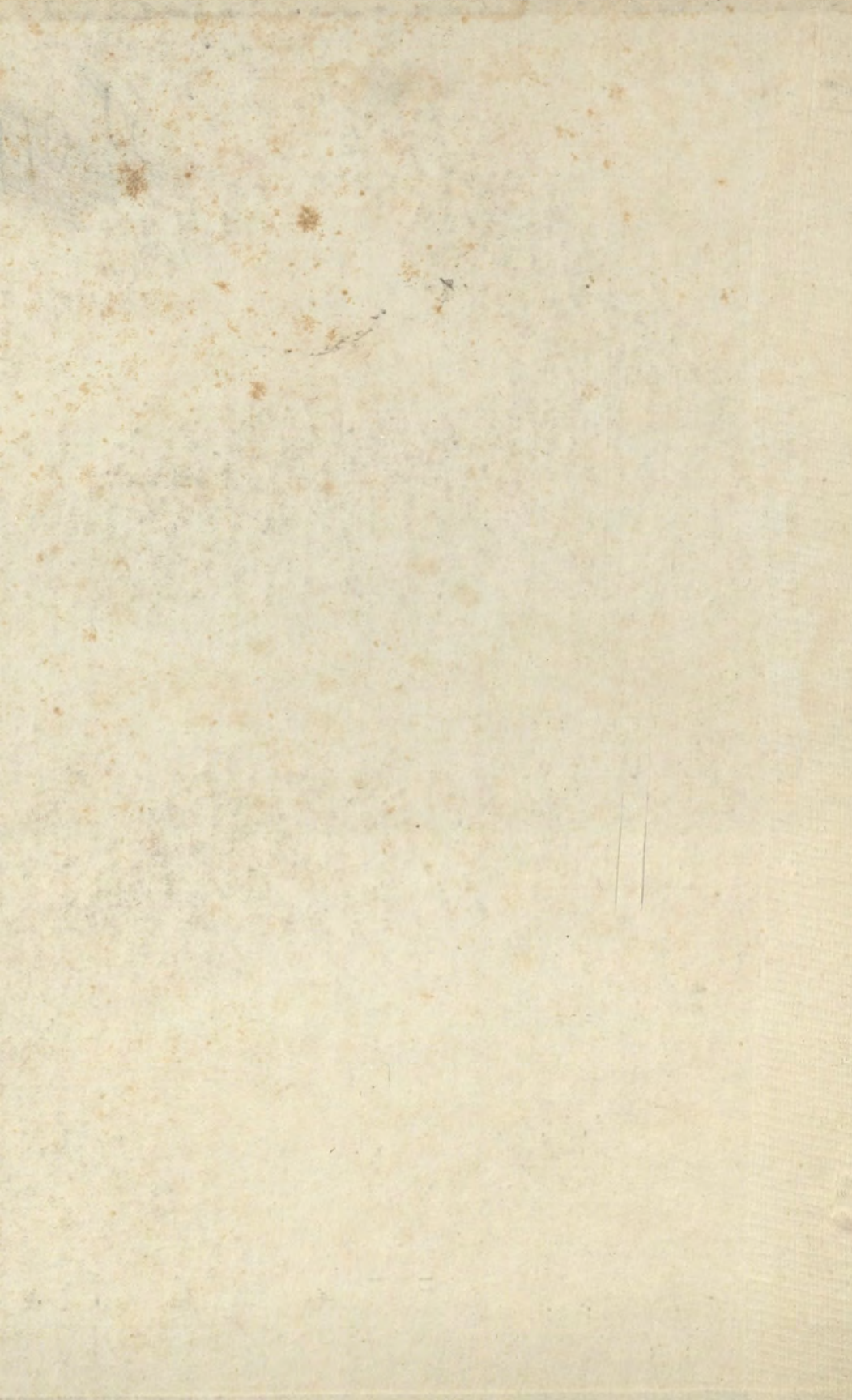


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THE · WEB · OF · EMPIRE

A · DIARY · OF · THE · IMPERIAL · TOUR
OF · THEIR · ROYAL · HIGHNESSES
THE · DUKE · & · DUCHESS · OF
CORNWALL · & · YORK
IN · 1901

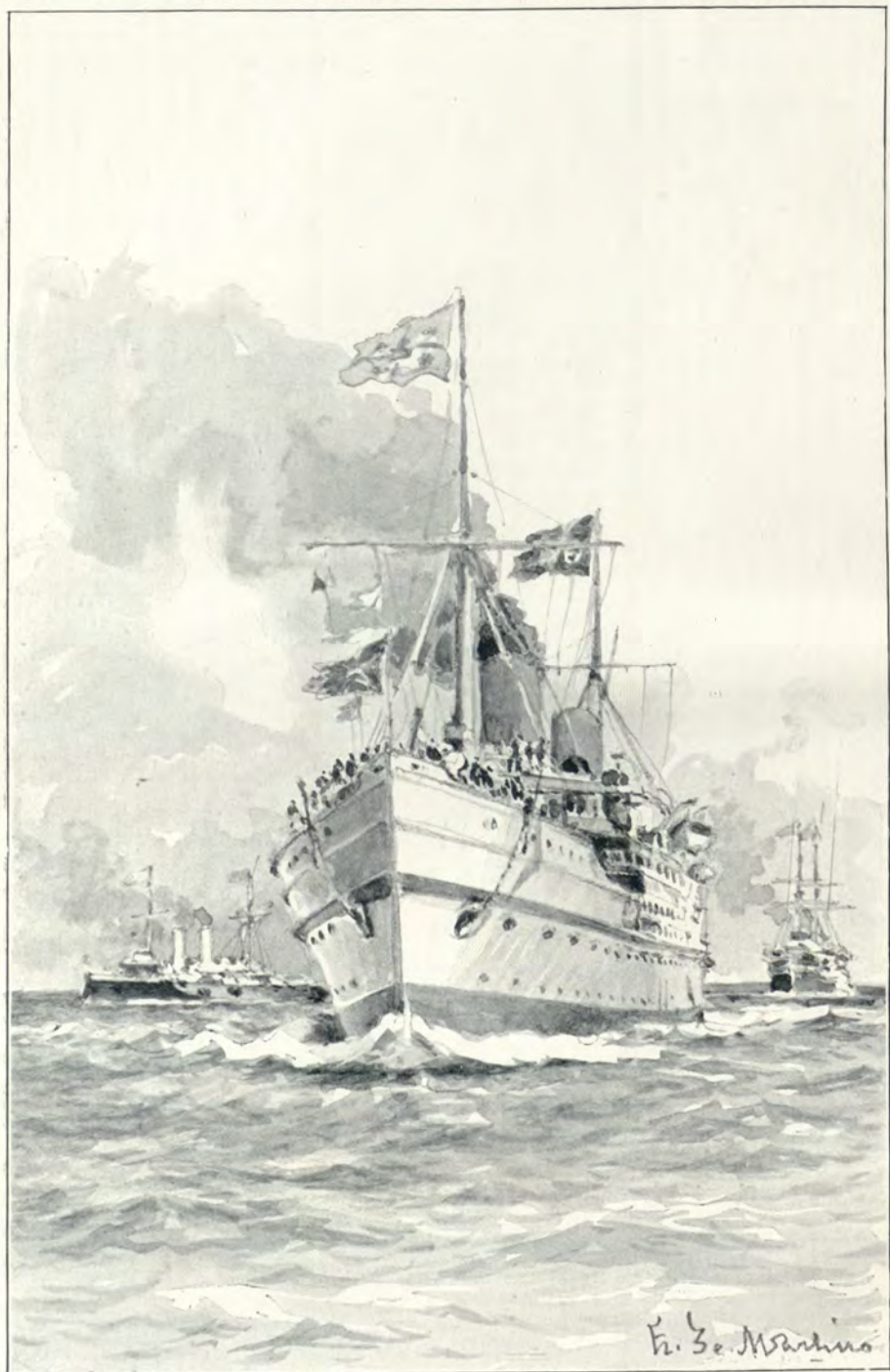






THE WEB OF EMPIRE





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WALL & YORK IN 1901: BY SIR
DONALD MACKENZIE WAL-
LACE, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., ASSISTANT
PRIVATE SECRETARY TO HIS ROYAL
HIGHNESS DURING THE TOUR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE
CHEVALIER DE MARTINO, M.V.O.
ETC., MARINE PAINTER IN OR-
DINARY TO H.M. THE KING,
AND SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND COMPANY, LIMITED
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY . . . MCMII

CBGiOŚ, ul. Twarda 51/55
tel. 22 69-78-773



Wa5166833

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DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

TO

Their Royal Highnesses
The Prince and Princess of Wales

Prefatory Note

THIS may be called the authorised account of the Imperial Tour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, but it makes no pretension to having an official character; and the writer, while gratefully acknowledging his numerous obligations, desires it to be clearly understood that for all statements of fact and expressions of opinion he is alone and entirely responsible.

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THE WEB OF EMPIRE

PART I

How the Tour was Brought About



W. & B. Downey. photo

Lucas & Blinn, engraving Co.

George.



W. & A. Swanwick, Photo.

London, Electric Engineering Co.

Victoria Mary

How the Tour was Brought About

THE idea of a great Colonial tour by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York had long been in the air. A few months after their marriage in 1893 they received invitations from the Australasian Colonies; and after the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 the invitation was renewed by the Government of New Zealand, "in fitting recognition," as the despatch expressed it, "of the hospitality of the British nation, and as evidence of our attachment to the Throne and the Royal Family." Their Royal Highnesses, being thoroughly in sympathy with the ever-increasing sentiments of mutual affection between the Colonies and the Mother Country, would gladly have accepted the invitations, but they were prevented by temporary causes from meeting the wishes of the Colonies. In a despatch to the Governor of New Zealand, explaining these temporary causes, the Secretary of State for the Colonies wrote :—

The Duke of York desires me to add an expression of the warm thanks of himself and the Duchess for the invitation, and to say that he sincerely regrets that he is unable to pay a visit to New Zealand, and to bring his wife to see a country which he regards with the utmost interest.

Though thus postponed, the project was not abandoned, and it was again naturally brought to the front by the events of 1900. The Australian Colonies, following the example of the older North American

Colonies in 1867, had at last overcome the practical difficulties which had so long kept them apart; and they now declared their determination that the whole of the great Continent, together with the neighbouring island of Tasmania, should form a federated Commonwealth. A proclamation was accordingly issued in London on 18th September, 1900, announcing that "on and after 1st January next the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, and Western Australia shall be united in a Federal Commonwealth under the name of the Commonwealth of Australia." Here was an excellent opportunity for carrying out the dormant project. Mr. Chamberlain had repeatedly informal conversations on the subject with the delegates who came to England in connection with the passing of the Australian Federation Bill, and he found amongst them a strong and unanimous desire that the Duke should, as representative of the Queen, take a leading part in the forthcoming ceremonies. The Duke himself and the Prince of Wales were consulted privately, and both showed the liveliest sympathy with the proposal. Nothing could be more natural and desirable than to show, in an unmistakable way, the deep interest taken by the Queen and the Royal Family in the birth of the new Commonwealth, and to strengthen thereby those ties of loyalty and affection which bind the Empire together.

This was the primary object in view and the form in which the matter first presented itself, but almost at the same moment another consideration forced itself to the front. During the war in South Africa the Australian Colonies had rallied gallantly round the Mother Country, ready and eager to make any sacrifices to uphold the honour of the flag. For their sympathy and material assistance England might well express her gratitude by the lips of the Queen's grandson. The idea was at once accepted, and it led

inevitably to an extension of the programme. The loyalty and devotion shown to the Mother Country in her hour of need was not confined to Australia. From this point of view gallant little New Zealand had a strong claim for consideration. Though she had not thought fit to join the Australian Federation, she was none the less loyal towards the Empire; and her efforts to supply efficient aid to our army in South Africa had certainly not been surpassed by any other Colony. In the previous invitations to the Duke and Duchess her Government had taken a leading part; and as soon as it learned that there was a question of a visit to Australia it requested that New Zealand might be included in the tour. Next came Canada. If Australia and New Zealand were to be thanked for their loyal assistance in the South African war, surely Canada ought to be thanked also. She had likewise been generous in sympathy and material assistance, and her sons had fought as gallantly as those of Australia and New Zealand.

Unfortunately, the route to Australia is not at all the route to Canada. The two countries lie wide as the poles asunder. If both were to be visited, the tour must last seven or eight months, and a good many practical difficulties must be faced. The Queen's representative on an important occasion of this kind must have a naval escort of fast cruisers, and fast cruisers require coaling stations at moderate distances. The shortest route would be from New Zealand across the Pacific to Vancouver, and thence by the Canadian-Pacific Railway to Quebec; but between New Zealand and the Pacific coast the coaling stations are few and far between, and it would be necessary to part company with the *Ophir* at Vancouver, because it would be impossible to bring her round, within a reasonable time, from that port to the Atlantic seaboard. To the other available routes there were likewise serious

objections, and for some time it seemed doubtful whether the wishes of the Canadians could be complied with.

Much depended, of course, on the amount of time that could be devoted to the cruise ; and with regard to this important point the Queen's wishes and convenience had to be consulted. Her Majesty was still in good health, but the weight of years and the anxieties and bereavements which she had recently suffered had begun to tell on her naturally robust constitution, and it seemed very undesirable to diminish for any lengthened period the small number of her near male relations who could assist her in the fulfilment of her numerous and onerous public duties. Of these near relations there were three on whom she naturally leaned—first, the Prince of Wales, and then the Dukes of Connaught and York. Of the few grandsons who were her subjects one was still a boy, and another was fighting in South Africa. The unexpected deaths of the Duke of Coburg and his son, and the narrow escape of the Prince of Wales from the bullet of a foreign anarchist, were significant reminders of the uncertainty of human life. These and similar considerations were sure to occur to the Queen's mind on the first mention of the proposed tour ; and though there could be no doubt that, in accordance with life-long habit, she would sacrifice her personal feelings to the interests of her people, some reluctance was felt about submitting the proposal. The delicate duty was undertaken by the Prince of Wales, and the result was as expected. Strong private feeling was silenced, and the whole question was considered by Her Majesty, with the advice of her constitutional advisers, from the point of view of the public interest. The Australian part of the programme was speedily sanctioned ; and in a despatch dated 17th September, Mr. Chamberlain informed the Governors of the Colonies concerned :—

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to assent, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Salisbury, to the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York to the Colonies of Australia in the spring of next year.

His Royal Highness will be commissioned by Her Majesty to open the first session of the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth in her name.

Although the Queen naturally shrinks from parting with her grandson for so long a period, Her Majesty fully recognises the greatness of the occasion which brings the Colonies of Australia into a federal union, and desires to give this special proof of her interest in all that concerns the welfare of her Australian subjects. Her Majesty wishes at the same time to signify her sense of the loyalty and devotion which have prompted the spontaneous aid so liberally offered by all the Colonies in the South African war, and of the splendid gallantry of her Colonial troops.

In reply to the invitation from New Zealand, Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed to the Governor on 29th September :—

Your telegram of the 20th September was laid before Her Majesty and the Duke and Duchess of York, who desire me to convey their cordial thanks to you, your Government, and the people of New Zealand. Their Royal Highnesses are glad to be able to pay a visit to the Colony, and to take advantage of the promised welcome. Her Majesty also commands me to request you will convey to the Legislature her sincere thanks for the address, which has given her much pleasure. Her Majesty knows well she has no more loyal subjects in the Empire than the people of New Zealand.

The question as to whether Canada should be included in the Royal tour still remained in suspense. Cogent reasons for postponing to some future occasion the visit to the great transatlantic Dominion were found in the practical difficulties and the amount of time required ; but about the middle of December the Queen graciously acceded to the strong wishes of her Canadian subjects, and shortly afterwards it was decided

that the route to be taken should be from New Zealand, not by the Pacific to Vancouver, but by Mauritius and the Cape of Good Hope to Quebec.

By the time the outlines of the programme were finally settled in this way, the preparations for the voyage, begun as soon as the tour was sanctioned in principle, were already far advanced. At first the burden fell mainly on the Admiralty, which had to superintend the naval arrangements. As none of the Royal yachts were adapted for such a long voyage, a liner had to be hired and fitted up specially for the object in view. After careful examination of several likely ships and repeated consultations with the Duke, who had had considerable experience of long cruises in hot climates, the naval authorities fixed on the *Ophir*, a fine vessel of the Orient Company's fleet; and a large contingent of workmen were at once set to work on her to make the necessary alterations under the personal direction of Mr. Kenneth Anderson, one of the directors of the Orient Line. At the same time the Duke chose the members of the suite who were to accompany him. The list of the party as finally made up was as follows:—

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

H.S.H. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK, K.C.V.O., 7th Hussars.

Lady Mary Lygon, Lady-in-Waiting.

Lady Katharine Coke, Lady-in-Waiting.

The Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel, Lady-in-Waiting.

Lord Wenlock, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Lord-in-Waiting and
Head of the Household.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, G.C.V.O., K.C.B.,
C.M.G., Private Secretary.

Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bart., R.N., M.V.O., Equerry.

The Hon. Derek Keppel, M.V.O., Equerry.

The Rev. Canon Dalton, C.M.G., C.V.O., Domestic Chaplain.

Sir John Anderson, K.C.M.G., representing the Colonial Office.

Sir Donald M. Wallace, K.C.I.E., Assistant Private Secretary.
Commodore A. L. Winsloe, R.N., commanding H.M.S. *Ophir*.

Commander B. Godfrey-Faussett, R.N., A.D.C.

Major J. H. Bor, Royal Marine Artillery, C.M.G., A.D.C.

Captain Viscount Crichton, Royal Horse Guards, A.D.C.

Lieutenant the Duke of Roxburghe, Royal Horse Guards,
M.V.O., A.D.C.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Byron, Australian Artillery,
Extra A.D.C.

Chevalier E. De Martino, M.V.O., Marine Artist.

Dr. A. Manby, M.V.O.

Mr. Sydney Hall, M.V.O., Artist.

His Royal Highness selected also, with the approval of the Admiralty, the officers of the ship.¹

Suddenly, in the midst of the preparations, the whole project threatened to collapse. There was a rumour, soon officially confirmed, that the Queen was seriously ill, and a few days later came the announcement of Her Majesty's death. The effect of the announcement, all over the civilised world, will long be remembered. Never, probably, has such a universal, immediate, profound impression been produced by the news of the death of a single human being. In Great Britain and the Colonies there was something more than the natural feeling of bereavement and grief at the death of a universally revered and beloved Sovereign. We had become so accustomed to regard the Queen as such an essential part of our constitutional machinery, and to think of the Queen-Empress as such an essential keystone of the world-wide British Empire, that we had never thought of preparing for the time when, in the natural course of events, her invaluable personal influence would be a thing of the past. Now that we were confronted by the unexpected event, one of the numerous questions which suddenly and spontaneously arose was, whether the projected mission should be

¹ For a list of the officers, see Appendix A.

carried out. At the first moment there was a pretty general feeling that it must be abandoned. At a time of mourning, festivities such as the mission was assumed to imply would be altogether out of place ; and it was felt that the King would naturally be reluctant to be separated from his only son at such a moment. If the question had been irrevocably decided at once, the mission might perhaps have been abandoned. But it was thought better to suspend judgment until the first poignancy of grief had been so far softened as to admit of things being seen in their proper perspective ; and it was gradually perceived that the reasons for postponement were not so cogent as they had at first appeared. Festivities were not the object of the mission, but a mere adjunct, which might easily be eliminated from the programme ; and it was found that the King, following in this as in so many other respects the example set by his revered mother, was ready to sacrifice his personal feelings to the public interests. When the question was submitted to the responsible advisers of the Crown, they were unanimously of opinion that the mission which Her late Majesty had sanctioned, and in which she took such a deep interest, should be carried out ; and the decision was publicly announced in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament in February. On that occasion the King said :—

The establishment of the Australian Commonwealth was proclaimed at Sydney on 1st January with many manifestations of popular enthusiasm and rejoicing. My deeply beloved and lamented mother had assented to the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to open the first Parliament of the new Commonwealth in her name. A separation from my son, especially at such a moment, cannot be otherwise than deeply painful, but I desire to give effect to Her late Majesty's wishes ; and as an evidence of her interest, as well as my own, in all that concerns the welfare of my subjects beyond the seas,

I have decided that the visit to Australia shall not be abandoned, and shall be extended to New Zealand and the Dominion of Canada.

As soon as this important decision was taken, the preparations, which had been momentarily suspended, were resumed with new vigour, and by the 15th of March the *Ophir* was lying in Portsmouth harbour with her crew and stores on board, ready to sail on the following day. From an ordinary liner she had been transformed temporarily into one of His Majesty's ships, regularly commissioned like a ship of war, with officers, bluejackets, marines, and stokers drawn from the active list of the Royal Navy.

PART II
From Portsmouth to Malta

March 15-28

From Portsmouth to Malta

Portsmouth, Friday, 15th March 1901.—At 1 o'clock the suite who are to accompany the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their Colonial tour, arrive by special train from Victoria and settle themselves into their quarters on board the *Ophir*, which is moored alongside the south railway jetty. The Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, on board of which the King and Queen are to pass the night, is moored at the same jetty immediately astern. At 5 P.M. everything is ready for the reception of the Royal party. The ships in the harbour are dressed and manned. On the jetty there is a guard of 100 men from the *Excellent* and 100 marines from the depot, with the massed bands of the Commander-in-Chief and the *Excellent* in attendance. The Royal train pulls up alongside the *Victoria and Albert*, and at the moment the King and Queen go on board the Royal Standard is hoisted and a salute fired. At the same time the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York come on board the *Ophir*, and the officers are presented by the Commodore. Shortly afterwards their Majesties, with Princess Victoria, pay a private visit to the *Ophir* and go over the ship, showing the keenest interest in all the arrangements. In the evening the Duke and Duchess dine with their Majesties on board the *Victoria and Albert*.

Saturday, 16th March 1901.—Still moored along-

side the jetty in Portsmouth harbour. Dull grey day, with threatening of rain. At 9 A.M. the ships in the harbour are dressed, and at 10.30 the Windsor Guard, 100 seamen, 100 men of the Royal Marine Artillery, and 100 men of the Royal Marine Light Infantry assemble on the jetty, forming three sides of a parallelogram. The King lands from the *Victoria and Albert*, and presents the Victorian medal to the Windsor Guard of bluejackets who had drawn the gun-carriage with the late Queen's coffin from Windsor Station to St. George's Chapel, and also some fifty war medals to officers and men of the *Ophir* who had served in the South African campaign. He then comes on board the *Ophir*, accompanied by the Queen, the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria, and Princess Charles of Denmark. A large party to luncheon, including no less than four First Lords of the Admiralty (Lords Northbrook, Spencer, Goschen, and Selborne), Mr. Chamberlain, and other distinguished guests. The King drinks to the health of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and wishes them God-speed. It cannot but be very painful for him, he says, to be separated for so long a time from his dear son and daughter-in-law, but he feels that he must not allow his private feelings to interfere with a project which his beloved mother had at heart. He is sending, therefore, a personal message to thank the Colonies which had loyally and affectionately rallied round the Mother Country in her hour of need; and he trusts the result may be to cement the existing friendship, and knit together more closely the framework of the Empire. The Duke replies with emotion: "We thank your Majesty for the kind and affectionate terms you have used in bidding us farewell. Your children naturally feel most deeply leaving you and my dear mother, but at the same time we feel very proud that you should have deputed us to represent you on

such an important occasion; and I shall have great pleasure in transmitting to the Colonies, which we are about to visit, the gracious message which your Majesty has just mentioned."

Their Majesties then go on board the *Alberta*, and we prepare to start. At 4 o'clock the *Alberta* moves slowly forward and the *Ophir* follows in her wake. The massed bands on shore play "Rule Britannia"; the guns from the ships and the forts thunder forth a salute; the crowds collected on the shore, the jetties, the pleasure-steamers, and every other coign of vantage send us round after round of enthusiastic cheers. Getting clear of the ships in the harbour, among which the venerable old *Victory* stands out pre-eminent, we see in front of us, leading the way, the Trinity House yacht *Irene* as well as the *Alberta*; and behind us in double column eight black, wicked-looking torpedo-boat destroyers. At Spithead we are joined by the *Diadem* (Captain H. Leah) and *Niobe* (Captain J. Denison), the two cruisers of the Channel Squadron who are to accompany us to Gibraltar. Then the *Alberta* slackens speed and allows us to pass her, so close that we can see distinctly the King and Queen with their two daughters standing on the starboard paddle-box. She is now to drop astern and return to Portsmouth, but she lingers as if loth to say good-bye. At last she begins to turn, and is followed by the destroyers. The Royal party wave a last adieu, and the *Ophir* with her attendant cruisers speeds along into the grey haze of the evening, sent forth by the King on a voyage of nigh 40,000 miles, to convey a gracious message by the lips of his son to the loyal Colonies who have recently given, and are still giving, such splendid proofs of affection and devotion to the Mother Land.

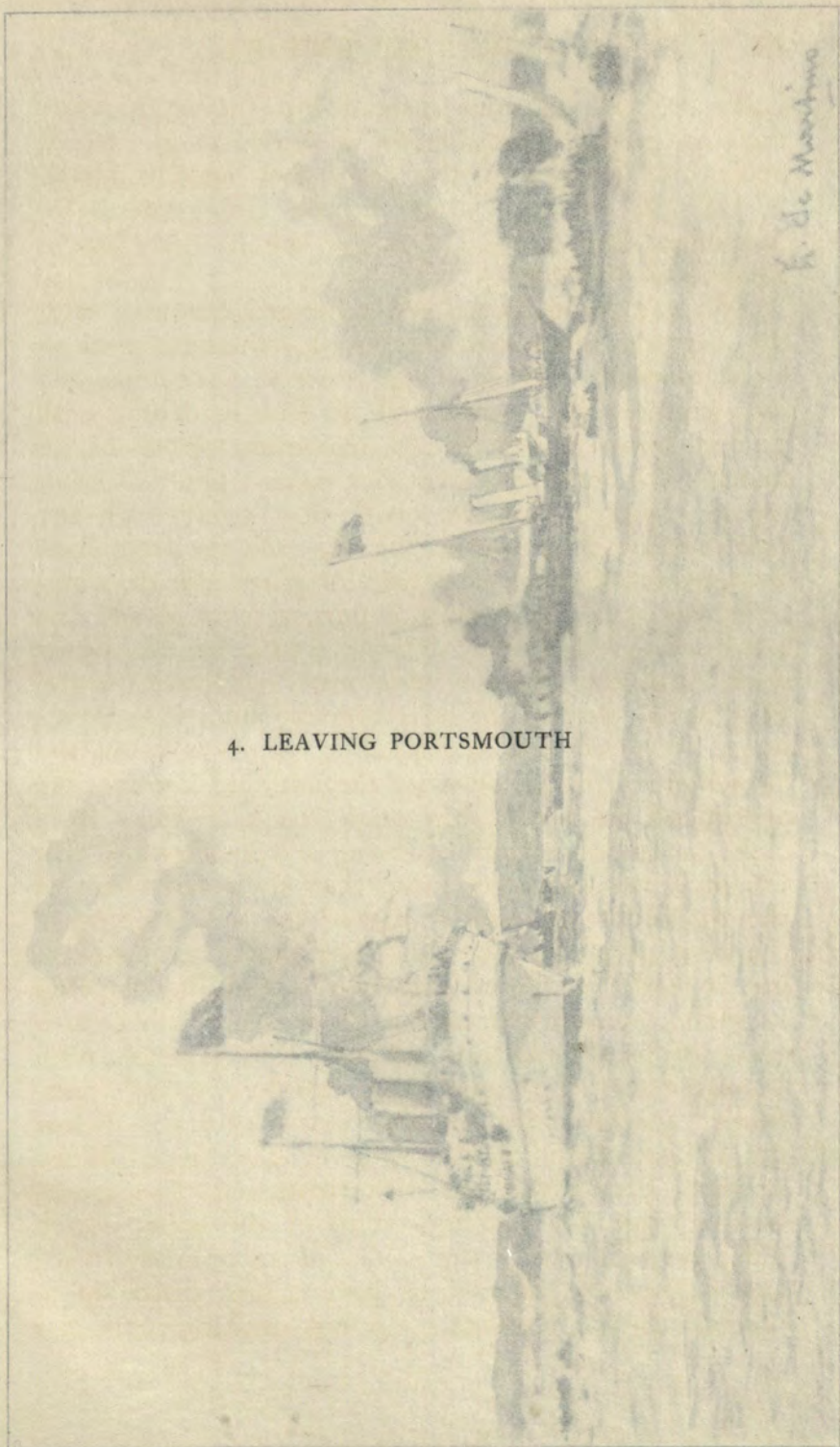
Sunday, 17th March.—Fine morning. No land visible, but we are said to be somewhere off Ushant.

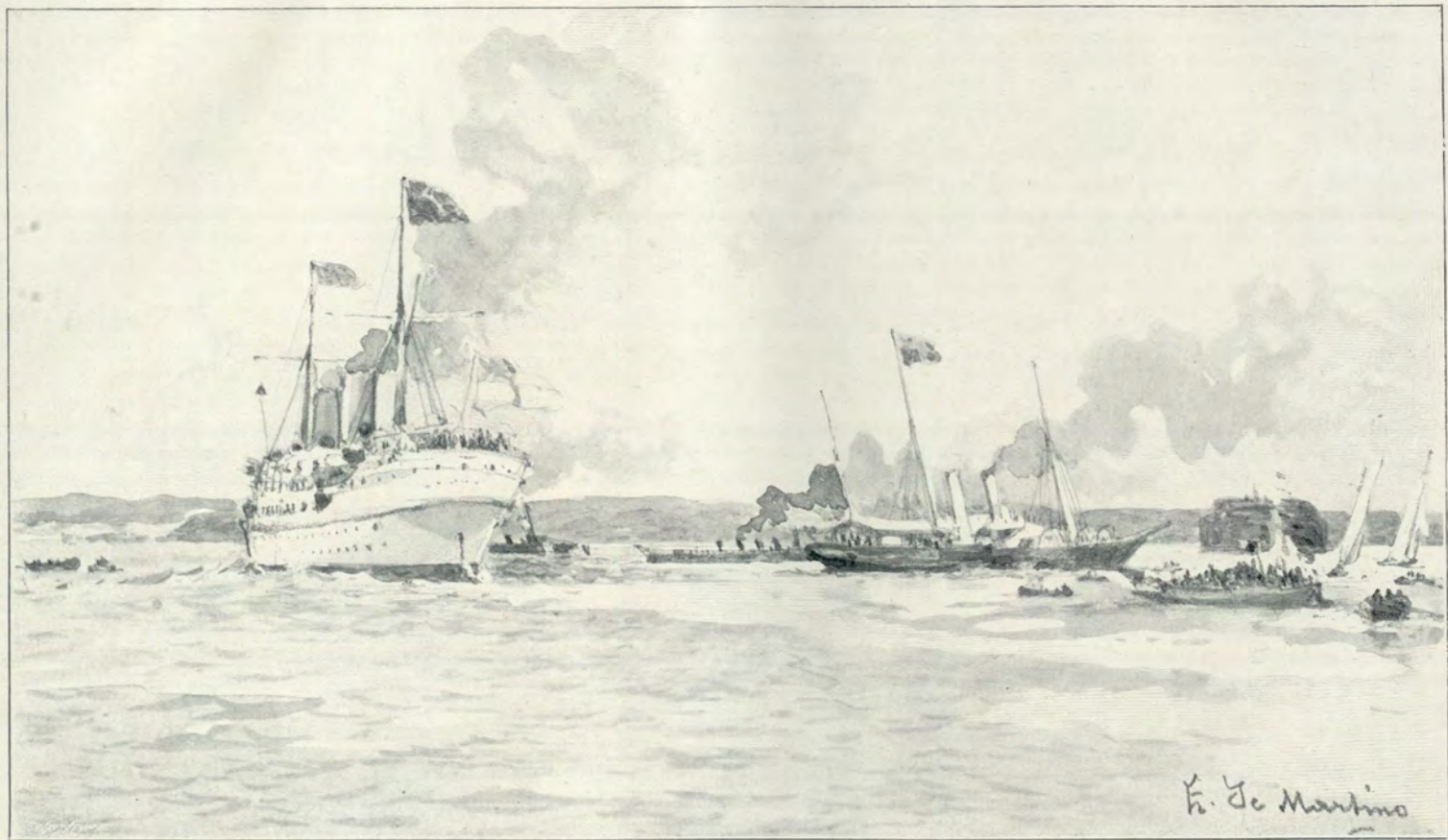
Later the sky becomes overcast, but the temperature remains mild. Occasionally a little swell, which makes one or two of the party feel uncomfortable. At 11 A.M. service is held in the dining-saloon for passengers and crew. On the whole the Bay is treating us very kindly.

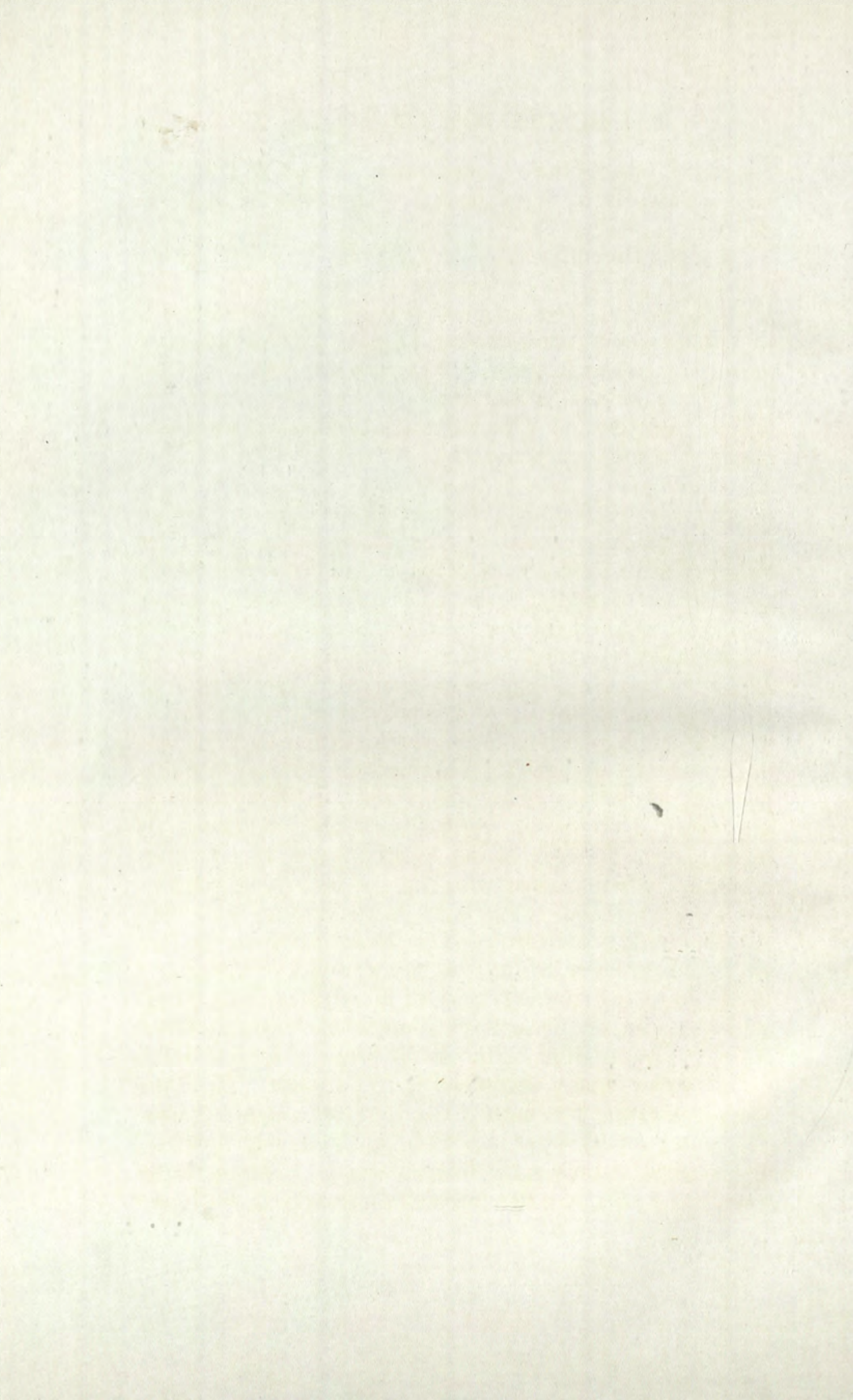
We are gradually becoming better acquainted with the ship which is to be our home for the next seven or eight months. She is a twin screw of 6910 tons, 482 feet long, 53 feet beam, and 37 feet in depth, with 10,000 horse-power, and a maximum speed of 18 knots. We are assured that her water-tight bulkheads are so arranged that she could float safely with any two compartments open to the sea. On the promenade deck, which is over 250 feet long, are the drawing-room and smoking-room, the former forward and the latter aft. Under the drawing-room, on the upper deck, are the private apartments of their Royal Highnesses, perfect in arrangement, admirably ventilated, furnished and decorated in exquisite taste, and altogether a model of what elegant and comfortable apartments on board ship ought to be. They have only one defect—that of being so far forward that the occupants must get more than their fair share of the discomfort necessarily caused by the pitching of the vessel in rough weather. This defect was foreseen, but it could not be obviated without pulling the ship to pieces, because the whole of the space amidships is occupied by the spacious and lofty dining-saloon, with a vaulted roof of stained glass, capable of being transformed quickly into a concert-room or theatre. Below the dining-saloon, on the main deck, arranged round an open space which has been christened "Household Square," are the sleeping-cabins of the suite, which differ very little from the cabins of an ordinary liner; and farther aft some of us have cabins fitted up as offices. In the drawing-room and smoking-room is a

K. de Mearns

4. LEAVING PORTSMOUTH







library of 600 volumes, containing works of the most varied kind, from light novels to ponderous encyclopædias.

Besides the officers of the Royal Navy, a list of whom is given in Appendix A, the *Ophir* carries 125 bluejackets, 100 marines, 7 engineer officers, with an engine-room complement of 88; 37 bandsmen, a purser, 50 stewards, some 30 private servants, 20 boys, 9 cooks, 3 bakers, 2 butchers, 1 laundryman and his wife, 1 printer, and 2 hairdressers. All told, there are nearly 550 souls on board.

Monday, 18th March.—At breakfast-time we see on the port-quarter, twenty-five or thirty miles off, a low range of hills in the hazy distance. This is the north-west corner of Spain, so we may congratulate ourselves on having crossed the Bay without experiencing any of its traditional terrors. Early in the forenoon the hills disappear, and we see no more land all day. The swell increases, and in the evening the crest of a wave breaks into the dining-saloon, and bespatters the beautiful red-leather seats. A squad of active stewards prevent any permanent damage being done, and effective measures are taken to obviate a repetition of the invasion. At midnight the flashing of the lighthouse on the Burlings is distinctly visible, and about 3 A.M. Lisbon is passed.

Tuesday, 19th March.—The wind from the north-east has freshened during the night, and there is now a pretty high sea running. Most members of the party, as they come on deck, have some complaints to make. As the Commodore terms it in breezy fashion, there are a great many growls flying about. And not without reason, for during the night the angry sea has discovered many weak points in our defensive armour, and several cabins have been flooded. The first impression is that a large amount of beautiful millinery

and interesting literature has been hopelessly spoiled. A careful investigation diminishes considerably the extent of the disaster. But what of the future? Is our magnificent floating palace, which an enterprising daily Press has taught us to consider not merely a dream of beauty but also a reality of perfect safety and comfort, such a rickety old craft that she begins to leak at every pore as soon as she encounters what is called in nautical language a puff of wind? For some hours the good ship's reputation trembles in the balance; and when the fore-and-aft pitching becomes transformed into an ever-increasing roll, an impartial Speaker would have to admit that "the Growls have it." Only very good sea-legs can walk the deck, and at lunch the fiddles have to be used. The two cruisers—one on the starboard, the other on the port quarter—which had been bowing to us so gracefully yesterday, are now plunging and reeling in a most disorderly manner. On the principle that "tout est relatif dans ce bas monde," we begin to realise that the *Ophir* is not such a bad sea-boat after all. The growls are perceptibly diminishing in number and intensity, and as soon as we round Cape Vincent and get under the lee of the land they are hardly audible. Later in the afternoon they are entirely silenced; and a reaction sets in when it is discovered, notwithstanding the reticence of the naval authorities, that for the water which we shipped during the night the good ship was not at all to blame. If apparently trustworthy rumour is to be accepted, the water effected an entrance because certain fine-weather ventilators had been inadvertently left open. A new crew requires some time to become practically acquainted with all the intricacies of an up-to-date passenger ship. For the present, therefore, judgment must be suspended with regard to the sea-going qualities of the *Ophir*. They will, doubtless, be very thoroughly tested later on, and none of us is in a

hurry for the day of trial. After lunch one of the cruisers, the *Niobe*, is sent ahead to deliver to the authorities at Gibraltar a communication about the official reception to-morrow morning. She is to get in touch as soon as possible by wireless telegraphy with the Admiral's flagship, and then return to the *Ophir*. At once she steams rapidly ahead, and long before sunset she is out of sight.

Wednesday, 20th March.—Beautiful morning. We all intended to be up in time to see the Bay of Trafalgar, but most of us have missed our opportunity. Before the breakfast-hour we are already steaming slowly through the Straits, with the Rock on the one side and the African coast on the other clearly visible. The *Niobe* has resumed her former position, and we are naturally curious to know how she executed her mission. Rumour says that she delivered her message at a hundred miles from Gibraltar, but this turns out to be a canard. She had to go into the harbour and transmit it by ordinary semaphore! As to why the wireless telegraphy did not succeed I can get no official information; but a little later in the day I hear it whispered that, in consequence of a misunderstanding, the officer of the flagship in charge of the receiver had gone ashore for the evening and taken the key of the telegraph-office with him! In any case it is pretty evident the wonderful invention cannot yet be implicitly trusted.

Punctually at 9.30, according to the prearranged programme, we glide slowly into the harbour, between two long lines of battleships and armoured cruisers of the Channel Squadron,¹ all dressed and manned, and

¹ The following is a list:—

BATTLESHIPS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Majestic (flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir H. Rawson). | 2. Magnificent (flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir W. Acland). |
|---|--|

thundering forth a Royal salute. We anchor inside the new mole, and Sir H. Rawson, commanding the Squadron, together with Sir George White, the Governor, come on board. Sir George is evidently recovering from the fatigues and anxieties of the defence of Ladysmith, and is looking much better than when I last saw him in London. It is well that we have been moored in such a sheltered position, for we notice a little later in the day that the men in the boats coming from the ships outside are wearing their life-preservers, a proof that there is a heavy sea running. We have got in just in time, and altogether we may congratulate ourselves in respect of weather, for we must have very narrowly escaped the gales that have been wandering about this neighbourhood during the last few days. Yesterday a rumour was current in the town that we had actually put in to Vigo from stress of weather.

At noon the official proceedings begin. Their Royal Highnesses land at the New Mole Parade, and drive in an open carriage, preceded by the Governor and followed by the suite, through the town. The long, narrow, winding street is profusely decorated with flags, festoons of evergreens, and triumphal arches, and lined with the troops of the garrison. Behind the line

BATTLESHIPS—*continued.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3. Hannibal (Captain G. W. Russell). | 7. Resolution (Captain A. Chisholm-Batten). |
| 4. Jupiter (Captain Sir A. B. Milne). | 8. Repulse (Captain S. M. H. Login). |
| 5. Prince George (Captain R. A. J. Montgomerie). | 9. Devastation (Captain F. G. Kirby). |
| 6. Mars (Captain H. D. Barry). | |

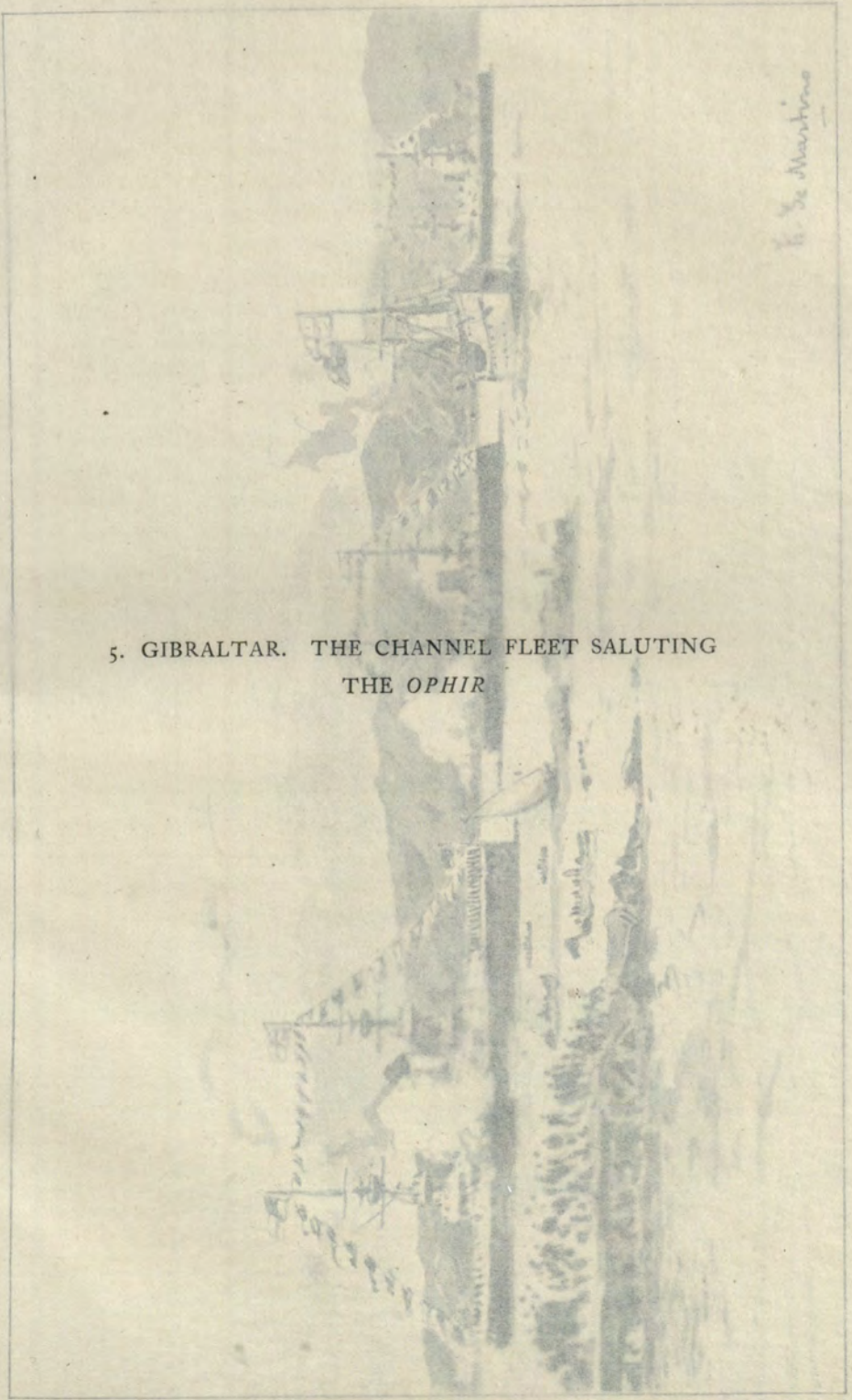
CRUISERS.

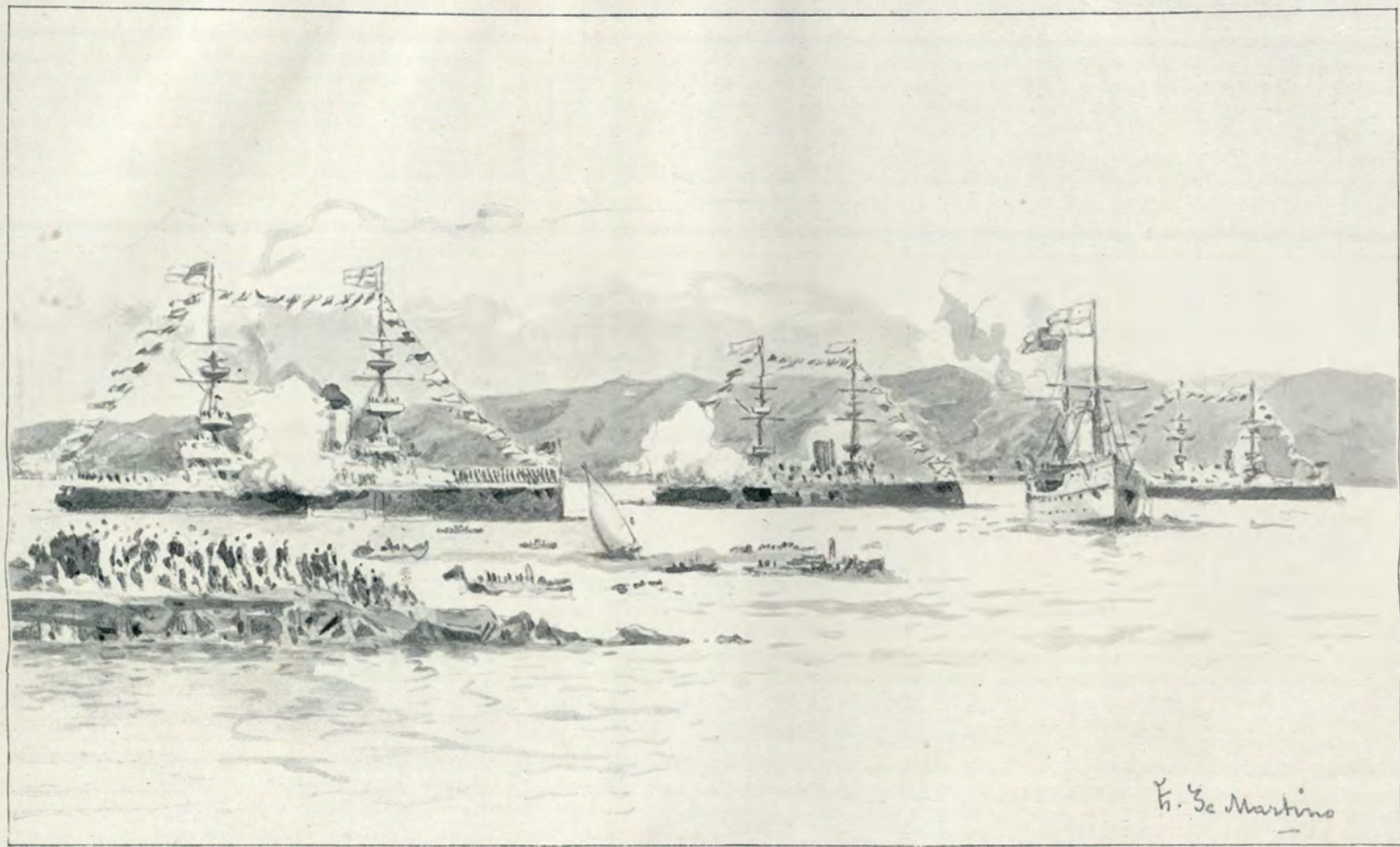
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Diadem (Captain H. Leah). | 5. Pactolus (Captain A. G. Tate). |
| 2. Niobe (Captain J. Denison). | 6. Andromeda (Captain F. J. Foley). |
| 3. Arrogant (Captain H. E. Hulbert). | 7. Diana (Captain A. M. Farquhar). |
| 4. Pelorus (Commander Troubridge). | |

The last two belong to the Mediterranean Fleet, the others to the Channel Squadron. There are also in the harbour two foreign war-vessels: the Spanish cruiser *Infanta Isabel* and the Portuguese cruiser *São Gabriel*.

5. GIBRALTAR. THE CHANNEL FLEET SALUTING
THE *OPHIR*

H. Se. Martino





F. Se Martino

of troops is a dense crowd of men, women, and children, mostly with Southern type of features and bronzed complexion, anxious to get a good view of the illustrious visitors, but at the same time perfectly orderly and respectful. After the manner of Spaniards, they remain silent; but when an Anglo-Saxon group of spectators raise a hearty British cheer, Castilian notions of dignity do not prevent the natives from chiming in. At Commercial Square the Duke and Duchess alight from their carriage and receive a loyal address, in which the Chamber of Commerce, representing the people of Gibraltar, express their special satisfaction that they should be the first of His Majesty's Colonial subjects to have the privilege of welcoming their Royal Highnesses at the outset of a voyage destined to cement that bond of union between the Mother Country and her Colonies, which is the glorious outcome of the reverence and affection of her people for our late lamented and beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria. The Duke replies for the Duchess and himself. After referring to previous visits which he and other members of the Royal Family had paid to Gibraltar, he says he regards the hearty welcome they are receiving at the first place of landing as a happy augury for that great mission with which he has been entrusted by his father, the King, in fulfilment of the wishes of our late beloved Sovereign, whose loss the whole world mourns. The Royal party then drive to the frontier of the neutral territory, and return to the mess-house of the 3rd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, of which regiment His Royal Highness is Colonel-in-Chief. Here they lunch with Lieutenant-Colonel Briggs and his officers, and then go on board the *Ophir*.

In the afternoon a visit is paid to the harbour works, which are advancing rapidly notwithstanding the heated discussions about their utility in Parliament and the Press. In deference to certain influential

personages who have sided with the objectors to the present plan, the Government have sent out several specialists to examine, consider, and report. We meet some of these gentlemen. They are naturally and properly very reserved, and refrain from expressing any professional opinion; but we contrive to gather from their cautious remarks a little information about the main features of the controversy on the result of which depends the expenditure of several millions sterling. The fundamental question at issue is as to whether the docks should be made on the western side of the Rock, looking towards the Bay of Algeçiras, or on the eastern side, looking towards the Mediterranean. To the eastern side there are grave objections. The sea is very deep, the breakwaters would be exposed occasionally to very heavy seas, and the docks would be at an inconvenient distance from the town. For these and probably other good reasons which were not divulged to us, the western side was chosen and the works were begun. Soon it was whispered in influential quarters that a gigantic blunder, such as only a British administration is supposed capable of committing, had been perpetrated. The new docks would be within easy range of hostile guns mounted on the Queen of Spain's Chair and other rocky eminences on Spanish territory. Intended to render inestimable services during a naval campaign, they would be utterly useless in time of war if Spain happened to be on the side of our enemies, or not strong enough to prevent our enemies from using her territory for hostile designs against us. The objections and protests, which were at first expressed in confidential whispers, gained rapidly in strength and publicity, and were at last openly discussed in the English and Spanish Press. In order to appease the rising storm, the Government had sent out these specialists whom we meet here. They do not accompany us on our tour of inspection, so that those of

us who want to form an opinion on the momentous question at issue have to trust to our own unaided judgment.

Starting from the place where the new dry dock is being constructed, we proceed on a temporary narrow-gauge railway through the recently constructed tunnel to the eastern side of the Rock, and emerge not far from the spot recommended for the docks by the opponents of the present scheme. It is blowing very hard, but unfortunately the wind is off the shore, so that we have no opportunity of seeing choice specimens of those gigantic waves which oppose the construction of breakwaters on this side. Thence we go on to Catalan Bay, a village inhabited by strangely conservative fisher-folk of Genoese origin, and continue our jerky drive round the base of the high, precipitous northern cliff to the northern extremity of the new mole, behind which the *Ophir* is securely moored. The population turn out to see their Royal Highnesses, and the eagles who build their nests high up near the summit of the Rock do likewise. We can see distinctly several of them circling aloft, and watching the proceedings with the keenest attention. The well-known apes—the only wild specimens of their race in Europe,—who are usually less shy and more curious, do not put in an appearance on this occasion. The afternoon programme is completed by the ceremony of laying the last concrete block at the end of the new mole. When the Duchess touches an electric button the enormous block, weighing twenty-five tons, suspended in mid-air from a titan crane, descends slowly into the water, and two workmen in diving dress go down to see that it is properly in position. The Duke, having put in some mortar with a silver trowel, gives the three regulation taps, and the operation is complete.

