toasts and speeches succeeded in due order, and not the least enthusiastic of them was that proposed by Sir GEORGE GREY in honour of the Royal Guest, rendered all the more interesting now too from the birthday anniversary which it was to celebrate. Prince ALFRED responded to it briefly, but most feelingly, and said: "I thank you, Sir GEORGE GREY, for the very kind manner in which you have proposed my health, and I thank you, gentlemen, for the handsome manner in which you have received it. I feel very grateful for the reception which you have given to me; and believe me I shall never forget the birthday I spent in Port Elizabeth." These speeches and toasts being all duly disposed of, a very beautiful effect was produced by the unexpected appearance, on the grounds in front, of the Serenading Glee Club of the town. They were picturesquely clad in varied carnival costume, and as the torches they bore gleamed upon their dresses and the crowd who followed, the scene was very beautiful, and rendered still more charming by the exquisite music the whole group discoursed. The Prince and party inside quickly made their appearance on the balcony in front, and expressed their gratification very warmly. Shortly afterwards, His Royal Highness, with Sir GEORGE GREY, General WYNYARD, and Major COWELL, drove round the town to witness the illumination, which was as tastefully arranged as it was widely extended; and at nine o'clock they arrived at the ball-room, which had been prepared by the citizens for the festivities of the evening. It was metamorphosed for the occasion from its original purpose of a monster wool store, and the arrangements were in all respects most admirable. The assemblage of the fair ladies, brave volunteers, and loyal prosperous population of the place generally was very great. The Prince was welcomed with cordial enthusiasm, and tired and indisposed though he was after the fatigues of the day and the Cape festivities of the previous week, he joined in every dance as long as he remained. About eleven he retired, and returned with his suite to Mr. FLEMING's residence.

At eight o'clock the following morning Sir GEORGE GREY laid the foundation-stone of

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a new Masonic Temple; and shortly before nine all preparations were completed for the Prince's departure *en route* to Graham's Town, and for the hunt across the Amsterdam Flats which was to distinguish the commencement of the journey. The first arrangements for this latter event were conducted by Mr. GEORGE REED on board the *Euryalus* before the Prince's landing. This gentleman, who is one of the best-hearted, if plain-spoken, burgesses of Port Elizabeth, and the life and soul of manly sports of all descriptions, went on board to ascertain whether it would be convenient to have this meet. He inquired for Sir GEORGE GREY, with whom he is a great favourite, and after some conversation, broke out in something of this style—we quote the narrative from a local correspondent of the Cape Town *Advertiser* newspaper, and if the details are not minutely accurate, they are at all events thoroughly characteristic:—"Well, your Excellency, I understand you have a "Royal Prince on board?" "Yes," said the Governor, "we have." "I should like very "much to see him," rejoined GEORGE, "if it is convenient." "I am sure His Royal "Highness will be very glad to see you if he is not on duty. I'll send and see." The "Prince was disengaged, and would be very glad to see Mr. REED, who accordingly "proceeded to his quarters. After a little stammering and rubbing his hands very hard, "GEORGE extended it, saying, "I am a rough chap, your Royal Highness, and my name is "GEORGE REED." The Prince shook it heartily, and they were sworn friends. Horses, "dogs, hunting, shooting, and every subject with which GEORGE is familiar was fully "discussed; and I believe there is not within the compass of the Queen's dominions a "gentleman who would more heartily serve the Queen, or the Prince, or the Governor than "he whom I have called the 'representative man' of Port Elizabeth."

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His Royal Highness left the town at nine o'clock, dressed in South African hunting costume, felt helmet hat, dark cloth jacket, cord trowsers, and top-boots. Mr. REED and his associates led the way, and the Royal cavalcade was accompanied by many hundreds of the inhabitants on horseback, and in carriages and carts of all degrees. The cheering as they passed along the main street and through the arch erected at its further extremity was loud and long, and well betokening the rejoicing of the loyal colonists at the honour this Royal visit had conferred on them.

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The first short halt was made some seven miles distant, at Rawson Bridge, across the lagoon of the Zwartkops River, where the Volunteer Artillery were posted, and received the Prince with a Royal salute. Here too were stationed a large array of children to bid the Prince farewell; and a deputation from Uitenhage—a beautiful town some twenty miles inland, and not improbably the future capital of the coming Eastern Colony—charged with an address to His Royal Highness. All the requisite formalities being here disposed of, the Artillery fired their parting salute, the children and the crowd cheered once more, and commenced their return to town; and the Prince and his hunting party galloped, eager for the chase, across the Amsterdam Flats for three hours' distance. It was all fair South African coursing, and the burst was glorious. Bucks and hares were quickly set afoot, and GEORGE REED'S hounds showed how well they could conduct the sport. The Prince rode among the foremost in the chase, and, though but a youthful Mid, held his seat and reins as firmly as any Nimrod among them all. The pace at times was furious, and the escort of Cape Corps men, encumbered with fat horses and heavy baggage, were left far in the rear; while the "heavies" of higher rank found it sufficiently severe to keep within reasonable distance. "The Commander of the Forces"—we quote from a newspaper account—"tried hard, and "did nobly, but it is not in horseflesh to carry fifteen stone as lightly and as swiftly as it "whisked on that merry day with so sprightly a scion of Royalty on its back." The game killed and bagged comprised two fine bucks and three hares, all of which was sent back, at the special request of the Prince, to cheer the mess-room of his brother mids on board the *Euryalus*. His Royal Highness enjoyed the sport of the day most thoroughly, and declared how much he wished they could thus course on the whole route to Graham's Town, some ninety miles away.

At the Coega Valley, the termination of the Flats and the hunt, a triumphal arch was erected, and some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen from the scattered farms in the surrounding districts were there assembled to hail the Prince and cheer him heartily as he passed. Twelve or fifteen miles further on, still skirting parallel to the sweep of Algoa Bay, the road reaches the Sunday's River, which after a course of a hundred and fifty miles from the lofty Sneeuwbergen of Graaff-Reinet there becomes narrow, deep, and muddy as a Dutch canal. The pontoon by which it is crossed was tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens; and at the well-known hostelry of CAPPER'S, on the opposite bank, triumphal arches were erected, and flags and banners waved in abundance, with devices of "God save the Queen" and "Welcome, our Royal Sailor Prince." A considerable concourse was assembled to receive the Royal party; and here the General and his staff took up their quarters for the night. The Prince and Sir GEORGE GREY rode some three miles further on

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to Colchester, a slender village, whose greatness lies ever in the perspective of the future, when the bar at the river's mouth, now unhappily only three feet in depth, is to be cleared away to permit the argosies of coming times to float upwards to the docks that are to be. At the comfortable inn of Mrs. McLAUGHLIN, ample preparations were made to furnish His Royal Highness with a night's repose.

Next morning early the party mustered together, and galloped on for some twenty miles over an undulating bushy park-like country by Nanaga and Riet Vlei, to breakfast at WHELDON'S, where a large assemblage of farmers from the rich corn-growing districts of Alexandria or Olifant's Hoek were gathered in honour of the event. And soon afterwards the journey was continued across the picturesque heights of the Bushman's River—a quarter of a century ago one of the most formidable fastnesses of the Kafir wars—until the party rested for the night at Mr. COE'S Hotel, at the Nazaar, on the confines of Albany, and only twenty miles from Graham's Town. Here another triumphal arch was erected, which at night was beautifully illuminated, the festivities appropriately closing with a Kafir dance on the slope in front.

Next morning, Thursday, all were in their saddles early, and rode on through a rich pastoral, and agricultural country to the picturesque bush of the Kareiga River, where at Mr. SMITH'S hotel a halt was ordered for breakfast. While this was being prepared, a large concourse of burgher farmers from the surrounding country being assembled, under the command of Commandant WILMOT, the Prince determined to organize a shooting match; the target appointed was an orange fixed on a wand a hundred yards distant, and the prize was His Royal Highness' silver-mounted riding-whip. The competition was entered upon with enthusiastic keenness, and ended in the success of a Dutch farmer named GOOSEN. The whip was duly presented to him by His Royal Highness, and afterwards he declared emphatically he would not part with it for five hundred pounds. It will be retained as a precious heir-loom in the loyal Dutchman's family, and as the Prince's prize be handed down with reverence to future generations! The route from SMITH'S Hotel, at the Kareiga, was lined at intervals with burgher parties, who joined in the Prince's train as he passed by; and at the entrance to Howison's Poort or Pass a deputation from the farmers of Salem and Lower Albany was in waiting under a magnificent arch, on which were inscribed in graceful device of golden oranges the words: "Welcome, Prince ALFRED, to Albany." An address was here read by Mr. JARVIS, of Graham's Town, who acted as the spokesman of the deputation, and an appropriate and gratifying reply was at once returned. From this point the road to Graham's Town, now seven miles distant, is one of the most romantic in the colony. It traverses a deep pass or chasm in a lofty range of mountain, and as it gradually

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ascends to the summit which overlooks the city on the further side, at every step in advance some new and magnificent feature in the bold rugged landscape is presented. The *cortège* rattled up this defile at a rapid pace, swelling immensely as it proceeded, and at the crest of Waai Nek some fifteen hundred horsemen from Graham's Town were in waiting to receive the Royal Visitor.

Here a regular procession was formed, and from that point again by the gradual descent which leads to the city, an immense concourse thronged the way. The distant residence of Oatlands, the property of Sir WALTER CURRIE, on the left, was seen, covered with marquees and minor tents and banners innumerable, in readiness for the festivities of the following day. Graham's Town, which prides itself, and not quite unreasonably, the most thoroughly English town in Southern Africa, extended picturesquely on the slope below, decked with arches and flags and assembled multitudes on every house-top. At the toll, some two miles distant, the band of the Cape Mounted Rifles strove in vain to discourse louder music than the loyal shouts of the people; and further on, the road was lined on either side by the members of the Old Pensioners' Society, the 10th Regiment, the Infantry Corps, and the Volunteer Cavalry. Underneath the magnificent archway at the entrance of the town stood the Municipal Commissioners, headed by their Chairman, Mr. HENRY BLAINE; and as the Prince approached to receive the address prepared for him, the crowd that pressed on in thousands was overwhelming. The band of the 10th Regiment struck up the National Anthem; the Artillery fired a Royal salute; the multitude cheered triumphantly; and when the Municipal address was presented, His Royal Highness read a reply which called forth again the loud British shouts of ten thousand voices. Thence the *cortège* advanced slowly past the Cape Corps barracks, and about one o'clock arrived at Government House.



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Graham's Town is named after its founder, the gallant Colonel GRAHAM, one of the bravest defenders of the frontier forty years ago, and a worthy descendant and representative of the "generous GRAHAM" of Fintra, celebrated in the song of BURNS. His son is now its able and respected Magistrate and Civil Commissioner. The town was first erected and occupied as a military post in 1812. In the war of 1819 it narrowly escaped destruction from the Kafir hordes of Mokanna and Dushani, who then marched steadily against it, and were repulsed only by the valour of British troops under the command of Colonel WILSHIRE. In succeeding wars similar though not so imminent dangers threatened its existence; but it has successfully survived them all, and now boasts itself the recognized capital of the Eastern Province, the seat of an English Bishopric, and one of the most prosperous and pleasant towns in Southern Africa. Its site was admirably selected. On the wide sloping valley intervening between Woest Hill and the plateau ridge which extends eastward to the lofty eminence of Governor's Kop—commanding there a magnificent panoramic view of all Kafirland to the remotest Amatola—there is ample space for its squares and streets to disport and display themselves to the best possible advantage. On the rise at the western extremity are posted the Lieutenant-Governor's official residence and the spacious barracks of the Cape Corps, while at the opposite point eastward, stands the well-known military garrison of Fort England. In the intervening undulating space, the streets which cross each other at right angles are wide and graceful, and occasionally shaded by oaks and blue gums; the squares are not yet ornamented with the statues that are to be; but at intervals the eye is relieved with the sight of several well-built, if not imposing churches, and at least a few tastefully-constructed public buildings, of which by far the best is the Provincial Hospital. About a mile distant northward are the Fingo and Hottentot locations—the latter covered with cottages remotely approximating to the fashion of European civilization, and the former composed of a congeries of beehive huts, similar in style and interior arrangements to those of aboriginal Kafirland itself. Towards the slope of Woest Hill to the southward is a Botanic Garden, tastefully arranged and admirably conducted, and furnishing the most fashionable promenade to the inhabitants of the town. The whole population of Graham's Town numbers probably close upon ten thousand.

On this occasion of the Prince's visit its beauties were, of course, set off to the best possible advantage, and the citizens successfully exerted themselves to maintain their well-won reputation for genuine "true British" loyalty. Half an hour after the arrival of His Royal Highness, a *levee* was held at Government House, which was numerously attended; and



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soon afterwards the Prince and party proceeded through the town to visit its various leading public institutions. The first of these was the Botanic Garden, in which the object which most attracted His Royal Highness' interest was the beautiful conservatory erected in commemoration of the generous and brave FORDYCE, the noblest victim who fell in the disastrous war of 1851. The next visit paid was to the Museum, which, though meagre in extent, is, under the management of Dr. ATHERSTONE and Mr. GLANVILLE, particularly rich in the reptilian fossils peculiar to South Africa. One of these, a large and beautiful *Dicynodon* head, was presented to the Prince by Dr. ATHERSTONE. From the Museum the Royal party proceeded through the town to inspect the troops paraded at Fort England, and returned soon after to lay the foundation-stone of a new tower to the old Cathedral Church in the spacious square which opens up in the centre of the principal street. The Volunteer Infantry, under command of Captain HUNTLEY, formed a guard of honour, and a dense multitude of spectators thronged all around. The Bishop delivered an impressive address on the occasion, and the ceremony was conducted with all the solemnities appropriate to the event. This finished, the Prince and his suite proceeded up the slope of Woest Hill to the new road across its summit, from whence is obtained a magnificent view of the Kowie bush—once a notorious fastness of Kafir marauders—and the fertile plains of Lower Albany, right down to the sea at Port Frances, soon to be honoured with the Prince's name. His Royal Highness was greatly gratified at the splendid prospect, and having declared the new formed pass opened as "Prince Alfred's Road," he returned to visit the Hospital, where the managing committee were in waiting to receive him. Soon afterwards he drove back, followed by the cheers of the loyal populace to Government House. Here a large party of the military officers in garrison and the leading inhabitants of the city had the honour of meeting His Royal Highness at dinner.

In the evening Graham's Town was brilliantly illuminated; not merely the town itself, but the fort adjoining, and the neighbouring locations of the Hottentots and Fingoes shone out in all the brilliance which sperm and oil could furnish—for gas unhappily is there still unknown—while bonfires blazed brightly and with magnificent effect from all the hills around. In the principal streets and squares the transparencies exhibited were generally most tasteful in their device, and very creditably artistic in execution. A few of them were marked by peculiar originality and amusing quaintness. Of one of these, provided and, we presume, designed by an enthusiastically loyal apothecary, we copy the following description from the local newspapers: "A large transparency: subject—the *Euryalus* in the distance; the Prince "landing. On the shore a pile of cannon balls, with the words 'TAYLOR'S Alteratives.'

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“ Near them a doctor's bottle, labelled ‘ Balm of Life—Constantia.’ Between the balls and
“ the bottle, Doctor TAYLOR saying to the Prince ‘ Welcome noble jolly tar! and when you
“ return to your mother, our beloved Queen, tell her that there are those on Afric's shore
“ prepared to supply her enemies with these pills and her friends with the balm of life!’ ”
Another transparency at the residence of Mr. W. R. THOMPSON, if less elaborate had
certainly the merit of being more artistic, and happily illustrative of the peace which now
prevails so securely along our borders. It represented a full-length portrait of the Kafir
Chief SANDILLA, in his kaross, holding forth a branch, emblematical of peace, and trampling
an asegeai under his foot.

During the whole of this progress along the frontier the warmest expressions of respect
were displayed to His Excellency Sir GEORGE GREY, who, however, on all occasions declined
accepting any open demonstration which could in the least be brought into comparison with
the enthusiastic honours conferred on the youthful Prince. In the course of this first day at
Graham's Town an address was presented to His Excellency privately—for only so would
he receive it—from the inhabitants of Lower Albany. We insert it here, with Sir GEORGE's
reply, merely as an illustration of the happy relations which exist between the British
Governor of South Africa and all the subjects of his rule. The address, which was
presented by Colonel ARMSTRONG, the Civil Commissioner of Bathurst, set forth as
follows :

“ We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the district of Bathurst, desire very respectfully to
“ give expression to the feelings of deep and unmingled satisfaction to which your Excellency's
“ safe return to the Colony has given rise.

“ In referring to the sense of insecurity and the dread of impending calamity which
“ were so generally felt upon the Eastern frontier at the period when your Excellency first
“ entered upon the government of the Colony, we feel called upon to bear testimony to the
“ promptitude, vigilance, and signal ability on the part of your Excellency with which the
“ difficulties of a great public crisis were met; and to acknowledge that it is to your
“ Excellency, under God, that we, in common with our fellow-colonists, are indebted for the
“ preservation of peace and for the continued presence in our homes of its long train of
“ attendant blessings.

“ We desire also very gratefully to acknowledge the public support which, under your
“ Excellency's sanction, has been given to the attempt to improve and render available the
“ advantages for commercial intercourse which the maritime position of this district affords ;
“ nor would we omit to express the deep sense we entertain of your Excellency's care to

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“diffuse more widely the benefits of education among the various races of which our population consists.

“It only remains for us in conclusion to give common utterance to the earnest desire which all feel that He who is the fountain of all public and all personal mercies may vouchsafe to your Excellency the continued enjoyment of every needful blessing, and to solicit permission very dutifully to subscribe ourselves your Excellency's most obedient and devoted servants.”

And to this His Excellency replied :

“The expressions of satisfaction on my safe return to South Africa which you have given utterance to in your address are very gratifying to me, and I sincerely thank you for them.

“If ever again impending calamities threaten this Colony, I trust I may not be found wanting in my efforts to avert them, and that under the blessings of Divine Providence these may prove as successful as in times past.

“That the frontier farmers now enjoy peace and its attendant blessings is a subject of continued joy and gratitude to me. May such a happy state of things long continue. Let us all work cordially for this end.

“If the people of the country assist me in striving to obtain this, I will at all times co-operate most zealously with them.”

The principal rejoicings at Graham's Town, however, were arranged for the morrow, and at an early hour the town was all astir. The first event was a *fête champêtre*, to be held in the vicinity. The spot fixed for it was the magnificent estate of Oatlands, on the slope northwards from the town. The proprietor, Sir WALTER CURRIE, the gallant Commandant of the Frontier Mounted Police—and on whom the Queen had a few weeks before conferred the well-merited dignity of knighthood—with a committee of management appointed by the citizens, had completed every arrangement in the shape of pavilions, tents, banners, arches, and decorations of every sort, for the reception of the Royal Visitor, and the vast assemblage who were there to meet him. Among these the most interesting were the children of the various Sunday Schools in the city and its vicinity. They mustered all in admirable order, dressed in their best, and marked in groups by flags and streaming banners on the Church-square in Graham's Town; and headed by the Cape Corps band, playing a slow march to suit the toddling progress of the most juvenile, they there formed in long procession and set out for Oatlands. Among them were children of every sect and representatives of every race, English, Dutch, Hottentot, Fingo, and Kafir; while the rear was brought up by a long

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line of Kafir men and women, children of a larger growth, with improvised banners, uncouth in form and more loyal than artistic in device and general get-up. These naturally provoked among the crowded people along the route loud peals of good-humoured laughter, in which the swarthy bannerers themselves joined most heartily. On their arrival at the pavilion appropriate places were assigned for all of them, and now the vast assembled multitude were waiting eagerly for the appearance of the Prince. At the appointed time a cloud of dust in the distance betokened his approach. He was attended by the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, Major COWELL, and a brilliant military staff. A corps of ladies—humorously termed afterwards "Prince ALFRED'S OWN"—also on horseback, followed close behind and in the centre of the *cortège*; while the Volunteer Cavalry, under Captain SOUTHEY, had the honour of serving as a general escort. At the end of the long avenue of blue gums and mimosa which lead up to the mansion, a magnificent archway was erected. On each corner of it stood a sailor in full man-of-war costume; while on either side were drawn up a body of the brave Frontier Mounted Police, "fierce-looking, tan-clad fellows, whose faces have not felt the edge of razor for many a long day, and whom a roaming, venturous bush life on the border seems to be fast weaning from the manners and customs of fixed domestic life." As His Royal Highness galloped past these, and turned towards the pavilion, on the slope to the right, he was received by Sir WALTER CURRIE and his colleagues of the managing committee, and of course with loud cheering from the surrounding throng. He was then led into the pavilion, whence a perfect view of the city and its amphitheatre of hills could be obtained, and every point of special interest was assiduously pointed out to him by the eager citizens who had the honour of acting as the *ciceroni*. After a short interval the band of the Cape Corps struck up the National Anthem; the schools and the multitude with bared heads joined in, and these thousands of voices swelled the volume of the old loyal strain as spirit-stirring here in Africa as in the heart and centre of the Queen's home dominions. The young Prince was visibly affected at what to him was so thoroughly novel and impressive a spectacle. When the singing of the Anthem was completed, His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Bishop of Graham's Town and other gentlemen, proceeded to see the schools in detail, welcomed, as he advanced from one joyous group to another, with the loudest cheers the juveniles could muster. He then returned to the pavilion, the children retired to enjoy the refreshments provided for them, and the bands of the Cape Corps and the 10th Regiment performed a series of lively airs. After a brief interval it was announced that the Prince would plant an oak on the grounds, in commemoration of the event, which was speedily done with all due formalities. Several ladies were next presented to His Royal Highness,

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and shortly afterwards the games of the day began. These were chiefly of the good old English fashion, and need not here be recorded; but as a pendant to them came an assegai-shooting Kafir match. The mark was a wide-awake hat, the distance was sixty yards, and the assegai of the first competitor pierced the target through. The victor was rewarded for his success, and his assegai was accepted and preserved by the Prince as a memento. After this His Royal Highness retired with his retinue and a large company of guests to the refreshment tent, conducting Lady CURRIE thither; and within an hour the *cortège* was formed again, and on its way back to Government House. "The people"—says the local *Journal*—"delighted that they had seen a Son of the Queen of England face to face, and "pleased with the varied enjoyments of the day of which His Royal Highness had been the "heart and soul, returned homewards in little parties and family groups, and the festive "grounds were soon as solitary as a wilderness."

At the dinner at Government House a party of military officers and civilians had the honour of meeting the Prince, and after this succeeded the Ball provided by the citizens in the stores of Mr. BLAINE, the most spacious and commodious building in the city. The mode of conveyance furnished to the Young Sailor from Government House to the Ball-room was novel and peculiar. A band of youths of the town, sixteen in number, had obtained an open carriage, six of them were appointed to draw it, and the remaining ten were posted five on either side with tasteful Chinese lamps. Thus furnished they proceeded to Government House, and through Mr. SOUTHEY the Lieutenant-Governor's Secretary, and Sir GEORGE GREY, desired the honour of conveying the Prince to the stores in High-street. His Royal Highness readily assented, and with Mr. SOUTHEY, was soon seated in the carriage, which, preceded by a young sailor boy in thorough nautical attire was quickly dragged down the Drostdy Grounds and the adjoining street amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowds around. The effect of the whole scene—the sprightly boys who laid to the traces with a will, the lamps of their comrades on either side, the sabres of the Volunteer escort gleaming in the light, and the concourse who thronged before and after—was exceedingly pleasing and successful. Before the Ball-room a guard of honour of the 10th, together with the Volunteer Infantry were drawn up to receive the Royal Boy; while in the magnificent halls inside he was welcomed by the stewards and managers of the Ball. The decorations of the ball-rooms and the supper-rooms alike were of the most tasteful and artistic character, reflecting the highest credit on their designers and on the citizens of Grahams Town generally.

The Ball was opened punctually at nine by the Prince and Lady CURRIE, and from then to eleven o'clock the dancing continued with enthusiastic energy and delight. At that

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hour His Royal Highness, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Major COWELL, with the ladies, and the rest of the party, retired to the supper rooms, where Mr. BLAINE discharged the functions of host in a true, hearty, hospitable South African fashion. Supper over, at the Prince's request only one toast was given, and that of course the Queen. Mr. BLAINE proposed it in a few graceful sentences, reminding the assemblage of the proud distinction they enjoyed in welcoming at their social board Her Majesty's Sailor Son, and adding his hope that the Prince would be as pleasantly impressed with the proof now presented him that his Royal Mother was as deeply revered here in Africa as in the capital of her home dominions. Immediately behind the dais of His Royal Highness stood two stout seamen of the *Euryalus*; and their Royal Mate, with sailor-like consideration, begged that they might share in the good things going, a request which was not lost sight of, for as a local chronicler carefully relates, they were shortly seen discussing substantial solids in abundance, moistened by flowing bumpers of champagne. Jack declared he had never been in better plight before.

About twelve o'clock the Prince and his suite retired, and in the street outside were stationed still the same sixteen loyal youths, anxious again to convey their Royal Visitor to his home. The Prince responded to their request with pleasure, and, as he parted from them at Government House, through Mr. SOUTHEY he expressed to them his cordial appreciation of their enthusiasm, which excited of course the loudest cheering from the exultant juveniles. They afterwards learned how he had given special directions that they should be feasted with the best the refreshment hall could furnish. And thus most pleasantly and successfully did the day pass by. Every arrangement contemplated by the loyal citizens had been carried out to the infinite gratification of all, and not a single accident of any kind occurred to mar the universal joy.

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On the following Saturday morning at an early hour the Royal party were again in readiness for the tour north-eastward into Kafirland, by way of Fort Beaufort, Heald Town, and Alice. The road first rises by a steep ascent on the northern side of Graham's Town, and emerges on an extensive plateau, extending some two miles across to Botha's Hill. The Prince at starting was accompanied with his usual suite, several carriages with ladies, a few Cape Corps orderlies, the Graham's Town Cavalry Volunteers, and a crowd of citizens of all

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degree, loudly expressive of their exuberant joy at the visit with which they had been honoured, and mingled with regret at so speedy a departure of the Royal Youth they were now so thoroughly idolizing. At the Flats the Prince vacated Sir WALTER CURRIE'S carriage, in which he had so far ridden, and then mounted a charger in readiness for his use; and after a short gallop across the plains to Botha's Hill, he bade farewell to the Graham's Town friends, who now took leave of him. From this point northwards a very fine view is got of the vast valley of the Fish River, its wildly wooded slopes, and the black bleak outlines of the Rand beyond, not unworthy of comparison with the gloomy hills that surround "dark Lochnagar" itself. The first part of the road threads the woody defiles by which the Ecca Pass is descended, a spot once an impregnable fastness of Kafir marauders, now one of the most inviting districts in the Eastern Province, infested by no more formidable spoiler than the geological student or the devotee of the picturesque. Down this pass the Royal cavalcade cantered at a fiery pace, and, after a further gallop across the plains below, reached Fort Brown on the banks of the Fish River shortly before noon.

This is one of the forts built by the British Government when the state of affairs in Kafirland was widely different from what it has happily since become. Since then the wave of barbarism has been urged back. The Kafir hordes that thronged around the frontier capital are now repelled eastward for full two hundred miles. And Fort Brown, like several other once Frontier posts, though in excellent order and with ample garrison accommodation for troops, is all but deserted, and its occupation, one hopes, is for ever gone. On this occasion the melancholy detachment of troops who yet hold it were drawn up in line near a triumphal arch erected opposite the principal gate, and Burghers from the surrounding farms were posted on the opposite side, firing several rounds of musketry of course, and shouting loyally with might and main. After a brief halt and an inspection of the Fort the Prince mounted a fresh steed, and the *cortège* set forth in high spirits across the old, handsome bridge which there spans the river, and which then was tastefully decorated with evergreens and garlands as it had never been before.

After an hour's ride by a winding road along the sluggish and muddy stream, the next halt was at the Koonap, a tributary of the Fish River, where another small military post is still maintained. Here a large concourse of Burghers, Dutch as well as English, from the districts within twenty miles around, were assembled under their various Field-cornets, and the reception accorded by them to the young Prince was quite as enthusiastic, if not as magnificent, as anything achieved by the citizens of Graham's Town themselves. The Royal party stayed at the hospitable hotel of Mr. FRANCIS, and partook of

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a bountiful luncheon, for which "mine host" resolutely refused to accept the slightest payment. Prince ALFRED was so gratified with everything he witnessed at the Koonap, that in commemoration of it he informed Mr. FRANCIS he would send out for him from England a presentation Rifle. The loyal host was overwhelmed at the honour conferred on him; and the crowd outside, when they heard of the Royal Boy's good feeling and handsome gift, were as rejoiced at it as the exultant hotel-keeper himself.

But twenty miles of road had yet to be passed before Fort Beaufort could be reached, and so the travellers were speedily once more in their saddles. The first six miles of the way is an ascent of the Koonap Hill by the "Queen's Road," so called because constructed for strategic purposes by the Imperial Government. The hill is clad with luxuriant bush, from amid which the tall gaunt euphorbia rise like spectres, and from its summit the traveller commands as magnificent a prospect as is to be met with anywhere in South Africa. Immediately around are the rich wooded slopes of the mount itself. South-eastward stretches the intervening valley of the Fish River, with the picturesque ridge of Botha's Hill and Governor's Kop bounding the view from Graham's Town. And north-eastward are the wide, heathy, and grass-clad plains of Victoria and Kaffraria, with the bold mountain ranges of the Winterberg, the Chumie, the Amatola, and far Tabindoda itself forming the commanding and romantic background to the whole. The scene was much admired now as the Royal party galloped on at a rapid pace, and no further event of interest occurred until they reached the Pass of Daantje's Hoogte, within seven miles of Fort Beaufort. Here the road is narrow and winding. On the left the mountain rises in steep ascents; on the right the most awkward precipices yawn beneath; while the wooded beauty on either side adds picturesqueness to the whole scene. It was at the further extremity of this pass that the Royal party met the advanced guard of their welcoming hosts of Fort Beaufort. Colonel FREEZE, Royal Artillery, with his brother officers, were the first to greet them, and furnish the Prince with a fresh horse to ride on. Soon afterwards came the Civil Commissioner, and a regiment of Fingo Cavalry, dressed and accoutred in picturesque disorder, but shouting as the *cortège* advanced with fierce yells of frantic joy. And thence, a distance of five miles onwards to the town, the Royal progress was one continued ovation, unsurpassed in enthusiasm or in interest by any that went before. A body of Fingoes from all the country round, numbering fifteen hundred men, who could not furnish horses for the occasion, were mustered on foot under the command of their Superintendent, Mr. VERITY. So eager had they been to welcome the approach of their "Great Queen's Son," that they had encamped two nights before on the flats below Fort Beaufort; and on the second night stood out a thorough drenching with the

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most perfect unconcern. The aspect they presented as the Prince rode through their extended lines was grotesque enough in all their multiform details of dress and dshabille; but of the sincerity of the three lusty ringing cheers they set up there could be no question whatever. Still nearer the town the interest of the crowded scene was diversified by a large assemblage of coloured girls from one of the neighbouring mission schools at Tidmanton, singing out the National Anthem with heart and voice. At the lofty and imposing bridge across the Kat River, just before the entrance into Fort Beaufort, and not many hundred yards from the spot where, in 1851, HERMANUS KAFIR ventured his rebellious fight and fell a victim to his own mad treason, the throng was denser than ever, numbering at the very least several thousands, of high degree and low, black and white, Dutch and English, all animated by the same exuberant enthusiasm. The bridge was tastefully decorated of course, and at its further end an arch was constructed, with rhymed mottoes inscribed on it in celebration of the occasion. One of them hailed the arrival of the Royal Visitor with—

Thrice welcome, Prince ALFRED, VICTORIA'S joy,
The hope of Old England, our dear Sailor Boy.

while the other showed forth the praises of the Governor epigrammatically thus :

With all the bright colours the world can display,
The Frontier avers there is nothing like GRUY.

On yet another arch still further on the poetic fervour of Fort Beaufort found fitting expression in the outburst :

Well, surely we're fortunate mortals,
For doubly we're honoured to-day,
With our brave Sailor Prince in our portals,
And the best of good Governors, GRUY.

The decorations along the main street of the town were exceedingly creditable, and up this crowded avenue the Royal cavalcade advanced and halted at the spacious barracks at the further extremity, where the Prince and party took up their quarters for the night. Soon after the arrival a series of receptions took place in the usual manner, and loyal addresses were presented from the town and the neighbouring division of Stockenstrom or Kat River. Then succeeded a dinner at the mess-room, to which the leading inhabitants of the place had the honour of being invited; and in the evening Fort Beaufort was brilliantly illuminated, and bonfires blazed from the heights of the surrounding amphitheatre of hills. The Prince, escorted by a party of the Adelaide Rifles, drove round the streets in a carriage, and afterwards retired to needed rest.

On the following morning, Sunday, His Royal Highness and party attended divine

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service, and immediately afterwards made preparations for the short journey to Heald Town, some seven miles distant,—the principal centre and missionary station of the native Fingo population. As these people now form quite a distinct community by themselves, and as their character and adventurous history are as interesting as they are peculiar, we here insert a descriptive sketch of them, furnished by a gentleman who for many years has taken a prominent part in the successful agencies put forth for their civilization.

1.—This people are the remnant of some twenty tribes, broken up and dispersed in the first instance by CHAKA, the Zulu Chief, and subsequently by MATIWANE; they originally occupied the country between Natal and Delagoa.

2.—Fifty years since they found their way into Kaffraria in a state of perfect destitution, without cattle or clothing, a host of helpless wanderers, in search of a secure habitation. In some of the public meetings held by them, when referring to the circumstance of their arrival in Kaffraria, they have been heard to state that so complete were the dispersion and scattering of this people, that numbers were found who had then *no relations*.

3.—Their destitute condition caused the Tambookie and Kosa Kafirs to designate them "Amamfengu," signifying a wretched, helpless, and wandering people, seeking subsistence on any terms. Originally they had their tribal names, as any other of the native tribes of this continent, and which tribal names and distinctions they keep up amongst themselves most carefully.

4.—The circumstances of Kaffraria at that time were such that they received a ready entrance into the country, for in the one case the Tambookies were suffering greatly from the predatory attacks of the Ficane tribes, and needed additional strength; and on the other hand the Kosa Kafirs, principally those of the tribe of HINTZA, were immensely rich in cattle, and were possessed of a fine soil for the growth of the native corn, and could well accommodate any number of these people who might choose to settle in their country.

5.—The manner they were received was such as caused them to feel their entire subjection to the Kafirs—in fact, as *their sole and absolute masters and owners*, the same as slaves; hence they were spoken of in terms a man would use in speaking of his own cattle, as "My Fingo man, or woman," as the case might be.

6.—The manner in which they were disposed of in the first instance was as follows: A part were kept at the kraals or places of their masters to milk the cows and otherwise tend the cattle, while the women were mainly occupied in cultivating the lands, carrying wood and water for domestic purposes, and cutting grass and bearing it home for thatching the houses.

7.—Many of the Fingoes were skilful in the knowledge and use of the medicines of the

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country for man and cattle; and not a few, to secure a greater share of protection and aid from the Kafirs, professed the higher skill of "smelling out," or discovering and counteracting the influence of *witchcraft*, so that in the course of ten years they were the principal "Amaqira" (doctors) of the country; and in addition to this, they brought down with them the knowledge of smelting and working in iron, so that they became a people of considerable influence in the land.

8.—During all this time their own chiefs exerted a large influence over them, and even by the Kafirs they were treated with great respect; very often it was the custom of the former to leave a certain work to be done by the Fingoes, under the *sole direction* of their own chiefs; and invariably when called out to war, they were commanded by their own head men.

9.—During this state of captivity the Fingoes greatly multiplied; their affection for and care of their little children, particularly their daughters, became proverbial; it was something strange for Kafirland, but most pleasing to the feelings of the Christian missionary. This affection for their children and the abundance of food they prepared from corn and milk caused some of the youths of the Fingoes to assume a fine appearance.

10.—Useful as the Fingoes were to the Kafirs, they were nevertheless subject to a great deal of annoyance and suffering. For instance, they wrought for the Kafirs, but received no pay; their sons were taken from them to serve the Kafirs in any way they pleased; their corn was taken from them, or indeed anything they possessed was plundered from them, so that they felt that they had nothing they could call their own. But the thing they felt most was the forcible abduction of their daughters, and the prostitution of them at the base orgies of the Kafir custom called the "i-punhla."

11.—It was on this subject that the Fingoes offered their first resistance, and a slight skirmish took place near the Butterworth Wesleyan missionary station, when the Kafirs were defeated by the fathers and brothers of the Fingo maidens who were being forcibly taken away.

12.—The fact of the Fingoes having beaten off the Kafirs greatly raised their spirit, and caused them to feel their strength; but at the same time the mortified feelings of the Kafir were excited to many acts of murder, sometimes in a fit of rage and at other times by the ordinary charges of witchcraft. By these means a strong feeling of hostility was created and strengthened between Kafir and Fingo.

13.—At this time, about 1830, Kafirland was well dotted over with Mission and Trading Stations, and to these the Fingoes very generally attached themselves, in the first instance for

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employment, and afterwards from regard to the Christian religion and the practices of the English. Through these, many of the Fingoes sought and found protection on the mission stations, and others got out of Kafirland into colonial service.

14.—In 1835, a distressing Kafir war broke out, from which both the Colony and Kafirland greatly suffered, but in which the Fingoes positively refused to take any part; though the booty gained by the Kafirs, of colonial cattle, was of the most tempting description, still they kept themselves quite free. If these people had taken a part in the war, it would most certainly have gone worse with the Colony. But they were led to hope that the painful war then raging might afford them the means of deliverance; and so it really happened.

15.—The part taken by the Reverend J. AYLIFF, then a Wesleyan missionary, with the paramount Chief of Kafirland, in defence of the Fingoes, had had already the effect of creating a serious breach between him and the Kafirs generally, but at the same time it led the people, the Fingoes, to look to him as a friend and safe adviser; and the confidence then gained by him over their minds, we have reason to know, has continued unabated for the last quarter of a century, in which these people have been colonial subjects.

16.—During the progress of this war, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir BENJAMIN D'URBAN, received through these people most valuable information, sent to him by the abovenamed missionary, the Fingoes being the nightly bearers of the same; and in one of these communications a request was made that His Excellency would emancipate them from the Kafir yoke, and remove them into the Colony as British subjects.

17.—This request or petition received the attention of Sir BENJAMIN, and a promise was made on the part of the Commander-in-Chief to comply with their request when the suitable season arrived.

18.—As soon as this became known to the Kafirs they felt greatly exasperated, and great numbers of their victims were killed. One party in their flight to the camp, then formed at a place called the "Indabakare," were overtaken by the Kafirs, and close to that spot some thirty were found lying dead.

19.—Had this gone on, there would have been no hope that even the Fingoes would have been a freed people, as the whole of them must have been destroyed; but a very remarkable Providence interposed, and saved the people, though unfortunately for the King of Kafirland, HINTZA, it proved in the end fatal to his life.

20. Just at this period, when the danger of the Fingoes was at its greatest, HINTZA the King, his brother BUKU, and his son KRIELI, came into the camp of the Commander-

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in-Chief, on some matters connected with the war then raging, but the matter which appeared uppermost in the General's mind was the destruction of the Fingoes, and hence it became the first topic of conversation. For when HINTZA began his conversation on the subject of the war, Sir BENJAMIN began his remarks on the recent massacre, and rather abruptly said, "HINTZA, why are the Fingoes being destroyed?" "Where?" said the Chief. "Where!" said Sir BENJAMIN; "why through the whole of your country, for even close to my camp thirty bodies of helpless Fingoes have been found, men who had been evidently fleeing to me for protection." To this the haughty HINTZA coolly replied, "Well, I suppose a man can do what he pleases with *his own dogs, and if he likes he can kill them; the Fingoes are my dogs, and I can do what I please with them.*" Sir BENJAMIN was a man of great command of temper, it took much to disturb him, but in this instance he appeared excited, and he sternly remarked,—"*HINTZA, you call the Fingoes dogs, I call them men; you seem bent on their destruction, I am bent on saving them; and if you do not send out a word to your people to have a stop put to the carnage, I will most certainly hang you on this tree. As it is I will detain you and your companions in my camp till I see whether you spare the Fingoes or not.*"

21.—This determined course of Sir BENJAMIN had a double benefit; in the first place, it paralyzed the war party in Kafirland, for the fact of the King being detained in the camp of the British had that tendency, and at the same time it stayed the destruction of the Fingoes, for the King sent a portion of his retinue into all parts of his country with information that because the Fingoes were being killed he was detained, and that therefore, for *his sake*, a stop must be put to further bloodshed.

22.—To this circumstance must be attributed the salvation of this people, who had in the first instance been as a nation peeled and scattered, and in their helpless state in Kafirland had suffered the greatest oppression from the Kafirs, their masters; for while the Chief was detained, the Fingoes were allowed to flee to the camp of the British by thousands; and when some 16,000 or 17,000 had congregated about the camp, the Commander-in-Chief placed the whole of this helpless multitude under the care of General (now Sir H.) SOMERSET; and with the second division of the army, they moved slowly but safely through Kafirland, and were brought into the Colony.

23.—May 5, 1835.—The Fingoes began to move with their families westward toward the Kei, and after a slow and painful march of ten days, they arrived at the place previously fixed on by the Commander-in-Chief, for Sir BENJAMIN had determined on their being located in the country lying between the Great Fish and the Keiskamma Rivers. To this place

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they were brought, and became located by commissioners appointed for that purpose, namely, Reverend J. AYLIFF, their Minister, J. MITFORD BOWKER, Esq., Captain HALIFAX, and Lieutenant MOULTRIE, 75th Regiment.

24.—After they became located everything was done by the Colonial Government to promote their safety and comfort, and they on their part began at once the formation of their settlements by building themselves kraals and cultivating the soil, while about 1,000 of the men took to the field in protection of the Colony, for the war was yet raging; and it is said by those who understood the state of things at that time, that the effective assistance they rendered our troops in their outlying parties, and in attacking the Kafirs in their native mode of warfare was mainly the cause of bringing the contest to so speedy a termination,—a war in which much valuable life and property was destroyed by the Kafirs.

25.—The settlement of the Fingoes under British rule has been pre-eminently successful, firstly on their part, and secondly on the part of the Colonial Government. The Fingoes have greatly improved in numbers, for at the present time—October, 1860—they have, during a period of twenty-five years, risen in number from 16,400 to 40,000 souls. Of this number, there are, it is computed, 7,000 men capable of bearing arms. They have risen in the scale of civilization, being industrious in the cultivation of their own lands, and now they constitute the working peasantry of the Eastern Province, being the reapers of corn and the shearers of the sheep of the colonial farmers, while a very large amount of the transport of goods of the Frontier is effected by them in their own wagons, and numbers of them have purchased land of the Government at £1 per acre. To which must be added that each of the missionary establishments of the Eastern Province have large numbers of the Fingoes full and consistent members of the Christian Church. The largest amount of agency is employed and the largest amount of expenditure is laid out by the Wesleyans; but the missions of the London Society, the Moravian, the Scotch, and the Episcopal communities have all flourishing Christian Churches of these people, and schools where thousands of their children are taught the English language.

26.—Three frontier wars with the Kafirs have fully tested the fidelity of the Fingoes, for they have never shrunk from any duty in defence of the Colony. Several rumours have been circulated, during especially the last ten years, tending to weaken the confidence of the colonists in their faithfulness to the English interest, but no case has been brought to light to confirm the suspicion. Changes of Governors of the Colony and changes of treatment these people have sustained have in no instance changed or altered them in their onward course of improvement, while several Government notices have appeared, especially in times of war,

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expressing in the most unqualified terms the confidence of the authorities in their fidelity and general good conduct.

27.—The wise and benevolent intentions of the Government in reference to these people have been fully confirmed and extended by our present wise and humane Governor, Sir GEORGE GREY, for one of the first acts which marked his rule was directed for their advancement. To effect this, he has provided ample means for a more improved system of education amongst them, by the establishment of Industrial Schools, as seen in the tour of the Prince at Lovedale, Lesseyton, Heald Town, and other places; and though it is found that the results are not so encouraging as those could wish to see who are employed in this arduous toil, still progress is being made, which must, by perseverance, prove successful.

28.—The last act of the present Government has been to have the grounds of the Fingo settlements surveyed and subdivided, giving possession and title to a certain portion of land for arable purposes, grazing, and village allotments for building. For instance, the settlement of Heald Town, visited by the Prince, contains about 16,000 acres; this has been distributed amongst about 1,000 Fingo grantees, for which each grantee is to pay an annual quitrent of twelve shillings and sixpence, and for this the Government stands pledged, in the same title, that the half of the money so paid shall return to them again for educational purposes.

29.—The same course is being pursued in the other parts of the Fingo settlements, and it is ardently hoped that this great act of justice to the Fingoes will be fully completed. It is known that there have been opposing forces at work to try and weaken the confidence of the Fingoes in the ultimate intentions of the Government, but hitherto without avail.



KAFIRS AND KAFIR HUTS.

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Heald Town, as has been mentioned, is seven miles distant from Fort Beaufort, beautifully nestled among the mountains, and well ornamented with the "bush," which forms so conspicuous a feature of frontier scenery. It is the centre of one of the most populous and important of the frontier native locations, and is estimated to number about 6,000 souls. The village is laid out as a regular township, each householder having his neat cottage homestead and farm allotments, and right of grazing on the commonage beyond. In the centre of all is the Institution, or "Industrial School," founded there by Sir GEORGE GREY a few years ago. It is an extensive and imposing building, comprising halls and dormitories for the pupils, residences for the "Governor" and teachers, and mill, smith's and carpenter's shops in the rear. Adjoining the Institute stands the Church, a large and commodious building, capable of containing 600 or 700 persons. The Missionary Superintendent of Heald Town is the Reverend J. AYLIFF (Wesleyan). On this occasion, however, he was absent on leave in England, and his place was supplied by the Reverend WILLIAM IMPEY, from Graham's Town.

The Prince having left Fort Beaufort at half-past one, under an escort of the Adelaide and Beaufort Volunteers, the Royal party arrived at Heald Town at half-past two, and were received at the triumphal arch spanning the entrance to the Institution, with great enthusiasm. The children of the school sang the National Anthem; Mr. IMPEY welcomed the youthful Prince into the mission house; and a Fingo forthwith proceeded to read an address to His Royal Highness in the native tongue. It had been previously agreed upon by the native community generally at a public meeting specially held for the purpose. The original ran thus:

"KUWE NKOSI NKULU ALFRED:—Mausive: Tina, siz Inkose namagosa zaman
"Fingo wase Heald Town nase Beaufort, siyakubulela kakulu genxa yokufika kwako
"kwelilizwe-Sufun'ukutsho n'gawe Nkosi enkulu ku'Ma wetu otandiveyo kunene, uyolo
"wetu yalo uboniso wotando lwake kuti ngokuba evumele ukuba omnye umtwana wake aze
"kwelilizwe sihleli kulo.

"Sivuyile enklizweni ngokuba wobona ngokwako. Nkose enkulu ukuhluma kwetn,
"emvenikweni kwokuklala kwetu pantsi kwobukumkani bamangesi, kungekade nje sibe si
"sebukobukeni Kuma xo a sapatwa jengezinja. Siyatamba ukuba nkufika kwako
"kuyakwandisa ululamo lwetu sibe zizicaka ezifanelikileyo kukumkanikazi wetu.

"Kwanga kungati u Tixo wetu, ukumkani kakumkani oyinkosi kankosi akungeine
"ikupeleni nasebuyolweni ngakokonke ukuhlala kwako kwelilizwe akugoduse nogokugcine-
"kileyo kuhla wetu omkulu ukumkanikazi."

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Of which the following is the English translation :

“ To HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED,—We, the undersigned, captains and
“ head men of the Fingo tribes of Heald Town and the district of Fort Beaufort, beg to
“ tender you our heartfelt thanks on your arrival at this place. We desire through your
“ Royal Highness to inform our Great Mother of our happiness at the token of kindness she
“ has shown towards us in permitting one of the Royal Family to visit our country.

“ We feel glad in our hearts that your Royal Highness will be able to see for yourself
“ how we have advanced since we have been taken under the care of the English Government,
“ as a few years ago we were under slavery to the Kafirs, and treated by them as dogs. And
“ we trust that your visit upon the frontier will be the means of increasing our loyalty, and
“ of our becoming more willing subjects of Her Majesty's Government.

“ We trust that our great and highest Chief, God, will keep you in health and happiness
“ during your visit in this country, and bring you back in safety to our Great Mother, the
“ Queen.”

Another address of a similar tenor was presented to Sir GEORGE GREY, and appropriate replies were afterwards returned to both. In the meantime, after a hurried inspection of the Institution, in the course of which special attention was attracted by two paintings by Mr. BAINES, representing severally the landing and the first encampment of the British Settlers of 1820, the whole party proceeded to the Chapel, where a crowded native congregation was assembled. The Reverend Mr. IMPRY officiated, and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion in the Kafir language. It was an interesting sight, and one which impressed all present greatly. Amidst the throng of eager natives sat the young English Prince, with as much simplicity and devoutness as his Royal Mother could have shown in her own unpretentious pew at Crathie, while the retinue around him, foremost among whom were Sir GEORGE GREY, Major COWELL, and Captain TARLETON, joined in the devotions of the service, although in a wholly unknown tongue, with the most manifest interest. At the close of the sermon the party retired again to the mission house, and soon afterwards proceeded on their way by the rich valley of the Gaga to the border town of Alice, some seven miles further on. The road winds picturesquely through romantic glens, densely inhabited by industrious Fingoes, whose cultivated plots remind one of the subdivided acres of an Irish squireen's estate, or the petty crofts so common in the Scottish Highlands. The view presented down the Gaga, as the basin opens up in which Alice lies prettily nestled, with Lovedale and the squat grim garrison of Fort Hare to the left and beyond, is one of the most charming to be met with in the Colony. The interest of the scene is still more enhanced

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when the traveller casts an upward glance at the wooded heights of Gwali and Chumie, the sites of the ill-fated military villages on their sloping base, and the great Hogsback range, of infamous memory to many an exhausted British soldier in the patrols of past Kafir wars. The reception of the Royal party by the inhabitants of Alice was subdued in decent keeping with the solemnities of the Sunday, but was none the less earnest and hearty for that. At the approach to the town a handsome arch was erected of course; the band of the 85th Regiment, which had just arrived from Keiskamma Hoek, performed the National Anthem; and crowds of the inhabitants lined the road to DEVELING'S Hotel, where the Prince and party dismounted, and were received by Mr. CALDERWOOD, the Civil Commissioner of the division.

On the following morning the Municipal Commissioners of Alice waited by appointment on His Royal Highness, with a dutifully loyal address, to which a gracious reply was returned; and soon afterwards the Prince and his suite set forth on their journey to King William's Town. They first, however, visited in the immediate vicinity of the town the Industrial and Educational Institution of Lovedale, conducted by an accomplished and devoted band of missionaries from the Free Church of Scotland. This is one of the most extensive establishments of the kind in South Africa, and is proving eminently successful in training up Kafir youths not only in the arts of civilized industry, but many of them in the highest branches of learning. It is mainly supported by funds from Scotland, and partly by grants-in-aid of money and of land from Sir GEORGE GREY. An address was presented to the Prince by the missionaries, and soon afterwards the cavalcade crossed the River Chumie, and entered the bounds of Kafirland. The way for the first stage to the Keiskamma, at the Middle Drift, passes through a beautiful, undulating country, dotted with clumps of mimosa bush, and hemmed in to the northward by the bold forest-clad range of the Seven Kloof Mountains, projecting spurs of the far-famed, ill-omened Amatola. In these fastnesses for a quarter of a century had been the seat and stronghold of Kafir power. It was there that the war of 1850-51 commenced among the Gaika hordes of MACOMO and SANDILLI, and it was across these plains that then Sir HARRY SMITH, in the disguise of a Cape Corps trooper, sallied forth from his beleaguered post of Fort Cox, and galloped with his small but gallant band of followers through the investing foe to safe refuge at King William's Town. Now, though but ten years had passed, how changed the scene! The hostile Gaikas had been scattered and peeled, or had scattered and peeled themselves, and the rich valleys they once held so triumphantly were in the peaceful occupation of industrious Fingoes or remnants of faithful Kafirs. Where the General fled for dear life through hordes of infuriated savages, the young Prince galloped as securely as he might have done at Windsor or Balmoral,

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followed indeed by crowds of shouting Kafirs too, but shouting only in excess of enthusiastic joy, and pressing eagerly for a full sight of the Inkosi Inkulu, who was to them the impersonation of that mysterious power "the Government."

At Middle Drift, where the first halt was made, after a gallop that proved fatal to more than one stout charger of the Cape Corps escort, two triumphal arches were erected, and two addresses were presented from the inhabitants of the surrounding districts. And at the Rev. Mr. LIEFELDT's mission station, nearer King William's Town, His Royal Highness was heartily greeted by the natives, who went out to meet him in one exultant throng, and heralded his advance to the capital of what has now become the new Colony of British Kaffraria.

King William's Town, so named in honour of England's other and older Sailor Prince, is not a large city, though it extends over a considerable area of ground, but in its population it is probably more multiform and motley than any other place of its size in the world. There are first the British troops, on whom, until recently, it has been mainly dependent for its prosperity. There are then the English residents, the Dutch farmers in its immediate vicinity, the German settlers, partly drafted from the German Legion and partly introduced by Sir GEORGE GREY as immigrants from Germany; and the Hottentots, the Fingoes, and the aboriginal Kafirs in large force. On this occasion all nationalities, and classes, and colours were excited by one common enthusiasm of loyalty to the young Prince, who was now for the first time to enter their capital. He was met a considerable distance from the town by the mounted civilians of the place, headed by their Magistrate, the grantees or armed burghers who hold their lands in the surrounding country on tenure of military service, and some troops of the Cape Mounted Rifles. As these opened up and formed a lane, the cavalcade still galloped on, amid loud cheers, which were speedily caught up and prolonged by wild yells from the Kafirs of TOISE's tribe, through whose location the Prince passed next. Immediately before reaching the town a halt was called at the drift or ford by which the Buffalo River is there crossed; the grantees of the King William's Town district had the honour of forming the leading escort; and the boom of Artillery gave signal that the *cortège* was entering the capital. A series of arches had been erected and decorated in very successful fashion. On the top of the first of these were perched a number of sailor boys bearing banners, and a Highland piper shrieking forth the strains of "Welcome, Royal CHARLIE." The second arch, constructed and decorated by the German community, and bearing numerous appropriate German devices, was surmounted by a boat manned in right nautical style, its oars all peaked, and the ensign flying from its stern, as the Prince passed onward underneath, to the music discoursed by the band of the 13th Regiment. Next came the Kafir arch, erected and adorned by the Kafirs themselves.

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It was topped by three Kafir huts, beneath which was the motto, in conspicuous characters, "Bota Inkosi"—Welcome Prince; while in the square beyond were assembled the natives from the surrounding mission stations. On the right, and filling up one side of the square, upwards of a thousand children were congregated under their respective banners; and on the left were mustered, to the number of several thousands, the adult mission natives, all attired in decent European clothing, and with the juveniles cheering the Prince as he advanced right lustily. Still further on was posted the military arch, which in symmetry and artistic taste surpassed all the rest, and here a deputation of the inhabitants drew up in a semicircle across the path, and headed by their Magistrate, R. TAYLOR, Esquire, presented the address of welcome. A suitable reply was read immediately, loud enthusiastic cheering followed from all the vast multitude around, and under the discharge of a Royal salute the Prince passed through the arch into what is called the Military Reserve, and halted from the fatigue of his long fatiguing journey at Government House.

After luncheon with Colonel D'URBAN, the Commandant, a deputation of the German residents waited on the Prince, and presented a cordially loyal address, to which His Royal Highness responded at once in their own language, and with a promise that a written reply would be forwarded to them the following morning. Next succeeded another deputation of Christian Kafirs, headed by their Missionaries the Reverends R. BIRT, W. C. HOLDEN, H. KEYSER, LANGE, and HOLFORD. They were very graciously received by the Royal Youth, and one of them read to him the following characteristic address:

"We, the Christian natives of King William's Town and Peelson, are glad to-day because we see with our eyes the son of our great Queen, and we thank her that she has thought of native children in this land far away. We are glad that the good God has brought him safe over the great waters, so that he may be brought back again to our good mother the Queen. We should like to see with our eyes our great Queen. Our countrymen have said no! It was not so; that the English came out of the ground like ants; but now we see the Queen's son, and our hearts are quiet.

"We have been taught by the Word of God to love our Queen, and when our hearts are warm we pray for our Queen, and now from this day our hearts will pray for the son of our great Queen, whom our eyes see this day.

"Welcome! Welcome!! Welcome!!! to us the son of our Queen."

In the afternoon the Prince with Sir GEORGE GREY, General WYNARD, Major COWELL, and suite sallied out to see the town, and especially to inspect the splendid Grey Hospital, erected under the auspices of Sir GEORGE GREY, mainly for the benefit of the surrounding

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natives. The crowd that followed the Royal party wherever they went was immense. "Every available quadruped that could bear a saddle"—writes a local journalist—"was brought into use, and the less fortunate in procuring a means of conveyance, did not hesitate to join the cavalcade and jog along on foot. Now came a rush of people and a long sustained roar of applause as the guards used their futile efforts to keep back the crowd that pressed closer and closer around the Royal Boy. It was as motley an assembly, too, as any portion of Her Majesty's dominions could produce; but not a spark of disloyalty burned in the bosom of one present. *Ma wo!* yelled the Kafirs as they saw the Prince riding on in front of the cavalcade. *Daars my Prins!* screamed the Hottentots, grinning from ear to ear with delight, and gaping with extreme wonderment in the proverbial ugliness with which a beneficent nature has superabundantly endowed them."

In the evening the Prince dined at the Mess of the 13th Light Infantry, where after darkness had set in, he was serenaded by the members of the "German Casino," singing with loud Teutonic voice a German "Festlied," composed for the occasion, and an English celebration song, the words and music of which were of local growth. The verses by Mr. G. IMPBY, of King William's Town, we here quote, not so much for their poetic merit as for the enthusiastic loyalty every line of them displays:

See, from Albion's cliffs he comes,
Comes to fill our hearts with joy;
"Sound the trumpet! Beat the drums!"
Welcome, Britain's Sailor Boy!
Welcome, welcome,
Ten times welcome,
Britain's princely Sailor Boy.

"Go, my sons," said England's Lady,
East and west to distant lands;
There on every shore shall greet you,
Loyal hearts and ready hands.
Here we meet,
This day to prove it;
Loyal hearts and ready hands.

Lo the sable tribes of Afric
Thronging, wondering, crowd the scene!
Shout then, shout—Long Live Prince ALWARD!
"God save England's noble Queen!"
Hark! the hills
Roll round the echo!
"God save England's noble Queen!"

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The effect of this interlude among the ceremonials of the reception was admirably striking, and the wild appearance of the procession as they marched up the crowded street, chanting their full manly music amid the lurid glare of the torches, is described by the local newspapers as recalling vividly to mind similar historic scenes of the olden time.

At ten o'clock the Prince and his suite proceeded to the ball given in his honour by Colonel and Mrs. D'URBAN. Sir GEORGE GREY and Colonel MACLEAN, then Chief Commissioner, now the Lieutenant-Governor of British Kaffraria, were unavoidably absent, being engaged on pressing business matters; but there was a large attendance of the leading military and civilian residents of the place. Here the Royal Visitor entered into the festivities of the occasion with cordial enthusiasm, until from the fatigues of the day, and in anticipation of an equally trying journey on the morrow, he retired to rest shortly after midnight. It should have been mentioned that during the whole evening King William's Town was most tastefully illuminated. On a given signal the bonfires on the surrounding hills were simultaneously lighted. Every window—as writes an enthusiastic local chronicler—was lit up; Chinese lamps were suspended from every available support; torches shed far and wide their lurid glare; tar barrels blazed in all directions; and innumerable rockets were shot high into the air; while the transparencies exhibited on the arches, and at several of the chief stores and buildings, reflected great credit on the artistic taste of their designers. We close this description of the reception at King William's Town with the following quaint accounts of the event written by Kafir youths at a missionary station in a neighbouring district. They were produced in Kafir, and are literally translated into English. The first reporter states:

“It was so, the coming of the son of Queen VICTORIA. This thing was truly framed amongst the Fingoes. The chiefs went to King William's Town to see the child of the Queen. They left to go to King William's Town. From the mission there arose I, and EDMUND, and QUNDERIE, to see the son of the Queen. And we having gone as it were some seven miles, met with chief after chief coming from King William's Town. There were Christians also travelling with the chiefs of their own tribes. I met KLAAS and JACOB, and we greeted each other, and other Christians who were amongst their own chiefs who are heathens. We passed by the tribes and went to King William's Town to a clergyman. He said that we should take the horses to the station of a minister. We returned; the town was full of fires; it was white (with light), and there were truly many echoes (sounds), and people walking in the midst of the town, and boys of the Europeans running from place to place. Till we went to sleep it was so, but we had not yet seen

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“ALFRED. Mr. ——— said we should go over early; truly we went over early near to the tents of the Prince ALFRED and Sir GEORGE GREY. It was full of English riding upon horses; we were nearly not seeing him because of the crowd. And Sir GEORGE GREY came out again and went into the tent. I saw a beautiful wagon and a span of horses. The Prince rode round, and all the people shouted, with taking off hats; and accompanying them were Dutchmen also. In the streets there were evergreens, on which was written ‘Welcome to King William’s Town!’ And in the language of the Kafirs it was written ‘Hail Chief!’ and beautiful flags were hung in different places.

“Now we returned on Tuesday to the mission at Tshoka and slept there, and early MOMO went to fetch EDMUND with horses, and we returned to our missionary on Wednesday.”

The second writer sets forth thus:

“At King William’s Town I arrived in the evening, and saw great fires, and the echoes of guns and of cannons, and things of fire running in the wind. I saw beautiful pieces of cloth upon many horses, and things built with evergreens. Upon them were put writings; it was written on them saying, ‘Welcome, Prince ALFRED.’ I saw upon another thing that was built with evergreens there was written a likeness of the crown of VICTORIA, and the likeness of a shipman holding the crown, and on another side a likeness of a soldier holding even the crown of the Queen. I saw also many candles in all places, and where there was no town I saw a great many people; the place was filled where the Son of the Queen was. At leaving, too, *I saw him, that famous person; how small he was.* And in another place it was written in Kafir, saying, ‘Praise to the Prince ALFRED.’ And in another place I saw the likeness of Kafirs; also it was written in Kafir, ‘Hail Chief!’ I, when I awoke very early, for it was said the Son of the Queen will go very early, I went near to that house where he slept. I arrived; the place was already full of people. There arrived many people—a flock of people. Now ALFRED came out of the house; there were two chiefs at his sides. ALFRED had long boots and a yellow hat. I thought so myself, though he was far off from me. He was riding on a horse, and the people that travelled with him led the way before him; and when he went away there was made a great noise by saluting. Nevertheless, the flags were still there, although ALFRED had already gone away.”

And thus did the Royal visit to the capital of Kafirland become an event of unbounded gratification and lasting remembrance to all classes, European and African, civilized and savage, alike.

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On the following morning, Tuesday, the 14th August, the Prince and suite left King William's Town, *en route* for Queen's Town. And here he parted with Lieutenant-General WYNYARD, Captain TARLETON, and other gentlemen who had been in his train hitherto, but who had now to return to Graham's Town and Port Elizabeth, to rejoin the *Euryalus*, and in her to meet His Royal Highness at Port Natal, after his overland tour should have been completed. On his way back, Captain TARLETON was commissioned by His Royal Highness to perform an interesting ceremony at the Kowie harbour. This port is situated at the mouth of the river of the same name, some thirty miles from Graham's Town. The surrounding country is abundantly fertile and productive, and the wooded scenery along the river's steep, winding banks is as picturesque as anything in South Africa. But, like all of our colonial rivers, the Kowie is afflicted with a most awkward and impracticable bar, and for several years a local company, partially aided by the Government, have been exerting themselves energetically to permanently remove the impediment from the mouth of what there is rather a lagoon than a river. Acting upon plans furnished by the eminent English engineer, RENDALL, they have constructed artificial banks of about a mile in length, to confine the river within narrower limits, and thereby to increase the scouring force of its current. And at this time they were about commencing the construction of an extensive sea-wall at the mouth, as one of the most essential elements of the work. The directors and the public generally were of course exceedingly anxious to secure the services of the Sailor Prince to drive the first pile of what they deem the crowning portion of the whole undertaking, and at the same time to confer his name in perpetuity upon the port. The detour requisite would be too great in the limited time at his disposal for the accomplishment of his whole tour, and so accordingly Captain TARLETON was specially commissioned to act as his deputy and representative. The ceremony took place on the following Monday, the 20th August, and among the distinguished visitors who aided the gallant captain in the formalities of the occasion were the Bishop of Graham's Town, Colonel D'URBAN, the Frontier Commandant, and Colonel GORDON, of the Royal Engineers. Everything passed off with the most gratifying success, and Port Frances, as it was once called, Port Alfred, as it is now termed, is looking forward with eager hopefulness to the time when its trade and prosperity shall have advanced to a pitch of greatness worthy of the honour which it feels has been thus conferred on it.

But to return to our narrative. On the morning of the 14th of August the Prince took his departure from the Kaffrarian capital, escorted by the grantees and a large number of the inhabitants of the place. At the termination of the extensive flats that stretch

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north-eastward from the town, and on the road to Frankfort, an address was presented by the grantees; and the accompanying townsmen bade His Royal Highness farewell, after having been warmly complimented, both by the Prince and the Governor, for the most loyal demonstrations with which they had welcomed their Queen's Son amongst them. The day was unfortunately a very unfavourable one for the enjoyment of the ride in advance; and the magnificent scenery of Hangman's Bush, a mountain ascent as exquisite in beauty as grimly ominous in name, was altogether obscured from view by a drenching mist. Still the party galloped on to the Döhne, on the eastern extremity of the Amatola range, and were there compelled to halt for the remainder of the afternoon, on account of the heavy rain-fall which had fairly set in. This is now best known under the name of Stutterheim, which it has acquired from the gallant Baron who lately commanded the German Legion, and who had one time commenced to build at this spot a Kaffrarian Castle of quite Teutonic grandeur. There are still a large number of German and other settlers in the place, and they were only all too rejoiced at the mishap by which Stutterheim was to be honoured by the residence of the Prince in it for one whole night. The following morning again the cavalcade started at an early hour, and soon after leaving the station fell in with the Gaika Chief SANDILLI, a large number of his Kafirs, and the Resident Commissioner or Magistrate, Mr. BROWNLEE, who had all travelled from their location, many miles away, to pay their homage to the Royal traveller. They were in strange guise enough, and in their partial adaptation of European habiliments, seemed more *outré* than if dressed, or undressed, in the barbaric simplicity of their native costume. But they all greeted His Royal Highness most warmly, and before the interview, in which the Prince seemed deeply interested, was over, it was arranged that SANDILLI himself and his counsellors should proceed to Port Elizabeth, go on with the *Euryalus* to Natal, and as the Princely Sailor's guests should with him visit Cape Town to witness the displays awaiting His Royal Highness in the Western Capital.

The first halt for an *al fresco* breakfast was at the Thomas River, where the only edifice visible was a roofless house, intended for a future hotel. A crowd of Kafirs, however, were present to pay their respects to the Royal party, and an hour was spent here right pleasantly. Before leaving, a picturesque photographic view of the group was taken by Mr. YORK, a leading photographer of Cape Town, who accompanied the Prince professionally, to depict the most interesting scenes that might present themselves on the tour. His Royal Highness, however, on various occasions, showed himself a successful adept in the art, and several excellent pictures were taken by him.

Soon after leaving the Thomas River the party emerged on the wide, grass-clad expanse

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of the Bontebok Flats, and the Prince, with one or two followers, galloped off from the road to enjoy the excitement of the chase, and to practise, with marked success, long shots at the bounding springboks. A large party of mounted burghers from Queen's Town were in advance to receive him as he came up, and as the Royal party approached the Windvogelberg, the burghers ranged in line, as represented in the accompanying photograph, offered His Royal Highness their yeoman salute, which was gracefully acknowledged, of course, and followed by the most enthusiastic cheers. As the cavalcade advanced fresh accessions of sturdy burghers and gallant frontier policemen joined in, and shortly afterwards the Windvogelberg Hotel, was reached, and the Prince and his suite rested for tiffin. His Royal Highness subsequently mingled with the admiring boers with true sailor frankness and affability, and the Whitworth breech-loading rifle, which had done him such good service in the sport of the forenoon, was brought out and subjected to eager criticism. Field-cornet **BOUWER**, a Queen's Town farmer and an excellent shot, aimed with it at a distant ant-hill, but the ball struck over. The Prince himself fired next, and the bullet hit the centre of the mark, a success which was followed of course by a simultaneous and continued cheer from the assembled boers, whose loyalty and passion for effective shooting were alike excited by the event.

Some distance on from the Windvogelberg hostelry a short halt was made, to inspect **ANTA's** tribe, two hundred strong, drawn up at the side of the road to welcome the young Prince. The chief was highly gratified with the frankness shown him by His Royal Highness, and even still more so by the presents of coin and of tobacco bestowed on him. From this point as the day was fast advancing the Royal party galloped, at a pace which quite astonished the steady burghers who formed the train, to **Mr. COX's** hotel at Tylden, on the eastern bank of the branch of the Kei, which forms the boundary line between British Kaffraria and Queen's Town. The place is worthily named after the late brave Colonel **TYLDEN**, Royal Engineers, who fell before Sebastopol, and who at this station in the Kafir war of 1851, with the small colonial burgher force under his command, gained a signal victory over 4,000 Kafirs under **KRELI**, **MAPASSA**, and **TYOPO**.

The reception at Tylden by the burghers of the surrounding district was as cordial as could have been desired, and early next morning the Prince departed on his route still to Queen's Town. A short distance in advance the detachment of the 85th Regiment stationed at that post were found drawn up as a guard of honour, and a few hundred yards yet further on were men, women, and children, to the number of two hundred and fifty, from the Church of England Mission Stations of **St. Mark's** and **St. John the Baptist** in Tambookieland and



THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE BY A BURGHEE ESCORT NEAR QUEEN'S TOWN.

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Kafirland, with their respective missionaries, the Reverends H. J. WATERS and R. G. HUTT. They had marched a distance of some twenty miles to enjoy the pleasure of meeting His Royal Highness here, and now they hailed his approach with three hearty cheers. The Prince, Sir GEORGE GREY, and Major COWELL left their party in the road, and accompanied by Mr. WATERS walked through the lines. A frontier newspaper describes the interview which ensued in detail, and, as it gives a pleasing insight into the christianizing and civilizing work carried on in these meritorious institutions, we quote the passage at length :

“ The Hottentots of St. Mark's were first in order, and after them the Gwytyu scholars, whose clothing, made by themselves, was pointed out; then were ranged the Bolotta people; then the St. Mark's girls, who exhibited some specimens of hand-writing, which His Royal Highness examined closely, and Sir GEORGE GREY asked for some they had copied out. Two little girls were presented who had transcribed two psalms in Kafir, which Sir GEORGE received, and very pleasantly praised and thanked them for, His Royal Highness adding that the Queen should see their writing. The apprentices were next in order, who appeared in their ordinary habiliments. Specimens of work were exhibited by the tailors and shoemakers, and Major COWELL examined the shoes closely, while all expressed their gratification. Sir GEORGE GREY then addressed the boys in the name of the Prince, to the following effect: ‘ They saw before them the son of their Queen; they knew how far he had come in order that he might learn how people lived in this part of the world, and as they saw how much importance the Queen attached to learning he trusted they would follow the example now before them, and strive after knowledge. It gave the Prince very great pleasure to meet Kafir boys such as those before him, and he would take home a good account of them to his mother the Queen.’ The Prince and the Governor were much pleased to know that the whole of the boys' clothing and great part of the men's was made by the boys of the Institution. Lastly came the column of men from St. Mark's. HENRY KUSSE, one of the first converts there, and who had been KRELI's great captain and is now the headman of the Mission Station, was specially introduced, and the Governor addressed him at some length, expressing the great pleasure the Reverend Mr. WATERS' account of him had given His Excellency. He added: ‘ May your example tell upon all those around you, and may your name be had in honour among your children. We English had a great chief named ALFRED, who lived long ago, and who governed his people by good laws and better examples; we still revere his name, and you see how our Queen loves his memory, by having named this Prince, her son, after him. May you follow ALFRED's example.’ Sir GEORGE then turned to the men and spoke very kindly

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“ to them, assuring them that so long as they conducted themselves as they were doing now, they should want for nothing.”

And thus this pleasant interview was conducted and terminated with equal gratification to all parties concerned. A short distance off from the mission party stood a row of some sixty or seventy rebels who had come to seek the Royal pardon for their misdeeds. They were almost exclusively Hottentots, and chiefly of the Kat River, who threw off their allegiance in the war of 1851, and who since the close of that struggle have been leading a miserable and vagabond life among the Galeka Kafirs, eastward of the Kei and the Bashee.

The next scene of interest along the route was the reception of the Prince by the assembled Tambookie Kafirs from the surrounding settlements. As soon as it was known he would pass that vicinity, Mr. WARNER, the Government Commissioner resident with these tribes, informed their chiefs of the fact, and his suggestion that they should meet to hail his arrival was enthusiastically responded to. The precise time of his arrival was unknown, but two days in advance of it some fifteen hundred of them mustered under their respective chiefs and headmen and bivouacked patiently, the first night in a drizzling rain and the second in severe frost, to make certain of success.

On the third morning a false alarm reached them that the Prince was to pass by another route and that after all they were doomed to disappointment. Their vexation was excessive, and they lingered for some time gazing anxiously in the direction whence they had expected the *cortège* to make its appearance, when to their intense gratification an express galloped towards them, announcing that the Prince was close at hand. Immediately they formed themselves into five dense masses, according to their tribes, and with their respective chiefs at the head of each division awaited at about a thousand yards from the road the arrival of the Royal cavalcade. When the Prince and suite, attended by a large body of armed English and Dutch burghers approached nearly opposite, they charged down upon the party in imposing barbaric native fashion, shouting their war-cry, and shaking their assegais until they came within forty yards of the spot where His Royal Highness stood to receive them. They then suddenly halted, and pealed forth a deafening shout of welcome in the most enthusiastic Kafir style. Sir GEORGE GREY presented Mr. WARNER to the Prince, who was evidently as amazed as he was gratified at this extraordinary demonstration, and forthwith His Royal Highness and suite approached to the Tambookies, who had by this time formed themselves into a compact column of about a hundred yards long and six or seven yards deep. “ His Royal Highness ”—we quote a correspondent of the Queen's Town paper—“ closely inspected this mass of wild barbarians, taking particular notice of their dress,



THE PRINCE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE TAMBOOKIES

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“ornaments, weapons, &c. ; and, as the Prince passed down the column, the Tambookies repeated their cries of welcome, and then commenced a war-song which was improvised for the occasion by the Chief DARALA, and which consisted merely of two lines, namely :

“ ‘ We have seen the Child of Heaven ;

“ ‘ We have seen the Son of our Queen.’

“ The Governor then requested Mr. WARNER to introduce the chiefs to His Royal Highness ; and the Prince appeared particularly interested in the young Chief RAROTI, the grandson of the faithful and loyal Queen-Regent NONESI, who, being too unwell to be present herself, had deputed him as her representative. The Prince also took considerable notice of young MAPASSA, who is about his own age. RAROTI, the grandson of NONESI, then presented an assegai to the Prince in the name of the Queen-Regent and the other chiefs, with a request that His Royal Highness would be pleased to present it to the Queen as a token of their submission to her rule and authority. The Prince accepted this token of their submission to Her Majesty in a very graceful manner, and promised to fulfil their request.

“ His Excellency Sir GEORGE GREY conversed freely with the chiefs, exhorted them to continue firm in their loyalty to Her Majesty, and took particular pains to impress upon them the great interest which our beloved Queen took in their welfare, as well as in that of all her other South African subjects,—a greater proof of which she could not have given than that of thus sending her son, whom she so dearly loved, to this distant country as her Representative. The chiefs were loud in their expressions of gratitude and promises of loyalty ; and they also expressed in glowing language the satisfaction they felt at the return of Sir GEORGE GREY again to be their Governor, calling him their father and their best friend, and promising implicit obedience to all his commands.”

Mr. YORK, being on the spot, was instructed to photograph the scene, which the reader will find on the opposite page. To the left and back of the picture are seen the Tambookies, in picturesque display of native uniform and deshabelle. Their Commissioner, Mr. WARNER, stands immediately between them and the Royal party ; and next succeed in order, after the horse and his holder, Mr. HALL (of the Transport Corps), Prince ALFRED, Sir GEORGE GREY, Major COWELL, Colonel BISSET, and Lieutenant WYATT (Cape Mounted Rifles). At the close of the proceedings, and while the Prince was mounting his horse, the Governor instructed Mr. WARNER to present, in the name of His Royal Highness, a slaughter bullock to each of the five tribes which had assembled

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to welcome the Queen's Son. On hearing this very agreeable "news,"—and all the more agreeable from the remarkably short commons on which they had passed the whole of the preceding day and night,—the Tambookies again made the welkin ring with a farewell shout to the Prince.

After leaving this striking group the Royal party, followed by a constantly-increasing throng, galloped on towards Queen's Town, now only six miles distant. On crossing the drift at the entrance to the town a Royal salute was fired from a battery of *anvils (!)* in lieu of great guns, of which none have yet penetrated to this border settlement. The triumphal arch erected by the loyal townsmen was of the most imposing and artistic design, and the reception accorded to the Prince as he rode through the streets to his hotel, led by the Queen's Town Volunteers, was right loyally enthusiastic. Addresses were presented to him soon afterwards from the Municipality and other bodies, as well as from the remote village of Dordrecht, beyond the Stormberg mountains. A general reception of the inhabitants was next arranged for, and in the evening a large party had the honour of dining with His Royal Highness. After dark succeeded, of course, an illumination, as extensive and as successful as anything of the kind that had yet appeared along the frontier; a procession of two hundred torch-bearers, preceded by the band, perambulated the town, and saluted the Prince in front of the hotel; and the streets were crowded till midnight with throngs of enthusiastic colonists. Queen's Town, which on this occasion made so successful and imposing a display, it may be mentioned, was but ten years ago a waste, unoccupied wilderness. It is the creation of the late good and brave Sir GEORGE CATHCART. Founded by him in 1852 as the basis of a strong defensive burgher system, it is now the prosperous centre of one of the richest farming districts in South Africa.