In the evening the Royal party dine with the Governor. At the moment of their departure from

the *Ophir* a rocket is fired, and instantly, as if by enchantment, every battleship and cruiser is illuminated with myriads of electric lights, showing the outline and main features of the vessel. From the landing-place to the Governor's residence the streets are lined with troops and torch-bearers, and many of the houses are illuminated. After the official dinner there is a reception, at which a committee of ladies present the Duchess with a magnificent piece of Barcelona lace. It is worn by Her Royal Highness in the form of a Spanish mantilla as she drives through the town to see the illuminations, and the fact is remarked by the attentive spectators.

Thursday, 21st March.—According to the official programme, the morning is to be devoted to a review of the troops, and a visit to the famous galleries with which a great part of the Rock is honeycombed; but so much rain has fallen during the night that both projects have to be abandoned. The parade-ground is reported to be a quagmire, and the General in command of the Artillery declares that in the galleries the mud is ankle-deep and the water is trickling from the roofs. This is a great disappointment for the Duchess, for she has never been in Gibraltar before, and was very anxious to see the galleries she had heard so much about. A vague hope is held out that perhaps, if the weather keeps fine all day, a visit to some of the galleries may be possible in the afternoon. Black clouds on the horizon warn us that this hope rests on a very slender basis, and at mid-day it is rudely dispelled. When on our way to the *Majestic*, to lunch with the Admiral, the rain comes down in torrents and keeps us imprisoned on board the flagship till 4 o'clock. Thus what was meant to be a fairly busy day is transformed into something like a day of rest. In the evening it is still too damp to carry out the full plan of illumination, but

a very pretty spectacle is given us all the same. After a dinner on board the *Ophir*, at which the chief local authorities and officers of the fleet and garrison are present, we find that the ships are lit up, the outline of the Rock is shown by a long line of lights placed closely together, and a gigantic bonfire blazes on the summit of the North Peak. Even this modest little programme the envious rain will not allow to be fully carried out, and many of the lights are flickering and disappearing as we take leave of our pleasant Gibraltar friends. To-morrow morning we sail for Malta.

Friday, 22nd March.—The weather is endeavouring to make amends for its conduct of yesterday ; not only is the sun shining brightly, but the strong wind which might have tested again the sea-going qualities of the *Ophir*, and made the passage to Malta unpleasant, has kindly transformed itself into a gentle breeze of the strength required for ventilating the ship. One or two of the party, who had been made a little uncomfortable by current rumours of heavy gales outside, feel grateful and happy. Punctually at 9 o'clock we slip our moorings, and the Duke makes a general signal to the war-ships that it has given him great pleasure to meet the Channel Squadron, and that he wishes them good-bye and all prosperity. Immediately the answer comes back that the Admiral, captains, officers, and men thank their Royal Highnesses for kind message, and wish them a very happy voyage. As the *Ophir* passes slowly down the line the ships fire a salute which is re-echoed again and again from the crannies of the Rock. At the end of the new mole we see a crowd of redcoats collected. These turn out to be the 3rd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, who have asked permission to come down and give their Colonel-in-Chief an informal, hearty send-off. Lustily they cheer again and

again, while their band plays "God Save the King," and then, as a last greeting, "Auld Lang Syne."

The two cruisers, *Diadem* and *Niobe*, who have escorted us from Portsmouth, remain here, and are replaced by the *Andromeda* (Captain J. Burr) and *Diana* (Captain A. Farquhar), who are to accompany us to Port Said.

As soon as we turn Europa Point at the southern extremity of the Rock, our course lies eastwards along the south coast of Spain, and all day we see glistening in the bright sunshine the snow-covered ridges and peaks of the Sierra Nevada. It is a fine range, with bold rugged outline which justifies the metaphor of the "Saw" (Sierra); but on all previous occasions that I have seen it, the term "Snowy" (Nevada) has appeared to me something of a misnomer. This time I must confess the term is amply justified, for the snow seems to come down half-way to the level of the sea. At sunset there is a gorgeous display of the most exquisite purple and crimson tints; then the coast trends to the north and gradually disappears. No news of the *Andromeda*, one of our new escort, which was sent ahead early in the day to get in touch with Malta by means of wireless telegraphy.

Saturday, 23rd March.—Beautiful morning. We are now off the Algerian coast. About 11 o'clock we pass Algiers, near enough to see the general features of the town. Thereafter the mountainous coast is very picturesque, and we can perceive occasionally the white line of breakers dashing against the rocks. At noon the run is, for the twenty-four hours, 390 miles. In the afternoon we get a message from the *Andromeda* by wireless telegraphy that Russia is making warlike preparations; but it is not stated against whom, nor on whose authority the announcement is made. If the statement has any foundation, it is probably against

Japan that the preparations are directed. Towards evening our speed is diminished from $16\frac{1}{2}$ to 14 knots, so as not to arrive at Malta before the appointed time.

Sunday, 24th March.—Fine morning. Sea not calm enough to open the scuttles, but the *Ophir* moves along very steadily. We are still near to the African coast. At 11 A.M. there is divine service for passengers and crew in the spacious dining-saloon, conducted by the ship's chaplain, assisted by the Rev. Canon Dalton. At noon the twenty-four hours' run is declared to be 336 miles. Towards 1 o'clock we pass Bizerta, and can see distinctly the high ironwork construction, like a gigantic suspension bridge, for conveying foot-passengers and carriages across the canal which connects the Mediterranean with the Bizerta Lake. In the afternoon the sea becomes much calmer, and the *Ophir* moves along at still further reduced speed on an even keel. We receive from Malta by wireless telegraphy a short summary of the latest South African news, including the liberal terms offered by General Kitchener and declined by General Botha.

Monday, 25th March.—Lovely morning. On the starboard bow we have the island of Gozo, with its villages and churches, and, in the distance, the undulating outline of Malta. Straight ahead we see a flotilla of ten torpedo-boat destroyers—not in their usual sombre garb, but brilliantly white to match the *Ophir*—bearing down upon us with great speed, and firing a salute. Before we have time to examine them carefully they dash past us in two lines, one on each side, sweep round astern of our cruisers, dart forward again, and then, accommodating themselves to our modest 15-knot speed, lead the way towards the Grand Harbour of Valetta. As we pass the entrance of Quarantine Harbour and prepare to thread our way through the

narrow channel between Forts St. Elmo and Ricasoli, a number of steam launches and other small craft join the procession, the guns begin to thunder from the forts and war-ships, hundreds of church-bells clang a noisy welcome, and the serried crowds on the quays and upper terraces cheer loudly. Slowly and majestically the *Ophir*, with the Royal Standard at the main and the flag of the Master of Trinity House at the fore, moves through the graceful festoons of light-blue smoke from the saluting guns, between the lines of gigantic battleships and armoured cruisers,¹ all dressed and manned, their crews cheering vigorously, bugles sounding, and bands playing "God Save the King."

After the usual visits of ceremony from the Governor, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Flag-officers with their respective staffs, their Royal Highnesses go ashore in the 14-oared Royal barge, and drive through the principal streets to the Palace. All along the route, which is lined with troops, there is a

¹ I. BATTLESHIPS.

Renown (flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher).	Ramillies (flagship of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford).
Cæsar (Captain E. Gamble).	Canopus (Captain H. Niblett).
Empress of India (Captain J. Ferris).	Hood (Captain J. Blaxland).
Illustrious (Captain F. Finnis).	Royal Oak (Captain A. Prothero).
Royal Sovereign (Captain C. Adair).	Victorious (Captain C. Cross).

II. CRUISERS.

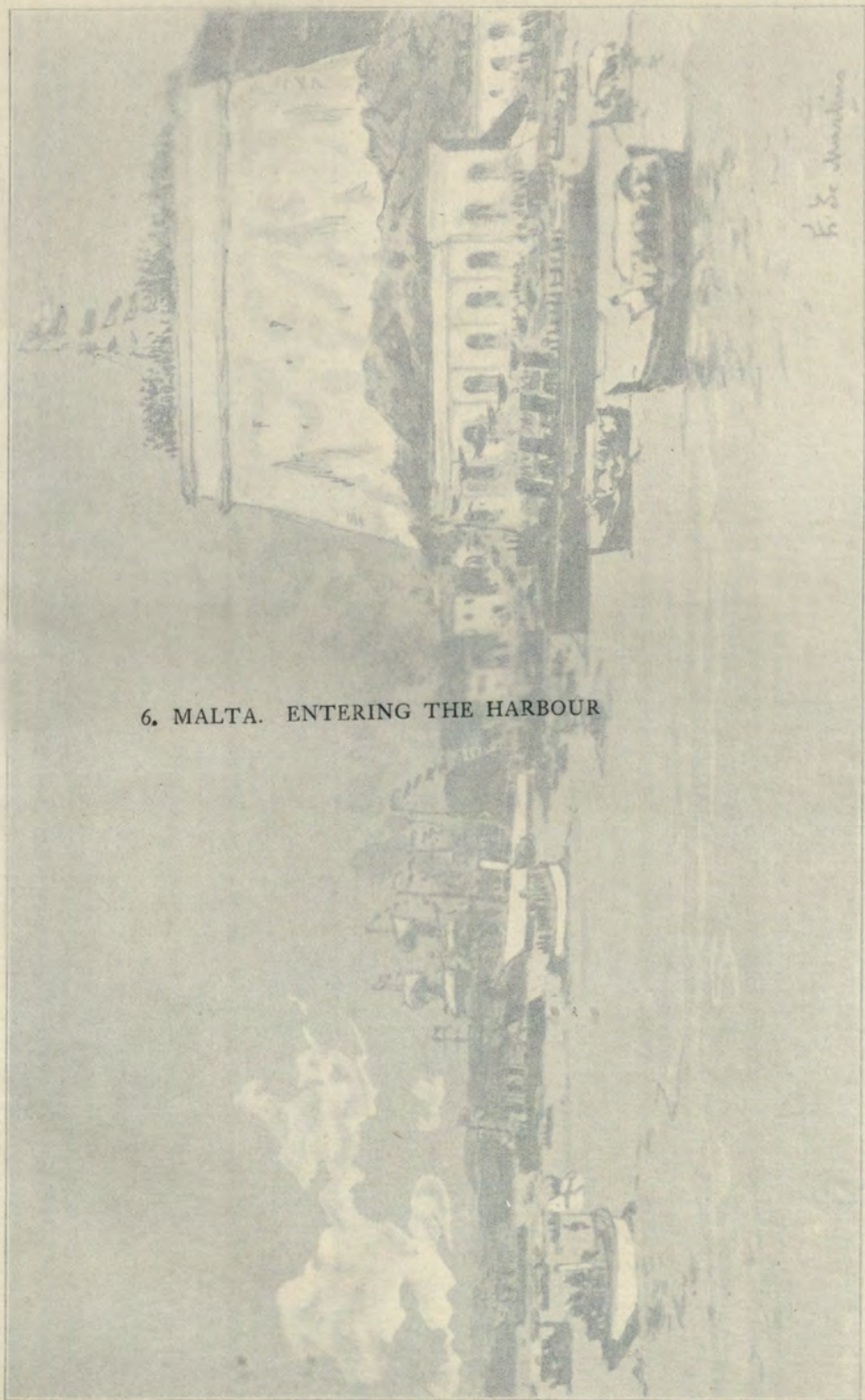
Andromeda (Captain J. Burr).	Diana (Captain A. Farquhar).
Vindictive (Captain H. Warren).	Theseus (Captain V. Tisdall).
Gladiator (Captain F. Pike).	Pioneer (Commander E. Thomas).
Barham (Commander G. Mundy).	Pyramus (Commander L. de Robeck).

III. VARIOUS TYPES.

Cruiser (Commander L. Tufnell); Hibernia (Commander K. Wade); Surprise (Commander H. Grant); Tyne (Commander H. Aplin); Vulcan (torpedo depot-ship, Mediterranean).

IV.

Fourteen Destroyers.



6. MALTA. ENTERING THE HARBOUR

K. De W. 1870



densely packed crowd. The spectators, eager to get a good view, hustle each other on the pavements, lean out of the upper windows at the imminent risk of losing their balance, and endanger their lives by pressing forward to the very edge of the flat roofs. The Maltese, old and young, male and female, dearly love a show of any kind, and it affords them special gratification if it is offered them on one of the great festivals of the Church. Now to-day happens to be a very great festival—nothing less than the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin,—and the weather is all that could be desired. It would have been strange indeed, therefore, if any man, woman, or child in Valetta had wilfully neglected the opportunity of seeing the Heir-Apparent to the throne of the recently discovered, world-wide British Empire, drive solemnly in procession through the city! That is really a sight to be seen and to be talked about for years; and any one who has taken even a humble part in the ceremony must enjoy, in the opinion of his fellows, a certain social distinction. Hence it is only natural that each member of the crowd should strive eagerly to get forward to the front rank, and that the soldiers lining the streets, notwithstanding the assistance of the police, should have considerable difficulty in keeping the way clear.

It is a crowd very different from the one we saw at Gibraltar. The common people of the Rock are mostly of Spanish origin, and the Spaniard is by nature dignified and taciturn, with something of the “grave and reverend signior” about him, whereas the Maltese has more of the mercurial south-Italian temperament. Another distinctive characteristic of the Maltese, as contrasted with the Spaniard, is his want of respect for constituted authority. Like the Greek and the Levantines generally, he is always inclined to defy and annoy the police, and the police have often great difficulty in preserving order. English rule has im-

proved matters a little, but the authorities still lament the insubordinate spirit of certain classes, and we notice here and there a few symptoms of it as the Royal procession passes along. On the whole, however, order is admirably maintained, and the people submit good-naturedly to the restrictions imposed on their eagerness to get a good view of the show. They do not cheer, for cheering is a British habit which our Maltese compatriots have not yet acquired; but they express their loyal enthusiasm in their own traditional way, by clapping of hands. Their loyalty finds expression also in the numerous decorations and triumphal arches in the principal thoroughfares.

Arrived at the Palace, which forms one side of the great square, the Duke and Duchess go up to the balcony, and the march-past begins. First come the Naval Brigade with their guns, and then the troops of the garrison—in all, about eight or nine thousand men. Conspicuous among the bluejackets, at the head of one of the batteries, are a piper in full Highland costume, and a massive bulldog, well known in the fleet as the faithful attendant of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who commands the Naval Brigade on horseback.

After luncheon the Duke receives no less than seven deputations, representing the Chapter and Clergy, the elected members of the Government Council, the Nobility, the University, the Bar, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Medical Profession. Each deputation presents a short address of welcome, full of loyalty to the throne and devotion to the Empire; and to each address the Duke makes a suitable reply. Thereafter their Royal Highnesses go to the Marsa, a large plain near the end of the harbour, and witness a polo match, in which the Arab ponies distinguish themselves by agility rather than speed. In the evening there is a large official dinner at the Palace,

followed by a numerously attended reception with music by native artistes.

I have said above that the Maltese, as compared with the Spanish population of Gibraltar, has more of the mercurial south-Italian temperament. By this expression I do not mean that the Maltese are Italians by nationality. They are a very mixed race, and it is impossible to state, even approximately, the relative strength of the various elements. If we judged by their language we should say that the predominant element was Semitic, for in the dialect as spoken by the common people the proportion of Semitic words is very high—some authorities say, as high as 80 per cent. But this does not help us much in our efforts to solve the ethnological problem, because language is never a safe test of race; and in this instance we do not know how many of the Semitic words are of Carthaginian origin and how many are Arabic of comparatively modern importation. The subject has never been properly investigated, and is not likely to be studied in a scientific spirit for some time to come, for it constitutes one of the burning questions of local politics, and the echoes of the fray reach us through various channels. For generations the language of the majority of the educated classes has been Italian, and now the dominant official tendency is gradually to replace Italian by English. This tendency is vigorously opposed by the representatives of local patriotism, with the result that animated scenes occasionally take place in the Legislative Council. What the partisans of Italian particularly resent is the publication of Maltese school-books by the Government, and the introduction of the Maltese language into the schools as the medium of instruction. They fear that the effect of this will ultimately be to anglicise (*inglesizzare*) the population; and a member of the Legislative Council recently went so far as to compare

the process to the Russification of Poland ! Meanwhile, in the Legislative Council and in the Law Courts the Italian and English languages are practically on an equality, and the former is much more frequently used.

Tuesday, 26th March.—The morning is devoted to visiting the Palace, the adjoining Church of St. John the Baptist, and an Industrial Exhibition. The Palace and the Church represent the history of the Knights during the 268 years of their residence and domination in Malta. Here are to be found their charters, and the armour, portraits, and tombs of the Grand Masters. Our inspection of these venerable relics is necessarily hurried and superficial, but the custodians do all in their power to make our visit at once interesting and instructive. With the help of well-selected parchments, pictures, prints, books, silver vessels, and stone monuments, we can follow rapidly the chequered fortunes of the famous Order,—its expulsion from Jerusalem by Saladin ; its splendid defence of Rhodes, so long the bulwark of Christendom against the advancing hosts of Islam ; its settlement in Malta under the celebrated Grand Master, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, in virtue of a charter granted by the Emperor Charles V. ; and its inglorious capitulation of Valetta and the whole island to Napoleon in 1798. Among the artistic treasures of the Cathedral, too numerous to mention in detail, the splendid tapestries attract special attention. They are generally kept carefully rolled up, and have consequently preserved the brilliancy of their original colouring ; but they have now been brought out for the occasion and hung up the whole length of the aisle.

From these very interesting historical relics we pass to the Industrial Exhibition, which represents Malta of the present day from the more prosaic point of view of industry and commerce. The traditional

filigree work, which was at one time greatly appreciated in Europe, is well represented; but the section which attracts most attention is that of lace-making, for which the islands of Malta and Gozo have long been famous, and which is now being systematically developed. Some specimens which we see being made by young girls seated round a big table seem to prove that the nimble fingers of the female inhabitants have by no means lost their cunning.

After luncheon at the Palace we have a pleasant drive outside the city. I was about to say "in the country," but the expression would be misleading for any one who associates the word country with ploughed fields, waving grain, green pastures, budding hedges, and other characteristics of rural England. The neighbourhood of Valetta is so densely populated that a great part of the drive is through suburbs and villages; and even when there are no houses lining the road, there are high white stone-walls, which allow us only an occasional glimpse of the little plots behind. A drive of about six miles brings us to the ancient walled town of Notabile, commonly known as Citta Vecchia. This latter designation—the Old Town—is well deserved, for here we find visible traces and oral traditions of all the successive periods of Maltese history. Malta has evidently followed, for good and for evil, the fortunes of her big neighbour, Sicily, which lies about sixty miles to the northward. The local antiquaries and historians have much to tell us about the Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Saracens, the Normans, the Spaniards, the Italians, the Knights of St. John, and the French, who have successively occupied the island, and who have all left their mark on the population, the language, the customs, and the architecture. As to the relative amount of influence exercised by each of these widely different nationalities the best native authorities are by

no means agreed. In Malta, as in other parts of the world, savants have, I can perceive, their pet theories and pet *protégés*, and the inquisitive stranger who wishes to avoid ruffling the susceptibilities of individuals and coteries has to walk warily in the course of his investigations. In speaking, for example, of the Semitic element in the Maltese language, he had better not speak of it as common Arabic, for there are some worthy inhabitants who prefer their Carthaginian to their Saracenic ancestors, and who accordingly consider the Semitic words of their native tongue as of Carthaginian origin. In like manner the cautious visitor will repress any scepticism he may feel about the accuracy of local traditions in general, and those relating to St. Paul in particular. A great deal more is known in Citta Vecchia about St. Paul's visit to the island than is recorded in Holy Writ. He landed in a bay which still bears his name, and lived for three months in a grotto which is visited annually by thousands of devout believers. During this time Publius, the Roman Governor, was converted to Christianity, and transformed a portion of his palace into a Christian church. On the site of this ancient structure, which has long since disappeared, stands the choir of the present Cathedral, which is only some two hundred years old, but which possesses many of the treasures of its predecessors. Conspicuous among these is a portrait of St. Paul in Byzantine style, which is said to date from one of the earliest centuries of the Christian era. All this information is confided to me by an aged canon, whilst the venerable Dean is showing their Royal Highnesses the treasures of silver and gold and exquisite ecclesiastical embroideries which the Cathedral has accumulated in the course of centuries. My aged friend is evidently a patriotic Citta-Vecchian, proud of his own ancient city, and a little jealous of the worldly prosperity of its parvenu rival, Valetta; for he more

than once impresses upon me that Citta Vecchia is the genuine capital of the island, and its church the true cathedral (*la vera cattedrale*); whereas the Church of St. John, which we had visited in the morning, is merely a pro-cathedral, though both are under the government of the same Dean and Chapter. He does not profess to know precisely the date of the various works of art to which he thinks it necessary to call my special attention, but he assures me in a general way that each one of them is "multo, multo antico," and very much finer than anything in the Pro-Cathedral of St. John. Of the famous Knights, who built the pro-cathedral and defended the island for over 250 years against the assaults of the Moslem, he speaks with due respect, but without any tinge of enthusiasm, though he admits that they did not entirely neglect his beloved Citta Vecchia, and that some of the Grand Masters spent there a considerable part of the year when the Barbary pirates and other marauders were not particularly active on the coast. Of one Grand Master, Manoel de Vilhena, he speaks in a positively sympathetic tone, and advises me to examine his bust on an old palace near the entrance to the walled enclosure; but before he has time to explain to me his sympathy for this brave Portuguese knight, we reach the door of the sacred building, and our conversation is suddenly interrupted. In the great square outside, a bevy of young girls in pretty white frocks have intoned "God Save the King," and are thereby warning us that their Royal Highnesses are preparing to start. I am obliged, therefore, to take a hasty leave of my old mentor, with many thanks for his instruction, and we all drive off to Verdala, another summer residence of the Grand Masters, situated on a still higher and cooler point, nearer to the south-west coast. It is not a town like Citta Vecchia, but merely a large airy country-house, surrounded by a few trees and shrubs,

rare things in Malta. From the roof we get a bird's-eye view of a considerable part of the island, so dotted with small buildings and intersected with white stone-walls that it looks not at all like a bit of open country, but rather like the ruins of some gigantic ancient city. It seems to us that an enormous amount of labour has been very unprofitably expended in the construction of those walls round every little plot of land, but a well-informed resident explains that they are necessary in order to protect the grain and fruit against the strong winds which so frequently sweep over the island. "I can assure you," he adds, "that the Maltese are not a people that love wall-building or any other kind of labour for its own sake."

Leaving Verdala at sunset, we get back to Valetta in good time for an official dinner and reception on board the *Ophir*.

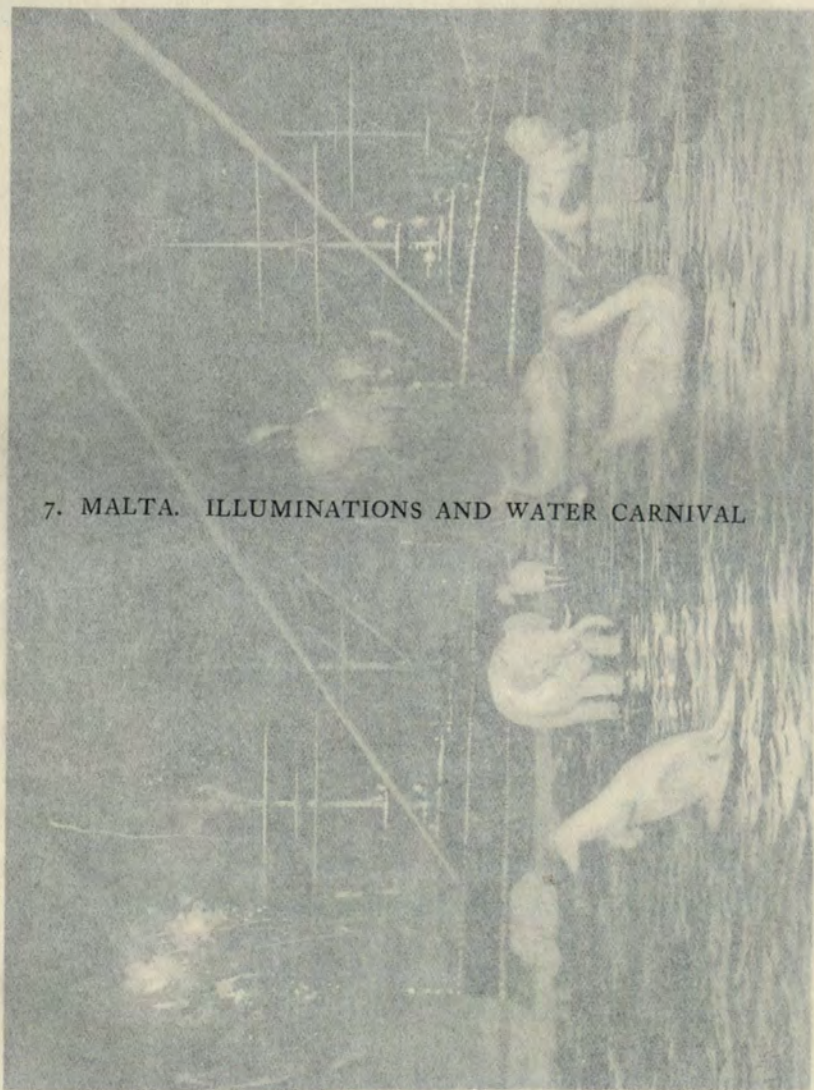
Wednesday, 27th March.—In the morning their Royal Highnesses visit the Royal Naval Hospital at Bighi, a high, open, airy position overlooking the harbour. Such a position ought to be healthy, but it has the reputation of being feverish, and no one can explain the reason. From Bighi we go to the parade-ground on the adjoining Corrodino hill, where we see the Naval Brigade go through some very smart exercises. Here we look down on the new docks in course of construction. The authorities are evidently trying to keep pace with the ever-increasing requirements of the Navy, and they are here encountering no such difficulties as those we heard so much about at Gibraltar; for the nearest foreign territory on which a hostile battery could be constructed is sixty miles off. Precautions have to be taken, however, against an attack from the sea, and some of these are shown and explained to us. The most interesting are the Brennan torpedoes, of which three or four are launched from Fort Ricasoli

at the mouth of the harbour, for our instruction and amusement. Standing on the parapet of the fort, we can see them, or rather we can see the little flag which each of them carries above the surface of the water, darting forward and turning to the right and left according to the will of the operator concealed on shore. Whether this ingenious instrument would prove a formidable weapon in real warfare the experts alone can decide, but it is certainly a very pretty toy to play with in time of peace.

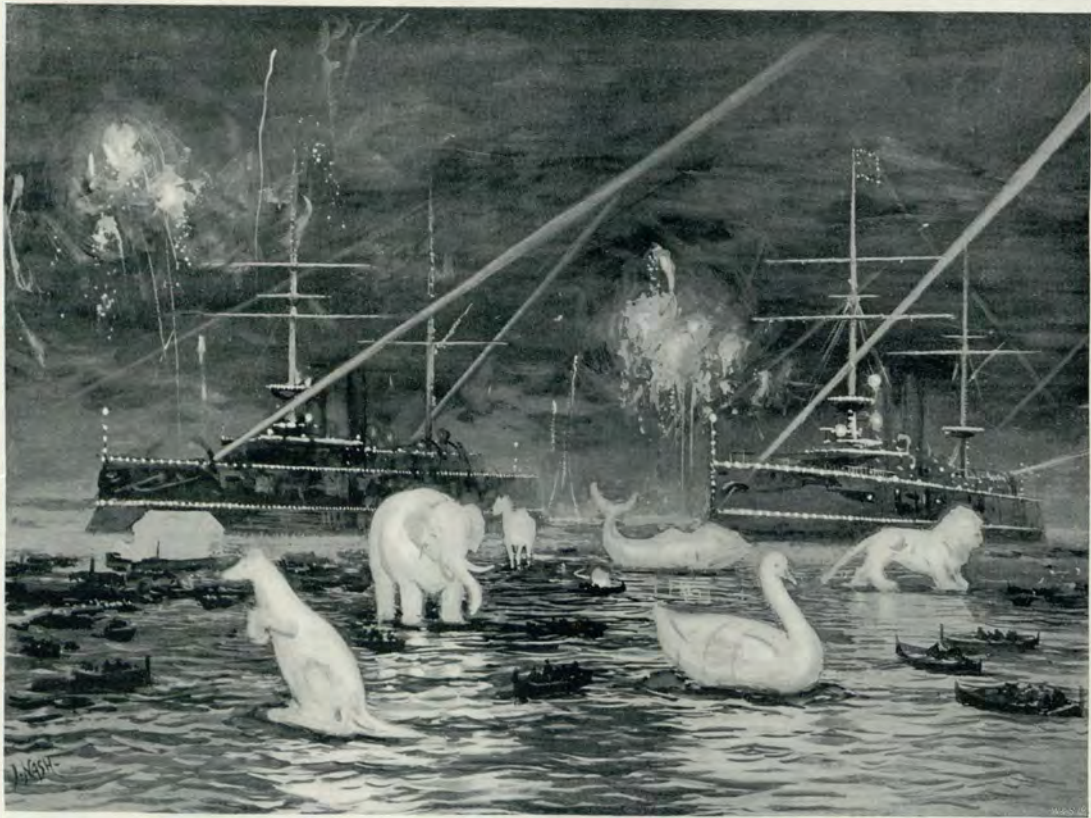
The Royal party lunch with Lord Charles Beresford on board his flagship, the *Ramillies*, and drive afterwards to the St. Antonio Palace, a large country-house surrounded by beautiful gardens and orange groves. Here the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh lived for some time, when H.R.H. was Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, and here their daughter Melita was born.

For the last two days some of our good friends behind the scenes have been telling us in a mysterious way that we are to have a send-off such as Malta has never seen before, but we are not allowed to know anything about the details. Our curiosity has accordingly been aroused, and now it is about to be satisfied, for we are to sail to-night for Port Said. At 8 o'clock we go on board the *Renown* to dine with the Admiral, Sir John Fisher. As the Royal barge leaves the *Ophir* a magnificent bouquet of fireworks goes up from the Corrodino heights, near the dockyard, and all the war-ships are lit up with innumerable electric lamps. The flagship is tastefully decorated, and at dinner the greatest cordiality prevails. Afterwards there is a numerously attended reception, and now not only the war-ships but also the small craft and all the principal buildings of the town are brilliantly illuminated. There is, perhaps, no town in the world that lends itself better than Valetta for a scenic display of this kind, and

certainly on this occasion the inhabitants have made the most of the wonderful natural advantages of the place. For nearly two miles, on both sides of the harbour, from the water's edge to the top of the ridges, the whole place is one blaze of light; and efforts are made to amuse as well as dazzle us. Round the *Renown* glide noiselessly a procession of weird canvas monsters lit up from within, constructed by the crews of the ships and the workmen of the dockyard. Among the most conspicuous are a sea-serpent, a bottle-nosed whale which spouts at intervals to show its delight and sportive loyalty, an elephant who waves his trunk and groans, a camel who moves his head noiselessly from side to side, a gigantic swan, and an antediluvian dodo. The procession is escorted by two historical craft of very different epochs—a three-decker of the time of Nelson, and a Noah's Ark of the type familiar to us in our childhood. At 11.30, as a reminder that it is time for us to take leave of our hospitable friends on the *Renown*, the three-decker fires a Royal salute from her popguns, which do not come under the Admiralty regulations against firing salutes at night; and as the Royal barge shoves off from the flagship the Corrodino heights again send up a fine bouquet of fireworks. Punctually at midnight, as the clocks are striking the hour, the *Ophir* slips her moorings and moves slowly ahead. At that moment a great rushing noise is heard, and suddenly the dark sky above the illuminated city is lit up with the infinitely variegated hues of a thousand rockets—the concerted signal for the bands on all the ships to strike up "God Save the King." Onwards we move, the channel out to sea being marked for us by two lines of small boats firing off hundreds of Very's lights, green to starboard and red to port; and as we pass along this corridor of fire we perceive a novel feature in the spectacle. On the upper terraces connecting Fort St. Elmo with the town are long rows of



7. MALTA. ILLUMINATIONS AND WATER CARNIVAL



torch-bearers, and when the National Anthem is succeeded by the plaintive strains of "Auld Lang Syne" the thousands of flaming, sputtering torches are waved up and down, keeping time with the music. Outside the two forts which guard the entrance of the harbour our two cruisers, the *Andromeda* and *Diana*, are waiting for us with their dazzling search-lights pointing eastwards at different elevations. Before rounding Fort Ricasoli to steer an eastward course, we take a last long look behind us, and see the great harbour still a mass of flame. Altogether a scene of which no pen-and-ink description can convey any adequate idea! It is a thing to see and remember. Those who said we should have a send-off such as Malta had never seen before were not, I think, guilty of exaggeration.

From Malta to Ceylon

In January 1864 Malta - To-day we have a good
approximate number of soldiers and some of the
highest of the country and a substantial
amount of money.

PART III

From Malta to Ceylon

March 28 to April 16

March 28. We left Malta at 10 o'clock and
went to the island of Gozo. The island is
very fertile and produces a great deal of
wheat and other grain. The people are
very industrious and the soil is very
rich. We saw many of the old ruins
of the island and the people are very
friendly to the English.

From Malta to Ceylon

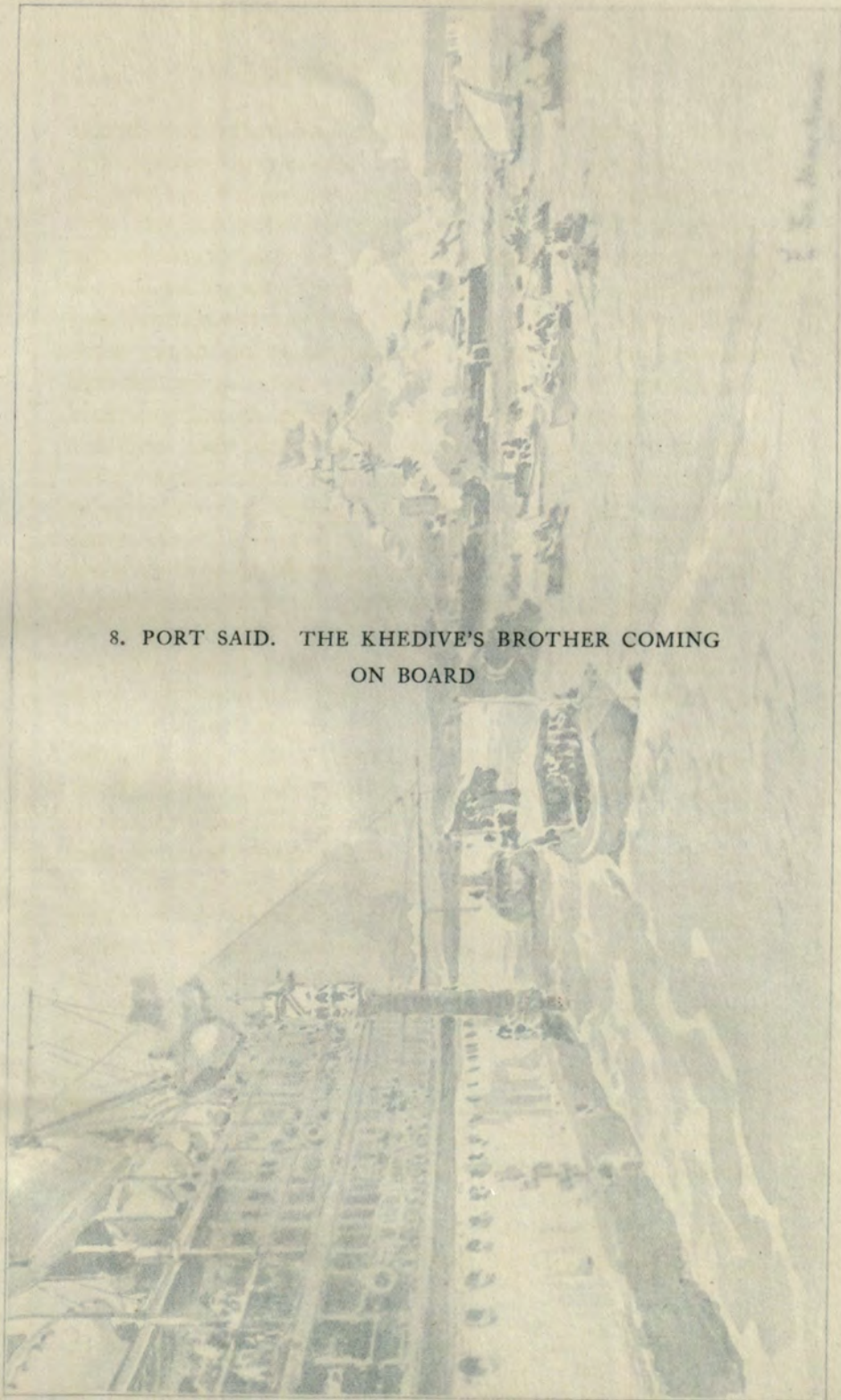
Thursday, 28th March.—To-day we have a grey sky with intervals of sunshine, a cool breeze, and a long swell from the north-east. A message is received by wireless telegraphy from Malta at a distance of 180 miles, with the help of a ship stationed midway. When we are passing Crete, about 100 miles south of the island, the Duke sends a wireless message of greeting to his cousin, Prince George of Greece, Governor and High Commissioner. The message is taken for some distance by one of the attendant cruisers, and transmitted by it to a small war-vessel fitted with a receiver and stationed in the little Cretan harbour of Sphakia. It must have reached its destination without much delay, for an answer is received through the same channel during the night. As efforts are frequently being made in this way to keep in touch with the outside world, one of the two cruisers of the escort is generally out of sight. The experiments prove that in certain circumstances wireless telegraphy would be of enormous assistance to the Navy, but as yet the results are far from being completely satisfactory.

Friday, 29th March.—Still steaming on our straight course from Malta to Port Said. The weather is much the same as yesterday, with a certain amount of pitching and rolling, but not enough to have the

scuttles closed. No land visible, and nothing to break the monotony of an ordinary sea-voyage except the movements of our attendant cruisers, which are closely watched. At noon we find that the ship has run 373 miles in the twenty-four hours. In the afternoon the sea becomes calmer, and every one appears at dinner with a good appetite. In the evening the sailors and marines have a musical entertainment on deck, with songs, comic and sentimental, and numerous recitations. The sentimental songs have sometimes an interminable number of verses, but they never seem too long for the majority of the audience. The most conspicuous figure in the proceedings is a grave personage who walks about in the uniform of an admiral of the time of Nelson. Some of the spectators believe they see a resemblance to a distinguished naval officer still living.

Saturday, 30th March.—A dull, muggy morning—a mild foretaste of the Red Sea and the tropics. It is not intensely hot, for the sky is overcast, but it is close and clammy. With the sea there is no cause of complaint. We do not need to consult the chart to know that we are nearing a port, for all the numerous writing-tables are occupied, and the reclining figures on long chairs have their letter-portfolios on their laps. Some of these have evidently a difficulty in resisting the soporific influence of the weather, and I fear there may be ink stains on the well-scrubbed deck before we reach Port Said, where the letters to the dear friends at home are to be posted. Port Said is reached about 4 o'clock. The Khedive's brother, Mohammed Ali Pasha, and suite, as also Lord Cromer, Generals Reginald Talbot and Lane, and other Anglo-Egyptians, immediately come on board, after which the Duke visits a hospital, and takes a short drive with the Duchess. The drive is necessarily short, because the town covers only a small extent of ground and is

8. PORT SAID. THE KHEDIVE'S BROTHER COMING
ON BOARD





F. Sc Martino

surrounded on all sides by water or desert. On the landing-stage is a guard of honour, consisting partly of Fellaheen and partly of Soudanese, tall, smart, soldierly-looking men. All the distinguished visitors from Cairo dine on board with their Royal Highnesses, and immediately after their departure the disagreeable operation of coaling begins. Every door, port, and scuttle in the ship is as nearly as possible hermetically sealed, so as to keep out the fine coal-dust, to the great inconvenience of passengers who like a reasonable amount of fresh air. The great coal-barges, lit up with flaming braziers, are quickly brought alongside, and the more than half-naked Arab coal-heavers set to work with a will, expending quite as much energy in yelling and guttural jabbering as in doing the work for which they are paid. An artist making studies for a picture of the Inferno might have gained some useful suggestions by looking down from the promenade deck, through the coils of dark-blue smoke issuing from the braziers, into those grimy barges filled with black, gesticulating, screaming figures, more fiendish than human. Fortunately, there is a monotony in the horrid din that encourages rather than prevents sleep.

Sunday, 31st March.—We leave Port Said about 7 A.M. The *Andromeda* and *Diana*, which have escorted us from Gibraltar, go no farther, and we are now accompanied by the *Titan*, the Canal Company's most powerful tug, which is to help us if we encounter any obstruction in the Canal. Before proceeding far we learn from the Canal officials that there are two obstructions ahead. The *Britannic*, which is bringing home the contingent of all arms sent out to Australia to take part in the Federation festivities, is aground in Lake Timsah; and somewhere between the Bitter Lakes and Suez a big dredger has broken one of her chains and

dropped her buckets into the water-way. Some of us go ahead on a launch and board the *Britannic*. She is aground, but in such a way that she does not block the channel. The *Ophir* is able, therefore, to glide slowly past amid the hearty cheers of all on board. From brief conversations we learn that both officers and men have enjoyed their trip immensely. "They did us awfully well," is heard from all sides, to which one officer adds, "A little too well sometimes." Of all the places visited, including New Zealand, they speak with enthusiasm; but there is no time to go into details, for the officials in the launch hurry us away, in order that we may overtake the *Ophir* before she gets too far ahead. As it subsequently turns out, there is no cause for haste, for the *Ophir* has to cast anchor for the night in the Bitter Lakes, so as to give the diver and workmen in the dredger time to fish up the buckets from the bottom of the Canal. We particularly regret this delay, because if it had not occurred we should have made, thanks to the amiable efforts of the Canal directors and officials, a record passage from Port Said. Such accidents, we are told, are not likely to occur in future years, because the Company has decided to adopt a newly invented dredger of a more efficient kind, by which the silt is raised without buckets by means of a suction-pump. The results of the first experiment with this new machine are shown us in Lake Timsah, in the form of a little island which was thrown up in the space of 150 hours.

Monday, 1st April.—Early in the morning the Canal authorities report that the *Ophir* can now pass the obstruction, and we are taken in tow by the *Titan*, said to be the most powerful tug afloat. With her assistance we reach Suez shortly after 10 o'clock, and remain there for an hour, in order to unship the temporary rudder which had been added to the regular

9. IN THE SUEZ CANAL

F. S. Martine





one at Port Said to counteract any possible vagaries of the *Ophir* in the Canal. New Suez, on the bank of the Canal, has been greatly increased in size and beautified in appearance since I last saw it, ten years ago; whilst Old Suez, which lies two or three miles inland, seems to have proportionately declined, for we can perceive, through our glasses, that a good many of the houses are dismantled and falling to ruins. This confirms what I heard from an old resident in Port Said. Old Suez, which used to be an important place of transshipment for the overland trade, has been injured rather than benefited by the construction of the Canal. The new industrial and commercial activity which the Canal has created has gravitated to Port Said, which has the advantage of being nearer Europe. At present Port Said has the disadvantage of having no unbroken railway communication with Cairo, because the only connection which it has with Ismailieh on the Cairo-Suez line is a narrow-gauge railway which is allowed to carry only passengers and personal luggage. It is believed, however, that this passenger narrow-gauge railway will shortly be replaced by an ordinary broad-gauge line, in which case Port Said would have unbroken communication for goods traffic with Cairo and Upper Egypt, and would thereby become one of the great outlets and inlets of the foreign trade of the country. Alexandria will naturally oppose any such scheme, and it remains to be seen whether its opposition will be successful.

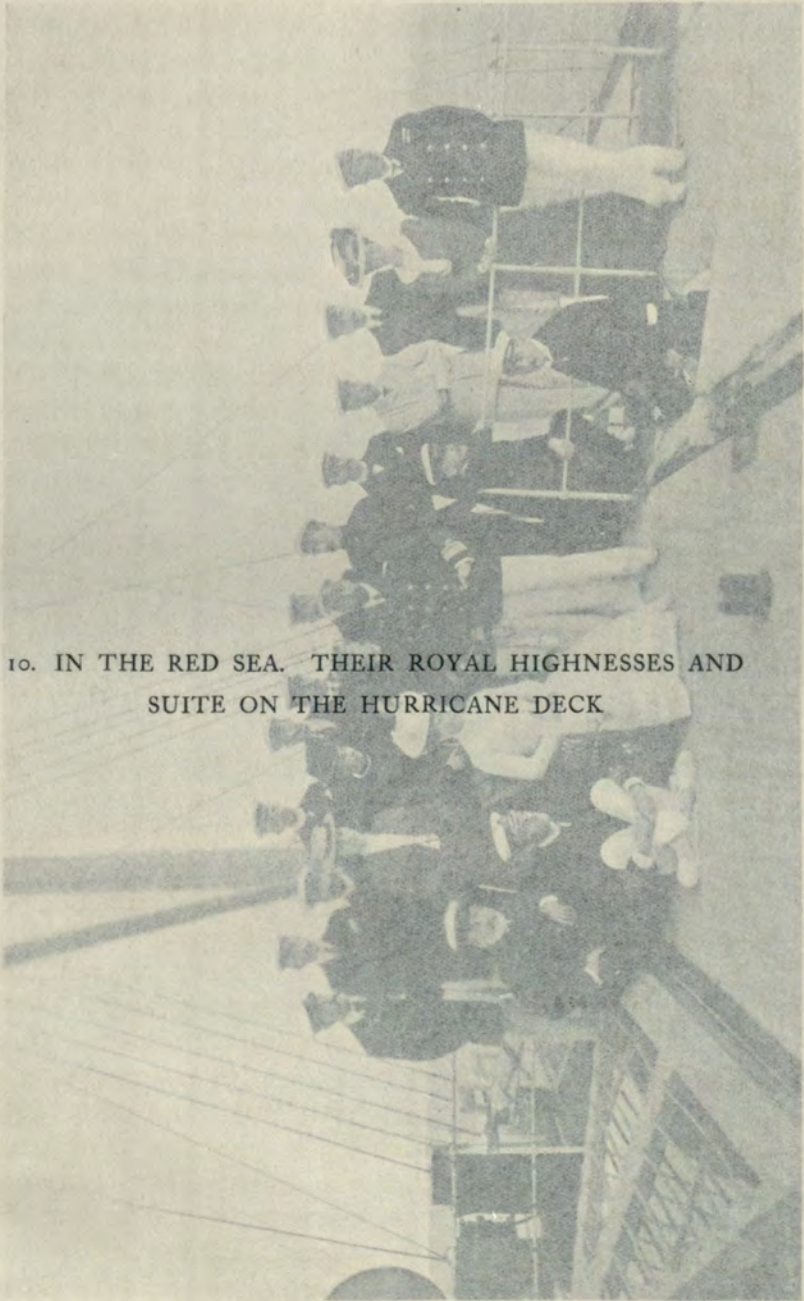
At Suez we meet the homeward-bound steamer *India* with Lady Curzon, wife of the Viceroy of India, on board. Cheers exchanged on passing. Lovely morning. Wonderful variety and beauty of colour in the sea, sky, and rocky mountains. Pleasant, cool breeze all the way down the Gulf of Suez. At sunset a photographic group is taken on the hurricane deck. Prolonged discussion as to whether a high ridge,

which we see to the eastward, is Mount Sinai or not. The Commodore decides the question in the negative ; but some who had committed themselves to the opposite view are, in defiance of naval discipline, of the same opinion still. After dinner a slight swell from the northward compels us to shut our ports, but even then the temperature is very bearable. At midnight we pass the island of Shadwan, and watch for a long time its strong, white-and-red revolving light.

Tuesday, 2nd April.—Decidedly warm, but not oppressively hot. Sea calm. Nothing to vary the monotony of an ordinary day at sea. No land visible, and very few steamers passing.

Wednesday, 3rd April.—The hottest day we have had, but nothing unusual, we are told, for the Red Sea at this time of year. The men go through their physical drill with all their usual vigour. A little after mid-day we pass the *Cockatrice*, which has come out from Suakim to greet us. She signals that our troops have occupied Vryheid, and taken three guns. Towards sunset we perceive land dimly on the horizon. In the evening, beautiful moonlight.

Thursday, 4th April.—At 9.15 we pass Jeb-el-Teir, and two hours afterwards a group of bare volcanic islands. A considerable number of steamers sighted. The heat moderated by a fresh breeze from the southward. At 4.30 we pass through another volcanic archipelago, as bare as its predecessor, islands big and small, with several ugly reefs over which the swell is breaking. We think of what an unpleasant place for navigators the Red Sea must have been before it was surveyed and supplied with lighthouses. In this latter respect it seems a good deal remains to be done, for several of the groups of islands we have



10. IN THE RED SEA. THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AND
SUITE ON THE HURRICANE DECK



passed have still no lights, and it is a little risky to pass them at night.

Most of us have now begun to sleep on deck.

Friday, 5th April.—When we turn out in the early morning we see a high range of hills with bold jagged outline on the port-quarter. This turns out to be the south coast of Arabia. During the night we have passed Perim and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the Gate of Tears. This poetical name has been only too well justified, for even in these modern lighthouse days shipwrecks in the narrow passage are not at all rare. The last time I passed we saw a P. and O. steamer there, stuck hard and fast on the rocks. Before breakfast time we sight Aden, and we see, close to the land, the *St. George* (Captain Bush) and the *Juno* (Captain Routh), the two special cruisers of the training squadron which were sent out from England in advance of us, and which are now to escort us during the remainder of the voyage. As we approach, a Royal salute is fired by them and by the forts. We have now reached Indian territory, for Aden is, from the administrative point of view, a part of the Presidency of Bombay. From the picturesque and strategic standpoints it is the counterpart of Gibraltar, and there is a considerable resemblance between the two great rock-fortresses. In both cases we have a great mass of bare, inaccessible, inhospitable rock, rising high out of the sea, and connected with the mainland by a low, narrow neck of land. Both have a good natural harbour, capable of accommodating a large number of ships; and both are so situated that they dominate great trade-routes. To this we may add that the mercantile and strategic importance of both is yearly increasing. In one respect Aden has an advantage over Gibraltar: it is in no danger of ever being commanded or harassed by a battery on foreign territory. There are no high hills

in the immediate vicinity, and the adjoining territory belongs to the Sultan of Lahej, who is under British protection and control. This personage comes on board soon after our arrival, and has an interview with the Duke. He is a small, spare, well-formed man of perhaps thirty years or more, with features of the Arab type. His residence is at Al Houta, a village about twenty-two miles distant. He presents to the Duchess a jewelled necklace of native workmanship, and to the Duke a dagger with a well-tempered blade that had been in his family for no one knows how many generations. With him comes a neighbouring chief of lesser importance, Ahmed bin Hussein, chief of the Fadthli tribe, who lives at Shugra, about eighty miles off. To both the Duke gives photographs of himself and the Duchess, and they depart, apparently well pleased with their visit.

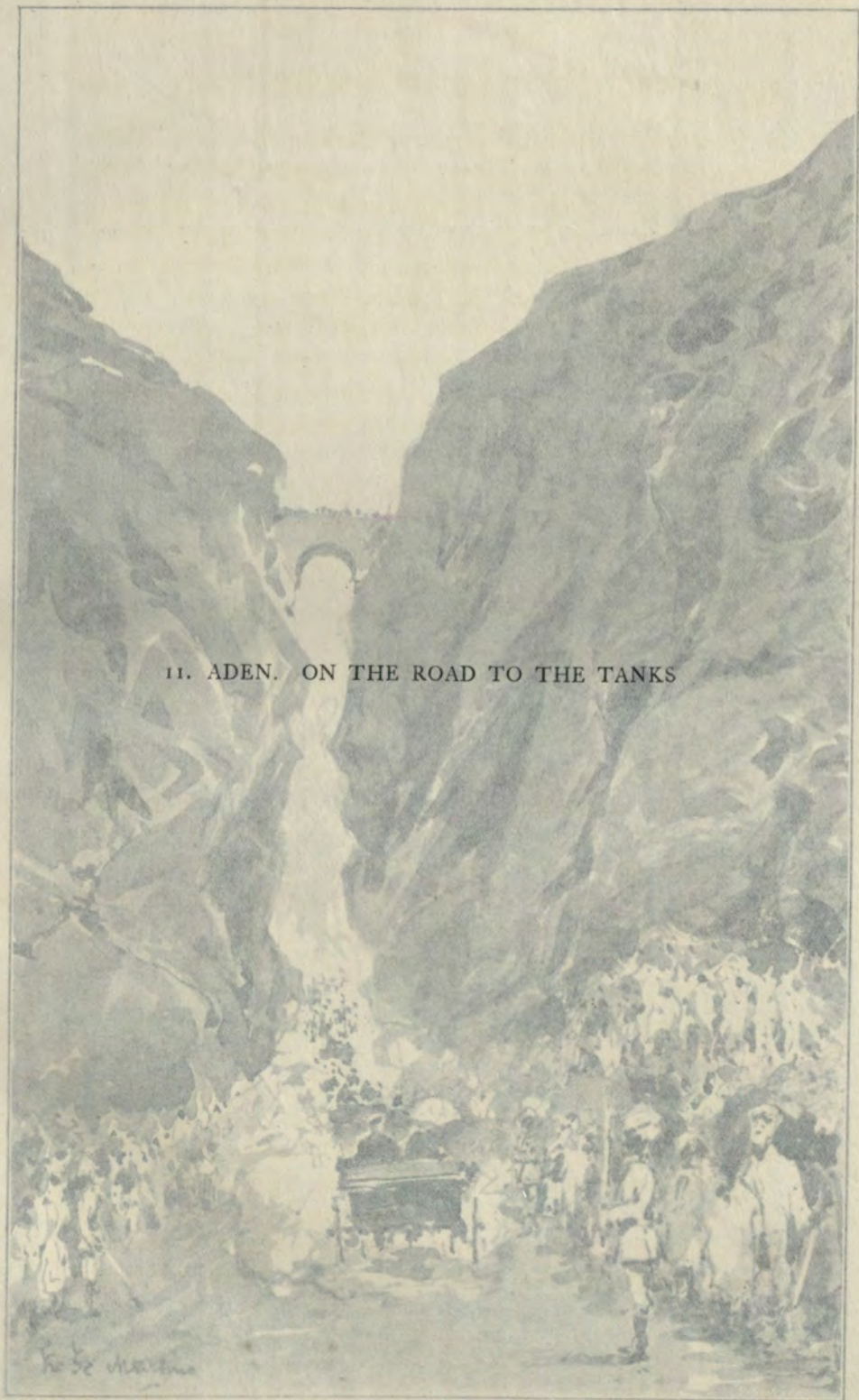
After lunch the Duke delivers formally to three midshipmen and sixteen men of the *St. George* and *Juno*, war medals for service in South Africa. Then we all go ashore, and find at the landing-stage a tastefully constructed "pandal." As we are now entering the region of pandals, and are sure to encounter a great many of them, I had better explain, once for all, what the word means. A pandal is a light, temporary wooden construction, erected in honour of a distinguished visitor. If the visitor is to pass through without stopping, it takes the form of a triumphal arch; whereas if he is to receive an address or otherwise exchange courtesies, it may assume the character of a reception-hall. The framework is of bamboo or some similar light wood, and the interstices are filled up with reeds, fibres, greenery, or flowers. Formerly no materials were used that could not be obtained from ordinary gardens or the neighbouring jungle, but it is now becoming fashionable to add bright-coloured flags or streamers and other artificial ornaments. The

pandal which we find on the landing-stage at Aden is of the reception-hall type, profusely decorated with flags and bright-coloured stuffs. In it are assembled the leading inhabitants of the place; and an address, expressing their sentiments of loyalty and devotion, is read by a Parsee gentleman, Mr. H. Cowasjee Dinshaw, whose father read a similar address to our present King when he was travelling on his way to India as Prince of Wales in 1875. From this we conclude that the Parsees are, and have long been, the leading members of the Aden commercial community; and we notice as prominent features in the crowd the ugly little glazed-leather hats of peculiar form which the male Parsee usually wears, and the silks and gauzes of strangely pure and delicate hues which the Parsee ladies affect, and which form an admirable contrast with their swarthy, olive complexions, and large, lustrous black eyes. These descendants of the old Persian fire-worshippers are really a wonderful people! Whilst preserving intact their ancient faith and their traditional religious observances—witness their Towers of Silence in Bombay,—they have imbibed modern ideas enough to make them first-rate men of business, and some of them have distinguished themselves as cricket-players. In the matter of dress they seem to be undergoing a metamorphosis, for the gentleman who presented the address a quarter of a century ago was arrayed in flowing robes of pure white muslin and shoes turned up at the toes, and now his son performs the same function in ordinary European dress, with nothing distinctive except the peculiar national headgear.