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On the following morning, 17th August, the Prince was early astir, and about seven o'clock started *en route* for Burghersdorp and the Orange Free State. His departure was not anticipated so soon, but the Volunteers were already at their post, and presented arms to His Royal Highness as he passed.

The first stage was only a distance of some four miles, to the beautiful mission village of Lesseyton. It is situated in a lovely valley of some five miles in length, entirely surrounded

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by mountains, except where at intervals an opening reveals the magnificent scenery in the far distance. The white cottages that have now supplanted the aboriginal Kafir huts gleamed bright and picturesque in the morning sun, and the whole aspect of the settlement gave indication of peace, progress, and prosperity.

“ On approaching the village, the Royal party were met by the Reverend G. CHAPMAN —at present in charge of the institution—at the head of a number of the school people on horseback. The first salutation ”—we quote the description of a writer in the *Queen’s Town Free Press*—“ was in silence, the whole of the horsemen standing in order with heads uncovered; the Prince graciously returning the salutation. Mr. CHAPMAN, having informed Sir GEORGE GREY that the people at the station were desirous of presenting an address to the Prince, was directed by His Excellency to ride on and inform them that they had the permission of His Royal Highness to do so.

“ On the Royal party entering the village and approaching the spot where the people, old and young, were assembled, a song of welcome broke at once from the crowd,—men, women, and children singing as only natives can do. The effect was beautiful. The words sung were these :

Siyabulisa, ALFRED, Inkosi Yasebotwe,
Siyabulisa, ALFRED, Inkosi Yamanges,
Siyabulisa, ALFRED, Inkosi Yaselwandhle.
Siyabulisa, ALFRED, Nyana we-Kween yetu.

TRANSLATION.

We salute thee, ALFRED, Prince of the Royal House.
We salute thee, ALFRED, Prince of the English.
We salute thee, ALFRED, Prince of the Sea.
We salute thee, ALFRED, Son of our Queen.

“ With the welcome to the Prince was joined the following welcome to Sir GEORGE GREY, which was sang not less heartily than the former :

Siyabulisa nawe, otandwayo Sir GEORGE GREY.
Siyabulisa nawe, U Gouveneur wetu.

TRANSLATION.

We salute thee also, beloved Sir GEORGE GREY.
We salute thee also, who art our Governor.

“ As the last notes of the song died away the Prince and his attendants came in front of the people, the singing ceased, and was exchanged for cheering, such as for heartiness and goodwill has not been exceeded in the Colony. Never did black faces beam with greater delight than did those of this people as they looked for the first time on a ‘ Prince of the

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“ Royal House,’ and as they greeted once more their venerated and much-loved Governor.

“ On Sir GEORGE GREY they seem to look as upon a father.

“ The cheering having subsided the address was read, first in Kafir and then in English, by one of the people, and then presented to His Royal Highness by BAMBANI, the native headman. The address was as follows :

“ Nkosi ALFRED, Nyana wen-Kosikazi yetu esuyitandayo!—Siyavuya kakulu siku-bonanje. Siebesinga kumbu lelie ukuba amehlo etu obona Inkosi yasebotwe—nangekei gatu lissusra.

“ Sujatandaza kuwe pkosi yetu, ukuba usibuleie kuyo inkosikazi yetu, galo clitamsanga elikulu lokukubona ; nangazo zonke izinto ezinkela, nezi lunzi lelo asenzeluyo, gazo izamhlazo—Gouverneur wetu U-Sir GEORGE GREY osimtandayo.

“ Hamba kakuhle Nkosi ; anga ungakugeini, Utixo nde uye kufika, kwasebotwe lakowenu.

TRANSLATION.

“ Prince ALFRED, son of our beloved Queen!—We greatly rejoice at beholding thee. We never thought our eyes would behold a Prince of the Royal House, and even now it seems like a dream.

“ We pray thee to convey our thanks to our Queen for the great good luck of seeing thee, and also for all the great and good things she has done for us by the hands of our beloved Governor, Sir GEORGE GREY.

“ Travel in peace and safety, Prince! and may God preserve thee until thou again reachest the Royal House of thy family.”

To this an appropriate written reply was afterwards given : and, at the request of the Prince, a photographic view was taken of the whole scene. While this was going on the Reverend W. SHEPSTONE, from Kamastone, was introduced by Sir GEORGE to the Prince as one of the oldest missionaries in South Africa ; and afterwards His Excellency seized the opportunity to address the assembly in the kindest language, expressive of his satisfaction at the evidence displayed on every side of the progress they had made, and the high character they were sustaining. Lesseyton altogether may be considered as a type of the most successful Mission Institutions in South Africa, and we therefore here insert a descriptive sketch of it from the pen of a gentleman thoroughly well qualified to form a truthful estimate.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LESSEYTON.

In the year 1847 a mission station in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Society was established on the spot now occupied by the mission village of Lesseyton. The people, who are all Tembukies, were at that time only just emerging from the lowest depths of heathenism. Polygamy, with other heathen practices and habits, prevailed to a large extent among them. In their clothing, habitations, and customs there was at that time but little difference between them and other purely heathen tribes of the same nation.

From the first formation of the village its occupants evinced a great desire after instruction, and manifested considerable aptitude in the acquisition of scriptural and useful general knowledge. Under the fostering care of Mr. WARNER, and his excellent wife, these dispositions were turned to good account; the people began rapidly to emerge from the ignorance and barbarism of their heathen state, and to take their position as a hopeful Christian community.

In the year 1851, when the war cry was sounded, and the Kafir and other tribes, eager for blood and plunder, rushed in all the wild fury of savages into the Colony, great numbers of the Tembukies, led away by the infatuation of the hour, joined in open hostilities against the white man and the Government. At that time the whole extent of country now known as the Queen's Town district was occupied by the Tembus, and included under the general name of Tembukieland. Many inducements were held out by the enemies of our Government to the Lesseyton natives to join with the war party; all of which, however, were perseveringly and successfully resisted. They continued faithful, and not only refused to join in the war against the Colonial Government, but were enrolled under the designation of the "Lesseyton Volunteers," and under the command of Messrs. H. B. and E. J. WARNER, did good service, and under the banner of our Queen fought bravely and well for the Colony.

So fully were Her Majesty's officers, who in this part of the Colony conducted all military affairs, satisfied with their conduct, that at the close of the war Commandant TYLDEN, in a very handsome manner, brought their valuable services to the notice of His Excellency Sir GEORGE CATHCART, then Governor of the Cape Colony. His Excellency was so well pleased with the report of their loyal services, that, on taking possession for the British Government of what is now the Queen's Town district, he confirmed to them the ownership of the lands they had occupied prior to the war, though during the continuance of hostilities these lands had been from necessity vacated.

On resuming possession of their grounds the same society under whose spiritual care the people had been before the war again placed a missionary with them; temporary houses

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LESSEYTON.

were soon erected, lands broken up and brought under cultivation, and a thriving village sprung up among the blackened ruins of their former dwelling-places. Matters were progressing steadily when His Excellency Sir GEORGE GREY visited the frontier, intent upon carrying out those noble plans for benefiting the native tribes which his fertile genius and benevolent mind had devised. With characteristic quickness of perception he at once saw that Lesseyton, with its fine lands and teachable people, was admirably situated as one of the centres for operating upon the other tribes of the Tembu people, and for raising up, surrounded as the village now is with English and Dutch burghers, a number of trained men qualified to take their place with white men, or to go among their own countrymen as masons, carpenters, wagon-makers, and such like.

An Industrial Institution was at once planned, the necessary funds being supplied by His Excellency, and, under the skilful and vigilant superintendence of the Reverend J. P. BERTRAM, the requisite buildings were erected. A school-room, with house for principal master, workshops for shoemakers, blacksmiths, wagonmakers, and carpenters, together with suitable rooms for from sixty to eighty boarders now stand where in days past was a savage wilderness.

So far the results have justified the expectations formed. Several young men have left the establishment, properly trained as mechanics, whose services are eagerly sought after both by Europeans and by the more advanced among the natives. Between thirty and forty youths are now learning trades under competent masters, all of whom promise, in due time, to do credit to the institution.

A number of girls, under the care of Mrs. BERTRAM, have also been well trained as sempstresses, and in every variety of useful household occupation.

In the village itself, fifteen substantial brick cottages have been built, and others are in course of erection; a large extent of land has been brought under cultivation, and is sown with wheat and with other grain; a considerable number of fruit trees, such as peach trees, apricots, apples, quince, vines, and figs, have been planted. The people possess about one hundred and sixty horses, three hundred and seventy horned cattle, and between four and five thousand sheep; they have twenty-four ploughs and fifteen wagons. Being within seven miles of Queen's Town, they have, from a wish to avoid debt, hitherto declined to have a trader's establishment on the station. No ardent spirits are allowed, and the use of tobacco is entirely discountenanced among them.

The communicants, or church members, connected with the station number about one hundred and forty; all the children who are of a suitable age attend the school.

THE ROUTE TO ALIWAL NORTH.

Regarded in itself there is everything about the village to encourage the mind of such as hope, ere long, to see the native tribes of South Africa raised in the scale of being, and taking their proper position as men and as Christians among the inhabitants of the Colony. Regarded in its bearing upon the less advanced portion of the Tembu and other Kafir tribes, it is difficult to over-estimate the influence which such a village and institution must have upon their mind. Already its stimulating effects are in various ways felt, the wildest and most untutored see here that a degree of comfort, and prosperity, and security in their possessions is enjoyed to which they are entire strangers. They look, among other things, with wonder on their fellow-countrymen as they labour side by side with the white mechanic, earning at their trades sums which to the untrained appear quite fabulous.

Should it please Divine Providence, as we trust it may, to preserve to the Colony its present Governor, and to enable him to mature his present plans and to extend to other portions of these tribes the same wise and benevolent appliances which have been brought to bear upon this and other similarly favoured localities, the advancement of a people whom many have deemed "irreclaimable savages" will be as rapid as it will be satisfactory.

THE ROUTE TO ALIWAL NORTH.

The *cortège* proceeded from Lesseyton on their way to Burghersdorp, the Orange River, and the Orange Free State. About four in the afternoon they reached Bushman's Hoek, a pass across the Stormbergen—the great mountain range which, separating Queen's Town from the division of Albert, trends north-eastward, and under the varying names of Quathlamba and the Drakenberg forms the boundary between the sloping coastlands of Kafirland and Natal, and the vast level expanse of the interior. At the southern foot of the pass were assembled nearly two hundred horsemen, chiefly Dutch farmers of the Albert district, with their Magistrate, Mr. CROMAR, and their Clerk of the Peace, Mr. WRENSCH, at their head. They received His Royal Highness with loud fusilades of musketry, and still louder cheering from stentorian lungs; and as the long cavalcade ascended the wild, steep, romantic kloof to a perpendicular height of sixteen hundred feet, the appearance it presented was striking and picturesque in the extreme. On the summit were assembled a group of ladies whose pleasant greeting the Prince acknowledged right graciously; while a short distance on the other slope were ranged the Albert Volunteers,

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formed in regular columns on either side of the road. The procession still continued to advance until at sunset they reached the hospitable homestead of Mr. SCHUTTE, where it was arranged the Prince and his party should rest for the night. The dinner party consisted of the Prince, Sir GEORGE GREY, Colonel BISSET (Quartermaster-General), Major COWELL, Deputy Assistant Commissary-General HALL, Lieutenant WYATT of the Cape Corps escort, Mr. JOCELYN, midshipman of the *Euryalus*, Mr. CROMAR, Civil Commissioner, and Mr. WRENSCH, Clerk of the Peace of the Division. After dinner His Royal Highness, who was in high glee with the excitement of the day, proposed as toasts "HER MAJESTY, his mother," and "the Duchess of KENT," whose birthday was thus celebrated by her loving royal grandson in an unpretending farm-house in the remotest portion of the Queen's African dominions.

Early the following morning, Saturday, the 18th August, the *cortège* resumed its course, and halted for breakfast at the homestead of Mr. VAN ZYL, with whose numerous and worthy family the Prince was so delighted that he ordered Mr. YORK to photograph the whole group as they appeared on the terrace in front of the house, with the intention of transmitting the picture to her Majesty the QUEEN. Thence the party proceeded towards the town of Burghersdorp, and a few miles from the entrance were met by a concourse of eight hundred gentlemen, chiefly Dutch boers, from all the surrounding country. Next came the coloured congregation of the Rev. J. J. HERMANN'S mission; and as the cavalcade passed through the archways leading into the town, the enthusiasm of the assembled multitude was at its height. The residence of Mr. GOLDMAN, the leading merchant of the place, was given up at the Prince's disposal, and there His Royal Highness was glad to repose from the prolonged fatigues of his exciting journey. After luncheon deputations were received and addresses were presented and replied to, from the various public bodies of the place; and Mr. GOLDMAN, with Mrs. GOLDMAN and other ladies, were introduced, and received by His Royal Highness with that frankness which won so much on all who came in contact with him. After dinner, to which several of the inhabitants had the honour of being invited, the Prince, at the entreaty of the public, proceeded to see the illumination, and consented to be drawn through the streets in a carriage by some of the most respectable and enthusiastically loyal residents of the town. He returned home at half-past ten, and shortly afterwards, at his special request, the townsmen desisted from their loud rejoicings, and left the young Prince to enjoy a needed rest for the night. Among those who had been specially introduced to the Prince was Mr. VAN DER WALT, an elder of the Dutch Reformed Church and a member of the Divisional Council. His Royal Highness promised to forward to him a

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portrait in commemoration of the visit; at which the loyal boer was so overjoyed that to mark the occasion he immediately presented the Dutch Church with a donation of £50, and gave a like amount towards the erection of a Kafir Chapel!

Next morning, Sunday, as from the short time at their disposal they were anxious to proceed on their tour with the least possible delay, the party were early astir to resume their journey northward to Aliwal, on the banks of the Orange River. Before leaving, the Prince very warmly expressed to Mr. and Mrs. GOLDMAN his best thanks and acknowledgment for the munificent hospitality he and his suite had enjoyed at their hands. The *cortège* having reformed, they were accompanied out of the town by Captain ORSMOND's Volunteers, and the native congregation of Mr. HERMANN; while every door and window, and even the house-tops, as the local paper chronicles, were thronged with loyal spectators, all anxious to cheer the Royal Prince on his way. The first halt was three hours' distance, at the farm of Mr. MEYBURGH, whose homestead was completely taken by surprise, as different arrangements had previously been made for another line of road. A collation, however, was soon provided; and while it was being discussed, Mr. BURNET, the Civil Commissioner of Aliwal North, arrived to welcome the Prince from that direction.

After an hour spent here the Prince bade farewell to Mr. JOSEPH and the guard of honour who had escorted him from Burghersdorp, and proceeded on his journey to the extreme border town of Aliwal North, so named in compliment to the late Sir HARRY SMITH and his memorable Indian victory. Along the route numerous parties of horsemen joined the *cortège*—among the rest Sir WALTER CURRIE—and the monotony of the progress was varied by repeated huzzas and volleys of musketry. But while the Prince is approaching Aliwal, some mention must be made of the preparations there for his reception. On the preceding Friday the influx of visitors had already commenced, and crowds of natives—Tembukies, Fingoes, and nondescripts—entered the town in all the barbaric picturesqueness of native panoply. The mule train and studs of horses, too, sent overland from Cape Town to meet the Royal party here, and to be employed in their service for the rest of the journey to Natal, had just arrived at the time appointed. On the Saturday the concourse of eager strangers, native and European, still continued to increase; and, towards noon, Mr. AUSTEN, Superintendent of the Native Reserve, rode in at the head of some six hundred armed and mounted Fingoes, Mantatees, and Tambookies, ranged under their respective chiefs, displaying banners bearing appropriately loyal devices, and singing their war-songs with stentorian voice. But the principal excitement of the day depended on the arrival of MOSHESH, the venerable Sovereign of Basutoland. This aged African chief is the

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acknowledged paramount ruler of a congeries of tribes classed under the common name of Basutos, and inhabiting the mountainous but fertile country which intervenes between the Orange Free State and the Quathlamba. He succeeded to the chieftaincy some forty years ago; and although his country was, at the outset of his career, distracted with petty feuds and internecine strife, he gradually so distinguished himself by personal bravery, skilful generalship, and astute policy and diplomacy, that, in course of years, he won for himself the highest reputation among Europeans and Africans alike, firmly consolidated his power as paramount Sovereign, and contributed greatly to the advancement of his subjects both in the arts of war and peace. One stroke of policy which marked the earlier period of his government is recorded in an historical sketch published at the Cape a few years ago, and is worthy of notice. Being rich in cattle, he purchased wives for the poor among his people, and bestowed partners upon them on condition that the cattle received as purchase money, in African native fashion, for the female children when they married should revert to him. By this means he contrived to secure the goodwill of his subjects, and, at the same time, a source of ever-increasing wealth to himself, as certain and as lasting as the laws of the tribe. These women having been purchased by him are called *his* wives, a circumstance which has given rise to the report that he has a seraglio of some thousands. The progress in civilization, both of MOSHESH and of his people, is greatly to be attributed to the teachings and exertions of the accomplished and devoted band of French Protestant missionaries, who for many years have laboured in his country. Though still professedly, and for political reasons, a heathen himself, MOSHESH's respect for the missionaries is great, and one or more of them are stationed with him in his capital at Thaba Bossigo—a table mountain surrounded by a perpendicular precipice some hundred feet high, and only accessible by five narrow pathways, easily defended, and formed by the detrition of some narrow basaltic dykes which intersect the strata. The force of MOSHESH's power as the leader of a warlike tribe has been sufficiently exemplified, not merely in his ancient repulse of the northern hordes of DINGAAN and MOSELIKATSE, but in his recent warfare with his European neighbours. The engagement at Berea, into which Sir GEORGE CATHCART was unfortunately betrayed nine years ago, displayed alike the power, the courage, and the pacific disposition of this sage African chief; and the same qualities were still more strikingly made evident in his completely successful resistance of the Boers in the war of 1858. His subjects now number, probably, a hundred and fifty thousand souls, of whom nearly twenty thousand are fighting men. They cultivate corn extensively in the fertile valleys which traverse the mountains in all directions, exchanging it for other commodities with the Free State Boers; and since the

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trade in ammunition with the native tribes has been strictly prohibited, both by the colonial and republican governments, the Basutos have learnt the art of manufacturing gunpowder for themselves, and have practised it extensively with marked success.

MOSHESH's residence is about a hundred and fifty miles distant from Aliwal North, and as the notice given him of the Prince's expected arrival there was short, it was doubtful whether the aged Chief would be able to undertake the journey and come in time. Immediately on the receipt of the intelligence, however, he dispatched one of his sons with a letter to the civil commissioner of Aliwal, the nearest colonial town, announcing that though the news had reached him too late to admit of the demonstrations of respect to the young Prince he had wished to display with full equipage of wagons, tents, &c., he was hastening down on horseback accompanied by a large party of his retainers. On the Saturday, accordingly, his arrival was awaited with a degree of interest inferior only to that which was felt toward the Prince. In the afternoon his cavalcade was seen on the opposite banks of the Orange River. The passage of the broad stream was signalized by a discharge of musketry from the Aliwal side, and in a few minutes the old Chief and some three hundred followers galloped into the town amid the hurrahs and shouts both of Europeans and of natives. His reception by the magistrate, the clergyman, Mr. AUSTEN, and the other officials was very friendly and hearty, and gratified the veteran greatly. As the curious crowd thronged round him to see him and shake hands with him, some one, a local writer states, remarked to him that all this must be very fatiguing after his long journey; to which he only replied quite cheerily, "Oh no, let them come. I like to see them, and will tire them all out yet." His followers boasted numerous flags of their own construction with inscriptions of their own device and writing. The most prominent of them bore in the Sesuto tongue—a branch of the great Sechuana family of languages—"Molimo o boluke Mofumagali" (God save the Queen);—"U thlile hauthle morena, mora, Mofumagali" (You are welcome, chief, son of the Queen);—"Bonang bana ba Victoria" (See the children of Victoria);—and "Basuto ba tsepile Mofumagali" (the Basutos place their trust in the Queen).

On the Sunday morning the burghers under their respective field-cornets and Mr. AUSTEN's Native Reserve men marched out of town, and took up various positions assigned them along the road in the direction of Burghersdorp; and still further in advance were Commandant LOUW WAPENAAR and a large body of his volunteers. These waited on each side of the road till the Prince and party had passed, and then, firing a salute, fell in behind. The same thing was repeated as the *cortège* passed the different groups posted along the route, till at the "Nek," a point three miles from town, the cavalcade had swelled to about

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one thousand five hundred men. For the scene that followed we quote, *verbatim*, the vivid description furnished by a local correspondent to the Cape Town *Argus* newspaper :

“ Sir GEORGE GREY being told that MOSHESH was waiting just outside the town to meet
“ him sent a gentleman in advance with orders to have one of his horses saddled up, and to
“ bring the old Chief with him. He found MOSHESH on foot with his people, waiting near
“ the village, and returned with him and GEORGE MOSHESH to meet the Prince. The caval-
“ cade poured over the ‘Nek,’—a pass in the range of hills some three miles from the town
“ —in a dense mass with the Prince, Sir GEORGE, and others a little in advance. When
“ MOSHESH arrived a loud volley was fired in the air, and for a moment everything was
“ obscured in a cloud of dust and smoke. When it cleared off, the old Chief was seen
“ uncovered before the QUEEN’S son, who took off his hat, bowed gracefully, and stretched
“ out his hand. Upon this MOSHESH, giving his hat to his son, quickly pushed forward
“ and seized the offered hand as Sir GEORGE introduced him amid loud cheers and firing,
“ which the Prince and the Governor now, as all along the road before, vainly tried to
“ prevent. MOSHESH now took his place beside the Prince, and all moved forward, but
“ MOSHESH’S horse becoming restive, the Prince, with great kindness and consideration,
“ called for another, but the old man begged to be allowed rather to proceed in advance ;
“ so a halt was called for a few moments while he rode on to the Prince’s house. A little
“ further on the Prince came to where the footmen from the Native Reserve were drawn up
“ on each side of the road, those dressed in European clothes being on one side, while the
“ more savage-looking ones in the native war-dress kept the other side. The former, as the
“ Prince and his party passed, all bowed to the ground, shouting ‘ Khosi ! Khosi ! Khosi !’
“ while the line of savages gave a simultaneous shudder and shrunk behind their shields,
“ against which they rattled their bundle of assegais. The gesture was a very horrid one,
“ but was meant for a very respectful and dutiful greeting, and the Prince bowed from one
“ side to the other, as if they had been so many ladies and gentlemen in Hyde Park.
“ When next he passed MOSHESH’S Basutos drawn up near the arch, they all cried ‘ Alie !
“ Alie ! Alie !’ (Hail ! hail ! hail !) and burst forth into the tune of ‘ God save the Queen,’
“ the words in their own language, at the top of their voices. At the arch were several
“ ladies and gentlemen waving handkerchiefs, and bowing, whose greeting the Prince,
“ halting a moment, acknowledged. The view now to a spectator on the stoep of the
“ Prince’s house was a grand one. A crowd of people who were there awaiting the arrival
“ were at last warned by the clouds of dust and smoke, the firing, shouting, and singing,
“ and the buzz of upwards of two thousand voices growing louder and louder every moment,

THE ROUTE TO ALIWAL NORTH.

“ that the great mass was approaching. There it came at last, the Prince’s party passing
“ under the arch, and the rest pressing after it and forward on all sides. The noise was
“ tremendous. Cheers from the townspeople and others, volleys of firing from the Boers,
“ ‘ God save the Queen ’ from the Basutos, wild yells and war-songs from the other natives,
“ shouting on all sides, and above all the royal salute from the cannon in the middle of the
“ street, all mingled with the trampling of horsemen and rushing of the crowd into one
“ great roar. On it came like a great sea, till the row of houses stopped it, and every crack
“ and corner was filled with life. Right in front rode the Prince, and the gentlemen who
“ immediately escorted him. They halted under the smaller arch before the house, the
“ Prince glancing up at the flags and decorations. Then they all dismounted, and Mr.
“ BURNET introduced them into the house. Three long loud cheers burst from the crowd,
“ and when there was a pause, the Basutos pressed under the arch again, singing ‘ God
“ save the Queen,’ which they did very well, in two or three parts, with their fine strong
“ voices. It was amusing to see ISEKULO, MOSHESH’S son, with all the air of a M. JULLIEN
“ directing a concert, walking up and down before the singers, keeping time with his walk-
“ ing-stick in the air. Presently they broke into a war-dance, singing ‘ Our chief has
“ come whom we longed for,’ or some such words, and then the Fingoes, Tambookies, and
“ other natives danced their different war-dances, till the bell ringing for church a rush
“ was made to all the available seats. A carpet and chairs were placed in front of the
“ pulpit, and a watch kept on the door. Presently the Prince walked in with Sir GEORGE
“ and several other gentlemen; also MOSHESH and some other natives, and sat on the
“ reserved chairs. The service was conducted in Dutch by the minister of that church
“ here, and after it the Prince had an interview with MOSHESH, whose son GEORGE inter-
“ preted, during which the following incident occurred: MOSHESH laid before the Prince
“ three fine tiger-skin karosses, begging him to accept two of them from himself and one
“ from his son LETSIE, who was ill and unable to come. The Prince thanked him, and
“ told him to thank LETSIE too; and then MOSHESH entreated to have some little token in
“ the Prince’s handwriting, were it but his autograph on a slip of paper, that he might take
“ back with him and show to his people and children at home; on which the Prince, to the
“ old man’s great delight, drew from his pocket a little full length photograph of himself,
“ with ‘ ALFRED,’ in his own writing, under it, and gave it to him.”

For the rest of the afternoon the Prince was left to the enjoyment of the retirement and rest which he so greatly needed; while the crowds, native and European, who still thronged the streets got up a huge bonfire on the market-square, in whose light the broad, willow-arkited

THE ROUTE TO ALIWAL NORTH.

surface of the Orange River, a short distance from the town, shone with strangely picturesque glare. The houses were brilliantly and tastefully illuminated, as was also, with coloured lamps, the triumphal archway, on the top of which stood, in defiant attitude, an ancient lion in tolerable stuffing and preservation. The devices on some of the transparencies were happily apposite, and a few of them aspired to the dignity of verse. Among the rest, a Mr. FREDERICK HALSE displayed in one of his windows the prayer :

“ God bless thee, Princely Boy,
Shield thee from ill,
Shed round thee peace and joy,
Watch o'er thee still.
Make thee His special care
On Afric's strand ;
Safe o'er the ocean bear,
Back to thy land.”

While on the corresponding window to the left was blazoned :

“ More pomp and pageantry,
Welcomes as kind,
Happy our Prince may see,
But will not find
Hearts (though in princely hall)
More true and free
Than those in Aliwal
Beating for thee—

For the Queen, the Prince Consort, and *Amor Patriæ*.”

Next morning, at an early hour, a band of natives, dressed in warrior costume, mustered before the Prince's residence and paid their respects by the performance of war-dances and the chanting of songs in aboriginal fashion. Afterwards deputations waited upon His Royal Highness and presented addresses from the inhabitants of Aliwal and from the French missionaries of Basutoland. It should be mentioned here, too, before concluding this notice of the reception of the Prince at Aliwal North, that the most characteristic feature of it—the meeting with MOHESH—was conducted with the most manifest interest on both sides, and as warmly on the second day as on the first. The old chief carried with him a letter addressed to the QUEEN, begging for an alliance with Great Britain, and this he handed to the Prince for presentation to his Royal Mother ; while, in return for the portrait given to him by His Royal Highness, he, with five of his counsellors, sat for a photographic picture by Mr. YORK, which he presented to the Prince, and a copy of which will be found by the reader on the opposite page. The hard, shrewd features of the sage chief himself, in the centre, are unmistakable.



MOSHESH AND HIS COUNSELLORS.

THE ROUTE TO ALIWAL NORTH.

Before the departure for the Orange Free State several ladies and gentlemen of the place were introduced, besides numerous chiefs and headmen of the various native tribes—those of the Reserve being presented by Mr. AUSTEN and the Basutos by MOSHESH. At ten o'clock the *cortège* was ready to leave the town, and three loud, long cheers for the Prince and three more for Sir GEORGE GREY were given by the assembled multitude with right hearty good will. The whole party then rode down to the Orange River, followed by the crowd, the Fingo footmen lining one side of the road, and the Basutos, headed by their sovereign, holding the other. When the Prince reached the river, the Aliwal bank of it was covered for about half a mile with swarms of people, shouting and cheering; and when he had ridden about half way through the stream—so writes a loyal local chronicler—he halted, and, turning round, bowed and waved his hat to us on this side. The old river's banks shook with the tremendous firing which answered his salute, and many a heart ached to see him leave us and pass the boundary of Her Majesty's dominions.



COLONIAL HOTTENTOTS.

THE TOUR THROUGH THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

Beyond the Orange River succeeds the Orange Free State, forming a connecting link between the Cape Colony, the Transvaal Republic, and Natal. It extends over an area of some fifty thousand square miles, with a sparse European population of about fifteen thousand occupying its vast undulating plains. Comparatively a few years ago it was, as Captain HARRIS described it, a howling wilderness, inhabited by wandering hordes of Bushmen and broken tribes of Betjouana and Kafir refugees from the armies of the Zulu tyrants—CHAKA, DINGAAN, and MOSELEKATSE. After the Kafir war of 1835-6, a spirit of dissatisfaction arising in the minds of many of the colonial frontier Dutch farmers, an extensive emigration took place, which extended northward beyond the Vaal River and eastward across the mountains to Natal. Gradually the "emigrants" settled down along the water-courses of the plains they traversed, and which were all then tenanted, even more than now, by immense herds of the larger game. By degrees, as a colonial authority writes, the attitude of these farmers in proclaiming their independence of the British Crown attracted the notice of Government, and, in 1848, after some opposition and one or two sharp engagements with our troops, the country was annexed by the late Sir HARRY SMITH to the British Empire under the name of the Orange River British Sovereignty. It continued thus for six years afterward, under the not generally successful rule of a British Resident; until, in 1854, Her Majesty's Special Commissioner, Sir GEORGE CLERK, formally abandoned it, while its inhabitants were released from their allegiance, and permitted to constitute a republican community of their own under the title of the Orange Free State. The government is now in the hands of a President, freely elected by the landdrosts and heemraden—or magistrates and divisional councillors—and the Volksraad, or Congress, elected by the people generally, exercises legislative functions.

Although the Orange Free State is thus, in some respects, a foreign country, though its population are almost entirely of Dutch nationality and rudely republican politics, and though a few years ago they were engaged in keen and violent hostilities with the British army on the frontier, the reception now given by all classes to the young Prince was as hearty and rejoicing as he could have met with from the most loyal subjects of the British Crown. The English part of the population, who bitterly deplore their "abandonment" and look forward to re-annexation as the object of their fondest hope, were of course peculiarly excited at the opportunity of hailing so direct a representative of the Royal Family; but even the sturdiest and most anti-English boer in the country was carried away by the common enthusiasm.

As the Prince was crossing the stream of the Orange River the Free State cannon—there was only one—thundered forth a royal salute, which was again responded to by the colonists

THE TOUR THROUGH THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

at Aliwal. His Royal Highness was received on the further side by Mr. SAUER, the Landdrost of the Smithfield district, several others of the Free State authorities, and an escort formed of volunteer Dutch burghers and the Smithfield Rifles. After a hurried presentation, amidst the firing of the burghers and the riflemen's salute, the whole moved on at a rapid pace towards the town of Smithfield. As they crossed the Caledon River they halted for a short time, while the Prince performed the ceremony of naming after himself a new pontoon recently established there. The cavalcade reached its destination about sunset. The incidents of the reception here need scarcely be detailed, so similar were they in all respects to what had been met with before within the boundaries of the colony. There were triumphal arches, of course, the waving of flags and banners, the loud huzzas of assembled crowds, and, in the evening, the glare of a very successful and creditable illumination. The residence of Mr. R. FINLAY was set apart for the use of the Prince, and that gentleman, together with the Landdrost and the Dutch Reformed Clergyman of the place, had the honour of dining with his Royal Highness.

Next morning, Tuesday 21st August, the Prince received an address from the inhabitants, which was suitably responded to, and a group of ladies were presented by Sir GEORGE GREY to His Royal Highness. By eight o'clock all were ready again for the road, and the Royal party left Smithfield, as they entered it, under the salute of cannon, the cheering of the multitude, and with the escort of the local volunteers. These latter were all young unmarried men, dressed in tan cord, black hats, and white ostrich feathers, with bridles and saddle-cloths trimmed with red, white, and blue, and altogether they presented a thoroughly neat and service-like appearance. They accompanied the Prince to Kafir River, on the route to Bloemfontein, some twenty miles from Smithfield, and as His Royal Highness thanked them for the honour they had conferred on him he expressed a wish to obtain, as a memento of the occasion, a few of the ostrich feathers with which their hats were decorated. The request was, of course, most eagerly complied with, and the captain of the party proffered a petition for some corresponding memorial in return. The Prince seemed for an instant at a loss what object to select for them, when, in the enthusiasm of the moment, one of their number suggested that his handkerchief would suffice! The precious cambric was at once torn into fragments; the arms in its corner were affixed to the colours of the corps; and every individual volunteer among them secured a patch about an inch square, which was pinned, as the local writers observe, over the heart as proudly as if it had been the badge and decoration of the Bath, or even the Garter! A volley was fired, a parting hearty cheer was given, and the volunteers returned to Smithfield, while the Royal *cortège* pursued its route to

THE TOUR THROUGH THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

the Free State capital. The journey might, at a pinch, be accomplished in one day, but now they had fairly entered upon the happy hunting-grounds of South Africa, and Sir GEORGE GREY was bent on indulging his Royal charge with a perfect specimen of African sport. The vast undulating plains of the Free State, though rapidly encroached upon by the advance of civilization and human industry, still abound in herds of splendid game, foremost among which may be ranked the various antelopes, such as the blesbok (*Gazella Albifrons*), the springbok (*Gazella Eucore*), and the wildebeeste (*Catoblepas Gnu*), besides the bonte quagga (*Equus Burchellii*), the ostrich, and a host of others. In the pursuit of these a portion of the Tuesday was spent delightfully enough, the whole of Wednesday, and the forenoon of Thursday. The Prince himself was highly successful as a shot, and in the accompanying photograph is presented an admirable representation of the scene, when a wildebeeste, newly killed, has been brought in to the Royal wagon. The Prince, in African travelling costume and rifle in hand, is standing near the Hottentot TELEMACHUS, of the Cape Corps escort, is holding the animal by the horns, and the sage old Malay coachman, whip in rest, is gazing eagerly hard by. The subject, with its accessories, is not unworthy the pencil even of a LANDSEER.

But in the meantime, while the Prince and his fellow-travellers were enjoying the pleasures of the chase, the inhabitants of Bloemfontein were in the most nervous excitement of expectation. Various delusive messages had reached them respecting the probable hour of the arrival; and finally, on Thursday afternoon, the long cavalcade which proceeded from the town to greet the Visitors were gratified with a sight of the advancing *cortège* on the Kafirberg. As they approached the Secretary of the Republican Government, Mr. SPRUYT, who then was Acting President, the Landdrost of the town, the Field-cornet of the district, and a mingled crowd of followers, white and black, in all sorts of picturesque disorder, received His Royal Highness as enthusiastically as if they still could boast the privilege of being subjects of his Royal Mother. A *feu de joie* was fired, and three such lusty cheers succeeded, that, as the local paper declares, even the wildebeestes looked on astonished! The whole multitude then advanced rapidly to Bloemfontein—the Prince riding on horseback as usual. Shortly after the start, and while the *cortège* was descending townwards, a large but imprudent hare bounded into the road escorted by sundry curs. Prince, Governor, and Acting President alike speedily forgot the solemn dignity they all displayed but a few minutes before, and gave instant chase to bewildered puss, who dodged about with wonderful ingenuity, and found the safest shelter between the horses' legs, until at last she rushed into the jaws of a phlegmatic dog that had been standing by gazing at the scene! The procession then re-formed, and,



THE PRINCE AND HIS FIRST WILDERBEESTE

THE TOUR THROUGH THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

under a salute of artillery, soon passed the archways which gracefully spanned the entrance into the town. Thence the thronged way passed the "College,"—established there mainly by the prudent liberality of Sir GEORGE GREY—and on to Mr. JORDAN'S residence, in the market-square, which had been vacated by its owner and placed for the occasion at the disposal of the Prince. It may be mentioned here, as a curious incident, and as an illustration of the abundance of game in the surrounding country, that just as the Royal party had arrived a crowd of antelopes ran madly into the town from the opposite side—to pay their respects to the Prince, of course, and, as was suggested at the time, almost like the stuck roast sucking-pig of the fable, praying His Royal Highness to come out next day and shoot them. The drivers of the Royal wagon, and one or two tars of the *Euryalus*, who accompanied the party, gave chase and captured four of them in the market-place; and next morning, as will be seen, the Prince showed no reluctance to accept their invitation to knock them over in the neighbourhood wholesale.

Bloemfontein—"the fountain of flowers"—is more poetic in name than in appearance or situation, but it is still far from being devoid of interest. The majority of its population are Dutch; all of them are now the subjects of an independent government; but the spirit they displayed on this occasion was most loyally and enthusiastically British. As the local paper declared excitedly, two days afterwards, "We love him. *He is our Prince. His mother is our Queen.* We should belie the feelings of our heart were we to say otherwise." And the same feeling of bitter regret at the rude severance of the tie which bound them to the British Empire was still more significantly and fitly expressed by one of the transparencies in the illumination of the evening—"Loyal, though discarded." Many of them indeed—the English portion—can never surrender their hopes of re-annexation to the Cape Colony, and anxiously look forward, with a confidence more sanguine than well founded, to the time when the Boers may become dissatisfied with their present abodes, trek wholesale beyond the Vaal, and leave the Orange River territory to be filled up by English farmers of the hardy, experienced colonial stamp. Mr. ROBERTS, the Attorney-General of the State, was appointed Aide-de-camp to the Prince during his stay; and soon after the arrival a deputation of the inhabitants waited on His Royal Highness for the presentation of an address. In the evening Mr. SPRUYT, the Acting President, Mr. ROBERTS, and a number of other gentlemen of the place had the honour of dining with the Prince; after which succeeded bonfires, a tasteful illumination, serenades, &c., in the most approved fashion.