When we leave the landing-place to drive to Old Aden and the famous tanks, we are reminded by the guard of honour and the escort—stalwart Bombay infantry and light well-mounted Sowars in smart khaki uniform—that we are, technically speaking, on Indian territory; but we soon recognise that the Indians are

only a small part of the population, and that Aden forms one of the chief links of connection between Asia and Africa. Perched like bright-plumaged birds on the precipitous rocks, hustling each other in the streets, and lining the roads for a distance of three or four miles, is as motley a crowd as I have ever seen—including Somalis, Gallas, Swahilis, Abyssinians, Egyptians, Soudanese, and genuine woolly-headed, white-teethed negroes. The town is prettily decorated, and we drive through several pandals of the triumphal-arch type; then we rise by a zigzag road to a narrow defile in the rocks spanned high up overhead by a bridge with loop-holed parapet. Passing through the defile, we descend into what geologists say was formerly the crater of the great Aden volcano—a saucer-shaped hollow overshadowed by the big central mass of black rock, on the highest peak of which is perched the signal-station. At the bottom of the crater is the Old Town, which contains the barracks for the European and native troops, a number of bare, white-washed bungalows, several churches, and a native bazaar. Between the town and the peak, half hidden in a steep ravine, are the famous tanks. They were constructed, it is said, by the Persians many centuries ago, and were allowed to go to ruin when the Persian occupation came to an end. Gradually they were buried under the debris coming down from the mountain, and for many generations their very existence was forgotten. It was not till 1854, fifteen years after the occupation by the English, that they were accidentally discovered by an Engineer officer, who subsequently became Sir Lambert Playfair; and a considerable number of them have since been cleared out and repaired by the Government. They are partly cut out of the solid rock, and partly formed by dams of solid masonry and cement. As they are at different levels on the mountain-side, there is no subterranean connection between them. Their aggregate

11. ADEN. ON THE ROAD TO THE TANKS





P. de Martino

capacity has been calculated at twenty millions of Imperial gallons, but their usefulness is not at all in proportion to their size. It rains so seldom on this arid coast that they are rarely or never filled; and the little water they collect, being hardly drinkable, is used only for washing, watering gardens, and similar purposes. The drinking-water is derived entirely from condensation. Some of the inhabitants tell us that the rainfall is increasing, and that parched Aden may perhaps one day become an Emerald Isle; but this optimistic doctrine has gained few adherents. Strange to say, most of the people we meet, without having any such comforting expectations, are fairly contented with their lot. Aden, they say, in spite of its dry, hot climate, is, on the whole, not a bad place to live in. It is fortunate for the British Empire that among men and women of Anglo-Saxon race there is so much variety of taste in respect of temperature and climate.

Of course, it was neither the temperature nor the climate that first attracted Englishmen to this barren rock. The story of the occupation is a characteristic episode of the expansion of the British Empire. In the year 1837 a ship flying the British colours was wrecked near the rock, and those on board were barbarously maltreated by the natives. Reparation was demanded by the Government and solemnly promised; but before the agreement had been carried out the Sultan died, and his son refused to fulfil his father's promise. Force, therefore, had to be used, and the place was taken by storm. So far, the incident is simple enough; but why did our troops remain there permanently? Having accidentally come into possession of the place, the authorities began to perceive dimly the advantage of having somewhere in that region a bit of British territory. It was the time when the Mediterranean and Red Sea route to India was beginning to attract the serious attention of far-seeing,

energetic men. Only a few months before the occupation of Aden a monthly service had been established for carrying the mails across Egypt, and it seemed tolerably certain that the trade by this route would annually increase. In these circumstances it was convenient to have a half-way house between Suez and Bombay; and with the rapid development of trade caused by the opening of the Alexandria-Suez railway in 1858, and of the Suez Canal in 1869, what was only a convenience became a commercial and strategical necessity of the first order. Aden was, therefore, not only retained, but also strongly fortified, and other precautions had to be taken. To prevent the French Government from carrying out its intention of seizing Perim, which completely commands the mouth of the Red Sea, we had to hoist the British flag on the island in 1857. The French Government replied by obtaining in 1862 the cession of Obock on the African mainland, and in 1882 it showed a tendency to extend its borders in the direction of Somaliland. This was a serious danger for Aden. Under British protection the population had increased more than twenty-fold, whilst the production of the necessaries of life had remained almost stationary. Consequently provisions had to be drawn in large quantities from the Somali coast on the African side of the Gulf, and it was of the utmost importance that this granary of the fortress should be protected against foreign annexation. To prevent annexation by France, Somaliland was declared a British Protectorate, and so it remains even unto the present day.

By the time we get back from our excursion to the tanks, the sun has set and the houses in the neighbourhood of the landing-stage are prettily illuminated. The leading personages of the place are entertained at dinner by their Royal Highnesses, and at midnight we sail for Colombo.

From Aden the Duchess takes away a pretty

souvenir in the form of a fine boa of ostrich feathers. She justly remarks to the donors that it is hardly required at present, but will be useful afterwards.

Saturday, 6th April.—When we get up in the morning, not only Aden but also the whole Arabian coast has disappeared, and no other land is seen all day. No ships sighted. We have a pretty stiff head-wind, which cools the ship without making her pitch or roll.

Sunday, 7th April.—At 6.30, when those who are sleeping on deck are roused by the marines washing the decks, we are passing a long, mountainous island which we suppose to be Socotra, but which turns out to be Abd-ul-Kury, about which I cannot discover anything of the slightest interest. Equally devoid of all scientific and historical interest are the Two Brothers, which we pass some three or four hours later. Their general conformation is a high tableland, surrounded by bare precipitous cliffs with one or two detached peaks about the same height as the plateau. Church service in the saloon as usual on Sundays. The party are gradually settling down to steady reading, and the ponderous books of reference in the smoking-room are being much more frequently consulted. The wind to-day is not quite so strong as yesterday, and the ship is consequently somewhat hotter, but still very bearable. At dinner we use for the first time the new punkah which has been constructed for our convenience, and for which two native boys have been shipped at Aden as punkah-wallahs.

Monday, 8th April.—Slight breeze continues, veering a little to northwards. Lots of flying-fish skipping about. A sailor explains to me that for a long flight they require to keep their fins wet, and that is why they so often touch the crest of the waves. Whether this is in

accordance with the dictates of orthodox science I know not. At the end of dinner the Duke proposes the health of the King of Denmark, his dear grandfather, on the occasion of his eighty-third birthday.

We are now settling down to regular life on board ship, each one according to his tastes and habits. The general arrangements are briefly as follows. By 8 o'clock the morning constitutionals have begun, and half an hour later we begin to assemble for breakfast, which is understood to be a movable feast. Three small tables are spread in the corners of the dining-saloon, at one of which two places are reserved for their Royal Highnesses, the members of the suite taking any other places that happen to be vacant. After breakfast the band play for an hour on their wind instruments, and the rest of the morning is devoted to reading, writing, and similar occupations. About noon we collect in the smoking-room to know how many knots we have run in the twenty-four hours, and who has won the sweepstake for the day. At 1 o'clock lunch is served in the same way as breakfast, but greater punctuality is observed. During the afternoon there is a great deal of sea-gazing and pacing the promenade deck ; reading on long chairs, which sometimes transforms itself into an involuntary siesta ; cricket or some such game for those who require violent exercise, and musical drill or the parallel bars for those who like to take their exercise in a more methodical fashion. If a ship happens to pass or land comes in sight, there is a certain amount of mild excitement, and numerous kodaks are brought up from below ; and when we are nearing a port the amount of letter-writing visibly increases, and the guide-books are more in request. During this part of the day the only fixed item in the programme is afternoon tea, which is taken in the saloon or on the promenade deck, according to the state of the weather.

At 7.30 the bugle warns us that it is time to don our mess-dress, a comfortable semi-naval costume specially invented for the voyage, and punctually at 8 o'clock we all sit down to dinner at one long table, their Royal Highnesses occupying the centre places on each side. Two of the suite, taken in rotation, dine in the ward-room, and their places are occupied by two of the officers of the ship. The excellent band of the Royal Marines (Chatham) play on their stringed instruments during the whole of dinner, and for an hour or more afterwards on the promenade deck outside, or, if the weather is stormy, in the gallery of the dining-saloon. When the musical programme is finished, and "A Life on the Ocean Wave" played as a finale, the gentlemen retire to the smoking-room, where there is a certain amount of card-playing of the "innocent" kind, high stakes and late hours being carefully eschewed. Before 12 o'clock we have generally, with one exception who shall be nameless, all turned in for the night.

Tuesday, 9th April.—Another day exactly like its predecessors. Blue sky with thin white clouds which temper the sun's rays without producing positive shade, the sort of day which old Indians always declare to be the most dangerous for sunstroke. Deep-blue sea, with little white-crested waves over which skip gracefully the nimble flying-fish, and a steady, light head-wind. Some people of salamander temperament consider this the perfection of weather, in which simple existence becomes an enjoyment; but most of us hold a somewhat different view. To have to choose between a buffeting, dishevelling wind and the tranquillity of a steamy, Turkish-bath atmosphere, is not the most desirable position for a native of northern climes. It can be borne, no doubt, without any serious inconvenience, and that is perhaps the most that can be said for it.

Wednesday, 10th April.—In spite of a shower in the early morning, which disturbs those sleeping on deck, the weather is decidedly hotter than yesterday. The temperature of the sea is 86° , and that of the air in the shade about the same. In these conditions an iron ship, with the sun beating on it all day, cannot reasonably be expected to be cool. In the evening we pass to the south of the revolving light on Minicoy, a small coral island between the Laccadive and Maldive archipelagoes. After dinner a musical entertainment in the saloon. The wind dies away, and the heat increases proportionately.

Thursday, 11th April.—Decidedly the hottest day we have yet experienced. Until the afternoon the sea is like a mirror. Hundreds of baby flying-fish skim along the surface of the water, preparing themselves for the bolder flights of their maturer years. The older ones do not show up at all. About noon we meet three ocean-tramps, who all suddenly alter their course in order to have a good view of the little squadron. Three or four hours later we begin to perceive on the north-eastern horizon the mountains of Travancore, on the south-west coast of India. Then a delightful fresh breeze springs up, and increases to such an extent that at bedtime we consider seriously whether it is desirable to sleep on deck. We decide to make the attempt, reserving to ourselves the right to take up our beds and go below if it really comes on to blow before morning. To-morrow morning early we should be in the harbour of Colombo.

Friday, 12th April.—We are up a little earlier than usual this morning, in order to get a glimpse of beautiful Ceylon as soon as possible; but we are not rewarded for our effort. There before us lies the island, but its beauties are concealed from us by a colourless haze. All we can see is a long dark line,

presumably a low shore covered with tropical vegetation, and in the middle of it a big breakwater with a number of ships' masts peeping over it. No trace of Adam's Peak and the other mountains which we had hoped to see lit up with the crimson and gold of a tropical sunrise. Those of the party who have never been in Ceylon before begin to be sceptical about the much-talked-of beauties of the island. Under the usual salute from the war-ships and the fort we pass into the spacious harbour, and are moored ahead of the *Highflyer*, the flagship of Admiral Bosanquet, Commander-in-Chief of the East Indian Squadron.¹

At noon their Royal Highnesses go ashore, the Duke in white naval uniform. The Royal barge threads its way quickly among the ironclads, gaily dressed and firing the customary salute, and the less imposing but equally picturesque smaller craft of various sorts and sizes with which the harbour is crowded. At the landing-stage the Duke and Duchess shake hands with the Governor, Sir West Ridgeway, the Admiral, and the other chief officials, civil, naval, and military, and are conducted to a large pandal of the reception-hall type, thronged with all the leading people of the place. The natives are in a decided majority, and they contribute by the variety and brilliancy of their costumes, much more than the Europeans, to the picturesqueness of the scene. The most intensely Oriental part of the crowd is a large group of Buddhist priests, with shaven heads and saffron robes, not at all in attitudes of mystic contemplation, but lively in gesture and expression, and quite as keen as their lay brethren to get a good view of the passing procession, and especially of the heir to the British throne. I wonder what is passing inside

¹ Besides the *Highflyer* (Captain F. Brock), the ships in the East Indian Squadron in the harbour are: the *Pomone* (Captain E. A. Simons), the *Marathon* (Captain J. S. M. Field), and the *Racoon* (Captain A. E. A. Grant).

of those shaven skulls, and whether modern British patriotism or traditional suspicion and dislike of the foreign unbeliever is the predominant sentiment ; but all my efforts to read something in the expression of those keen-eyed, rather unsympathetic faces result in nothing better than vague surmises. It is like trying to read a book in an unknown tongue. Perhaps, after all, their priestly minds are for the moment entirely engrossed by the ordinary curiosity to see a fine show. Next to them stand a row of officials in peculiar uniforms of broadcloth and gold lace. Their faces, though approaching the European type in form, are only a few shades lighter in colour than the broadcloth of their uniform, which is said to be a remnant of Portuguese or Dutch domination. They are the so-called Mudaliyars, the local officials of the low country as opposed to the mountainous Kandyan Province, the officials of which we shall meet later. Some of those we see before us have a higher rank than the others, and rejoice in the proud title of Mudaliyars of the Governor's Gate, whatever that may mean ; and highest of all is the Maha or Great Mudaliyar, who can be easily distinguished from his humbler colleagues by his enormous gold medal, big as a soup-plate. This mark of distinction, of which the family is justly proud, was conferred on the present Grand Mudaliyar's grandfather, who took in 1803 the side of the British Government against the revolted Kandyan chiefs. The grandson, with whom we very soon make acquaintance, acts as native aide-de-camp to the Governor, and we have reason to be grateful to him for his kind readiness to attend to our intellectual as well as our physical wants. For explaining to us all the new and strange things we see around us no better Mentor could be desired. For the present, however, he has his ceremonial duties to attend to, so we must not trouble him with questions, though it is difficult to

restrain our curiosity, for there are a hundred strange little things one would like to know all about.

The Duke and Duchess and the Governor, attended by the personal staff and flanked by native servants gently waving big palm-leaf fans, take their places on the dais; and loyal addresses are read by delegates of the Legislative Council, the Municipality, and the Chamber of Commerce. To each of these bodies the Duke makes a short reply. In the course of his remarks he refers to the loyal and hearty welcome he received here nineteen years ago; the charming scenery; the interesting relics of ancient days; the variety of races, all united in loyalty to the Throne. On this last subject he says: "I know how our late sovereign . . . realised with admiration and gratitude that spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice which gave the flower of your manhood to defend the Empire's cause in South Africa. It is this sympathy, this readiness to share in the common burden, which forges the links in the chain which it is hoped may ever unite the countries of His Majesty's dominions." There are, however, as His Royal Highness points out to the Chamber of Commerce, other means of strengthening the Empire, which should not be overlooked. Nowadays, the great struggle between nations is not of arms but of trade, and it is the duty of the Chambers of Commerce—"the eyes and ears of our commercial system"—to collect and promptly distribute the required information, to stimulate the home manufacturers towards meeting the wants of the local consumers, and to bring to the solution of the vast and complex problems of international trade their knowledge, experience, and counsel.

As soon as the speech-making and presentations are over, we drive in open carriages, amid the enthusiastic cheers of a lively but orderly crowd of many nationalities, to the railway station, which is tastefully

decorated in the same style as the pandal. A special train is waiting for us, and we at once start for Kandy to see the ancient capital of the island, and spend two or three days in a cooler atmosphere. Kandy is a sort of half-way house between hot, steamy Colombo and the cool, bracing hill-station of Nuwara Elia, which it has been found impossible to include in our programme.

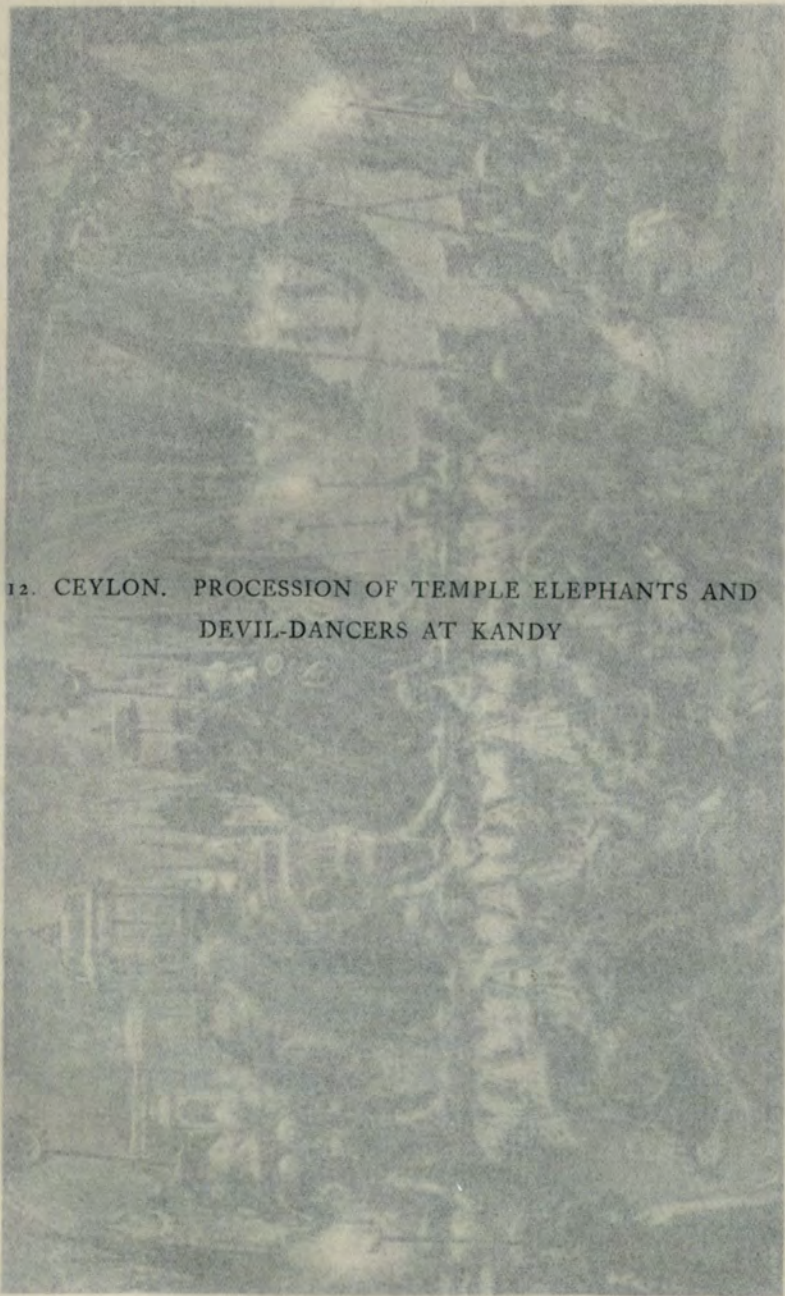
The first part of our journey lies through the low, marshy land bordering on the sea. It is covered with dense tropical vegetation of the most luxuriant kind, broken occasionally by a stream or a little open stretch of paddy-fields. Here and there, close to the line, we see, nestling among the palms and bananas, a hut built of bamboo-sticks and palm-leaves, with the whole family in extremely light attire gazing in wonderment at the passing train. Once or twice we catch a glimpse of a diminutive temple or monastery, with the yellow-robed inmates sharing the curiosity of the lay population. All the stations are densely crowded; but the popular curiosity receives only scant satisfaction, for we rush along at the respectable rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and there are only two short halts till we reach our destination. In the train everything possible has been done for our comfort, including great conical blocks of ice to cool the air, and an excellent lunch served in a dining-car by well-trained "boys," as table-servants of all ages are commonly called in this part of the world. These "boys," I may remark parenthetically, look extremely like girls; for they have smooth, beardless faces, and their long black hair is done up in the form of a chignon and fastened with an enormous tortoise-shell comb. This is a very common Singhalese custom, but I notice that it is confined to one section of the population. The wild-looking fellows who come out of the jungle to stare at the train, and who represent, I presume, the happy peasantry of the district, have no such adornment. It may be suggested that they are

too poor to indulge in the luxury of tortoise-shell ; but this is not an altogether satisfactory explanation, because combs might be made of much less expensive material, and brought within the reach of the humblest long-haired Blackskin. Uncivilised races are often unable to obtain the necessaries of life, but they are never too poor to wear ornaments. The real explanation, I suspect, is that these jungle-men are not Singhalese at all, but Tamils—a hardy, industrious, enterprising race of Southern India, who have long occupied the northern half of the island, are now moving steadily southwards, and already constitute nearly one-half of the entire population. As they all belong to the Hindu or Mussulman faith, they do not intermarry with the Buddhist Singhalese, and they retain unmodified their old language and customs. Official announcements have to be made, therefore, in Tamil as well as in Singhalese and English. One would naturally expect to find in the older population a strong feeling of hostility to the intruders, but I am assured that the two races live very amicably side by side. In the hilly country the Singhalese hold their own much more effectually than in the lowlands.

At a small station called Polgahawela we stop for a few minutes in order that the chiefs of the North-Western Province may present an address to His Royal Highness. The ceremony is performed rather hurriedly, because the police fail to keep back the eager crowd of native sightseers, and because a thunderstorm is evidently about to burst. No sooner have we regained our carriages than the rain comes down in torrents, in genuine tropical style, and explains to us by the object-lesson method why the vegetation is so luxuriant. Ceylon has no rotation of seasons as in a well-regulated climate, but merely a perennial summer with frequent torrential showers, such as we are now experiencing, followed again quickly by genial sunshine. True to its habits,

the sun soon shines again brightly, and we have before us one of the most lovely views it is possible to imagine. During the rain we have risen gradually to a considerable height, and we now look over a vast expanse of country. Immediately below us is a long, narrow valley, the sides of which have been cut into terraces, with the regularity of the tiers of seats in an amphitheatre. The terraces are paddy-fields, and the admirable way in which the whole is constructed proves that irrigation-engineering must have reached here a very high degree of perfection. Beyond the paddy-fields, which are usually anything but a picturesque feature in a landscape, but which here add somehow to the general pleasing effect, stretches away for many miles a hilly country covered with dense jungle, beyond which rises a range of bare, rocky mountains with fantastic-shaped peaks. For half an hour more we continue to ascend, and after passing a column of exactly the same form and dimensions as the Duke of York's column in London—erected to the memory of Captain Dawson, who constructed the road up the pass,—we descend gradually into the charming valley in which stands the ancient capital of the Kandyan kings. The modern Kandyans are famous for their skill in decorating their town in honour of distinguished visitors, and on this occasion they certainly keep up their reputation. From the railway station to the Pavilion, as the Governor's residence is called, the road is lined with festoons of cocoa-nut fibres of various shades, and we pass under half a dozen triumphal arches of bamboo and greenery, all of the same style and character, but varied and original in their details. The Pavilion is a charming country-house in a well-wooded park, with spacious rooms and verandahs suited to the requirements of a sultry climate.

In the evening we witness from the verandah the celebrated Perahara procession, a relic of old barbarous times. The park is lit up with hundreds of lamps of a



12. CEYLON. PROCESSION OF TEMPLE ELEPHANTS AND
DEVIL-DANCERS AT KANDY



peculiar pattern—cocoa-nut shells fixed on stakes and filled with palm-oil, which produces a delicate haze of thin blue smoke and a by no means agreeable odour. On the lawn before the house are sixty-three richly caparisoned elephants surrounded by a dense crowd of gaily attired natives. A few yards in advance of the crowd stand a row of tall, broad-shouldered, handsome men with venerable grey beards, swarthy complexions, and regular features of the European rather than the Asiatic type. Their costume is anything but European. The head-dress resembles a gigantic ornamental pin-cushion with one of the four corners protruding over the forehead. On the shoulders is worn a wide-sleeved Zouave jacket of more modern cut. Round the waist and loins is a long coil of fine muslin, varying in length, I am told, from fifty to a hundred yards, according to the taste and resources of the wearer. The nether garment is a pair of white trousers of such modest dimensions that the lower part of the figure has the form of a pegtop. These strangely attired gentlemen are the famous Kandyan or Highland chiefs. They make a profound bow when their Royal Highnesses appear on the verandah, and then, at a signal from the Governor, they give the order for the proceedings to begin. With wonderful rapidity the amorphous crowd forms itself into processional order. The march-past is one of the most curious sights we have yet seen. In the midst of a troop of torch-bearers, the elephants, resplendent in their gay trappings, and bearing quaintly carved silvered howdahs filled with salaaming, gesticulating attendants, move forward with silent, measured tread, and as they pass their Royal Highnesses they respectfully salute by raising the point of their trunk to their broad forehead. Some of them consider that for such a solemn occasion an ordinary salute is hardly sufficient, and accordingly, stopping short with a half-turn to the right, they make obeisance on bended knee.

In striking contrast with this stately, dignified demeanour of the solemn four-footed servants of the temples is the bearing and conduct of the bipeds. The bands of devil-dancers in hideous masks go by in a state of the wildest frenzy, leaping, hopping, kicking, attitudinising, and sham-fighting, seeking to outdo each other by the violence and grotesqueness of their gestures and contortions. As rivals and accomplices filled with the same demoniacal spirit of Unreason, march past before us numerous groups of native musicians, straining every nerve and muscle to deafen the spectators by means of horns, trumpets, pipes, tom-toms, drums, tambourines, cymbals, and other ingenious appliances for the production of hideous noises. The miscellaneous multitude, all decked out in their gayest holiday attire and anxious to play at least a modest part by cheering and clapping of hands, fill up the interstices between the more active performers.

Gazing at this wild, weird scene, and noticing that the proceedings are becoming more animated, I think for a moment that in a half-civilised, hot-blooded population so much excitement may possibly lead to serious consequences; but I soon recognise that I need have no apprehensions on that score. In the chaos of sound and fury there is evidently some secret principle of order which guides the proceedings; and I gradually discover that this principle of order resides in a white figure which moves about unobtrusively, and controls with calm intelligence and inflexible will the surging, excitable crowd. What is this mysterious incarnation of reason and authority? Is it some high local dignitary of the Buddhist Church who commands the universal respect of the multitude? or is it, peradventure, a venerable Mahatma from far Thibet, inspiring superstitious awe, and wielding something more than ordinary mundane power? It is neither, but simply an English sergeant of police, talking the vernacular in very short

sentences, with an unmistakable Anglo-Saxon, North-country accent! Nothing could illustrate better the wondrous influence of white mind over black matter.

The ordinary calling of these devil-dancers and musicians is to exorcise the evil spirits of disease; and if current report is to be trusted, they often effect wonderful cures. A demon of ordinary calibre, it is said, has rarely the patience and tenacity of purpose to resist for any great length of time their persistent noisy incantations. When I retire to bed at midnight with the recollection of their antics still fresh in my mind, and the din of their noise-making still ringing in my ears, I have no difficulty in accepting the statement.

Saturday, 13th April.—Before going to bed last night I explained to the Governor that I should like to have the curious ceremony we had just witnessed explained to me by some competent authority, and he kindly promised that my wish should be gratified. Accordingly, several gentlemen, well acquainted with the past history and the present manners and customs of the Kandyan, call on me to-day, and give me a great deal of interesting information.

My first question to these gentlemen is how such a wild, noisy, corybantic ceremony belongs to Buddhism, which is essentially a religion of tranquil contemplation. My Mentors have no difficulty in explaining the anomaly. The Perahara, though commonly supposed to have been instituted in honour of the Holy Tooth of Buddha, which we are to see in the Dalada Temple to-night, is not, properly speaking, a Buddhist ceremony at all, but a survival of very ancient Hindu rites. Until comparatively recent times it was a procession of Hindu deities, in which the Buddhist priests and people took no part, and which the more enlightened of them regarded as idolatrous. It was only in 1775 that a Kandyan king appropriated

it for Buddhistic purposes, in the same spirit that induced the Roman Catholic Church in early Christian and mediæval times to adopt and sanctify rites and customs of the old paganism. According to a generally accepted tradition, the king ordered that instead of the Hindu deities the Holy Tooth should be carried solemnly in the procession, but the priests objected. Finally a compromise was effected by means of a pious fraud. An empty shrine was carried round with great ceremony on an elephant, and was venerated by the people. Whether this pious fraud is still practised I cannot say, and I shall carefully abstain from questioning the priests on such a delicate point. Last night the Perahara, being intended only as an amusement for their Royal Highnesses, had no religious significance, and consequently even the empty shrine was not present. Usually all the elephants and paraphernalia are provided by the temples; but there is nothing to prevent a chief or other rich layman from adding to the number, as many did on this occasion. The procession we have seen is declared to be the biggest on record; and certainly it was bigger and more imposing than the one I saw in 1891 when the Cesarevitch, now Emperor of Russia, visited Kandy, and great efforts were made to surpass all previous ceremonies of the kind.

My next series of questions relate to the social position of the various groups who took an active part in the ceremonies. Were they hirelings or volunteers, professionals or zealots? Thereby hangs a tale of social and economic history. Before the British occupation the peasants on the Church-lands were serfs, who, in return for the usufruct of the land, had to render certain services to the Temple. Serfage is now abolished, and the services have been commuted into money payments; but the old obligation of taking part in the great religious ceremonies, being not very

onerous, has been in many cases retained. It is the class of free peasants, descendants of temple-serfs and holders of Church-lands with the obligation of taking part in the Perahara, that supply the devil-dancers, musicians, torch-bearers, and other attendants whose performances we witnessed.

Lastly, I make numerous inquiries about the handsome, picturesque Kandyan chiefs and their connection with the ceremony. They are, it seems, the descendants of the ancient feudal barons who lived, fought, grovelled, and intrigued under the old despotic Kandyan kings of inglorious memory, whose sway extended over the mountainous portion of the island. When Kandyan Royalty was suppressed, and the country annexed by the British Government in the early years of the last century, the ancestors of these highly civilised, courteous gentlemen gave us for some time a good deal of trouble. Failing to appreciate the inflexible justice and other benefits of British rule, they persistently regretted the "good old times," when their life and property were at the mercy of a ruthless despot, before whom they had regularly to humiliate themselves by crawling on their belly. But we must not judge them too severely for their conservative obstinacy. British rule was for them by no means an unmixed benefit. If it afforded them a previously unknown security of life and property, it greatly diminished their importance in popular estimation, and deprived them of their practically unlimited authority over the peasantry on their estates. From the position of little potentates, feared and honoured by a multitude of dependants, they sank to that of ordinary landed proprietors in the modern sense of the term, while their serfs became rent-paying tenants protected by the law-courts. No wonder they long murmured and kicked against the pricks. But all this is a thing of the past. The Government wisely conciliated and utilised them by

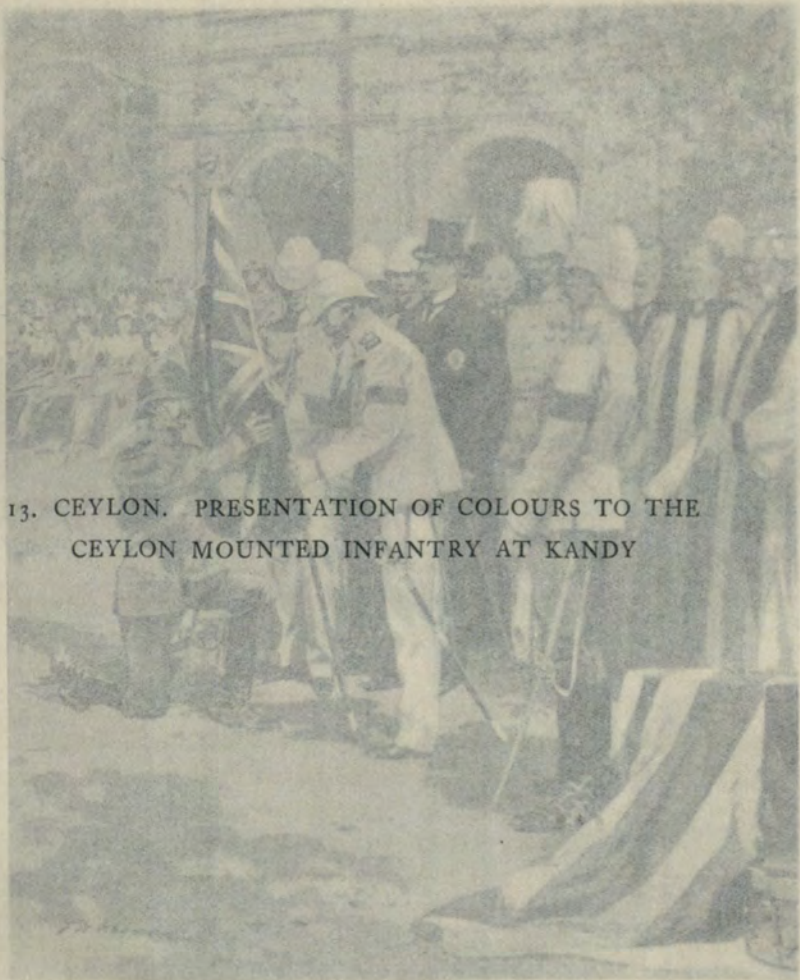
entrusting to them, under proper control, a large share of the local administration, and now the King-Emperor has no more loyal subjects in the whole range of his world-wide dominions. Those whom we saw last night in pegtop swaddling-bands, Zouave jacket, and pincushion-headgear are carefully selected Headmen of districts, or Presidents of the rural tribunals, corresponding to the Mudaliyars of the low-country provinces. One of them has the much-coveted honour of being a member of the Governor's Legislative Council. Several of them have the honorary position of Trustees of Temples, and this explains their close connection with the Perahara festivities.

In the course of my questionings I unearth accidentally a number of very curious facts, of which I may give one by way of illustration. Before the British domination it was quite legal and not infrequent, in the class of country gentlemen from whom the Headmen of districts are now selected, that two brothers should marry one woman; and the Civil Courts have still occasionally to deal with cases of inheritance in which one of the parties bases his claim on the contention that he or one of his ancestors had two fathers! My authority for this statement is an eminent judge, a son of the soil, who has had great experience in the law-courts. Other peculiarities of native law and custom, which might possibly interest the reader, must remain for the present buried in my notebooks, because I had not time to verify the information collected. The circumstances and atmosphere of a Royal tour, in which every hour is carefully mapped out beforehand, and the people one chances to meet are engrossed with functions and festivities, are not at all favourable to scientific research. Careful investigation is difficult, and adequate verification impossible. This must be my excuse for any inaccuracies which may slip into my account of things not actually seen by us.

Among the ceremonial duties performed by the Duke to-day were the presentation of colours to the Ceylon Mounted Infantry ; the conferring of the C.M.G. on three distinguished members of the Ceylon administration, namely, the Hon. Mr. Cooper, the Hon. Mr. Ellis, and Mr. John Henricus de Saram ; and the receiving of a deputation from the Planters' Association. The Planters' loyal address, which contains a passing allusion to the present unsatisfactory state of the tea-industry caused by the low market-prices, is enshrined in a beautiful ivory casket, a remarkable specimen of native Singhalese art, which attracted much attention and obtained a prize medal at last year's Paris Exhibition. The exquisite carving in haut-relief is very tastefully set off by nearly five hundred precious stones, all found in the island. They comprise no less than twenty-four different kinds : five kinds of rubies, six kinds of sapphires, pearls, topazes, garnets, amethysts, cat's-eyes, alexandrites, moonstones, aquamarines, jargoons, chrysoberyls, and cinnamon-stones. The list gives some indication of the mineral wealth of the country. A few of the native gem-dealers, so well known to all who have visited Ceylon, are admitted to the Pavilion after lunch to show their wares, and a certain number of purchases are made. Then some specimens of the aboriginal inhabitants of the island are exhibited on the lawn. They are known as the Veddahs, an ugly, shy, in-offensive race, who live on herbs, roots, crows, owls, kites, bats, and other unsavoury articles of food. They do not at all object to the flesh of the larger and nobler animals—always excepting bear, buffalo, and elephant, to which they have an unexplained aversion,—and they are said to affect particularly the monster Iguana lizard and roast monkey ; but big animals rarely fall to their lot, because they use no weapon more deadly than the bow, and their talents as hunters and trappers are of a

very low order. This judgment is amply confirmed by a little exhibition which they give us of their skill, or rather their want of skill, in archery. What is really remarkable about them is the wonderful conservative obstinacy and power of passive resistance which have enabled them to preserve their primitive barbarism intact for so many centuries against the encroachments of the surrounding civilisation. But even Veddah obstinacy has its limits. By the efforts of the civil authorities and of the missionaries, a considerable proportion of the tribe have been induced to settle in villages; and the remainder, who probably do not exceed a few hundreds in number, are gradually dying out. If any ethnologists wish to study them in their primitive condition, they should lose no time in beginning their researches.

As we are to have the great privilege of viewing the famous Tooth of Buddha, which is an object of profound popular veneration throughout the whole Buddhist world, I take the precaution of collecting a little information about the sacred relic. It has had a strange and chequered history. The story of its wanderings and captivities and of the astounding manifestations of its miracle-working powers would fill a goodly volume, for believers most edifying and for the infidel not without interest. Rescued by pious hands from the Buddha's funeral pyre, it remained for centuries in the possession of the Kings of Kalinga in Northern India; and when dark days fell on the Kalinga dynasty it was brought to Ceylon, for some insufficiently explained reason, by a Princess of that noble House. Here, during a thousand years, it led what may fairly be termed a wandering life, for it resided at various times in at least sixteen different places, at each of which a temple was erected in its honour. Then it was captured by a Malabar conqueror, and carried off to Southern India; but after a few years it was brought back by a



13. CEYLON. PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE
CEYLON MOUNTED INFANTRY AT KANDY



Singhalese king of exemplary piety. Two and a-half centuries later—in 1560—it had a still more terrible experience. Carried off by the Portuguese among the spoils of the Temple of Jaffna, it was taken to Goa, the capital of Portuguese India. An event of such grave religious importance naturally produced consternation and grief among the Buddhists not only of Ceylon but also of Burma, Siam, and the Far East; and the King of Pegu, a Burmese potentate, offered a priceless ransom. The Viceroy of Goa, a man of the Gallio type, being anxious to get rid of the normal deficit of his budget, was quite ready to entertain proposals; but his reverend colleague, the archbishop, was a man of a different spirit. Fired with a holy zeal and supported by his clergy, the indignant prelate denounced publicly the culpable indifferentism of the civil power, and insisted that the accursed object of idolatrous worship should be immediately destroyed. In vain the Viceroy pleaded the parlous state of the finances, and explained that the Tooth, if once destroyed, could easily be replaced by one which would be to all appearance quite as genuine. The assembled dignitaries sided with the archbishop, and elaborate preparations were made for thoroughly carrying out his proposal. The Tooth was pounded in a mortar, the pulverised ivory solemnly burnt, and the ashes thrown into the river in the presence of a great multitude. These proceedings, which are minutely described in trustworthy contemporary documents, seemed very effectual; and doubtless Don Gaspar, the archbishop, congratulated himself on having destroyed for ever the baneful idolatrous superstition; but the result showed the vanity of mere human effort in conflict with the invisible powers. Like the phœnix of old, the Holy Tooth soon arose unscathed from its ashes, and it reappeared in its beloved Ceylon, where it has remained ever since. With regard to its resuscitation, the sceptics and the believers are quite

agreed on one point : the venerated Tooth that resides at Kandy is not the one that was destroyed at Goa ; but here the agreement ends. The sceptics suggest that a new relic was manufactured by the Singhalese clergy, as the Viceroy of Goa had predicted ; whereas the believers assert most positively that the real Tooth never left the island, and that the bit of ivory on which the Archbishop of Goa wreaked his holy vengeance was a spurious imitation. If the truth of an opinion is always in proportion to the fervour and force of the language employed, the believers must be in the right ; but perhaps no great harm will be done if the question be allowed to remain open a little longer.

The history of the Tooth in its later days is not nearly so thrilling as that of its early career, but it is not altogether devoid of interest. Like its protectors, the Kandyan chiefs, the holy relic did not at once become reconciled to British rule. During the insurrection of 1818 it furtively left its temple and went over to the insurgents' camp. Retaken and brought back to its revered abode, it was kept for a good many years in what may be called honourable captivity, being guarded by English sentries until all danger of insurrections were over. For the last half-century its loyalty has never been called in question, and it has consequently enjoyed the perfect freedom and immunity from police supervision which is the proud birthright of every loyal British subject.

Having followed pretty closely the history of the Tooth for a period of over two thousand years, I am naturally anxious to see it, and my desire is speedily gratified. Immediately after dinner we drive down to the temple, which is quite close to the Pavilion. It forms part of the old palace of the Kandyan kings, which is itself an unpretentious building of moderate dimensions. Passing over a small moat and advancing through a broad passage, we reach the Hall of Audience,

a long, low-roofed, rectangular apartment, the ceiling of which is supported by two rows of beautifully carved wooden pillars with connecting beams carved in the same style. At the one end of the hall and between two of the pillars is a dais, on which are arranged the ancient insignia and throne of Kandyan Royalty. Here the Duke and Duchess take their places, with the Governor, and the chiefs are presented successively by name. We then wend our way through tortuous passages to the apartment in which the holy relic is kept. It is a small room, capable of containing comfortably about a dozen people. No attempt has been made to appeal to the imagination and give the place an air of mystery by means of dim religious light and similar scenic appliances. Unlike the priests of certain other confessions, the Singhalese servants of Buddha have not yet come to recognise the religious importance of an impressive, artistic *mise en scène* in rites and ceremonies. I am assured that in this respect a great change is taking place, in consequence of a curious Buddhistic revival throughout the island, and that a few European converts are teaching the simple-minded native priesthood something of the wisdom of the serpent. If such a change is really taking place, it has not yet affected the surroundings of the Holy Tooth. As we enter the little apartment we find it brilliantly lit up and intensely hot. Facing the entrance stand two priests in yellow robes, and one of the chiefs whom we saw in the audience-hall, a lay trustee of the temple, in the fantastic costume already described. Before them is a piece of furniture closely resembling an elephant's howdah, and on it the object of profoundest veneration of the great Buddhist world. It is a piece of ivory about two inches long, suggesting by its form the tusk of some wild animal rather than a human tooth, poised on a bit of gold wire which rises from the centre of a gold lotus-flower, the leaves of which close around it

when not exposed for veneration. It is flanked by two large candelabra, and near it is the bell-shaped golden shrine, the cover of the flower, in which it usually reposes. There are several of these cases, each larger than the one over which it is placed. I have since been told that there were other interesting objects in the room; but my attention was so engrossed by the precious religious and historical relic that I hardly noticed them, and an attempt to describe them would imperil any little reputation for accuracy that I happen to possess.

Adjoining the Chamber of the Tooth is the library, containing some extremely ancient and valuable works of Buddhist literature, written on long, narrow strips of palm-leaves. The learned librarian, an amiable yellow-robed monk, shows us some of the finest specimens of Pali calligraphy, and, in explaining to us the *modus operandi*, proves accidentally that he is himself no mean adept in the art. The writing is produced by scratching the palm-leaf with a sharp instrument, and then rubbing into the little furrows a black pigment of the nature of Indian ink. So it is done now, and so it was done two or more thousand years ago, for things and customs live long and die hard in the unchanging East. They do change, nevertheless, and we have before us a curious instance. The room containing those records of the hoary past, guarded by a priesthood that is supposed to be the incarnation of religious and intellectual immobility, is illuminated by electric lamps of the most up-to-date pattern! The mixture of ancient and modern, of Oriental and European, is perhaps a little incongruous; but it speaks well for the progressive capacities of the Singhalese people, and may perhaps be regarded as a good omen for the future.

From the balcony of the library we see the illuminations and the fireworks. Built on sloping ground round a little artificial lake, the town lends itself to

displays of this kind ; and on the present occasion the effect is heightened by complicated manœuvres executed in the immediate foreground by well-drilled troops carrying Chinese lanterns.

Sunday, 14th April.—Up betimes in order to visit quietly a Buddhist monastery, and have a little talk with some of the inmates. Mr. de Saram, the district judge, one of the three gentlemen on whom was conferred yesterday the C.M.G., has kindly volunteered to accompany me as cicerone and interpreter. We drive through one of the principal streets of the little town, and then go up by an excellent macadamised road to a point overlooking the lake. Here we find waiting for us a young monk with a bright, intelligent face, who leads us by a narrow, shady path to a cluster of closely packed, regularly arranged huts with white-washed walls and tiled roofs. Our monkish guide, who speaks English fairly well, impresses upon me that this is one of the two principal “monastic establishments” of Ceylon. The two words which I have placed between inverted commas have some mysterious importance ; for, during our subsequent conversations, whenever I casually use the word monastery, the monk gently but firmly corrects me without satisfying my curiosity as to the technical distinction between the two cognate terms. Evidently this “establishment” is something more than a monastery of the ordinary kind ; and it may be true, what I heard yesterday, that the Superior exercises some kind of jurisdiction over all the temples throughout the southern half of the island. However this may be, it is composed of thirteen “pansalas”—the ordinary word for a temple,—and the members of each pansala take their repasts together. In the whole establishment there are twenty monks and thirty novices. The novitiate may last as long as ten or twelve years, and the higher grade cannot be obtained before the age of

twenty. The daily life of all the inmates is minutely regulated—at least in theory. Getting up at half-past four, they devote two hours to meditation, the cleaning of their cells, and worship in the temple. Then they have their early meal, and study till 9 o'clock, when they go out for an hour and a-half to beg, mendicancy having been ordained by their great teacher with a view to cultivating the virtue of humility. Next they bathe and take their second meal, which must, according to the rules, be over before mid-day. The afternoon is spent in study, cleaning of cells, and meditation, and at 10 o'clock they all retire to rest. The programme, strange to say, does not include a siesta; but my monkish friend admits, under cross-examination, with a significant little grimace, that the frontier between contemplative meditation and somnolence is not always very clearly marked.

We now proceed to examine the cells. They are built in rows, and the rows are so close together that the overhanging eaves, which form narrow verandahs, are not more than a couple of feet from each other. Between each two rows is a trough for draining off the rain-water, and the depth of it indicates plainly a heavy rainfall, the fertilising effect of which is shown by the luxuriant vegetation in which the whole establishment is embedded. The cells are small and low in the roof, but they are more comfortably furnished than I expected. In each there is a bed with a mattress and pillows, and in one cell I notice a well-stuffed arm-chair of European manufacture. Photographs appear occasionally on the walls, especially portraits of the King of Siam, who is regarded by Singhalese Buddhists as Protector of the Faith. In short, the monks make no pretension to lead a severely ascetic life, and they seem free from all Puritanical sanctimoniousness. The chief defect of the cells and of the place as a whole is, from the European point of view, the want of ventila-

tion ; but the inmates, though they habitually sleep with closed doors—and closed windows too, when they happen to have such a luxury,—do not complain of the want of fresh air, and I feel bound to say that they look healthy enough. They are mostly drawn from the peasant class, and as such they have never been accustomed to much luxury. To the son of a peasant, troubled with none of the higher aspirations of human nature, and free from the feverish restlessness of modern European civilisation, the drowsy life of those Oriental monastic establishments may seem a very enviable existence. Certainly there is little prospect of their disappearing. The British Government has scrupulously respected their treaty rights and dealt very tenderly with them ; and they still possess, I am told, more than a fourth of the cultivated land of the island.

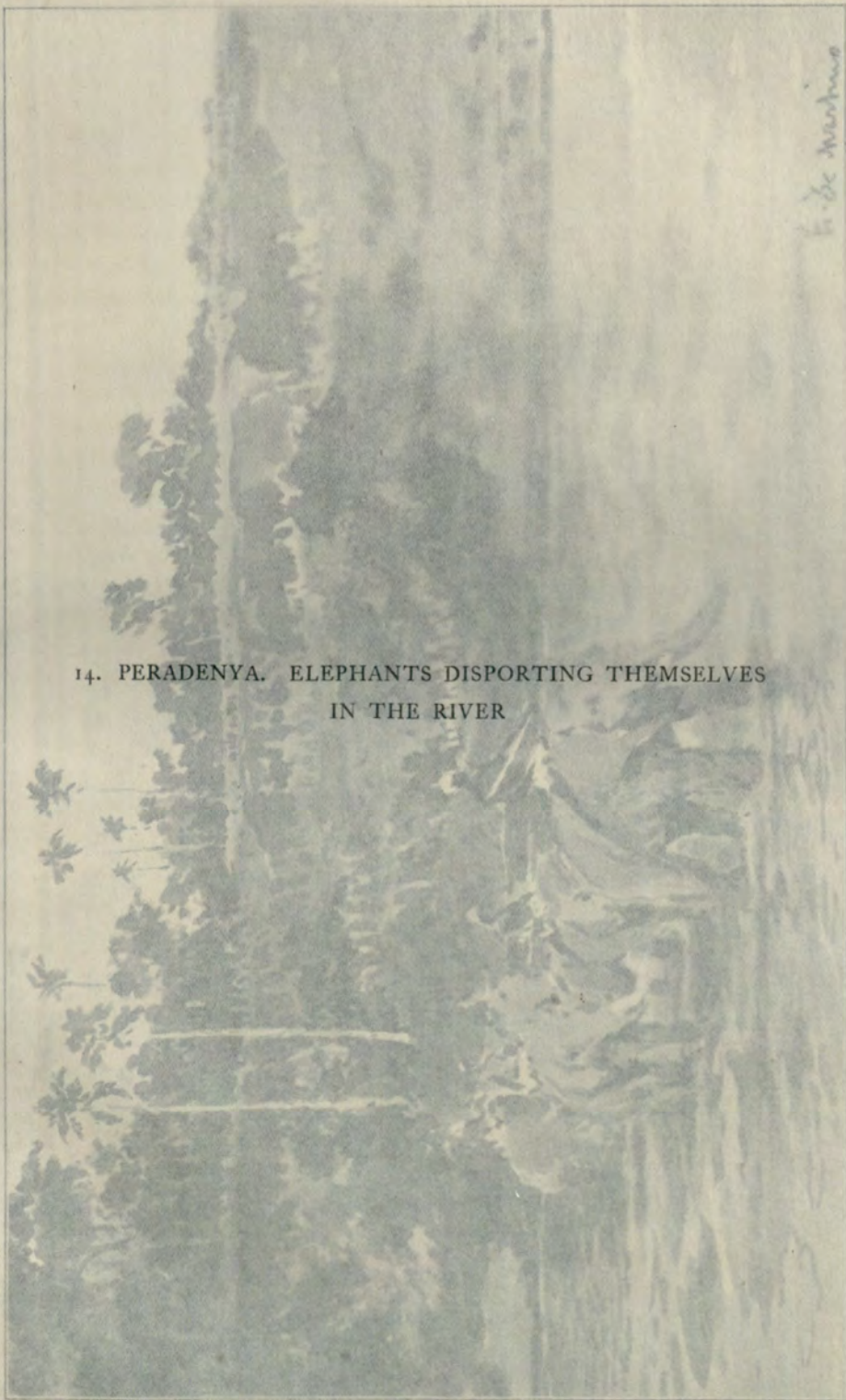
After breakfast their Royal Highnesses attend morning service in the parish church, at which the Bishop preaches a sermon. In the afternoon we drive out to the far-famed Botanical Gardens of Peradenya—perhaps the Botanical Park would be a more appropriate name,—and a young cannon-ball tree is there planted in commemoration of the Royal visit. The ceremony is soon over, and thereafter we observe scrupulously the injunction to keep to the walks and paths ; for we are warned that if we walk about on the wet grass we run the risk of being attacked by the bold and ravenous leeches, who are no respecters of persons, and with whom all travellers in Ceylon are only too well acquainted. Fortunately, on this occasion we do not make their acquaintance. A troop of elephants bathe and disport themselves in the river for our amusement, and we afterwards watch two of them at work, pulling down a respectable-sized tree and carrying it off the ground in bits.

Monday, 15th April.—In the early morning I

receive a visit from Arabi Pasha, or, as he styles himself on his card, Ahmed Arabi the Egyptian, the figurehead rather than the organiser of the Cairo insurrection of 1881, which brought about the present British occupation of Egypt. His name was very familiar to the English public twenty years ago, but is now almost forgotten, except by those who were more or less connected with the events in which he played a leading part. When the insurrection collapsed after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir and the leaders were taken prisoners, I visited Arabi in prison, and was present at the court-martial when he was condemned to death, but I did not share to the full the thrill of excitement which electrified the audience at that moment, because I happened to know that the capital sentence would not be carried out. The last time that I had seen him was in the Kasr-el-Nil barrack-square, when the ceremony of degradation was performed. On the recommendation of the British High Commissioner, Lord Dufferin, the death-sentence was commuted, and the place of exile chosen was Ceylon. Hither came, therefore, Arabi and six of his fellow-rebels. He has lived in the island for nineteen years, and he is now sixty years of age—so much changed that at the first moment I hardly recognised him. What he complains of chiefly is the dampness of the climate—so different from the dry climate of his native country; but I suspect that the real cause of his unhappy state of mind is simply homesickness. Most of the members of his family who were formerly settled with him here have left him. Of the comrades who were exiled with him only one remains. Four of them are dead, and the fifth, having become blind, was sent back to his home about ten years ago. Arabi hopes that he may soon be allowed to go also, and he declares that he has no longer any wish to mix in politics, because the English have done in Egypt what he wanted to do. Now there is justice

W. de Meunier

14. PERADENYA. ELEPHANTS DISPORTING THEMSELVES
IN THE RIVER





L. De Martino

for all alike, and the poor man is no longer compelled to toil for the rich. In this sense he pleads his cause with quiet dignity, as he did two days ago to the Duke ; and I can only express very sincerely the hope that the petition he is about to forward through the regular channel will be favourably considered.¹

At mid-day we start on the return journey to Colombo, and arrive towards 4 o'clock. After a short rest at Queen's House, the residence of the Governor, we drive through the town and suburbs, going out to the racecourse by the bungalow quarter, which was formerly the famous cinnamon-gardens, and returning by the so-called Galle Face, where a long ground-swell from the Indian Ocean is thundering on the beach, the whole lit up by a magnificent purple-and-gold sunset. All along the route the population turn out to see the Royal visitors, and there is a great deal of enthusiastic cheering. A large official dinner and reception, followed by a little parade of troops with Chinese lanterns in front of Queen's House, the illumination of the ships in the harbour, and a display of fireworks from the breakwater, terminate the programme of the day. At midnight we go on board the *Ophir*, and prepare to start to-morrow morning for Singapore.

¹ He has since been liberated, and has returned, with the Khedive's permission, to Egypt.

PART IV
From Ceylon to Australia
April 16 to May 5

From Ceylon to Australia

Colombo, Tuesday, 16th April.—Punctually at 9 o'clock the *Ophir* slips her moorings, and, amidst cheers from all the ships in the harbour—including a Russian transport—we move out to sea, escorted not only by our own cruisers but also by the two ships of the East Indian Squadron,—the *Highflyer*, with Admiral Bosanquet on board, and the *Pomone*. Our course lies past Galle Face, the promenade by which we returned to Queen's House yesterday afternoon, and then almost due south along the western coast of the island, till we get abreast of Galle, where the liners used to call before the Colombo breakwater was constructed. All day we see the shore with ranges of hills behind, and in the distance the summit of Adam's Peak, the most conspicuous, though not the highest, mountain of Ceylon. There is a great deal of letter-writing going on, for we are to have an opportunity of sending off letters in the afternoon. At 5 o'clock we stop, and the mail-bag is sent on board the *Pomone*, which is now to return to Colombo. The Admiral in his flagship is to sail along the coast to Trincomalee, the important naval station at the north-east corner of the island, while we steer eastwards with our two cruisers for the Straits of Malacca. As we part company there is a salute from the *Highflyer*, the ships are manned, the crews cheer, and the band plays "God Save the King." The ships soon disappear, the Ceylon hills fade away, and we are

once more in the open sea. A hot night ; most of us sleep on deck.