Next morning early, preparations were made for a magnificent hunt, of such a kind as Royal Prince had surely never shared in or seen before. As has been mentioned above, the vast

THE HUNT AT HARTEBEEESTE-HOEK.

surrounding country even still abounds with large and splendid game, of the species already named; and a few miles to the westward of Bloemfontein is the farm of Mr. BAIN, as generous a host and as enthusiastic a sportsman as South Africa can boast. This gentleman determined that, in the matter of hunting at least, Prince ALFRED'S tour beyond the Orange River should be quite as distinguished as that of his Royal brother, the Prince of WALES, in the prairies of America. Accordingly, two or three days before the arrival of His Royal Highness, about a thousand Barolongs, the subjects of the Chief MOROKO, were asked to assemble, first to beat up the game from the adjacent country, close to the neighbourhood of Mr. BAIN'S domains at Hartebeestehoeck. They were only too glad to respond to the appeal, partly from their anxiety to join in honouring the Royal Visitor, and partly to share in the ample spoils of the grand battue which was to succeed. It was hoped that some lions could also be mustered for the occasion, to add still more to the excitement of the day, but the "monarchs" refused to enter an appearance. The preliminary labours of the hunters were abundantly successful; and on the morning of the 24th of August the vast plains extending westward from Hartebeestehoeck, far as the eye could reach, were seen crowded with gnus, and quaggas, and bleboks, and ostriches in tens of thousands. Of the extraordinary scene which ensued we present the following unadorned but vivid and graphic account furnished by a member of the Royal party, who himself took a leading share in the sports of the day.

THE HUNT AT HARTEBEEESTE-HOEK.

Upon Friday, the 24th of August, we started, at ten o'clock, from Mr. JORDAN'S house, in Bloemfontein, for Mr. BAIN'S farm Hartebeestehoeck, distant about five miles from the town. We soon found ourselves in a wide, sloping valley, which, by a gentle rise, gradually led up to some hills about a mile in front of us. On the right in this valley we saw drawn up, in a long line, from eight hundred to one thousand Barolongs, under the command of the son of their Chief, MOROKO. Nearly all of them had guns and horses, but at this time they were dismounted and holding their steeds. They had also with them, a small distance in the rear, about three hundred pack-oxen drawn up in line, with pack-saddles on them, all prepared for loading up the game. The oxen were led by men on foot, who generally had dogs with them.

As the Prince rode up the dismounted Barolongs commenced a *feu de joie*, firing from left to right; on which the horses, as if by previous agreement amongst themselves, all rushed

THE HUNT AT HARTEBEESTE-HOEK.

away at the same moment. A few men made a grasp at the animals, caught them, sprang into the saddle, and rode after the foremost of the runaway steeds, to try to turn them. Now commenced a fine scamper over the hills bounding the valley—some eight hundred saddled horses with flying reins, galloping here and there, but all in the main bounding back as hard as they could for their own country. After them go the mounted men and the despairing footmen, uttering in their own language such cries and maledictions as appeared to them fitted to the occasion. The struggling pack-oxen did their best to take each such advantage as it could of the opportunity, thus adding to the confusion that prevailed. The scattered Barolongs were soon more or less lost to sight, until, at last, one after the other again made their appearance on their captured horses, and by degrees order was thus once more restored amongst the hunting party.

The Prince then rode on to the high ground in our front. When we arrived there we found ourselves on a ridge of semicircular hills, which fell rapidly before us, and which formed the head of a long and rather deep valley, about a mile wide, that gradually sloped down for a distance of about a mile and a half to Mr. BAIN'S house, at its mouth; the valley thence expanded into extensive plains.

When we had reached the top of this range, those of the Barolongs who were not mounted disposed themselves in a line of single men along the slopes of the hills which looked towards Mr. BAIN'S farm, and seated themselves on the ground. The mounted men divided off to the right and left, and keeping under cover of the hills which bounded the valley on each side as it stretched down to the farm-house, rode off in the direction of the plains.

We now pursued our way onwards to Mr. BAIN'S residence, and found the intervening ground pretty well dotted about with gnus, springboks, and blesboks.

For some time we saw no more of the Barolongs, who, separating into two equal parties, had ridden off to the right and left in lines, keeping as much as possible under the cover of the hills in the direction of the plains, dropping a man every hundred or two hundred yards as they went along, until they had reached out for a distance of perhaps three or four miles into the plain, when, each party turning inwards until they met, they thus formed a large continuous curved line of men, which enclosed immense masses of game.

From Mr. BAIN'S farm we could now witness the hunt well. The quantity of game shut in by the Barolongs was estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand. The herds of animals could be seen rushing in wild confusion at full gallop along the living cordon which enclosed them. The several kinds of game—ostriches, Burchell's zebras,

THE HUNT AT HARTEBEESTE-HOEK.

wildebeestes, bonteboks, springboks—kept generally each kind in separate herds or droves, crossing and recrossing one another in the greatest confusion and terror, as they careered along the line seeking for a point through which they might break. The clouds of dust which they raised, as they galloped onward, and in which they were enveloped, heightened the confusion. Every now and again some large mass of game, consisting of several thousand head, would in desperation make a rush at some apparently weak point in the living fence. Then the Barolongs, at full gallop, would close in on this point, shouting, shrieking, and firing their guns, killing many and turning others back. Presently, at another point, a drove of wildebeestes, fierce with terror, would make a wild rush at another point of the line, and—amidst clouds of dust, the falling of the dying ones, the tumbling of those living over those who were slain, the roar caused by the tramping of so many galloping feet over the ground, the bellowing of the wounded wildebeestes, the shouts and cries of the Barolongs, the continued popping of guns and rifles—would resolutely break through the line, and madly career off into the apparently boundless plain. At some points would be seen riders falling, horse and all; at others, horses whose riders were thrown, galloping here and there with the game.

In the midst of all this confusion, dust, and noise, on came the line moving steadily, like a seine drawn in by strong and cautious pullers, and driving before it as it came to the shore, a numerous haul of large fish. As it gradually closed in and drew nearer and nearer, the game grew more and more frantic with terror. Fiercer and more determined rushes were made by the maddened animals upon the line—more and more of them were shot down or killed by assegais—but no Barolong stopped to lift what he had killed. Flocks of vultures, delighting in the slaughter, hovered round, and sometimes pitched on the ground quite close to the hunters.

Thus swept on this great moving mass of life. As the circle still contracted, the droves of game formed into larger masses, and, at last, reckless apparently of death and wounds, broke through the drivers in numerous bodies, so that when the whole mass swept past Mr. BAIN's house into the narrow valley down which we had ridden to the farm, probably not more than three thousand head of game of all kinds remained enclosed by the hunters.

The dismounted men who had been ranged along the slopes of the hills in this valley, now rose up—the game was fairly surrounded by a mass of men—the Prince's party moved on with the hunters, rather in advance of the line—pop, pop went guns and rifles in all directions—down fell game on this side and that side—in every direction flew assegais; with these sticking in them many of the wounded animals galloped about, so that, as was



THE HUNT AT HARTERESTE HOEK.

THE HUNT AT HARTEBEESTE-HOEK.

said at the time, you might compare them to inkstands with pens sticking in them. Balls from one side or the other passed unpleasantly near you. The greedy vultures, knowing they were safe, pitched, in some cases, immediately in front of the hunters, stalked on before them, and could hardly be made to rise.

Still, in this way, all but the animals who were slain moved on to the range of hills down which we had come into the valley, and also on which stood the line of men who had been first placed there. Here and there small droves of game would break through the gradually closing line—in other places the animals worn out by their exertions to escape, stood in small bodies hardly able to move, and scarcely seeking to evade their destroyers, who, with shouts, cries, and discharges of fire-arms, were each moment shutting them into a narrower and narrower circle.

The Prince, up to this point of the hunt, had shot about twenty-five head of large game to his own gun, and joined in all the excitement of the fray with cordial enthusiasm. The grave Sir GEORGE GREY and the dignified Major COWELL forgot their dignity and their gravity, and grew young again in the hot pursuit of the flying game; while the dashing Sir WALTER CURRIE went at it all coatless, hogspear in hand. Even the ladies who joined the party laid aside their natural timidity, and shared the excitement of the occasion as thoroughly and as amusingly as the rest. At last, as we approached the line of hills, the number of game enclosed in the circle did not probably exceed from six hundred to seven hundred. The Barolongs then raised one wild cry, and galloped in upon them in a charge with their assegais and dogs; many were killed at once, the others, breaking through the line, galloped up the hills pursued by the horsemen, and all became wild confusion, the whole country in front covered with flying game hotly pursued or by dead animals, which some dismounted horseman was engaged in striving to lift on his steed, and fasten to his saddle behind. As we rode away from the scene of the hunt, at the distance of three or four miles from where it had taken place, we found people there dotted over the country, and as we looked back from the hills, we saw in all directions Barolongs wandering about with pack-oxen, collecting the animals that had been killed, and driving off vultures from their plentiful repast.

The accompanying photographic illustration of the scene is taken from a painting made for this work by T. BAINES, Esq., F.R.G.S., lately engaged as artist to the Zambezi expedition. His studies of the animals grouped in the scene are the result of his own extensive personal observations as a South African traveller. The moment chosen for the picture is that in which the line of hunters, sweeping outside the double range of hills, have collected on the distant flats a multitude of game, which they are now engaged in driving

THE HUNT AT HARTEBEESTE-HOEK.

forward into the valley. As the terrified animals pass the farm-house at the entrance, the Royal party are seen sallying forth in the distance and joining in the chase, while a cordon of men, previously dropped in the rear, pass over the hills and form a line of fire upon their inner slopes, to prevent the escape of the game, which appear ascending the mountain in crowds. In the foreground is seen a mixed herd, madly endeavouring to break the line of hunters. The body of the herd consists of the dark forms of the common or white-tailed gnu or wildebeeste, one of which is falling before the musket of a wild hunter, while another, mortally wounded, is rearing, in a position not imaginary, but actually witnessed on a former occasion by the artist. The van of the herd is composed of the hartebeeste, the blesbok, the bonte quagga (Burchell's zebra), and the common or half-striped quagga. To the left, a couple of ostriches appear among the wildebeestes, and a solitary springbok in the foreground is met by a couple of Barolongs with shield and assegai. Of course, in this *milieu*, the smaller animals escape almost unnoticed, but in the foreground may be seen a Cape jerboa (springhaas) coming onward with its peculiar flying leap, a little meerkat, a cobra, and one of the elegant little antelopes called oribis, which, with the steenbok and other smaller varieties, lie snugly in the cover of the rocks and bush. Clouds of black dust, raised by the furious tramp of the excited game, fill the air, and obscure a portion of the scene; while high above all, the vultures are hovering, eagerly in waiting for their feast.

After the hunt was over the Royal party returned again to Bloemfontein, where Captain ADAM KOK, the Chief of the Griquas, and MOROKO, the Chief of the Barolongs, with their respective counsellors, were in waiting, and were presented to the Prince by Sir GEORGE GREY. A mixed crowd of Fingoes, Zulus, and other fighting Kafirs (women included) next performed a war-dance *en costume*, which seemed greatly to amuse His Royal Highness; and after a short delay for luncheon the *cortège* resumed the road once more, *en route* to Winburg, Harrismith, and Natal. As they left the town a Royal salute was fired, the crowds that filled the streets shouted lustily their parting huzzas, and the escort of volunteers accompanied them to their encampment for the night.

Their further course northward was not diversified by any incidents of exciting interest. The whole party now consisted of the Prince, the Governor, Major COWELL, Mr. RIVERS, Colonel BISSET, Sir WALTER CURRIE, Dr. MORTON, and Mr. JOCELYN, with Mr. YORK and his assistant; and the train was composed of eight wagons and a cart, an escort of Cape Corps Rifles, with grooms, servants, and spare horses. The country which they traversed consisted of endless undulating plains, extending to the horizon,



THE PEOPLE'S TRAVELLING EQUIPAGE

THE TOUR THROUGH THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

varied only by the sight of an occasional farm, and by the game which was started in all directions, and which was hunted as they sped along. According to the usual order of the march, Sir GEORGE GREY and Major COWELL stretched out on one side of the road; the Prince and his followers on the other; while the wagons came on in the centre. The slightest incidents were turned to the best account; pranks and practical jokes of all sorts were played in abundance; and His Royal Highness enjoyed the hunting and the fun to the utmost. At nights, of course, the whole party encamped in the veldt; the Prince reposing in his wagon, Sir GEORGE GREY and Major COWELL in their respective tents, and the rest, in campaigning fashion, wrapped in their veldt kombaarsen, anywhere. A good idea of the style of travelling, and the equipages adapted to the journey, may be had from the accompanying photographic view of the outspanned wagons, taken just as the party are preparing for a start.

On the Sunday morning, the 26th August, the Royal party were outspanned for breakfast within some fifteen miles from Winburg, a northern frontier town or village of the Free State, and there for the first time they met Mr. PRETORIUS, the President of the two Republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. He had just returned from an official visit to the Republic beyond the Vaal River, accompanied by his Secretary, and his first interview with the Prince was of the most cordial character. From here His Honour the President accompanied the party to Winburg, where, although it was Sunday, they were all received with the heartiest rejoicings. An excellent public luncheon was quickly extemporized, an address was presented, and every other practicable token was displayed of the enthusiasm with which the inhabitants appreciated the visit. One of their number subsequently still further celebrated the occasion by forwarding to the Free State newspaper some very cleverly drawn sketches of the distinguished personages who composed the party, and ending with the curious and not altogether uninteresting information that, even in this remotest Winburg, "the Prince could have met a scion of the proscribed House of STUART, " and the descendant, also, of a noble Chieftain of that part of the British dominions of which " His Royal Highness's august elder brother is the titular prince, whose great-great-great-grand sire was decapitated by one of his Queen-Mother's predecessors at Snowdon for " high treason!"

From Winburg the Royal *cortège*, escorted by the villagers and the surrounding Boers, advanced eastward towards the Drakenberg, and on Tuesday, the 28th August, reached Mr. HITCHCOCK's hamlet of Sand River, in the Wittebergen, under a salute of twenty-one guns, and many hearty cheers from the true Britons who were present. They were all most hospitably entertained by Mr. HITCHCOCK and his family, who presented a dutiful address,

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and, though the subjects of a foreign government, displayed their loyalty by every means within their power. From Sand River the Prince departed on the 29th, and arrived at Harrismith, the last district of the Free State, bordering on Natal, on the 31st.

They were met some five miles from the village by Mr. CLOETE, the Landdrost, a mounted deputation of the inhabitants, and a band of one hundred and fifty Kafirs, with their Chief, MOTA, resident in the neighbourhood. Harrismith is a small, remote, and by no means wealthy place, but on this occasion the reception it gave the Prince and his party reflected ample credit upon all. Guns were fired, banners with loyal mottoes waved in all directions, and the inhabitants generally, though still subjects of the Republic, hailed His Royal Highness cordially as their own. During his stay here he luncheoned at Mr. CLOETE'S residence; several of the inhabitants were introduced to him; and an address was presented, declaring that "it would be an event of general rejoicing in the Free State if Her Majesty's Government could be induced to extend to it the advantages of a federal union." Mr. YORK, at the Prince's request, took an excellent photographic view of MOTA'S Kafirs, as they stood mustered on the bleak hill-side, where their wretched "hartebeeste huts" were visible among the rocks; and in the afternoon the whole party left Harrismith, escorted as they entered it, and commenced the ascent of the Drakenberg, which forms the boundary between the Orange Free State and Natal.

Before crossing this limit of the independent States, it should be mentioned that a very cordial invitation reached the Prince from the Government of the Transvaal, praying His Royal Highness to extend his visit northward to that Republic, but that, from the limited time at his disposal, he was compelled unwillingly to decline. As an acknowledgment of the very cordial reception he had met with from all the officials, as well as the inhabitants of the Free State, he offered to present the President with his travelling carriage, bearing the British arms. The gift was accepted in the same frank, friendly spirit in which it was proposed.



AFRICAN BOER-PLAATS.

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On the top of the Drakenberg, at VAN REENEN'S Pass, the Royal party were met by Mr. WINDHAM, the Acting Resident Magistrate of the Klip River District, on which they had now entered, and by the Natal Carbineers, under their Commandant, Mr. ALLEN, the Treasurer-General of the Colony; and, after the heartiest salutations, the whole company encamped for the night at Wacht-een-bietjehoek, among the mountains. Next morning early, some six hundred Zulus came up, and testified their loyalty, as they amused the Prince, by the set performance of a series of their newest and most fashionable war-dances; and as the *cortège* advanced still further they were met, at Sandspruit, by an escort of the Natal Frontier Guard, under command of Captain DEVONSHIRE, and accompanied by Major KELLY, with many of the farmers of the adjacent county, Dutch as well as English. Along the route onward from this point a deputation waited on the Prince from the neighbouring town of Ladysmith, where great preparations had been made for his reception, but which, from the limited time at his disposal, it was impossible for him to visit. At the boundary of the next district, Weenen, there was a large assemblage of the white inhabitants in waiting, with a detachment of nearly one thousand Kafirs, in full array of native costume; and thence the party were escorted by a hundred mounted farmers to the county town of Colenso, so named after the excellent Bishop of the Diocese of Natal. Here, on the arrival of His Royal Highness early in the evening, the children of the place sang the National Anthem with exquisite effect, and an address from the inhabitants was presented by Mr. MACFARLANE, the member for the District and the Speaker of the Legislative Council. Afterwards a *levée* was held, at which all present had the honour of being introduced to the Prince. Next morning, Sunday, the 2nd September, the children who had hailed the Royal party on the previous evening were again assembled, and sang the National Anthem once more, as the Prince was about to leave south-eastward *en route* to the capital. No events of particular interest occurred on the journey of that day, which terminated at Mooi River. On the 3rd the party resumed their course, and made their first halt at the picturesque waterfall of the Umgeni River. A perfect hurricane of wind was raging at the time, which heightened rather than diminished the romantic effect of the scene, as the sheet of water descends at a single bound to a depth of three hundred feet. After a short stay here the *cortège* resumed its course, increasing as it went, until, early in the afternoon, Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, hove in sight. It is not a very imposing city, and about as different from one's notions of a European capital as anything well can be. Around it the scenery is magnificently grand, and there are various points well worthy of a visit. To the southward, beyond the spur

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formed by the projecting Zwartkop, is the Mission Institute of Edensdale, where a thousand natives are comfortably settled, in the honest pursuit of civilized industry. To the north, on the brow of a sloping hill, is Ekukanyeni, the episcopal residence of Bishop COLENSO, where that devoted and able prelate is training up some fifty Kafir youths in apprenticeship to a dozen honest European arts—as blacksmiths, carpenters, gardeners, printers, artists, musicians, teachers, preachers, or whatever else their native talents best fit them for. While still further beyond rises, in conspicuous grandeur, the Table Mountain, with the bold crests of the yet more distant Inanda. The whole population of Pietermaritzburg itself numbers scarcely two thousand souls; and instead of lofty spires and tall smoking factory chimneys, it shows but rows of trees and a forest of lightning conductors, red-tiled roofs, patchy gardens, and wide, rectangular streets. But on this occasion it exerted itself to the utmost to do fitting honour to its Royal Visitor. Arches were erected in all the principal thoroughfares, which required no small amount of engineering skill to save them from the fury of the hurricane; flags and banners waved in all directions, until they were torn in tatters by the blast; and the streets were filled with mingled crowds of Europeans and Africans, all alike enthusiastic in their fervour of loyal joy. As intelligence arrived that the Prince was in the vicinity, Major WILLIAMSON, the Acting Lieutenant-Governor—Mr. SCOTT being then in England, on colonial duty of importance—with Bishop COLENSO, the members of the Executive, the Military Staff, the City Magistrate, and a host of others, rode out to give their greeting to His Royal Highness; and somewhere close upon four o'clock the Volunteers and Regulars took up their position along Church-street, from the Government House to the crossing of Commercial-road. At the entrance of the street, the Carbineers, in their gay uniform of dark blue and silver, lined the way; the Rangers of D'Urban, in their more sober but handsome trappings, came next in line; then from the bank to the main arch stood the Pine Town troop, looking workmanlike, in their blue blouses and moleskins; above the arch were stationed the Cape Corps Mounted Riflemen, the Black Brunswickers of the South African army; then, up to the residence of His Excellency, stood the gallant 85th, an avenue of stalwart men, in the red uniform of the British line. From the swell of the hill above Government House the street at this time presented a very striking appearance. Flags and banners, says a local writer, floated in the breeze, now not quite so angry; the soldiery carried the eye along a line of many colours; the streams of water bordering each causeway gleamed out in occasional bright patches of light beneath the rows of trees, too bare as yet of foliage to be beautiful; while the gay strollers in broad-cloth and crinoline, savage kaross and sombre blankets, gave a dash of the picturesque to the whole scene. The bells ring out as the procession advances; and at the

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first grand arch which spans the entrance into the city the Prince halts to receive the hospitable welcome of Mr. Mayor ARCHBELL and the Pietermaritzburg Corporation. The address presented—enclosed in an exquisitely-worked casket of native woods—was a heartily loyal one of course, and equally satisfactory was it to the inhabitants to hear from the Prince's reply so warm a eulogy on the fertility and picturesqueness of their Colony, and so cordial an appreciation of the reception they accorded him. The reply read, and the Mayor and Council mounted, the *cortège* resumed its course amid the dense shouting throng, in the most regular order practicable, and at the Cathedral passed under an archway of admirable design and beauty. It formed a massive structure, about thirty feet high, with a scroll of frieze-work, crowned by the Royal arms—the spear-points glistening bright, the banners waving gracefully, and the Royal standard floating above all. At the base, on two pedestals, half-hid amongst evergreens, were four Kafirs, armed with their shields, sticks, and spears, and arrayed in a complicated mass of hair, feathers, and karosses. The effect of the whole was peculiarly striking and appropriate. A little in advance of this point the Prince entered the decorated gardens of Government House, the artillery fired a Royal salute, the assembled throng cheered lustily and with a will, and the long journey of the day was over. In the evening there was, of course, an illumination, in which the citizens shone out to the best possible advantage.

The next day (Tuesday) was furnished with the choicest Queen's weather, and gave every possible advantage for the full display of all the ceremonials by which it was to be distinguished. The first public part of the crowded programme commenced at noon, when a large multitude was assembled to see the Prince laying the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall. It is unnecessary to describe in detail the demonstrations made in connection with this event, further than to state that they were of a very imposing character, and passed off to the complete satisfaction of all. At one o'clock, three hundred of the inhabitants sat down to a luncheon provided in honour of the occasion. His Royal Highness, who was invited to be present, was compelled to decline from the pressure of other engagements, but his health was toasted, of course, with the most enthusiastic loyalty.

At two o'clock succeeded another scene on the Camp Ground in the vicinity of the city. The 85th Regiment was drawn out in splendid order in the centre. On one side were the Cape Corps and Royal Artillery, and on the other were the Volunteers, consisting of the Natal Carbineers, and the Royal D'Urban Rangers, some of whom had travelled one hundred and twenty miles to be present on the occasion. On the arrival of the Prince, with Sir GEORGE GREY and a brilliant staff, a review of the various corps ensued in the usual military

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fashion ; after which His Royal Highness was to perform the ceremony of presenting the 85th with new colours in place of their old banners, now torn to rags in a prolonged and honourable service. Bishop COLENSO was there in his episcopal robes, and, after all present had dismounted, implored the Divine blessing on the auspicious event. His Royal Highness then took hold of the silken standards, and placed them in the hands of Ensign RAMSBOTHAM and Ensign COOPER, on whom, as the junior officers of the regiment, devolved the honour of receiving them. The Prince, in presenting them, expressed the hope that, should he live to a ripe old age, he might never see them recording less glorious battles than those which were already borne by them. Captain BOYLE replied on behalf of the regiment; the band struck up the National Anthem; and after a series of admirably-executed military evolutions, in which the Volunteers shone almost as well as the regulars themselves, the ceremonial terminated, to allow of the Prince visiting another spectacle, still more impressive and unique. This was the review of a host of Zulu warriors on "the Park," a flat piece of ground a short distance eastward of Pietermaritzburg. By three o'clock, the hour appointed for the display, some four thousand Zulus were there assembled, in different regiments, each under its own chief, and decorated by its own distinctive appendages. Of their general appearance, the reader may form a vivid idea from the following pen-and-ink sketches by a writer in the *Natal Courier*. First, a representative "private" of the race : " This big fellow with a cock's feather sticking out from between his teeth will answer our " purpose. Come out, sir, and let us see you on all sides ! The head-dress is a most " elaborate affair of long dusky feathers, as high as a grenadier's cap, fastened on in a bush " to the top of the head ; the feathers are joined together at the quills only, so that they may " rustle freely at every movement of the body. Beneath this, circling the brow, is a roll of " tiger-skin, from which descends over each ear, almost to the shoulder, a fringe of long " hair. Around the lower part of the forehead, in a line with the eyebrow, is fastened " another fringe of shorter hair, half hiding and half disclosing a pair of gleaming eyes ; a " similar fringe, like a huge grey moustache, is tied over his upper lip. So much for his " head and face. From his neck and shoulders downwards to his knees his body is pretty " well covered up with the tails of monkeys and tigers, with strips of hides ; there is a girdle " of the same kind about his waist ; encircling his knees there is another fringe of long hair ; " and an anklet of similar material finishes his costume. The reader must remember that " there is a lithe, not ill-conditioned, and very black body beneath all this trapping. The " shield, made of well-dressed oxhide, with the hairy side out, he carries, together with " some stout sticks instead of assegais, in his left hand, while in the other he grasps

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“ a sort of life preserver, with a terribly thick knob at the end of it.” And then the great Chief GOZA, the commandant paramount of all: “ We caught GOZA at his toilette ; “ usually he wears a respectable white hat, with crape around it, and big thick pilot “ coat. Now GOZA is a great chief preparing for the battle, his warriors are around “ him, his nostrils breathe fire, and his eyes flash flame. GOZA has no hat now, no “ pilot coat, no breeches, he is putting himself into a complicated dress of feathers, tiger- “ skins, and tails of many kinds—very much the same kind of thing as to arrangement “ as the abovementioned private’s uniform, only more of it and better quality. Moreover, “ he has on his head a circlet of blood-red ostrich feathers, and in his hand a glittering, “ scabbardless sword, of which GOZA is as proud as if it were a marshal’s *baton*.” Before the Prince arrived, the various parties of the host were preparing for the coming display on what may be fitly called their respective private parades. At last they are all duly marshalled. Tribe after tribe moves down the surrounding heights, and, shouting their monotonous war-songs, take up a position on the low ground, and form a semi-circular curved line, three deep and about one third of a mile in length. As the Prince reached the scene of action a prolonged shout of “ Inkos ” hailed him on every side ; and then he rode round on his inspection, while to the distant spectators the savages presented, in their grim stillness, little more than a row of shields, hedged by bunches of feathers, and varied occasionally by the gleam of a row of glistening eyes. The scene which succeeded, when the dance commenced, we shall leave the local writer whom we have already quoted to describe : “ GOZA’S bands began the ball, coming up towards the spectators like a surging line of inky “ surf, making, at the same time, a whole hurricane of noise. They advance, they retreat, “ they leap aloft into the air, they kneel and crouch to the ground, placing their shields “ before them. They become frantic, brandishing their spear-sticks, and kicking with knee “ and foot against their shields. They see the enemy, and yell at him like a pack of “ demoniac hounds. How they would tear and rend him if they could but get at him ! Now “ they retreat, holding their shields behind them, and hissing like a host of wriggling serpents “ between their teeth. Awful fellows ! Another troop then comes up, and then another ; each “ are going through the same horrid antics. Now the various bands wind in and out amongst “ each other, like eddying currents, then, separating, they rush headlong to their places in the “ line, which becomes at once a quivering crescent of suppressed passion. A few moments “ and the passion will no longer be suppressed ; it kindles with fresh fury, and band after “ band, rending the air with their screaming war-cries, rush in mad leaps towards the front. “ Occasionally a savage more frantic than the rest springs out of the ranks, and, bounding

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“ forward, seems ready to fling himself headlong upon the half-shrinking sightseers. It
“ seems hard work sometimes for the chiefs and the Kafir police to restrain the impetuosity
“ of the braves. Once we saw GOZA drive them back with heavy rattling blows, that sent
“ some shield-clips flying in the air. And thus the fiend-like work went on for some two
“ hours, monotonous yet most exciting. There is one thing which we must not forget
“ to notice—the part the women took in the performance. Small companies of these, some
“ in a costume of almost the simplest possible—so simple, in fact, that we would rather not
“ describe it—came, every now and then, slowly creeping along, chanting, carrying heavy
“ sticks, and peering about for the wounded, whom they would evidently have killed
“ outright with the greatest pleasure in life, if they could have caught them. These barefaced
“ viragoes also added to the fury of their fierce lords by their cries and their gesticulations.
“ Men and women together seemed for the time being to be thorough-paced demons, doing
“ their devilry with a hot will. What the Prince thought we can't say; he was without a
“ doubt, as we have said, greatly interested and instructed. We may be sure he will never
“ forget it. That dark fragment of African barbarism will very likely outlive every other
“ scene that he has witnessed during his tour. As he grows older and gets into habits of
“ grave thought this very scene may, perchance, become the source of wise and vigorous
“ efforts towards African civilization.” The whole ceremonial was under the effective
management and direction of Mr. T. SHEPSTONE, the Secretary for Native Affairs, his
brother, and his three sons, all of whom are as thoroughly conversant with the native
character and customs as they have succeeded in winning the most perfect confidence of the
whole aboriginal population of Natal. The scene altogether was a striking and suggestive
one, and did not fail to impress the mind of the youthful Prince greatly. As a Natal
journalist writes: “ For the first time in the history of South Africa, or indeed of the world,
“ a British Prince looked upon an assemblage of subjugated savages. For the first time in
“ the annals of history a savage race personally paid homage to their English Sovereign's
“ son. . . . Most of these men have been warriors from boyhood; in their younger
“ days they went out to battle with CHAKA and DINGAAN, those terrors of the north; and
“ they have taken part in battles and butcheries of the most bloody and sanguinary character.
“ They have still latent in their hearts the brutal instincts of barbarism. They recognize no
“ cruelty in indiscriminate massacre, no dastardy in the torture of the weak and feeble. Only
“ a few years ago they were the subjects of a native tyrant whose word is law, and the
“ uplifting of whose finger might at any moment have doomed them to instant death. When
“ once the war-spirit is aroused in their heathen breasts they know no mercy and allow no



THE ZULU WAR DANCE IN NATAL.

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“quarter. They have, when aroused, the ferocity of the tiger and the cunning of the cat. “These barbarous beings have been tamed; they have submitted voluntarily to the easy “yoke of the British Government; they have, in many instances, fled into Natal as a refuge “from their chiefs; they are now peaceable, harmless, and happy. They crouch under the “sheltering protection of the British Lion; and the sceptre of Britain’s Queen guarantees “to them safety, security, and salvation.” And it is but right to add that the Christian philanthropy both of Great Britain and America has furnished them with missionary labourers, whose zeal has already borne gratifying fruit in part, and who ultimately, we may hope, will convey to all of them the blessings of Christianity and civilization.

Of the pictorial illustration which represents the scene described in the preceding pages, it is sufficient to state that it is from the graphic pencil of Mr. BAINES, than whom no living artist is better qualified to delineate the features of African native character.

It was nearly dark when the Prince bade farewell to the exciting scene, and accompanied by his staff and escort, rode back to the city. In the evening he attended a magnificent ball, provided by the inhabitants in a capacious edifice constructed for the occasion, and decorated handsomely in the most perfect taste. He was received at the entrance by a guard of honour, and joined in the festivities of the evening with hearty enjoyment until midnight. After he retired, dancing was kept up with enthusiastic vigour until four o’clock in the morning.

On the following day (Wednesday) it was arranged that a series of athletic field-sports were to be held in further honour of the occasion, and they were held accordingly, but to the unavoidable disappointment of every one, the Prince was compelled to set out at an early hour to join his ship at the Port. The distance from the capital to D’Urban is full sixty miles of rough road, and the whole journey had to be accomplished within the day. His Royal Highness left Government House accompanied by Sir GEORGE GREY, Major WILLIAMSON, and the other members of his suite, and was shortly afterwards met by the Mayor and Town Council, with a large concourse of burgesses, who followed the escort for a considerable distance out of the city. The weather was delightful, the scenery of the surrounding country was beautiful, and the Prince enjoyed the rapid gallop thoroughly. The first halt was some twenty miles on, at the Camperdown Hotel, but the stay was a brief one. The Prince merely wanted a biscuit wherewith to fortify himself for the succeeding stage, and the refectation was appropriately supplied and presented by the landlord’s fair and blushing daughter. Onwards the scenery became still more rugged and grand, until, on rising to the crest of a mountain ridge, the first glimpse is caught of the blue sea, quite forty miles away.

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Some traveller who had passed the spot shortly before had affixed to a rock on the roadside a paper bearing the inscription, in fitting motto but jumbling genders—"NEPTUNE welcomes "back *her* Royal Son to the bosom of Old Ocean." This memento, a local writer is careful to record, was noticed and secured by Sir GEORGE GREY, who laughingly gave it to the Prince on his arrival at the next inn. A rapid canter down the hill speedily brought the travellers to CLOUGH'S Hotel, the halfway-house from the capital to the sea-port. The Pine Town troop of the D'Urban Rangers were here to receive the Prince with fitting honours, and the host was prepared to do him full justice in the supply of the refreshment necessary after a furious ride of thirty miles. An hour's further gallop from CLOUGH'S brought the party within near view of the picturesque village of Pine Town, the scattered settlement of New Germany, and the sugar plantations and bush wastes of the Victoria County, extending to the sea. At the entrance to Pine Town the Magistrate of the district and a large number of residents were in attendance, the place was dressed in its gayest with flags and banners of all sorts and sizes, and as the Prince reached the centre of the township he halted to receive a loyal address from the inhabitants, to which a graceful reply was immediately made. Without further stay the *cortège* resumed its course, swelling rapidly as it progressed. Notwithstanding the length and rapidity of the journey, the Prince showed no sign of fatigue, but seemed to be enjoying the ride and the scenery with redoubled zest. "At the German House"—we quote a writer in the D'Urban *Mercury*—"a rustic arch of evergreens and oranges had "been thrown across the road; and Mr. LANGE, with his household, greeted the Prince with "a hearty cheer, throwing his cap about half a mile in the air as one way of evincing his "loyalty. Prince ALFRED remarked that he was very much pleased to see the Germans, "his father's countrymen, living so peaceably and pleasantly in an English colony." As the *cortège* still advanced, the signs of cultivation became more abundant, and rich plantations of sugar and of arrowroot were passed in rapid succession, until, on the top of the Berea, the hill immediately behind the town, the Mayor and Councillors of D'Urban were met, with a large number of the inhabitants, waiting the arrival of the Prince at the graceful arch which had been erected there. From this point a beautiful view was had of the town below, the long, wooded, and sandy spit extending onwards to the port, the calm surface of the island-decked lagoon inside, the narrow entrance and its surf-streaked bar, the *Euryalus*, with her tall masts and stately form, riding at anchor outside, and the bold Bluff of Natal projecting still further beyond. As the procession entered D'Urban the excitement, of course, was at its height; the houses and public buildings were all decorated in their very best; the streets were crowded; and the joyous acclamations of all were of the loudest and

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most enthusiastic. The *cortège* stopped at the Masonic Hotel, where the Prince dismounted, entered, and was rejoiced to meet his old friends Captain TARLETON, General WYNYARD, and the rest of the party who had come round in the *Euryalus* from Port Elizabeth. An address from the Corporation was presented to him, of course, deposited in a yellow-wood casket, beautifully polished, and a similar honour was conferred on Sir GEORGE GREY. Replies were furnished in due form, after which the Prince was allowed to retire for the needed enjoyment of refreshment and rest.

The great question to be settled now, and to the decision of which the burgesses looked forward with the most eager anxiety, was whether His Royal Highness should embark at once or postpone his departure until the following morning. On this depended the ceremonials of the evening, and the prospect of being honoured with the presence of the Royal Sailor at the projected ball. The determination of the uncertainty again depended upon the verdict of the Port-Captain respecting the practicability of crossing the bar. A special train—for Natal boasts its railway of two miles in length—was dispatched to the Point to convey that official to the Princely presence, and now well nigh for the first time in their history did the Natalians fervently pray that the bar would surge up its very worst, and resolutely compel the Royal Sailor to spend at least one night in their loyal and hospitable borough. Pending the arrival of Port-Captain BELL, the Prince made his appearance on the balcony of the hotel, and bowed gracefully to the enthusiastic cheering with which he was hailed by the multitude in the street. Shortly afterwards the Port-Captain's report was received—the bar was impassable; and notwithstanding the anxiety of Captain TARLETON and Major COWELL alike to be away, it was speedily announced that the Prince would spend the night in D'Urban, and, fatigued though he was, would be glad to be present at the ball, the arrangements for which were extemporized in a few hours with the most marvellous celerity and success. A large number of the principal inhabitants were invited to dine with the Prince at his hotel; and at half-past nine o'clock His Royal Highness arrived at the ball-room, accompanied by Sir GEORGE GREY, General WYNYARD, and a brilliant staff. His medical adviser refused to sanction his staying there for a longer period than the first dance; and accordingly he opened the ball by dancing the first quadrille with the Mayoress of the burgh, appropriately selected by himself for his partner. The festivities of the dance were maintained after the Prince retired, to an early hour. Outside, the town was tastefully illuminated during the whole evening. A brilliant bonfire blazed high on the market-square; all the Kafirs in the town danced picturesquely round it in the lurid glare; and were rewarded for their labours by sharing in a bullock roasted whole upon the glowing embers.

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By daylight on the morning of the 6th the smart locomotive of the little railway had its steam all ready, and with a long train of carriages was waiting to convey the Prince and his suite from D'Urban to the point of embarkation, two miles distant. The Royal D'Urban Rangers were posted on either side of the station, as a guard of honour to salute the train as it started on its course. The Prince and his company were soon in their places; and in addition to the large number of passengers who went down by the luggage-vans, there were many congregated on the platform, who loudly cheered His Royal Highness as he left the town in which he had made so brief a sojourn. "Away we went," says a local writer, with justifiable pride, "on the fastest journey which African soil has yet seen. Engineer JACOBS "put on every inch of steam which he could apply with safety. Whatever festivities Prince "ALFRED may get at Cape Town when he returns, he at all events won't get another "railway trip." [Two months later and he might.] "That is a feature of his visit strictly "Natalian. On we sped, spinning through the mists of the eastern marsh, and whirling by "the gaunt stems and green clusters of the intervening bush, until we arrive at the Point "Station, having accomplished the journey in two minutes and forty seconds—a speed of "something less than forty miles an hour!"

At the Point the Prince embarked immediately, after bidding a cordial farewell to the Mayor, and expressing to him the pleasure he had experienced during the whole of his rapid tour through the picturesque and prosperous colony. He was accompanied in the port-boat by the various members of his suite and a large number of Natal officials. They proceeded first to the steam-tug *Pioneer*, and on board of her soon crossed the bar. Within a few minutes more the Prince trod the decks of his own good ship *Euryalus*.

And thus His Royal Highness' long overland tour was completed. The extent of the journey was full twelve hundred miles, and the period taken to accomplish it was but a month, giving an average of some forty miles of travelling per day—not by railway train, but either on horseback or in wagon. It was certainly a progress such as no Royal Prince had ever "done" before—among wild beasts and wild men, over mountain ranges and desert tracks and fertile pastures, from the homes of European civilization to the huts of barbarism, from the centre of the hostile hordes who for so many long years waged war upon our advancing colonization to the rapidly-progressing prosperity of Natal, then, though not now, Britain's youngest colonial settlement in Africa. And wherever he appeared the welcome that greeted him was alike cordial and enthusiastic. The English settler and the Dutch boer were equally sincere in their loyal rejoicings; and the natives, whether aboriginal Hottentot, Fingo, Kafir, Basuto, or Zulu were more loudly demonstrative still. But of all the characteristic

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features that marked this journey, perhaps the most striking and suggestive, and certainly not the least gratifying, was the extent to which the self-reliant spirit of the European inhabitants of South Africa displayed itself, in the organization of volunteer corps and burgher forces, for mutual defence against all encroachment of an enemy. This fact was descanted upon with justifiable pride some two months afterwards by Sir GEORGE GREY, at the fifth anniversary gathering of the Volunteers of Cape Town. Sir GEORGE, it may be mentioned, if not himself the originator of volunteer musters in South Africa, was ready with his hearty encouragement and most effective aid as soon as the idea was mooted, long before volunteering became the fashionable movement it has now become in England. During the last five years, under the auspices of the Governor, and with the cordial fostering aid of the Commander of the Forces, General WYNYARD, the Volunteer system has been extended so rapidly over the whole country that within the Colony itself there are no fewer than thirty-seven distinct corps of all classes, Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry, and the Volunteers of Cape Town alone number fully six hundred men. With a brief quotation from His Excellency's speech on the occasion referred to we shall close this chapter of our narrative:

" I can only say I wish that some of you could have proceeded with Prince ALFRED
" and myself when we recently made a tour through this country. It was impossible to
" pass from town to town, from district to district, without seeing in nearly every one of
" these towns and in every one of these districts a volunteer force turning out, sometimes
" of infantry, sometimes mounted, all in their different uniforms, the uniform varying from
" place to place, without feeling a sense of pride and pleasure which it is impossible to
" describe as you saw those noble young fellows that turned out at almost every one of those
" points. From town to town, as we went through the Colony, the same thing took place.
" At last, when we got to the frontier, we found that we then came upon the burgher force.
" But even the very movement which has taken place with regard to the volunteer force has
" gradually and very visibly improved the equipment of the burgher force itself. In all the
" frontier districts of the colony we found the burghers armed with rifles of the finest kind,
" mounted on good horses, in a state of the highest possible efficiency. So general is this
" feeling, that as we travelled through the native districts there we found the native chiefs
" imitating with their followers exactly what they had seen done in the colony. The singular
" spectacle presented in one part of Kafirland verifies this, that the sole escort of Prince
" ALFRED, with the exception of two or three Cape Corps orderlies, was a border force of
" Kafirs themselves, under their own chiefs. Then, as we passed out of the Colony into the
" less civilized districts, the features of the scene somewhat changed. In the first part of the

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“ Orange Free State we still found Volunteers ; some of them in very good uniforms, very
“ well equipped too ; but as we passed into the wilder districts, there we came upon the
“ original ‘ boer,’ with his huge powder-horn, generally carved beautifully, his broad hat,
“ his immense *roer*, his powder still shaken out into his hand as he loaded his *roer* with such
“ a charge as you would imagine would infallibly burst the gun when let off ; but still these
“ people, all more or less, in as far as they could, were attempting some sort of drill and
“ discipline. And so we found it continued to be as we went on through the Free State,
“ and then descended into Natal. The moment we passed the mountains of Natal, when we
“ were descending them in fact, and before we had got half a mile from the top, we were met
“ by the Natal Carbineers, with a uniform very much resembling the Cape Town Cavalry.
“ We found them in the highest state of discipline, as fine a body of men as was almost ever
“ seen of the kind ; in fact, such a force as any British sovereign would be always glad to
“ have found amongst his subjects. Now I think it is impossible to deny that in traversing
“ a great colony such as this is, from end to end, to have found in every part of it the
“ inhabitants combining for their own defence,—to have found them not only organized for
“ their own defence, but well armed, in many instances well equipped, and ready to do duty
“ for their Queen and country, and this without aid, without pay, without assistance of any
“ kind,—was a most gratifying sight for any Prince to see, and I feel perfectly certain that
“ when the Queen receives from him what took place during the journey, this which I have
“ mentioned will strike Her Majesty more forcibly than the account of almost any other
“ thing which she has received from South Africa.”



ORIGINAL BOER OF THE TRANSGARIEP.

THE RETURN TO CAPE TOWN.

It was sunset on Thursday evening, the 6th September, when the *Euryalus* was ready for sea, fired a Royal salute as the steam-tug left her side, and steamed away for Table Bay. On board of her now, besides the Prince's suite, were the paramount Kafir Chief SANDILLI, with his Counsellors; the Magistrate or Commissioner, Mr. BROWNLEE, stationed among his tribe; and the Reverend TYO SOGA, a native Kafir, and an ordained Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, all of whom had been invited by the Prince to meet him on his ship, and to proceed with him to visit Cape Town, and see the demonstrations there awaiting him. The passage down, as, indeed, had been the previous voyage up from Port Elizabeth to Natal, was a very rough one, with head winds blowing, and a heavy sea running the whole way. The Kafirs, who cherish an instinctive hereditary dread of the ocean, were immensely astonished, of course, at the wonders of the voyage in so magnificent a craft; but what impressed them most was the sight of a number of hardy, bare-footed lads every morning at day-break assisting in washing the decks, while foremost among these in activity and energy was the Son of the Queen of England, who had now returned to his shipboard duty with as much zest and vigour as he had before displayed in the excitement of the chase. Before they left the vessel they presented Captain TARLETON with the following characteristic and significant address, written first in Kafir and here translated. The idioms of the original are, in some instances, slightly modified, but the substance is faithfully adhered to.

“SANDILLI and his counsellors give thanks.

“By the invitation of the Great Chief, the Son of the Queen of the English people, are we this day on board this mighty vessel.

“The invitation was accepted with fear. With dread we came on board, and in trouble have we witnessed the dangers of the great waters, but through your skill have we passed through this tribulation.

“We have seen what our ancestors heard not of. Now have we grown old and learnt wisdom. The might of England has been fully illustrated to us, and now we behold our madness in taking up arms to resist the authority of our mighty and gracious Sovereign. Up to this time have we not ceased to be amazed at the wonderful things we have witnessed, and which are beyond our comprehension. But one thing we understand, the reason of England's greatness, when the Son of her great Queen becomes subject to a subject that he may learn wisdom, when the sons of England's chiefs and nobles leave the homes and wealth of their fathers, and with their young Prince endure hardships and sufferings in

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“ order that they may be wise, and become a defence to their country, when we behold these things, we see why the English are a great and mighty nation.

“ What we have now learnt shall be transmitted to our wondering countrymen, and handed down to our children, who will be wiser than their fathers, and your mighty Queen shall be their Sovereign and ours in all time coming.”

Owing to the storminess of the voyage the *Euryalus* was compelled to put into Simon's Bay on the 14th, for a supply of coals; and contrary to the original intention, the Prince landed there instead of Table Bay. A telegram to Cape Town immediately announced the fact, and the citizens, who for ten days previous had been eagerly awaiting his return, were all as excited almost as on the occasion of his first arrival. The Volunteers, many of them from the country districts, and who had been in town to do honour to the occasion for a full week before, mustered in large force, and carriages were dispatched to meet His Royal Highness and party half-way and convey them into town. Along the road from Wynberg crowds of people expressed their delight in again seeing the Prince, and hailed him with the loudest acclamations. Escorted by the Cape Mounted Rifles and Volunteer Cavalry, the Royal party arrived in Adderley-street early in the afternoon, and, amid the cheers of the multitude and the Royal salute from Chevalier DUPRAT's well-served battery of artillery, they proceeded at once to Government House. There a large number of the principal inhabitants were in waiting to receive them, and to exchange the most cordial salutations with the Prince and Sir GEORGE GREY. All of the party seemed thoroughly sunburnt and wayworn with the fatigues of their extensive journey, but they were nevertheless in the best possible health and spirits.

The stay of the Prince in Cape Town was necessarily to be a very limited one, and the series of ceremonies in which he was to take part were extensive. Great anxiety was therefore felt by the whole community for the speediest possible arrangement of the programme. Accordingly, within two hours of his arrival, his aide-de-camp, Colonel TRAVERS, was able to announce that the Fête and Fancy Fair provided in the Botanic Gardens should be held the following day (Saturday), followed by a ball at Government House in the evening; Sunday, for public demonstrations, was to be a *dies non*; on Monday morning the Breakwater ceremonial, the most important of all, was to take place, and in the evening the public ball in the monster building erected for the purpose on the Grand Parade. On Tuesday morning the foundation-stone of the new Sailors' Home would be laid; on Tuesday afternoon the new Library and Museum would be inaugurated; and in the evening, probably, would succeed the final farewell and embarkation.

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The Fête announced for Saturday was appointed to take place in the Botanic Gardens, and the arrangements provided for it were of the most thoroughly successful character. In the morning the weather threatened rain, but at noon it cleared up into cool, refreshing breezes, and by two o'clock the gardens were filled with certainly not fewer than five thousand people. The scene was altogether a striking and pleasant one. The Gardens themselves are as picturesque of their kind as can be met with anywhere. English oaks and Australian blue gums, European pines and African palm-trees, grow side by side in healthy vigour; the wide avenues and verdant lawns are as trimly kept and richly decorated as gardeners' care and skill can achieve; to the one extremity is the new imposing pile of the South African Library and Museum, and rising high through the vista of trees towards the other appears the towering front of Table Mountain. The thousands who now thronged the grounds were of every race and grade and colour, all decked out to their best advantage, in happy merriment and holiday attire. When the Prince arrived, accompanied by Mrs. WYNYARD, Sir GEORGE GREY, and a brilliant staff, all of the naval, military, and volunteer bands in attendance struck up the National Anthem in succession, but the vast assemblage shouted their own loyal greetings still louder than the music. As he passed up the central avenue an immense throng followed and surrounded him, until he was led by the Master of the Ceremonies to a dais placed upon an elevated platform, on which some two hundred picked Malays were to perform the Mohammedan ceremonial of the Kalifa. Though not specially prescribed in the Koran, it is one of the most favourite rites of the Moslem faith, and serves its devotees instead of still more mischievous and offensive forms of fanatical excitement. It is usually performed in the darkness of night at the residences of the leading Malays in town, and is supposed, by the ordeals through which its "experts" must pass, to test their faith, and contribute as effectually to their spiritual welfare as its hideous noise and tumult prove an unceasing nuisance to all who may unhappily chance to come within earshot of it. On this occasion, however, the managers of the Fête determined that it should be exhibited to the Prince as a characteristic feature of South African life, in one of the most interesting of its multifarious varieties—which might compare in barbaric picturesqueness with the war-dances of Basutoland or Natal. The principal Malays themselves, priests and laymen, were delighted at the opportunity thus offered them of displaying their loyalty, which is as thoroughly earnest and sincere as that of any other section of the community; and to render the scene in some measure pleasing as well as impressive, it was arranged that several parts of the programme should be modified from its normal

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orthodox form. We quote the description of it furnished by the *Advertiser and Mail* newspaper :

“ Instead of appearing in that state of semi-nudity usual at ordinary times, the actors so far complied with the usages of civilization as to have arrayed themselves in loose linen robes of Oriental fashion. Behold them now, seated cross-legged on the floor ; sashes across their shoulders, Turkish caps on their brain-pans, tambourines on their knees : naked as to feet, with shaved scalps and sluggish aspects ! At a given signal they commence with a slow, monotonous chaunt of some verse from the Koran, accompanied by a wild clashing of cymbals and fretting of parchment. The high priest rises from his seat behind the flags, crescents, and incense-burners at the head of the platform, and walks all round the line of musicians, touching each instrument and muttering some words. Having returned to his seat, a number of athletes (armed with falchions held at the point and hilt, and with pairs of long stilettoes having large wooden globular heads, with light bronze chains attached to them) step forward and repeat the action of the priest. They all now go through a series of slow movements ; and keeping time to the music and rattling their chains, these nimble youths alternately advance and retire, bowing their heads before the shrine, genuflexing to the priest, and tossing their arms aloft. Soon the music grows faster and more hurried, and so do their movements ; at length they all get into full swing, and a perfect frenzy seems to possess them. They dance like maniacs. No pause, no rest, no breathing intervals are allowed them. The music and singing and wailing get faster and faster. The perspiration runs off them in streams. They stab and slash themselves, and press their keen-edged weapons against their sodoriferous breasts and necks and waists, until one grows faint with the fear of blood spurting out as the consequence. With every muscle on the stretch, and trembling beneath their work, they howl forth an impassioned address to *МАНОМЪТ* (the substance of which it is difficult to catch, as they are constantly transposing the words), repeating over and over again the same biblical sentence, the burden of which is taken up by the entire company of Malays in a sort of wild chorus. Moving scarcely an eyelid, one sees these gleaming swords and glittering steel flashing and circling in the air, and yet never any one is wounded, terrified, or stained with blood. Faces hitherto sluggish and apathetic are now lighted up with a glow of ecstasy which is positively awful. The fury of fanaticism seems kindled in each lurid eye. Muscular forms appear to be dilating into unnatural magnitude ; and just as one is almost ready to cry out for fear of murderous injuries, the tum-tumming suddenly ceases, and the recently excited beings as quickly resume their normal passiveness. To this ordeal of steel now

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“ succeeds that of fire, which in a darkened room would have a very impressive effect on
“ the imagination, but in the open air it seems less striking to us. A number of fresh
“ performers enter the arena, having wands of three feet length in their hands, with tassels of
“ inflammable material pendent at either extremity. Grasping these in the middle, they now
“ pass round the stage in a kind of Pyrrhic dance, waving their wands from side to side.
“ Having made the detour, they light the tassels at the candles burning before the altar, and
“ again recommence their dancing and posturing with these flaming masses. Not content
“ with passing them under each other's clothes, they successively attempt to singe the hair,
“ face, hands, and indeed every part of each other's bodies with this sacred fire, but nothing
“ will burn—probably owing to some chemical application. Having thus typified their
“ immunity from fire and steel, they proceed to show their contempt of physical pain, by
“ passing daggers through their skins, placing skewers through their cheeks, piercing their
“ sides and their eyelids, &c., &c., to the evident discomfiture of the Prince, who seems more
“ shocked than interested by this utter recklessness and needless torture; so that he soon
“ leaves the dais and proceeds to inspect the wonders of the Caravan, after thanking the
“ priests kindly for their exertions and fatigue. It may not, however, be out of place here
“ to state that really and truly these people seldom hurt themselves. They are too quick and
“ agile to imperil their juggling craft; very few accidents have ever been known to have
“ occurred amongst them from joining in the Kalifa.”

From the heavy fumes of incense and the crowds who thronged around this extraordinary scene the Prince, with his suite, withdrew to witness the other and numberless attractions of the Fête. Close at hand, in the central avenue, was the Model Post Office, which furnished letters ready sealed and addressed for every caller. His Royal Highness asked for his, and found it printed in gold. In addition he was informed that a supplement had been issued anticipating the arrival of the English mail, and as it concerned himself chiefly he was asked to see it, and consider whether the Ministry did or did not deserve to be ousted. It read as follows:

“ ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH MAIL.

“ IMPORTANT NEWS.

“ The mail-steamer arrived (never mind where) with the astounding intelligence that the
“ Ministry has been defeated on the question whether the Prince should leave Table Bay on
“ Tuesday or Wednesday. The Ministry were for Tuesday, and were ousted in consequence.
“ The Opposition say Wednesday as the earliest, and are very popular. The whole Empire
“ is in arms, and all are determined that Wednesday shall be the day.

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“ There is to be a special meeting of the House to-morrow, to consider the most important question yet solved by any popular assembly. It has reference to the Great Sea-serpent; and the *Times*, which has been purchased by Government, states that the question to be submitted is whether the animal has a tip to its tail.

“ The steamer brings no end of curiosities for the Caravan. They will be exhibited in ten minutes.

“ A railway by sea from Cape Town to London has been projected. It is to be begun immediately the present line is finished. Separation of the Eastern and Western Provinces has been decided upon. The Eastern Province is to be cut off from the Cape, and attached to the Isle of Dogs. SANDILLI has been appointed President of the new Republic. This has given immense satisfaction to all parties.

“ Wool is up, and wine is selling at a tremendous price. The operation of the new tariff has been to give immense impetus to the Cape wine trade. Nothing but Cape wine is now drank in England. Continental wines are a *drug* in the market. This shows the good taste of the people of England.”

The Prince at once decided in favour of the new Ministry, and declared that, so far as a Middy Prince might constitutionally interfere in such grave matters of naval state, Wednesday, not Tuesday, would be the day on which he would bid the Cape farewell. Of the various letters in readiness for all callers of distinction,—that is, distinction of character even more than rank, we may quote one or two as specimens :

H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED.

“ God save thy Grace, Prince AL! our Royal AL!
The heavens thee guard and keep, most Royal imp of fame.
God save thee, our sweet boy.”—*King Henry IV.*, p. 2.

“ [ALFRED] England and St. GEORGE.”—*King Henry V.*

SIR GEORGE GREY.

“ He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.”—*Hamlet.*

GENERAL WYNYARD.

“ A Franklyn was there in this compaignie,
An householder and that a gret was he,
Withouten bake mete never was his house
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous
It anewed in his house of mete and drinke.”—*Chaucer.*

MRS. WYNYARD.

“ See! see! our honour'd hostess!”—*Shakespeare.*

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From the Post Office the Prince proceeded to the "Temple of MOMUS," set forth with painted front, and facetious merryman, and asthmatic pan-pipes, and attractive melo-dramatic display of that thrilling tragedy, "The Tar, the Tear, and the Tilbury," in most careful and loving imitation of the now extinct caravans of Bartlemy Fair. There were besides of course the incomparable giant, the lady of the flaxen locks, the most pragmatist of bears, the most learned of pigs, and the most impossible of mermaids, into the grotesque fun of all which the Royal Prince, the grave Sir GEORGE, and the learned Attorney-General entered as heartily as ever did rustic youth into similar scenes in rural England. Next succeeded an equally successful burlesque of ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, conducted with the ready aid of several members of Mr. McCOLLUM'S American Circus; an imposing display of Ethiopian serenaders, whose strains were as musical as their getting up was perfect; a really pretty dance by Malay girls, in characteristic and graceful costume; shies at "Aunt Sally," in orthodox Epsom fashion; dolls and rattles, brushing of shoes and grinding of organs, peeps into futurity and "tater-cans hot-ot," and all for wun penny! The effort to represent thus in South Africa the sports and merriments of an English fair, now almost all of the olden time, was altogether most completely successful. Men of all grades in society joined in the undertaking with hearty good-will; and some of the leading merchants, doctors, lawyers, and millionaires of the place for the nonce were content to play the part of cadgers, costermongers, and "roughs," and, to give still more ludicrous *vraisemblance* and zest to the scene, to try their hands as amateurs at the distinguished art even of the pickpocket! The Prince continued on the grounds until darkness set in at the close, and patronized each clamorous establishment and speculator of the fair with the most unbounded good-humour and most rigid impartiality. Although the Gardens were thronged throughout the whole afternoon, and scarcely a single policeman was seen, no accident or disturbance of any kind occurred, and no damage of any considerable importance was sustained either by the trees or shrubs around.

In the evening there succeeded a dinner and ball at Government House. At the former were present a select circle of invited guests. The ball was attended by a large number of the principal inhabitants of Cape Town; the arrangements were all of the most perfect and tasteful character; and the dancing was carried on with spirit and enjoyment until near midnight. The Prince seemed perfectly at home among his Cape friends once more, and they in their turn seemed still more delighted at witnessing "their own Prince" back again among them.

THE TABLE BAY BREAKWATER CEREMONY.

On Sunday the Prince attended Divine service at St. George's Cathedral. In the afternoon, accompanied by his suite, he rode out to view the picturesque, romantic scenery of "the Kloof," and in the evening visited again the Royal Observatory and Sir THOMAS MACLEAR. But next day (Monday, the 17th September) was to be the most eventful of all the few brief days into which the history of the Prince's short stay in Africa was crowded. The principal object of his visit to this country, and the special commission intrusted to him by his Royal Mother at his departure, was to act as Her Majesty's representative in the ceremony of commencing the Breakwater in Table Bay. And it was certainly a fitting topic for congratulation on which the Prince Consort expatiated in a speech at the Trinity House, that in that same month, almost on the same day, the two elder Princes of the Empire should be present in two of its most extensive and widely-separated colonies; the one celebrating the completion and the other inaugurating the commencement of two of the most important colonial undertakings ever attempted—the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal and the Harbour Works in Cape Town. The Table Bay Breakwater has been a subject for speculation almost since the first settlement of the Colony two centuries ago. The bay, in its gracefully curved outlines, forms naturally one of the most extensive and what in ordinary weather seems one of the most inviting harbours in the world. But the weather not infrequently is not of an ordinary character, and on occasions during the winter months the north-west monsoons blow into the bay with tremendous violence, and drive in long, rolling, heavy seas, against which no ships can confidently hold their ground. In a memorable gale in 1858 no fewer than eight vessels were driven from their cables in one day, and cast up as helpless wrecks upon the beach. Robben Island is situated fairly in the entrance to the bay, and thus forms a natural breakwater to some considerable extent; but still, through both the northern and western channels between it and the land the sea rolls in during a north-west gale with perfectly irresistible force. The first scheme projected by the Dutch occupants of the Cape a century ago was the gigantic one of extending an artificial breakwater or sea-wall right across the western channel to Robben Island, a distance of full six miles! But that of course, was soon abandoned, as gradually from want of means were half a dozen other plans of a more modest and manageable character. In 1836 the then English Governor of the Colony, Sir BENJAMIN D'URBAN, at the recommendation of the commercial community of the place, appointed a commission to thoroughly investigate the whole question, and propose the best scheme they could devise. When their labours were completed, however, and their report was published, the country was involved in the complications of the Kafir war then closing;

THE TABLE BAY BREAKWATER CEREMONY.

and another delay succeeded, until the colonial administration was invigorated afresh by the energetic spirit and progressive efforts of the late Mr. MONTAGU as Colonial Secretary. Nearly contemporaneous with the opening of the Montagu Bridge across the Salt River and the commencement of the hard road over the drifting sand of the Cape Flats, a new Breakwater Commission was appointed by Sir PEREGRINE MAITLAND in 1844, resulting in the proposal of a double breakwater, to afford protection within an enclosed area from the north-west gales of winter and the summer south-easters alike, and at an expense estimated at half a million sterling. This, again, from several causes, was laid aside, and various boards had under consideration various subsequent modifications of the original plan, and some legislative measures were passed in respect to them, with no further practical effect, however, till, on the motion of Mr. JARVIS, the subject was, in 1854, drawn into the more efficient hands of the new Colonial Parliament. Then succeeded a new plan, the result of a careful personal survey by Mr. SCOTT TUCKER, C.E.; still later, a magnificent but too Utopian project by Captain VETCH, of the Admiralty, which would cost nearly two millions sterling to complete; and finally, the plan now adopted by Mr. COODE, the engineer of the Portland Breakwater, who has been engaged as consulting engineer to the work, associated with Mr. ANDREWS as local resident engineer. To obtain the requisite amount of shelter from north-westerly gales, he provides a breakwater leaving the shore at a point about one thousand one hundred feet north-west of the Chavonne Battery, and running north-east (true) for a length of three thousand two hundred and fifty feet. This will secure a sheltered area of one thousand one hundred and fifty-two acres of water surface, and six hundred and four acres with three fathoms depth and upwards. In addition to this, and to increase the commercial facilities of the port for the landing and loading of cargoes, two basins are provided, an outer and an inner one, of ten acres in extent, with corresponding quayage, docks, and ship-lifts. The entrance to these basins will have twenty feet depth in low water of spring tides; and in their immediate vicinity there is an ample area of land for the erection of stores and warehouses, to which the Railway Line will be extended from its present temporary terminus in the centre of the town. The estimated cost of the whole undertaking, as at present advised, is only £400,000, and the local wharfage dues of the port are mortgaged for the payment of the amount.

On this (Monday) morning when the great and important work was to be fittingly initiated by the Queen's own Sailor Son the city was all astir, and looked forward with the utmost excitement to the coming ceremony of the day. The weather was showery and threatening to become still worse, but nothing could damp the universal enthusiasm.

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The streets were early crowded with passengers, who long before noon were on their way to the Breakwater, although it was announced that the ceremony there would not begin till two o'clock.

In the forenoon addresses were presented to the Prince at Government House from the Division of Malmesbury through its Magistrate, Captain RAINIER, and from the Division of Riversdale by its Civil Commissioner, Mr. INNES, who had travelled as the deputy of his constituents a distance of full two hundred miles. At half-past eleven His Royal Highness drove down from Government House, preceded by his usual escort of Volunteer Cavalry, to Mr. McCOLLUM's American Circus, which was, of course, crowded on the occasion, and where the performances were of the choicest. Among those present were the Chief SANDILLI and his suite of counsellors, whose astonishment at the equestrian and other feats performed before them was naturally unbounded. One of the Amapakati, or counsellors, informed the Gaika Commissioner, Mr. BROWLEE, that it would be impossible for him to describe to his compatriots at home the wonders he had witnessed since he left; the Kafir tongue was inadequate for the purpose, and he must first acquire some other language! From the Circus the Prince returned again to a short tiffin at Government House, and thence set out to the Breakwater at the Chavonne Battery. The scene awaiting him was one of the most gratifying and imposing. Taking an imaginary stand on the top of the exquisitely-designed triumphal arch at the entrance to the grounds, we may cast a bird's-eye glance around. To the rear rises proudly the imposing front of old Table Mountain, with its attendant satellites of the Lion's Hill and Devil's Peak, the summits wreathed in drifting mists, as if to remind us how capable that range is still of storms and tempests, as of yore. Immediately around are the extended verdant plains of what at this season of the year alone can justly be named Green Point. To the eastward, along these flats, are the silent, crowded cities of the dead, presenting, in their funereal aspect of yews and cypresses, a touching contrast to the gaiety prevailing all otherwhere. To the westward is the vast enclosure of the new hospital works—to-day worthily occupied by the attendants upon the roasting ox and the busy caterers for the Regulars and Volunteers, who soon are to mess merrily together on Volunteer Commissary DE PASS' most generous fare. The intervening spaces are jubilant with streaming flags and banners without number and of all nations, and thousands of anxious spectators searching (some of them in vain) for any one spot from which they may gaze upon the coming ceremonial of the day. But best and grandest scene of all the imposing pageantry we witness seawards. First along the steep sloping shore, from the corner of the Chavonne Battery a full quarter of a mile in length, and from the crest of the slope to

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the waters, are assembled, in orderly and picturesque array, at least full fifteen thousand men, women, and children, of all degrees and ranks and colours of our colonial society. In the middle, and covering two sides of a re-entrant angle, guarded in the rear by the dashing Volunteer Cavalry, familiarly dubbed "the Sparklers," with some companies of the gallant 59th, were those for whom accommodation on successive tiers of ponderous log benches was provided through the Colonial Office and by the indefatigable zeal of the Engineer. To the right, immediately below the Chavonne Battery ramparts, were the five thousand joyous school-children of Cape Town, with tasteful flags and imposing banners waving over them. And to the left, far as any point of vision could be found, were, dressed out in picturesque fashion the great body of the people, with the Malays and all the coloured classes generally. In front of the most privileged spectators we see the pavilion from which the Prince is to proceed, with the heavy-laden truck before him, along the curving tramway that leads to the lofty staging projecting into the sea. As the guard of honour on either side this line we recognize the dapper Rifles on the left, and the Sappers and Miners on the right, and DU PRAT's stalwart Artillerymen at their guns below, while, to variegate the scene, we have the gorgeous lace and filagree of the Consuls—the colonial representatives of the *corps diplomatique*—with the staid dignity of Legislative Councillors and Assembly politicians, headed by their Speaker and Sergeant-at-Arms; the former dolefully missing his forgotten wig and the latter disconsolate from the absence of the mace. In the Bay in front we have close in-shore the steamer *Albatross*, laden with her freight of gazers, whom even the pangs of incipient sea-sickness could not drive below. Around her are crowds of boats and lighters of all degrees, while further remote, in deeper water and along the line of the Breakwater now to be begun, lie Her Majesty's magnificent frigates *Euryalus* and *Forte*, with the scarcely less attractive *Wasp* and *Sidon*, all of which, decked out in their gayest dressing, have come round from Simon's Bay to do honour to the occasion—ready when the Prince arrives, as when the truck is tipped, to thunder out their loudest salutes across the angry water. In the same line appears the troop-ship *Canning*, anchored the previous evening, bound for India, her decks alive with wondering passengers. Another ship just arrived—and by a curious coincidence it is the *Thames*, with the first cargo of plant and material for the Breakwater—is speeding fast to the anchorage before a favouring breeze, while another, again, is sailing outwards on the other side. The Bay, without being stormy, was sufficiently of angry aspect to show what it could become when a north-west gale set in, and in the far distance lay, half obscured by the haze, the low coast of Robben Island, and,

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in bold contrast, the conspicuous uplands of the further Blueberg. The accompanying photograph is from a sketch taken by Mr. BAINES from the stand-point adopted in the preceding description, the spectator looking seaward at the moment when the truck on the distant stageway is being tipped.

About two o'clock SANDILLI and his counsellors, with Mr. BROWNLEE and the Rev. TYO SOGA, arrived, and diverted for a few minutes the attention of the spectators, who were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the Prince. Mr. Commissioner BROWNLEE was carefully explaining, from a cleverly contrived model, to the inquiring Kafir Chief the nature of the work now initiated, when the Cavalry escort were seen approaching, the band struck up the National Anthem, and His Royal Highness, with Sir GEORGE GREY and suite, entered the grounds, and, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, proceeded to the pavilion provided for them at the inner end of the tramway, and immediately adjoining the laden truck. The Volunteer Artillery fired their Royal salute in gallant style, while the men-of-war at anchor in the roadstead took up the echoes with a cannonade such as was never heard before in Table Bay. A smart shower passed at the time, but in the excitement of the moment it passed unheeded, and immediately afterwards the sky burst out again into brilliant though very temporary sunshine. Mr. ANDREWS, the Resident Engineer, being introduced, then formally signified to the Prince the nature of the undertaking generally, and the task now assigned to His Royal Highness to perform. The Very Reverend Dean DOUGLAS next read an appropriate form of prayer prepared for the occasion; after which, and at a signal given, the sailors in attendance dragged on the laden wagon to the stage, followed by the Prince, Sir GEORGE GREY, Major COWELL, and the representatives of the various public bodies who had been accommodated along the tramway. It was intended that as they reached the ropes the procession should stop, leaving the Prince, the Governor, Major COWELL, and the Engineer alone to follow to the extremity, where the truck was to be tipped. The pressure onward, however, was too great to be resisted, and thus the final act of the ceremonial was obscured from a large portion of the spectators. It was accomplished admirably, however. After a few seconds' interval—during which the photographic view of the scene which appears elsewhere in the present volume was being taken—at a gentle pull by a cord attached on the silver trigger, the heavy-laden truck was tilted over, and as the ponderous rocks fell into the sea below a deafening shout was raised from the enthusiastic multitude ashore; the Volunteer Artillery and the Chavonne Battery added to the impressiveness of the spectacle; while at sea the war-steamships *Euryalus*, *Forté*, *Sidon*, and *Wasp* manned their yards and fired salutes in most effective naval style. The

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procession then formed again and returned to the pavilion, and the exquisite silver trigger, designed and modelled by Mr. CHARLES BELL, Colonial Surveyor-General, having been detached from the truck, was handed to Sir GEORGE GREY, who presented it to the Prince, and addressed His Royal Highness as follows :

“ In the name and on behalf of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, I request Your Royal Highness’ acceptance of this trigger, this day used in tipping the first cast of stone for the Breakwater in Table Bay. It is presented to Your Royal Highness as a memorial of this memorable and interesting occasion. Not that any such memorial is requisite : this great work itself will be a lasting memorial of Her Majesty’s condescension and regard for this Colony, in permitting Your Royal Highness to undertake the duty that you have this day performed, and the remembrance of which can never be obliterated from our memories : nor do we think that Your Royal Highness will need anything to remind you of a work in which, from having commenced it, we feel assured you will take a deep and lasting interest. But still we beg your acceptance of this memorial because this is a custom usually followed ; and we would not omit any act, however trifling, which might show our affection and respect for Your Royal Highness, or which might in any way testify the feelings which your goodness and kindness have left upon the minds of all classes of the inhabitants of South Africa who have had the happiness to be brought in contact with you.”

The Prince, whose frank, ingenuous face showed manifestly how greatly he was affected by these cordial words from his friend Sir GEORGE, gracefully accepted the gift, but did not venture upon a reply ; after which Mr. THOMAS WATSON, the Chairman of the Commercial Exchange, stood forward under the pavilion and presented to His Royal Highness the following address from the mercantile community of Cape Town :

“ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

“ We, the undersigned, Committee and Members of the Commercial Exchange of this city, and others, beg to tender to Your Royal Highness our sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments for the honour you have just conferred upon us, by condescending, under the special sanction of our beloved Queen, to lay the foundation of the projected harbour improvements at this port.

“ The want of some efficient protection to the shipping in Table Bay has long been felt and universally acknowledged, and many of the subscribers to this address have for years past been endeavouring to bring about the initiation of so desirable an undertaking. It

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“ has, however, been reserved for them, on the occasion of Your Royal Highness' visit to
“ this portion of Her Majesty's dominions, to witness the actual commencement of a project
“ they have so long and so ardently wished to see carried out.

“ It can scarcely be otherwise than gratifying to Your Royal Highness to reflect
“ at some future period on the fact that during your short sojourn at the Cape you
“ had taken so prominent a part in the inauguration of two such important works as a
“ Breakwater and a Sailors' Home,—both so closely allied to and connected with the
“ noble service to which Your Royal Highness belongs,—one of these being intended to
“ afford shelter and protection to the ships of all nations frequenting these seas, and
“ the other calculated to provide the weather-beaten mariner with a comfortable home,
“ where he can in ease, comfort, and safety enjoy the fruits of his perilous and toilsome
“ occupation.

“ While the more light and fleeting incidents of Your Royal Highness' visit to this
“ country may fade away and be forgotten, the works referred to will remain permanent and
“ unmistakable monuments of your presence in South Africa; and future generations
“ will regard with feelings of gratitude and pride that page in Cape history which
“ records the fact that the foundation of the harbour improvements in Table Bay
“ and the first stone of a Sailors' Home at Cape Town were laid by a Sailor Prince,
“ the beloved son of the most potent and most universally revered Monarch the world
“ has ever seen.

“ After the enthusiastic reception Your Royal Highness has met with on every side, it
“ is almost superfluous for us to assure you that we feel greatly interested in your visit to
“ this distant Colony, more especially as we are convinced that in times to come the matured
“ opinions of Your Royal Highness in the councils of the great Empire to which we belong
“ may exercise considerable influence over the future destinies of this part of Her Majesty's
“ dominions.

“ Impressed with this idea, Your Royal Highness will, we are sure, excuse our
“ expressing an earnest hope that your visit to the Cape may prove both agreeable and
“ gratifying, and trusting that you may long be spared to adorn the noble profession to
“ which you belong, in health, happiness, and prosperity,

“ We are, &c.,

(Signed by the Chairman and other Members of the Commercial Exchange.)

“ Cape Town, South Africa, September 17, 1860.”



INAUGURATION OF THE TABLE BAY BREAKWATER.

THE TABLE BAY BREAKWATER CEREMONY.

To this the Prince, in his Mother's firm, clear tones of expression, immediately read the following reply :

“ Cape Town, South Africa, 17th September, 1860.

“ To the Committee and Members of the Commercial Exchange, and other Inhabitants of
“ the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

“ GENTLEMEN,—It was with great pleasure I received Her Majesty's permission to
“ lay the first stone of so important a work as the Breakwater in Table Bay.

“ The Queen was highly gratified that one of her children should be identified with so
“ great and useful an undertaking, and it was with much satisfaction that I found I was to
“ be permitted to inaugurate a work which would confer such substantial and lasting benefits
“ upon South Africa.

“ I am glad, also, that my visit has been the means of bringing about the erection of a
“ Sailors' Home at this turning-point of the commerce of the world.

“ I shall never forget that I had the happiness of inaugurating these two works, and I
“ shall always watch with interest their progress and their usefulness to this country and the
“ profession to which I belong.

“ ALFRED.”

Next came one of the most interesting scenes of the whole display. As has already been incidentally mentioned, to the right of the tramway and extending to the battery walls were assembled some five thousand children from the various schools of Cape Town and its vicinity, all decked out in their gayest attire, and furnished with flags and banners of the most tasteful construction and device. These, at his own request, were now to be visited by the Prince, who proceeded, with Mrs. WYNARD and Sir GEORGE GREY, onwards to the battery rampart, right before the whole assemblage. As he advanced the huzzaing of the overjoyed and excited youngsters was absolutely bewildering, and as he reached his station a floral coronet was held over him, while the whole juvenile concourse, led by Mr. BYRNE and accompanied by the Rifle band, sung out with heart and voice the National Anthem ; cheers for the Prince, more enthusiastic even than before, succeeded ; and finally came a ringing one for Sir GEORGE himself. The Prince was evidently greatly gratified and excited. He returned to the pavilion, still amid deafening cheers, with Mrs. WYNARD ; and thence, escorted as on his arrival, he proceeded to Government House.

After the departure of the Royal party the assembled school-children were regaled, under the direction of their respective teachers, with suitable refreshments ; the Regulars and Volunteers together commenced a combined and very successful attack on the Commissary's

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roasted ox, with its appropriate accompaniments; and a large number of gentlemen, under the presidency of Mr. Collector FIELD, the Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners, were entertained by Mr. ANDREWS, the Engineer, in a tent near his residence within the Chavonne Battery. In the course of the speeches and toasts which ensued ample and merited acknowledgment was made of the indefatigable efforts of the various gentlemen—foremost among whom were Mr. ANDREWS himself, Mr. VIGORS, of the Colonial Office, Captain WILSON, of the Port Office, Mr. WOLLASTON, and the staff officers of the Army and Navy on the station—to whom the public were indebted for the arrangements of the day, and by means of which everything had passed off in such creditable order and with so unbounded success.

The illumination in Cape Town in the evening, though tolerably extensive, was not general, but the views exhibited were of a very tasteful and artistic character. The most conspicuous among them was a magnificent dioramic painting by Mr. BAINES, the first effect of which represented, on a tempestuous sea, a water-logged ship in the last stages of distress, while the second or dioramic view showed the same hull towed triumphantly into the harbour of refuge inside the future Breakwater—the exultant passengers and crew pronouncing on the port “the blessing of those who were ready to perish.” Various other paintings, at the Sailors’ Home and elsewhere, by the same artist, bore fitting though symbolic reference to the event of the day; while one of them, in ingenious and graceful fashion, showed “Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,” indicated severally by the Prince of WALES in colonel’s uniform, Prince ALFRED in his midday’s blue, and their sister, the fair Princess of PRUSSIA, in white, between the two. One cheer more was added for “the GREY.” The Agricultural Society exhibited a beautiful bucolic scene, from the brush of Mr. BOWLER; Mr. WAGNER, the optician, had magic lantern slides adjusted from his window, with an authentic portrait of the Prince and other appropriate devices, exhibited in turn to the crowds who thronged the Heerengracht; while the Commercial Exchange displayed an electric light from the highest point of the building. At nine o’clock a still more interesting scene was presented at the entrance of the Bay outside. The men-of-war steamers already mentioned, the *Euryalus*, the *Fortis*, the *Sidon*, and the *Wasp* were all anchored there; and at a given signal they manned their yards and displayed variegated lights from every spar. Numerous rockets were shot high into the sky; and the scene continued for several minutes. The effect in the dense darkness of the night was singularly striking and beautiful.