Wednesday, 17th April.—Before sunrise those of us who are sleeping on deck are roused by a violent gust of wind ; and when we are busy tucking in our bed-clothes to prevent them from being blown away, we are suddenly deluged with a torrent of rain, which sweeps furiously along the promenade deck. In an instant we are all rolling up our beds and rushing for shelter to the other side of the ship. One or two seek safety in the smoking-room, but they beat a hasty retreat on finding that the water is coming in copiously by the skylights and ventilators. At last we all get stowed away somewhere, and are not further disturbed ; but there is a good deal of growling at breakfast-time, and orders are issued for the officer of the watch to take precautions against such mishaps in future. The squally weather continues all day.

Thursday, 18th April.—A very hot day, with occasional showers which do not cool the air much. We have all had enough of the tropics, but we must possess our souls in patience, for we have still a long run, almost parallel with the Equator, to the Straits of Malacca, and we shall not get south of the line till after we have passed Singapore. With regard to the crossing of the line and the ceremonies usually performed on that occasion, a general signal is made to-day from the *Ophir* as follows : “ His Royal Highness received a telegram while at Colombo from Mr. and Mrs. Neptune expressing an intention of visiting the ships of the squadron on 25th April. His Royal Highness hopes you will permit this visit ; and as there must be many young men on board your ships who have not yet had the honour of a personal introduction to this old sea-dog, he trusts you will allow the ancient

custom of the service to be carried out for the entertainment and amusement of the ships' companies." Both cruisers express their willingness to receive the visit, and the *St. George* adds: "Please inform His Royal Highness that I have ordered the hawse-plugs to be kept open on the 25th for King Neptune and his wife and daughters, and I shall have the honour of presenting my *débutants* to them."

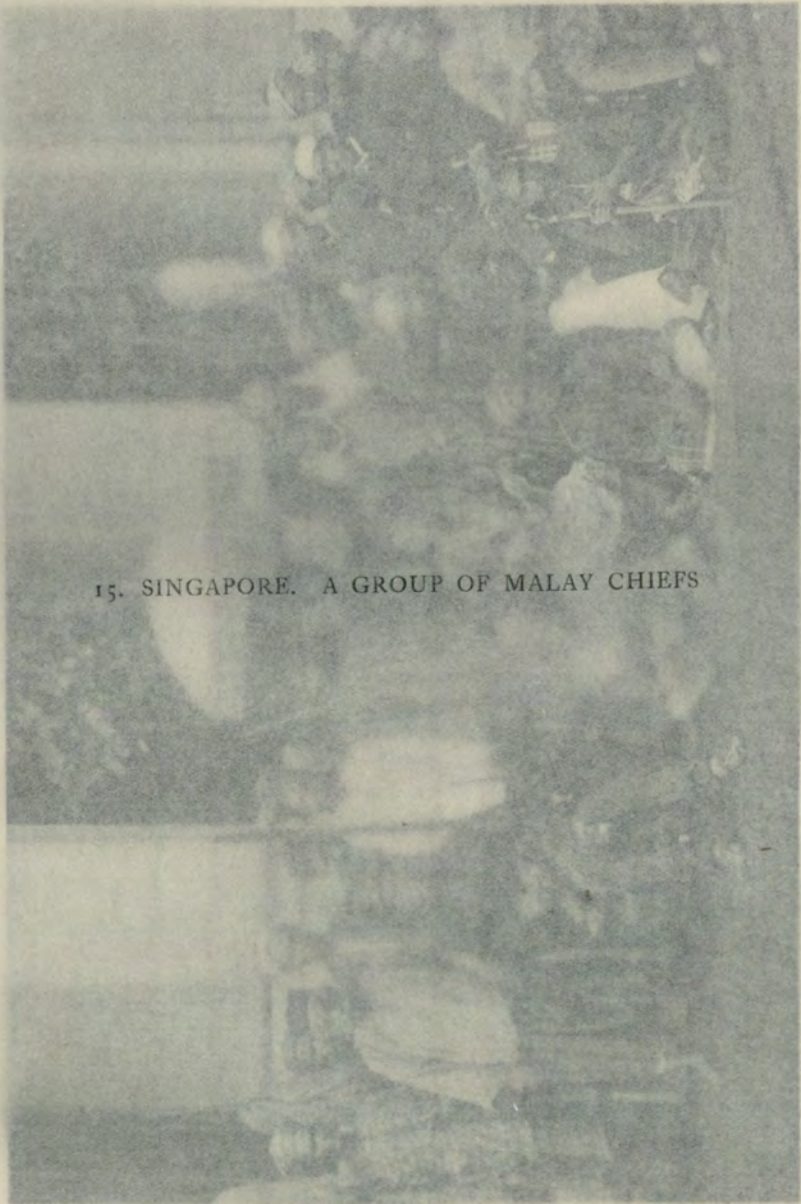
Friday, 19th April.—At breakfast we hear that land has been sighted ahead, and soon afterwards we pass between the rocky islet of Rondo to the north and the island of Puloweh to the south. Behind the latter, which is hilly and well wooded, we see the mountains of Northern Sumatra, the wild country of Achin, the name of which has been made familiar to newspaper-readers by the frequently recurring insurrections of the untamable natives against the authority of the Dutch Government. We are now entering the Straits of Malacca, and for the next twenty-four hours our course lies along the Sumatra coast. It is not nearly so picturesque as we expected, for the mountains soon retreat from the shore and run down the other side of the island. On our left, says the chart, is the Malay Peninsula, but it is too far distant to be seen with the naked eye. All day the weather is squally; and at night, just as we are about to turn in, we have a brilliant thunderstorm with heavy rain, which makes us hurriedly pick up our beds and seek shelter on the lee side.

Saturday, 20th April.—In the morning we pass between two rocky islets which, by their form and size, remind us of the Bass Rock. As the ships will have to coal to-morrow at Singapore, the Commodore decides that to-day shall be considered Sunday, and it is kept as such. After a general muster of all hands, morning

service is held in the saloon for passengers and crew. In the afternoon we pass on our left a lighthouse called One Fathom Light; and thereafter, till it is dark, we remain near the coast of the Malay Peninsula, a low shore with hills behind.

Sunday, 21st April.—At sunrise we are threading our way between numerous islands, some high and rocky and others almost on a level with the sea. Wherever there is soil there is luxuriant vegetation. About 8 o'clock Singapore comes in sight, embedded in evergreens, and we are soon moored alongside a coaling-wharf. As it is Sunday according to the ordinary calendar, the landing takes place in a comparatively quiet, unceremonious way. Their Royal Highnesses, with the members of the staff who happen to be on duty, go round in a steam-launch to Johnston's Pier, where a decorated landing-place has been prepared for them. Here they are received by the principal officials and the leading inhabitants, and drive in an open carriage with a mounted escort to Government House, a charming airy residence built on a bit of rising ground which overlooks the town, and surrounded by a beautiful park of green lawns intersected by red roads. The weather is intensely hot and steamy, but there is a little air moving if one can only find it; and I have the good fortune to be installed in a room on the roof of the house, open to the gentlest breezes that happen to be roaming about, and commanding a magnificent view of the park, the surrounding jungly country, and the harbour.

After lunch the four Sultans of the recently federated Malay States in the south of the Malay Peninsula, separated from the island of Singapore by a narrow channel and the still independent but already protected State of Johore, come to Government House with a large body of chieftains and retainers to pay



15. SINGAPORE. A GROUP OF MALAY CHIEFS



their respects to His Royal Highness. It is a picturesque crowd, or rather four picturesque crowds, for each of the groups keeps carefully apart from the others. All are dressed in the national costumes, which are bright and pleasing in colour, but too tight to admit of graceful drapery, and consequently more curious than beautiful. The ordinary retainers wear the simple costume of the country, whilst the chiefs and Court dignitaries are arrayed in much more gorgeous apparel,—long silk trousers or short Achinese pants, silk blouses of many colours with quaint high collar, and on their heads large handkerchiefs, the ends of which are twisted into fantastic points. Of the four potentates the most important are the Sultans of Pahang and Perak, both Malays by birth, but with little else in common. The former is a man of the old school, who has carefully preserved the ancient Court costume and Court etiquette, who has never learned a word of English, and who long struggled and intrigued against British influence. Before him march his mace-bearer carrying the golden Chogan, and the principal officers of his household all clad in canary-yellow garments and bearing the golden vessels of state. Behind him come a large body of retainers, armed with kris and spears. A richly gilt umbrella with yellow streamers protects him from the sun and—what is much more important—proclaims his Royal rank. His Highness of Perak is less picturesque, but has the reputation of being much more intelligent and enlightened, and has always been steadfastly attached to British rule. He wears a bright purple jacket of semi-European cut, a richly decorated forage-cap, and black bell-mouthed trousers of the style generally affected by sailors. When he gets near the house he causes his Royal umbrella to be put down, because he considers it would be disrespectful to carry the emblem of sovereignty in the presence of the grandson of the

revered Queen Victoria. It is to her, as he explains to the Duke, that he owes his present position ; and he wishes it to be known that not only he and his chiefs, but also the common people, have enormously benefited by British protection and guidance.

Immediately after the reception of the reigning chiefs a private interview is given to a member of a mediatised Royal House, Tungkee Ali, a descendant of the Malay chief who ceded the island of Singapore to the British Government represented by Sir Stamford Raffles eighty-two years ago. To those not endowed with the prophetic instinct the island must have seemed at that time a worthless possession ; for it was covered with dense jungle, and was very thinly populated, and the site of the present town was a swampy bit of ground, near which stood an insignificant native village. Raffles perceived the commercial and strategic importance of the place, and laid the foundation of its future prosperity ; but even he, far-sighted as he was, could hardly have foreseen what it was to become within three-quarters of a century. The little group of squalid huts has grown into a fine city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, the chief market of the civilised and developed hinterland, the centre of a vast circle of international trade, and a great naval stronghold, forming a most important link in the chain of coaling and refitting stations which connect England with China and Japan.

Later in the afternoon I stroll down towards the town. In the park round Government House several thousand Malays of the lower classes are strolling about or clustering in groups. They have been collected in order to show their Royal Highnesses what ordinary Malays are like before they adopt European costume and habits. In the town there is the greatest animation. The promenade near the sea and the adjoining streets are crowded. All the fashionable

world of Europeans and Asiatics, and a large proportion of the lower classes, have come out to enjoy the cool of the evening and have a look at the decorations. Landaus, victorias, dogcarts, gharries, and rickshaws hustle the motley crowd on foot, but there are no accidents or squabbling, and the stalwart Sikh policemen are spectators rather than actors in the busy scene. Among the various nationalities who mingle harmoniously together the most prominent are the Chinese, who are to be found in all ranks of the social hierarchy, from the rickshaw-runner, who wears nothing but a loin-cloth and a peaked straw-hat, to the rich merchant in hybrid, semi-European costume, his pigtail tucked up under a billycock, driving a high-stepping horse in a well-turned-out dogcart. The Malays are less numerous and less obtrusive. Of the Europeans the great majority are, of course, English; but there is a goodly sprinkling of Germans. For all it is evidently a general holiday, and of all the holiday-makers none probably enjoys himself more than the British bluejacket, comfortably reclining in a rickshaw, steering his Chinese coolie dexterously by word and gesture, and exchanging cordial greetings with the comrades he chances to meet.

After dinner we go down to the Chinese quarter, and drive about in rickshaws drawn by scarlet-clad coolies. The houses are brilliantly lit up within and without, and innumerable festoons of many-coloured Chinese lanterns—mostly of the ordinary pattern but occasionally representing mythical fishes and dragons—line and span the streets in every direction. We pass under several triumphal arches, one of them a gigantic structure of the pandal type, from which hang big bunches of coconuts, betel-nuts, pineapples, and other tropical fruits, interspersed with coloured lanterns. At one point there is a miniature theatre open to the street, with quaintly dressed marionettes; and a little farther on

we notice a group of Oriental singing-girls discoursing strange music, presumably agreeable to Chinese ears. At one of the most central points we pass a monumental obelisk with a guardian dragon at its base, and soon afterwards we catch a glimpse of the illuminated war-ships in the roadstead. The crowd, closely packed on both sides of the streets, are most orderly and respectful. Soldiers placed twenty yards apart suffice, with the aid of the police, to keep the line. Occasionally a number of spectators, anxious to have a more prolonged view of their Royal Highnesses, begin to walk alongside the rickshaws, but the movement is easily checked by a shout and a wave of the hand from a stern-looking Sikh guardian of the peace. Once or twice, at the crossing of two thoroughfares, a cheer is raised by a group of Anglo-Saxons ; but there is very little noisy demonstration, the Chinese confining themselves to the emission of soft, inarticulate noises and gentle clapping of hands. Altogether it is a very pretty show ; and I am assured that it is quite spontaneous, having been organised and carried out by the Chinese themselves without any pressure or interference from the municipal authorities. The old residents declare that it quite eclipses anything of the kind ever seen in Singapore before.

Monday, 22nd April.—In the morning there is a big function in the Town Hall. Their Royal Highnesses and suite and the four Malay Sultans who had private interviews yesterday take their places on a large dais, behind which is a choir of a hundred voices. In front are the members of Council and judges, the bishop and clergy, the officers naval and military, the civil officials, the foreign consuls, and other leading personages of the community. A series of deputations are then introduced and present loyal addresses, most of them in curious caskets of beautiful workmanship.

First comes a deputation from the British subjects resident in Singapore, a motley group of all shades of complexion and many different nationalities and faiths. Among them are Christians from Europe, Jews from various quarters of the world, Mahomedans from Arabia, Parsees from Bombay, Buddhists from Siam, Brahminists from India, and disciples of Confucius from the Celestial Empire. The names are naturally as varied as the nationalities, and some of them are very un-English, such as Manasseh Meyer, Carapiet, de Silva, Heerjibhoy Pestonjee, Unku Mohamed, Rajahkrishnen, and Chia Chen Yeok. Next come deputations from the cosmopolitan populations of Penang and Malacca; from the Chinese-British Association; the Malay, Arab, Tamil, and Chetty communities; the Moslem Association; the Chiefs of the federated Malay States; and the Celestials resident in the colony. After seeing all these motley groups defile before us and hearing their strange uncouth names, we feel proud to think that they all glory in British nationality, or at least British protection and British justice; and the Duke in his speech to them makes a very appropriate reference to "the gratefully acknowledged benefits accruing to all, irrespective of race and creed, who find protection under the British flag." As soon as the last deputation retires, His Royal Highness confers on the Sultan of Perak, who is already a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the grand cordon of the Order, and makes Mr. Vermont a Companion of the Order in recognition of his long and valuable services to the colony. Then Handel's chorus, "From the East unto the West," is sung by the choir, and the assembly disperses amidst enthusiastic cheering for their Royal Highnesses.

Immediately after lunch the Duchess receives privately the wives of the Perak Sultan and of his

subordinate chiefs. These ladies and their attendants seem nearly all of very small stature. Though good Mahomedans, they do not veil their faces; but the male members of the suite think it well to keep out of the way during the visit.

In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses receive a hearty welcome from the school-children of the city and suburbs. The *fête* has been organised by Mr. Buckley, a private member of the community, who is an indefatigable friend of the younger members of the rising generation. At his suggestion the Chinese-British Association has built a temporary wooden amphitheatre, with tastefully decorated benches, for 4000 children, and at one end of it a pagoda surmounted by a portrait of Britannia by a Chinese artist. At the other end a triumphal arch has been erected by a Malay club called the Darab Askedan. In order that the young people may understand the real meaning of the proceedings, Mr. Buckley has prepared and distributed amongst them a short pamphlet entitled, *The Story of the Flags and other Things*. Therein is related in a patriotic, Imperialist spirit, and in language which even the young Chinese and Malay mind may perchance in some measure understand, the glorious memories connected with "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." The budding intelligence of the yellow races of Singapore is made acquainted with Campbell's famous ode, with our National Anthem, and with several of the patriotic effusions of Rudyard Kipling; and reference is made to quite recent events, such as the part played in the siege of Ladysmith by the men and officers of the *Terrible*, who received a hearty welcome last year in Singapore. Lastly, an attempt is made to explain why the Heir to the Throne of England has come to this part of the world, and what he intends to do in Australia. How far these bright-faced, merry

children of many nationalities—European, Eurasian, Armenian, Malay, Arab, Tamil, and Chinese—grasp the inward meaning of the well-intentioned author, and how far their little hearts feel in consequence a transient or permanent glow of British Imperial patriotism, I cannot pretend to say ; but certainly they cheer as loudly and wave their little red, white, and blue flags as energetically as if they had understood and thoroughly relished every word of the pamphlet.

From this interesting manifestation of juvenile loyalty their Royal Highnesses drive to the polo-ground, where they watch attentively a well-contested game, in which several members of the suite take part. Here, in the heart of the tropics, the Englishman enjoys his games and athletic sports as keenly as he does in the old country.

At dinner I have the pleasure of sitting next to a charming young Chinese lady, born somewhere in the Middle Kingdom, and now permanently settled here. Her husband, who is sitting opposite, is a British subject born of Chinese parents established in Singapore, and he is now one of the leading members of the Chinese-British Association. Both speak English perfectly, and I believe there are no more loyal subjects in the colony ; but they are of opinion, and probably with reason, that the Chinese under British rule should remain in touch with their national past, and should have some acquaintance with the ancient, venerated literature which exercises such a powerful influence on modern Chinese life. We are still discussing this interesting topic when we are invited to go to the verandah in front of the house, to see a grand procession of the principal nationalities file past before their Royal Highnesses. The procession is said to be two miles in length, and already we can see the interminable line of torches and transparencies winding along through the park like a fiery snake. The vanguard is composed

of Malays, who seek to represent in rough, primitive fashion the native habits and customs. Apart from the innumerable lanterns, torches, and banners, the most notable objects are a Malay house on a platform drawn by bullocks, an artistically arranged group of damsels in gorgeous native costume, a car representing a Malay wedding, a contingent of Dervishes in their war-paint escorting an ostrich and a camel, a made-up white elephant with little gaily dressed urchins astride of it, native boats fixed on wheels and filled with jovial crews who bow and gesticulate to the spectators, floral cars with concealed players who discourse dulcimer music, a company of dancing-girls posing in graceful attitudes, and a band of native comedians amusing the public with their strange antics. Next come the Tamil community from Southern India, headed by a deputation from the Hindu Young Men's Christian Association. Their cars and movable platforms are very like those of the Malays, though doubtless the initiated can detect distinctive traits of their nationality. Most conspicuous among their fantastic conceits are a gigantic spiral revolving car, lit up from time to time with coloured fire, and a war-ship on wheels with sailors, guns, turrets, and search-lights complete. Lastly comes the Chinese procession, longest and most fantastic of all. I shall not attempt to describe it in detail. Long before the rearguard has passed we are all inclined to seek shelter from the glare of the lanterns, the smoke of the torches, and the deafening din of the cymbals, tomtoms, and other noise-making instruments. I have only a vague, confused recollection of gaudily dressed boys on ponies; richly decorated cars filled with Macao beauties; specially selected, tiny-footed damsels borne aloft on separate constructions of dexterously devised wickerwork, half concealed with artificial flowers; scores of transparencies; hundreds of quaint illuminated devices; and myriads of paper lanterns of every con-

ceivable shape and colour. Among these stand out prominently the gigantic dragon, which must be nearly a hundred yards long. Its awe-inspiring head is of the type rendered familiar to us by old Chinese bronzes ; and from its open jaws protrudes a long, thin, flexible tongue as of a snake, seeking vainly to strike a ball of fire which is dangled before it. Its long body seems to be made of flexible wickerwork covered with blue silk or similar light material, and supported by a row of men whose bodies are concealed in the bowels of the monster. As their thin legs are distinctly visible, the dragon has the appearance of belonging to the centipede species.

Among the guests this evening were a number of business men, and most of them seemed to think that, for reasons which they did not sufficiently explain, British trade is not holding its own against German competition.

Tuesday, 23rd April.—A busy morning. Since our arrival in Singapore I have been collecting information about the pacification of the Malay Peninsula, which forms one of the most interesting and least known chapters in the history of British Colonial expansion in recent times. In some respects the present is a propitious moment for such an inquiry, because the Royal visit has attracted to Singapore a great many well-informed people from the various native States. Unfortunately, most of these people have been, like ourselves, much occupied with functions and festivities, and it was not till this morning that I had an opportunity of cross-examining some of the most important witnesses.

The more one hears from competent sources about the change which has taken place in Malaya during the last quarter of a century, the more one is astonished. Thirty years ago the Malay Peninsula was practically a *terra incognita*. We had taken possession of a few

points on the coast and used them as trading stations ; but the hinterland was unexplored, and the little we knew about it tended to prove that it was one of the most uninviting countries on the face of the globe—a swampy, mosquito-breeding, snake-infested region inhabited by a barbarous, warlike people that had the well-established reputation of being “treacherous by nature and pirates by trade.” Europeans were deterred from attempting to open it up to trade by an official warning that those who crossed the frontier of British territory did so at their own risk ; and the missionaries made no serious attempt to gain a footing among the ill-famed population of the malarious jungle. The fearless, death-despising Chinese miners were the only pioneers that dared to face the dangers of the climate and the treachery of the bloodthirsty inhabitants, and they added to the existing anarchy by taking sides in the constant feuds between rival chiefs.

In the short lifetime of a single generation all this has been completely changed by pacific means. A roadless, jungle-covered country, comprising an area of 25,000 square miles, inhabited by over half a million of warlike barbarians, has been placed, without the employment of a large military force, under what may be called a civilised, enlightened, progressive administration. The natives, who were wont to carry always at least three deadly weapons, now habitually go about unarmed ; and the kris, which used to be a Malay’s most prized possession, has little value except for the collector of bric-à-brac. More than 2000 miles of excellent roads, a network of railways already 200 miles in length and soon to be doubled, and over 1000 miles of telegraphs, have been constructed out of current revenue. Five important schemes of waterworks have been completed, and much has been done for irrigation, on which a capital expenditure of \$700,000 is about to be incurred for a single district. Lighthouses, wharves,

prisons, hospitals, schools, barracks, and handsome public offices have been constructed, a trigonometrical survey is being pushed forward, public gardens have been laid out, museums have been instituted, and considerable sums have been spent on experimental agriculture.

So far, I encounter no serious obstacle in my investigations, for there can be no doubt as to the main facts of the transformation. When I go a step farther and inquire by what means the marvellous transformation has been effected, my difficulties begin.

"Tell me," I say to one of the officers who has had a hand in the working of the miracle, "how has this wonderful change been brought about? You say that a new method was employed, quite different from that used in the Native States of India, and that the compelling force was moral rather than military. Pray explain."

"It was all very simple," replies the miracle-worker. "Into the midst of a war-hardened, desperate population a few British officers were thrown, as one might cast a dog into the sea, leaving it to the dog to find its way out again or drown. We swam patiently and obstinately for a long time, and we ultimately found our way out. That is all."

"Excuse me," I expostulate; "you speak in parables after the manner of the Orientals with whom you have been so long in intimate contact. Please come down a little nearer to the level of ordinary prosaic intelligence. How did you set to work? Dogs, you know, swim by instinct. You, I presume, had to fall back on some other faculty. Did you find the inhabitants a very docile sort of people?"

"Not at all! We had three sorts of people to deal with—the Malays, the Chinese, and the Hindus. The last are mentioned merely by way of completeness. They are a quite insignificant element. The Hindu

is a timid person, who never offers open resistance to the authorities, and who is very useful as a cattle-keeper, cart-driver, washerman, or barber. He was only too glad to find some kind of protection, and did as he was told. Not so the Chinese. They are the bees that make profit out of every profitable undertaking. They are the bone and sinew of the Malay States—the labourers, miners, shopkeepers, contractors, capitalists, holders of revenue-farms, the contributors of nearly the whole revenue. In the general anarchy they took sides with one or other of the rival fighting chiefs, and by their energy and tenacity they intensified and prolonged the confusion. We never make friends with them, because they do not understand being treated as equals. But they are easily governed by a man of determination; and they are intelligent enough to understand that under a strong, just administration they can make money, their great object in life. They naturally rallied, therefore, to the British officers, who were the representatives of order and good government. With the Malays, the real natives of the country, the task was much more difficult. The Malay hates labour. He cultivates his rice-fields when he is compelled to do so by necessity, but he prefers fishing because it has something of the nature of sport. Sometimes he plays at trade, but, as he likes to spend unproductively all the earnings, the experiment generally ends in bankruptcy. Though a delightful companion, a polite and often interesting acquaintance, he is by nature haughty and exclusive, intensively conservative, full of strange prejudices, accustomed to cling obstinately to ancient customs and to the teachings of men of old time."

"How in the world did you contrive to instil something of the modern progressive spirit into such obstinate old Tories?"

"We had, of course, to convert first the rulers and

chiefs, and we did it by patience, tact, and good-will. Having acquired a thorough knowledge of their language, their customs, their traditional etiquette, and their way of looking at things, we propitiated them with proper allowances, and made them share to some extent in the work that was going on. We never let them feel that they were being set aside or ignored. At this moment there are more Malays holding high offices of State than there were in 1874, when the transformation was begun. It is not merely an honour and distinction to be nominated to such an office. It gives the holder a title, a salary, a sense of power, and a consciousness of having a part in the government of the country—all which things appeal strongly to a Malay of the upper class. With the masses the new order of things soon became popular, and it could not well be otherwise. The rayats gained the right to live, and to be as other men in the sight of the law. Their lands were formally recognised as their own; their wives and children were no longer subject to another man's beck and call; their services could no longer be requisitioned without wages, or the produce of their labour seized without payment. The Malays of all ranks are singularly improvident; but the improvidence of the labouring classes will perhaps gradually disappear when they know that they can keep for their own use what they earn."

"Did the change take place everywhere and always as smoothly as your account of it seems to imply?"

"At first there was a good deal of friction, and occasionally something worse. The Sultan of Perak, for example—not the one who was invested yesterday with the grand cordon, but a predecessor of his,—after asking for a Resident and making many promises, proved faithless, and resented all advice and interference. The Resident was treacherously assassinated, with his knowledge and approval. A punitive expedition had to be undertaken, and unfortunately it failed; but a second and

stronger expedition convinced the Malays of that State, once for all, that British soldiers and sailors could reach them in their strongest fastnesses, and the final result was that every one directly or indirectly concerned in the murder was severely punished. The lesson was very effective ; and before eighteen months had passed every British soldier was withdrawn from the country. The secret opposition, it is true, did not at once cease. The chiefs, with their relatives, friends, followers, and sympathisers, were still inclined to intrigue against the intruders who had pulled down the house about their ears ; but they confined themselves to passive resistance, because they knew that behind the Resident was a mysterious power, able and ready to avenge any act of violence. In the little States now called Negri Sembilan there was likewise some resistance, but the people concerned were fewer in number and the difficulties much less serious. In Selangor, with the exception of a naval demonstration, the shelling of some native forts, and the execution of some troublesome pirates, there was no conflict with British forces, and no British troops were ever called in to support the Resident's authority. Pahang—the State from which came the gentlemen in canary-yellow costume who were received by the Duke on Sunday—held out longest. It was not till 1887 that a British officer was settled there as Agent ; and it required the difficulties arising out of the murder of a British subject to induce the Sultan to accept the assistance of a regular Resident. Such incidents are happily now things of the past. The microbe of beneficent British influence, once it had gained an entrance into the native political and social organism, multiplied rapidly, as microbes of all kinds are apt to do, and modified profoundly the whole body politic. In 1895 the sultans and chiefs of the various States had so far forgotten their old habits and hatreds that they agreed to form a Federation under a British officer styled the

Resident-General, and the agreement took effect from the 1st July of the following year (1896). On the whole, the Federation has worked wonderfully well. The more wealthy and prosperous States supply the requisite funds for the poorer and more backward. A force of Indian troops is maintained for service in any part of the Peninsula, uniformity of official action and a higher standard of administration are secured, with a supreme judge, an experienced legal adviser, and identical laws for land, mines, and civil and criminal procedure."

"Surely it must have been very difficult to find men ready to go and live in a country which—if the descriptions I have read are at all near the truth—must be a hot, damp, unhealthy, lonely, uncomfortable place, infested with all manner of creeping and crawling things, and possessing singularly little to recommend it."

"Not so difficult as you imagine." It is our host, Sir Frank Swettenham, Resident-General of the States in question, who is now speaking. "Like not a few of my colleagues, I was delighted to go to that snake-haunted, mosquito-breeding swamp. In the twelve months I spent in Selangor, for example, without the companionship of any other white man, I never felt the dulness of my surroundings for a single day." He admits that "the environment, to look at, was abhorrent and depressing beyond description"; but he hastens to add that "the people were strange and interesting, and made the place unusually exciting." In the invaluable art of making the best of things, and keeping up his spirits under the most trying circumstances, Sir Frank is evidently a worthy rival of Dickens's Mark Tapley. One thing, by the way, which he did not tell me, but which I learned from other competent sources: he was himself one of the most active and energetic of the Malayan empire-builders, and it is to him that the success of the grand experiment, especially in its later

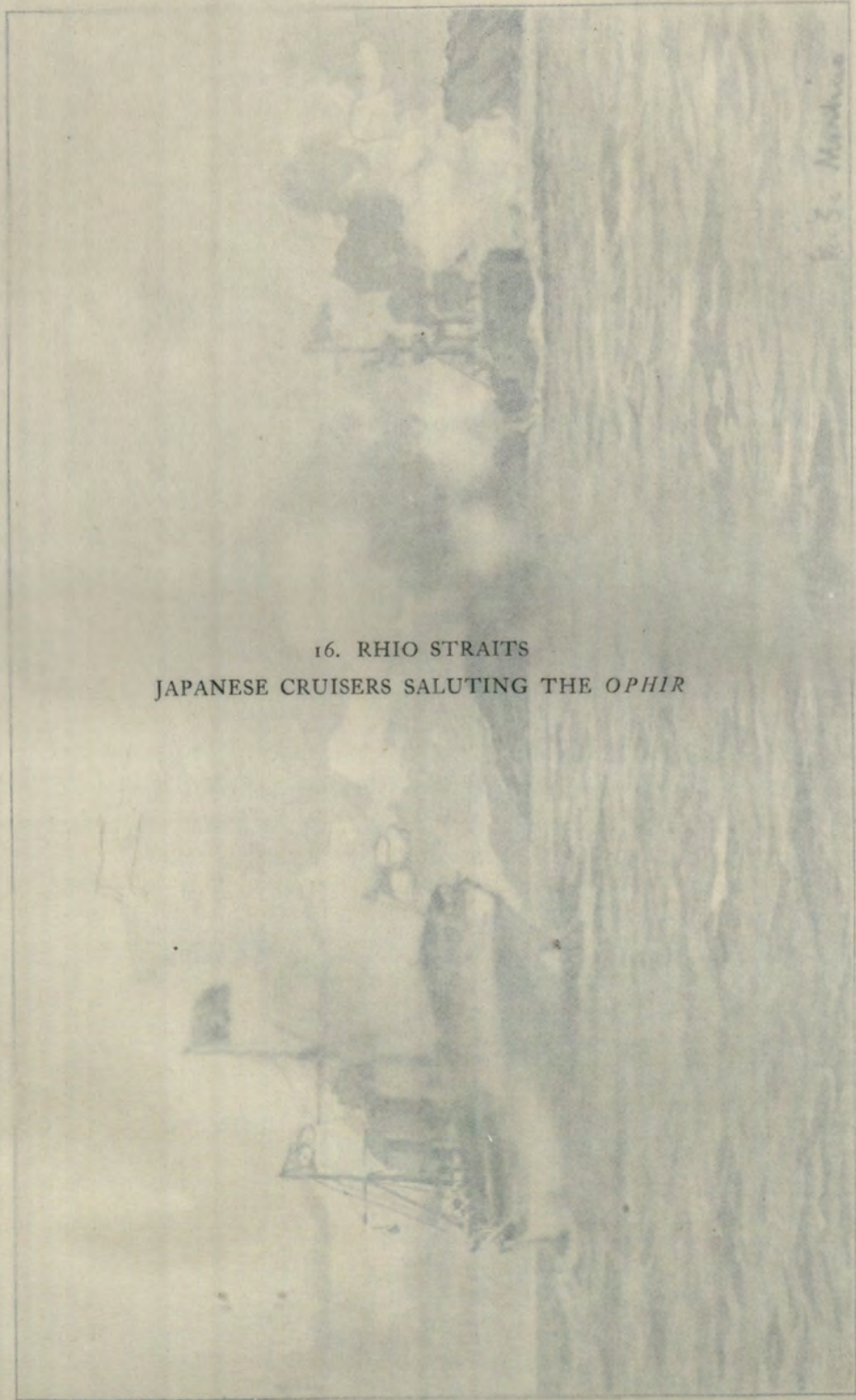
phases, is in great measure due. That his life was sometimes "exciting" I can readily believe. Was he not Assistant-Resident when the Resident, Mr. Birch, was murdered in Perak, and was he not within a hair's-breadth of sharing the fate of his chief?

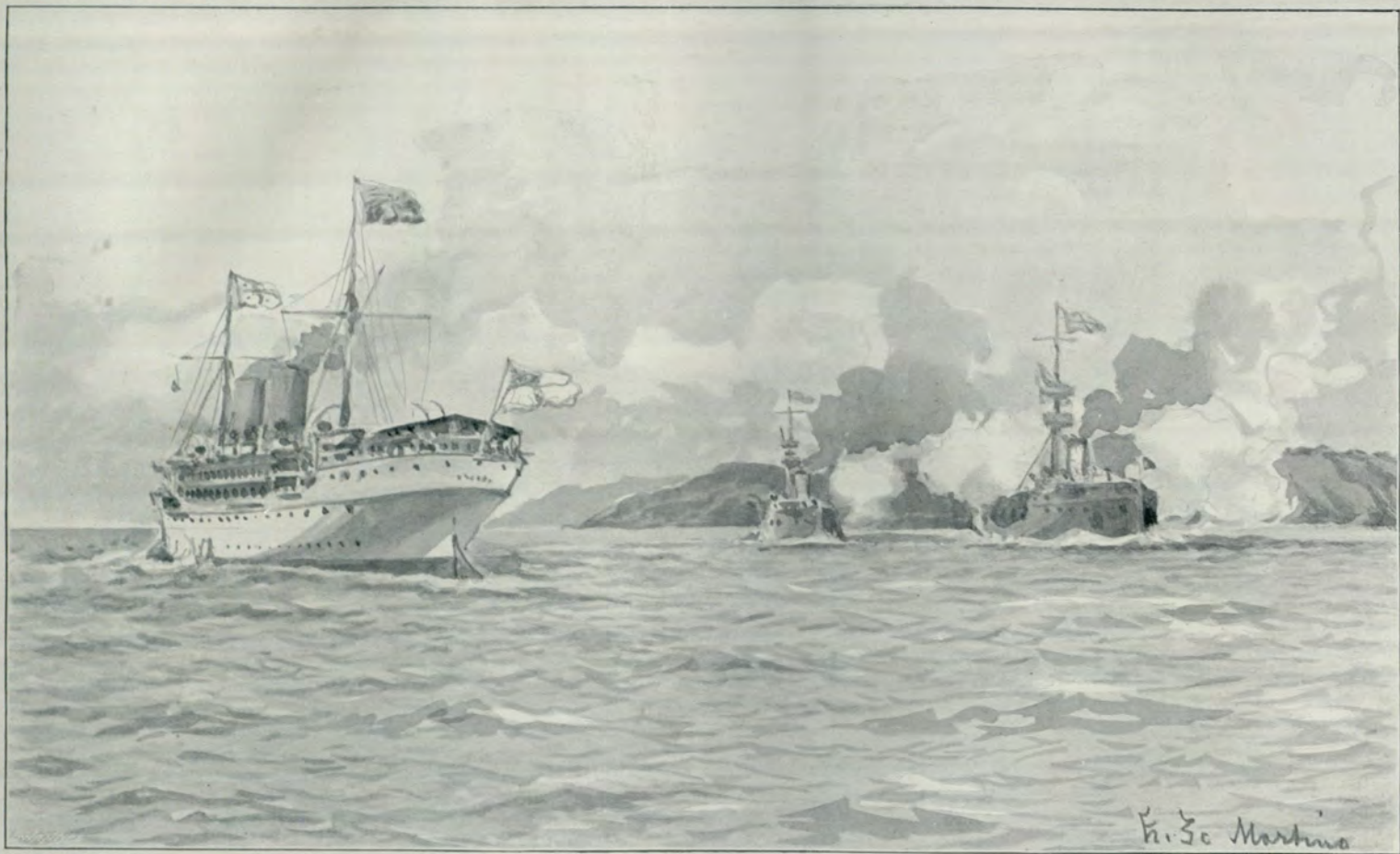
Other members of the Malaya contingent of empire-builders are also present in Singapore, notably Mr. Clifford, who is, like Sir Frank himself, an inexhaustible mine of curious information regarding the national character, customs, habits, and superstitions of the Malays. I should gladly have continued my researches with the assistance of these competent and amiably communicative gentlemen, but time presses. To-day at noon we sail for the port of Albany in Western Australia, a voyage of about 2500 miles. Their Royal Highnesses drive through the town, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the population, to the pier, whence they are escorted by an extemporised flotilla of gaily decorated Malay boats to the man-of-war anchorage. The Governor and the other leading officials, together with the captains of the foreign men-of-war in the harbour, are entertained at luncheon on board the *Ophir*; and as she slips her moorings all the war-ships fire a Royal salute. To-morrow the local press will publish a letter to the Governor in which the Duke expresses to the people of the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, and especially to the inhabitants of Singapore, their Royal Highnesses' heartfelt thanks for the cordiality and good-will that have been evinced towards them by all classes of the community.

For the next forty-eight hours we have to wend our devious way southward among the islands of the Dutch Indies, most of them with uncouth names unfamiliar to European ears. First we pass through the Rhio Straits, a narrow channel with rather intricate navigation. On both sides we see a low shore, with tropical vegetation down to the water's edge, and hills in the background.

V. S. Mordukhai

16. RHIO STRAITS
JAPANESE CRUISERS SALUTING THE *OPHIR*





Fi. Sc. Martina

Here we meet two fine Japanese cruisers, the *Matsushima* and the *Hashidate*. They fire a Royal salute in passing; and as the *Ophir* has nothing in the way of artillery except a little old-fashioned brass cannon, the duty of firing a salute in return is left to our two escorting cruisers. At sunset the squadron is stopped, and we have on board the *Ophir* a very impressive ceremony—the burial of a stoker who died early this morning. There is a muster of all hands, and the band advances, with muffled drums, from the stern along the promenade deck, playing Chopin's "Funeral March," and followed by the funeral procession. The body, sewn up in a hammock and covered with a Union Jack, on which has been placed a wreath of flowers, is borne by six stokers, his messmates, and is laid down on the accommodation-ladder platform at right-angles to the bulwarks. The chaplain reads the burial service, and as soon as he has pronounced the words, "we commit the body to the deep," the Union Jack and wreath are removed, the inner end of the stretcher is gently raised, and the body drops into the sea. Three volleys are fired, with solemn strains of music between them, the buglers sound the last post, a hymn is sung, and the squadron moves on again.

Wednesday, 24th April.—In the early morning we are still threading our way among tiny rocky islets and green-clad islands of a larger size, containing hills which almost deserve the name of mountains. The water is so shallow and the navigation so intricate that the lead is kept going in the channels continuously for hours. Later we pass through the wider Banka Strait, with the hilly island of Banka on the left and the low coast of Sumatra on the right. In the afternoon we get clear of these narrow passages, and continue our southern course in view of the Sumatran coast. After dinner we receive a message from King Neptune, announcing

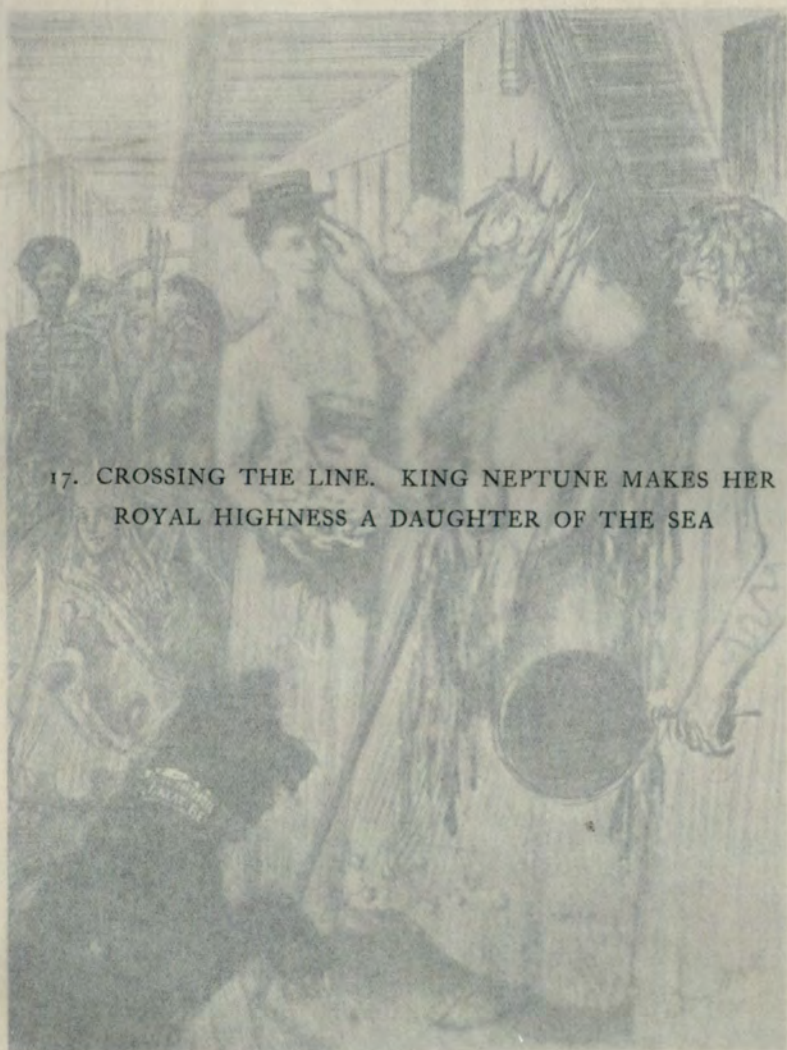
that he has come on board with his consort and three daughters, and that the customary "crossing-the-line" ceremonies will be held to-morrow. In reality we crossed the line some ten hours after leaving Singapore, but His Majesty, at the request of the Commodore, kindly consented to postpone his visit until we should have more sea-room.

Thursday, 25th April.—At sunrise we find ourselves again in a narrow channel, this time the well-known Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java. The Sumatran coast is still low—the high mountains running down the other side of the island,—whereas the Javan coast is mountainous and picturesque. The channel, like several of its predecessors, is narrow and intricate; and at one point, right in the middle of it, there is a rocky islet called the Button, to which we pass so close that it seems as if we might almost throw a stone on to it. When I make this remark to one of the officers, he smiles, and reminds me that I have not made allowance for the clearness of the atmosphere. In his judgment we are nearly half a mile off! Soon the channel widens out, and just before breakfast we see to the westward, about fourteen miles distant, the famous volcanic island of Krakatoa, which was in August 1883 the scene of a terrific volcanic disturbance, involving a fearful loss of human life, variously estimated at from 25,000 to 75,000 persons. The great explosion took place during the night, and on the following day it was found that one of the two high conical peaks had been blown to pieces, and a considerable part of the island had completely disappeared. Subsequent investigation showed that an area of 35 square miles had shrunk to 23. The great wave caused by the explosion broke upon Ceylon and Mauritius, and was felt as far away as Panama. In Europe the exceptionally brilliant sunsets which

were observed in the autumn of 1883 were attributed by meteorologists to the fine dust with which the explosion had filled the higher regions of the atmosphere all round the globe. The main crater is probably still smoking, for we notice that the summit of the mountain is covered with a dense cloud which looks more like smoke than mist.

We are now on the open sea, and elaborate preparations are being made for the "crossing-the-line" ceremonies. A great bath is made on the main deck forward by means of a sail, at the edge of which, two or three feet above the level of the water, is constructed a platform of deal boards. As soon as it is announced that all is ready, a bugle sounds, and to the strains of martial music the dread sea-god approaches, gliding along the promenade deck. He is seated in a magnificent wheel-less car drawn by a fine, spirited team of bluejackets. By his side sits Britannia, and facing the Royal pair are Britannia's two daughters, Australia and Canada. As the triumphal car, constructed on classical lines, is only seated for four, Dame Amphitrite has to accompany her spouse and his guests on foot. In the wake of the Royal party come a numerous retinue, in which are conspicuous two lithe figures dressed as barbers of Seville, and a disreputable-looking policeman with an abnormally long, red nose, who seeks to preserve order by a free use of his truncheon. The costumes would do honour to a first-class pantomime. His Majesty of the Sea looks like a twin-brother of Old Father Christmas without the snowflakes. His consort is arrayed in a gorgeous robe of green, and in her long golden locks are gracefully entwined streamers of seaweed. Britannia appears as officially represented on the coinage; and the two daughters, in nondescript attire, have the same masculine type of features as their stalwart, muscular mamma.

On reaching the end of the promenade deck the illustrious visitors alight from their car and respectfully approach, with much bowing and curtsying, the Duchess and her ladies-in-waiting. King Neptune, bearing a silver cup filled with sea-water, asks Her Royal Highness in a soft, tremulous voice whether he may be permitted to count her among his subjects, and on receiving permission he dips his finger in the salt water and touches her forehead. A diploma certifying the act of initiation, written and prettily illuminated by the artist of the wardroom, Lieutenant Waterlow, is then presented to Her Royal Highness; and as soon as the ladies-in-waiting, Lady Katharine Coke, Lady Mary Lygon, and Mrs. Derek Keppel, are likewise made "Ladies of the Sea," the procession moves forward to the platform of deal boards at the edge of the big sailcloth bath. Here the personages who have to play a more active part—King Neptune, the two barbers, and the doctor—arrange themselves in a semi-circle round a vacant chair and prepare to begin operations. These are to be on a large scale, for it has been decided by the higher authorities that all males on board, whatever their rank and occupation, no matter whether they have crossed the line before or not, are to submit to the ordeal. The Duke, though he has crossed several times, sets the example. Seating himself on the barber's chair, he is duly lathered and shaved, and then tipped over backwards into the big canvas bath, where a number of strong "bears" are waiting to receive and duck him repeatedly. The same fate awaits the members of the suite and the officers and men of the ship, from the Commodore and Commander down to the two Somali boys who were taken aboard at Aden as lean punkah-wallahs, and who have now blossomed into sturdy black-faced bluejackets. Two or three persons of more timid temperament, who seek to escape the ordeal



17. CROSSING THE LINE. KING NEPTUNE MAKES HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA



by hiding or shutting themselves up in their cabin, are ignominiously brought forward by the ship's police and receive special attention, both from the barbers and from the bears, to the intense delight of the onlookers. Even these, however, are not treated very roughly, and the whole ceremony passes off with the utmost good-humour. The Sea-King declares himself greatly pleased with all the arrangements and everything else on board; but before taking his departure he ventures to remark that in his humble opinion "the main brace requires splicing," a mysterious sea-phrase which means simply that the crew ought to have something to drink. In this opinion of a competent naval expert the Duke concurs; and accordingly in the evening the bluejackets, marines, and stokers receive a portion of rum, in which they drink with lusty cheers long life and prosperity to their Royal Highnesses.

In the course of the afternoon we pass through Prince's Straits, the last of the narrow channels we had to traverse, and get into the open sea. We have now to steer a direct course for the south-western point of Australia, and we shall see no more land for the next four or five days.

Friday, 26th April.—We now feel the influence of the trade-winds. They cool the atmosphere and make the ship roll. Nothing particular to record to-day.

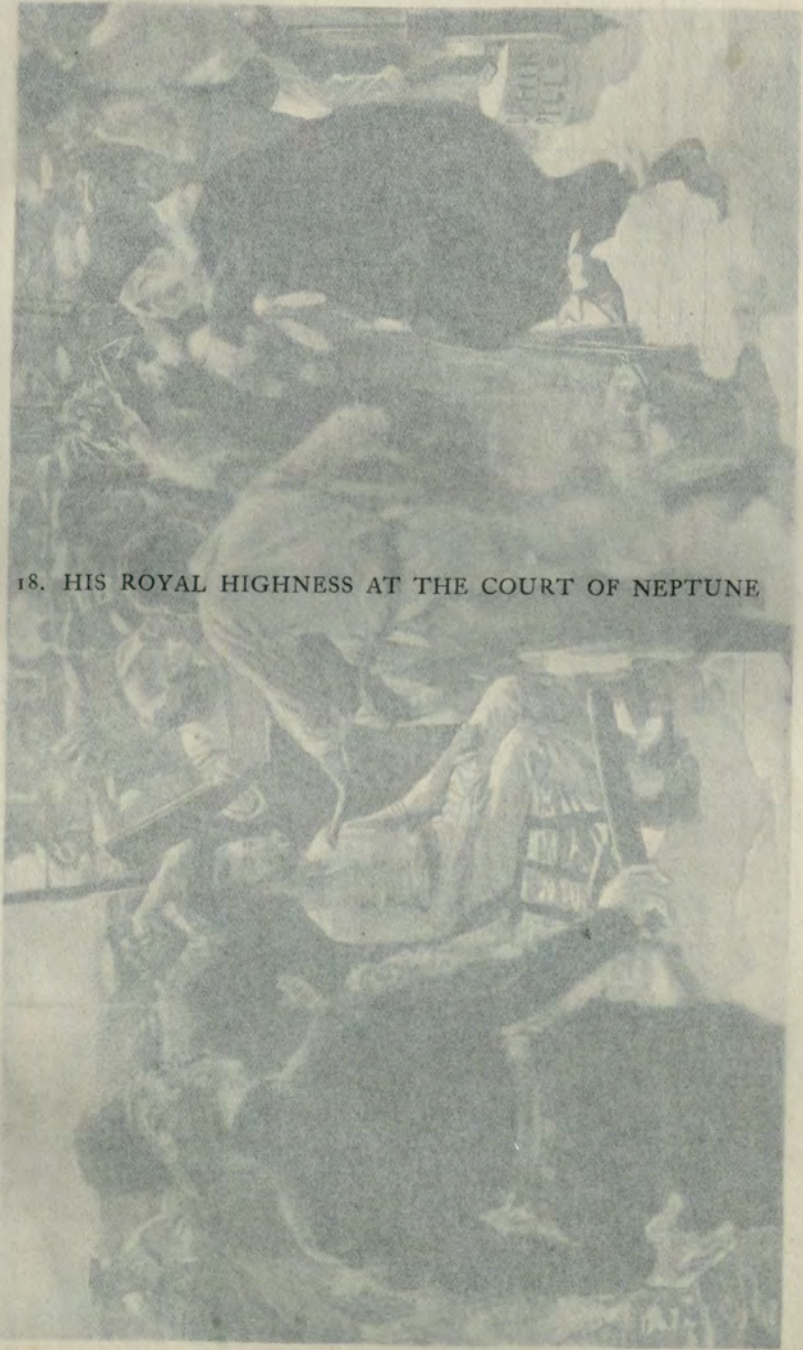
Saturday, 27th April.—Still cooler than yesterday. The wind is stronger and almost right ahead, so that the ship pitches a good deal. During the last three days the twenty-four hours' runs have been 356, 341, and 350 miles respectively. This gives an average speed of nearly $14\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The temperature is cooler than it has been since we left Aden.

Sunday, 28th April.—Still cooler to-day. The thermometer on the bridge shows 72°. Our white costumes are discarded for blue serge. Towards evening the speed of the *Ophir* is increased, and we walk away from the cruisers so quickly that long before we turn in they are out of sight. At night it is so cold that only two of the party sleep on deck.

Monday, 29th April.—Beautiful, cool morning. The wind is now astern and very light, but freshens in the afternoon. In the evening we have a musical entertainment, at which topical songs are sung, and the sword-dance is successfully danced by one of the officers, notwithstanding the rolling of the ship and other difficulties.

Tuesday, 30th April.—Coming on deck at 7 o'clock, we get our first view of Australia, under not very favourable circumstances, for it is a grey, wet morning. All we can see is a brown, rocky coast with low hills beyond. Before breakfast we pass Cape Leeuwin, and perceive distinctly the lighthouse and an ugly bit of rock a mile or two out to sea. An albatross passes astern, and reminds us of our old friend the Ancient Mariner. As there is now rather too much motion on the ship, some of us are inclined to envy the aged seaman his "painted ship upon a painted ocean." Having rounded the Leeuwin, we sail eastwards, with a rocky shore and bold cliffs in sight nearly all day. In the evening we cast anchor in King George Sound, the outer harbour of Albany. Here we part company with Sir Arthur Lawley, Governor-designate of Western Australia, who has come out with us from England. He goes up to-night by train to Perth, the capital of the State, to be sworn in to-morrow; and we shall meet him again at the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament at Melbourne. Beautiful moonlight night. We

18. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE COURT OF NEPTUNE





can see the lights of Albany in the distance beyond the inner harbour.

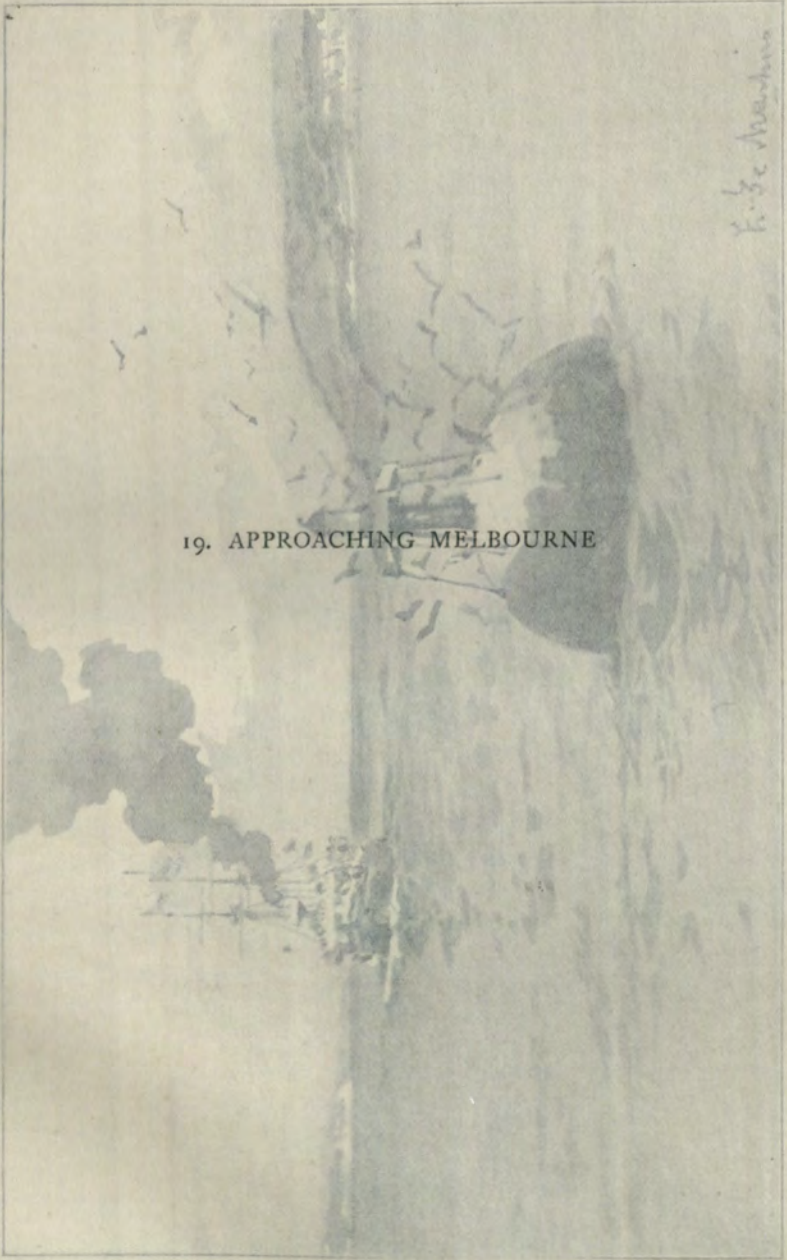
Wednesday, 1st May.—Shortly after 6 o'clock we weigh anchor and sail for Melbourne. Before we are out of King George Sound we see our two cruisers, which we had left behind on Sunday evening, coming in from the westward. They have to coal at Albany, and consequently they will probably not overtake us till we get to Melbourne. For two or three hours we sail along a bold rocky coast, behind which are hills rising to a height of three or four thousand feet. Towards 10 o'clock we lose sight of the land, and begin to plough our way across the Great Australian Bight for 1300 miles.