THE PUBLIC BALL.

At nine the Prince and suite, preceded by an escort of Cape Mounted Riflemen, drove round the streets to see the illuminations, and half an hour afterwards arrived at the Exchange, to attend "the People's Ball." The scene as he drove up through the immense throng of onlookers was very imposing. The 59th Regiment formed a guard of honour for the occasion; the Volunteer Sappers and Miners, drawn up in front, held flaming torches and flashing blue lights in alternate order; while from above the electric light at intervals shot its strong, sharp glare through the dense mist overhead. The ball-room itself and all its arrangements were provided by a committee of management appointed by the subscribers. As no public room existed in the town before of sufficient extent and convenience to suit the occasion, a large temporary building was added to the Commercial Exchange Rooms, and the suite of apartments thus constituted embraced, first, a reception-room, with a refreshment-room at one end and a card-room at the other, next the spacious ball-room, and at the further extremity a banquet-hall. The decorations were of the most graceful and skilful fashion. In the reception-room the walls—we condense the descriptions given in the local newspapers of the day—were hung with mirrors and festoons of evergreens. In the dancing-room the entire roof was decked with pink and white; the sides were draped with pink, white, and blue, and hung with mirrors; and lofty pillars supporting the superstructure were twined with wreaths of evergreens, decorated besides with shields and lamps and silken banners, and crowned with capitals of palm-leaves. Between the pillars were suspended by invisible threads elegant baskets, filled with the choicest flowers. On either side of the room, in rear of the pillars extended along its whole length, a raised dais, on which were couches and sofas between the mirrors, under which, again, were small tables, supporting severally vases of flowers. In the centre of the dais, on the right hand side of the room, stood the chair of state, hung with scarlet and gold, and surmounted by a prince's coronet. One end of the dancing-hall was formed by the terrace of the Exchange, the pillars of which, wreathed and ornamented like those at the sides, supported the orchestra; the other end was apparently a wall, draped with pink and white and bearing the arms of England and Coburg, united by the ribbon and motto of the Garter. From the centre of the roof a "sun-light" containing seventy burners shed its dazzling rays on the dancing-floor, which, though the building was only temporary, had by great labour been made as smooth as satin, while the lamps on the colonnades of pillars cast a more mellowed light on the promenade and raised seats along the sides. Soon after nine the hall was filled with at least twelve hundred of the leading inhabitants of Cape Town; and as, amid the shouting of the multitude together with the crash of

THE PUBLIC BALL.

military music outside, the Prince, with his suite, entered the reception-room, the quadrille band inside struck up the National Anthem, and the whole assemblage rose to greet him. Dancing was commenced immediately, and carried on with unflagging enthusiasm till midnight. The scene that then ensued we shall allow the newspaper reporter of the *Argus* to describe in his own words :

“ After the tenth dance (the ‘ Lancers ’) the stewards, in their blue and gold badges of office, arranged themselves along the pink and white wall which has been described as forming one end of the dancing-room. By some magic the string bands vanish, and the white uniforms and gleaming instruments of the 59th appear in the orchestra. The Prince offers his arm to Mrs. WYNYARD, the Governor does the same to the lady of the Chief Justice, and, followed in order by the principal guests, they walk down the centre of the ball-room with all eyes fixed upon them. One of the secretaries waves a handkerchief, and, *presto!* amid a loud *fanfare* of trumpets and rolling of drums, the pink and white wall flies up and hangs in elegant festoons, revealing the banquet-hall, gorgeously lighted, carpeted with crimson, and hung with scarlet, purple, and orange; a high table at the end for the Prince, and long tables with seats for four hundred guests, sparkling with glass and silver, and wine and flowers. The extreme end of the hall, at the back of the Prince’s table, was completely covered with sheets of looking-glass, surmounted by his arms and coronet, and the effect as the company sat at table was inexpressibly beautiful. The actual length of the suite of apartments now thrown open was two hundred and ten feet, but the reflection from the artistically-arranged mirrors at the sides and ends conveyed an impression of immensity in respect both of the rooms and of the number of guests assembled; and in every direction the eye was dazzled by an apparently interminable vista of flashing lamps, and silken flags, and pendant *corbeilles* of rare flowers, beneath which the gay dresses and bright jewels and still brighter eyes of the ladies, mingling with the splendid uniforms of the military, naval, and consular officers present, formed a scene which will never be forgotten by those who were present.”

The Cape colonists did not venture to hope that they could equal or approach that scene of fairy splendour, described by the *Times* correspondent, in the Canadians’ ball to the Prince of WALES at Montreal. But at all events they did their best in honour of their young Royal Visitor, and they consoled themselves with Captain TARLETON’S assurance—repeated oftener than once by the Prince himself—that never before, either in the Mediterranean or elsewhere, had so magnificent an entertainment been offered to His Royal Highness. After the supper, at which Sir GEORGE GREY, as the best Representative of “the People,”

THE PUBLIC BALL.

presided, three toasts were proposed in succession. The first was "The Queen;" the second was "The Prince Consort and the other Members of the Royal Family,"—and both were received, of course, with the most unbounded enthusiasm. Then succeeded the toast of the evening, and in preface to it His Excellency said:

"Hitherto, ladies and gentlemen, I have asked you to join me in drinking toasts which we have often drank with enthusiasm and pleasure. I then looked to the past; I now look to the future. I am going to ask you to join me in a toast which is now to be drank for the first time in this form, but not, I hope, for the only time,—and that is, the health of 'His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED' (cheers). It is a toast which I know will in this country last for ever. I hardly know how to express myself in proposing this toast to you. I would have been glad had I possessed the power of giving utterance to the feeling that is welling up from every one of your hearts; but I cannot. In fact, I hardly know how to express myself, or what words to use; but this much I can say, that we can never forget him, that his gentleness, his kindness can never be effaced from our hearts—that the event with which he has been connected can never fade from our memories. His name will ever be proudly mentioned in the farm-houses of the most distant Boers, it will be repeated with delight in the huts of the wild Kafirs, and it will ever re-echo amongst the mountains of Basutoland. Neither in the wilds of South Africa nor in populous towns where he has assisted at the inauguration of great works can his name die from the memories of this people. For he has shown in many ways how deep are his sympathies with the suffering and the poor, how great his interest in their behalf—whilst he has mingled joyously in the happiness of the fortunate or wealthy, and has shown to all a gentle condescension and an interest in their welfare which has won their hearts. These are the virtues which should distinguish Princes; it is upon such acts their true influence should be based; and it is with delight we have found in him these claims upon our regard. Therefore, we all earnestly hope and pray that these bright promises of youth may at maturity bring forth perfect fruit. He must remember that thousands of affectionate hearts will in this country watch eagerly to see him follow out the career of usefulness and glory which we feel sure he will achieve—that we shall all ever pray that his career may be a most successful one, that he may bring joy and gladness to his parents' hearts, glory, safety, and honour to his country." The response of the assemblage was enthusiastic beyond description.

His Royal Highness, who was loudly cheered on rising, then said in a clear, distinct voice: "I thank you, Sir GEORGE GREY, for proposing my health, and you also, ladies and



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“gentlemen, for the manner in which you received it. And I take this opportunity of thanking you sincerely for the many acts of kindness and attention which you have shown me in this country, and which, I assure you, I will never forget.”

The company then withdrew to the ball-room, and resumed the dancing with undiminished vigour. Sir GEORGE GREY retired at about two o'clock, and shortly before three His Royal Highness took his leave, accompanied by Mrs. TRAVERS and attended by his Governor, Major COWELL, and his Colonial Aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel TRAVERS. The festivities, however, still continued, and it was five o'clock before the last carriage left, and the happiest entertainment the Cape had seen was brought to a pleasant and successful close.

THE ALFRED SAILOR'S HOME.

Next morning (Tuesday), at the special request of the Prince, expressed to Mr. BRAND the previous evening, His Royal Highness was introduced to the Goede Hoop Masonic Lodge, with all the arrangements of which he appeared greatly interested. At noon he joined the Masonic procession to Rogge Bay, to lay the foundation-stone of the new Sailor's Home. At an earlier stage of this narrative it was mentioned that, on the Prince's first arrival, it had been determined to take advantage of so auspicious an event for the erection of a new and more capacious and commodious Home than had been previously provided for the members of his noble profession who may frequent our port. During his absence on the frontier and in the interior every preliminary arrangement for the undertaking was completed, and the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was now to be performed by His Royal Highness. Although the day was showery, the concourse of spectators assembled numbered several thousands, of all ranks and classes of the community, conspicuous among whom were some hundreds of the sailors on whose behalf the event was to take place. The Masonic procession was preceded by an escort of Cape Cavalry, and at the ground the Prince was received by the members of the Sailor's Home Committee. After some preliminary formalities, the Reverend GEORGE MORGAN—one of the most active of the first founders of the Home—offered up prayer; a well-trained choir sang the National Anthem; and the customary cylinder of coins and parchments was handed by one of the Master Masons to the Prince, and lodged by him in the cavity below the foundation-stone. The cement was then applied and spread with a golden trowel by His Royal Highness; and while the stone was gradually

THE ALFRED SAILOR'S HOME.

being lowered to its place the choir performed a Masonic anthem and the Volunteer Artillery fired a ringing salute. When the granite mass reached its bed the Prince applied the square, the plumb-line, and the mallet in the usual fashion, and declared the work to be duly done. The Master Masons poured their symbolic corn, wine, oil, and benedictions upon it afterwards in copious effusion; Sir CHRISTOFFEL BRAND, the Deputy Grand Master of the Netherlands, in the name of the Masters, presented the Prince with the golden trowel, which was exquisitely worked, and bore on front and obverse the arms of His Royal Highness and of Cape Town; and after some further formalities the ceremonial was concluded with ringing cheers from the assembled multitude.

It may here be fitly mentioned that the institution thus auspiciously commenced will, when completed, be open for the accommodation of discharged or destitute seamen of all nations. Its site, in a commanding position on the immediate shore of the bay, and exactly midway between the principal wharves, is peculiarly well adapted for the purpose in view; while the architectural style of the building will be in appropriate keeping, and prove quite an ornamental and attractive feature as seen from the shipping in the anchorage. The frontage will be about one hundred and twenty feet, and the elevation about forty feet. It will consist of a main building, with two wings projecting towards the sea; and between these again a verandah and balcony will be extended for the whole length. The accommodation, which as to arrangement, ventilation, and space is the very best for our climate, will be provided for eighty-five seamen and fifteen officers. The sleeping apartments extend over the uppermost and second floors. The ground floor has on the right a shipping-office and waiting-room, with separate entrance, and a library and officers' day-room, with the staircase to the officers' quarters. The dining-room, which is about sixty by twenty-five feet, occupies the centre of the building, and is capable of dining one hundred seamen with every comfort. A large basement store will extend below the centre and right wing, which will yield a good rental; thus reducing the amount of interest payable on the capital to be raised for the completion of the building. The cost of the whole, when finished, with skittle-ground, &c., will be about £8,000, of which sum about £4,000 has been furnished from Cape Town, leaving £4,000 to be provided for from other sources. Among the benefactors to the institution it is peculiarly gratifying to mention the name of Her Majesty the Queen, who testified the interest she felt in the work of Her Royal Son at the Cape by immediately forwarding to the Alfred Sailor's Home the munificent donation of £100.

THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

As the Prince drove up to Government House he visited the great Dutch Reformed Church in Adderley-street, where he was warmly received by the clergy and the several members of the Consistory; and shortly before two he arrived in the Botanic Gardens, to inaugurate the new Library and Museum. This building, of which a view is given on the opposite page, is situated on a noble site at the northern end of the Botanic Gardens, and fronting the magnificent amphitheatre of Table Mountain. It was undertaken some three years ago, mainly under the influence and encouragement of Sir GEORGE GREY, and when quite completed will cost about fifteen thousand pounds. Its architectural style is of the Roman-Corinthian order, and its available accommodations are divided equally between the Public Library and the Museum, with a spacious vestibule between, used temporarily as the site of a colonial gallery of art. Reference has already been made at the commencement of this volume to the South African Museum; and the Library is certainly not less worthy of special notice. Commenced as far back as 1821, it now numbers between thirty and forty thousand volumes, in every department of literature, science, and art; is supported entirely by subscriptions; is open freely to the public; and is, in truth, what Sir JOHN HERSCHEL once fitly termed it, the "bright eye of the Cape." On this occasion of inaugurating the new edifice, the noble hall of the Library was crowded with what Sir GEORGE GREY, in his address, called the beauty, fashion, and talent of the capital; and at the portico His Royal Highness, with His Excellency the Governor, Major COWELL, Captain TARLETON, and others of his suite, was received by the Committee of the Public Library, the Trustees of the Museum, and the Trustees of the valuable Dessinian bequest. By these he was first escorted round the Museum, and next across the vestibule and up the Library hall to a raised dais, where seats were provided for His Royal Highness and the Governor. After a few moments of eager anticipation from the assemblage, Sir GEORGE GREY rose and delivered an address, highly philosophical in its tone throughout, often chastely eloquent, and abounding in the most affecting allusions to the auspicious career of the Royal Boy that sat beside him. As one of the most interesting documents connected with this memorable visit we quote it almost entire—omitting only a brief passing reference to SANDILLI's letter to Captain TARLETON, which has already been inserted:

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:

"Let us reflect on what we are this day doing. A great part of the talent, of the beauty, of the fashion of which this country can boast are assembled in a noble room. The Princely Son of the most powerful monarch in the world is about to place a few books



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“ upon the shelves which surround it; and then, amidst cheers and shouts of joy, we shall
“ open to the inhabitants of this Colony ‘The Museum and Library of the Cape of Good
“ Hope:’ a splendid scene this, with its fitting accompaniments, and long to live in the
“ history of the Cape of Storms. But striking as is the outward show, still more important,
“ in its full significance, is the act in which we are all now taking part.

“ A youthful Prince has come to visit us here, upon the extremity of this ancient
“ continent, which was the cradle of civilization and art,—where Egypt was in its glory and
“ in its prime, with its teeming populations, its skilful artisans, its gorgeous and massive
“ buildings, whilst the greater part of Europe still slumbered in savage barbarism. He
“ comes from a land which, when the north of this continent on which we stand was old in
“ science and art, was regarded as almost beyond the confines of the habitable earth, and was
“ only peopled by hordes of painted and lawless savages; and yet he comes to us, a poor, a
“ scattered, and still struggling people, from what is now the centre of Christianity and of
“ civilization,—from that great heart, the ceaseless pulsations of which scatter truth, swarms
“ of industrious immigrants, crowds of traders, and streams of commerce throughout the
“ world.

“ Europe, which in its comparative youth of civilization adopted Christianity, has sent
“ to us, as well as to so many other parts of the earth, all that can render this life valuable
“ to man or prepare him for a future state. This ancient continent has sent us little to
“ brighten or embellish life, but has strewn thickly with perils and difficulties the path which
“ lies before the now rising and future nations of South Africa.

“ In times so remote that they are removed beyond the memory and tradition of man,
“ struggling tribes moving from the north of this continent spread southward over its vast
“ extent. With them they brought a dialect of the language of Egypt, preserving its
“ grammatical structure in perhaps its most perfect form: some traces of its civilization, in a
“ knowledge of the care and nurture of cattle and sheep, in the manufacture of a rude
“ pottery, and in the art of smelting iron and copper; but with these arts they also brought
“ with them the idolatrous faith of Egypt in its most degrading forms. Their chiefs, as in
“ Egypt, were equal to and mingled with the gods, so that all distinction between divinity
“ and royalty seemed lost. The gods had, as it were, adopted the chiefs into their own order,
“ so that for many of the African tribes the chief had become the visible god upon earth;
“ amongst all of them the spirits of their deceased ancestors were as gods to be dreaded and
“ propitiated; from the greatest of these the lightning descended, often striking dead the
“ people of the tribe, thus summoning them to the service of their departed chief; and as

“ among the Egyptians ludicrous images of the gods in all shapes were worshipped, with
 “ heads of hawk and crocodile and jackal and ape, so amongst the tribes of Africa the fetich
 “ worship assumed the most revolting and degrading forms.

“ Thus bearing with them some arts and a knowledge of the care of domesticated
 “ animals, in which respects they were raised above all other savages, and a faith at least as
 “ pernicious in its results as that borne by any other race of men, they—moving through vast
 “ tracts of fertile country, inhabited by innumerable herds of wild animals of many varieties—
 “ spread themselves throughout the length and breadth of this land, ruled by hereditary
 “ chiefs, and bound together by laws and customs which constitute a civil polity calculated
 “ to keep them in a state of heathen barbarism, but so complex in its structure, so interwoven
 “ with all their habits, and in, some respects, so adapted to and so attractive to uncivilized
 “ men, that to overturn it and destroy it has been deemed by many impossible, and has
 “ been found by all who have attempted it a task of no ordinary difficulty.

“ Amidst the African tribes who have thus established themselves in all the regions on
 “ this continent lying to the south of the equator, war, rapine, and confusion have always
 “ prevailed. From the midst of this tumult the voice of authentic history has never been
 “ heard. Tribe after tribe has been broken up, in part slain, in part dispersed and absorbed
 “ into others. Dialects have consequently become confused and varied. Again and again
 “ through long centuries has this same process been repeated, with this never-varying feature
 “ accompanying it, that the tribes who were broken up were absorbed into others, who
 “ received them into the same system of gross superstition, degrading customs, and hereditary
 “ chieftainship as they had been previously accustomed to.

“ Whilst such a series of events were passing through long ages in the territories which
 “ lie to the south of the equator, various nations were striving to build up colonies and a
 “ system of European civilization on the north of this continent. Since the Christian era, to
 “ these efforts have been added strenuous exertions to establish in the same localities the
 “ Christian faith upon a firm and lasting basis. Sometimes these efforts have appeared to be
 “ crowned for a while with a success which might be lasting, but in process of time one
 “ common fate has attended them all; floods of the barbarous inhabitants of this country
 “ have overflowed these seats of christianity and civilization, and before this flood has been
 “ swept away all that has been accomplished, and ignorance, sloth, and barbarism have
 “ usurped the places which industry and learning had advanced. Twice have the inhabitants
 “ of Alexandria, in northern Africa, done that which we have again this day assembled to
 “ attempt to do, and have raised up a library which was an ornament to the world, and twice

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“ has it been swept away. Again, when Alexandria was a favourite seat of the Patriarchs
“ of the Eastern Church, was its library once more enriched by a large collection of books,
“ and again was this library utterly destroyed, and Christianity itself almost swept from the
“ country by hordes of invading Saracens.

“ After that time Alexandria, which had principally derived its wealth from the
“ commerce of India passing through it, speedily declined, and this is attributed to the
“ passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope having been discovered in 1497, and to
“ a great part of the commerce of the East having been diverted in that direction.

“ Yet, with apparently such slight encouragement before us, we here in the South of
“ Africa have again boldly entered on the attempt of establishing civilization and christianity
“ in this continent, and of spreading their blessings through the boundless territories which
“ lie beyond our borders.

“ Those who have preceded us here as colonists have done much to lay the foundation
“ for such an attempt; they have already spread over a great extent of territory; large
“ numbers of the coloured races have accepted the doctrines of Christianity and have
“ adopted some of the arts of civilized life, and many others are daily following their
“ example in these respects. But still we are a small and scattered people, with many
“ dangers and enemies around us and in our front, and with a task before us requiring all
“ our energies and well and ripely matured plans, if we hope to accomplish it. And we do
“ not doubt that we shall succeed, for the cause we labour for is the promotion of truth and
“ knowledge and the carrying out of God's service upon earth. We have as the leaders of
“ our van a race of hardy, enterprising frontier men, patient of fatigues and want, self-reliant,
“ and many of them good and pious men, who have already spread far into the interior.
“ Recent discoveries have shown, too, that we have much in our favour. It is now known
“ that at least almost to the equator a high plateau exists in the interior of this continent,
“ healthy and habitable for Europeans, diversified in some spots with mountains covered with
“ perpetual snow, traversed by rivers which have their origin in immense lakes, which wind
“ in some parts through forests, in others through pasturage, which already supports sheep,
“ and generally through a country yielding good returns to the husbandman. This territory
“ is inhabited thinly by native races, who form for the most part only small tribes, who are
“ docile in disposition, anxious for intercourse with Europeans and for trade, and who
“ already in some parts form caravans, and engage themselves to carry the loads of traders
“ through a country the only present means of communication through which are narrow
“ native paths.

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“ Such is the territory through which we hope our descendants may spread, carrying
“ with them Christianity and the arts of civilized life ; but we know they can only do this
“ and become a blessing to those amongst whom they settle by carrying with them a
“ knowledge at least equal to that which we possess, and a wisdom which is based upon the
“ collective experience of all the previous generations who have preceded them. Various are
“ the plans which many noble and excellent persons in Europe and in various parts of this
“ country are now engaged in carrying out with a view to this object ; and here in Cape
“ Town, that we may do our part, we intend to attempt to rear up at one end of these
“ Gardens a University which may receive into its bosom all the youth of South Africa, of
“ every race, who may desire to drink at the fount of knowledge, and which may ultimately
“ pour forth from amidst its students into the states and colonies which may spring from this
“ parent colony of the Cape of Good Hope wise and worthy men, fitted to achieve their
“ share of the great task which lies before them.

“ And at this end of these Gardens an attempt has been made to build a Museum and
“ to establish a Library, which may perchance rival that of Alexandria in its extent, and
“ which, we trust, is destined to a far more fortunate fate. The Museum you are all
“ acquainted with, and you know what the abilities and energy of Mr. LAYARD and his
“ associates have already done to render it one of the most striking and useful of our
“ institutions. The Library which His Royal Highness is now about to open we hope may
“ become, as it were, a great mine for all South Africa, in which is treasured up the wealth
“ acquired by many mighty minds of various races and of many ages, which may here be
“ consulted free of cost by all students who may resort to it, and who in the midst of this
“ beautiful scenery may converse at their will with the poets, the philosophers, the historians,
“ of all countries and of all past times, and here acquire that knowledge which may enable
“ them to bless and to earn the blessings of nations whose names are now unknown to us,
“ but which are yet to be born in the interior of this vast continent. Already munificent
“ donors have laid for this Library a substantial and valuable foundation, upon which we
“ may build with safety, emulating, I hope, their generosity and zeal in the cause of
“ knowledge.

“ In conclusion, you must permit me to draw from the past and present an augury for
“ the future.

“ As you are all aware, I began this building and laid its first stone when I was going
“ down the hill of life ; my plans in reference to it were then very imperfectly understood—
“ public opinion in regard to it was perhaps somewhat against me—the whole project was

“ beset with doubts and difficulties. Yet many friends stood firmly and affectionately by me; we knew we were working for the future, that we were doing that which was faithful and good and true, and this inspired us with confidence that our work would be crowned with success. We respected the feelings of those who differed from us, knowing that they were actuated by motives as pure as our own, and we believed that they would ultimately rejoice at what we had done, and lend a willing hand in completing the good work which we had commenced.

“ But never in our brightest imaginings did we think that I was to be succeeded in that which I had begun in doubt and trembling by one so much brighter, so much nobler than myself, that I should have prepared the way for the promising son of the greatest and best monarch the world has ever seen, who was as it were to enter into my labours. Yet so it is, although in our blindness we could not foresee it.

“ All this is what I accept as an augury that that which we are about to inaugurate this day shall become the birthright of a brighter and more glorious age, and that we are now preparing the means and smoothing the path which shall lead on another generation, another time, the fair and promising child of Queenly knowledge, into that heritage which strong arms and daring hearts are amidst so many toils, difficulties, and dangers building up for it throughout the wide extent of Southern Africa. That as the first of the Royal Family who bore the name of ALFRED drove back wandering hordes, aided in their civilization, and gave peace to England, and established a university, and transmitted a lasting and permanent impulse to science and learning, so the second of the Royal Family who has that honoured name may, by what he has done in South Africa, have most materially and lastingly aided in the spread of civilization, Christianity, and learning throughout this continent.”

Throughout the speech His Excellency carried the sentiments of his audience enthusiastically with him; and once, indeed, the Prince himself was visibly overcome with the scene before him and the tender words spoken of him with so much of fervent warmth and pathos by his distinguished friend Sir GEORGE. At the close His Royal Highness, assisted by his Governor, Major COWELL, proceeded, amid loud cheers, to place upon the shelves a magnificent donation of books presented by His Excellency, first among which was a rare and costly MS., in Greek, of the Gospels; besides magnificently-bound editions of CHARLES KNIGHT'S Shakespeare and Pictorial History of England, presented by the Royal Sailor himself. Returning to the dais seat, the Prince next, in the name of his Royal Mother, presented, through Sir GEORGE GREY, to the Legislature and the Colony of

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the Cape of Good Hope the portrait of the Queen, which was suspended in a conspicuous and admirably fitting position overhead. At a signal given the silken curtain was withdrawn, and amid the most deafening shouts of enthusiastic applause, WINTERHALTER'S magnificent full-length painting of Her Majesty stood out unveiled. With the Royal Mother above, living rather than pictured on the canvas, with her noble Sailor Boy below, the centre of so many hopes, and with the fervent loyalty of all gathered in that noble hall, the effect of the whole scene at this moment was fine beyond description. A choir, led by the Reverend Precentor of St. George's Cathedral, immediately sung the National Anthem, in which the whole assemblage joined with lusty voice and loving hearts yet regulated music, and forthwith the Prince declared "the institution now inaugurated under the title of the South African Library and Museum." He had evidently meant to say more, but could not trust himself to say it. The concluding act of the scene was appointed to be a speech from Mr. PORTER, the Attorney-General, in acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon the institution by His Royal Highness. The learned gentleman, in addition to his numberless official duties, is a member of the Public Library Committee, and in that capacity, and as the best if not the only true orator in the country, was selected as the spokesman of the public on that occasion. He is, besides, a Captain of Cavalry, and was then one of the Prince's Aides-de-camp, and so, though a man of peace and learning, appeared among his brother committee-men in the bright array of full cavalry regimentals. As the newspapers remarked at the time, description would fail to give the effect of his dignified and sonorous eloquence. He said :

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES,
"AND GENTLEMEN :

"The committee of the Public Library, of which I am a member, have deputed me, on
"their behalf, on behalf of the subscribers, and on behalf of the Cape Town public which
"throng this hall, to tender thanks to His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED and to His
"Excellency the Governor for their services upon this occasion. The occasion is, indeed,
"a most auspicious one. It celebrates the removal from a stunted room, and in some
"respects an undesirable site, to this spacious and convenient building, certainly one of
"the best built and best placed in Cape Town, of one of the very best things that Cape
"Town has to show,—its Public Library. But it is not my purpose, in the few words
"which I intend to use, to speak of the value and importance of the Public Library,
"considered as a great literary and educational establishment; or of the claims which it and
"its kindred institution, the South African Museum, may fairly urge to the widest and

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“ most liberal support. These things have been already spoken of, and I have only to hope,
“ for the credit of Cape Town and its neighbourhood, that what has been said will be
“ carefully remembered and carried energetically into action (applause). It comes more
“ properly within the scope and limits of my present duty to observe that if anything could,
“ more than another, fix public attention upon the Cape Town Library, extend its reputation,
“ and recommend it for fresher and further sympathy and support, it would be the fact that
“ this its new hall has this day been opened by the Queen’s Son, assisted by the Queen’s
“ Representative, and that the hands of Prince ALFRED have placed upon its shelves, as the
“ first book laid there, a rare and costly volume, the gift of Sir GEORGE GREY (cheers).
“ Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; but I may be allowed to say that a
“ desire to help such a library as this was a thing to be expected from His Royal Highness,
“ who has been reared to know the value of such institutions, and to feel that persons in
“ great station have few higher duties than to encourage and sustain them. In him,
“ indeed, a sympathy with such things should be hereditary, for Her Majesty the Queen has
“ long been renowned as a munificent patroness of letters; and I need not tell you that the
“ Prince Consort of England is a man who, had he been of a comparatively humble rank,
“ would yet, with universal assent, have taken his place as one of the most accomplished
“ gentlemen in Europe (great cheering). Of Sir GEORGE GREY I need not speak. His
“ character as a lover of learning is well and widely known, and a lover of learning he ought
“ to be, because he is not merely one of the large class who write books, but one of the
“ rarer class about whom books are written (renewed cheering); and because, independently
“ of belonging to both these classes, he knows and feels that good books are great blessings,
“ and that knowledge is not merely power, but enjoyment (applause). Ladies and gentlemen,
“ some memorable work will have been done during yesterday and to-day. Yesterday His
“ Royal Highness tilted into the sea the first wagon-load of the stones which are to form the
“ Table Bay Breakwater. This morning he laid the foundation-stone of the new Sailor’s
“ Home. These are both of them important undertakings, and undertakings which not
“ unnaturally interest a Prince who is himself a sailor. And now His Royal Highness
“ does honour to the new Public Library and to the South African Museum by making his
“ last public act, performed on the very eve of embarkation, the inauguration of this their
“ new building. In another hour or so His Royal Highness will quit our shores. During
“ his stay in South Africa, short as it has been, he has, I believe, seen more of the Colony,
“ of the colonists, of the native races, of the surrounding settlements, British and republican,
“ of man and his nature under very varied circumstances and conditions, than the great

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“ majority of those who have been born and have grown old at the Cape ; and if, as has no
“ doubt been the case, such scenes as he has witnessed in the course of the last few weeks
“ have not been without interest and instruction for a youthful and inquiring mind, this, on
“ the other hand, is certain, that it would scarcely be possible to over-estimate the gratification
“ which his visit has diffused throughout South Africa, or the great and lasting good which,
“ in a hundred different ways, his presence here has done (cheers). The Prince Consort,
“ in the course of an interesting speech delivered lately at Trinity House, referring to the
“ vast and still growing greatness of the colonial empire of England, spoke of the remarkable
“ coincidence, suggestive of many thoughts and characteristic of the present age, that whilst
“ the Prince of WALES would be in Canada opening the bridge over the Saint Lawrence,
“ Prince ALFRED would be at the Cape commencing the Breakwater in Table Bay. In
“ welcoming Prince ALFRED to the Cape, where we are still in many respects in the day of
“ small things, we could not, of course, aspire to emulate the splendour of the reception
“ which the Prince of WALES will have received in the great colony of Canada, still less
“ the yet greater splendour of the reception which was awaiting him in the country which
“ adjoins Canada, where a kindred nation, sprung from English blood, do not, after all,
“ forget their origin (tremendous cheering). But what the Cape people could do they have
“ striven to do with heart and soul, and if they have in any degree succeeded in testifying
“ their love and loyalty towards Her Majesty the Queen, their sense of the honour that
“ was done to them by the visit of her son, and their respectful affection for His Royal
“ Highness himself, a feeling which his simple dignity and his constant courtesy have strongly
“ and universally excited,—if, I say, they have in any degree succeeded in these things,
“ then they have fulfilled their whole desire and have had their high reward (cheers). Let
“ His Royal Highness be assured that he carries away with him the heartiest good wishes
“ of all ranks, races, creeds, and colours in South Africa ; that the people here, confident that
“ in after-life he will tread no path but that of honour, will watch with interest his future
“ career, and that they will ever reckon it as one of the many services rendered to them by
“ their Governor, Sir GEORGE GREY (cheers), that, through his instrumentality, the
“ auspicious visit of Prince ALFRED was arranged ; a visit which has, as it were, annihilated
“ ocean spaces, and brought us in feeling so close to the old mother country that we seem
“ to see her cliffs again (loud and protracted cheering). Ladies and gentlemen, I have said
“ little, yet I have said more than I had meant to say, and more than it was needful for me
“ to say. It is but a few minutes since Her Majesty’s portrait, her gift to the Colony, was
“ for the first time unveiled, and we beheld, depicted on the canvas, features which all her

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" subjects like to think upon, and which, on the countenance of her son, who sits amongst us, we have been so often pleased to trace (cheers). To speak up to the level of your enthusiasm at such a moment would be impossible, and so, repressing it no longer, I propose that you at once give way to it, and that you testify your thanks to His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED and to His Excellency the Governor,—the ladies as their feelings prompt them, and the gentlemen by nine enthusiastic cheers."

With helmet in hand the tall, stalwart form of the speaker himself led off the cheering, which was taken up and repeated and extended as never had cheering been in Africa before. The Prince, the Governor, and suite then slowly retired, escorted along the hall and to the portico as on their entrance, and the assembly gradually dispersed. The Cape Royal Rifles furnished a guard of honour in the Botanic Garden avenue in front; and as the Prince passed, in coming and returning, the Volunteer band performed the National Anthem. And thus was successfully completed the closing public act of Prince ALFRED's public career in South Africa. It passed off to the utmost gratification of all concerned in it, and no less competent an observer than Major COWELL himself declared of it that never before had he witnessed a scene more suggestive, impressive, and graceful, even in its very simplicity.

Contrary to the expectation of the Prince's Aide-de-camp, it was now decisively arranged that the embarkation, which was previously fixed for this (Tuesday) afternoon, should be postponed until the morrow; and thus an opportunity was given the Prince of honouring with his presence a theatrical performance and a monster concert got up for the evening. The dramatic representation took place at the Theatre Royal, under the management of a professional player and the amateur members of the "Alfred Dramatic Club." The performances were of a very superior order, and so gratified was His Royal Highness with their success that at the close he sent his thanks to Mr. and Mrs. PARRY, the professional actors, and became the patron of the gentlemen amateurs, who now have blossomed out into the "Royal Alfred Club," and have distinguished themselves greatly by their successive appearances on the stage.

From the theatre the Prince retired, along with his party, consisting of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. WYNYARD, &c., at a comparatively early hour, to attend the concert in the monster ball-room of the previous evening. All the professional and amateur talent in the city had been volunteered for the orchestra on this occasion; the enormous hall was crowded with the audience; and it was announced that the proceeds, which amounted to some £300, should be devoted to the building fund of the Prince ALFRED's Sailor's Home. Among the pieces performed and sung throughout the evening was one

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song written in honour of the Prince by Major LONGMORE, and set to music by a clever resident composer, Mr. DARTER. It was received with rapturous applause and enthusiastically encored, as a fitting means of expressing the fervent loyalty of the audience and their affection for the Royal Sailor Boy. Everything passed off most satisfactorily, and about eleven o'clock the Prince retired, in company with Mrs. WYNYARD, Major COWELL, and the rest of his suite,—the whole crowded assemblage rising as they passed by.

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Next day (Wednesday, the 19th September) came the last scene of this brief, eventful history. It was appointed that soon after ten a.m. His Royal Highness should embark, and before leaving our shores should inaugurate the newly-completed Prince Alfred's Jetty, from which the embarkation ceremony was to take place. The weather was peculiarly favourable; the heat being tempered pleasantly with refreshing breezes, and the air clear and transparent, displaying the romantic scenery of land and sea to the best possible advantage. Business was, of course, completely suspended; the streets were filled once more with crowds of loyal citizens; flags and banners floated free wherever they could best be shown out; and the shipping in the bay, from the stately frigate-built to the smallest coaster, were displayed in their trimmest rig and gayest bunting.

At the appointed hour the Prince left Government House in company with Sir GEORGE GREY, preceded by a detachment of the Cape Mounted Rifles with officers of the staff, and escorted, as usual, by a troop of the Cape Volunteer Cavalry. A train of other carriages followed, in one of which were a bevy of midshipmen from the *Euryalus*, *Sidon*, and *Forte*, among whom, as sprightly as the merriest of them, sat the sage and venerable Astronomer Royal, Sir THOMAS MACLEAR. The route was lined by companies of the 59th and of the Cape Volunteers; while the *cortège* as it passed was hailed with enthusiastic cheers from the people on every side. At the entrance to the jetty—a commodious structure, five hundred feet in length and fifty feet in width, with an approach of a hundred and fifty feet across—the Royal party were received by Colonel TUCKER, the Colonial Engineer, and Mr. CHARLES ELTON, the contractor of the work, together with the Municipal Commissioners, the Harbour Board, the Members of the Commercial Exchange, and other public functionaries. On this spot a triumphal arch of evergreens had been erected for the occasion.

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It consisted of a large centre and two small archways, the extreme height being fifty-seven feet from the level of the roadway. The castellated Tudor style was adopted, each turret being surmounted by a flag of large dimensions, and the whole crowned by a lofty flagstaff bearing the Royal Standard of England. Against the piers that carried the central archway were four pedestals—two facing the land and two the sea. Upon the piers that faced the land were placed shields bearing the arms of England and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, richly emblazoned and backed by trophies of flags, those of England being supported by two members of the Cape Town Volunteer Artillery, and those of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha by two members of the Cape Town Volunteer Sappers and Miners. Against the pier facing the sea were the shields of Scotland and Ireland, equally backed by trophies of flags and supporters; the latter consisting of two of the Cape Town Volunteer Cavalry and the former, again, of Sappers and Miners. Over the whole were posted, in picturesque and harmonious position, the workmen of the wharf, who on the approach of the Prince waved flags with which they were severally provided, and shouted out their strong and united cheers. On either side of the jetty, at intervals of forty feet apart, were planted a magnificent display of flags of all nations, the space between being crowded with spectators, with the exception of a carpeted pathway, kept clear by a guard of honour of the 59th. At the outer extremity, steps were provided, over which was constructed another arch, bearing on the land side, in harmonious colours, the device "FAREWELL," and on the reverse the following lines:

"Oh Lord, in bounty shed
Joys round our Prince's head;
Shield him from harm.
Hear now our fervent prayer,
Guard England's younger heir,
Make him Thy special care;
God save the Queen."

Among the crowd at this point appeared particularly conspicuous the Kafir Chief SANDILLI, with his attendant counsellors, who thus joined in their last farewell to "the Son of the Great Mother." Lying alongside the steps was the Prince's barge, manned and dressed in its trimmest fashion, with a perfect flotilla of other boats of all degrees around. The Prince, in company with Sir GEORGE GREY and the rest of the procession, walked onward to the steps. There he drove the last silver bolt into the structure, and declared it open for public traffic as "Prince Alfred's Wharf." Having then shaken hands with a group of ladies around, and after bidding them a cordial farewell, he entered his barge and proceeded, still in company with Sir GEORGE, to his own ship, which, with the *Forte*, *Sidon*, and *Wasp*, lay

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some two miles distant in the outer anchorage. As the flotilla of boats—the Royal barge, of course, keeping well the lead—passed by the crowded Central Wharf the assemblage there cheered with lusty vigour, and Colonel DUPRAT'S battery of Volunteer Artillery fired a salute with their wonted precision and effect. At this appointed signal the war-ships in the offing, as if by magic, changed their appearance, and lines of flags streamed in the wind from the water-line forward by the jib-boom end and mast-heads to the sea astern of each of them. A few seconds more and all their yards were manned, while the *Euryalus*, followed by the rest, re-echoed with thundering effect the shore salute. At this moment, while the ships were enveloped in smoke, and the Prince in his barge was rapidly nearing his frigate, the scene presented by the bay was lively and picturesque beyond description. The waters were covered with fleets of boats in all directions; the merchantmen at anchor all displayed their bunting to the full; and the *Albatross* was steaming onwards with some half-dozen shore-lighters in tow, all crowded with the Volunteers, who, now that their military duties on land had been discharged, thus followed the Prince as long and as far as they could. The scene immediately before the embarkation is well depicted in the accompanying photograph, from a painting by Mr. BAINES. The *Euryalus* is seen in front in all her stately proportions; the Royal barge as she approaches is just emerging into view; the *Forte* and *Wasp* appear astern; and the Table Mountain, the Lion's Hill, the Breakwater staging; and a portion of the town may be dimly discerned in the distance through the dense volumes of smoke.

On board, the Prince and his companions were received by Captain TABLETON and his officers; and a few minutes later, when the Volunteers came up, their band played the National Anthem—His Royal Highness, with His Excellency the Governor, standing on the quarter-deck, both uncovered. Then all the boats passed round the ship, and having saluted the Prince with their heartiest cheers, the Volunteers bade a final farewell, and, led by their band, sang out in hearty chorus the strain of Auld Lang Syne. "One of the "most novel sights afloat" (observes a newspaper account) "was a boat rowed by Malays, "with one of the priests steering. The Malay colours were hung out at the stern, and the "rowers were dressed in full costume. This boat, a very fast one, danced about round the "*Euryalus* like a duck upon the crest of the waves, and the loyal followers of MAHOMET "cheered their Prince with a will whenever a cheer was called for." The squadron within a few minutes more weighed anchor—the *Sidon* leading, and steam being up, seemed as if bound immediately for sea. Sir GEORGE GREY, with Lieutenant-General WYNYARD, Mrs. WYNYARD, and others from shore being still on board the Prince's ship, the *Sidon*,



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Euryalus, and *Forte* advanced from the anchorage for a distance of some three or four miles in the direction of Robben Island. The order of sailing then was changed, and the *Euryalus* taking the lead turned gracefully back, and followed by her consorts steamed slowly round the whole extent of the bay, as if to express her reluctance at the departure. As she swept back again and passed the forts of Amsterdam and Chavonne the Volunteer Artillery fired salutes from both points in turn. The frigate responded by her band striking up with fine effect "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," and soon after one p.m. the Governor and his suite bade a hearty farewell to the young Princely Sailor, and, amid cheers from all on board and the strains of the National Anthem, proceeded to the *Sidon*, which was following close astern. The *Euryalus* and *Forte* quickly undressed, and the *Sidon*, passing the latter, returned to land Sir GEORGE and his party. The *Forte* then put on more steam, and, pressing forwards in the wake of her sister ship, signalized a parting salutation to the Prince and "May God speed you." The *Euryalus* promptly returned the compliment, the Prince, with Major COWELL, standing prominently at the stern. Mutual cheering, such as British seamen best can give, succeeded, and within a few minutes more the final "Farewell" was signalized from the *Forte*, and the *Euryalus* and the Prince stood out to sea for England. The steamer *Albatross*, returning from towing the troop-ship *Canning*, with a crowd of passengers still on board, paid her respects in the most becoming fashion, which were as warmly responded to from the frigate. Within an hour the *Euryalus*, under steam and canvas, was far distant in the offing, and the last seen of her was when the *Canning* lowered royals to her as she passed.



MALAYS OF CAPE TOWN

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Previous to the departure of the *Euryalus* from England it had been arranged that she should, if possible, return again on or before the 9th of November—the anniversary of the Prince of WALES' birthday. The Heir Apparent was then also expected to reach home from his great Western tour; and thus at the Royal Family Gathering Her Majesty's two Princely Sons might meet together and compare notes of their experiences in the American and African continents respectively. With a view to this arrangement it was that Prince ALFRED's movements from the Cape Colony to Natal were so rapidly and punctually conducted, and that his long overland journey was accomplished at so furious a pace. And now, on the homeward voyage, Captain TABLETON applied every effort so that, notwithstanding the numerous ports at which the frigate was bound to call, and the delays that must ensue in consequence, his Royal charge might still fulfil his promise of reaching Windsor Castle on the appointed day. The run down from Table Bay in the trades to Saint Helena presented no incident of more than the ordinary sort. On the morning of the tenth day the bold, cloud-capped peak of the island was descried on the horizon, and by eleven a.m. the *Euryalus*, under a noble spread of canvas, but with no particular display to indicate that Royalty was on board, made her way into James' Town harbour. The bustling, loyal Saint Helena men were for once in their lives taken fairly by complete surprise. They had been expecting the Prince, indeed, for weeks before, but an arrival of a few days previous assured them that His Royal Highness could not possibly be there for some time to come. His Excellency the Governor was now at Plantation House, a few miles distant, and the Colonial Secretary, as his representative, proceeded on board to receive the Prince, to suggest that the landing should be delayed a little longer than had been contemplated, and to tender, in His Excellency's name, the services of Lieutenant-Colonel KNIFE, Colonial Aide-de-camp, Captain PRILE, Royal Artillery, and Captain TAYLER, Saint Helena Regiment, as Aides-de-camp to His Royal Highness during his stay on the island. The Prince cordially accepted the proffered loyal compliment, though, as the time at his disposal for witnessing the "lions" of the place was to be brief, he preferred disembarking immediately. But in the short interval which did elapse since it was known that the frigate in the roads was Her Majesty's steamer *Euryalus* the aspect of the town was completely transformed as if by sudden magic. The flags and banners, bearing their appropriate mottoes, prepared so long in advance and afterwards laid aside in reserve, were now brought forth, set up on impromptu staffs, and floated picturesquely in the breeze from every edifice in the place; boughs and evergreens, got no one seemed to know from

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whence, were tastefully applied in all directions ; and over the head school of the Island appeared, in conspicuous characters, the graceful, simple salutation, " SALVE " FILII VICTORIÆ."

As the Prince's boat reached the wharf, where a great crowd of the inhabitants had assembled, and where the Saint Helena Regiment were mustered as a guard of honour, His Royal Highness was received by the Chief Justice and the principal officers of the Government and the garrison ; a thundering salute was fired from the battery of the precipitous Ladder Hill ; and having entered the Netherlands Consul's carriage, which was placed there at his disposal, the Prince proceeded onwards to the city, meeting on his route the Volunteer Rifle Company with presented arms, and hailed by enthusiastic cheers from the concourse of people. When near the drawbridge he was met by the Governor, Sir E. DRUMMOND HAY, the Bishop, Dr. CLAUGHTON, and His Excellency's Aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel KNIFE. " Without waiting for the horses to be properly halted His " Royal Highness with one bound vaulted out of the carriage" (as a local writer was careful to observe) "and shook hands with the Governor in the most cordial manner, and after a little " talk they both stepped again into the vehicle and proceeded to the Castle." The sanctioned stay in Saint Helena was limited to that one day, and it was, therefore, of course determined to make the most of it with the least possible waste of time. Accordingly, within a few minutes after the arrival at the Castle a *levée* was announced, at which His Excellency the Governor presented the officers of the Civil Government and of the Volunteer Rifles, as well as the inhabitants ; after which, again, Lieutenant-Colonel BEATTY, Royal Engineer Commandant, presented the officers of the garrison.

At one o'clock the Prince, with Sir DRUMMOND HAY, Major COWELL, and a numerous retinue, set out to visit Longwood, with all its suggestive memories of the First NAPOLEON. On arriving there the scene that presented itself was a widely different one from what it had been but four short years before. Then the house in which the great ex-Emperor lived was in a wretchedly dilapidated plight ; the room in which he had been laid out in state was converted into a barn, filled with heaps of corn, a threshing machine, and other farming implements ; the walls were covered with the unknown names of ambitious aspirants to immortality who had visited the scene ; and the bed-rooms, including that in which NAPOLEON died, had been sacrilegiously transformed into a common stable. As one of the many results, small as well as great, of the recent *entente cordiale* between " the neighbour nations," this disgraceful state of affairs at Saint Helena has ceased to exist. The residence has been restored much after its original fashion and is kept in the

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most perfect order; the grounds around are carefully dressed; and the vacant tomb itself is reverently attended to by Monsieur DE ROUGEMENT, the French official *gardien et conservateur* specially appointed by NAPOLEON III, with the willing consent of Her Majesty's Government. On the arrival of Prince ALFRED here he was received by Mr. N. SOLOMON, the acting Vice-Consul for France, who presented Monsieur DE ROUGEMENT with all fitting ceremony. The young Sailor inspected the house with manifest interest; and the sight as he afterwards gazed upon the empty tomb of the great NAPOLEON was not unworthy to be associated with the still grander historical tableaux of Queen VICTORIA under the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides and of Prince ALBERT EDWARD at American Mount Vernon. Returning from these scenes, the Prince and his suite were entertained by their French host to a sumptuous *déjeuner*, after which the whole party proceeded to James' Town. The next event in the programme of the day was the presentation of new colours to the Saint Helena Regiment. The particulars it is unnecessary to describe in minute detail. The ceremony was conducted with ample success and *éclat*, having the added interest of a solemn consecration of the colours and the men who bore them by the Lord Bishop of the Island. The address of the Prince to the regiment was brief, but frank and hearty, and the response of the commanding officer was in the same appropriate strain. Next His Royal Highness proceeded from the Parade to the Castle, to receive addresses from the inhabitants generally, from the clergy of the place, and from the community of liberated Africans settled on the Island. The address of the inhabitants, which was presented by a deputation, spoke forth in glowing language the undoubted loyalty and the honourable self-exaltation of the enterprising Islanders. We quote the following as a sample of it:

“ For upwards of two centuries this Island has formed a part of the dominions of the British Sovereign; and, though isolated by our natural position, we feel, and exult in feeling, that we form a component portion of an Empire whose glory has never been surpassed and are subjects of a Sovereign who, secure in her People's love, may well be the proudest that ever graced a throne.

“ We regard ourselves as contributing to the strength and security of the British Empire by the advantages with which Nature has endowed our Island. The trade-wind blowing constantly over us, the depth of water and safe anchorage of our harbour, the numerous springs of purest water afforded by our mountain slopes, the fertility of our cultivated valleys,—all these have combined to obtain for our island the title of ‘ The Inn of the Ocean.’

“ Here the tempest-tossed mariner from the East and the soldier enfeebled by the burning clime of India find an agreeable spot for comfort and refreshment; hither the

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“wrecked and destitute have oftentimes fled for aid and shelter, readily accorded; hither the captured African is brought, and his shackles fall as his feet touch our strand, and he is instructed in that service which is ‘perfect freedom.’ The traveller, the man of commerce, and the man of science find here a place of pleasant sojourn; and to such our hospitality is ever most cheerfully extended.

“But never has our welcome been more generally or more spontaneously given than now when we humbly offer it to the first Prince of the Royal Line of England who has ever visited us—Your Royal Highness. For, besides the feeling of loyalty which would lead us to welcome any member of the family of our Gracious Queen, there is that in Your Royal Highness’ adoption of a manly profession which calls forth our hearty admiration towards you personally: we see in this an earnest of England’s stability and power; and we readily endorse the saying used in reference to your Royal ancestor, WILLIAM IV, of gracious memory: ‘Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea, when the humblest stations in her navy are filled by Princes of the blood.’”

His Royal Highness, in his reply, expressed regret that he knew so little of the Island yet, but hoped that in the future exercise of his profession he might have many opportunities of renewing and extending his acquaintance with it.

Next was read, by Bishop CLAUGHTON, the address from himself and his diocesan clergy, which, with appropriate variations, was mainly in the same strain as that from the general community. And finally came the following and the most interesting of all from the liberated Africans, of whom a deputation were there assembled to present it:

“We are glad when we see the Son of our Queen, for we can tell him how happy we are that we are her subjects, and how many blessings we enjoy under her rule. And we hope that Your Royal Highness will tell Her Majesty that we say this, because we know that it is owing to her and her People that we were set free from slavery and delivered from cruel masters, and are now able to get our living by our own labour.

“And we wish to say that we have been taught the good religion, which we believe has both made the English people so strong and caused them to think of us in our land, where we were suffering such cruelty and sorrow.

“And will Your Royal Highness tell the Queen that we have looked upon the face of her Son, and shall not forget him, and that for Her Majesty and her husband and all the Royal Family we shall always pray to GOD through JESUS CHRIST.”

By this time the afternoon was well spent, and shortly after six the Prince, attended as before, set out to the Governor’s country residence at Plantation, where a large company

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had been invited to meet His Royal Highness at dinner. This comfortable and spacious mansion—once the envy of *NAPOLÉON*—is distant some four miles from the town, and is situated in a rich valley, which, with its abundant avenues of oaks and firs, may be considered as the garden of the Island. On the Prince's arrival here the whole of the Saint Helena Militia—infantry and artillery—were mustered and drawn up on the lawn in front. As His Royal Highness approached the infantry presented arms, the artillery fired a salute, and their band played out "God save the Queen,"—for all which marks of loyalty and respect the young Prince warmly complimented the corps and their commanding officers.

While these events were proceeding at Plantation, signals were hoisted from the loftiest signal-hill, conveying the information all over the Island that at nine o'clock His Excellency would give a ball at his town residence in the Castle, and this, according to previous arrangement, was the somewhat novel and peculiar fashion of the invitation. But novel and peculiar though it was, it certainly was perfectly successful; and punctually to the appointed hour the ball-room was amply filled, and dancing was commenced without delay. At a quarter to ten the Prince, with the Governor, arrived from Plantation. The town was brilliantly illuminated in all directions; the streets were filled with cheering Islanders; and at the entrance to the Castle a guard of honour was posted in waiting for the Royal Visitor. But the scene which showed immeasurably finer than any on the Island, and that might well compare with the best of the sort he had seen in Africa, was arranged as he proceeded down the steep slope to the town. The long street through which he passed was lit up with a thousand Chinese lanterns. At a given sign the Great Inclined Plane, or so-called Ladder to the precipitous battery rocks six hundred feet above, was illuminated by chains of blue lights; while innumerable rockets shot up into the sky from the highest summit of the mountain. As the Prince entered the ball-room, dancing, of course, immediately ceased, and, the company rising, the band of the Saint Helena Regiment performed the National Anthem. A few minutes more were spent in receiving and replying to an address from the Masons of the Island; when dancing was again resumed, in which the Prince, like a young sailor as he was, joined with right hearty vigour. But the time fixed for embarkation was drawing rapidly nigh; and at a quarter to twelve His Royal Highness left the ball-room, leading Lady *DRUMMOND HAY* on his arm—the band, meanwhile, again striking up "God save the Queen." From the ball-room to the wharf the distance was short, and, accompanied by the Governor and a numerous staff, he arrived there within a few minutes after midnight. Approaching the landing-place, he was lighted to the jetty by blue lights, and while he bade a cordial farewell to Sir *DRUMMOND HAY* and his immediate friends, the assembled crowd

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cheered vehemently. As, in the dense darkness, the boat rowed slowly off from the Old Rock, loud, loyal cheers for the Prince and for the Queen followed it across the waters, and within a few minutes more the Royal Mid was again on board the *Euryalus*, and early next morning the frigate was bowling with a fair breeze on her way northward.

The rest of this narrative must be briefly told. On the 4th of October the ship reached Ascension, and remained there only long enough to allow the Prince to have a passing sight at the cindery island, and witness, as luck would have it, the Wide-awake Fair, which was being held that day. Within six days more the *Euryalus* sighted Sierra Leone, and anchored in the open harbour of Free Town. The town was decorated to the full with evergreens and banners of infinite variety of fashion, but all, the indications of undoubted loyalty; and at four p.m. every preparation had been made for the landing of the Prince. He was met on the wharf by the Governor of the Colony, the members of the Council, the officers of the garrison, and the clergy of all denominations, while the troops were drawn up, of course, as a guard of honour. The whole way from the landing to Government House was lined in double rows with the children of the various schools, to the number of a thousand. They were all clad in white surplices, which, with the contrasted colour of the nigger faces, presented a peculiarly picturesque appearance; and as His Royal Highness passed along they sang the National Anthem with most pleasantly musical effect. After his arrival at Government House a party of liberated Africans and their descendants presented an address, thanking the Prince, and through him the Queen, for the deep interest taken by England in the suppression of the slave-trade; and, as a still more substantial token of their gratitude, a box was offered to His Royal Highness containing one hundred pounds' worth of native African gold. This, however, was respectfully declined, and instead of it the Prince accepted a gold ring as a *souvenir* of his visit to Sierra Leone. A series of presentations succeeded of various dignitaries, among whom were not fewer than twenty-four West African "kings" and "princes." In the afternoon a regatta was held in the bay, which was followed by a ball ashore. This latter, however, the Prince was unable to attend; and in obedience to orders he proceeded on board his ship, accompanied by the Governor and a staff of officials.

From Sierra Leone the *Euryalus* shaped her course for the Azores, and touched at Fayal on the 28th, to take in a fresh supply of coals. The day before her arrival there the Prince had met with a slight accident that prevented his going ashore and accepting the generous hospitalities which the Portuguese authorities were prepared to present to him. The Governor, however, and his staff proceeded on board, and showed the young

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British Prince every attention in their power. From Fayal the frigate steered straight, of course, for England—only a few days and probably very few hundred miles in advance of the Royal squadron bearing the Prince of WALES and his suite on their return voyage from America. The *Euryalus*, however, was more fortunate than the unwieldy *Hero*; and, though she met precisely the same strong easterly gales on entering the Channel, she steamed steadily against them, and arrived in Plymouth Sound punctually on the morning of the appointed day. From the *Euryalus* His Royal Highness, accompanied by Major COWELL and Captain TARLETON, C.B., proceeded to Mount Wise in the steam-tender *Aton*, and was there received with all fitting welcome by the Port Admiral, the General in command, and their respective staffs. After a brief stay at the Admiralty House, the young Prince, anxious to join the Royal Family circle on this his elder Brother's birthday as speedily as possible, proceeded to the South Devon Railway station, where the officers of the Company were in waiting, and where a detachment of the 61st Regiment was drawn up as a guard of honour. The State railway carriage stationed there for the reception of the Prince of WALES on his expected return, was placed at the disposal of Prince ALFRED, who, however, declined to avail himself of honours not peculiarly his own, and with a sailor's ready frankness selected an ordinary passenger carriage in preference. The train started at 10.40 a.m., and before nightfall Prince ALFRED, with his Governor, Major COWELL, and his Commander, Captain TARLETON, was once more at home within the old walls of Windsor Castle.



APPENDIX.

[FROM THE "CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE."]



"The pedant who said of HOMER, 'What does he prove?' spoke as if deputed by a respectable community of our fellow-creatures called Practical Men. They demand a reason for our emotions, and have no great esteem for a joy that cannot give an account of itself. The presence of the Queen's second son, a lad of fifteen or thereabout, inspired universal gladness over all South Africa for several weeks. Private griefs and public discontents were left locked up with our other household gods—by the hearth, in the shop, or in the counting-house—while the human race, in person, crowded the streets and squares of cities, the roads and waysides in the country, to see a quiet, modest-looking young gentleman ride peaceably along on a pony. Shouts, spontaneous and natural as the sound of a long wave on a winding shore, rose from earth to sky as he advanced. There was a visible softening of features, a sort of melting of heart, as when a sentiment of tenderness takes by surprise. The voice said welcome, but the eye said more. It can be proved, if needful, that bearded men and beautiful women shed tears, for no reason they could think of but that they could not help it. Nature triumphed over self-esteem. It was as near an approach to childishness as we are often permitted to enjoy in our mortal state,—after we have been turned into men and women for agricultural, commercial, and political services, to be rewarded, if we behave well, by restoration to perfect childhood. It proved that the kingdom of heaven is still within us, and that in due time we may again enjoy it, if we do not, like JAMES II, endeavour to subvert our constitution by breaking the original contract between sense and imagination, and, by the advice of arithmeticians and other wicked persons, violate the fundamental laws of love and fancy, thereby abdicating the government, and leaving the throne vacant for Mammon.

"But what good came of it at last? The boy is a subject like ourselves, simply a midshipman, under tutors and guardians, lieutenants and captains. Of himself he could do nothing, give nothing, promise nothing. Sir GEORGE GREY, who rode by his side, represents the QUEEN. Prince ALFRED only reminds us of the MOTHER. In the grand old times he would have stood behind Sir GEORGE's chair at banquets, with a platter in his



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hand and a towel over his arm. Yet so little given to refinements is true loyalty that the presence of Majesty itself could not have drawn to one point more fixedly the eyes of immense multitudes, from day to day, or satisfied their affections more genially, than did the young face of this child whom the Queen is known to love. When the people of the Cape, therefore, were presented to him, one by one,—when he cast the first rock into the sea as the commencement of the great work in Table Bay,—when he laid the first stone of the Sailors' Home,—when he opened the new Library and Museum in Cape Town, fresh interest was awakened to these useful and ennobling undertakings, and public confidence and public liberality were more strongly directed to them. In his extensive tour from Port Elizabeth to Natal, accompanied by a Governor in whom colonists and natives equally confide, the same respect and the same affectionate regard to the Queen's Son was expressed by every demonstration that could evince sincerity or make the intended impression lasting. The two British colonies, the Free State, the numerous dependent and independent Tribes, by the voice of their chiefs and assembled peoples, uttered without concert the same sentiment of profound veneration for the Sovereign whom Divine Providence has made the chief representative and protector of human liberty, public morals, and domestic and personal virtue on earth. The Prince's visit was not the cause; it was only the first occasion on which this universal sentiment could be, as it were, simultaneously expressed in this part of the world. But the simultaneous expression of a sentiment that has been silently growing and maturing for years gives it body and strength. For the first time these varied nations felt the influence of the same idea at the same moment, and became conscious of a relationship to each other by relationship to the same person—a bond of union of great efficacy in human affairs. Force may appear to govern the world, but force is only the servant of ideas. A universal idea is supreme power. Placing all our recent proceedings together in this light, we consider the visit of Prince ALFRED as a great event, the first that can be properly characterized as a South African event, the first occasion in which the whole populations of this vast region, from the Cape promontory to Natal, acknowledged the moral influence of one sentiment, and were ready to act in one cause. And what was that cause? It seems to us, recalling every expression by word or outward show, that the cause all had at heart, consciously or unconsciously, was the cultivation of peace and good-will. Peace between states, however diverse in manners, customs, language, and race; good-will and mutual regard between all classes of society in the separate states. The tendency of this sentiment to promote civilization, where it is still but in the germ or in the blade, to cherish and complete where it has approached the highest elevation yet known, is as clear as its power to accomplish this



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desire of all good men and lovers of their kind is manifest from its nature as well as from the recorded course of human improvement. If the occasion we speak of did no more than bring to proof the fact that a moral union between elements so long hostile is possible, that they already yield to sympathy by a common attraction towards one example of great power and great purity made visible in a woman, a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a Queen,—if this were all, the good that has come of it already satisfies the mind, the good that may naturally flow from it grows larger and brighter, the more steadily we direct the light of experience on the future progress of our people. We permit this hope to settle, because the example brought before all eyes is that of a mortal creature like themselves, and, therefore, not beyond imitation. Every grace that sanctifies the throne of VICTORIA may be planted in every dwelling and brighten every hearth. All is natural; all is human. The greatness of the empire of which she is the head takes nothing from the simplicity of the expression, but adds immensely to its effect. Her crown is the symbol of combined power in two hundred millions of mankind, a fifth part of the living race. From the centre to the utmost verge of this great dominion, liberty and lawful authority protect all the rights of man. No slave crouches beneath her sceptre. Nowhere may violence reap the harvest of industry; as much as human genius aided by Divine revelation has invented the means, as far as human strength is able to wield them, there is no wrong without a remedy. It is to this sublime mechanism of justice, singular in its magnitude and completeness on earth, that reason and feeling pour the full tribute of loyalty. In this sentiment the Sovereign sympathizes with the people, and is loyal to the law that looks with equal firmness on the palace and the cottage, careful of weakness and jealous of power. To bring this exhibition of personal and regal dignity near the mind's eye, to secure its hold on memory by the warm colouring of private affection, is the real meaning and value of this Prince's visit. It was the Mother in the Son, the Queen in the Mother, and the empire of liberty and justice in the Queen, that swayed the multitudes not the less certainly that no such thoughts may have occurred at the moment.

“The visit was well-timed. The revolutions in our social policy had been fully accomplished. Sufficient experience had reconciled freedom and authority, race with race, and all conditions of life with each other. The genius of liberty was maturing its natural fruits. Great public works of manifest utility were in progress; the schools and churches everywhere manifested regard to the moral wants of our nature, and literature and the fine arts were taking their due place in the public mind. A period of profound peace had brought the tribes of the interior within the influences of law and religion, with the fairest prospect we had yet seen of a permanent settlement on principles of

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justice and forbearance. As the presence of Queen VICTORIA'S Son will draw the attention of all the world for nine days to the Cape of Good Hope, of whose present state little could be known, we are glad we had such a picture to present to them. It is a strong contrast to what they have too long had to contemplate with pain, and differs as much from the Cape of BARROW and BIRD as the England of VICTORIA from the England of the PLANTAGENETS, or even of WILLIAM the Conqueror. The reception accorded to the Prince, the same in spirit everywhere, was sufficiently varied to prove its independent and indigenous growth in every locality. It was, without a single exception, hearty and appropriate, from the blaze of the festal city and decorated ball-rooms to the farmer's fireside and the fragile huts of the Kafir or Basuto. The story of this Royal Progress as given by the Colonial Press,—itself the most characteristic feature to the thoughtful,—will bring the Cape more distinctly before the public mind in England and elsewhere than could any volumes of minute description. Endeavouring to look at it from that distant point of view, we feel that the impression will be highly favourable. Indirect evidence as to the real state of a country thus obtained is by far the most satisfactory and convincing. The witnesses as well as the actors are thrown off their guard, and reveal their own character, which is the very thing we want to know. The impression on the mind of Prince ALFRED is well known, but, considering his youth, it is hardly a fit subject for discourse, at least, in this place. He will recall the warm-hearted welcome of South Africa with more and more emotion as the hard material with which manhood has to deal tells him that this world was not made for man but man for it. Man was originally placed in a garden to keep it and to dress it; he has now to labour in a field of thorns and briers. The Prince will be remembered here with real affection. He was happy in so kind a mentor as Sir GEORGE GREY, and his own demeanour on all occasions became his age, birth, and rank.

“ We say little on this occasion, because every one of our readers has already said ten times more to himself than we have room for, and we would not encroach on the proper field of newspapers that have done their own duty in this case to the admiration of all. We had nearly said ‘of all hero-worshippers,’ but this was no ‘hero-worship,’ whether that phrase means a superstition or a religion. Prince ALFRED has a character to make, and simply reminded us of the Queen. The Queen, thank heaven, is not a heroine, but the pure and spotless representative of the grand idea we have formed of a mighty empire, the chosen abode of liberty. The people could thus give full play to their feelings without compromising self-respect. Their congratulations were expressions of friendship, not of prostration. It may be admitted, however, that in any government but that of England the excellent

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qualities of the present Sovereign might endanger liberty. For there is truth in what Monsieur DE LA BRUYERE has said, that 'the commonalty are so blindly prepossessed in favour of the great, so naturally taken with their behaviour and looks, their voice, and manners, that, *would they take it into their heads to be good*, this prepossession would grow to idolatry.'

[FROM THE "CAPE MONITOR."]

"The reception of England's Sailor Prince by the colonists of the Cape of Good Hope on Wednesday last was all that the most sanguine could have desired. The weather seemed designed expressly for the occasion. Our mid-winter's sun shone forth with all the brightness of an English summer; and, though the trees were leafless, the fields and mountains were green, and our magnificent battlement of hills stood forth in all their grand and rugged beauty. The loyal enthusiasm of the inhabitants of low degree and high alike—of home-born Englishmen, of colonists of ancient European ancestry, or of the swarthy sons of Africa herself—was as warm and ardent as ever greeted the ear of Royalty in London, Osborne, or Balmoral. As the Royal Sailor rode up the crowded streets every man and woman who beheld his right manly but most modest bearing felt that before them was a worthy representative of his Royal Mother. And with the affections stirred towards the youthful Visitor himself were mingled the fervent homage and devotion cherished by every British subject throughout Britain's wide dominions towards the Lady of whom the laureate has sung with deeper truth than most laureates who went before :

"She wrought her people lasting good ;
Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as MOTHER, WIFE, and QUEEN."

Here at the remotest extremity of Africa, as in the centre of the Empire, that reverence is profoundly felt. VICTORIA to us, as to our countrymen at home, is no mere abstraction or eidolon. Her queenly deeds and womanly virtues are even here familiar as household words. And with all these have become associated the grandeur of her reign and the proud pre-eminence of her sceptre among the nations of the earth. The Lady who dispenses her generous bounty and performs her unostentatious acts of charity among the humble and

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the poor of Osborne and Balmoral is recognized with pride as the worthy upholder of the glories of ELIZABETH and far more than the refinement of the Augustan era of Queen ANNE. Through the multitudes who thronged our streets on Wednesday a common sentiment such as we have described prevailed; and it did equal honour to the people themselves and to the Princely Youth who was the immediate object of it. To Sir GEORGE GREY the reception of our Royal Guest was evidently peculiarly gratifying, for it more than realized the expectations entertained by him when he besought the Queen for the high honour she has conferred on us. To the Visitor himself, not merely from the manifest cordiality of the demonstration, but from the novelty of the whole scene, it must have given a special pleasure, such as may probably never be effaced from his memory. And the intelligence that will reach the Castle of Balmoral by next month's mail will be welcomed not only by the Mother, rejoicing at the honours bestowed on her Sailor Son, but by the Queen, gratified that the subjects of diverse races and varying nationalities in distant lands cling with reverence to her unshaken throne, broad-based as it is 'upon her people's will, and compassed by the inviolate sea.'"

[FROM THE "SOUTH AFRICAN ADVERTISER AND MAIL."]

"Our monthly summary for the English mail will this time be almost exclusively devoted to a record of all the events of the visit of His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED to our shores. Politics and even business have given way before the all-absorbing interest of this event. But let no one say that our time has been misspent, because we have turned aside for a while from the cares and toils of our daily life to rejoice and be merry, to feast and welcome our Royal Guest. More good has been done to the colony by His Royal Highness' presence than by the best-laid commercial schemes ever devised by a mercantile body. From the day when the Prince first set foot on our shores up to the moment of his departure, which will take place to-day, he has received ovations from every class and section of our motley and widely-scattered population. No triumph was ever more complete than has been his over the hearts of all who have come into contact with him, and it was truly said by the Governor, Sir GEORGE GREY, at the ball-supper the other night, that 'in the cottage of the Boer, in the wilds of South Africa, the remembrance of the Prince will live for ever,—in the huts of the Kafirs it will often be repeated,—in the mountains of the

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Basutos the echoes will never die out.' And is all this of no avail? Is all this attachment to a young lad worth nothing? Is it not rather an earnest of the deep feeling of respect and loyalty to Great Britain's Queen which lurks even in the breast of the half savages, who scarcely knew till now whether her very existence was not a myth. True, there was the great and mysterious name at which they trembled, but was it *only* a name, or was it really the name of a woman, a wife, a mother, as well as a monarch? The question is answered to them now, for with their eyes they have beheld her living Son, and the fair young face has won their savage hearts so completely that it may fairly be doubted whether Prince ALFRED could be in more perfect safety in any portion of his Royal Mother's dominions, at this very moment, than among the wild tribes of the Basutos and Kafirs.

"Not alone among the coloured races has the Prince won love and attachment. Of our white population perhaps two thirds are not of English descent, and although of various races—French, Dutch, and Portuguese—they are commonly classed together as Dutch Boers. In truth, they differ vastly from the Dutch of Holland in their personal appearance, their names, their mode of life, and even their pursuits; but they have all lost the traces of their original parentage and become alike in their resemblance to each other, so that a traveller could never know by language or habits whether the Boer who entertained him was of Dutch or French extraction, though of course his name might afford a clue, and occasionally some peculiarities of features also. It is useless to disguise the fact that they were not considered, as a body, thoroughly attached to the British rule. Nor was it unnatural that a people should feel some mistrust and some dislike of a rule which recorded the defeat of their forefathers, and the tendency of which was gradually to root out the language and the customs to which they have so long been wedded. It takes longer than fifty years, in a country so sparsely populated as this, to eradicate such sentiments; but it may be and will be done gradually. We think the English Government is fairly entitled to praise for contributing to this, because it can only have been produced by kind, just, and wise conduct on their part. That which Englishmen most glory in is the fact that all people who have once tasted of their free and liberal institutions become deeply attached to them, and find them in the end so essential to their happiness that they will fight to the last drop of their blood to maintain them intact. It was this feeling which gained America her independence, and it was the forgetfulness of this feeling that thus lost England the splendid colonies which now constitute the United States. Gradually the love of our free institutions is growing; taking deep root among the Boer population, especially and naturally since a local Parliament has been granted to the colony. But this feeling, which is the sure

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forerunner of loyalty, has now received an impetus which years could not otherwise have given to it. The Prince's visit has made wavering hearts firm in their attachment to our monarchy, by showing how a Queen can sympathize with the humblest and remotest of her subjects, and how she concerns herself in all that contributes to the welfare and happiness of her people, no matter from what race they spring."

"To be received with gaudy and clamorous honours is not an uncommon experience for persons of Royal rank. The first great demonstration of the kind which they meet with will always, however, be recalled with higher interest. It inaugurates Royal life; and is of necessity the origin of new thoughts and new realizations. This 'coming-out' has been to the Prince, we may well conclude, in the highest degree interesting and instructive. All along there has been nothing of the heartless officiousness of drilled mobs, armed or unarmed. In the modes of his reception much has been unique, as well as stately. All, however, has been full of hearty and kindly enthusiasm, as a free-will offering of reverence from an intelligent and cultivated people. The Prince will not fail to contrast it with what he has seen, or may see, of the spirit and demeanour of other nations, where liberty is trammelled and where intellect is loaded down under despotism.

"We in this country have learnt to know better, and to esteem more highly, our position in the Empire. It is a revelation to us of a deeper interest being felt in us than we anticipated. Though arrangements in regard to our relations with Great Britain are not practically what they ought to be, we receive encouragement to expect reform in that regard. Our condition is being brought before the world truly as it is, and therefore not unfavourably; and we may be sure that additional weight will in the future be attached to any representations we may be called upon to make. Our own feelings of interest in the empire are deepened and refreshed, as we discern ourselves to be more distinctly included within the kindly bonds of national union.

"The influence of this visit on all surrounding communities, whether white or coloured, will be greatly beneficial. There has been not only before them an impressive exhibition of power, but they also will receive the same resulting impression of national unity to which we have alluded; and will understand more clearly that, in dealing with us in any wild or hostile spirit, they touch the sensitive organ of an authority wakeful and overwhelming. The letter of SANDILLI, given elsewhere, indicates the kind of impression which those incidents are fitted to make."

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[FROM THE "CAPE ARGUS."]

"The visit of the first of the Royal Family of England who has set foot in South Africa is over. The one absorbing circumstance which has for so long a time, and to the exclusion of more material considerations, engrossed the attention and interest of a large and varied population will soon be numbered among the things that are past. It only remains for us to play out the concluding act: to say farewell in a spirit as cordial, in a manner as becoming, as that which has characterized the welcome and the reception; and to express the earnest hope that this his first visit to a distant dependency of the British Crown may be recalled in after years with such feelings as shall serve to rivet another link in the chain which binds our mother country to her offspring nations. If a welcome, rough, perhaps, but thoroughly hearty, can win for us a place in the memory of our Royal Visitor, we may hope not to be soon forgotten. If a triumphal progress of a thousand miles—if a series of ovations, the more flattering from the very simplicity of their details, have not failed to produce their natural impression upon a young and fresh heart, we may venture to assure ourselves that the South African colonists will be remembered with kindly feelings amid more brilliant scenes, and in the more stirring incidents of a life destined to be passed in the high places of the earth. We can but say that, if he retain in only a faint measure the warm emotions with which his name will be cherished by ourselves and by our children, there will be a bond of union between us strong as a three-fold cord. He may rest assured that by the present generation he will never be forgotten; and that his name will be as a household word to the generation to come.

"But while the visit and the circumstances of interest which have attended it are yet before us, while the feelings which have been excited by it have as yet lost none of their first freshness, we would endeavour to seize upon some of the thoughts which have floated across the minds of most men during the last few months, and give them form and expression. What have we been doing during all the excitement and unwonted disturbances of these weeks past; to what purpose have we put ourselves to trouble not often willingly incurred, and lavished money not easily earned and not parted with, usually, without reluctance? The more reflective portion of this community, who are out of the influence of balls and hunting-parties, triumphal arches and fireworks,—the more grave and sedate, by years or position, upon whom will fall the principal burden of the hospitable exertions which have been made, have their own ideas on all these subjects, apart from the ordinary excitement by which all are alike affected. Elderly gentlemen do not abandon all that long habit and the advancement of material interests have made the familiar customs of their life, and devote

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themselves with youthful energy to the unwonted tasks of decorating ball-rooms and marshalling processions, merely because they are carried away by the holiday humour of the day. Dignified officials do not assume the careless ease and merriment of youth, and affect, with as good grace as they may, to enter into the jokes and frolics of boyhood, merely for the sake of enlivening the holiday excursion of a lad of sixteen, even though he be a scion of an ancient and Royal House, and the Son of our Queen. Something more than the ordinary impulses which move men has been among us, to elicit a spirit which is not usual with our community; something more than the mere striving after petty self-interest or the pursuit of pleasure. Long before the pleasant boyish face and kind eyes had appealed to our hearts, there were feelings at work which invested his coming among us with a deep interest, which none, perhaps, not circumstanced as we are could fully realize. It needs a long residence in a remote dependency, a clinging, yearning love for the land of one's birth, a deep and keen sense of all her greatness and nobleness; it needs to know something of what it is to labour to implant the first seeds, and cherish the first feeble growth of national worth; it needs to feel what it is to have left behind the time-honoured institutions, the historical associations, the wide-spread and deep-rooted principles which are the pride of our nation, in order to appreciate at its full value any tie which seems to draw us somewhat nearer to "Home." There was not an Englishman, we venture to say, who did not feel his heart strangely moved, albeit unused to the melting mood, as he looked at the young Son of his Queen, round whom cling some of the strongest and best feelings of his nature,—his pride of nationality, his Saxon love of law and order, his chivalrous sense of loyalty. His lot may have been cast in a distant nook of a distant land. He may have formed ties which do not speak to him of his early home. He may have used, long and familiarly, a tongue which was not his mother's. But he has never ceased to be an Englishman, though the scenes of childhood may have waned dim and faint. His Queen is something more to him than a mere abstract idea,—the realization of a political principle. England is still spoken of fondly as 'Home,' and his Queen is to him the centre and embodiment of all that is English.