Thursday, 2nd May.—The Great Australian Bight has an evil reputation among seafaring people, but it seems inclined to treat us kindly. To-day it gives us beautiful, bright weather with temperature at 62°. The ship rolls a little, but not enough to prevent the officers and members of the suite from having very energetic and animated sports on the promenade deck, to the great amusement of the spectators as well as those more immediately concerned. In the evening the weather becomes hazy, and during the night the fog-horn is blown at intervals.

Friday, 3rd May.—In the morning there is still a little fog hanging about, but it is soon dispelled by the sun, and we spend a pleasant, lazy day. Our average speed is about $14\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

Saturday, 4th May.—Colder than yesterday, but still very agreeable. Our voyage across the Bight is evidently drawing to a close, for shortly after sunset we sight the light on Cape Nelson, which is only about twelve hours from our destination.

Sunday, 5th May.—When we get up we have land on the port-quarter, and soon after on both sides. A great cloud of smoke astern announces the arrival of the *Juno*, who remained behind to coal at Albany. The narrow passage expands into an inland sea called Port Philip, at the end of which is Port Melbourne and the city of the name. The depth of the inland sea is evidently not at all in proportion to its extent, for instead of going direct to our destination we circle round the east shore by a carefully-buoyed channel. Before proceeding far we see the Australian Squadron advancing to meet us, headed by the *Royal Arthur*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Beaumont. In her wake come the *Wallaroo*, *Ringarooma*, and *Mildura*. As the ships pass the *Ophir* they are manned and fire a Royal salute. Then they fall in astern of the *Juno*, and follow us till we come abreast of the little town of Mornington, a bathing-resort of the Melbournians. Here the *Ophir* and the other ships cast anchor, because we are not expected at Melbourne till to-morrow. A few hours later the *St. George*, who remained to coal at Albany like her consort the *Juno*, comes in and casts anchor near. In the course of the afternoon the Governor-General and Lady Hopetoun come aboard to pay a private visit to their Royal Highnesses, and some little details of the State entry to-morrow are discussed and decided. Not much of this kind, however, remains to be done, for Lord Hopetoun has been at infinite pains to make all the necessary arrangements with the utmost care. His wonderful talent for organisation has foreseen and provided for all possible contingencies, and he has been fortunate enough to be supported by a very zealous and efficient staff. In the evening Admiral Beaumont and a number of his officers are entertained by the Duke at dinner.



19. APPROACHING MELBOURNE

F. S. Australia



F. S. Martin



PART V
Melbourne

May 6-18

Melbourne

Monday, 6th May.—The Government Astronomer of Victoria proves to be a true prophet. He predicted fine weather for the State entry, and we are having it. There is bright sunshine ; and though the thermometer must be high above freezing-point, there is a crisp, frosty feeling in the air which is pleasant and invigorating after the steamy sultriness of the tropics. At 9.15 we weigh anchor and move up towards Melbourne, escorted by our two cruisers, and the four ships of the Australian Squadron. In what is called Port Melbourne—a spacious bay encircled by the far-stretching city, which is said to cover half the area of London—we find at anchor five foreign war-ships : a Russian (the *Gromovoi*), an American (the *Brooklyn*), two Germans (the *Kormoran* and *Hansa*), and a Dutchman (the *Noord-Brabant*), all dressed in their gayest colours. As the *Ophir* passes, each of them is manned, fires a salute, their crews cheer lustily, and their bands play “God Save the King.” The *Ophir* replies by playing the various national anthems. As soon as we cast anchor, the Governor-General, with the Federal and State Premiers, comes on board officially, followed by the officers commanding the foreign war-ships—Admirals Remy and Kirchhoff, and Captains Jessen and Van den Bosch.

At 2 o'clock the Royal party go ashore in a small steamer under a Royal salute, thundered forth from

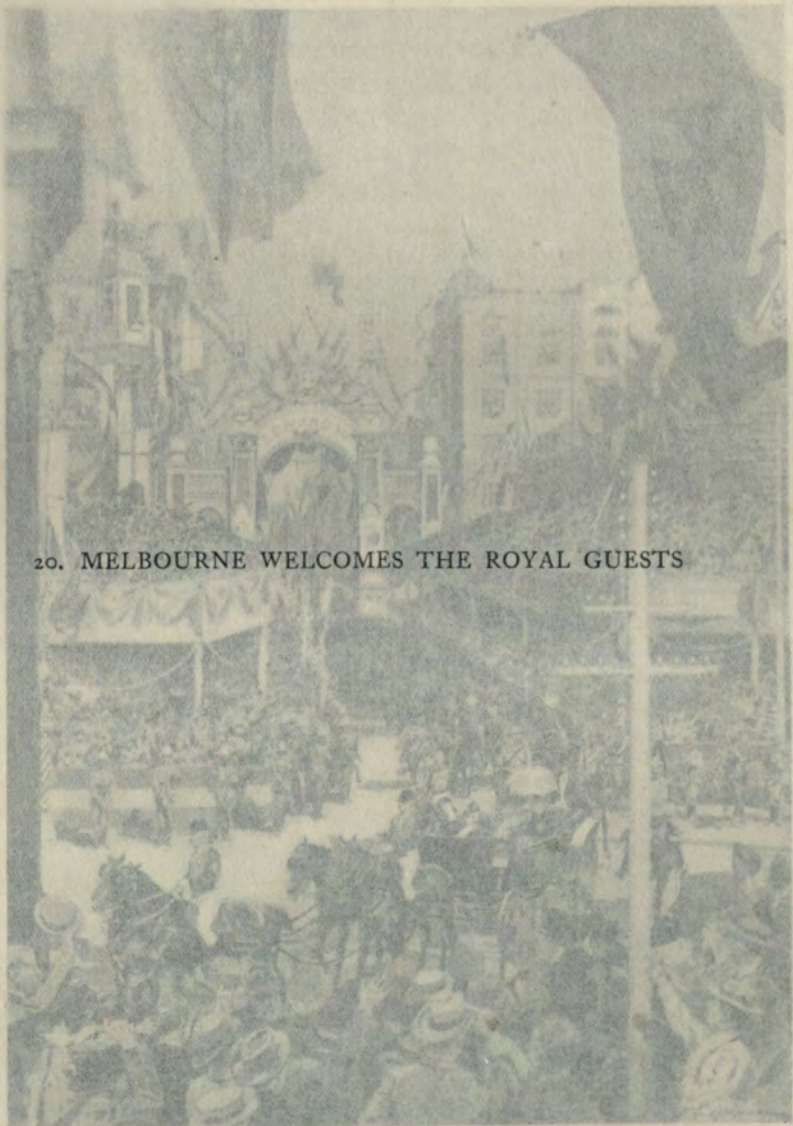
all the war-ships in the bay, British and foreign. A number of smart sailing-boats of the Yacht Club and freshly painted steam-launches form a volunteer escort. On a tastefully decorated landing-stage their Royal Highnesses are welcomed to Australia by the Governor-General, the Federal Ministers, the members of the Victorian Cabinet, the local authorities, and other important personages. At the end of the long pier stand waiting the open landaus with four horses, postillions, and footmen, and everything that can give *éclat* to the procession. The Royal carriage, which comes last, is preceded by scarlet-coated outriders, flanked by the Duke's two aides-de-camp from the Blues with their glittering helmets and cuirasses, and escorted by a composite body of cavalry from all the Australasian States. Then come Victorian and New South Wales Field Artillery, New South Wales Lancers, Australian Horse, and mounted infantry from Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. The route of the procession lies through St. Kilda, which is, officially speaking, a city with its own Mayor and Council, but which is really a suburb of Melbourne in the larger sense of the term. Certainly the look of the place, from the long, broad avenue along which we pass, suggests a suburb rather than a city, for there are still plenty of unoccupied spaces, and many of the small houses have a semi-rural appearance. Under such circumstances the decorations cannot be grouped in large masses of colour, and the general effect is not very impressive; but there is evidently no lack of individual enthusiasm, for every house, however humble, has hung out its little bit of bunting. Suburban also is the thinness of the population. Often the crowd is not more than two or three files deep, and the spectators naturally do not find it necessary to fill the stands erected for their convenience. To judge by the faces of those in the front

rank, the predominant feeling is intense curiosity, an ardent desire to get a good view of the Royal visitors. So strong is this feeling, that amid the noisy demonstrations there are occasionally eloquent bursts of silence, until some one of more demonstrative temperament than his fellows takes the initiative in raising a cheer. Then the pent-up feelings suddenly find vent in hearty British fashion, and the cheering spreads contagiously all along the line.

In the middle of St. Kilda the crowd thickens, and the decorations consolidate themselves into a great triumphal arch of three spans across the spacious avenue, with square towers surmounted by flags. The next great effort of concentrated decoration is at the boundary of Melbourne city, in the narrower sense of the term. Here on Prince's Bridge rows of garlanded Venetian masts lead up to a gigantic triumphal arch in Renaissance style, bearing the Tennysonian motto, "One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne." Connecting this structure with towers at the farther end of the bridge are two rows of double columns surmounted by colossal tripods, and displaying on the basements the names of the Colonies which have just become the constituent States of the Federated Commonwealth. At this point the procession stops, and the Mayor and civic Council present an address of welcome, to which the Duke replies by thanking his Worship and the citizens for their cordial reception, and expressing his satisfaction at finding himself once more in their beautiful city, which he visited twenty years ago, and of which he still retains very pleasant recollections.

We are now approaching the heart of the city, and the crowd becomes more and more dense and enthusiastic; but the route is kept clear without much difficulty by the troops and police, aided by a continuous line of wooden hurdles firmly fixed in the ground and chained together. The main thoroughfares are

profusely decorated from end to end with flags, streamers, carpets, textures of every conceivable colour, and endless festoons of evergreens and flowers. Of triumphal arches there is great abundance and variety—the King's arch, with portraits of their Majesties; the Duke's arch, with good wishes to the Duke and Duchess; the Citizens' arch, welcoming their Royal Highnesses; the German arch, wishing peace and good-will to United Australia; and the Chinese arch in fantastic pagoda style ornamented with some gorgeously dressed Celestials. All along the route, as soon as the Royal carriage is seen behind the front section of the escort, the dense crowd, which has been waiting patiently for hours, begins to sway to and fro, and there is a confused murmur which slowly rises higher and higher till it bursts into a salvo of ringing cheers, such as the streets of Melbourne have never heard before. No one who hears those loud, long-sustained hurrahs, and watches the excited gestures of the spectators, can have any doubt as to the genuineness and intensity of the popular demonstration; and quite as eloquent in its way as those vociferous expressions of loyalty are the faces of those who, in their intense desire to see the Duke and Duchess, of whom they have heard so much, forget to give any audible expression to their feelings. To the careful observer this is one of the most characteristic features of the proceedings. In an ordinary pageant the attention of the crowd is attracted by all the picturesque and glittering details. On this occasion the public interest is so concentrated on the two Royal visitors that the very successful efforts of the Governor-General, the Government, and the military authorities to make the procession stately and brilliant, receive scant recognition from the masses. The perfectly-turned-out carriages with their prancing horses, red-jacketed postillions, and powdered footmen in the smartest of liveries—a display in which the



20. MELBOURNE WELCOMES THE ROYAL GUESTS

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people of Melbourne, I am told, generally take great delight—pass unnoticed. The picturesque uniforms and soldierly bearing of the escort likewise fail to interest. All eyes are looking for the grandson of Queen Victoria, the son and Special Envoy of the King, the Heir-Apparent to the Throne of the British Empire, and for the Duchess, whom rumour already paints in the most attractive colours. The members of the suite in the first carriages can hear again and again in penetrating stage-whispers the anxious inquiry: "Are they there?" And as soon as an anonymous answer comes in the negative, the carriage no longer possesses any attraction for the spectators. Pomp and pageantry may be seen some other time; for the present there is something much more important on hand.

Slowly, at a foot pace, the procession wends its way through the principal thoroughfares—broad and stately in their proportions, but with an unfinished appearance, which even the masses of flags and streamers and festoons cannot entirely conceal. The public buildings which we pass are worthy of a great city which calls herself "the Queen of the South," and some of the high blocks of private tenements with façades of carved stonework might almost rival the "skyscrapers" of Chicago; but between these architectural leviathans and in row with them are not a few modest, old-fashioned houses of one or two stories, which date from the early times—half a century ago—when Melbourne did not yet aspire to be one of the great cities of the world. But even then the civic authorities seem to have had visions of possible future greatness, for the streets are laid out on a scale similar to that of Washington, "the city of magnificent distances."

From the central quarters we drive back at a rather quicker pace to Government House, the residence of the Governor-General, built in the style of a big English country-house in a well-wooded park, on an eminence

overlooking a great part of Melbourne and its suburbs. On alighting from the carriage the Duke remarks to Lord Hopetoun that in all his considerable experience of popular demonstrations he has never seen anything more impressive.

In the evening there is a State dinner, at which the Governors and Prime Ministers of the Australian States who happen to be in Melbourne—some of them have not yet arrived,—the Premier of the Commonwealth, Admiral Beaumont, and the officers commanding the foreign war-ships, the Chairman of the Celebrations Committee, and other distinguished personages are present. Many of the brilliantly illuminated edifices of the city can be seen from Government House, and they certainly do honour to the taste as well as the loyalty of the inhabitants.

Tuesday, 7th May.—In the morning the Duke holds a levee of nearly four thousand persons, and shakes hands with every one of them. It lasts two hours and a-half. Twice there is a little pause to give His Royal Highness a few moments' rest. At the end he confesses that his right hand and arm are rather tired. The great majority of those present are in ordinary evening dress, but a good many wear academic costume, with hoods of all the colours of the rainbow. Immediately after the levee no less than forty-six deputations present addresses. Some of these are from religious bodies—Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Jewish. Others are from municipalities and various organs of self-government, such as Harbour Trusts, Boards of Works, Chambers of Commerce, Manufactures, and Mines. The largest category is what may be called the miscellanea, including all sorts and conditions of corporate existence, from the National Gallery, Royal Society, and Yacht Club down to the Freemasons,

Oddfellows, Druids, and Salvation Army. Nor is the desire to give articulate expression to the universal sentiment of loyalty confined to men of Anglo-Saxon race, for among those represented are the Indian community and the Australian aborigines. The contents of the addresses are so nearly identical that the Duke is able to give one general reply, in which he thanks them for the assurances of unswerving devotion and attachment to the throne and person of the King, for the touching references to the lamented death of his beloved and revered grandmother, Queen Victoria, and for the splendid and enthusiastic reception accorded to him and the Duchess. He regards the enthusiasm displayed yesterday by all classes as an outward testimony of their loyalty and affection to the Throne, and he hopes that the journey as a whole will have the effect of promoting, in no small degree, the unity and solidarity of the King's dominions.

After lunch the Duke, with his naval aides-de-camp, visits the foreign war-ships in the harbour, and we can hear from Government House the booming of the cannon firing the salute. The Duchess, with the remainder of the suite, sees on the lawn some very remarkable rough-riding. Two hundred "stockmen"—the Australian equivalent for the American term "cowboys"—all dressed in red shirts, white breeches, riding-boots or gaiters, and wide-awake hats, form a wide semicircle in front of a wooden stand erected for the spectators. These hardy, muscular fellows, thoroughly inured to the privations and fatigues of a bushman's life, have come from all parts of the colony to prove to their Royal Highnesses that Australian loyalty is not confined to the inhabitants of the towns and more settled districts. First they exhibit the art of brandishing and cracking their long stock-driving whips, which they wield with such dexterous accuracy as to flick a cigarette out of the hand of a comrade

without injuring him. Then they show how the most inveterate buck-jumping horses can be saddled and ridden with impunity. The animals have been carefully selected for their buck-jumping powers, and do their utmost to throw their riders, but never succeed. Strange to say, they show no signs of any other kind of vice, and never try to kick, bite, or otherwise "savage" their tamers. All they seem to desire is to get rid of their burden for the moment, and when this is attained they are quite satisfied. In the evening the Governor-General gives his second State dinner. Among the guests are Lord Lamington, Governor of Queensland, and Lord Tennyson, Governor of South Australia. As soon as dinner is over we all turn out and see in front of the house some very smart manœuvres, executed by a large body of torch-bearing firemen, with their engines, from Melbourne and other Victorian towns.

Wednesday, 8th May.—A comparatively quiet day preparatory to the great function of opening Parliament to-morrow. At noon there is an interesting function in front of Government House. The Duke, in the uniform of a Colonel of the Royal Fusiliers, presents war-medals to the Victorians who have returned from the South African campaign. A composite artillery and infantry guard of honour is supplied by the Tasmanian contingent. Of the 17 officers and 462 men who receive medals the last are three disabled troopers seated apart. With them the Duke and Duchess talk for a little, inquiring kindly about the nature of their injuries and the circumstances in which they were received. About the same time, in the city, the inmates of numerous benevolent institutions are being regaled with a copious mid-day meal, in honour of the Royal visit. The idea is warmly approved by their Royal Highnesses, who are glad

to know that in the general rejoicing the poor and unfortunate are not forgotten.

After lunch their Royal Highnesses visit the Houses of Parliament, and are present at a garden-party in the grounds attached to the building.

In the evening there is a small dinner at Government House, after which there is a reception of over two thousand people, and a number of ladies and gentlemen are presented to their Royal Highnesses.

Thursday, 9th May.—This must be one of the most memorable days of the whole tour, for the Duke is to fulfil one of the main objects of the mission by opening formally the first session of the new Commonwealth Parliament.

From an early hour there is unusual bustle and activity in the city. The troops who are to line the streets, and the police, mounted and on foot, who are to help in preserving order, are moving to their appointed places; while the ever-increasing crowds are rapidly forming up behind the long lines of barrier. Anxious looks are directed towards the sky, for the weather is in one of its most capricious moods. Heavy rain fell during the night, and threatening showers are still hovering about. The sanguine members of the Royal party predict that the "Queen's weather," which has hitherto regularly contributed its share to the brilliancy of the ceremonial functions, will not fail to put in an appearance on this most important occasion; and this semi-superstitious confidence is justified by the event. When their Royal Highnesses start from Government House the sun is shining brightly, and it graciously continues to shine until they return.

The procession resembles that of the State entry in every respect, except that it is supplemented by the carriages and escorts of their Excellencies the State Governors and his Excellency the Admiral. The

crowds in the streets are denser and the stands more closely packed than on the previous occasion, because the line of march is shorter ; and there seems to be even more enthusiasm, probably because the keen edge of the intense popular curiosity, which at first dominated all other sentiments, is now a little blunted. All along the route there is a continuous cheer that rolls along like a mighty wave, now getting ahead of the Royal carriage, and now doubling back in order to come on again with renewed force. Overhead the flags and streamers flutter gaily in the cool morning breeze, and are answered from below by the vigorous waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Nowhere is there any trace of the proverbial stolid apathy of the Anglo-Saxon ; for once men and women of English race give free vent to their feelings in public, without being half ashamed of it. A climax is reached at the Houses of Parliament, when 4000 cadets, densely packed on the great steps and spacious approaches of the building, give their hearty contribution to the popular demonstration. Then the Exhibition Building, in which the opening ceremony is to be held, comes in sight. In the distance it reminds one of the Crystal Palace, but as we approach nearer we are ready to admit that perhaps patriotic Australians are right in thinking that the original has been improved on. However this may be, it has unquestionably one merit : it is capable of containing an enormous number of people. To-day, we are told, it is seated for 15,000 persons, and every available inch of space is occupied, with the exception of a platform in the south end of the transept, reserved for those who are taking part in the procession. The audience includes, naturally, all that is most distinguished in Melbourne—one might almost say, in the whole of Australia, for thousands have flocked hither from all parts of the Commonwealth,—and all ranks of society, official and non-official, are duly represented.

A flourish of trumpets, followed by the first notes of the National Anthem, announces the arrival of the Royal party. As their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Lord and Lady Hopetoun, take their places on the dais, the audience rises and receives them with deafening cheers, quite as hearty as those heard along the route. The Duke at once opens the proceedings. In order to understand these we must know the legal fiction on which they are founded. Be it known, then, to all whom it may concern, we are supposed to be in the Senate Chamber, the Australian equivalent of the House of Lords ; and the thousands of people whom we see around us are merely the public in the galleries, which are technically not part of the House. The Royal suite, the Governor-General's staff, the State Governors with their A.D.C.'s, and a few other favoured persons are standing—or sitting—"behind the Throne," and immediately behind them is the Press-gallery. Seated on benches facing the dais, but separated from it by a rampart of beautiful flowers, are the 36 Senators and the Senate officials, among the former being two members of the Cabinet—Mr. Drake, Postmaster-General, and Mr. O'Connor, a Minister of State without portfolio. The members of the House of Representatives, corresponding to the House of Commons, are assembled in an adjoining room, which is to be considered for the moment as the Lower House, waiting to be summoned to hear the King's speech, which is to be read, in the unavoidable absence of His Majesty, by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York, specially and formally commissioned to perform this duty. The precise terms of the Commission we shall hear presently. So far, the analogy between the Exhibition Building, Melbourne, and the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, is pretty well maintained. In the further proceedings some little deviations from ancient English usage, made in defer-

ence to local conditions, will be apparent to the experienced eye. The House of Lords, as soon as it assembles, has an *ex-officio* President in the Lord Chancellor, whereas the Australian Senate has to choose its President. Here, then, it is necessary to go on the analogy, not of the House of Lords, but of the House of Commons, where the Clerk of the House presides until the election of the Speaker. This is a point rather too abstruse for the general public, but the next I have to mention can scarcely escape their notice. In the House of Lords the prayers are read, naturally, by a clergyman—by the junior Bishop on the roll. Here they will be read by a layman—Lord Hopetoun—because there is no Established Church in Australia, and several of the rival religious denominations maintained that the officiating clergyman should be chosen from their ranks. Again, in Westminster, the most important part of a Speech from the Throne, whether pronounced by the Sovereign or by a Commission, is the declaration of the causes for which the Parliament is summoned; in other words, the Ministerial programme of the session. The Home authorities saw no reason why the ancient usage should not be maintained in the present instance; but the Australian constitutional lawyers perceived, or imagined, certain difficulties, and they held their views so strongly that the original programme and the draft of the speech had to be modified in accordance with their contention. The declaring of the causes, these learned gentlemen argued, belongs properly not to the King's Special Envoy, but to his ordinary representative, the Governor-General. Consequently, it will be noticed, the Duke does not declare the causes, though he is expressly empowered to do so in the text of the Commission; and the Governor-General has to make an announcement on the subject.

With these few preliminary explanations the pro-

ceedings are easily understood. The Proclamation calling the Parliament together having been read, the Duke signifies to Mr. Blackmore, Clerk of the Federal Parliaments, and consequently temporary President of the Senate, that the moment has come for summoning the members of the House of Representatives, who play in the new Constitution the part of His Majesty's faithful Commons. The Black Rod accordingly proceeds at once to the adjoining room to deliver the summons; and in a few minutes appear the members of the Lower House, headed by those members of the Federal Cabinet who do not belong to the senate—Mr. Barton, Premier and Minister of External Affairs; Sir John Forrest, Minister of Defence; Sir William Lyne, Minister of Home Affairs; Sir George Turner, Treasurer; Mr. Deakin, Attorney-General; Mr. Kingston, Minister of Trade and Customs; and Sir Philip Fysh, Minister of State without portfolio. All these gentlemen, Ministers and simple members alike, instead of remaining at the Bar of the House, like the faithful Commons at Westminster, take their seats on benches to the left of the Senators and remain there during the rest of the sitting.

The organ intones the first notes of the Old Hundredth, and the vast assemblage rises as one man to take part in the singing of the familiar old hymn. The Governor-General then reads the prayers—first the ordinary prayer of the Anglican Church service for their Majesties, the Heir-Apparent, and the other Members of the Royal Family; and next a prayer specially prepared for the occasion: "Almighty God, we humbly beseech Thee to regard with Thy merciful favour the people of this land, now united in one Commonwealth. We pray for Thy servants the Governor-General, the Governors of the States, and all who are or shall be associated with them in the administration of their several offices. We pray Thee

at this time to vouchsafe Thy special blessing upon the Federal Parliament now assembling for their first session, and that Thou wouldst be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory and to the true welfare of the people of Australia, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who has taught us when we pray to say"— Here follows the Paternoster, in which all present join, and the Governor-General pronounces the ordinary concluding words, "The Grace of our Lord," etc.

The religious part of the proceedings being thus terminated, the Clerk reads the King's Commission "empowering His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.V.O., to open the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia. Dated 23rd February 1901." The text of the document is as follows:—

Edward the Seventh, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India; to our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin and councillor, John Adrian Lewis, Earl of Hopetoun, Knight of our Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Knight Grand Cross of our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Knight Grand Cross of our Royal Victorian Order, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in and over our Commonwealth of Australia; and to our trusty and well-beloved the Senators, Representatives, and people of our Commonwealth of Australia, greeting:—

Whereas in pursuance of the act passed in the sixty-fourth year of the reign of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled *An Act to Constitute the Commonwealth of Australia*, the Parliament of the said Commonwealth has been summoned to meet for certain arduous and urgent affairs concerning us, the state, and defence of our said Commonwealth, at the City of Melbourne;

And whereas we are desirous of marking the importance of the opening of the first Parliament of the said Commonwealth of Australia, and of showing our special interest in the welfare of our loyal subjects therein, and forasmuch as for

certain causes we cannot conveniently be present in our Royal person in our said Parliament, at Melbourne, now know ye that we, trusting in the discretion, fidelity, and care of our most dear son and faithful councillor, George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, Knight of our Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight of our Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Knight of our Most Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick, Knight Grand Cross of our Royal Victorian Order, by the advice of our Council, do give and grant, by the tenor of these presents, unto the said George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, full power in our name to begin and hold the first Parliament of our said Commonwealth of Australia, and to open and declare and cause to be opened and declared the causes of holding the same, and to do everything which for us and by us shall be therein to be done ; willing that our said son shall hereby carry to our said Parliament and people our Royal message of good-will and assurance of our earnest prayer for the blessing of Almighty God on the union of our dominions in Australia in one Federal Commonwealth, under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland ; commanding, also, by the tenor of these presents, with the assent of our said Council, as well, all and every, the said Governor-General, Senators, and Representatives of our Commonwealth of Australia, as all others whom it concerns, to meet in our said Parliament, that to the same George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, they diligently intend, in the premises, in the form aforesaid ;

And we do further direct and enjoin that these, our Letters Patent, shall be read and proclaimed at such place or places as our said Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief shall think fit, within our said Commonwealth of Australia.

In witness whereof we have caused these, our Letters, to be made patent.

Witness Ourselves, at Westminster, the twenty-third day of February, in the first year of our reign.

By the King Himself,

Signed with His own Hand,

EDWARD R. and I.

Muir Mackenzie.

As soon as the reading of the Commission is finished, the Duke, advancing to the edge of the dais and putting on his hat, delivers in clear, sonorous tones the following speech :—

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—My beloved and deeply lamented grandmother, Queen Victoria, had desired to mark the importance of the opening of this the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia, and to manifest her special interest in all that concerns the welfare of her loyal subjects in Australia, by granting to me a special Commission to open the first session.

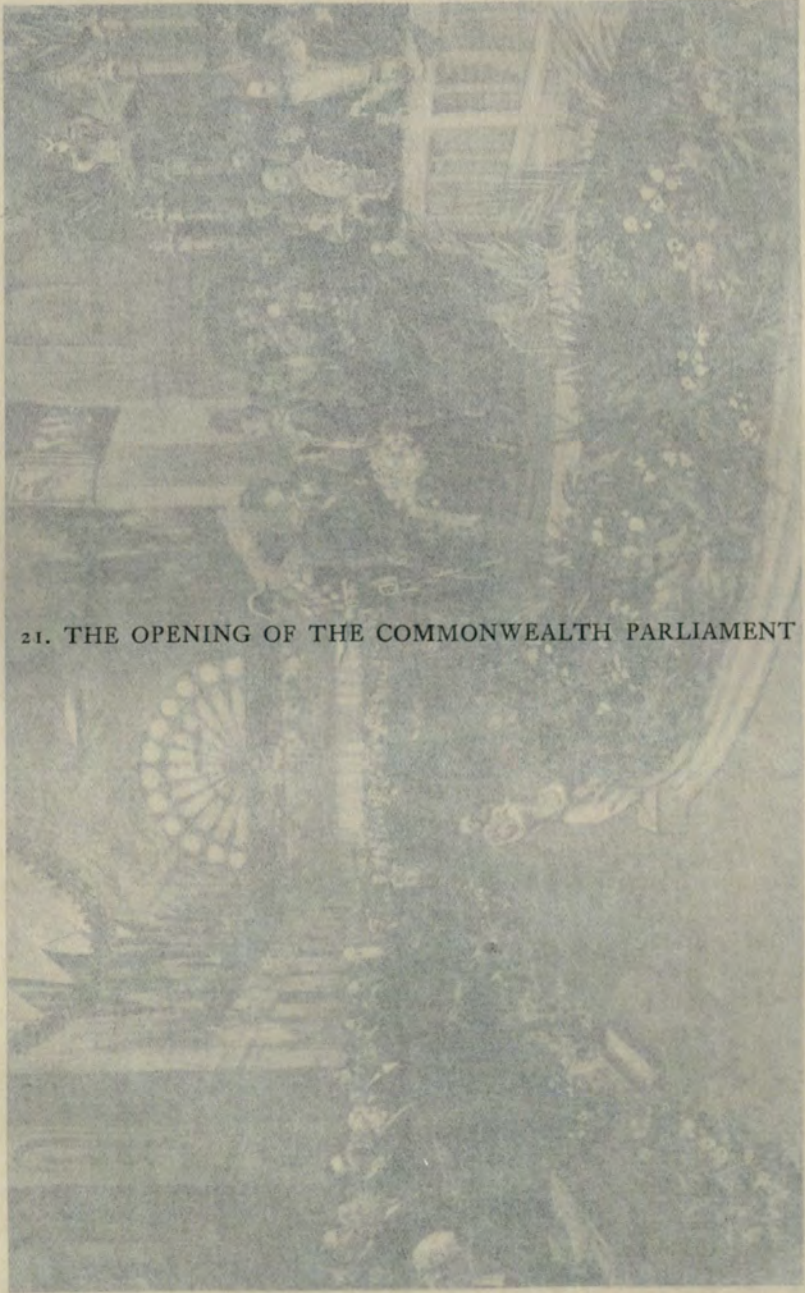
That Commission had been duly signed before the sad event which has plunged the whole Empire into mourning, and the King, my dear father, fully sharing Her late Majesty's wishes, decided to give effect to them, although His Majesty stated on the occasion of his opening his first Parliament that a separation from his son at such a time could not be otherwise than deeply painful to him.

His Majesty has been pleased to consent to this separation, moved by his sense of the loyalty and devotion which prompted the generous aid afforded by all the Colonies in the South African war, both in its earlier and more recent stages, and of the splendid bravery of the Colonial troops. It is also His Majesty's wish to acknowledge the readiness with which the ships of the special Australasian squadron were placed at his disposal for service in China, and the valuable assistance rendered there by the naval contingents of the several Colonies.

His Majesty further desired in this way to testify to his heartfelt gratitude for the warm sympathy extended by every part of his dominions to himself and his family in the irreparable loss they have sustained by the death of his beloved mother.

His Majesty has watched with the deepest interest the social and material progress made by his people in Australia, and has seen with thankfulness and heartfelt satisfaction the completion of that political union of which this Parliament is the embodiment.

The King is satisfied that the wisdom and patriotism which



21. THE OPENING OF THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT



have characterised the exercise of the wide powers of self-government hitherto enjoyed by the Colonies will continue to be displayed in the exercise of the still wider powers with which the united Commonwealth has been endowed. His Majesty feels assured that the enjoyment of these powers will, if possible, enhance that loyalty and devotion to his Throne and Empire of which the people of Australia have already given such signal proofs.

It is His Majesty's earnest prayer that this union so happily achieved may, under God's blessing, prove an instrument for still further promoting the welfare and advancement of his subjects in Australia, and for the strengthening and consolidation of his Empire.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, it affords me much pleasure to convey to you this message from His Majesty. I now, in his name, and on his behalf, declare this Parliament open.

At the conclusion of the speech there is a flourish of trumpets, a frantic outburst of applause, and a Royal salute from a field-battery outside. At the same time the Duchess presses an electric button, which gives the signal for despatching a message to England announcing that the first Federal Parliament of Australia has been opened. When the cheering has subsided, the Duke, again stepping forward, announces that he has just received a message from the King, and reads the following telegram: "My thoughts are with you in to-day's important ceremony. Most fervently do I wish Australia prosperity." The few well-chosen words go straight to the heart of the audience, and the cheering is renewed with redoubled fervour.

There remain one or two formalities to be performed, but the audience no longer show any keen interest in the proceedings. The members of both Houses are informed that as soon as they have taken and subscribed the oath of allegiance, and have chosen a President for the Senate and a Speaker for the House of Representatives, the Governor-General will declare

the causes of this Parliament being called. The oath of allegiance is administered at once in a very simple form: "I, A. B., do swear that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward VII., and to his heirs and successors according to law; so help me, God!" The election of President and Speaker is postponed till the afternoon. Meanwhile the orchestra plays the Hallelujah Chorus, "Rule Britannia," and the National Anthem, and a final hearty cheer is given as their Royal Highnesses take their departure.

On reaching Government House the Duke, deeply impressed by the solemnity of the ceremony and the enthusiasm displayed by the representative audience, telegraphs to the King: "I have just delivered your message, and in your name declared open the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia. I also read your telegram of good wishes, which is deeply appreciated by your loving Australian subjects and was received with enthusiasm. Splendid and impressive ceremony; over 12,000 people in Exhibition Building."

In the afternoon the Governor-General communicates to the newly elected President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives the following telegram which he has just received: "His Majesty's Government welcomes the new Parliament that to-day takes its place among the great legislative bodies of the British Empire. They feel confident that it will be a faithful interpreter of the aspirations of a free and loyal people; and they trust that its deliberations will promote the happiness, prosperity, and union of the whole Continent of Australia." From Mr. Chamberlain the Duke receives a private telegram, in which it is said: "I rejoice with you in the most auspicious inauguration of the Parliament of Australia, with ceremonies to the success of which the presence of the Duchess of Cornwall and yourself has so much

contributed. The splendid enthusiasm evoked by your visit has marked another step in the union of the Empire, and has demonstrated the loyalty of the Australian people to the Throne. The British nation join in earnest wishes for the prosperity of the new Commonwealth, and thank your Royal Highness for the eloquent expression you have given to their feelings."

In the evening we are again in the great hall in which the impressive ceremony was held this morning. This time it is for a State concert in honour of the Royal visitors. It looks very much like a continuation of the previous function ; for the general arrangements, the audience, and the orchestra are the same, but the programme is of course exclusively musical, and the applause is much more moderate. Their Royal Highnesses, with Lord and Lady Hopetoun, arrive at the end of the first part, and are conducted to their seats on the dais by the Federal Premier and the members of the Cabinet.

Friday, 10th May.—Hitherto the military have played in the celebrations the subordinate part of supplying escorts and guards of honour and lining the streets. To-day they are to be the principal actors. A grand review, probably the biggest that has ever been seen in Australia, is to be held on the racecourse at Flemington, one of the north-western suburbs of the city. "No such gathering of uniformed men," exclaims triumphantly a leading local organ of the Press, "has ever before been assembled on this Continent. Even Sydney, with the assistance of the thousand Imperial troops, mustered only 10,000 at the big review in January last. Victoria goes well ahead to-day with about 15,000, and she excels her rival by reason not only of the greater number of troops, but also by the magnificent theatre on which

they are manœuvred. If Sydney has a harbour of which she is proud, Melbourne has a racecourse which the world cannot surpass !”

The last assertion need not be called in question. The Australians of all ranks and conditions are passionately fond of horse-racing ; and of all the fine race-courses which they possess, that of Melbourne, where the biggest race-meetings in the world are held, is probably the finest. Certainly I have never seen or imagined a grand stand of such colossal dimensions. To-day there is not a vacant seat in it ; and yet thousands of spectators have to content themselves with standing-room on the hill and the lawn. Experienced authorities assert that there are not less than 100,000 persons on the ground. To this estimate it may be objected that a city with a population of under half a million can hardly supply such a formidable contingent of sightseers to any one show ; but it must be remembered that there are at present an immense concourse of visitors in Melbourne from all parts of the country, and that thousands have come in by rail from neighbouring towns for the day. However this may be, there is certainly an enormous crowd, far greater than one would naturally expect considering the state of the weather, for the sky is overcast, a cold wind is blowing, and there are occasional showers of rain.

These little inconveniences are forgotten when the Royal salute announces the arrival of their Royal Highnesses. The Duchess drives up in an open carriage, and takes her place in a gaily decorated pavilion constructed for the Royal party near the saluting-point. The Duke is on horseback, in the uniform of the Royal Fusiliers, attended by a large staff. After the customary formality of inspection the march-past begins. The first to go by are a body of about 4500 well-drilled cadets, who represent

the future army of the Commonwealth, and give good promise of its military bearing and efficiency. Then comes a strong contingent of Bluejackets and Marines, followed by the native forces in a great variety of uniforms—Lancers, Mounted Rifles, and Field Artillery from New South Wales; Victorian Field Artillery and Mounted Rifles; mounted troops from Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and New Zealand; Victorian Garrison Artillery and Engineers; infantry from South and Western Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania; a small Maori contingent; a picturesque squad of Fiji Native Constabulary with fuzzy yellow-brown hair, white linen nether integuments, and bare feet; and lastly the Army Medical and Army Service Corps. It is a fine show. All the corps are cheered, but not equally: the cadets, the Bluejackets, and the Highlanders are evidently the popular favourites. Some of them are not so accurate in their movements, and do not look so spick-and-span, as regular troops on an English parade-ground; but they are all—and especially the troopers—fine, soldierly-looking fellows, just the sort of material for genuine, rough work in the field. The total number of troops on the ground is 14,314, including 4490 cadets.

The drive home in drizzling rain is enlivened by an amusing little incident. Near the Royal carriage, a stout old lady in mourning attire suddenly trips into the road, executes deftly some steps of an Irish jig before the police can interfere, and then, turning to the spectators convulsed with laughter, shouts with an unmistakable Irish brogue: “You can’t say I haven’t danced before Royalty!”

There is a small dinner at Government House, after which their Royal Highnesses attend a concert given by the Mayor, Sir Samuel Gillott, at the Town Hall.

Saturday, 11th May.—The Heir-Apparent to the

British Throne, who goes on a special mission to distant portions of the Empire, must play many parts. The day before yesterday the function in which the Duke had to play the leading part was political; yesterday it was military; to-day it is academic and educational, with an excursus into the world of labour-organisation, mutual aid societies, and Trades Unionism. This interlude, the insertion of which into the programme seems to have been an afterthought, is characteristic and amusing. It is a monster procession of no less than 10,000 working-men, some in their working clothes or in ordinary dress, and others in historical, legendary, or, symbolical costumes. The nearest approach to it in English life would be a dozen Lord Mayor's Shows combined with a monster Labour demonstration. It is intended to be, we are told, "the glorification of combined effort as applied to Labour, or, in other words, a display firstly of those Friendly Societies which proved the sheet-anchor of the working-classes during the seven lean years of the past decade, and, secondly, of those Trades Unions which have achieved such an important place in the industrial life of the State." Another authority informs us that the real object of the procession is a demonstration in favour of the eight-hours working-day movement. The two objects are not irreconcilable, and possibly the organisers had both of them in view.

The first part of the procession is composed of the Friendly Societies, at the head of which march the Irish National Foresters carrying a banner on which is depicted unhappy Ireland weeping over her sorrows, and mourning her martyr-patriots. This, it is pretty generally felt, is not playing the game quite fairly, for there is a tacit understanding that in these loyal demonstrations all polemical questions are to be excluded. It is only just, however, to the sons of Erin to

state that, when they reach the Royal pavilion, their band plays the National Anthem, and they themselves cheer as heartily as their rivals, the Orangemen, who come immediately behind them, surrounding a carriage drawn by six white horses, which is preceded by a herald-trumpeter and escorted by Beef-eaters. In the chariot sit two figures personating the King and Queen, and behind it come thirty mounted men representing all sections of the British army. Then suddenly we are plunged into hoary antiquity. A crowd of venerable Druids in flowing white beards, and dressed in the costume which their revered ancestors are supposed to have worn when Britain was a Roman province, present to us on a capacious lorry Queen Boadicea seated on a golden throne, attended by handmaidens in classical attire, and guarded by helmeted centurions. Some spectators suppose the queenly figure to be Britannia, and cheer accordingly; and one ingenious onlooker plausibly suggests that perhaps these spectators are right, because the British Queen of the time of Nero was, through all her misfortunes, the embodiment of that indomitable spirit which has created in modern times the world-wide British Empire. While this question is being discussed by a small circle near the Royal pavilion, a band of Oddfellows approach, and show us the Ruler of the Waves in a manner that leaves no doubt of her identity. With haughty mien she displays the Union Jack, bears aloft the motto, "United we stand!" and is escorted by a mixed contingent from all parts of her dominions, including a Lifeguardsman, a Bengal Lancer, and a couple of Australian Mounted Rifles. A little later she passes again, this time under the auspices of the Australian Natives' Association, presiding at the launch of a dazzlingly white galley which is rowed by six maidens of tender years representing the six young Australian States, and is steered by a stately damsel representing

the Commonwealth. Other *tableaux vivants* go by, too numerous to mention, in which kangaroos, wallabies, emus, tree-ferns, eucalyptus-trees, wattle branches, and other characteristic specimens of the peculiar fauna and flora of the Australian Continent are appropriately introduced as prominent accessories. Occasionally the symbolism is so extremely occult as to render an explanation necessary. The fact, for example, that in one allegorical group the six States of Australia are placed in a circle indicates their expected longevity; is not a circle the emblem of eternity? In similarly ingenious fashion the Ancient Druids announce to the world that they are not forgetful of modern progress, by exhibiting Old Father Time on a tricycle of the newest pattern.

The second portion of the great procession is formed of seventy-nine trades corporations, of the most different kinds, from our old friends the butchers, the bakers, and candlestick-makers, to less familiar corporate bodies such as the tailoresses, the fat-extractors, and the undertakers' assistants. A few of them, like many of the Friendly Societies, indulge in allegory. On one of the first lorries, for instance, appear Labour and Progress, a male and a female figure whitened to resemble statuary; and the emblem of the bookbinders is a girl in mediæval costume seated under an arch of elegantly bound volumes. The great majority, however, content themselves with showing in more simple, graphic style the nature of their occupations. Two Victorian miners, for example, in a cramped attitude underground, hew a block of coal; while on the greensward overhead a couple of boys play at cricket, and as they near the saluting-point the batsman cannot resist the temptation of driving the ball into the crowd, an incident which, let us hope, was not in the programme. The millers work a small mill and throw to the spectators little bags of oatmeal. The bakers regale hungry onlookers

with hot rolls and scones. The Clerks' Union have a group of young people working rapidly with typewriting machines. And so on, and so on. Only one little incident occurs to vary the monotony of the display. A farrier, busily occupied in making ordinary iron horse-shoes, suddenly pauses in his work, and, taking down from a crimson shield in the front part of the lorry a silver horse-shoe, throws it on to the steps of Parliament House near the Royal party. At once it is picked up and handed to the Duchess, who accepts it graciously as a luck-bringer, and bows her acknowledgments to the donor, amid the enthusiastic applause of the crowd.

Long before the end of the interminable procession reaches Parliament House their Royal Highnesses have to depart for the University, where they are received by the Chancellor and other academic authorities. After a short visit to the robing-room, the Duke appears on the platform in the scarlet robes of a Doctor of Civil Law of the University of Oxford, and remains seated while a large number of ordinary degrees are conferred in Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, Surgery, and Civil Engineering. Among the successful candidates are eighteen young ladies, some of whom prove that under certain circumstances the academic costume can be very becoming. Twelve of them graduate in Arts, three in Science, and three in Surgery. Honorary degrees are then conferred on the Duke and other distinguished visitors, among whom are Lord Tennyson, Governor of South Australia, and Mr. Barton, Premier of the Commonwealth. The Chancellor, Sir John Madden, who is also Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, then delivers a Latin oration, in which he enounces the opinion that the foundation of the Commonwealth must necessarily elevate the political aims and aspirations of every citizen, and expresses the hope that the federation of Australia may to the utmost tend, not

only to strengthen the British Empire, but also to advance the prosperity of the people, who are, in this portion also of that Empire, devoted and loyal subjects of His Majesty.

During these solemn proceedings the undergraduates carry out an independent programme of their own in traditional boisterous fashion, but they join harmoniously in the hearty cheering when their Royal Highnesses rise to take their departure.

After luncheon there is a function of a lighter description—one of those school-children's demonstrations which are a distinctive feature of Australian life. The Australians wisely consider that muscular development is a most important element of primary education, and that the early school-days should be made for the little ones as bright and agreeable as possible. They cause their children, therefore, to be taught physical drill and singing in chorus; and from time to time large gatherings are held in which the children display, to their great delight, their proficiency in drill and vocal music. Latterly a new consideration has crept in—the boys must be early trained to become in later life efficient soldiers for the defence of the Commonwealth and the Empire. For the present gathering special efforts have been made, and have met with a hearty response from all classes; for fathers and mothers are keenly anxious that their children should see the Heir to the Throne, and take part in a loyal demonstration that will be remembered and talked of for many long years to come. Do not middle-aged men and women still relate with pride how in their youth they saw the sailor son of Queen Victoria, and have not many been heard to regret that such a bit of good fortune did not fall to their lot? The fond mother naturally wishes to spare her children such disappointment and regret; and though she may be in straitened circumstances, she determines that her boys

and girls shall be as nicely dressed as those of her neighbours.

The local papers announce that the gathering is to be a military pageant and an Arcadian festival in one, and the description is not very wide of the mark. It is held in the Exhibition Oval, a kind of public recreation-ground which is met with in all the Australian State capitals. When their Royal Highnesses take their places in the grand stand, a choir of over 5000 young voices, selected from fifty-seven metropolitan State-schools, sing the National Anthem, and then raise a cheer which is at once taken up by the rest of the 10,000 children in the arena as well as by the vast crowds of spectators. The principal items in the physical-drill programme are already over, but enough remains to show with what admirable precision the exercises are carried out. Each contingent, male and female, has its smart uniform: the little girls mostly in spotless white dresses with red or blue sashes, and the boys in sailor costume of one kind or other. The cutlass drill of the juvenile bluejackets, executed to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," is specially appreciated; also the "free exercises," by 1500 pupils from thirty-two metropolitan schools. Then come the Maypole dancing and the flower-songs, in which the little children, quaintly attired as elves, gypsies, Red Riding-Hoods, and shepherdesses, thoroughly enjoy themselves, though all moving in rhythmical time, and keeping conscientiously to the prescribed programme so as not to mar the general effect. So charming is the scene, that their Royal Highnesses remain half an hour beyond the appointed time. When they are about to leave, the Duchess accepts from the Minister of Education, for her own children at home, facsimiles in gold of the commemoration medal which is to be given on Tuesday to 260,000 school-children.

This has already been a pretty heavy day, but more

remains to be done. The Duke has to hurry home for an investiture, and after dinner a large reception is to be held at Government House. At the former function some of the gentlemen invested had been gazetted in the New Year list, and the others had been selected by the King to mark his Royal favour on the occasion of the Royal visit. Among the recipients are the Federal Minister of Defence, the Clerk of the Federal Parliament, the Administrator and the Premier of Tasmania; the Mayors of Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart; Captain Wallington, the Governor-General's Private Secretary, who has most efficiently aided his chief in all the arrangements; and Lieutenant-Colonel Byron of the Royal Australian Artillery, appointed Extra A.D.C. to the Duke for the first half of the tour. At the reception a number of people are informally presented to their Royal Highnesses by Lord Hopetoun. In the course of the evening I have an interesting talk with a Police Magistrate, Mr. Browne, better known as Rolf Boldrewood, author of *Robbery under Arms*. He relates to me how in his novel he has departed very little from the facts which came under his notice in the old rough days which he has so graphically described.

Sunday, 12th May.—A quiet day. Their Royal Highnesses and suite attend divine service at the Cathedral.

Monday, 13th May.—To-day is to be devoted to a visit to Ballarat, a mining centre which used to figure largely in the English newspapers at the time of the rush to the Australian gold-diggings. That was in the early fifties. It was then little better than a miners' camp, with a rather turbulent population, as the population of miners' camps generally are. Differences of opinion soon arose between them and the Government as to the kind and amount of

taxation to be imposed on gold-diggers, culminating in a little pitched battle at the Eureka Stockade—a name familiar to every man, woman, and child in the country,—in which some thirty or forty of them were killed and many wounded. It is an old story that no longer excites active animosity, and the inhabitants with creditable impartiality have erected monuments to the fallen on both sides. They have since settled down to a quiet, orderly, respectable life, and they may be said to be fairly prosperous. Nuggets worth thousands of pounds are no longer picked up or expected, but quartz-mining at deep levels still gives a fair return, and alluvial mining is by no means abandoned. In 1899, out of a total of 6307 miners, no less than 3094 were employed in the alluvial branch of the industry. But the 40,000 inhabitants, with their two municipalities and two Mayors, do not live by gold alone. They have foundries, flour-mills, woollen-mills, distilleries, and breweries, and they provide for the industrial future of the city by supplying technical education for the rising generation. Their School of Mines has 400 students, and their Mechanics' Institute boasts of a library of 22,000 volumes. Nor are they indifferent to literature and art. Have they not several public libraries, a museum, a picture-gallery, and a famous piece of statuary—a genuine work of Canova? As for religious interests, does not the city possess forty churches and two Bishops' palaces?

By the direct line the distance from Melbourne is only seventy-four miles; but the direct line cannot be adopted, because it does not pass through Geelong, which lays claim to the honour of a Royal visit. In respect of population and wealth Geelong has no pretensions to rival Ballarat, because it is only one-half the size, and it has never had any rich gold mines; but it considers that it has an importance of its own.

Built, like Melbourne, on an arm of Port Philip, and being almost of the same age, it had in its youth the ambition to outdo its rival as a commercial port. Though it no longer indulges in these youthful dreams, it has still aspirations of a more modest kind, and it strives to maintain a position of the second rank. It has its fine public buildings, its parks, its technical schools, its Mechanics' Institute, its free libraries, its factories, and its workshops. Their Royal Highnesses have not time to pay it a visit in the sense of driving through the principal streets and inspecting the more important institutions; but they do not wish to ignore entirely its claims to consideration, and accordingly they make a detour of thirty miles and stop for a few minutes at the railway station to enable the Mayor and Town Council to present a loyal address.

In and around the station there is an immense crowd, estimated at 15,000, exclusive of 2000 children who are to sing the National Anthem. If this estimate is correct, very few people have remained at home, for the whole population of the place is only about 21,000. As soon as the train is seen slowly approaching the densely crowded platform it is greeted with loud cheering and ringing of bells. The proceedings are of the ordinary description. The civic authorities and their wives are presented, the Mayoress offers a bouquet, the Mayor in the name of the citizens speaks warm words of welcome, the Duke requests the Mayor to convey to the citizens his thanks for the cordial reception and his regrets that the visit is necessarily such a hurried one, farewell greetings are exchanged, the assembled school-children sing the National Anthem, the conductor shouts respectfully, "All aboard, please," and the train moves off amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the crowd.

At Ballarat, which is reached about 1 o'clock, a

similar ceremony takes place, but with a slight difference. The Golden City, possessing all good things in abundance, enjoys the luxury of two municipalities, East and West Ballarat. We find, therefore, on the platform two Mayors of equal degree, with their wives and children, and two sets of Town Councillors with their belongings, all eager to express in one way or another the intense loyalty with which the whole population are animated. The eagerness of the spectators to get a good view of the Royal visitors is, if possible, even greater than in Melbourne, and somewhat impairs the respect due to less exalted personages. Not only are civic authorities hustled, but even the dignity which should hedge the Ministers of the Commonwealth is momentarily forgotten. The Federal Premier, for example, is seen by a local reporter "tossing hither and thither, a mere derelict, at the mercy of the waves of eager sightseers." There is, however, nothing that can be called a regrettable incident. In the immediate vicinity of their Royal Highnesses order is maintained, and everywhere the greatest good-humour prevails.

The formalities are got through as quickly as is consistent with the solemnity of the occasion, for so much has been crammed into the programme of a three hours' visit that not a moment must be lost. Rapidity of action is the order of the day. As soon as we can get into the carriages we are whirled off through some wide, prettily decorated streets, all densely crowded, to a broad avenue, where a foundation-stone has to be laid for a monument in commemoration of the Victorians who have fallen in South Africa. The ceremony is soon over, and we drive at a brisk pace, through decorated streets and under triumphal arches adorned with loyal mottoes, to the Town Hall of Ballarat East. What takes place behind the Royal party is amusingly described by a local humorist thus :—

The Royal and Vice-regal parties had a few seconds' start of the general public when the race was resumed, but several high officials very narrowly escaped being left at the post, owing to undue anxiety to get off well. Mr. Peacock, the State Premier, skipped into somebody else's cab, and lost several lengths before he could recover the consequences of his error; Mr. Barton and Mrs. Barton could be seen dodging about between horses' heads and tails; and even Mr. Kirton was obliged to abandon his usual air of *sang-froid* as he hastened to jump up behind on a drag. The next lap was about three-quarters of a mile in length; and as there were already indications that the municipal authorities intended to remodel the programme to some extent, there was ample need for the haste which all the spectators on wheels and on horseback made to get over the ground. Lord Hopetoun's carriage horses can trot up to a very bright pace, and the escort of the troopers and police had to maintain a hand-gallop to keep in front of them, while belting along behind came the general public, who were determined not to lose sight of Royalty, inasmuch as they might never get the chance again. The proceedings, indeed, resembled in a startling degree an ancient Roman chariot race, with the addition of a few meteoric bicyclists to add piquancy to the event. Four-in-hand drags bounded over the quartz-strewn roads with dizzying velocity, shaving a guard of honour at one corner, missing a group of excited loyal subjects by a hair's-breadth at another, heeling over when rounding a curve like timber-schooners in a gale, but always righting themselves by the dexterous handling of the Ballarat drivers just when collapse seemed inevitable. Two men, three women, and four children in a sulky built for two, drawn by a piebald pony, made the running along Grant Street, where the rival Mayors of Ballarat East and Ballarat West, clothed in their official robes and furs, who were racing in hansoms, just grazed each other's wheels, and fortunately escaped without damage. Those who followed the Royal equipage had a powerful incentive to increased speed, because their object was by taking a different route to arrive at the predetermined destination before their Royal Highnesses, and so get a good view of them at the function. Ballarat East and its Town Hall were reached by the majority of the distinguished and undistinguished visitors a minute or

two in front of their Royal Highnesses, and they were repaid for their exertions by a most interesting little ceremony.

It is impossible to take short cuts in Ballarat, because the town is laid out on rigid mathematical principles ; but it is possible by choosing less crowded parallel streets to gain a little time. This accounts for the fact that some of the official personages who started after their Royal Highnesses arrive before them, and the next part of the proceedings can begin without delay. The National Anthem is sung by 750 charming young voices. Then two trees planted in the Town Hall garden twenty years ago by Prince George and his brother, when they were midshipmen on board the *Bacchante*, are inspected with interest, and two others are planted to commemorate the present visit. The Duke talks for a little with the gentleman who was Mayor on the previous occasion, and learns that the present Mayors both come from his Duchy of Cornwall. The fact does not surprise him, because he knows that wherever difficult and dangerous mining operations have to be undertaken, the courageous, experienced Cornishmen are sure to come to the front.