"In this respect, there could scarcely fail to be some want of sympathy and thorough understanding between the English settler and the colonist of foreign extraction. It is not unnatural that a people of alien race, transferred, by no act and by no consent of their own, to a new allegiance, should feel themselves unable to conceive, at once, all that glowing personal affection for their new rulers which can only be the growth of personal acquaintance and the interchange of mutual ties through many generations. Loyalty and devotion cannot be passed from hand to hand, or regulated by treaties and charters. It is enough if a people

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so disposed of submit without positive opposition to such an alienation, and manifest a readiness to adapt themselves to their altered circumstances. More than this can hardly be expected. And, to say truth, there have not been wanting occasions on which the easy yoke of Old England has pressed a little heavily on the Cape colonists. It may be a yoke of the very best construction, but it cannot be denied that it will sometimes gall a neck that is not accustomed to it. And thus it is that, through the existence of certain undeniable grounds of complaint, and the inevitable absence of that entire cordiality of feeling which can be the property of born subjects only, there has remained, even to the present day, a certain little difference, rather felt than expressed, between the colonists of diverse origin. Much of this has already faded away before the rapidly-spreading knowledge of English habits and language. This Royal Visit will go very far to scatter to the winds all that is left. The two races have now a feeling in common, which was wanting to them before. Englishmen and Dutchmen have combined to do honour to their common Queen, in the person of her Son. To Englishmen and to Dutchmen, without a shadow of distinction, has been conceded the honour of personal intercourse with the Son of their Sovereign. The Englishman has marked with gratification the hearty and cordial expression of loyalty on the part of those who are bound by no hereditary ties. The Dutchman feels that, at such a time, his own homage is accepted as freely and as graciously as that of the subject-born, while he has more than shared with him the marks of honour and attention which have been so freely bestowed during the Royal visit.

“ But the important results which may be expected to follow from this auspicious visit are not confined to the varied people of this wide colony. And, indeed, the most interesting features of the visit are not those which have reference to the civilized portion of the community. The South African colonies can hardly become a great nation. Too many of the essentials to greatness are wanting. We have no coal, nor iron, nor timber, nor navigable rivers, nor harbours. But these colonies are of incalculable importance as an English stronghold in the Southern hemisphere, and they form a *point d'appui* through which to influence a very large portion of this continent. A growing English nation, occupying a firm position at the extremity of Africa, in a climate favourable to Europeans, and possessing many of the qualities and institutions which have raised the mother country to greatness, must exercise an untold influence on native tribes to a greater distance than we can readily conceive. Already there are native nations but a little beyond our borders which exhibit a remarkable power of organization and readiness to adopt, as far as may be, our systems. And it is in its effect upon these nations, semi-barbarous it may be, but closely

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bound up with ourselves for good or for evil, that we must judge of the importance of the event which we have been engaged in celebrating.

“ The characteristics of the half savage are an intense realization of what is present and patent, and an incapacity to comprehend what is remote, and only to be arrived at by process of reasoning. Hence his cupidity, improvidence, and superstition. Hence the necessity of keeping ever before him some check to rapacity and disorder more powerful than the inducement offered by material comfort and advantage. And hence the necessity of dealing with him always in a spirit of justice and equity, but with strictness amounting almost to severity. There is no greater error than to suppose that a half savage is to be won over by what we are accustomed to regard as kindness; that we should look with a lenient eye upon his transgressions. His keen perceptions are not balanced by corresponding moral capabilities, and he can only see in every act of concession a token of weakness. Even punishment for a fault does not avail to prevent its repetition as soon as diminished vigilance seems to afford a fitting opportunity. It is needless to say that the vacillating policy, if it may be called by so dignified a name, which was pursued for a quarter of a century with regard to the savage enemy on our own frontier has had the effect of retaining unsubdued the propensities of his nature, at a vast cost of blood and treasure. More than this. It has taught our semi-barbarous neighbours to disbelieve the existence of a Great Power acting towards them with steady unity of purpose and with force irresistible. They have been led to look at the Governor of the day as the supreme power, and to set their own cunning against his personal address and ability. The visit of Prince ALFRED has given them the clearest idea they can have yet formed of the greatness of the country with which they have come into contact; and this in a manner peculiarly characteristic. With the simple ideas natural to their habits of life and thought, they invested the expected Visitor with all that they regard as belonging to a great chief. The son of the Great Queen of England, in whose train even the Governor himself will ride, to whom the officers whom he has bound to fear and obey will render respectful homage, must needs be a great warrior. He lives in one of those terrible steam-ships which appear, as by magic, at some bay along the coast, and discharge soldiers and horses, arms and ammunition; he must be one before whom men tremble and are afraid. The exclamation of one of a wild, half-clad multitude as the young Prince approached them, surrounded by the greatest in the land, and attended by crowds of armed horsemen, will best convey the impression made upon them by his actual appearance—‘ If this is done for a child, what would be done for a man ?’

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“ It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of this visit, in a political point of view, to the native nations with whom we are in contact. No less occasion, probably, would have prevailed upon the wise old Chieftain MOSHESH to cross the boundaries of his territory and meet Sir GEORGE GREY in person; and none can tell the influence which such an interview may exercise upon a leader whose friendship we are bound by so many obligations to conciliate.

“ No spell less potent could have wrought with SANDILLI to place himself in the power of a man who, whatever else he may have done, can hardly be said to have established a claim to the affection and confidence of the wily Gaika Chieftain. The beneficial result of these occurrences will not be confined to the obvious good effect to be produced on the minds of the men themselves who have been the witnesses of some fragments of England's greatness and power. Whole races of the native dwellers on this continent will learn that these settlements are not detached and isolated dependencies of the Empire. They will learn that the strongest and most assured guarantee has been given them that they form an integral and essential portion of the British nation, in this visit of a young Prince of the Blood, who has been intrusted to our loyal hospitality by his Queen-Mother. We cannot tell to what remote tribes the tidings of this most auspicious visit may be borne, or how far into the centre of this mighty continent the name of England may be heard with respect and honour.

“ To Sir GEORGE GREY this high mark of his Sovereign's confidence cannot but be deeply gratifying. It is the crowning piece of that good fortune which has distinguished His Excellency's administration of the affairs of this colony, and which we hope will attend him to the end of his career.

“ Once more, in all loving and respectful loyalty, we bid our Royal Visitor—Farewell. If he does but feel a fraction of the tender interest with which all classes, all creeds, and colours of the varied population of these colonies will never cease to regard him, we shall be happy in having secured the object of our warmest wishes. Every step in his progress in the noble career before him will be watched with an affectionate solicitude, of which he can know nothing, by thousands and tens of thousands to whom he has become endeared, without any act or consciousness of his own.

“ If anything could have served to attach us in closer bonds to the great nation of which we are proud to form a part, and to the Sovereign who now reigns in such glory and prosperity, it would have been this touching token of Her Majesty's confidence and good-will. In the young Prince, who has been confided to us for a time, we have recognized, with grateful pride, a model of all that we fondly regard as the characteristics

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of the youth of England,—a frank, high-spirited, amiable, courteous young gentleman, the child of one of the best ordered and happiest of the favoured homes of England, the inheritor of the many great and good qualities which adorn his Illustrious Parentage.”

[FROM THE “ZUID-AFRIKAAN.”]

“Since the moment that Prince ALFRED set his foot on our shores there has been no intermission in the demonstrations of loyalty that are still keeping the colony in a stir. ‘Deeply revolving these things in our minds,’ as Lord BROUGHAM used to say, in imitation of CICERO, it has occurred to us as well as to others to ask—what is loyalty?

“Where grows, where grows it not? If vain our toil,
Ought we to blame the culture or the soil?”

Loi is the French for law, and it is not so very long ago that the will of the sovereign was the law of the land throughout the civilized world. Hence, loyalty came to signify a dutiful disposition towards the sovereign, a generous attachment and devotedness to the power that sways the sceptre. And, whatever Red Republicans may say to the contrary, this is a natural feeling. Were it otherwise it could not be so popular all over the world. Wicked and unjust princes have had loyal subjects, and though the divine right of kings is a notion pretty well exploded, there is yet an instinctive belief in the heart of man that those who sit in high places sit there by a dispensation of Providence, and that nothing but extreme provocation, obstinately persisted in, can be admitted as an excuse for disloyalty. It is true that loyalty is no more so cheap as it used to be. The eyes of the nations have been opened to the truth that, if subjects have duties they have also rights; and the time is fast approaching when none but constitutional monarchs shall be able to boast of loyal subjects. In former centuries (and it is yet so in Russia, where the rugged inhabitant of Siberia never mentions the Czar without doffing his bear-skin cap) people revered sovereignty as an institution, without any reference to the personal merit of the sovereign. As we draw nearer to the present time, we notice a more rational attachment to the monarch, an attachment inspired not so much by absolute excellence as by those qualities which have the strongest hold on the affections of their people respectively. NAPOLEON I, though an intruder on the throne, had loyal subjects, for he had given the French, what they value above all, military glory; the King of Holland, though not the most amiable of monarchs, has loyal subjects, in the first place because, as a constitutional monarch, he can do no harm, and because the House

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of Orange is for ever associated with the most glorious period of Dutch history. The Queen of England has loyal subjects, not only as a constitutional monarch, but also for those lady-like accomplishments, and still more for those domestic virtues, by which, even if she were divested of the *prestige* of Royalty, she would command the admiration and esteem of her countrymen. The loyalty of the Frenchman is enthusiastic and effervescent, like his *champagne mousseux*; that of the Dutchman is of a more sedate and perhaps a more faithful character, not so readily transferred from one object to another; but the loyalty of the Englishman springs directly from the heart, because it has its root in his nationality. He has formed to himself the *beau ideal* of female excellence, combining the virtues of private life with the majestic graces of Royalty, and he is proud to see all that realized in the person of his Queen. Unconsciously our thoughts have taken a wide sweep, and as they revert to this colony the question presents itself—What is loyalty at the Cape? The British-born colonist may share the loyalty of his more favoured countryman who lives in the land of his forefathers; but even he cannot help feeling that, as a colonist, he is not altogether what he would have been at home: even with his best intentions he cannot fully sympathize with those among whom he has cast his lot. And what shall we say of the descendants of those whose parents lived under the Dutch flag, and of the alien, destitute of political privileges, the stranger that lives in our gates,—can they be expected to be loyal? All but the aliens enjoy equality of rights with the English, and owe a debt of gratitude to the Queen for the liberal Constitution so recently granted to this colony. We acknowledge that obligation, and as orphans are attached with something like filial sentiments to those by whom they are kindly treated, because filial love is one of the wants of nature, so we can feel for our gracious Sovereign,—and it is but natural that we should share to some extent the enthusiasm of our English fellow-colonists, at a time when this colony is honoured by a visit of one of the Royal Family. To a pensive mind there is always something interesting in a promising youth of comely presence; but when that youth is a Sovereign's Son, and that Sovereign the Queen of England, he must be a cynic who can say that he is just a boy like any other. It is no impossible contingency that the destinies of the British Empire may once be intrusted to his hands; and if ever he should experience the truth of the saying,—

“‘Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,’

may his thoughts recur with pleasure to the days of boyhood, and may he solace himself with the recollection of the warm-hearted reception that he met with in this remote corner of South Africa.”

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[FROM "HET VOLKSBLAD."]

"Yesterday was a day of universal rejoicing in Cape Town and its vicinity, for no better reason, it might seem at first sight, than the arrival of a youth, scarcely yet approaching manhood, on a temporary visit to the Governor and the colony. Yet there is a great deal in this visit. Loyalty used to mean, in former days, attachment to one of two or more families who contended for regal rights. The dispersed or secret adherents of a fugitive Prince prayed earnestly for the restoration of the divine authority by which it was supposed that sovereigns were to reign. Modern loyalty is of a different character, and is less chargeable with hypocrisy when its object is not the claimant of a throne *de jure* but the occupant *de facto*. The Queen of England certainly may ask our allegiance by right of her legal occupancy of the position of first personage in the Empire. But society has so far changed, that very different feelings are entertained regarding the true nature of loyalty; and that little weight would now be attached to the cheers of the multitude, if they were construed as merely asserting that Her Majesty was rightfully the Sovereign, and that the claims of all other persons were denied. Time was when this was nearly all that could be said for British Sovereigns. But now the affectionate respect shown the Queen's Son means a recognition of her influence over her subjects, and her authority within the Empire, of a far higher character. Her Majesty is now thought of no longer alone as the first political personage in her dominions. The virtues which adorn her domestic life, the qualification to be in reality, and not alone in legal rank, 'the first gentleman in England,' which the Prince Consort has shown, and the happy promise of their children, educated to a knowledge and appreciation of their high responsibilities—these have made the Queen's family an object of pride throughout her Empire. The public rejoicings, therefore, and the anxiety exhibited to satisfy the Prince of the affection of the Queen's people for all that are dear to herself, is matter of no wonder. Stolid though we may sometimes be, and perhaps a little republican at bottom in our sentiments,—Dutchmen and the descendants of Dutchmen have some appreciation of personal goodness. And they feel that vast influences for good are exercised among a people when its most influential household is an example to all others of the brightest virtues of Christianity.

"But we have more to acknowledge in a Son of England than the personal virtues of his Royal Parents. A colony such as ours, which has seen so much social change during the last fifty years, may well reflect on the great advantages which have resulted to us from our union with the nation itself,—one of whose Royal Princes is now in our midst. If we have attained the cherished constitutional rights of Englishmen; if the birthrights of

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Englishmen have become ours too ; let us remember that even these constitutional rights have attained a very different significance in England since the Queen ascended her throne. Compare the position of Royalty in England now—and the Queen's successful endurance of much that was difficult, and her performance of much duty that was most delicate, from the moment of her accession—with the proceedings of some of her predecessors, under circumstances of trouble in any degree similar. It may truly be said that, in the reign of VICTORIA, the constitution of England, adapting itself ever to the condition of the people, has successfully developed the proper relations of an educated Sovereign and people to each other ; and that, probably, in the hands of most sovereigns, the gradual but no less certain changes which have taken place during the last twenty years could not have been attained without shock or disorder. The Queen, in her administration of her functions in, the Government of the Empire, has influentially affected the future of all her colonies ; solving the problem how to retain, under monarchical authority, all the real value of the free legislative institutions of the country. Those who remember how a very little imprudence in the Sovereign, at the time of her accession, might have made her the object of jealousy to one or more powerful factions in England are able in some position to appreciate Her Majesty's success in securing, during so many years, for her empire,—

“ That the sovereign power should live
In the affections of the general heart,
And in the wisdom of the best.”

“ But we have, as a colony, more even yet to acknowledge than our constitutional privileges here, or the advancement of just views of government in England. The Queen's Son rightly reminds us, by his presence, of the nation that has never spared its wealth, or the hardest labour, or even its best blood, for our defence—perhaps at times even when some of ourselves were not over ready to offer like sacrifices for the general good. And take another matter which specially unites us to England, the great matter of personal and social freedom. Our former slaves may have forgotten the names of WILBERFORCE and BUXTON ; but they cannot cease to know that it was the country of WILBERFORCE and BUXTON that redeemed them ; and they will think of the Prince as a representative of their benefactors. Even a branch of our population, who do not often join in political discussions, bear in mind the magnanimous efforts of the Prince's countrymen, and their sacrifice of priceless blood and treasure, to save their co-religionists in Europe, a few years ago, from the ambition of Russia.

“ Those, then, mistake who talk lightly of the demonstrations of welcome that are made to the youth who has now arrived. They are not, and he probably will not take them, as in

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any further degree personal to himself than they would be if offered to any other stranger of similar rank and character. But we believe fervently that we are right in describing them as a genuine outburst of satisfaction; on the part of Englishmen, that a living symbol of the union which remains between them and the old country is present among them; on the part of the colonists of foreign descent, that they have an opportunity of showing, in any form, the affection they bear their Sovereign, and their consciousness of the inestimable value to themselves and their children of their union with the great English nation."

[FROM THE "GRAHAM'S TOWN JOURNAL."]

"Two paintings hanging on the wall in the parlour of the Heald Town Institution particularly attracted the attention of His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED on his recent visit there. One represented the landing, and the other the encampment, of the first party of British Settlers. This event took place rather more than forty years ago. At that time there was no fixed property of any value in Port Elizabeth or Graham's Town; there was no trade carried on with the mother country; no wool sent home in exchange for British manufactures; the land was peopled by barbarians, who revelled in heathenish customs and rites, who never heard the Gospel preached, and whose wants were very few. But England sent forth from her shores the pioneers of civilization, accompanied by the heralds of salvation; and Prince ALFRED, as he visits town after town, and native locations under the care of Christian ministers, will see how well England has done her duty—how rapidly British ideas and habits are spreading amongst the population, and how deeply rooted is the love of loyalty in the hearts of those who were sent by their Government forty years ago to establish a new colony. The thousands and tens of thousands who so warmly greeted the 'young Prince' are mainly descendants of the early settlers; so that the demonstrations made show that distance has not lessened their loyalty, but that they inherit all their forefathers' love for British institutions. But not only do they possess this love themselves; they have imparted it to thousands by whom they are surrounded. It was a higher feeling than mere vulgar curiosity which brought out the listless Dutch farmer from his home miles away, and compelled him to wait hours by the roadside in order to greet and welcome the Prince; it was something more than mere show or love of notoriety which induced our corps of volunteers, one and all, to perform military duty during the Prince's stay in the

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principal towns ; and it was the remembrance of favours granted, it was the exhibition of gratitude for blessings enjoyed under the mild rule of Queen VICTORIA, that caused nearly two thousand men, of a different colour and race, to sleep under the canopy of heaven, in order that they might do honour to the Son of that Sovereign under whose government they had enjoyed all the blessings of freedom,—the fruits of peace, and whose subjects had introduced to them all the comforts of civilized life. His Royal Highness will see progress and prosperity wherever he goes ; the result of the wise rule of His Excellency Sir GEORGE GREY, whom men of every race and colour delight to honour."

[FROM THE "EASTERN PROVINCE HERALD."]

"A week ago we announced the arrival of Prince ALFRED at the Cape, and, with the rest of our contemporaries, frankly, cordially welcomed him to our shores. We joined in the spontaneous outburst of a people loyal and free, in holding out the good hand of friendship to our Royal Guest, and in hailing, as a happy omen for the future, this visit of the Sailor Son of England's Queen.

"To-day a still more pleasurable duty falls to our lot. We welcome him to our town, we receive him in our midst, and as we meet in the streets faces glowing with excitement and animated by the consciousness of being those of a people whom the Queen has delighted to honour, and as we listen to the deafening plaudits which rend the air, and as we join in the happy throng, and witness the devotion of the multitude to our gracious Queen as evidenced by the hearty reception given to her son, we feel that, as Englishmen, we have indeed something to be proud of—that it is not all mockery and an empty show. We feel that, though separated from our Island Home by ten thousand miles of ocean, there is a magic link that binds us to that little spot, the world's wonder and the Englishman's pride. And as the spell holds us, scenes and happy reminiscences of bygone days crowd upon our mind, press upon our view. England, with her green slopes and daisy-covered lawns ; her humble homesteads and her crowded towns ; her noisy mills and her quiet, sequestered churchyards ; her troops of merry children and her host of stalwart sons ; her stately barks crowding her harbours or breasting gallantly the waves ; her puffing steamboats and her panting locomotives—all are again before us. England—breathing, living, busy England—is before us, and we feel that we have NOT cut the link that binds us to the Fatherland !

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“But we are in Africa, and in welcoming, as we do to-day, the arrival in Port Elizabeth of a Prince of the Blood Royal, we would like to connect with it, in idea, something that is inseparable from the notion of a constitutional Prince or King. We welcome the Prince to-day with enthusiasm because he is the representative of the Monarch of the Empire more truly and naturally than any Governor can be, and, as such, must bring us into more intimate contact with the Empire at large. We cannot forget, whilst we cordially welcome him to these shores, that we are also really welcoming the first British Prince that has visited the Southern Hemisphere, and at such a time thoughts will conjure up the future of this half of the globe, and pictures of social and political greatness pass before us, of which this visit may be looked upon as a fortunate presage. For this we welcome him! There is a great work to be done, which has been already commenced, indeed, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in this colony, by the race the Chief of whom the Prince will represent; and it is as though, after working for a long period in silence and without formal recognition, the time had come when the whole Empire recognizes the work, and honours and stimulates the workers through the Prince. In the meantime a similar recognition, on a larger scale, as may be fitting, is given to the great colony of the north, Canada; and it seems as though Britain were desirous of placing in a more honourable position than hitherto these offshoots of her own, who have through much difficulty and danger, and oftentimes with very rough nursing, advanced to the dignity and importance of self-governing states.”

[FROM THE “NATAL COURIER.”]

“It would be useless, almost impertinent, to attempt, at this time, to carry on the ordinary work of a newspaper. Who cares for anything, at this present moment, but the Prince? The mind of the whole colony is taken up with the visit of this illustrious guest. Nobody thinks or talks about anything else. Everything that is done is done with a difference, because the Prince is coming. The whole buying and selling in shops and market-place is carried on under a consciousness of lofty auspices and elevated feelings. Candles—aye, even the rankest ‘dips’—have gone up in public estimation, and are sought after with as much avidity as if the whole of us were Russian serfs, and thought tallow the greatest delicacy of any season. To see the young ladies—and there are no old ones in Natal—running about from store to store, in search of silks, satins, moire antique, tulle, ribbons, and other rainbow matters, is as pretty a sight as a flight of butterflies about flowers. The Prince, of course, is going to dance with all of them. If we could get out



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two or three of the very cleverest, most brilliant political articles from the *Times* office, we verily believe that not a single young lady would look at them. There is only one thing at which, just now, they do not turn up their pretty little noses, and that is the coming of His Royal Highness. Under these circumstances, we are not going to be so foolish as to bother ourselves or anybody else with leaders about harbour-works, coolie-barracks, railways, education, the voluntary question, the last quarter's revenue, the tightness of the money market, the mail service, taxes, or tariff; we reserve all these deadly-lively matters until the Prince has gone. When the 'dips' are all burnt out, when the triumphal arches are carted off, when the dresses are all put away for the moths to eat, when the young ladies can turn again with their usual zest to our admirable dissertations on political economy, then we will go on again in the old groove. Why, we don't believe that there is a solitary old *quidnunc* who cares a fig for the Town Council reports even, unless they are about the Prince. Citizens are quite as excited as their wives and daughters. It's a strange physiologico-man-millinery phenomenon that all fathers of families have suddenly lost their pocket-buttons. Not a pocket-button left in all Maritzburg! Every pocket gapes wide open! Money all gone for the silks and satins above mentioned, and for pumps and poptops. The oldest inhabitant—the man who knew when *zeekoe* wallowed in the vley—has gone back to the days when GEORGE III was King, when he, a dirty little *gamin* of the streets, ran hallooing after the portly Regent—a very different Prince from this noble young fellow who is coming here. Everybody has got the steam up, and is going off 'puff-puff.' Plainly no time this for politics. Politics to the dogs! But we believe that even the dogs won't have anything to do with such a dry bone just now.

"Well, we don't care; in fact, we are glad to be eased off from the everlasting grinding at facts, figures, great principles, and great questions. We like to have the political panniers taken off our backs, and be able to run to grass for a while. Why shouldn't we kick up our heels, and bray with a free heart as well as anybody else? Besides, we have loyalty too, and a strong wish to enjoy it to the full; which we can't if we have to do *SAMPSON AGONISTES'* work in the newspaper-mill. We must do ourselves the justice to say, however, that we are chiefly glad at this excitement and pre-occupation, this one-ideaism, because it shows that our heart—we mean your heart, noble reader—is in the right place. We haven't left England behind us. We are not Red Republicans or mobocrats because we have come across the ocean. We can't see the lions and the harp waving over Windsor towers, but the old feeling remains the same as when we could. The National Anthem stirs up our blood here, where the seasons are upside down and Her Majesty's birthday comes in mid-winter,

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just as much as it did in the old country, where the 24th of May happens, like everything else, at the right time. We are, thank heaven, of the old constitutional-monarchy stock, and like our Queen, God bless her! as well as we like our Magna Charta, our Bill of Rights, and our Reformed Parliaments. Her Majesty has ten thousand thrones in this little colony—the hearts of good British men,—some Dutch, of course, but that makes no difference under VICTORIA. We are proud of this exuberant loyalty, that makes it unnecessary for us to write editorials. May we have a Prince every year, and may the years come round a little sooner.”

A WORD OF WELCOME.

[FROM VERSES PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE BY MR. JOHN ROBINSON, OF NATAL.]

Son of a matchless mother ; sprung from a Royal race
Whose roots, far deep, in ages leal, long centuries embrace,
Whose throne, fast fixed in loving hearts, all human threats may mock,
Reft by no revolution-throe ; shook by no foeman's shock,—
Son of a wise and noble sire, the mentor staunch and true,
To whom unmeasured gratitude from British hearts is due,—
A people poor, O Prince, in what the shallow world calls glory ;
Poor in the pomp of battle lore ; the pride of ancient story,—
With ardent hearts and earnest words to this secluded shore,
Right gladly greet her Son, who reigns,—renowned for evermore.

Not as a monarch's son, alone, we hail thy presence here,—
The fact of kingship feebly falls on Freedom's listless ear ;
Not that the blood of warriors runs within thy youthful veins,
Nor that for heritage thou hast a lineage of reigns ;
Not as to ruthless Tyranny yon false-lipp'd minions bend,—
No smothered sigh, no fervour forced, with our oblations blend ;
Nor yet because we cringe to Birth, covet the noble's dower,
Sigh for the smile of Royalty, fall at the feet of Power ;—
Thanks to our English fathers ! who fought to make us free ;
And, fighting, doomed for ever the rancour of degree :
Thanks to the God above us, who gives alike to all
Stern souls athirst for Liberty, strength to achieve or fall.

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No ! princely theme of many prayers, not for thy name alone
We welcome to this southern land the scion of a throne.
By birthright free,—and freer now in many a fresh-born thought,
The manlier aim, the bolder front, the hopes by exile wrought,—
We now, through thee, do homage meet to her who rules all hearts,—
That Lady—gentle, loved, and kind—wise in all queenly arts ;
The parent whose example shines so beacon-like and bright,
A vision of familiar joys, a living psalm of right ;
The woman, tender-soul'd and weak, yet rich in wisdom's grace ;
Friend of the true and trustful ; foe to the mean and base :
The Sovereign whose escutcheon, free from sedition's breath,
Is held by hands determined to defend it to the death.
These are the high attractions ; these are the rights divine,
Which cluster round thy forehead like legends round a shrine ;
The glory of the guileless, the grandeur of the good,
These are the weapons British breasts have never yet withstood ;
Oh that on England's Empire wide may never dawn the day
When lofty deeds and high emprise mark not her onward way ;
Oh that Old England's Princes may never cease to be
Models of Christian manhood : true types of chivalry.

And now, O brave young envoy ! take to Old Albion's strand
A blessing and a benison from this devoted land.
Take to the Queen thy mother the pledge of hearts unshaken ;
Of memories unforgetten ; of fealty unforsaken.
Tell her that in this distant clime you found a battling band
Carving from Earth's primeval crust an empire to her hand.
Tell her that far across the sea new nations fast are rising,
Above all wealth of soil and site their English birthright prizing.
Tell her that though an ocean waste rolls drearily between,
Britons on every world-wide shore still venerate their Queen.

APPENDIX.

IDYL OF A PRINCE.—(NOT AFTER TENNYSON.)

[FROM "IDYLS OF A PRINCE," BY ADVOCATE COLE.]

If ever by chance
You should happen to glance
At a map of the world, and should come upon France,
Raise your eyes just a bit un-
Til you have hit on
An island that's known as the home of the Briton.

Now, if it weren't wrong
To put faith in a song,
You would find from a ditty, by one JEMMY THOMPSON,
That one fine day this island
Arose, high and dry land
Right out of the sea—she'd no fit of the romps on,
But was turned out by order
Express, to afford her
Assistance to NEPTUNE in ruling the ocean ;
Which may be the truth, or a mere poet's notion.

Be this as it may—
And I don't mean to say
I have faith in the literal truth of the lay—
She *has* ruled the ocean a pretty long while, and
Is considered a bright little, tight little island ;
And, as one thing to brag of,
Possesses a flag of
Such capital bunting, that one THOMAS CAMPBELL
Declared—and where'er in the world you may ramble
You'll find it's a fact every nation allows and hears—
It has braved war and tempest, unhurt, for a thousand years.

APPENDIX.

And, in spite of the seas,
Of the foes and the breeze,
It's as good at this moment as when they first made it,—
Spotless, untattered, and not a bit faded.

To cherish this standard
She has fought, in each land, hard,
But the sea, after all, has been ever her grand card ;
And the waves, as they roll
From equator to pole,
Bear fleets on their highway which never pay toll,
Being franked by this banner,
Which braves, in the manner
I've mentioned before, all the breezes that fan her.

I think it's an error to fancy that history
Ever records (when it's truthful) a mystery.
The eyes of a mole
Can't read a large scroll ;
They may pick out each letter, but don't see the whole.
The *qui currit potest*
Legere's no test,
As those who have dipped 'neath the surface must know best.
So, though it seems queer
To children who hear
That the tight little island we're writing of here
Has contrived to get on with such brilliant successes,—
Adding conquest to conquest until she possesses
Much more than old Rome ever ventured to vote as
Her provinces—see *orbs veteribus notus*—
Yet one who reflects
On the matter detects
All the secret to lie in the fact of the ocean
Receiving his child's never-failing devotion,—

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A devotion repaid
By *his* ne'er-failing aid,
So that all the world over,
From China to Dover,
Her fleets defy foeman, and pirate, and rover,
And her shores are as happy as cows are in clover.

Now, let your eyes stray
On the map a long way
From this tight little island, until they make play
Over dreary hot lands
Of deserts and sands,
Where brave Captain SPEKE
Has set off to seek
For the source of the Nile, till you come, if you'll follow me,
To a country baptized with the name of Cape Colony.
And you'll find, near its south-western corner, stuck down,
At the foot of the mountain called Table, a town.

In this town, then, there dwell,
As geographers tell,
A great many people of all sorts of hues,
Heathens, Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews,
Dutchmen and Englishmen, black Mozambiquas,
Tawny Malays and a sprinkling of Griquas,
Hottentots, Kafirs, and Negroes, and others,
Who'd be puzzled to point out their fathers or mothers.

They say on the whole that the town's rather pretty
(By the way, they've a bishop, so call it a city);
But apt to be sleepy, and stagnant, and dull,
In a kind of perpetual calm, or a lull
Of such very long lasting, that no one can form
An idea of the time when it last had a storm.

APPENDIX.

Now did you e'er try on

A slumbering lion

(Of course safe in a cage, or you'd be in the wrong hole)

The experiment called stirring up with a long pole ?

First you tickle him gently, he stops in a snore,

Then you pummel his ribs and he utters a roar,

Then you give it him harder—a bound and a shake,

A jump at the bars which may well make you quake,

Mane and tail up on end—and the lion's awake.

Just so they relate

How this city of late,

Being sleepy and slow as a solemn debate,

Was aroused from repose

By a fly on its nose,

In the shape of a rumour disturbing its doze.

The rumour then spread, and the faster it flew,

The more evident was it the rumour was true.

The city jumped up from its very long snooze,

Threw its nightcap aside, donned its small-clothes and shoes,

And was more wide-awake than 't has ever been since

It was built—for till now it ne'er welcomed a Prince !

A Prince, then, was coming—a Prince of Blood Royal—

The son of a Queen to whom every one's loyal ;

A Prince, too, who wears the triumphant blue jacket,

To guard from affronting

That famed bit of bunting,

And pitch into the foe who shall dare to attack it.

A long while the city remained in suspense,

Hopeful, but fidgety, making pretence

Of not being excited,

But looking delighted,

As a boy newly breeched or a cit newly knighted.

APPENDIX.

Grand preparations
For illuminations,
Fêtes and regattas and balls and reviews,
Ev'ry one asking, "Well, what's the last news?"
Ladies all crowding, besieging the shops,
Buying dresses so grand that their brilliancy whoops
(As JONATHAN says) all description, and gloves
And wreaths that they fondly pronounce "perfect loves,"
And lace-bordered lawn for each sweet little nose,
And the finest of pinky-white gauzy silk hose,
And white satin shoes for their dear little toes.

Volunteers, too,
Green, scarlet, and blue,
Furbish their uniforms up to look new,
Polish up bayonets, rifles, and sabres,
Looking forward with pride to their arduous labours,
And twist their moustaches with pleasure prophetic
Of how they will look—with the aid of cosmetique.

All things have an end, as experience teaches
(Except crinoline, p'r'aps, or Upper House speeches);
So at length the suspense was all over—at last
The season of mere expectation was past,
 And in Simon's Bay,
 No very great way
From the city, all snug the *Euryalus* lay.
 In Adderley-street
 Citizens meet,
Staring at telegrams, hauling out flags
Stowed safely away in their canvas bags,
Guessing to-morrow will be a grand holiday,
Vowing they'll try, too, to make it a jolly day.

APPENDIX.

Cabmen and coolies,
Whose general rule is
To get in the way when they've got nothing to do,
Assemble in groups,
At street corners or stoeps,
And stop up the road when you try to get through.
And little black boys
Kick up a noise
By way of evincing their innocent joys.

The morrow came, up rose the sun,
And who hath seen a brighter one ?
No cloud to obscure a single ray,
A clear, warm, brilliant summer's day,
A day right worthy of its scene—
A People's homage to their Queen,
In hailing, with their heartfelt joy,
Her darling child—her Sailor Boy !

The morrow has come.
Trumpet and drum,
Streamers and pennants,
Houses empty of tenants,
Cannon and bells,—
Everything tells
Of a day that's begun
Of rejoicing and fun.

The city's awake now, as sure as a gun,
And looks almost as bright as that glorious sun.

It's past half-past one, and it's drawing near two—
The hour he's to come if the programme speaks true.
Chevalier DUPRAT, with his stout bombardiers,
Is preparing salutes to astonish our ears.

APPENDIX.

The Rifle Corps, too, with their dark-green and black,
Looking regular heroes, and shooters called "crack,"
With their soldier-like colonel,—right man in the right place—
Though the steed that he rides isn't such as he *might* grace—
 Line the streets in full force,
 With also the horse,
 Than whom none would fight more—
 The brave blue and white corps,
With helmets of silver—such regular shiners—
And the scarlet and gold of the Sappers and Miners.
And last, but not least, with their breeks in zigzag stripes,
The gallant Scotch Corps, with their capital bag-pipes.
To these add the regulars—regular bricks—
The brave Fifty-ninth, with its flag inscribed LIX.
(And so it does everything—pardon the pun,
It's atrociously bad, but it's true as the sun.)

 At length one hears,
 From the bombardiers,
The banging of cannon, which serves for their cheers.
And the Prince and his retinue really appears
Over Castle-bridge, past Caledon-square,
Of all save stones and mudholes bare.
Beside the Parade, with its stunted firs,
Which scarcely the sign of a breeze now stirs,
Through a street where the breeze pretty frequently plays her part,
Now known as Darling-street—*ci-devant* Keizersgracht.

The Prince had arrived, and no princely race
Showed ever a nobler youthful face ;
So full of beauty, so full of grace,
His chesnut hair, his large blue eye,
His features calm, wherein seem to lie
Gentleness, intellect, majesty.

APPENDIX.

A Prince right worthy his Royal name,
His lineage proud, his father's fame ;
Right worthy to wear the glorious blue,
And fight 'neath the banner of England too—
The mightiest banner that ever flew !

And the motley crowd
All shouts aloud,
“ Huzzah ” and “ Hooray,”
And “ *Daar hom aan hy.*”

And they bless him and praise him and most of them pray
That the time may arrive when he's got to majority,
He may come here and handle the reins of authority.

Some people, it's true,
Are inclined to look blue,

For they don't see a crown, and they fear it's a “ do.”

And they're hard to convince
That a real Royal Prince
Isn't born with a crown
Firmly wedged down
To the top of his skull
Like the deck of a hull ;

But he sits on his horse like a prince, like a man,
Sits as only a thoroughbred Englishman can.

In Adderley-street a big archway is seen,
Symbol of triumph, and smothered in green,
Flags waving gaily above it, and near
Crowds of all sorts of people to see and to cheer.

Then coming next on
The house of the sexton,
Past the church and the banks
And the building that ranks

'Midst the finest of Cape Town attempts architectural;
Though the order that claims it is purely conjectural,

APPENDIX.

Up to the gateway
At the foot of the straight way
Of oaks now all leafless, and past the Museum
With its curious contents (if the Prince could but see 'em)
To Government House, where His Highness alights,
And sees, lucky Prince, the best sight of all sights,
Such a bevy of fair ones, in costumes so neat,
All murmuring, "How handsome! how charming! how sweet!"
I doubt whether Prince ever had such a treat.

And next the reception! How tell of the pushing,
The fishing out cards and the squeezing and crushing,
The bows that are made and the looks that are given,
The gorgeous "get-ups" of those who have striven
To display their own grandeur as well as their loyalty
By wonderful ties to astonish young Royalty!

And the ladies, the dears,
Abandoning fears,
Leaving benches outside
Through the windows they glide,
Rush into the chamber like fairies demented,
Resolved to be present—though not yet presented.

And all the men swear,
And the ladies declare,
The former "by Jove," and the latter "'pon honour,"
That to look on that handsome young face is a *bonheur*
So great that they feel at that moment they doubly can
Pity a people that's only republican.

The sun's gone to bed,
And gas-lamps instead,
And lamps blue, white, and red,
Such a flood of light shed
As drive notions of darkness clean out of your head.

APPENDIX.

Pictures, devices,
Like very large slices
From very large twelfth-cakes, illustrate the crisis.
A lady of very extensive dimensions,
With a helmet and spear of most warlike pretensions,
But without crinoline
Is everywhere seen
Sitting down on her shield by a sea very green ;
And lending a hand
To assist to the land
A tall, thin blue gentleman, dressed very grand.
And one in an able way
Represents Table Bay,
And a very large dolphin with greenest of tails,
And fins up on end, p'r'aps to serve him for sails.
And another blue gentleman stuck on its back,
Though you'd fancy yourself you'd be off in a crack
If you ventured to sea on so fishy a smack.
And mermaids are there,
With long flowing hair,
And their scaly green tails sticking up in the air ;
And NEPTUNE with trident, with mighty long beard,
Hails a nice little midshipman looking half "skeered."
Stores, mansions, and shops,—all's a blaze of bright light,
And crowds—black, white, tawny—look on with delight,
Save where the long range
Of the Merchants' Exchange
Is all in the dark, and the people that stare up
Hear somehow that the electric light *won't* give a flare-up.

There's the morning gun !
There's the rising sun !
Put out all the lamps—the fun's over and done.

APPENDIX.

The city's done all that a good city can,
For one day, at least, has turned out to a man.
There's more work before her of much the same sort,
All sorts of revelry, all sorts of sport.
But my muse for a time flits away from these shores
To take breath, or, more *nauticé*, "lie on her oars."

But she cries,
As she flies,
To her home in the skies,
As she ever shall cry till her good lungs shall fail her,
"Hail, Son of VICTORIA! hail, Royal Sailor!"

MORAL.

By the way, as she flew,
I may say, *entre nous*,
Something fell from her pocket: it looked like a screw
Of tobacco; but, though she's got capital jaws,
I never yet found that her ladyship "chaws."
I picked it up carefully, undid the roll,
And found nothing in it except a small scroll,
Which is just in these words—for what *I* thought a "quid" is—
"HAPPY THE NATION WHOSE PRINCES ARE MIDDIES!"