Ballarat East having thus been duly honoured, we have to return to Ballarat West ; and on the way, near the spot where the foundation-stone was laid, a bit of waste ground recently transformed into a garden with ornamental railings is christened Alexandra Park in honour of Her Majesty. Arrived at the Town Hall, we again halt, and hear 1200 school-children sing a locally composed ode entitled, "God bless the Twain so Great!" Then the rapid processioning begins again, and we are conducted to a suburb called Sebastopol, to inspect the famous South Star gold mine, of which the main shaft has been carried to a depth of over 2500 feet. Outside is a guard of honour of Ballarat infantry, and inside an extemporised guard of a hundred miners, in an original uniform of blue dungaree trousers, white

flannels, and white cap. We examine the battery of fifty heads of stampers, making a hundred beats a minute, the battery boxes, concentrating tables, Berdan basins, and surface-lifts. A silver-mounted box containing auriferous quartz specimens is presented to the Duke by the Chairman of Directors on behalf of the Company, and a plain gold brooch is offered to the Duchess by the Manager on behalf of the miners. When Her Royal Highness fastens it to her dress and bows her acknowledgments, the men set up a frantic cheer. The Duke would like to visit the cyanide plant and even the underground workings, but time does not permit.

We drive back to the station by a circuitous route, so as to see the lake and the ornamental grounds, of which the worthy citizens are justly proud; and as we are a little behind time, the pace has to be increased. The carriages of the suite get mixed up with the nondescript vehicles of the sightseers, and the procession, if procession it can be called, assumes quite a novel character, each Jehu striving to get ahead of his fellows. When we reach the station everything is ready for the start, the locomotive is panting to be off, and the leave-taking has to be somewhat curtailed. Those who could not drive up to the station come running in on foot. As I hurry to my seat in the train, I feel a hand placed on my shoulder from behind; and on turning round with the expectation of facing an overzealous policeman, I see a Ballarat friend who is busy recovering his breath, and who remarks with a smile, "You see we do not let the grass grow under our feet here!" "Certainly not," I reply, with an effort to put my thoughts into a polite form. "You seem to have still a good deal of the dashing, go-ahead spirit of the early pioneers."

On the way back to Melbourne by the direct route we stop at a place bearing the extraordinary name of

Bacchus Marsh. To prevent misapprehension, I may say at once that the name has nothing to do with the bibulous heathen deity, but is derived from a respectable Christian namesake of his, who settled not very long ago on a portion of the rich agricultural lands surrounding the town. On discovering accidentally that it is merely a small place with 750 inhabitants, I am naturally anxious to know why it has received an honour denied to more important towns; and whilst the National Anthem is being sung by the school-children, and the other formalities customary on such occasions are being observed, I discreetly make inquiries. Local opinion seems divided on the point. One inhabitant considers it quite natural, on the assumption, I presume, that no honour is too great for his native place; a second hints darkly at "political considerations"; and a third believes that it is merely because the engine requires to take water.

Tuesday, 14th May.—"THE GRAND OLD FLAG!" "THE OFFICIAL HOISTING!" "A GREAT AUSTRALIAN DEMONSTRATION!" "AN INSPIRING CEREMONY!" "THE DUCHESS GIVES THE SIGNAL!" Such are some of the mysterious, sensational headlines announcing to-day's official proceedings. Of course, every one in Australia understands what is meant, for the thing has been discussed for months and has met with universal approval; but as all the world does not live in Australia, I may as well explain.

The Australians, as I have already had occasion to remark, like to associate their children with all public functions and festivities, and especially with such as are likely to have a lasting significance. As soon as it was known that the first Commonwealth Parliament would be opened with great pomp and pageantry by Queen Victoria's grandson, the question naturally arose how an adequate, lasting impression could be

made on the young generation, many of whom could not of course come within hundreds of miles of the centre of interest. Among the many ingenious proposals put forward, that of a well-known Senator, Sir Frederick Sargood, was ultimately adopted. What he suggested was that at the moment of declaring the Commonwealth Parliament opened, by means of a preconcerted signal, the Union Jack should be hoisted in the presence of the school-children over every school throughout the country. For some not fully explained reason it was found impossible to do this on the day of the opening ceremony, but to-day the idea is to be carried out. Shortly after noon, at 7000 different points on the Australian Continent, Tasmania, and the Fiji Islands, the children will assemble at their schools to see the National Flag hoisted, and salute it with the strains of "God Save the King"; and the signal for hoisting simultaneously those 7000 Union Jacks will be given by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York, in the presence of 10,000 loyal subjects, who will likewise salute with the strains of the National Anthem the symbol of the United Empire.

The ceremony is held in the Exhibition Building, where the opening of Parliament took place, and the enormous hall is quite as crowded as on the previous occasion. As in many of the 7000 schools aforementioned, the main function is preceded by a distribution of prizes; and it is agreeable to notice that the sectarian rivalries which made themselves felt on the previous occasion are momentarily suppressed. Not only the pupils and teaching staffs of the Anglican, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan Colleges are present, but the Roman Catholic Archbishop and the Anglican Bishop sit side by side on the platform; and the important duty of addressing their Royal Highnesses is entrusted on the principle of seniority

to a head-master who happens to be a staunch old Presbyterian!

In the short space of twenty minutes 500 prizes for ordinary studies are distributed by the Duke, and a few for athletics by the Duchess. Dr. Morrison then reads an address, in which, after referring to a similar distribution of prizes by the late Duke of Coburg thirty-four years ago, he explains the principles on which education has since been conducted in Victoria:—

We have tried, under difficulties unknown to older communities, to foster scholarship and a love of learning. Believing that religious teaching must always form an essential part of all true education, we have sought to realise the responsibilities laid upon us of moulding the character, and thereby shaping the destinies, of this new people. We have striven to send forth from our schools good and true men, loyal and patriotic citizens, who will not only do their work well in every social, civil, and religious capacity, but will fight, if need be, for their King and country, as so many of our old boys recently have fought. Patriotism and loyalty are natural products of Victorian soil, and we humbly pray your Royal Highnesses to tell our King and Queen that throughout His Majesty's wide dominions there is no other spot where the sentiments of loyalty and devotion to their Majesties' person and government are stronger or more genuine than in this distant corner of the Empire, which is proud of bearing the ever-honoured name of Victoria.

The Duke in his reply offers not only to the prize-winners, but also to the unsuccessful, words of encouragement and advice, and urges them to let both success and failure serve as a stimulus to new endeavours in the keen competition, intellectual and physical, which is characteristic of the age.

We look to you (he says), the rising generation, not only to hold and keep what your forefathers have bequeathed to you, but to push ahead, ever striving to promote what is good and what is beneficial to the cause of civilisation and moral and material progress. . . . You whom I address will,

please God, remember longest the stirring historical events of the past few days. Many of you may by your lives and example influence the growth and development of the Commonwealth whose birth you have witnessed. Keep your traditions; think with pride of those who, educated in your schools, have become distinguished servants of the State, or have fought, or are still fighting, for the Empire in South Africa and China. . . . If I may offer advice, I should say: Be thorough; do your level best in whatever work you may be called upon to perform. Remember that we are all fellow-subjects of the British Crown. Be loyal, yes, to your parents, your country, your King, and your God.

As soon as the cheering, evoked by the Duke's speech, has subsided, Sir Frederick Sargood comes forward and explains the next part of the programme, the hoisting of the flag.

The Postmaster-General (he says) has given directions for all telegraph lines to be cleared, in order that a pre-arranged signal may be instantaneously flashed from end to end of this great island-continent and also to Tasmania. Thus the children who attend the State-schools throughout the Commonwealth will feel that in the grandeur of the events passing here in Melbourne they have not been forgotten, but are afforded an opportunity of directly realising their brotherhood and future citizenship with all other children of the States. They will also receive a lasting impression of the unity of the great Empire when they view the grand old Union Jack, the symbol of unity, strength, and protection, unfurled and floating over the school buildings. The fact that the signal to hoist has been graciously given by one so closely related to our late beloved and revered Queen and her noble son, our King, must add one more link to the chain which binds us to the Throne. The lines will also be cleared to New Zealand and to the Mother Country, so that at the moment the signal is sent through Australia the news will be flashed to New Zealand, and a dutiful message sent to His Majesty the King, conveying the loyal sentiments of hundreds of thousands of future citizens in this far-away part of his dominions. It is now my duty to request Her Royal Highness to be graciously pleased to give the signal, thereby not only conferring a great honour on the

State-school children of the Commonwealth, but also enabling them to take part in a loyal demonstration such as has never before taken place in the British Empire.

The concluding words evoke a burst of applause from all parts of the building. The speaker, watch in hand, soon announces that the moment for giving the signal has come, and the Duchess presses the electric button. Suddenly there is a flourish of trumpets, an enormous Union Jack rises mysteriously on a gilded flagstaff in the centre of the hall and unfurls itself majestically under the wide-spreading dome, the boom of cannon is heard outside, the organ peals forth the National Anthem, and the words are sung with fervour not only by the children assembled for the purpose but also by the whole audience. Then comes the cheering, revived again and again. It is a scene of the most intense enthusiasm, never to be forgotten by those fortunate to witness it.

In the course of the afternoon Lord Hopetoun sends to the Secretary of State for the Colonies the following telegram :—

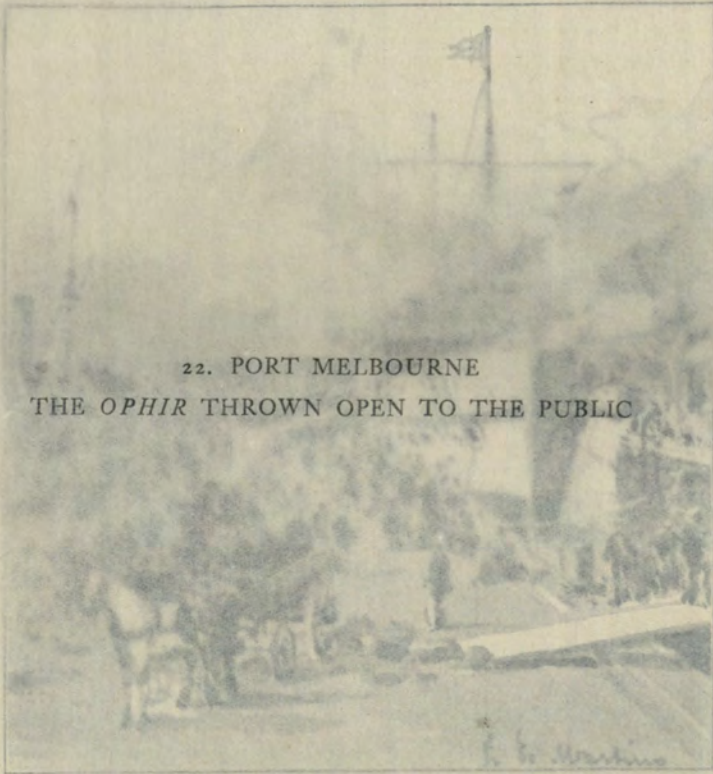
On this day, 14th May, the State-school children throughout the whole of Australia and Tasmania, numbering 650,000, assembled at their respective schools, numbering 7000, and at 10 minutes to 1 o'clock P.M., Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York despatched a telegraphic message from the Exhibition Building, whereupon the Union Jack was simultaneously hoisted over every school, and the children sang "God Save the King," followed by three cheers for "the Grand Old Flag."

The Duke has decided to have one day's recreation after his week, or rather ten days, of hard work ; and accordingly he starts to-night by special train for Gippsland, where arrangements have been made for him to have a day's shooting to-morrow. So far as functions and ceremonies are concerned, the Melbourne programme has been carried out to the letter, and Lord

Hopetoun can congratulate himself on the complete success of his most carefully prepared arrangements.

Wednesday, 15th May.—Long before daylight the train arrives at Sale in Gippsland, about 130 miles to the east of Melbourne. After an early breakfast the Royal party drive over to Kilmany Park with Mr. Pearson, the owner of the estate. The road lies through a flat, well-wooded bit of country, with occasional glimpses of shadowy blue hills in the distance. On the way, two representatives of decayed Australian Royalty are waiting to pay their respects to the grandson of the Great White Queen—King Billy and King Bobby of the Wurruk-Wurruk tribe, which formerly led a roving life in this district, but which is now settled at the Ramahuck Aboriginal Station. The Duke stops and exchanges a few words with them, and as he drives away they give him a salute in aboriginal fashion, by sending boomerangs whirling high over his head. A local authority informs us that the Wurruk-Wurruk tribe, like so many aboriginal tribes in Australia, is rapidly dying out, and that it now contains only about a dozen members. Consequently, he concludes, it has the happiness of possessing a larger proportion of Kings than any other known people, "except perhaps the ancient Irish."

Australia is not a good country for sport so far as shooting is concerned. There is no big game; kangaroos and wallabies are becoming scarce in the settled districts; deer are to be found only in a few private reserves; pheasants and partridges are not indigenous, and when imported do not thrive; hares are by no means common, and rabbits are systematically destroyed as vermin. On the whole, the best sport is afforded by quail, and, in places where there is plenty of surface-water, by duck. No doubt the country might be greatly improved from the sportsman's point



22. PORT MELBOURNE
THE *OPHIR* THROWN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC



F. de Martinis

of view, by importing, carefully rearing, and strictly preserving various foreign species ; but the Australians, though fond enough of the gun, are not yet inclined to undertake anything of that sort. Consequently, battues are unknown, the old custom of shooting over the dogs is maintained, and the bags are extremely small, according to modern English ideas. To-day there are ten guns, all experienced, and several of them very good shots, and at the end of the day the bag is found to be 246 quail, 7 hares, 12 parrots, 1 snake, and 2 various. Including the reptile, which must be regarded as an interloper, the parrots, which are merely ornamental, and the various, which are hardly worthy of the name of game, this makes only 268 head in all. In spite of this somewhat meagre material result, the party in general, and His Royal Highness in particular, thoroughly enjoy their holiday.

The incident of the day which causes most merriment has nothing to do with game in the ordinary sense. As usual, the photographers are on the war-path, and as eager to bag the sportsmen as the sportsmen are to bag the quails. One of them is particularly keen, hoping to found a solid professional reputation in the neighbourhood by a really artistic representation of "Royalty at play," as a pendant to the numerous Melbourne photographs of "Royalty at work." The long-expected moment for realising his hopes at last arrives, but just as he is on the point of taking his snapshot he suddenly leaps up with a scream and begins to wriggle in violent contortions. A roar of laughter from the bystanders tranquillises the other spectators, who feared that some serious accident had occurred ; and the mystery is soon explained. A field-mouse, or some such animal, has surreptitiously run up the leg of the unfortunate artist's trousers, and is obstinately resisting ejection. What adds to the poor man's feelings of mortification and disappointment

is that some of his colleagues improve the occasion by unfeelingly taking snapshots of him in positions anything but dignified.

Whilst the Duke is shooting at Kilmany Park, the Duchess is making an excursion with two or three members of the suite to Fernshaw, near Healesville, about forty miles to the north-east of Melbourne, to see some of the so-called giants of the forest. As it turns out, there is only time to visit one of them, a patriarch affectionately termed by the inhabitants of the district "Uncle Sam," and the rest of the projected excursion has to be abandoned. For a long, hurried drive is substituted a quiet stroll, with an unceremonious picnic. As there is nothing official in the day's proceedings, the change causes no inconvenience to any one; and the novel sensation of being allowed to depart a little from a detailed programme is not altogether displeasing to the Duchess, whose admirable readiness to conform strictly to all prescribed arrangements does not preclude a capacity for enjoying occasionally, like other human beings, a little personal liberty of action. On her return to Melbourne she declares she has spent a very pleasant and restful day in the country, and has got a better idea of what Australian scenery is like.

Thursday and Friday, 16th and 17th May.—According to the original programme, which held good until two days ago, we were to have sailed to-day for Brisbane, the capital of Queensland; but as some cases of plague have occurred at that port, and there is consequently a danger that any ship visiting it might be put into quarantine by other ports, it has been decided that their Royal Highnesses, with part of the suite, will go to Brisbane by rail and rejoin the *Ophir* at Sydney. This gives us all two clear days wherewith to grapple with arrears of correspondence, or otherwise occupy

ourselves according to our inclination ; for in order to arrive at Brisbane by rail at the appointed time we do not need to leave Melbourne till Saturday morning. During these two days the only public function performed by their Royal Highnesses is the formal opening of a drive along the bank of the Yarra River, at the foot of the Government House domain ; it is christened, in honour of the Queen, Alexandra Avenue.

In occasional conversations with leading representatives of the commercial world here, what we learn about British trade and foreign competition is not altogether agreeable. Business men in England, it is said, are far too conservative, and seem to have lost much of their old energy and initiative. Between England and her two most formidable rivals, Germany and the United States, there is a great difference in the methods of doing business. The former is like an old firm content to rest on its traditions and well-established reputation, whereas the latter are full of push, enterprise, and readiness to accommodate. In some departments the goods supplied by German and American firms are said to be better than those made in England, and America has the advantage of lower freights, owing to the short-sighted policy of "the shipping ring" at home. The success of the Germans is attributed in great part to the fact that in their country technical and scientific education is within the reach of all, and consequently there is much greater progress in the improvement of industrial methods and processes. Still, it would seem there is no reason to despair. A member of one of the biggest firms in Melbourne, while admitting that Germany and the United States are certainly making way in Victoria, is strongly of opinion that English manufacturers and traders have nothing to fear if they will only wake up and imitate the good points of their rivals.

PART VI
Brisbane and Sydney

May 18 to June 6

Brisbane and Sydney

Saturday, 18th May.—At noon we leave Melbourne by special train for Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, a journey of nearly 1300 miles. First we have to traverse the entire breadth of Victoria, 190 miles; then to cross New South Wales, 862 miles; and finally we have to run 233 miles from the Queensland frontier to the capital. As each of the Australian States has its own railway-gauge, we must change carriages twice; but the unavoidable discomforts of the journey are reduced to a minimum by the railway authorities. At the Melbourne station their Royal Highnesses have a most cordial send-off, and all along the line, wherever we stop for the engine to take water, there is an informal demonstration of popular enthusiasm. Even at stations where no stop is made, the surrounding population have collected to see and cheer the Royal train, and more than once in the night our slumbers are disturbed by a sudden outburst of hurrahs.

From the tourist point of view the journey to the New South Wales frontier is not very interesting. Victoria possesses in her north-eastern districts some fine mountain scenery, but the trunk line of railway naturally avoids such regions and keeps as much as possible to the level country, which presents no engineering difficulties. The country through which we pass is decidedly monotonous, and it has, like the towns, an unfinished, untidy look. The foliage is

scraggy, and in many places hundreds of ring-barked trees, which are doomed to be removed as cumberers of the ground, hold up their bare white arms disconsolately against the clear blue sky, as if protesting against their unhappy fate. As they are neither useful nor beautiful, their protest is not likely to attract much attention. They must make way for the requirements of pastoral industry, which is more lucrative than forest conservation. Even the venerable gnarled patriarch which is occasionally to be met with, and which might well be left as a harmless ornament to the landscape, is treated with no more respect than its commonplace neighbours. The human habitations, standing singly near the clearings or clustering together in villages, are as unpicturesque as the vegetation. They are mostly small, bare, one-storied, wooden houses roofed with corrugated iron or shingles, direct lineal descendants of the early squatter's shanty; and no attempt is made to give them a homely, comfortable look. Evidently the rural population have still in them a good deal of the rough pioneer element, and they have not yet found time to develop the sense of the beautiful even in its lower form of a love of tidiness and neatness. A very small pecuniary expenditure and a very moderate amount of manual labour would suffice to transform these box-like dwellings into pretty cottage-homes. In the suburbs of the cities there are already premonitory signs of this transformation; but in the bush, even within sight of a great trunk line of railway, only the bare necessities of existence seem to be thought of, so far as house-construction is concerned. The change may perhaps come soon, for things move quickly in Australia. Within the memory of middle-aged people some of the districts through which we are passing were infested with desperate bushrangers, and several spots are pointed out to us where sharp fighting took place. Now, public security is as perfect as in England.

Towards sunset we arrive at Albury on the Murray, the largest river of the Continent, but here, at a thousand miles from its mouth in the State of South Australia, an insignificant muddy stream, which forms the boundary between Victoria and New South Wales. As the New South Wales railways have the European standard gauge, which is narrower than that used in Victoria, we have to leave our train and get into another, which proves in all respects quite as comfortable as the one which has brought us from Melbourne.

Sunday, 19th May.—When I awake shortly after sunrise, we have passed Sydney and are crossing the broad Hawkesbury River by an iron viaduct 2900 feet in length and about 60 feet above the level of the water. Shortly afterwards we traverse a rich fruit-growing district with abundance of orange-groves. When no gum-trees happen to be in sight we might almost fancy ourselves in some favoured spot of Southern Europe; but the illusion is soon dispelled, for we are again surrounded by Australian bush of the poorer sort, miles of coarse grass and stunted trees with an occasional bit of half-finished clearing. As the day advances the prospect improves, and we gradually feel the necessity of revising our yesterday's judgment about the monotony of Australian scenery. The foliage is thicker and the trees finer in form, and from time to time we catch a glimpse of distant ranges of hills with bold outlines, seen very distinctly through the marvellously clear atmosphere. Now we are threading our way through thickly wooded valleys, and now whirling over gently undulating ground covered with rich pasture. In the course of the day we pass over Patrick's Plains and the Liverpool Plains, and they turn out to be very different from our preconceived ideas of them, for they are neither flat nor treeless. They may be described as undulating expanses of pastoral and agricultural land

with trees dotted about singly and in groups, and intersected occasionally with ranges of low hills. In the afternoon we begin to ascend rapidly, and after a good many ups and downs we reach, about 8 o'clock, a station, aptly named Benlomond, at an altitude of 4470 feet above sea-level. Then we descend gradually to the Queensland frontier, which we reach shortly before midnight. Here Lord Hopetoun, who has accompanied their Royal Highnesses from Melbourne, takes his leave and returns to Sydney. His place is taken by the Governor of Queensland, Lord Lamington, who relates that the Queenslanders are disappointed at the change of programme, and that many of them are indignant that their capital should be treated as an infected port, though it cannot be denied that some unmistakable cases of plague have occurred. Their indignation is directed against Sydney, because they suppose, quite erroneously, that it is in consequence of some action of the Sydney authorities, animated by jealousy of Queensland, that the change has been made. There is, however, no danger that the cordiality of the reception will be at all affected by the incident, and it may be confidently predicted that the little misunderstanding will be easily removed. The change of programme, so far as the Brisbaners are concerned, is in reality very slight. It was never intended that the *Ophir* should appear in Brisbane, because the depth of water in the river on which the city is situated is not sufficient for a ship of her draught. She was to remain in Moreton Bay at the mouth of the river, more than twenty miles off, and the Royal party were to come up in a small steamer belonging to the Queensland Government. The only difference is that according to present arrangements the Royal party will start in the small steamer, not from Moreton Bay, but from the grounds of Government House. They will land at the wharf originally fixed. Apart, therefore, from the question of

the infected port, the good people of Brisbane have no solid ground for complaint.

Monday, 20th May.—At 9 A.M. we arrive at Brisbane. In order to keep up the fiction of arriving by sea at 3 P.M., it has been decided that there shall be in the morning no reception ceremony. The hour of the arrival of the train has been kept strictly secret; and as an additional precaution against premature popular demonstrations, their Royal Highnesses leave the train with the Governor at a small suburban station and drive quietly to Government House, where they remain incognito till the hour of the official entry into the city. The fiction of arriving by steamer from Moreton Bay is kept up to the end. Their Royal Highnesses are to go aboard the Government yacht *Lucinda* in the grounds of Government House. Unfortunately, the Governor's residence is higher up the river than the official landing-stage, so that the steamer when first sighted will not be coming from the direction of Moreton Bay; but this little difficulty is got over very ingeniously. Opposite the official landing-place the river is too narrow for the *Lucinda* to turn comfortably, so it is only natural that she should turn a little lower down beyond Kangaroo Point. That is what is done; and the arrangements are carried out most successfully. When the *Lucinda* passes the richly decorated landing-stage incognito, the assembled multitude restrain their loyal feelings and remain perfectly silent, though many of them must have recognised the Duke standing on deck in the uniform of a Rear-Admiral. For a few minutes the *Lucinda* disappears round Kangaroo Point, and then steams up towards the wharf as if coming from Moreton Bay according to the original programme. As soon as she comes near, the pent-up feelings of the spectators find vent in prolonged cheering; and in

compliment to the Duke's known interest in homing pigeons, five hundred of these beautiful birds are suddenly released, and fly away with the glad tidings to their respective homes. The usual reception ceremonies are duly observed. The Mayor presents a loyal address, in which allusion is made to the Duke's visit to Brisbane twenty years ago, to the progress made in the interval, and to the important federation of the States which has just been inaugurated; the Duke makes a reply in which he explains how gratifying it is for him to observe that the progress which Queensland has made has enhanced rather than diminished that characteristic loyalty of its people to the Throne and Empire, to which the gallantry of her sons has of late rendered such inestimable service; several thousand neatly dressed school-children sing the National Anthem, the "British Flag of Freedom," and other patriotic songs; the vast concourse of spectators cheer again and again; and their Royal Highnesses drive off with the suite in procession through the principal streets of the city.

The decorations, public and private, are on the same lines as those of Melbourne—flags, streamers, Venetian masts, festoons, garlands, and triumphal arches,—but of course on a smaller scale; for whereas the population of Melbourne is over 450,000, that of Brisbane does not reach one-fourth of that amount. The difference of latitude, too, makes itself felt. The plants with which the streets are lined and festooned are mostly tropical or semi-tropical. Palms are a prominent feature. Of the fauna also we notice one genus which was conspicuous by its absence in Melbourne—the aboriginal population. All over Victoria the natives are few and rarely seen. They are an insignificant element of which the Colony has no reason to be particularly proud, and consequently they remain in the background. In Queensland they are more

numerous, and on this occasion they are used for decorative purposes, having a triumphal arch all to themselves. It is a curious and picturesque structure. The lower part is covered with ti-tree bark, decorated with grass-trees, bird-nest ferns, and stag-horns. The buttresses are ornamented with kangaroo and emu skins, mats, boomerangs and spears, and surmounted with gunyahs (native huts), in which sit women and children. At other prominent points of the arch stand some sixty stalwart black figures of gigantic stature, in scant costume and war-paint, the one at the summit seeming to be considerably over six feet high. My first impression is that the artist, while displaying wonderful accuracy in the modelling of the figures, has been guilty of a little exaggeration in the matter of size, but a remark to that effect is received with derision by my companions in the carriage. "Do you not see that the piccaninnies are moving, and the gins (women) also?" Quite true! The gins and piccaninnies are alive! And so are the men, though they stand motionless as bronze statues, in striking contrast to the excited, gesticulating, cheering crowd beneath them. Not only at this point, but all along the line from the landing-jetty to the gates of Government House, the enthusiasm of the white spectators never flags for a moment.

A little later in the day I have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of these aboriginals in a large yard where they have been collected under the supervision of Mr. Meston, a benevolent enthusiast who has constituted himself the protector of the aboriginals all over the Colony, and who is officially recognised as such—for the southern districts at least—by the Government. Since I saw them on the triumphal arch the blacks have entirely lost their martial, picturesque appearance, for they are now dressed in shabby civilised costume, and are chattering like children in

broken English. A few of them, I must add, speak our language remarkably well, and give evidence of a higher kind of intelligence than is commonly attributed to them. Suddenly, to my astonishment, one of them shouts, "Eh ! Wallace !" A little surprised at being accosted in such familiar fashion, I turn round, and find that the speaker is a stout, particularly ugly, coal-black personage, whom I had not seen before. When I ask him in a friendly way what he wants, he explains apologetically that his abrupt remark was addressed to his pal, "Wallace of Cooper's Creek." This latter gentleman turns out to be none other than the giant of 6 feet 4 inches who formed the most conspicuous ornament on the summit of the triumphal arch. Without further ceremony I claim acquaintance with my namesake, and try to extract from him and his pal some information about the present position and future prospects of the race. In accordance with previous experience in various parts of the world, I find that the noble savage has, as a rule, little sympathy with the disinterested curiosity of scientific inquirers. Quite indifferent to the benevolent interest which I am ready to take in his unfortunate race, my worthy namesake prefers to go and chat with a friend about matters of a practical rather than a scientific kind. I have to apply, therefore, to Mr. Meston, who knows the Australian Blacks well, speaks several of their dialects fluently, and has a sentimental affection for the race generally. He assures me that they have been grossly calumniated by their white brethren, and that they possess many good qualities commonly denied to them. Unfortunately, they have many of the defects of children, and they show themselves incapable of prospering in the conditions of what we call civilisation, even in those latter days when the Government is ready and anxious to protect and help them. Even by the admission of this friend of theirs, who has long worked

for them and amongst them, they are doomed, and the extinction of the race is merely a question of time. All that can be done by the philanthropist is to make the process of extinction as slow and as painless as possible. Since they took to wearing clothes they have developed a very marked tendency to consumption and cognate pulmonary complaints; and the fecundity of the race, never perhaps very great, is rapidly diminishing. The birth-rate is extremely low; many of the children die early, and among the few who survive a very large proportion are half-castes, the existence of which, I am assured, does not lead to those domestic dissensions which would inevitably be the result among races of a higher type. In their own special arts their hand seems to be losing its cunning. One of them kindly shows me how to throw a boomerang, but he does not impress me with his skill, and my doubts as to the accuracy of his aim are confirmed when, after one or two bad shots, he unintentionally breaks a pane of glass in the façade of the Public Library!

In the evening there is a State dinner at Government House, at which the Chief Justice, Sir Samuel Griffith, one of the ablest of Australian lawyers and statesmen, the acting Premier, and other leading personages, are present.

Tuesday, 21st May.—Three events in the programme of to-day—a school-children demonstration, a review, and an aboriginal “Corroboree.”

In the morning a large number of school-children—some authorities estimate the number at 5000, but I am inclined to think that this is an exaggeration—assemble on a grand stand constructed for the purpose on the lawn which slopes down from Government House to the river. They all look the picture of health, and as spick-and-span as if they had just come out of bandboxes. In

front of the stand, on the summit of a high scaffolding wrapped round with Union Jacks, stands the conductor, so firmly fixed on his pinnacle that when their Royal Highnesses retire he cannot get down in time to make his bow. Beneath him is the orchestra, composed chiefly of ladies. First the National Anthem, "The British Flag," and other patriotic, Imperialist odes are sung in a way that does credit to both teachers and pupils; then comes Maypole dancing by smart sailor-boys and merry little girls, some in white dresses with floral wreaths on their streaming yellow hair, and others in white bodices and red and blue skirts—some enjoying the fun, and others impressed rather with the solemnity of the occasion. Lastly, there is an exhibition of skirt-dancing, in which the leader, a tall graceful girl, might well have been a professional. Altogether a very pretty spectacle in the bright but not oppressively hot sunshine.

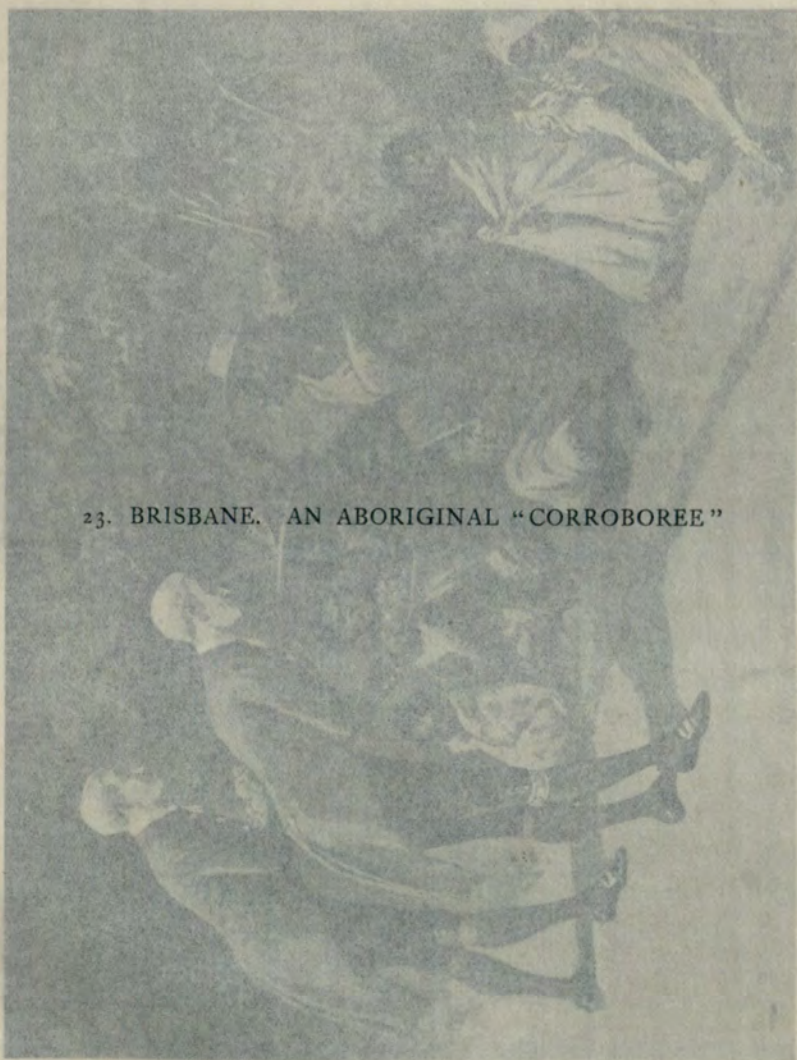
A more serious affair is the review in the afternoon at the Lytton Camp, fifteen miles down the river. A thoroughly workmanlike body of troops, composed of artillery, mounted infantry, bluejackets, and cadets, 3700 in all, march past in excellent order. The Queenslanders are very proud of their little army, and not without reason. To South Africa they sent in six contingents a force of 107 officers and 1944 men, with 2444 horses, which distinguished itself on many occasions, losing 39 killed and 21 from disease. They are ready, they say, to send as many more as the needs of the Empire may require. Meanwhile they wish to keep up a high standard of efficiency, and the march-past today seems to confirm the belief that their wishes are being carried out. The spectators cheer each corps as it goes by, but the most enthusiastic applause is reserved for one which is not very military in its appearance. The 150 men of whom it is composed show a great variety of uniforms, and a dozen of them are in ordinary

civilian dress. Their style of marching at the saluting-point would receive anything but commendation from an efficient drill-sergeant. Yet they are unmistakably the popular favourites; and it is not surprising, for they are the men who have returned from active service in South Africa. At the close of the proceedings they come up individually to the Duke, and receive from him their war-medals. As they retire, one by one, into the crowd, there is a great deal of cordial handshaking with friends, and they are doubtless keenly envied by many who have not had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in real warfare.

In the evening we are treated to a "Corroboree," as such native entertainments are called. A space in front of Government House, encircled by bushes, is lit up with limelight in the unavoidable absence of the traditional camp-fire. As soon as their Royal Highnesses appear on the verandah, a mysterious rustling is heard in the bushes, and suddenly a group of aboriginals in their war-paint rush out into the open, brandishing their weapons and gesticulating violently, while the women, half concealed in the bushes, chant in monotonous tones and beat time with their hands. After a good deal of unintelligible dumb-crambo pantomime the dark figures retire, and are replaced by another group, who execute a different series of violent gesticulations, expressing presumably a war-dance. Then two parties come forward from opposite directions, and after much preliminary skirmishing engage in a fierce contest, the warriors on both sides performing prodigies of valour, happily without loss of life. And so on, and so on. The display is certainly picturesque, but as difficult to understand as a Wagnerian opera seen for the first time without the aid of a libretto or commentary. We are told that what we are witnessing is a dramatic rendering of some of the ancient tribal traditions; but as we are totally unacquainted with the tribal traditions in

question, we cannot grasp much of the inner meaning of the piece. The last part of the performance is intelligible to all. Boomerangs lighted at one end are sent whirling high into the air, and return in a graceful circle to the starting-point. As the night is somewhat chilly, and the performers are no longer accustomed to the scanty garb of their uncivilised forefathers, the proceedings are curtailed, and refreshments are handed round to the men, women, and children by the Governor's servants. This is not the least curious part of the entertainment. For the first time, perhaps, in Australian history, half-naked savages sitting under tangled bushes are served by smart powdered footmen in the presence of Royalty. Not a bad subject for the satirists who write about "Antipodean topsy-turvydom"!

Wednesday, 22nd May.—After breakfast we have a supplementary performance by the aborigines—a number of exercises requiring daylight. The principal one is the throwing of spears and boomerangs. The throwing of the spear by hand is a poor performance. Two blacks stand about twenty yards apart, and the spear never comes near the man aimed at, so that there is no occasion for parrying, in which these warriors are said to be very expert. The explanation probably is that the present generation have had no experience in real warfare, and consequently the old mode of fighting is well-nigh a lost art. The performance of throwing the spear by means of a long stick with a little cup at the end, into which the weapon is inserted, is much more successful. By this ingenious contrivance, which I have never seen elsewhere, the spear can be thrown with tolerable accuracy to a distance of a hundred yards. An attempt is made to show how the blacks can track an enemy by indications invisible to the civilised eye, but the conditions are not favourable to such an experiment. It does not require the super-



23. BRISBANE. AN ABORIGINAL "CORROBOREE"



natural keen-sightedness of the aboriginal woodsman to track a gentleman within the boundaries of a small enclosure in broad daylight, especially when all present have distinctly seen him hide behind a bush fifty yards off. By far the best part of the performance is the boomerang-throwing, which is a very pretty amusement, but which seems to be no longer used for any practical purpose. That the boomerang was ever a very deadly weapon I am much inclined to doubt, but it might occasionally put out the eye of an enemy or inflict a slight wound upon him. For that reason it cannot be recommended as a toy for civilised children. What surprises us most in all this display is the fine muscular development of the performers, in which my tall namesake stands out pre-eminent. It is difficult to realise that these big, splendidly built fellows, who have all the appearance of athletes, are the representatives of a moribund race. There is here a curious and still unsolved problem for the scientific ethnologist.

The next item in the day's programme is the laying of the foundation-stone of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Evangelist, "to the greater glory of God and in blessed memory of Victoria, most illustrious Queen and Empress." So runs the inscription. The Bishop explains in a short address that the ceremony is the outcome of a movement begun fourteen years ago; that the first part of the structure is estimated to cost £35,000, and that two-thirds of that sum have already been collected. The Anglicans form considerably less than a half of the population of the State, but they are the most numerous of the separate religious bodies; and his Lordship maintains that, if only as a consequence of numerical preponderance, the chief weight of responsibility in respect of the duty of evangelisation and of moralising industrial and commercial relationships lies heavy upon the members of the old Church of the English people.

The afternoon is spent at an exhibition organised by the National Agricultural and Industrial Association, in which are displayed in well-ordered array the wonderfully varied resources of the country. This is regarded by the Queenslanders as one of the three most important items in the programme of the Royal visit. On Monday, as the local press explains, the enthusiastic reception spontaneously accorded to their Royal Highnesses showed that Queensland is proud of her Sovereign and of the Imperial connection, of which their Royal Highnesses are at present the official representatives. Yesterday's review proved that she is ready and anxious to bear her part of the burden which Empire necessarily entails. To-day's exhibition explains the part she has taken in the peaceful section of the deeds that won the Empire. It is a splendid monument to the glory of the modest, pacific Empire-builders, without whose work there would never have been British Colonies to defend and federate: the pioneers who explored the wilderness; the adventurous settlers who took their flocks and herds into the plains of the Far West; the strong-framed and heroic-minded men and women who cleared the wild bush and made homes for themselves beyond the comforts and refinements of civilisation; the hardy miners who affronted all manner of dangers and created the mineral wealth of the Colony. This conquest of Nature, we are reminded, claimed its victims as did the victories of the battlefield; and their tribute of praise has been no less honourably won than that of Queensland's sons who now sleep in the silence of the African veldt. The Exhibition is to show us some of the tangible results of this long and successful struggle with material difficulties.

We drive into an immense enclosure which recalls the Dublin Horse Show. On the benches are seated, we are told, over 30,000 people. As soon as the

National Anthem has been played, and the enthusiastic cheering has subsided, all the horses and ponies of every description that have gained prizes are led into the arena, while on the outer ring the fast trotters, harnessed to light buggies, show their paces. Next comes a procession of fine prize-cattle, after which we have something thoroughly Australian, a wood-chopping contest. Three stumps of green-spotted gum-tree, 18 inches in diameter, are set up in front of the Royal stand, and at a given signal three of the best woodsmen in the State proceed to fell them with all their might. In less than four minutes all three have been cut through, and the man who finished his task first, after allowance has been made for the handicapping, receives a prize of considerable value. The contest is watched with intense interest—not altogether of a disinterested kind, for many of the spectators have been betting on the result,—and the victor is warmly applauded. Then we have another kind of contest, which is likewise very popular in the Australian sporting world—that of high-jumping. The horses have no difficulty in clearing the rail at 4 feet 6 inches, and even at 5 feet most of them get over it, though two of the competitors come to grief, and one of them is badly bruised in his fall. When the rail has gone up to near 6 feet and before the contest is over, their Royal Highnesses have to leave in order to inspect in an adjoining building, before it is dark, the collection of agricultural and industrial products. This is by far the most instructive part of the Exhibition, for here are shown in a graphic way the immense natural resources of the country, and the means employed for developing them. The variety of the products is wonderful. Situated astride of the Tropic of Capricorn and stretching over 18 degrees of latitude, with an area more than five times that of the United Kingdom, Queensland can raise the grains and

fruits of the temperate zone—wheat, oats, barley, oranges, peaches, melons, mulberries,—as well as those of the tropics—rice, arrowroot, coffee, pineapples, yams, and bananas. It is not, however, from these products, useful as they are for supplying the daily wants of the inhabitants, that the wealth of the country is mainly derived. They hardly appear in the statistics of exports. What has enabled Queensland to build her 2800 miles of railway, and to acquire what she wants from foreign countries, is her pastoral, her mining, and her sugar industry. The produce of her pastoral industry is exported annually to the amount of nearly seven millions sterling; the export of minerals, chiefly gold,¹ is considerably over three millions; and the sugar industry increases the value of the exports by a handsome sum of over a million. Thus, while grain and fruit-growing provide abundance of food for the inhabitants, those three industries enable them to purchase in foreign markets what they require, to the amount of over eleven millions sterling annually—*i.e.*, nearly £23 per head of the population. The more we look into these economic statistics, the more we become convinced that “Banaland,” as it is commonly called, is now a land of plenty; and when we remember that its wealth is so distributed as to exclude alike millionaires and paupers, we are constrained to admit that its claim to being, like the other Australian States, a working-man’s paradise, is not without foundation.

We make here, as elsewhere, informal inquiries about the prospects of British trade—a subject in which the Duke is much interested,—and the results are pretty much the same as at Melbourne. We have frequent complaints about “the want of adaptability”—we are becoming quite familiar with the uncouth expression—among English manufacturers,

¹ The total production of gold in Queensland between 1867 and 1900 is estimated at forty-eight millions sterling.

and many amusing illustrations are cited. A Brisbane ironmonger, for example, went himself to England in the hope of persuading a firm, whom he had long dealt with, to supply him with a particular sort of long-handled shovel, which was much used in Queensland and was consequently in great demand. All his logic, rhetoric, and entreaties were in vain! He was advised to go elsewhere for the article in question, and finally he had to place the order in Germany. His efforts to get from English manufacturers a plough somewhat lighter than those commonly used in England were equally unsuccessful. English firms seem to consider their own patterns as absolutely the best in all conceivable circumstances, and decline to accommodate their would-be customers. The Americans, on the contrary, though they may consider one pattern better than another, recognise the possibility of peculiar local conditions, and in any case they are just and shrewd enough to allow their customer to judge for himself. All they are concerned with is to supply him with what he wants, and in the way he wants it. They even send commissioners about the country to ascertain beforehand the peculiar wants and tastes of the inhabitants. To this it must be added that in some departments the quality of American goods is better. Experienced woodsmen, for example, will not look at an English axe so long as an American one can be procured. We hear also a good many complaints about "the shipping ring," which has practically obtained a monopoly, and is said to be ruining trade by exorbitant freights.

In the evening the two gunboats in the river, the *Boomerang* and the *Karrakatta*, are illuminated, and there is in the Government House domain a brilliant display of fireworks, said to be the finest pyrotechnic display ever seen in the Southern Hemisphere. This assertion I have no means of verifying.

Thursday, 23rd May.—The interesting functions, so far as Queensland is concerned, are now at an end, and to-day, the last of our sojourn in Brisbane, is devoted to receptions. In the morning a levee is held, at which the Duke shakes hands with over 500 people, and in the afternoon there is a numerously attended garden-party at Government House. After dinner their Royal Highnesses attend a concert given by the Mayor, Mr. Proe, and are agreeably surprised by the high-class character of the music and the admirable execution, both vocal and instrumental. Such a concert was certainly not to be expected in this outlying corner of the Empire.

Friday, 24th May.—To-day we return to the New South Wales frontier on our way to Sydney. As yet we have seen nothing of Queensland outside of the capital, because the journey from the frontier to Brisbane was made at night. The return journey is now made by day, and we get at least a general idea of the region traversed. After passing through an area of villadom and a comparatively open country, we traverse a broad zone of bush, in which there are occasional patches of half-cleared land, with the trees ring-barked but still standing. These patches gradually disappear, and we begin to climb up a ridge, following the folds and sinuosities of the hills so as to avoid the necessity of cuttings and tunnels. From the top we get a fine view of a great expanse of bush-covered ridges, approximately parallel to each other, and stretching far away to the horizon. Then we descend to Toowoomba, where some of the well-to-do Brisbaners have country-houses, and where the Governor generally spends the hot weather. After Toowoomba comes more bush, followed by a pastoral tract with occasional patches of cultivation. In the middle of one of these open tracts the train suddenly stops, and their Royal

Highnesses are received by Mr. Ramsay, the owner of the property, who has undertaken to give them a little glimpse of life on an up-country station, so far as that is possible in the space of three-quarters of an hour. At the distance of a few minutes' walk from the railway a large herd of cattle has been collected, and the operation of "cutting out stock" is shown. The operation consists in taking out of the herd any cattle that happen to be wanted, and it is performed by stockmen mounted on rough country-breds. The Duke suggests that the black cattle, which are comparatively few in number, should be separated from the herd, and the stockmen at once set to work with their long whips. Some of the animals have a will of their own, and, being swift of foot, give a good deal of trouble; but they are soon all brought out and formed into a group apart. The Governor and several members of the suite take part as volunteers in the operations. To give completeness to the scene, a fire has been lit, the "billy" is boiling cheerfully, and "damper" is being prepared for the evening meal. The billy provides us with excellent tea, and the damper, when eaten with delicious fresh butter which has appeared mysteriously like manna in the wilderness, is declared to be as good as any bread we ever tasted. More than half inclined to prolong our little picnic in the bush, we are recalled to a sense of reality by the whistling of the locomotive, which reminds us in imperious tone that even special trains and Royal personages are subjected to the tyranny of railway time-tables. We return, therefore, to the train and continue our journey. About 10 o'clock we reach the New South Wales frontier, and get into a more comfortable train on a broader gauge.

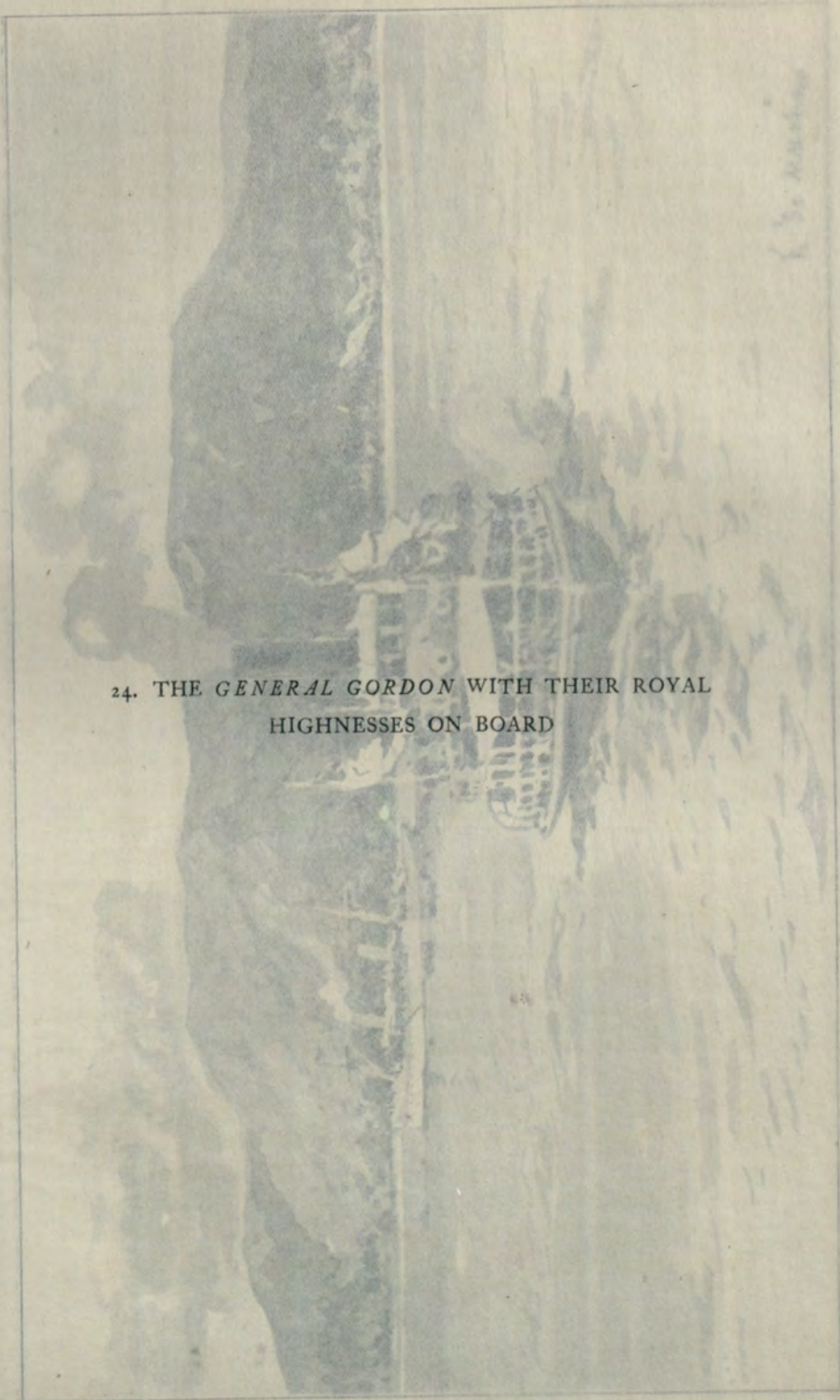
Saturday, 25th May.—We are now travelling southward in the direction of Sydney on the line by which we travelled northward to Brisbane. When we get up

in the morning we find we have crossed, during the night, the range of hills culminating at the station of Benlomond, 4473 feet above sea-level, and that we have reached Murrurundi, 273 miles from the Queensland frontier. Our route lies down the valley of the Hunter River. The so-called valley, as seen from the window of a railway carriage, looks like a stretch of rough, hilly country; and the "river," of which we catch a glimpse from time to time, never gets beyond the dimensions of a modest brook. At its mouth stands Newcastle, where we are to stop for three-quarters of an hour, a thriving seaport, with a population of over 60,000. The Duke and Duchess are at the station received by Lord Hopetoun, Sir Frederick Darley, Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, the Mayor of the city, and other civic authorities, and drive in procession through the principal streets, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the inhabitants. As the amount of transport is limited, I remain at the station and employ the time usefully and agreeably in chatting with some of the worthy burghers. Their loyalty to the Empire, which is beyond suspicion, and their cordial approval of Australian Federation, do not exclude, I observe, a healthy local patriotism. They are proud of their city, and believe in its future. Like its namesake in the old country it is a great exporter of coal, the sixty collieries in its immediate neighbourhood having an output of nearly 3,000,000 tons annually; and to this source of wealth it has recently added the export of frozen meat and live stock, which reached in 1899 the respectable sum of £58,000. In the next few years this sum may be enormously increased, for the industry is still in its infancy, and may be developed to any extent in this part of New South Wales. Already meat-factories and cold-storage depots are being constructed on a very large scale. At Aberdeen, for example, a little town

L. S. ...

24. THE *GENERAL GORDON* WITH THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ON BOARD

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E. Se Martino



which we passed during the night, 4000 sheep are slaughtered daily ; and according to the official returns the number of sheep slaughtered annually throughout the State amounts to about five millions. In the export trade Newcastle has to compete, of course, with Sydney, which is distant only 60 miles by sea and 100 by rail ; but the enterprising citizens believe that their port can hold its own against its elder rival, and they quote in support of their opinion the fact that its tonnage often exceeds that of the Capital. Before I have exhausted this interesting topic with my new acquaintances, their Royal Highnesses return, and we go on by train to the Hawkesbury River, where the *Ophir* is waiting for us. Here we are to remain quietly till Monday morning.

Sunday, 26th May.—This is a day of rest preparatory to the Sydney functions and festivities, which are to begin to-morrow and last ten days. After the ordinary morning service we go on board a local stern-wheeler called the *General Gordon*, and make a pleasant little excursion up the river. If we accept the judgment of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope, we must regard the Hawkesbury as the most beautiful river of the world. In his opinion it beats the Rhine and even the Upper Mississippi. Perhaps he is right. Tastes differ, and, as the German proverb says, in matters of taste there is no possibility of discussion. Without making any invidious comparisons, I can safely assert that the Hawkesbury is very beautiful, and that it has a peculiar beauty of its own which distinguishes it from the beautiful rivers of other continents. It is said to be 300 miles long, and to be navigable for 70 miles. In its lower reaches it has the appearance of a labyrinth of salt-water creeks, which wend their tortuous way among rocky, scrub-covered hills. Again and again the traveller has the impression of being in a narrow lake without any outlet, until the experienced pilot, who

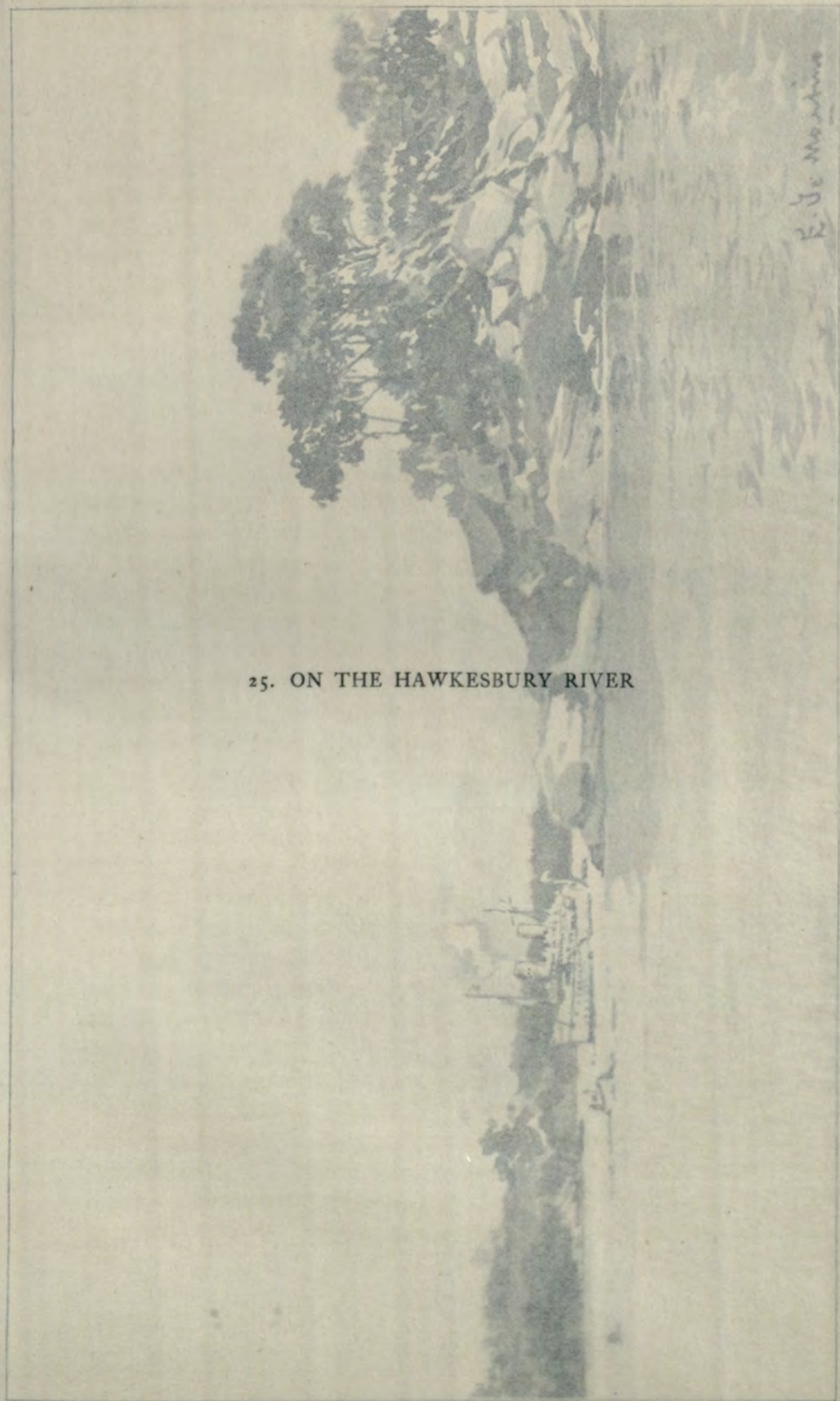
knows all the intricate twistings and turnings by heart, unexpectedly finds an exit, and the little craft glides slowly into another narrow lake of the same kind. The rocky hills, as we see them, cannot have changed much in appearance since they were first seen by the white man more than a hundred years ago (Governor Phillip in 1789), for they are still in a state of nature. At long distances we see on the bank a house with a little enclosure; but there are no clearings on a large scale, and there are few places where a clearing would be profitable for agricultural or even pastoral purposes. The less precipitous slopes might be utilised for the construction of country-houses or villas, but I hear that the Government has decided to prevent this kind of settlement by transforming the most picturesque part into a great recreation-ground for the benefit of future generations, under the title of the National Park for North Sydney.

This is the Duchess's birthday. At the close of dinner, therefore, her health is proposed; earlier in the day an order had been given to "splice the main brace" for the benefit of the crew.

Monday, 27th May.—At 8.15 the *Ophir* gets under way and slowly wriggles, in serpentine fashion, out of the estuary, which has had to be temporarily buoyed in order to obviate the danger of running aground on the slimy bottom. Our cruisers, the *St. George* and the *Juno*, are waiting outside; and a little farther out we meet the Australian Squadron, which fires, as it approaches, the customary Royal salute—the coils of white smoke from the big guns standing out boldly against a dark background formed by the clouds of dense black smoke from the funnels. Soft Australian coal may be not well adapted for naval purposes, but it has produced for once a strikingly picturesque effect. As soon as the ships of the Squadron pass the cruisers

25. ON THE HAWKESBURY RIVER

R. de Martino





K. De Martino

they wheel round and fall into two lines astern, so as to form a supplementary escort.

For an hour or more we steam southward along the precipitous coast, and then, wheeling round to the eastward, we pass between the famous lighthouse-capped Heads, which an Australian writer has described as "those ancient water-gates of a Continent, through whose imposing portal first poured into the land destined to become the New Britain of the Southern Hemisphere the rising tide of European population." This means in plain language that the Heads form the entrance of the spacious Port Jackson, the harbour of Sydney, which was long the only port of arrival for emigrants to Australia. To-day they are looking their best, rising majestically against the clear blue sky, with the long swell of the Southern Pacific breaking in foam on their base. The grey clouds which had been hanging over us all morning have kindly dispersed at the right moment, and we see before us the beautiful harbour in all its loveliness, a broad winding inlet, into which jut on both sides a series of gracefully outlined, well-wooded promontories. The Sydneyites have reason to be proud of it, for it would bear a high reputation for beauty even in a more picturesque continent.

Just inside the Heads, on the skyline near the North Cliff, a long row of the unfortunate victims of quarantine regulations cheer the *Ophir* as she passes, and then the city begins to open up gradually in the distance. The cruisers and the ships of the Australian Squadron are now following us in single file, and the city comes more and more into sight. Suddenly from behind a promontory on the starboard bow the *Gromovoi*, the Russian cruiser which we met at Melbourne, fires a salute, which is followed up by a salute from the other war-ships and the batteries on shore; and a volunteer flotilla of steamers, yachts,

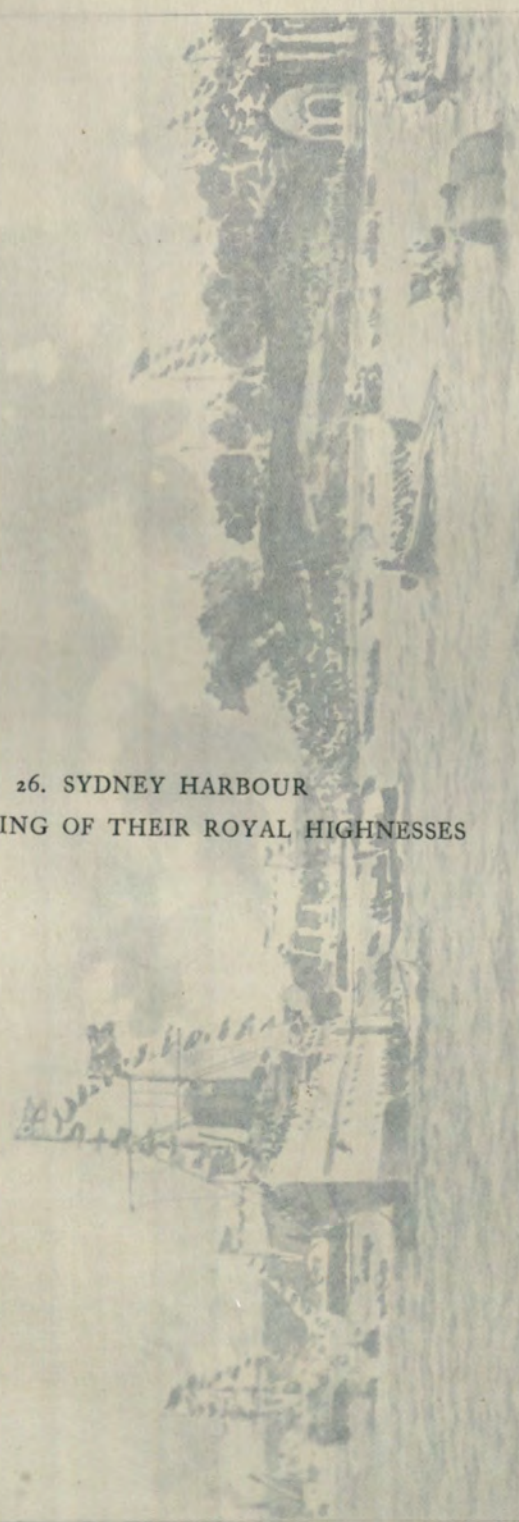
rowing-boats, and outriggers escort us to our moorings in Farm Cove, in front of Government House, a castellated building half hidden by trees in a spacious park.

It is not yet noon, and the official reception is fixed for 2 o'clock, but the dense crowds on the shore of the little bay in which the *Ophir* is moored and on the heights above wait patiently for the next item of the programme. Punctually at the appointed time, under a salute from the war-ships, fully dressed and manned, the 14-oared barge with the Royal Standard at the bow glides smoothly to the landing-stage, greeted by the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled multitude. In the beautifully decorated pavilion erected for the occasion are collected the State and civic officials, among whom we recognise a goodly number of Melbourne acquaintances—Lord Hopetoun with his staff, Mr. Barton, the Federal Premier, with several members of his Cabinet, and many others who were present at the ceremony of the opening of the first Federal Parliament. The customary presentation of addresses and reply are reserved for another time. With very little ceremonial, therefore, their Royal Highnesses and suite take their places in the carriages and drive in procession by a long zigzag route through most of the principal streets to Government House.

Sydney is a very different town from Melbourne. Unlike its young rival, which was built rapidly, according to a preconceived, grandiose plan, on a great plain sloping down gradually to the sea-shore, the mother of Australian cities grew up slowly on the hilly promontories which jut out into Port Jackson, content to adapt herself to the irregular topographical conditions and the actual wants of the inhabitants, without attempting to look very far ahead into the uncertain future. Hence there is about the place an old-world look, which has been perhaps not without influence on the general character of the population.

26. SYDNEY HARBOUR
THE LANDING OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

H. S. Manning





E. S. Marino

Certainly the streets are narrower, and have steeper gradients, than those of the Victorian capital ; and they have not such an incongruous, unfinished appearance. While Melbourne, with a population of 460,000, has hurriedly spread out in all directions over an area of 6000 acres, Sydney, with about as large a population, has confined itself to an area of less than half that extent (2600). The streets, however, through which we pass on our zigzag route are not nearly so narrow and tortuous as I had been led to expect. With a few exceptions they are quite broad enough for practical purposes, and most of them are parallel or at right-angles to each other. The decorations are not so massive in style as in the Victorian capital, but quite as effective. The keynote is a combination of arching and festooning—arches and festoons of evergreens by day, and arches and festoons of electric lamps by night. The long vistas of trailing greenery produced in this way are strikingly original, and never to be forgotten ; and I have no doubt that when we see those endless arches and festoons lit up by their myriads of variegated electric lamps the effect will be still more wonderful. Meanwhile our attention is divided between the decorations and the demeanour of the countless crowd of spectators. Along the whole line of route the popular reception is most enthusiastic ; but I notice that here as at Melbourne and at Brisbane the predominant feeling in the onlookers is an intense desire to get a good view of their Royal Highnesses, and that it is not until this desire has been partly gratified that the pent-up feelings of loyal enthusiasm find free vent and energetic expression. The confident predictions of the local press that the popular demonstration would be worthy of so memorable an occasion are amply realised.

In the evening there is a State dinner, at which the Governor-General and Lady Hopetoun, the

Admiral of the Station, the Chief Justice, the Mayor, and other leading personages are present ; and the city is brilliantly illuminated.

Tuesday, 28th May.—The function of the day is a review in Centennial Park, which is, in the opinion of our Sydney friends, the most significant and characteristic function of the Sydney programme.

The park is a recent creation, so that the trees and shrubs are still in their infancy ; but the views, especially from the higher points, are quite lovely. Beyond the large open space on which the review is held are two or three little lakes, and beyond these we see a dark-blue arm of the sea—the famous Botany Bay—and a long stretch of gently undulating country, bounded by a low range of hills. The curiously intense blue of this background is made still more intense by a great patch of brilliant scarlet—the scarlet tunics of the troops—in the middle distance. I do not know whether a landscape-painter would venture to reproduce such a startling bit of colour contrast, but certainly in nature the effect is charming. There are some good bits of colour, too, in the vast crowd of spectators, estimated at 150,000.

The troops on the ground, nearly 8500, drawn exclusively from New South Wales, are not so numerous as those we saw at the Pan-Australian review at Melbourne ; but they make a very good show, especially a body of cavalry, in which the New South Wales Lancers, with their red and white pennants, are conspicuous. These Lancers, together with the Highland regiment and the Bluejackets, are evidently the popular favourites. The cavalry have the same character as those we saw at the Melbourne parade. They have no pretensions to the kind of smartness displayed by a crack cavalry regiment of the English regular army. Their horses are neither elegant

nor carefully groomed, their uniform sits easy on them, and they have none of the rigidity which is expected in a well-drilled troop of dragoons. When they go past at the trot a very large proportion of them are cantering, and the few who succeed in restraining their horses from cantering rise freely in the saddle. Their style of riding may be briefly described as something about half-way between that of the stockmen and that of the regular cavalry soldier. So far, however, as a civilian can judge, they have a thoroughly workman-like appearance, and seem admirably adapted for the kind of warfare in which some of them have lately been taking part in South Africa.

The ordinary routine of the proceedings is enlivened by a little ceremony of an unusual kind. The Duke, in presence of the troops, presents a scarf of khaki-coloured wool knitted by Queen Victoria to Lieutenant Dufroyer, in recognition of his conspicuous bravery in the South African campaign. Dufroyer went out to South Africa as a simple trooper, and was declared by the vote of his comrades to have performed highly meritorious service, rendering him worthy of the unusual distinction.

On returning to Government House, the Duke makes a formal communication to the military authorities, in which he expresses himself "much gratified with the strength of the various corps on parade, with their smart appearance, and with the excellent manner in which the march-past was carried out."

Immediately after the review, at a lunch given by the Colonel and officers of the 2nd Regiment, the Federal Premier makes a speech, in which he explains briefly the views and intentions of the Federal Cabinet with regard to the military forces of the Commonwealth. He desires, he says, to see the military forces of Australia placed in such a position that the Commonwealth shall be not only secure from outside invasion, but able to render help to the Motherland if occasion

requires. The people have no desire, he feels sure, to assume the aggressive; but experience, to use a military phrase, has taught them "to come to the ready." The first line of defence for Australia is undoubtedly the navy, and Australians are justly proud of their navy; but the land forces are required to back up the navy and, if necessity arises, to take its place. It therefore behoves those who are charged with the care of the Australian defence force to look well to the defence of their own country. His colleague, Sir John Forrest, who has charge of the Department, is determined not only to maintain the efficiency of each of the present State forces, but also, if possible, to improve them to a large extent for the benefit of the whole Commonwealth. The partially paid system has worked well in the past; and he believes that while the purely volunteer system should be encouraged, the British Defence Committee's recommendations for the enrolment of regulars and the carrying out of a system of militia should be strictly adhered to, for such an army of men could be most relied upon in time of trouble.

The local press is careful to explain that the 8500 men present at the review do not represent the whole military resources of the State. Each of the corps showed merely the kind of fighting material that could be brought together to take part in an armed conflict abroad. New South Wales was the first pioneer in a path which was then strange, but which has since become familiar to us; for no less than sixteen years ago she sent a corps of volunteers for service in the Soudan. The act was ridiculed by many at the moment, but it proved to be an act of far-sighted statesmanship, and in that respect the name of Mr. Dalley, who was then Acting-Premier and chief advocate of the movement, deserves to be remembered. Times have changed rapidly, and the scoffers of sixteen years ago are only too glad to be forgotten. The Imperial idea is now accepted

everywhere in Australia as an axiom in politics. The Australians have come to understand the dangers of isolation, and to recognise that distance is no safeguard against aggression, in view of the impatient desire of so many of the Great Powers to obtain, by force if necessary, colonial possessions. Safety can now be enjoyed by the Colonies only under the ægis of Imperial protection. "We are all Imperialists now," exclaims the *Sydney Morning Herald*, "in the sense that every one recognises how closely the Empire hangs together, and how any one part shares the fortunes of the whole. The visible link of nationhood, after all, is that line of fighting-men with the most modern type of rifle in their hands which, whether standing on parade at the Centennial Park or deploying in skirmishing order on the open veldt, is always the advance guard of the English 'far-flung battle line.'"

In the evening there is a State dinner, and afterwards a reception, at which about 1500 persons are present, some of whom are presented to their Royal Highnesses.

Wednesday, 29th May.—In the morning the Duke holds a levee, which is numerously attended, and at which he shakes hands with all present. Thereafter addresses are presented by twenty-four corporate bodies, beginning with the Mayor and Corporation of Sydney, and deputations from the various Churches—Anglican, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Congregationalist, Baptist, and Jewish,—and ending with the Sydney Philatelic Club, and the German and Chinese residents of New South Wales. All the addresses are brimful of expressions of cordial welcome to the Royal visitors, of loyalty and devotion to the Throne, of touching references to the lamented death of the late Queen, and of good wishes for their Royal Highnesses. The Duke makes a short general reply, in which he touches on all the subjects

mentioned, and expresses the fervent hope that the great work which has been accomplished by the statesmen and people of Australia, and in the consummation of which he has been privileged to take part, may prove a daily increasing benefit, and give to the vast Continent, as well as to the Empire generally, greater strength, greater prosperity, and lasting peace. His Royal Highness then invests Sir Frederick Darley, the Chief Justice and acting Lieutenant-Governor of the State, with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and confers the honour of Knight Bachelor on the Mayor, Dr. James Graham. In the evening Sir Frederick Darley has the honour of entertaining their Royal Highnesses at dinner.

Whilst the Duke is holding the levee and receiving addresses, the Duchess and Lady Hopetoun, accompanied by a few members of the suite, go by special train to the National Park, a reserve of 36,000 acres, situated on the sea-coast about twenty miles to the south of Sydney. It is very like the valley of the Hawkesbury River which we visited on Sunday, only on a smaller scale. On arriving at one of the five railway stations within the reserve, we drive down by a new zigzag road to the bank of the Port Hacking River, at a point where a dam separates the salt-water inlet from the higher reaches. From this point to the sea the river winds about among low hills covered with gum-trees and thick undergrowth. On the rocks below high-water mark cluster myriads of baby-oysters, but we do not find any of an edible size. After going down in a steam-launch to within sight of the sea, we return to the dam, and make a little excursion up-stream in a rowing-boat. It is suggested to us that if we climb to one of the higher points of the Park we may see the monument on the shore of Botany Bay, marking the spot where Captain Cook landed ; but the glimpse

of the monument which we had from the window of the railway carriage on the way down satisfies our ambition in that direction, and we prefer to remain in the bed of the river. The stream narrows and becomes more tortuous as we ascend, but the banks retain the same character. Our amiable cicerone, Mr. Critchett Walker, who is one of the trustees, explains that what he and his colleagues mean to do is merely to make roads, and otherwise to leave the Park in a state of nature, so that future generations may see with their own eyes what the country was like when the first settlers arrived. In the part visited by us the only things which break the monotony of the primitive bush are one or two rangers' cottages, and an enormous wooden shed in which were feasted the mixed contingent who were sent out from England for the Commonwealth festivities at the beginning of the year, and who passed us on their way home in the Suez Canal.

Thursday, 30th May.—In to-day's functions the navy are to the front. In the morning the Duke goes with his staff to Garden Island, the largest island in the harbour. The name is misleading, for the island is not at all devoted to horticultural purposes. On the contrary, it is used as a Royal Naval depot. Tradition says that the name dates from early times, when some men of the *Sirius*, a ship of the first convict fleet, made a garden here. The garden, if it ever existed, has long since disappeared; but there are still some trees left, and it is decided to add to their number. After inspecting the workshops and a Naval Brigade, composed of six companies of Bluejackets, one company of Royal Marine Artillery, and two companies of Royal Marine Light Infantry, His Royal Highness strolls to the top of the hill, and plants a Port Jackson fig-tree. Lord Hoptoun plants a white pine on behalf of the Duchess.

In the afternoon the Admiral and Mrs. Beaumont give a garden-party at Admiralty House, the charming official residence of the Admiral of the station, situated on one of the high promontories which jut into the harbour from the north shore. Near the landing-stage a flotilla of steam-pinnaces, cutters, whalers, jollyboats, gigs, and other small craft form an avenue for the Royal steam-launch and toss their oars as she passes. A long flight of steps lead up to the garden in front of the house, from which we look down on the harbour with the war-ships at their moorings close to the shore. A naval sham-fight has been prepared for the occasion, and no better point from which to see it could possibly be imagined. Beneath us are moored the ships of the Squadron, and ranged before them are the boats of the attacking party, each manned by an ordinary boat's-crew and marines, and armed with a six-pounder, a three-pounder, or a quick-firing gun. The cockleshells advance warily but persistently, until the flagship, objecting to the proceedings, opens fire, and is supported by the fire of the other ships. The attacking party, in no way dismayed by the deafening roar of the cannon, reply by a well-sustained fusillade, but they prudently refrain from pressing the attack home, and content themselves with playing the part of wily mosquitoes buzzing harmlessly round a big, thick-skinned quadruped. Then, without any apparent reason, they suddenly disperse, and the action is satisfactorily terminated without any casualties on either side. Such an action could hardly take place in real warfare, but it is certainly a very pretty show, and that is doubtless all that was intended. Our thanks are due to Rear-Admiral Beaumont for a very pleasant afternoon. Returning to Government House, we pass the *Ophir*, crowded from stem to stern with a dense mass of sightseers. She is thrown open to-day for a few hours to the public, and here, as was the case at

Melbourne, thousands of excursionists take advantage of the permission.

In the evening there is a large reception at Government House. The rooms are crowded, and a number of people are presented by Lord Hopetoun to their Royal Highnesses. For the general public there is entertainment of another kind. Not only are the principal streets of the city, as on previous evenings, brilliantly illuminated, but also the vessels in the harbour. The marine display is opened by the Russian cruiser *Gromovoi*, which is suddenly outlined with electric lights, and displays in gigantic letters on her port side the words, "God Save the King." Shortly afterwards, at a signal from the flagship, the Australian Squadron, the *Ophir*, the *St. George*, and the *Junco*, as well as some merchant-vessels, light up simultaneously. Never before—not even at the time of the Commonwealth celebrations—has Port Jackson witnessed such a sight.

Friday, 31st May.—The first function on to-day's list is the laying of the foundation-stone of a new wing to the Prince Alfred Hospital, to be called the Queen Victoria Memorial Pavilions. In the address read to their Royal Highnesses it is said that since the hospital was opened in 1882 no less than 19,000 serious operations have been performed, 46,000 cases have been treated in the wards, and the outdoor patients have numbered 142,000. The Duke in his reply refers to the connection of the hospital with various members of the Royal Family :—

His Majesty the King is its patron. It found its birth in the loyal outburst of thankfulness on the part of the people of New South Wales for the recovery of my dear uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, from the result of a dangerous attack on his life. In the title "Queen Victoria Memorial Pavilions," which you have chosen for the new buildings . . . you identify them for

ever with the imperishable memory of our late dearly beloved Sovereign. I doubt whether any more fitting memorial to that great life could have been chosen, for sympathy with the suffering was an all-pervading element in the noble and beautiful character of her who was your first patron, and with whose name the hospital will now be associated for all time. Another personal connection exists also in the fact that twenty years ago my dear brother and I visited the hospital, then unopened.

With regard to the efficiency of the institution, His Royal Highness referred to "a competent hospital authority who spoke of it as one of the best-managed institutions in the world."

From the hospital the Royal party drive to the University close by. It is a fine building built in a park, in which are situated also several large colleges which speak well for the architectural taste as well as the educational zeal of the people of New South Wales. Founded in 1850 "for the advancement of religion and morality and the promotion of useful knowledge," it confined its teaching during the first thirty years of its existence to classics, mathematics, chemistry, geology, and physics; but it always endeavoured to keep pace with the times, and in 1882 it expanded its programme and increased its teaching staff so as to include other subjects. At present it has professors and lecturers not only for the subjects above mentioned, but also for law, logic and mental philosophy, history, modern literature, architecture, engineering and surveying; and it has at the same time, in a separate building, a well-equipped medical school, with laboratories and a museum. Of the 650 students attending lectures, 200 belong to the Faculty of Arts, 200 to the Medical Faculty, and 100 study engineering. Strange to say, though the University was founded professedly for "the advancement of religion," it is expressly prohibited by a statute of 1884 from giving instruction and granting degrees in

theology and divinity. These subjects are taught, I presume, in the neighbouring affiliated colleges, of which one is for Anglicans, another for Roman Catholics, and a third for Presbyterians.

To-day the University is to hold its fiftieth Commemoration, and a considerable number of degrees are to be conferred. His Royal Highness, on entering the building, dons the gown of an Oxford D.C.L., and proceeds with the Governor-General to a platform in the great Gothic hall. The hall is densely crowded, and the Duchess and Lady Hopetoun are already seated in the front rank of the audience. The proceedings are purely academic, consisting in the commemoration of benefactors and the conferring of degrees. The first to receive a degree is the Duke, to whom the Chancellor says, in the words of the consecrated formula: "In the name of the Senate, and by my authority as Chancellor, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws of this University." Then follows the conferring of degrees in Medicine, Arts, Law, Science, and Engineering. In Arts and Medicine a goodly proportion of the successful candidates in academic costume are young ladies, whose appearance proves that in Sydney the higher female education is not at all associated with ugliness or Bohemian slovenliness of attire. All the female Bachelors and Masters of Arts, Bachelors of Medicine, and Masters of Surgery are tastefully attired, and some of them are decidedly pretty. Some have even learned the mundane art of curtseying gracefully.

While the academic ceremonies are being conscientiously performed on the platform, the undergraduates in the back part of the hall are executing an impromptu programme of their own, the object of which seems to be to make as much noise as possible. They are probably animated with a laudable desire of keeping up, in a conservative spirit, the Undergrad. traditions of the Mother Country; but with all due

deference for tradition, I venture to think that the Spirit of Unreason and the boisterous disregard of conventionalities go a little too far. As there are occasional outbursts of laughter in portions of the audience, we must suppose that there is a certain amount of local wit and humour in the noisy proceedings; but it is hardly intelligible for the strangers on the platform.

After lunch a visit is paid to the Art Gallery, which contains an interesting collection of characteristic specimens of various Schools—English, French, German, etc.,—as well as some creditable copies of the Old Masters, and some pictures by local artists.

In the evening their Royal Highnesses attend a concert given in the Town Hall by the Citizens' Reception Committee, in which the Philharmonic Society, the Amateur Orchestral Society, and the Sydney Liedertafel take part, a good many of the violinists being ladies. At the close of the proceedings the Mayor, in the name of the citizens, offers to their Royal Highnesses a beautiful photograph-album, bound in gold set with jewels, as a souvenir of their visit to Sydney. From the ladies the Duchess has already received as a souvenir a beautiful fan of ostrich feathers.

Saturday, 1st June.—The announcement that the Duke will to-day present medals to the officers and men of the New South Wales contingents who have returned from South Africa, has reminded the people of the assistance rendered to the Mother Country and the brilliant services of the troops in the field. The local press refreshes the public memory by publishing some interesting details.

When the war broke out, young Queensland promptly came forward with offers of assistance, and the other Australian Colonies quickly followed the example. The offers were gratefully accepted by the Imperial Government, more as an expression of Colonial good-

will than as an important help from the military point of view, and one of the first things the War Office did was to limit strictly the size of the contingents. New South Wales and Victoria might each send two units of 125 men, and the other Colonies one unit each of the same dimensions. Infantry was preferred as "most serviceable." Accordingly, between 28th October and 14th November 1899, New South Wales despatched its first contingent of 395 officers and men and 346 horses, composed of a unit of infantry, a unit of Lancers, 100 Mounted Rifles, and an Army Medical Corps 92 strong. Thereafter, in December, the Imperial Government was induced, somewhat reluctantly, to accept a battery of field artillery. By this time the military authorities were learning by experience that the Boers were much more formidable antagonists than they had supposed, and that what was chiefly wanted in South African warfare was mounted infantry. As the Australians were showing themselves admirably adapted for the rough work that had to be done, a second contingent was accepted, numbering 702 officers and men; and it was soon followed by others—the Citizens' Bushmen contingent of 500 men, and the Imperial Bushmen contingent 762 strong. As the campaign advanced, the usefulness of the Colonial troops became more and more apparent; and by April 1900, Australia had sent a force of 8383 officers and men, to which New South Wales had contributed 158 officers, 2526 men, 2560 horses, and 7 guns. In the present year were sent an additional force of 5000 men, of whom 2000 were from New South Wales, the expenses of equipment and transport being defrayed by the Imperial Government. The Australians, according to the testimony of Lord Roberts, showed themselves "soldiers and gentlemen everywhere"; and when a portion of them returned to their homes he declared that "the mobility and efficiency of the army were thereby

materially impaired." Their mobility was brilliantly proved by a force under Colonel De Lisle, which marched seventy-two miles through a desolate country in forty-eight hours.

The distribution of medals takes place in the grounds of Government House. Some of the men are in the ordinary uniform of their corps, others in khaki, a few in the uniform of policemen, and some in civilian dress. About half a dozen have not yet completely recovered from their wounds, and require the aid of crutches or walking-sticks. The ceremony is very simple. The men, arranged according to the corps to which they belonged in South Africa, walk up to the Duke, who is in the uniform of the Royal Fusiliers, salute, receive the medal, salute again, and pass on. Over a thousand medals are thus distributed in an hour and a-half. Lieutenant Dufrayer, who received the Queen's scarf at the review, is among the officers. Last come two nursing sisters neatly dressed in grey, worthy representatives of a body which did excellent service. Lord Roberts has put on record that the efficient condition of the New South Wales Army Medical Corps, whose services were most valuable, deserved special mention, and he felt it his duty "to express admiration of the devotion, skill, courage, and endurance of the Colonial nursing service."

After lunch, in the same grounds of Government House, Lord and Lady Hopetoun give a garden-party, at which the leading members of Parliament and their wives are presented to their Royal Highnesses. In the evening there is the usual State dinner.

Sunday, 2nd June.—Their Royal Highnesses attend the morning service at St. Andrew's Cathedral, at which the sermon is preached by the Archbishop of Sydney. In the afternoon they pay a private visit to the Russian cruiser *Gromovoi*. Captain Jessen, who is

one of the most distinguished officers of the Russian navy, has been sent specially by the Emperor to greet their Royal Highnesses in Australian waters, and has attended with some of his officers all the functions both at Melbourne and here.

Monday, 3rd June.—The visit to Sydney is evidently drawing to a close, for there is only one function this morning; and it is announced that in the afternoon the Duke, who always puts business before pleasure, will start for Condobolin on the Lachlan River, over 300 miles from Sydney, on a two days' shooting excursion.

The function of the day is a school-children's demonstration, in an amphitheatre admirably constructed for accommodating an enormous audience. On this occasion it is estimated at 150,000, of whom about 20,000 are children. Among old and young alike there is the greatest enthusiasm. Never was the eagerness to get a good look of the Royal visitors more intense, and yet the most perfect order is preserved without any unusual effort on the part of the police. In the orderliness and good-nature of the crowds, and in the respect habitually shown to the police-constable, the Australians keep up the best traditions of the Mother Country.

The proceedings are opened by a choir of 4000 school-children, who sing the Ode of Welcome, written and set to music expressly for the occasion of the Royal visit. Whatever one may think of its merits as an artistic production, it is interesting as having gained the prize at an open competition and as expressing the popular feelings of the moment. The poet represents the Australians as asking what greeting the Royal visitors bring, and he assumes that in the message of love from the King and folk of the Old Land they are told:—

Ye have fought for the Empire,
 Have mingled your blood with the best !
 Ye have fought and died with them side by side,
 For the sake of the weak and opprest.

The Australians are further told that the old country is proud of their prowess, right proud of the things they have done, and they in their turn declare :—

We are flesh of the British,
 And bone of the British bone !
 As we've striven aforetime
 For the things that are just and right,
 We'll continue still, by the Lord's good will,
 For the cause that is just to fight.

There is a tie that shall never be sundered,
 'Twixt the Mother and Daughter fair,
 And we give you a right Royal welcome,
 Because of the greeting ye bear.

Unfortunately, the choir has been placed too far away for the words to be distinctly heard, and an adverse wind makes the singing sometimes scarcely audible. We can hear, however, distinctly enough that the programme is thoroughly patriotic and Imperialist, for it includes "Federated Australia," "Advance, Australia fair!" and "Rule Britannia." Next comes a march-past of 1500 cadets, some of them of very tender age and small stature, but all very smart in appearance and well drilled. Then 500 very prettily dressed children, each school having a uniform of its own, go through their musical-drill exercises energetically and gracefully with wands, dumb-bells, and Indian clubs. As their Royal Highnesses are about to leave, two of the tiniest of the cadets, one in the uniform of a New South Wales Lancer, and the other in that of the Citizens' Bushmen contingent, are presented by Lord Hopetoun. They have been mounting guard behind the Royal dais, and the little fellows make their salute with the stiff, serious air of well-drilled

veterans, to the great amusement of their Royal Highnesses and the spectators. Even when the Duke shakes hands with them cordially, their bright, serious little faces preserve the expression of attention according to the drill-book regulations.

Tuesday, 4th June.—Every one who has had the good fortune to visit New South Wales must know that the tourist's first duty is to admire Sydney harbour, and his second to make a pilgrimage to the famous Blue Mountains. This second duty is performed quietly, in as conscientious a manner as time permits, by a portion of the Royal party to-day. At 10 o'clock the Duchess and Lady Hopetoun, accompanied by the members of the suite who have not gone with the Duke on his shooting expedition, start for Katoomba on the Great Western line. It is a journey of two hours and a-half. From the Katoomba station we drive to Lillianfels, the charming country-house of Chief Justice Sir Frederick Darley. Our host is unfortunately detained in Sydney by a slight illness, so the honours are done by his son. The view from the house and from various other points in the vicinity is unquestionably the finest we have seen in Australia. It is not merely a case for applying the French proverb that in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king. In any country of the world this portion of the Blue Mountains would be regarded as strikingly beautiful. We are standing on a densely wooded tableland over 3000 feet above sea-level, and there are no high ranges or peaks to intercept the view. To the eastward the undulating horizon seems, in the clear, bracing atmosphere, about thirty miles off. In reality it is double that distance. The greater part of the intervening space is filled up with ordinary Australian bush, which is not a very picturesque kind of landscape. What constitutes the beauty of the scene is the foreground

and the middle distance. The little garden in front of the house is on the edge of a precipice which goes sheer down 800 feet, and from its base stretches away for many miles a deep, wide, thickly wooded valley with a rim of high, reddish sandstone cliffs, like the one we are standing on. Here and there the softer portions of the cliff have been worn away by time, and huge, uncouth, fantastically shaped towers of rock have been left standing alone, their tops being on a level with the plateau. On our right is one of those natural, rough-hewn spires, called the Orphan; and on our left are three clinging together and supporting each other, known as the Three Sisters.

We not unnaturally suppose that the magnificent valley below, which is not formed in the usual way by parallel ranges of hills, but is merely a great cleft in the plateau extending for many miles all round, must drain off the surface-water from a very large area; and we ask what is the name of the big river at the bottom, more than half hidden in the forest. To our surprise we are told that at the bottom of the valley there is merely a little stream, which winds its solitary way through the brushwood, too insignificant to be marked on the ordinary maps! This is the usual defect of Australian scenery, due partly to the deficient rainfall and partly to the peculiar conformation of the country. Everything is on a large scale, and a stream, in order to grow into a river, requires a course of several hundred miles! Here, what little flowing water there is in the neighbourhood does its best to please and amuse the tourist, for at more than one point it leaps playfully over the cliff in most picturesque fashion. We are shown several of these waterfalls within strolling distance from the house. They are all graceful in form, but the small volume of water is not at all in proportion to the massive surroundings. So at least it seems to the European accustomed to other conditions.

Perhaps in time the Australians may develop a standard of their own for landscape beauty.

When we return from visiting the little waterfalls and stand once more in the garden on the brink of the precipice, the sun is half-way to the horizon, and the blue haze filling the valley has become much bluer than before. The intensity of colour from which the Blue Mountains derive their name is often attributed by the inhabitants to the large number of blue gum-trees growing on their slopes; but this explanation can hardly be admitted as altogether satisfactory, for we see the blue haze against the distant reddish-yellow cliffs as well as against the zones of forest. It would be very interesting, as one of the party remarks, to remain till evening and watch the effects of colour during the successive phases of sunset; but time presses, for we must be back in Sydney by 7 o'clock. If we remained long in Sydney we should make many pilgrimages to the beautiful Blue Mountains.

Wednesday, 5th June.—This is the last day of our stay here, and there are no functions. The Duke has not yet returned from his shooting expedition, and the Duchess is supposed to be resting, but this does not prevent her from paying a more than formal visit to the city hospital. To-morrow we sail for New Zealand.

As the Royal visit draws to a close there seems to be a growing conviction among the citizens that there has been a serious omission in the official programme, and the subject is being discussed in the local press. The guests depart, the shouting and the tumult dies; in a few days the flags, streamers, and festoons will be removed from the streets and the triumphal arches will be demolished. In short, Sydney will very soon have resumed its ordinary, every-day appearance without possessing any visible memorial of the memorable visit and the remarkable patriotic enthusiasm which it

has evoked among all classes of the population. Surely the Mother State ought to possess some enduring monument of the mission of the Heir-Apparent in connection with the creation of the Commonwealth and the part taken by Australia in the recent battles of the Empire; and if such a monument is to be erected, the foundation-stone ought to have been laid by His Royal Highness during his visit to the city. So far there seems to be unanimity of sentiment and opinion, but it is no easy matter to choose among the several projects put forward. Some people favour the idea, originally started in Melbourne, that one of the temporary triumphal arches should be reconstructed in permanent materials. Others would prefer the erection of a colossal statue of Australia facing the dawn. A member of the Federal Cabinet has suggested a "Hall of Fame" in which Australia's immortals should find a worthy resting-place; while one of his colleagues proposes the more modest scheme of a monument in stone or bronze to perpetuate the memory of those who have fallen in the South African campaign. The idea is still in the embryonic stage, and will require time to come to maturity.

Meanwhile, more pressing practical questions are clamouring for solution. The Federal Parliament has been sitting pretty regularly since it was formally opened by His Royal Highness a month ago, and it has discussed a good many minor topics, but it has not yet grappled seriously with the thorny problem of ways and means. It cannot, however, postpone much longer dealing with the subject, and any proposals it may put forward are certain to provoke a great Parliamentary conflict. Federal rule, like most good things, is sure to be expensive, and the new expenditure cannot be more than partially covered by retrenchment in the sphere of State Government. Where is the balance to come from? The Protectionists, who are very numerous all over Australia, and

the powerful Labour Party will advocate strongly the adoption of a high Federal tariff, and in this way will be revived the old struggle between Protection and Free Trade, Victoria fighting on the one side, and New South Wales, the champion of Free Trade principles, on the other. Already the battle is raging fiercely in the press, and the contention of Carlyle that you can prove anything by statistics is receiving ample confirmation. A leading Melbourne organ proves to demonstration, by a long array of statistical data, that in Protectionist Victoria the earnings of the working-man are greater and his expenditure less than in New South Wales, and that consequently he is able to save more money, as is shown by the returns of the Savings Banks. An equally influential organ in Sydney, after examining the same statistics and characterising its antagonist's article as a farrago of mangled figures and distorted facts, proves as conclusively that in growth of population, wealth per head, earnings of the people and of private companies, as also in consumption of food, clothing, and materials generally, the comparison is wholly in favour of New South Wales, where the people earn much more money and live much better.

On one of the above-mentioned points, the growth of population, the Free Traders have just obtained valuable statistical support from the preliminary results of the recent decennial census. During the last decade the rate of increase for Australia as a whole has declined to an extraordinary extent; in fact, it is only half of what it was in the previous decade—19.15 per cent instead of 38.95. Now, the State which has suffered most in this respect is Protectionist Victoria, where the increase is only 4.86 per cent, whereas in Free Trade New South Wales it is 20.30. As between the capitals of the two States the difference is still more striking. In the great city of Melbourne the increase of population during the ten years is only 3060.

It must not be assumed, however, that the question at issue can be decided by population statistics of this kind. Many people in Australia do not admit that rapid increase of population is in all circumstances desirable. The battle between Protectionists and Free Traders here is merely a phase of a much wider issue, which dominates the whole field of Australian politics. On this wider battlefield there are two great parties. On the one side there are the partisans of the old, orthodox school of political economists who advocate the principle that the resources of the country should be developed as rapidly as possible by the free play of the natural economic forces with the least possible interference of the Government. For them the best proof of actual prosperity and guarantee of future progress is the increase of population, whether by natural reproduction or by immigration. They believe that a rapidly increasing population must be a prosperous one; otherwise, why should it increase? In deciding the main question, therefore, they consider the population statistics as the final court of appeal. Not so their antagonists, the Labour Party, who do not wish to see the existing economic conditions rapidly changed. Economic progress, they maintain, is desirable only in so far as it is consistent with the material and moral well-being of the individual working-man, which would be utterly destroyed by a *régime* of unrestricted competition such as the Free Traders recommend. Immigration, especially of the Yellow and Black races, though it would multiply production, would increase competition in the labour market, lower the rate of wages and the standard of living, foster large aggregations of capital, and reduce the working-man to a state of economic slavery. From all this it is evident that the Labour Party are not at all revolutionary but rather conservative, not to say reactionary, in their tendencies, and they are often accused of being the enemies of progress. When caricatured by

their opponents they are sometimes represented as a band of conspirators who say to each other, "We have here in Australia a fine, big preserve, really an uncommonly good thing, and we must keep it for ourselves and our children, guarding it jealously against the insidious attacks of the capitalists."

Another matter which is occupying public attention here—in a lesser degree, it is true—is the part which the Commonwealth should play in the Foreign Policy of the Empire. The more broad-minded of the politicians recognise that in the Southern Hemisphere the era of purely parochial politics is at an end. Australia is being gradually drawn, whether she likes or not, into the whirlpool of what the Germans call *Weltpolitik*. It is the recognition of this fact that has induced her to arm herself both for her own defence and for the defence of the Empire. But it is not only in time of wars and rumours of wars that the Federal Government should devote attention to the defence of Australian and Imperial interests, at least in the Southern Hemisphere. Even in time of peace, it is said, she has to keep a watchful eye on the aggressive tendencies of certain Foreign Powers in the South Pacific, and it will be her duty to make representations occasionally to the Home authorities. On this subject the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* publishes, in reply to some remarks in the French press about "Australian Covetousness," an interesting article which represents faithfully, I am told, the state of public opinion in the Commonwealth. We owe, it is said, our present position in the South Pacific rather to good luck and individual initiative than to any consistent policy and sustained energetic action on the part of the Government, and certainly we have had some wonderfully narrow escapes. De Bougainville was in the Pacific before Captain Cook; Du Fresne just after him. D'Entrecasteaux appeared early on the coast of

Tasmania ; and it was to anticipate the French that Governor King occupied the Northern and Southern Estuaries in 1803-4. In 1802 Flinders met in Encounter Bay, South Australia, a French expedition under Baudin, the purpose of which was to annex the southern part of the Continent, and call it "Terre Napoléon." In New Zealand, as late as 1840, Hobson secured the rich Middle Island only four days before the arrival of a French war-ship at Akaroa with the same object in view. In the smaller islands Foreign Powers had a freer hand. They picked up the Marquesas, the Societies, New Caledonia, Samoa, some of the Solomons, and a share in the New Hebrides. The Imperial Government showed itself indifferent. Fiji was offered to us, and declined in 1859, and we were driven into annexing it by the "blackbirding" scandals in 1874. The harvest of official indifference is being reaped now. We have had to give up our share of Samoa, and in the New Hebrides difficulties are brewing. What is required is a Monroe Doctrine, adapted to Australian aspirations and the Australian point of view with regard to the Islands. In any case, the Commonwealth will insist on the principle that nothing more should pass away from British rule. It is plainly to our interest to restrict foreign settlement in the South Pacific as much as we can ; and by vigilance in that aim something will be done, however tardily, to repair the evils of nearly a century of Imperial mismanagement. The Commonwealth naturally assumes the position of Warden of Australasia ; and its Government will act as a kind of High Mediator between the people of the Islands and the Imperial Government.

Such is the present trend of Australian public opinion on this important subject.


In commercial circles we find here, as in places previously visited, that those who have at heart the interests of British trade bewail the British manu-

facturers' apathy, spirit of routine, and haughty indifference to the tastes—reasonable and unreasonable—of the consumers, as compared with the enterprising spirit and readiness to supply what is wanted, which characterise the Americans and the Germans. Why will British industry not supply us with what we want, done up as we want it? That is a question that we often hear asked, but never satisfactorily answered.

This evening a telegram from the Duke to the Duchess informs us that he has had a pleasant outing, but very poor sport. He arrives early to-morrow morning, and about mid-day we sail for New Zealand. It is raining heavily and steadily, so there is little prospect of the usual "Queen's weather" for the departure.

Thursday, 6th June.—At 11.30 the tolling of bells and the booming of big guns announce that their Royal Highnesses are coming on board. The route to the landing-stage is much shorter than the roundabout route to Government House on the day of arrival, but the crowd is as dense, and quite as enthusiastic. The rain of last night has stopped, and the sun is shining brightly, but a strong westerly wind calls up in our minds unpleasant visions of the long-promised "dusting," which every one says we must get sooner or later in these boisterous Southern seas, where the great swell, gathering force and size as it advances, can roll on for thousands of miles without interruption. That is, however, an affair of the future. In well-protected Port Jackson the sea is calm enough. Precisely at noon the *Ophir* slips her moorings and steams towards the Heads, followed by the *St. George* and the *Junno*, and accompanied by a volunteer escort of excursionist steamers. The hilly promontory called Lady Macquarie's Chair, next to the one on which Government House stands, is covered from top to bottom with a densely packed crowd, who

raise a great cheer as we pass. Near the Heads we again see the unfortunate quarantine prisoners, ranged high up on the skyline, and cheering lustily. They are detained so long on this barren spot because several new cases of smallpox have occurred among them since their arrival. Passing between the Heads, we have now a straight run of more than a thousand miles due east to North Cape, the most northerly point of New Zealand, whence we coast round to Auckland, altogether a distance of 1280 miles. The open sea is not nearly so rough as we expected. As we get farther away from the land the swell increases to such an extent that at dinner there are two or three vacant chairs; but towards midnight it becomes calmer again.



27. LEAVING AUSTRALIA FOR NEW ZEALAND

F. S. Marsh



K. Se Martino

PART VII
Auckland and the Maoris

June 7-15

Auckland and the Maoris

Friday, 7th June.—At sea, sailing straight for the most northern point of New Zealand. The weather is very mild, and the sea just rough enough to prevent us from having the scuttles in our cabins open. It appears that we have taken on board at Sydney some new passengers of the “fur and feather” kinds—a pretty little albino opossum, who sleeps all day and drinks tea in the evening; two laughing jackasses, who remind us occasionally of their presence by screams resembling those of an angry turkey-cock; several cockatoos with most strident voices; half a dozen parrots of comparatively silent temperament; and sundry little birds who have never learned to sing or scream, but who look very beautiful in their brilliant plumage.

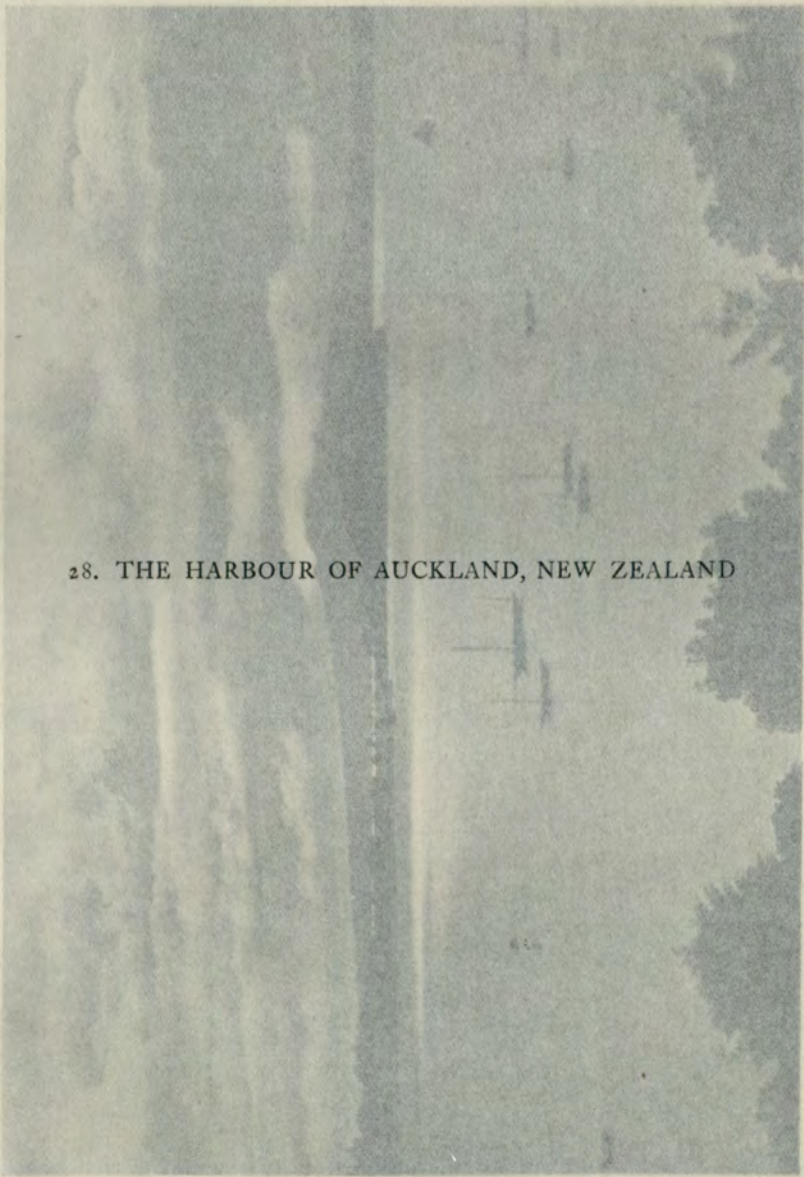
Saturday, 8th June.—Weather very much like that of yesterday. We see two or three large sailing-ships pass in the distance. Otherwise nothing to record.

Sunday, 9th June.—Dull, damp morning, with threatening clouds overhead. Soon after morning service we sight land on the port bow. Evidently not the New Zealand coast, for New Zealand has to appear on the starboard side and remain there till we reach Auckland. It turns out to be three rocky islets called the Three Kings Islands, with a number of pointed rocks, like the Needles, between them. In one of

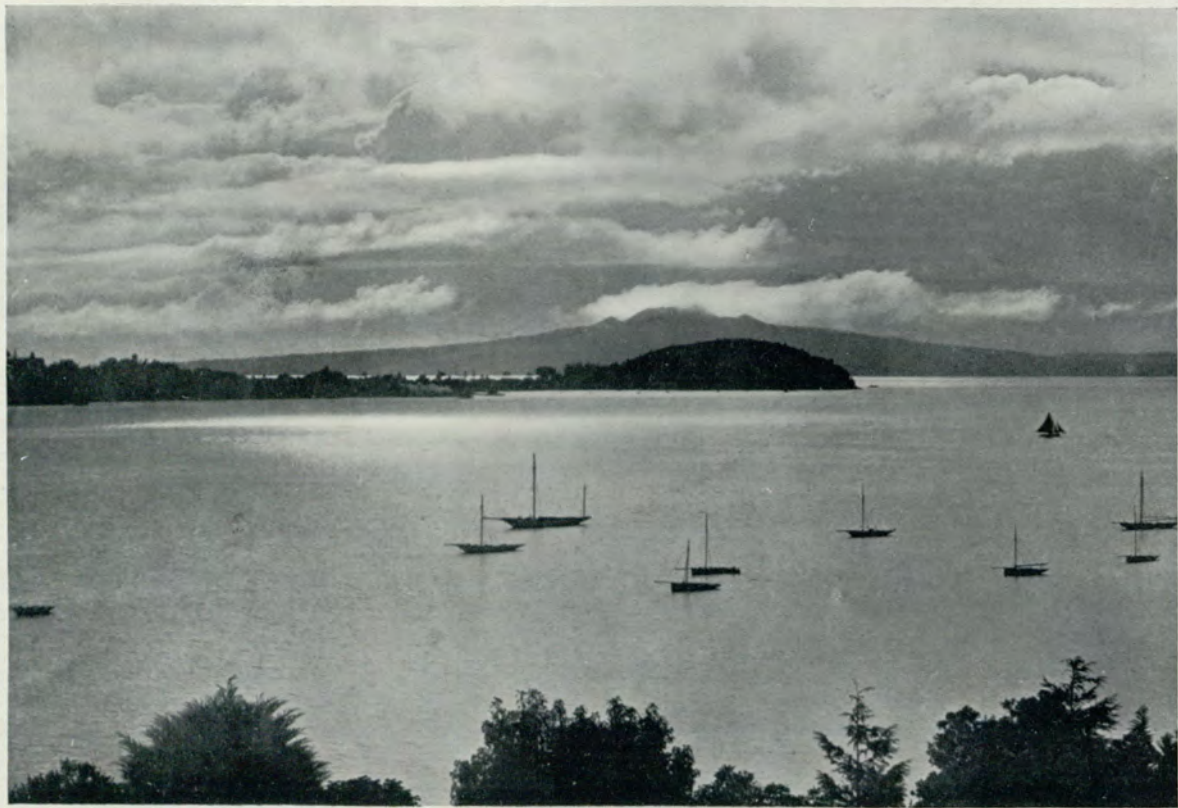
these pointed rocks we see a big hole like a window. Two hours later land appears to starboard. This time it is the northern shore of New Zealand, a range of pasture-covered hills with perpendicular cliffs along the shore, against which the long swell is breaking in great masses of white foam. In the course of the afternoon we pass Cape Maria van Diemen with its lighthouse, and the North Cape. It is found that we are considerably before our time, so the speed is diminished.

Monday, 10th June.—In the morning the *Ophir* is threading her way through the intricacies of the Hauraki Gulf, and by noon we are anchored off the North Head at the entrance to Auckland harbour. In spite of decreased speed since yesterday afternoon, we are about twenty-four hours before our time, and must remain here quietly in sight of Auckland till to-morrow. In calculating the time required for the voyage from Sydney a liberal allowance was evidently made for the possibilities of bad weather. As it is raining heavily, there is little inducement to go ashore. In the course of the afternoon, Lord Ranfurly, the Governor, pays a private visit to their Royal Highnesses, when the final arrangements for to-morrow's functions are discussed.

Tuesday, 11th June.—A few black clouds are hanging about, but there is plenty of blue sky and sunshine. The harbour looks very beautiful, resembling that of Sydney on a small scale, but with fewer bays and promontories. In the distance, prettily situated on a range of low hills sloping down to the southern shore, we see the town of Auckland, very interesting to those who have read something of the Maori wars. The first settlers in New Zealand chose as their new home the Bay of Islands, which is much farther north; and there, in 1840, was signed the famous Treaty of



28. THE HARBOUR OF AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND



Waitangi, by which no less than 502 Maori chiefs from various parts of the Island agreed to recognise Queen Victoria as their Sovereign. Governor Hobson, who signed that important document, soon recognised that the Bay of Islands was not so well adapted for the site of a capital as the bay in which we are now lying at anchor. Hither, therefore, he came in a small vessel called the *Anna Watson*, and after a good deal of negotiation with the local tribe he succeeded in purchasing a piece of land, "three thousand acres, more or less." The price is minutely described in the deed of sale thus: "Fifty blankets, £50 in money, 20 trousers, 26 shirts, 10 waistcoats, 10 caps, 4 casks of tobacco, 1 box of pipes, 100 yards of gown-pieces, 10 iron pots, 1 bag of sugar, 1 bag of flour, and 20 hatchets." A supplementary clause of the contract shows that one of the chiefs who opposed the sale had to be bought off with the sum of £6 sterling. In consequence of recent bloody feuds between rival tribes, all the settlements in the vicinity had been destroyed, and the site of the future city was a fern-covered waste. The Englishmen of those times seem to have been in some respects very like their descendants of to-day; for the chronicle goes on to relate that when the British flag was hoisted on 18th September 1840, a luncheon was given on board the *Anna Watson*, and a regatta was held on the waters of the Waitemata. Of those who took part in the modest festivities and sports some three or four are still alive, and we shall see one of them to-day in the person of the Mayor of the city, who has watched the place grow, year by year, from a little group of miserable huts into a fine town with a population of nearly 40,000. At first the relations with the natives were very friendly, but gradually they became strained; and in 1845 began a long series of wars, in which the Maoris showed a bravery that made them feared, and a chivalry which made them respected. More than once Auckland was

seriously threatened, and it was not till 1870 that the island was pacified. No doubt, during the next few days, we shall hear a great deal about these wars, and about the marvellous transformation by which the sons and grandsons of our savage enemies, who did not disdain the pleasures of an occasional cannibal feast after a brilliant victory, have become thoroughly reconciled to British rule, and are now such loyal subjects of the Throne that they are anxious to stand shoulder to shoulder with their British fellow-countrymen in the defence of the Empire. Meanwhile we must attend to current events. The *Ophir* is weighing anchor, and Admiral Beaumont on board his flagship, the *Royal Arthur*, accompanied by four small vessels of the Australian Squadron, the *Pylades*, *Torch*, *Archer*, and *Sparrow*, is coming out to greet their Royal Highnesses. The smaller vessels, used chiefly for police duties in the neighbouring islands, are so rigged as to be able to sail as well as to steam; and in the matter of saluting this gives them an advantage from the picturesque point of view, for they can be "manned" in the old-fashioned style, and the bluejackets aloft perform the duty very smartly, facing forward or aft as circumstances demand. The salute is fired; and the *Ophir*, after some dexterous manœuvring in the narrow space at her disposal, moors alongside the Queen's wharf, gaily decorated for the occasion.

The members of the Cabinet come on board, and are presented to their Royal Highnesses by the Governor, Lord Ranfurly. Mr. Seddon, the Premier, who has ruled the democratic people of New Zealand with a strong hand for ten years, without losing his well-merited popularity, reads an address in the name of the inhabitants of the Colony, the first colony founded during the reign of Queen Victoria, "the loss of whom our Empire mourns, and whose manifold virtues and excellences will ever live in the grateful

memory of her people." The people of New Zealand thank the King for having permitted the voyage to be undertaken, and their Royal Highnesses for having laid aside natural inclination and home endearments at so trying a time, in order to visit this far-distant part of the Empire. The sacrifice, it is said, is greatly appreciated, and will never be forgotten. His Majesty is assured that he may rely on the continued attachment and devotion of the New Zealanders to the Throne and Constitution, under which they have received the great and lasting benefits they now enjoy ; and that, if any emergency should arise, New Zealand will be ready in the future as she has been in the past to offer her bravest and best in answer to the Empire's call. The inhabitants are prosperous and happy, and the whole Maori race, adapting themselves to present conditions and environments, are taking an active and intelligent part in self-government. The prospect of the boundaries of the Colony being extended so as to include the Cook Islands gives satisfaction alike to the people living there and to the inhabitants of New Zealand. In conclusion, all join in wishing their Royal Highnesses long life, health, and happiness, and a safe return to the dear Motherland.

The address, tastefully illuminated, is presented in a casket of Maori design and beautiful workmanship, composed of slabs of greenstone set in gold, and surmounted by a silver model of a war-canoe.

The Duke in reply thanks the people of New Zealand for their cordial welcome, for their sympathetic reference to the loss of our beloved and ever-lamented Queen, and in the name of His Majesty for that loyalty of which they have given most signal proofs :—

The readiness and promptitude with which the Government and people of New Zealand sprang to the assistance of the Mother Country in the struggle—still unhappily proceeding—in South Africa, will ever be remembered with gratitude by

His Majesty and by the people of the United Kingdom. Your action in that matter (continues His Royal Highness) has proved to the world that your appreciation of the benefits you enjoy, as citizens of the British Empire, will, whenever the occasion arises, be shown by deeds, not words, and that you are prepared to share in the responsibility of maintaining the glorious traditions and heritage which are your birthright as much as that of the Motherland. . . . The inclusion in this Colony of the Cook Islands—a step which, I understand, has the full concurrence of the inhabitants—will, with the same wise and sympathetic system of government which has secured the contentment and happiness of the Maoris, I have no doubt, be of lasting advantage to the people.

When this function is over their Royal Highnesses go ashore, and as soon as they have reached the end of the pier they have to receive another address—this time from the citizens of Auckland, presented by the venerable Mayor, Dr. Logan Campbell, the whilom pioneer whose life has been so closely interwoven with the history of the city. That history is well summed up in a few lines of the address. After a touching reference to “that perfect mother and noble Queen, who is enshrined in our hearts as Victoria the Good,” and an assurance that the present visit “will bind more closely, if that were possible, this Colony to the Mother Country,” the citizens go on to relate :—

In the land which your Royal Highnesses are now visiting will be found all that conduces to peace and prosperity. This happy state of things is due not only to the energy and perseverance of our pioneer colonists, but also to the strong arm of Britain, which at a time of urgent need gave us protection against our warlike foemen. To-day Maori and Briton are united in the bonds of peace, enjoy equal rights, and vie with each other in loyalty to the British Throne and Constitution. With equal enthusiasm are the members of both races prepared to lay down their lives to promote the security and well-being of that Empire of which they esteem it a privilege to count themselves a part. From our hearts we bid your



29. AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND. A TRIUMPHAL ARCH



Royal Highnesses welcome, and assure you that in no part of the British dominions will be found a people more loyal to their Sovereign or more devoted to yourselves than in this city of Auckland and Colony of New Zealand.

In reply the Duke makes a short speech in which he says that it is especially interesting to him that the first ceremony in which he takes part in this country is to hear His Excellency the Governor read, by the King's command, the proclamation announcing the incorporation of the Cook Islands with New Zealand. Lord Ranfurly reads the proclamation in question, and the crowd, some of whom have climbed up on to the house-tops, cheer enthusiastically.

Their Royal Highnesses then drive in procession through the principal streets, which are prettily decorated with flags and festoons of evergreens, and spanned at several points with triumphal arches. The most original part of the decorations is a group of 2500 school-children dressed in red, white, and blue, and so arranged as to represent a gigantic Union Jack. As the Royal carriage passes they sing the National Anthem.

At Government House there is a new series of demonstrations and functions. A large number of veterans wearing their medals line the avenue; the various Friendly Societies march past in procession with bands playing and banners flying; the old Mayor hands to the Duke the title-deeds of a beautiful public park which he has generously given to his fellow-citizens, and requests that it may be called the Cornwall Park in commemoration of the visit; the ladies of Auckland offer a beautiful greenstone casket to the Duchess; and addresses are presented by the principal religious communities, the Friendly Societies, the Freemasons, and other corporations. To all the addresses the Duke makes one general reply. After thanking the deputations for their

declarations of loyalty, which will be duly transmitted to His Majesty, he expresses the hope that the result of the present journey will be "to stimulate the interest of the different countries in each other, and so draw even closer the bonds that unite them together."

Though we have now (he says) reached the farthest point from home, I am certain that nowhere does the heart of the people beat more warmly towards the Mother Country. You have testified this in your acts; and it is with true satisfaction that I come here to express to you those feelings of gratitude so keenly entertained by our ever-lamented Sovereign, and equally shared by His Majesty the King, for the noble manner in which New Zealand hastened to place her gallant sons in the forefront of the battlefields of South Africa. You have the proud satisfaction of knowing that from these islands has been despatched a force which, in proportion to population, was larger than that from any other of His Majesty's Colonies. Many, alas! have not returned to receive the loving welcome of their proud fellow-countrymen. To their families I would ask to offer my sincerest sympathy. May some comfort be found in the thought that their names are added to the Nation's Roll of Fame; for each one, trooper or officer, has given his life in the noble cause of duty.

A State dinner, at which the members of the Cabinet and the Mayor are among the guests, followed by a crowded reception, at which their Royal Highnesses shake hands with all present, completes the programme for the day.

Looking back at all that has taken place since the morning, one cannot have the least doubt as to the cordiality of the reception. All agree that Auckland has never seen anything like it before. One would like to know, however, a little more fully what was passing in the innermost minds of the population, underneath the enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty and Imperial patriotism. The

numerous addresses presented may be taken to represent, in some measure, the thoughts and feelings of the people, but even the ablest and most conscientious of address-writers have to keep in view the restraints of ceremonial etiquette. Let us try, therefore, to find some less formal expressions of popular sentiment and opinion. Perhaps the local bards can assist us. Let us hear what they have to say. One of them (Mr. S. Clarke Johnson), in an Ode of Welcome, breaks forth in dithyrambic strain, thus:—

Arise, Zelandia! latest, happiest born,
Isles of the Sea, kissed from the mouth of Morn!
Arise, for great occasion on thee waits;
A Royal Squadron enters at thy gates;
A Sovereign's greeting comes by princely hand,
Britannia's greeting to her youngest Land.
With loud, tumultuous, reverberating voice,
Ye Islands of the Southmost Sea, rejoice, rejoice!

Welcome, welcome, Prince and Princess,
Son and daughter of the Throne,
Sing we now our gladdest music,
Strike we now triumphant tone!
In Britannia's name ye greet us,
Hers the message that ye bring.
Ours the answer, loud and loyal;
Speed it on the lightning's wing.
Tell her that on Ocean's bosom
She hath children fair and strong,
Nursing kingdoms for the Sceptre
Britons have revered so long.
Tell her that the vast Pacific
Bears on its majestic tide
Sons who cling not to her girdle,
But stand stalwart at her side.

Another bard, who modestly signs with the initials O. C. L., voices the popular sentiment thus:—

The greetings that spring from our hearts shall evince
To Duke and to Duchess, to Princess and Prince,
Our homage to God and to Right.

From Norman and Saxon, from Southron and Celt,
 O'er the blood of the fallen who sleep on the veldt,
 There rushes the welcoming cheer,
 In the path of the future that beckons us on,
 In the pride of the past and the triumphs we've won,
 In the strength of the standard we rear.

Borne onward like Vikings, o'er highways their own,
 We yield them high welcome, as heirs of a Throne
 Whose Kingdom must march with the Sun,
 Whose rule 'tis our pride and our joy to defend,
 Which, rooted in honour, shall stand to the end,
 While the earth and the ages shall run.

Now let us descend from the Zealandian Olympus and question the local press, which can speak in plain prose, unfettered by the restrictions of rhythm and rhyme. Here is how the *New Zealand Herald*, one of the leading organs of the Colony, interprets the inarticulate cheering of the crowd :—

There is no farther land than this from Britain ; there is no land nearer in all that makes a nation one. . . . We have borne with us in our free migration the lares and penates of our unforgotten home. . . . Implanted in our hearts are devotion to our country and loyalty to its Crown. Our Prince and Princess are welcome among us, not as strange and distant visitors, but as part of ourselves. They are doubly welcome, because their coming augurs that the dream of unity is being realised at last, that Edward will continue the good work that Victoria died in doing, that when George reigns in turn, it will not be as ruler of Little England, but as King of the British people. . . . The Heir-Apparent, as he wends his way through the festooned, crowded streets, is to every man, woman, and child the representative of the Royal House that through the last most changeful century has kept the Empire unbroken. It is through the Crown that our untrammelled liberties have been possible without disruption ; we have held together around a throne whose foundations are in our national instincts, whose structure is inwoven with our national institutions, whose presence is inseparable from our national conceptions. Beneath the Crown, around the Throne, we can mould for its high destiny the Imperial nation, of

which New Zealand is but a part—the Imperial people which guards the long frontier that keeps war from us and secures us the liberties we prize.

Wednesday, 12th June.—This morning, in a large field commonly used for agricultural shows and football matches, and overlooked by a grand stand for many hundred spectators, there is a fine military display, probably the biggest that Auckland has ever seen. Some old people maintain that at the commencement of the great Maori war General Cameron held a review at which more troops were on the ground; but that was as long ago as 1863. On One Tree Hill, which towers above the grand stand and forms part of the new Cornwall Park, the old Maori retrenchments are still clearly visible; but there is no longer any danger of Maori troubles, and the troops about to march past are kept up as a protection against very different enemies. Many of the Aucklanders are astonished to find that such a large force can be mustered, and especially that it contains such a large element of mounted men. This innovation, as well as the revival of the military spirit generally, is due to the South African War. When the Colonists had, with the assistance of British regiments and native allies, subdued and pacified the turbulent Maori tribes, they imagined that New Zealanders would never again have any occasion or desire to fight, and that consequently any serious military organisation would be a useless and expensive luxury. Preparation for self-defence seemed altogether superfluous and ridiculous, for no one would ever think of attacking them; and as for Imperial responsibilities, these had not yet dawned upon the New Zealanders' imagination. Things have changed wonderfully of late!

The force on the ground to-day numbers, all told, 4309, and is thoroughly representative in its composi-

tion. The first line of defence is represented by a splendid Naval Brigade drawn from the *Ophir*, her two attendant cruisers, and the other war-ships in the harbour. Next come the mounted and unmounted infantry, numbering 2004; then the artillery and local naval forces, totalling 427; and lastly a corps of 723 cadets, the soldiers of the future, who march past with the seriousness and steadiness of veterans. As in Australia, the troopers look a little rough, and they cannot induce their horses to go past at the trot, as they ought to do according to the regulations; but they seem fine, dashing fellows, who have a firm seat in the saddle, and who would be very useful, as some of them have recently proved, for rough work in real warfare. Among the spectators are a big flock of sea-gulls, on foraging intent, who watch the proceedings attentively, and sometimes alight at a few yards' distance in front of the troops, as if they knew that their safety was secured by military discipline.

Immediately after the march-past, the Duke distributes war medals to those who have returned from the campaign in South Africa. Several "Auckland boys" are recognised and warmly cheered by their friends and acquaintances. One of these, Captain Todd, had already received the Distinguished Service Order.

On the way back to the city some of us drive up to the top of Mount Eden, and enjoy for a little one of the finest views in the island. The country around is a great expanse of undulating plains and low ranges of hills, dotted over with volcanic cones, like the one we are standing on—so numerous that an industrious, conscientious German succeeded in counting no less than sixty-three of them within a radius of ten miles. The city, as we now perceive, is situated on a narrow isthmus separating the Eastern and Western Seas, which might easily be connected at this point by a canal.

At present they are connected by a short railway, so that Auckland has the advantage of possessing a harbour on the eastern as well as on the western shore of the island. Old Governor Hobson, who chose the site, had evidently a good eye for natural advantages of position.

On his return from the review the Duke looks in for a little at a banquet given by the Government to the old veterans, some 350 in number, and to the young soldiers just returned from South Africa. Among the veterans, wearing proudly their medals and clasps, are men who fought in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, the Chinese Wars, the Afghan, Burmese, and Egyptian campaigns, and, above all, in the long struggle with the Maoris. One old man can go back still farther and relate his personal experiences at the battle of Sobraon, in the campaign against the Sikhs which led to the annexation of the Punjab. Having served in different parts of the world, many of these men are quite unknown to each other; but among those who fought in the Maori wars not a few are old friends and delighted to meet again. As one of these, who has written some verses for the occasion, expresses it:—

Tried friends in many a stubborn fight,
Old comrades of the long ago,
Once more in peace we reunite,
And memories of the past renew
In bonds fraternal, leal, and true.

In replying to the toast of his health, the Duke makes a few rough-and-ready remarks, which excite intense enthusiasm. "I am proud," he says, "to think that I meet here to-day not only you fine old soldiers who, after serving your Queen in various campaigns, chose your homes in New Zealand, but also your sons who, inheriting the gallant spirit of their fathers, and keen to emulate their deeds, have, when their turn came, cheerfully given their services in defence of the

Old Flag. Yes, I am proud to be addressing two generations of soldiers. I like what my friend Mr. Seddon would call your 'continuity of policy.' There is nothing like a 'chip of the old block,' when one knows that the old block was hard, of good grain, and sound to the core. And if in the future, whenever and wherever the Mother-hand is stretched across the sea, it can reckon on a grasp such as New Zealand has given in the present—well—I think you will all agree that the dear old country can look ahead with confidence."

No sooner returned from the banquet, the Duke has to start for another function. Accompanied by the Duchess, he drives to an outlying suburb overlooking Hobson Bay, where Her Royal Highness has to lay the foundation-stone of the Queen Victoria High School for Maori girls. The object of the institution, as explained by the Rev. F. Bennett, a Maori missionary, is excellent. In the wonderful progress made by the Maoris in recent years, the fair sex has been left behind. At present there are only two schools for Maori girls, and both of them are in one town, Napier. The rest of the island is quite unprovided for in this respect. If the educated Maori youths have to marry uneducated girls brought up in the old uncivilised surroundings, there is a danger of their sinking back to the old level. The object of the Victoria School is to teach the girls housekeeping, home-making, and nursing, and to give them at least the rudimentary conceptions of healthy civilised life. The Young Maori party consider that it will be an important factor in that regeneration of their race which they have so much at heart.

During the ceremony a band of Maori youths throw into the proceedings a touch of local colour by giving us specimens of the old war-chants, beating time in genuine Maori fashion by vigorous stamping of the feet. The chant selected has a certain historical

interest, because it was frequently used by the Hauhaus, a fanatical sect founded about 1860 for the purpose of preserving the ancient native customs and resisting foreign influence. Among the means they employed for this end were the burning of Bibles, the murder of missionaries, the revival of pagan magical rites, and the production of nervous excitement by barking like dogs. It is from this last custom that the term Hauhaus is said to be derived. The chant begins, in firm and not unmelodious tones, thus :—

Ka mate ! ka mate !
Ka ora ! ka ora !
Tenei te tangata puhuruhuru !

The literal translation is as follows : “It is death ! it is death ! It is life ! it is life ! (Or, as we might say in plain language, it is a question of life and death.) This is the hairy man (*i.e.* the powerful man with many followers). It is he who brings hither the sunshine. Shoulder to shoulder ! shoulder to shoulder ! Let the sun shine ! let the sun shine !” While the Hauhau movement was at its height the chant was used by a fanatical leader to inflame the natives at a place on the east coast called Whatane, and so successfully that when a Mr. Fulloon happened to arrive there in a cutter he and all on board were murdered. Some time afterwards a number of those implicated in the murders were arrested, and when brought to Auckland for trial they persisted in singing, “It is death ! it is death ! It is life ! it is life !” It seems, therefore, hardly appropriate to sing the chant on this occasion, all the more as a sister of the late Mr. Fulloon happens to be present at the ceremony. No one, however, expresses surprise or disapproval. The Hauhau movement is a thing of the past, the hostility between the two races has completely disappeared, and in the minds of the chanters “the hairy man,” the bringer of sunshine, is not a Hauhau chief, thirsting for

the blood of missionaries, but His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York, "who brings sunshine to the Maori people by his gracious presence." At the close of the ceremony, as their Royal Highnesses are preparing to depart, another war-chant is sung; and an old Maori in European costume, but with his wrinkled face tattooed all over with a most elaborate design, is so carried away with the martial strains of the music that he begins to gesticulate and dance within a few yards of their Royal Highnesses, as if he were preparing to go on the war-path.

This old brave, Patara te Tuhi by name, has had a curious history, not altogether unconnected with the Hauhaus, and closely associated with a persistent attempt to resist foreign influence by the creation of a native Maori kingdom in the most inaccessible part of the island. The movement began in the early fifties, and took at first the form of a league to prevent the sale of land to Europeans. In 1856 a great meeting of chiefs was held on the shore of the beautiful Lake Taupo, in the very heart of Maoriland, and it was there decided that an old man called Te Whero Whero should be elected king of the Maoris under the high-sounding title of Potatau I. It was further decided by the assembly that the limits of the kingdom should be carefully laid down, and that a Parliament should meet annually to discuss the affairs of the realm. It was only too evident that all this meant war sooner or later; but the Government did not want to bring on a crisis, and confined itself for a time to resisting the movement by peaceful means. Among the peaceful means employed was the foundation of a native newspaper called *Te Pihoihoi Mokemoke*, which means "the lonely ground-lark" or "lonely sparrow,"¹ the editorship

¹ The name was taken from the Maori translation of the Bible—the only native literature at that time,—and was the term used by the translators for "the sparrow that sitteth alone on the house-top."

of which was confided to an energetic young magistrate, stationed at a place called Te Awamutu in the so-called King country. The Kingites had an organ of their own, bearing the significant name of *Te Hokioi*, a mythical bird of prey whose hoarse cry, "Kakao! Kakao!" is a certain omen of war—and no wonder, for its hoarseness is produced by the hair of fallen warriors sticking in its throat! Strongly objecting to the Government propaganda, the *Hokioi* made the hoarse war-cry heard; but the poor little lonely sparrow was not to be intimidated, and twittered so bravely that its outraged opponents determined to silence it by force. The office of the *Pihoihoi* was accordingly attacked and the printing-press and type carried off by an armed band under the orders of a local chieftain. Strange to say—though the fact is quite in accordance with the character of the Maoris,—the printing-press and type were not destroyed, but sent down the Waikato River to the nearest inhabited point in "Queen's territory," and honestly restored to the owners, *i.e.* the Colonial Government. The editor of the forcibly suppressed organ, by the way, has since come home, and is now living in London, well known as the Right Hon. Sir John Gorst, M.P., Vice-President of the Council on Education. *Habent sua fata libelli*, and their editors likewise! At the ceremony to-day I was assured that the tattooed old gentleman, who so unexpectedly favoured us with a little specimen of Maori war-dancing, was actually the editor of the bellicose *Hokioi*, and instigated the armed attack on the *Pihoihoi*; but this can hardly be true, because Patara te Tuhi, though a patriotic Maori, belonged to the peace party at that moment.¹ His presence at to-day's

¹ Sir John Gorst, in reply to a request for information on this subject, kindly writes to me: "Patara and the *Hokioi* people had nothing to do with the physical attack on the *Pihoihoi*. The actual attack was made by an inferior chief named Aporo; but he was undoubtedly acting under the orders of Rewi Maniapoto, who appeared on the scene next day, and publicly

proceedings and his well-known loyalty show how completely the Maori hatchet has been buried.

On their way back to Government House their Royal Highnesses visit the Museum, which contains a very interesting collection of Maori antiquities, including a great war-canoe and some remarkable specimens of wood-architecture and wood-carving. In the evening they attend a reception given by the Mayor, Dr. Logan Campbell, in the Municipal Buildings, in which both the picture-gallery and the library show how much the late Sir George Grey, twice Governor of the Colony, did for the artistic and literary education of the people of Auckland.

Thursday, 13th June.—During the two days we have spent in Auckland we have heard a great deal about the Maoris, about their bravery and the chivalry they displayed in the old fighting times—not yet old enough to be beyond the recollection of men of middle age,—and about their present thoroughly loyal attitude; but we have not seen much of them in the flesh. We are now to have an opportunity of seeing thousands of them collected from all parts of the island in the very heart of Maoriland, where we shall see also the geysers, boiling-pitch holes, and other volcanic wonders about which we have heard and read so much lately.

To Rotorua, the civilised centre of this wild wonderland, it is only a short day's journey. At 10 in the morning we start by special train. For an hour or two our way lies through a well-watered and occasionally swampy country, and then we rise gradually to higher and drier ground. We are now passing through the Waikato district, the scene of the most obstinate struggle

assumed the whole responsibility for the act. Rewi was at the time the head of the war-party, and Patara and his friends were adherents of William Thompson, who was the head of the peace-party."

between the Maoris and the whites. The Waikatos were the soul of the King movement in its earlier phases, and strongly objected to having roads made through their country. The Governor, Sir George Grey, persisted in carrying out his road-making schemes, and war was the result. The struggle was conducted with extraordinary tenacity on both sides. General Cameron had a force of regular troops, colonists, and native allies greatly superior to his opponents in numbers and armament; but the Maoris often succeeded in holding their own, and sometimes remained the victors. One incident of the campaign made a great impression on the popular imagination, and is known to every man, woman, and child in New Zealand at the present day. At Orakau some 300 or 400 Maoris, with their wives and children, had entrenched themselves in a well-constructed pa; and though hard pressed for food and water, and under an almost constant fire of artillery and small-arms, they held out and repulsed five successive assaults. The General humanely sent them a message under a flag of truce: "Friends, cease fighting; you will be taken care of and your lives spared. We have seen your courage; let the fighting stop." Soon the answer came: "Friend, this is the reply of the Maori—'We shall go on fighting for ever, and ever, and ever!' ('Ka whawhai tonu, ake, ake, ake')." And fight they did until they succeeded in cutting their way through the besieging force. The curious thing is that the British-born New Zealander is quite as proud of this fine feat of arms as his dusky brother. The reply has passed into a proverb, and in Auckland we noticed on a triumphal arch and other decorations the famous words, "Ake, Ake, Ake."

The Waikato is now a peaceful and prosperous district. The descendants of the tattooed warriors, nearly all of whom have been gathered to their fathers, live on the most friendly terms with the white-skinned

settlers, and have no reason to regret the great change that has taken place during the last forty years. Many of them, clad in European attire, have come to the stations to see the grandson of the Great White Queen, "te kuini Wikitoria," as they call Her late Majesty.¹ Even at the stations where the train does not stop and the platform is kept clear, we can see behind the palings long rows of dusky faces and hear loud hurrahs as the train rushes past.

To reach Rotorua we have to cross a range of hills, and as we ascend we get into rough ground covered with what looks like primeval forest. The tall trees, many of them embraced by thick-stemmed creepers, are so closely packed together that they have hardly breathing room, and the lower part of their trunks is hidden in dense underwood, in which we notice a great number of large tree-ferns. It is the thickest bit of bush I have ever seen, quite different in character from the bush we saw in Australia. Looking at the thick tangle and the massive trunks of the tall trees rising out of it, one can realise faintly the position of a pioneer dumped down on such a spot with no prospect of earning a livelihood until he had made a clearing. Brave hearts those men must have had who undertook such a work. The courage required for attacking a Maori pa was as nothing in comparison. A few little clearings which have not got beyond the pastoral stage, but which have already a snug little wooden house for the settler and his family, are seen on the way.

A long, steep descent brings us to a stretch of more

¹ In adopting foreign words the Maoris apply to them the phonetic principles of their own wonderfully soft language. V becomes W, C becomes K, L becomes R, the English R is generally eliminated as inaudible, and immediately after each consonant is placed a vowel. Hence Victoria is transformed into *Wikitoria*, and the Duke of Cornwall and York into *te tiuku o kanawara ioka*. These last words, written without capitals, and consequently mistaken for ordinary Maori words, sorely puzzled me the first time I encountered them; and the dictionaries and grammars gave me, of course, no assistance.

inviting country near the shore of a lake surrounded with hills. Rotorua is pointed out to us in the distance, and we are told about the great preparations that have been made for the Royal visit. Some 6000 Maoris have come together, many of them from the more remote parts of the island. Even those of the Middle Island, who are only about 2200 altogether, have sent a deputation. From all quarters they have come gladly ; from the far north, where the Europeans first established a settlement and lived unmolested so long as they contented themselves with trading and making converts ; from the Waikato, where the road-makers and land-purchasers were at first resisted as dangerous aggressors, and gradually accepted as a necessary evil ; from the eastern districts, where the irreconcilables long found a refuge, and where, until recent years, the Queen's writ did not run, and Englishmen could not travel without the permission of the Kingite chiefs ; from Taranaki and Wanganui on the west coast, where for a whole generation there were endless land-disputes leading to frequent bloodshed and war, and where the fanatical Hauhaus worked terrible havoc till they were suppressed with the assistance of the Friendlies. Among the Maoris there is happily no longer the distinction between Friendlies and Hostiles. All are now loyal subjects anxious to do honour to the King's son, who has come to receive their renewed oath of allegiance.

At the reception, the local tribe, the Arawas, who were among the early allies of the English, and fought gallantly against the neighbouring turbulent tribes, have naturally the place of honour. They are drawn up in front of the railway station, and on the arrival of the Royal train they chant an ancient Ode of Welcome, composed presumably in the old times when illustrious strangers from afar arrived in canoes. The leader intones, and the others chant in chorus :—

The Leader. Drag hither
The Chorus. The canoe
The Leader. To its hallowed place,
The Chorus. The canoe
The Leader. To its resting-place,
The Chorus. The canoe
All together. To the place where should lie the canoe.

An elaborate programme had been prepared, but a steady downpour of rain makes it necessary to curtail the proceedings, and the Royal party, escorted by the crowd of natives who were to have lined the road, find their way as quickly as possible to the hotel. Here in a covered verandah, in view of the assembled multitude, a deputation of chiefs presents an address, which is so characteristic that it deserves to be quoted in full :—

Welcome, welcome, welcome, O son! Welcome to these isles, Aotearoa and Waipounamu! Welcome to Maoriland! Welcome thou who art of the blood, the emblem of the Mana and Majesty of the Empire, under whose benign rule we are proud to abide! O Royal daughter of princes, who art joined to him who is son of our Lord the King, we likewise greet thee. We heard with our ears, and hoped that we might see; now we see with our eyes, and rejoice that this thing has come to pass in our day and generation. This is a great day; a day that will live in the memory of our race while God permits their existence; but it is a day of mourning. We mourn the great Queen, to whom our fathers ceded by fealty the sovereignty over these isles; who was the guardian of our rights and liberties, from that time until she slept with her fathers. We, the humblest of her children, alien in blood, yet kin by law and allegiance, mourn the loss of a mother who sought the good of high and low alike, who loved peace, that by peace among her peoples they might rise yet higher in greatness. She was all that our fathers knew in their day. Her name is a gift they bequeathed to us ere they passed. Pass, O mother, to thy rest, with the mighty dead who went before thee! Welcome, welcome, welcome, in the name of the King, thy father! We hail the new King in thy person. He has succeeded to the throne of his mother, to be our chief, our lord, our Sovereign. Here, in the presence of your Royal Highnesses, we renew our oath of

allegiance; we confirm the act of our fathers who gave all to Queen Victoria and her successors. Hear, O ye peoples! To-day we make a new treaty—new and yet old—inasmuch as we confirm the old to which we have but added expressions of continued loyalty from our generation, and pray that our Sovereign and our white brethren may give us of their strength to live and thrive with them and among them. Hear, O Prince! Hear, O Princess! From the far ends of the earth; from remote Hawaiki, across the great seas of Kiwa, you have come to see these lands and peoples. It is well; for by so doing you have drawn closer the bonds of love which do knit all together. Welcome and farewell! Farewell, since you must pass on! It is enough that we have seen. We wish you a safe return to our King and his Queen, from whose presence you have come to gladden our eyes in this, the most distant part of the Empire. God save the King!

The Duke, standing on the steps of the verandah, replies in somewhat the same flowery style, and each sentence as it is pronounced is translated to the chiefs and the crowd by Mr. Carroll, the Minister for Native Affairs, who is one of the most stirring and at the same time most polished of Maori orators. After thanking the people for their warm welcome, His Royal Highness explains to them how the late Queen, mourned by all races of the Empire, had desired that he and the Duchess should visit her peoples beyond the seas, and express to them her gratitude for the loyal eagerness they had shown to stand side by side with their brethren on the field of battle, and how the King, though naturally reluctant to part from his children at such a time, would not allow his mother's wish to remain unfulfilled. In the name of His Majesty, who rejoices to see the peoples under his rule living in the bonds of peace and friendship, and who prays that they may continue to do so for the common good of the Empire, the Duke accepts from the Maori chiefs the renewed oath of allegiance and pledges of loyalty.

Mr. Carroll, who translates the speech, can express

himself in both languages with equal fluency and eloquence. His father was an Irishman, married to a lady of pure Maori race, and he himself has married a chief's daughter, who has inherited her late father's property and local influence. He is a genial man, and a delightful companion for any one wishing to get some trustworthy information about the Maori language, character, and customs.

Among the guests at dinner is Mrs. Donnelly, who may likewise be described as a useful connecting link between the two races. The daughter of a chief, like Mrs. Carroll, and possessing large properties in the Hawke's Bay district, she is married to an Irishman, and is completely anglicised in the best sense of the term ; but she remains in touch with her own people, and exercises among them a wide influence for good. From remarks accidentally overheard in the crowd to-day—and I hope I am not committing an indiscretion in mentioning the fact—I conclude that she is kind and sympathetic to all, and universally loved and respected by the people on her estates.

At midnight I hear the wind howling and the big drops of rain pattering furiously on my window, so I fear that much we intended to do to-morrow must be omitted from the programme. The thousands of natives who got drenched in the afternoon, and who are now spending the night under canvas in a camp on the outskirts of the little town, must be having a very disagreeable time. The modern Maori is not so hardy and indifferent to physical discomforts as his fighting ancestors.

Friday, 14th June.—A delightful surprise awaits us. The rain has stopped, the blustering wind has fallen to a gentle breeze, the sun is shining brightly, and simple existence is a pleasure. If the Maoris have still any of their ancient superstitions, they must regard the

sudden change as a good omen of no ordinary importance. In any case they must be glad to feel dry and comfortably warm again. They have suffered considerably during the recent severe weather; a good many are invalided, and it is whispered that early this morning a venerable Tauranga chief died in the camp, "claimed by the Great Lady of the Night." The fact, however, is being kept secret, so that the mourning ceremonies may be postponed till after the celebrations.

After a short visit to the Bathing Establishment, or Sanatorium, as it is called, which possesses a marvellous abundance and variety of mineral waters of all temperatures, their Royal Highnesses drive down to Ohinemutu, a native village on the shore of the lake. This is the headquarters of the great Arawa tribe, who early allied themselves with the British, and have remained true to that alliance ever since. At the entrance to the village a troop of some forty women, some of the older ones with tattooed lips and chin, and all of them wearing flax waist-mats and waving little boughs and twigs of evergreen, chant a few words of welcome, and then retreat gracefully, leading the way to the Marae, or, as we should say, the small village-green. Here, drawn up in line, stand about 200 warriors with their female relations, the men in two ranks on the one side, and the women in two similar ranks facing them. In front of the men, wearing kilts of rustling flax straws, naked from the waist upwards, and holding in their hands old-fashioned wooden battle-axes and spears, stands an old chief, who, though of pure Maori descent, is commonly known as Major Fox—a name given to him during the wars, in which he fought gallantly on the British side. He is now almost completely blind, and is carefully tended by his wife, a woman of middle age with tattooed face. In his right hand he holds proudly aloft a claymore received from Queen Victoria

for his services. At a signal from one of the subordinate leaders the warriors kneel down, and, holding their weapons in front of them with both hands, sing in vigorous tones and perfect time their song of welcome :—

O ye Arawa, ye Arawa !
 Here come the illustrious ones,
 Sent hither from Heavenward.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice !
 Let them come, let them draw near,
 Till they cross the short threshold
 Of Houmaitawhiti.

The Duke ! 'Tis the Duke !
 He cometh from over the sea.
 The Duke ; yes, 'tis the Duke !
 He cometh from lands far away.
 Come hither, O Son !
 Come to New Zealand,
 Come and see your Maori people !

Come hither, O illustrious stranger,
 Brought by the Arawa
 From the distant realms of Heaven.
 Draw near, come hither,
 Come near !

The mysterious Houmaitawhiti mentioned in the ode is an ancestral hero who lived long ago in Hawaiki, the distant and not yet identified land which was the original home of the Maoris. One day a favourite dog of his offended the High Priest, and it was accordingly killed and eaten by the reverend gentleman and one of his friends ; but its death was promptly avenged by the giant son of its master, Tamatekapua by name, and out of this unfortunate incident arose a dreadful war, which was the cause of the Maori migration to New Zealand. The Arawa still revere the memory of both father and son, and their tribal House of Meeting is called, in poetical language, the threshold of Houmaitawhiti or the threshold of Tamatekapua. This House of Meeting is situated at the end of the village-

green, and the Royal party proceed to visit it. It is a structure of beautifully carved wood with a high sloping roof, the eaves of which come down almost to the ground. In the interior, which contains no furniture of any kind, the walls are covered with grotesque wood-carvings representing mythological subjects, which hardly admit of minute, reverent inspection by unbelievers.

At the opposite end of the village-green a bust of Queen Victoria, presented to the tribe by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1871, has been mounted on a prettily carved wooden pedestal and surmounted by a wooden canopy painted in Maori style. At the foot of this monument the chiefs and others lay their offerings, and a tall, black-bearded leader, pointing to them, makes a short speech, which is translated by Captain Mair, a veteran of the old wars.

We are spreading (says the leader) these Maori garments before you, and before the statue of Her late Majesty the Queen. This is in accordance with the Maori custom of laying offerings in memory of those who are departed, as a token of our love. Therefore we beg your Royal Highnesses not to disregard these slight presents, unworthy though they be, but to take them with you. That is all. They are from the Arawa.

The offerings are articles of native costume and native weapons. Some of them, such as kiwi mats and greenstone meres, are of considerable intrinsic value, and greatly prized as heirlooms. The Duke and Duchess express their thanks to the donors, and in particular to the aged chief, Major Fox, who is greatly touched by the insistence of the Duchess that he should remain seated on account of his recent illness. A chant expressing the sentiments of the old warrior is then sung by the tribesmen. It is supposed to be addressed to the English people by the Arawa :—

Yours was the first love
 To which we responded.
 The signs of your graciousness were :
 First, the Treaty of Waitangi,
 Secondly, this sword of honour,
 Thirdly, your other treasures.
 Therefore we, the Arawa people,
 Cling steadfastly to our Queen.

The mention of the Queen's name naturally suggests that the tribe should express its feelings of grief at the great loss sustained by her peoples in general and by the Arawa in particular. They chant, therefore, to a very plaintive melody, the following lament :—

Seek out, search far !
 Where is our Queen ?
 Gone, gone to Paerau, the place of Shades,
 To the creating-place, to the gathering-place
 Of the world's treasures,
 Never, alas ! to return.
 Fallen indeed art thou, O Mother !
 Fallen is England's greatness !
 The moon's orb is broken,
 Scattered is the white crane's plume,
 Drooping are the Huia feathers of the Arawa !
 Farewell ! a long farewell !
 The Royalty of Britain,
 The sacred plume of the Arawa,
 Lies overturned, lies overturned !

We take leave of old Major Fox and his tribesmen, but we are to meet again in a few hours. Meanwhile we drive back to Rotorua, and a mile or two beyond to Whakarewarewa, which is officially described as "an epitome of all that the district contains: hotel and bathing accommodation, geysers, hot springs, boiling pools, mud volcanoes, hot waterfalls, and silicious terrace formation." On the way we see on all sides columns of white sulphurous fumes issuing from the ground. Evidently the internal fire is here dangerously near the surface. The thermal-springs district, of which this forms a part, comprises, according to the

official report, an area of upwards of 600,000 acres, or close on 1000 square miles. It is fifty miles in length, with an average breadth of twenty miles, and its altitude varies from 1000 to 2000 feet above sea-level.

We are to examine first some of the more important geysers, piloted about by a famous guide called Sophia, who looks like a thoroughbred Maori, but who is in reality, I am told, the daughter of a Scotchman and a Maori mother. Geysers seem to be very capricious things. The one which we first encounter, the Pohutu, has been disporting itself for an hour before our arrival, and now remains obstinately quiescent. The next one, the Wairoa, equally insensible to the honour paid to it, is likewise inclined to be dormant till the inspector adopts strong measures. Knowing how to irritate it, he throws into its throat a large quantity of ordinary washing-soap, and in a few minutes it belches forth an enormous feathery column of hot water, steam, and spray, to a height variously calculated by different members of the party at from 50 to 150 feet. Why this geyser should have such a rooted dislike to washing-soap I cannot explain. More than one explanation is offered, but none of them are satisfactory. The innumerable holes and cracks in the brittle, discoloured rock which do not act as geysers send forth volumes of steam and very nasty sulphurous odours. Other holes and cracks are filled with boiling mud. In the absence of a cicerone versed in the underground sciences, much remains unexplained and mysterious. At each point of interest old Sophia gives us a short lecture in most elegant English, but her interests are artistic and legendary rather than scientific. Among the traditions she relates is a gruesome story of a wicked chief who coveted and carried off his neighbour's wife, and who was afterwards defeated in battle by the aggrieved husband. For two long years after his defeat he hid in a cave till he was discovered,

killed, cooked in a steam-hole, and eaten by his enemies, the chief claiming the brain and eyes as his share in the cannibal repast. The steam-hole which had served as an oven was then surrounded with a low wall and declared tapu or sacred, and there it remains still, well known to all as the Brain-pot. The old lady relates all this as if she had been an eyewitness of the proceedings, and points to the hiding-place and the Brain-pot as confirmation of the tale. It is a trifle difficult to believe that the slight depression in the rock, which she calls a cave, could have served as a hiding-place for two years, or two hours; but sceptical doubts of this kind may be silenced by the reflection that in this terribly volcanic region the surface of the earth is often violently changed. One of these violent changes—the most violent and gigantic on record—might be described to us by Sophia, were there time, for she was really a witness of it, and helped to save the lives of several Europeans. Captain Mair, who acted as interpreter this morning at Ohinemutu, witnessed it from another point, and has given a description of it in writing.

The awful event happened in June 1886. Some ten or fifteen miles from the spot where we are standing, and clearly visible from several points in the vicinity, is a long hog's-back sort of mountain called Tarawera, rising to a height of between 3000 and 4000 feet. It looks quite harmless. There is no crater, and so little was it suspected of evil intentions that the Maoris, who are most careful about preserving from disturbance the bones of their ancestors and relations, had made a burying-ground on it. Now let Captain Mair relate what he saw :—

I was awakened about a quarter past 1 o'clock by a slight shock of earthquake. This was soon followed by a heavier one, and then, in rapid succession, perhaps forty shocks, some of them very severe. About a quarter to 2 o'clock there was a terrific

roar, and upon looking out I saw that the eastern sky was glowing, and that over the Whakapoungakau range a great column of fire was shooting into the sky, while above it was a mass of black smoke. Great bodies of solid matter appeared to be hurled up amid showers of sparks, and all around them was a continuous flare of every conceivable form of lightning—forked lightning, chain lightning, rounded masses of dazzling white light, as if caused by the explosion of bombs and showers of electric sparks. Later on, the roar increased, and louder crashing reports could be heard, as if of bodies falling. The lightning, too, became, if possible, more vivid, the white light appearing to shoot through and through the red flames of the volcano, and the earthquake shocks were resumed with greater vigour. Soon after 3 o'clock the wind shifted to about south-east, and a black veil, as it were, dropped down and completely shut out the light for a time. The lightning flashes could be seen indistinctly, and then there came on the most utter darkness. Still the roar of the volcano was heard, and at short intervals tremendous peals of thunder. About 4 o'clock there was a pattering on the roof as if light cinders were falling, and soon afterwards a sulphurous smell was apparent. Upon opening my window I found the sill covered with fine sandy ooze. At 8 o'clock there was still the most intense darkness. . . . About half-past 9 o'clock there appeared a faint gleam of greenish light in the south-west. The wind changed again to that quarter. The fall of sand became less, then ceased, and the light increased. . . . Numbers of trees had been struck by lightning, and became blazing torches, amid quite a weird scene of utter desolation.

Old Sophia happened to be much nearer the centre of disturbance, and narrowly escaped the fate of those who were killed by the falling in of the houses or buried under the ashes and sand. One hamlet, containing forty natives, slipped bodily into the lake. When it became possible to examine the effect of the explosion it was found that the Tarawera range, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, had been rent from end to end, forming a series of craters varying from 300 to 800 feet in depth. The mountain was greatly changed in appearance, and had increased about 150 feet in height by the deposit of

stones and ashes. Many of the old landmarks had been entirely obliterated, and the beautiful white and pink terraces, which were among the most wonderful and most famous sights of New Zealand, had completely disappeared.

In the village near the geysers we see how the steam-holes are utilised by the natives. A wooden box with a perforated bottom is placed in the hole and covered with a piece of matting. Peeping under the matting, we find a little heap of potatoes which is being cooked by the steam. The food so cooked must have, I should think, a strong taste of sulphur; but perhaps the natives, accustomed from their childhood to inhale sulphurous fumes, have acquired a taste for fumigated viands. On the outskirts of the village, where the road crosses a hot-water stream, we see some little boys and girls, some of very tender age, dive off the bridge to retrieve coins in a pool some fifteen or twenty feet below. These merry little mites evidently learn to swim almost as soon as they learn to walk.

On our way back to the hotel we stop for an hour at the racecourse and see a magnificent display of war-dances and dances of a less martial kind, in which hundreds of well-drilled, half-naked warriors and scores of native women take part, and where old Major Fox marshals his Arawa tribesmen; but this is merely a sort of dress-rehearsal of a grand performance which forms the principal item of to-morrow's programme.

In the afternoon we made an excursion to the famous seething mud-caldrons of Tikitere. To Ohine-mutu, where we made the acquaintance of the Arawa tribe in the morning, we walk at a brisk pace, and embark there on a steam-launch. As we cross the beautiful lake the skipper points out to us the main points of interest. Away in the distance we can see the Tarawera ridge, which was shattered by the earthquakes and explosion of 1886. Before us in the bright

sunshine lies the island of Mokoia, famous in the legendary and more recent history of the Arawa tribe. Here lived in the olden time the celebrated Tutanekai, whose name is still a household word all over New Zealand. He was a foster-son of Whakane, the chief of the Mokoia Island, and one of the many suitors for the hand of the fair Hinemoa, who lived in a pa on the mainland opposite. Though he succeeded in winning her heart, he was not of sufficiently noble birth to be accepted by her relations as husband of a lady of such high degree ; so he retired to a little house on the shore of the island and sought to console himself in the midnight hours by playing plaintive airs on his flute. Hinemoa often heard the plaintive strains, and her heart was so touched that she determined secretly to go to him. One night, when her relations were asleep, she slipped out of the pa unobserved and stole down to the shore. Being unable to find a canoe, she made a swimming-belt of gourds and plunged boldly into the water. Guided by the sound of her lover's flute, she reached the island, weary and benumbed, and refreshed herself by bathing in a hot spring near the shore. As she sat in the darkness, coyly considering how she should make her presence known to Tutanekai, she perceived one of his slaves returning from the lake with a pitcher full of water, and she contrived to break the pitcher. The slave told his master what had befallen him, and Tutanekai went out in wrath to punish the impertinent intruder. Instead of a miscreant as he expected, he found, to his astonishment, sitting on the brink of the pool, his beloved Hinemoa. At once he led her to his house, and, of course, they lived happily ever afterwards. In proof of this last statement I may mention that now among the Arawa there are as many descendants of the happy pair as there are in England descendants of the Norman conquerors. Hinemoa's bath is still shown to tourists, and has recently been

transformed into a bath in the modern sense of the term. Tutanekai's flute, with other tribal treasures, was confided for preservation to Sir George Grey, when he was Governor, and may still be seen, I am assured, in Auckland.

There are some still better authenticated and less pleasant stories current about much more recent events, especially about the horrors committed during the invasion of the district by a famous northern chief called Hongi, some seventy years ago. Being a man of inquiring turn of mind, Hongi went to England in 1820, to see with his own eyes some of the wonderful things he had heard of from whalers and missionaries in the settlement on the Bay of Islands. In London he was presented to King George IV., and received from His Majesty some valuable presents. The useful knowledge which he picked up on his travels proved fatal to hundreds of his countrymen. On his way home he stopped at Sydney, and there learned that his people had been attacked by a neighbouring tribe, and his son-in-law killed. At once he determined to be revenged, sold the King's presents, and purchased with the money guns and powder for the extermination of his enemies. He was thus the first to introduce firearms into Maori native warfare, and he thereby gained an enormous advantage over his rivals. Among other places which he invaded was this district of Rotorua, the inhabitants of which were quickly decimated; and among his best-remembered exploits was a great massacre, followed by a cannibal feast on a long, low spit of land running out into the lake not far from Hinemoa's bath. The children of some of the victims are, it is said, still living. So near are we still to cannibal times in New Zealand!

On the mainland, opposite the long, low spit of sinister memory, is an old mission-station called Ngae. Here we go ashore and drive to Tikitere, which has

been named "the Gates of Hades." On the way we read the following description by an eloquent writer :—

In the heart of the valley are two boiling lakes. Dense clouds of sulphuretted hydrogen and steam half conceal them from view. A narrow neck of land divides the one gulf from the other like a bridge spanning the abyss. It is a bridge few care to linger long on, for it is enveloped in the hot, sickly vapours that rise on either side of it, and it often trembles to its foundations under the shock of Titanic forces. . . . On the other side—the northern side of the bridge—is a very treacherous area where the whole earth is sulphurous bog, and which even the most adventurous travellers will be wise to leave unexplored. Beyond lies the Inferno, a yawning black pit, in whose depths a great mud geyser is at times tossing and dashing its seething contents with a fury well worthy of its name.

This magniloquent description raises expectations which are not fully realised when we arrive on the spot. The enumeration of the details is accurate enough for practical purposes, but the artist seems to have chosen much too large a canvas, and to have seen everything through magnifying spectacles of very unusual power. Seen with the naked eye, the "valley" shrinks to the dimensions of a moderate-sized watercourse, the "lakes" become little pools, and the "gulfs," not to speak of the "abyss," must be cut down proportionately. With this qualification the description may be accepted, and I allow it to stand because I feel quite incapable of producing one myself in such fine language.

The whole of the return journey to Rotorua is made in carriages, a great part of it in the dark. The evening view of the lake is very beautiful, with the sun setting behind the sacred island of the Arawa, the home of Tutanekai and Hinemoa.

Saturday, 15th June.—Immediately after breakfast we all drive to the racecourse to see the great Maori

demonstration, of which we had a little foretaste yesterday. It is the greatest gathering of the kind that has ever taken place, and in all probability there will never be another like it ; for in rapidly changing Maoriland the old native customs are being abandoned, and the old warlike spirit is dying out for want of fuel. The Government has made a great effort to have a last magnificent display of a curious state of society which remains vividly impressed on the popular imagination, but which has already ceased to exist in reality. Representatives have come from nearly all the important tribes,—from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west. One big chief alone sits, Achilles-like, sulking in his tent. This is Mahuta, the representative of the extinct “King movement.” He is not supposed to harbour any seditious schemes, and even in his dreams he can hardly conceive the possibility of a Maori kingdom with a native monarch ; but as the descendant of old Te Whero Whero, whom an assembly of chiefs in 1856 proclaimed king under the title of Potatau I., he considers that he ought to have precedence over all the other chiefs, and that he should be received by the Duke in some special manner. Such pretensions are not admitted by the other chiefs, especially by the descendants of those who remained loyal to the British rule all through the time of the King movement. Nor can they be admitted by the New Zealand Government, which could not but regard the King movement, in so far as it had any vitality, as an obstacle to the reconciliation of the two races, and consequently prejudicial to the material and moral prosperity of the Colony. Ever since the movement ceased to be a danger to public tranquillity, it has been officially ignored, with that good-natured tolerance which characterises British administration all over the world, and which is so rarely understood and appreciated at

its proper value by other European nations. In accordance with this wise policy, Mahuta was allowed to do precisely as he pleased, and it may safely be predicted that his "mana"—the Maori equivalent for what we call prestige—will not be increased by his not taking part in the proceedings at Rotorua, which will remain a memorable event in the annals of Maoriland.

In these proceedings, it must be confessed, there is a good deal of what may be called artificial resuscitation of ancient history; for Maori warriors and Maori warfare are happily things of the past, and even the older members of the present generation—the men with tattooed faces—no longer feel comfortable in the semi-nude condition in which they appear to-day. The discomfort must be felt still more, of course, by the younger men, who have been brought up in an atmosphere of civilised life, and who know the war-path only by hearsay. Two or three of these young Maoris, who have laid aside their frock-coats and attired themselves for the occasion in the fighting costume of their ancestors, are highly educated English-speaking members of Parliament! But it is hardly fair to peep thus behind the scenes. What we saw yesterday on this very spot is sufficient to prove that these young gentlemen have still the old Maori blood in their veins, and that the spirit of their ancestors can be easily revived. The magnificent spectacle we are now about to witness will help us to realise what old Maori life and old Maori chivalry were in the days when tribal quarrels were the only serious interest in life, and fighting the only honourable occupation.

In order, however, to understand the proceedings, we must know a little about Maori dancing in theory and practice. From want of this elementary knowledge the rehearsal yesterday produced on me, I confess, a very confused impression; and in the interval I have endeavoured to remedy in some measure this

defect in what I may call my New Zealand education. My hastily acquired knowledge is certainly not very extensive, and possibly not quite accurate; but it is better than absolute ignorance, and useful so far as it goes.

The essential peculiarity of the Terpsichorean cultus in Maoriland—I use the word cultus advisedly, because I believe that formerly the dances had something of the character of religious rites—is that the dancers stand in ranks two or more deep, sometimes in as many as fifteen deep, in which case they may form a square; and that they all, remaining fixedly in their places, make violent movements of the body, arms, legs, head, eyes, and tongue with such wonderful regularity and precision that they look like a marvellously well-drilled troop of gymnasts, or a big complicated machine. Even in the moments of their wildest excitement they never for a moment forget the order of the movements, and no one ever gets a second ahead of his fellows. The gesticulation is accompanied by rhythmical sounds, which sometimes take the form of a continuous chant in which all join; but more frequently the chief intones alone, and is answered by the tribesmen, like the chorus in old Greek tragedies.

Of the various kinds of Hakas—the generic term for Maori dances—the most interesting is the Peru-peru or war-dance. The Peru-peru is not a sham fight, but merely a representation of the preliminaries of combat as practised in the old heroic times. In theory, and also in practice when the strict rules are observed, it is composed of three parts—the challenge, the advance, and the provocation. The performers should be divided into two parties facing each other at a distance of two or three hundred yards. A swift-footed challenger, belonging to one of the parties, walks towards the other, and as soon as he gets within spear-throwing distance he hurls his weapon at

the supposed enemy as an act of defiance, and runs back to his own people as fast as he can. The challenged party pursue him until they find themselves at a distance of ten or fifteen yards from their opponents. Then begins the third part, the provocation or war-dance proper. On both sides the warriors in their serried ranks crouch down; whilst the chiefs, and sometimes also the chieftainesses, walk about in front or on the flank, and inflame the warlike ardour of the tribesmen by appealing to their valour, by citing the wrongs to be avenged, and by pouring out the vials of their wrath on the enemy in fine Homeric style. As soon as the necessary amount of excitement has been produced, the chief gives them the order to rise, by a prolonged chanting noise ending with a sudden, sharp ejaculation which makes them all spring simultaneously to their feet. Another sharp ejaculation sets them all gesticulating in rhythm, jumping, shouting, and otherwise expressing their hatred of the enemy and their ardour for the fray. This lasts for about five minutes—human muscle and sinew could not stand it much longer,—and the *Peru-peru* is at an end.

After a short pause an ordinary *Haka* may be danced. In that case both parties lay aside their arms and unite in one compact body. At a signal from the chief the dance begins. It is very like the final part of the *Peru-peru*, but it is of a milder character; there is more gesticulation with the arms and hands, as no weapons are now carried, and there is more chanting, which is not infrequently in the minor key. On the other hand, a comic element may be introduced, and on these occasions it is evident that the Maoris have a keen sense of humour. There is no reason why women should not join in *Hakas* of this kind, but most of them prefer their own *Poi-dances*, which have none of the violent element, and are quiet, dignified, and graceful.

To-day the traditional rules and customary distinctions cannot be strictly observed, for the time is short, and each of the numerous tribes must have an opportunity of showing their Royal Highnesses at least a few of the results of many weeks of patient exercising. Mr. Carroll, therefore, in his onerous functions of Director-General of the *fête*, is compelled to make compromises, and to content himself with giving short selections from the original elaborate programme, the execution of which would have required almost as much time as an interminable Chinese drama. Even the characteristic items selected cannot be carried out according to the principles above described, but have to be modified according to the exigencies of the situation. Take, for example, the war-dances. If the performers had been divided into two parties facing each other according to rule, one of two undesirable consequences must have ensued, according as they were placed vertically or parallel to the grand stand. In the former case both would have been imperfectly seen from the flank; in the latter, one party would necessarily have turned their backs to the Duke and Duchess—an unpolite act of “aitua” (evil omen)—and have prevented their Royal Highnesses from seeing well the gesticulations of the opposite party. For these reasons the whole spectacle makes the impression of an interesting but fragmentary collection of curious ancient customs rather than a connected series of scenic representations.

About 6000 natives have assembled on the race-course, and nearly 2000 of them are in the old costumes, ready to take part in the dances. The first to come close up to the grand stand are the Ngapuhis from the country north of Auckland, over a hundred strong, stripped to the waist, wearing a kilt of rustling flax-straws with black and yellow horizontal stripes, and carrying in their right hand a long spear. In line with them are our friends the Arawas of Ohinemutu, in still

stronger force. The former open the proceedings. Laying down their spears to show that it is not a war-dance, they execute an ordinary Haka with much howling and yelling; while the chiefs, attired in mats and skins, run wildly up and down in front and between the ranks directing and inciting their men.

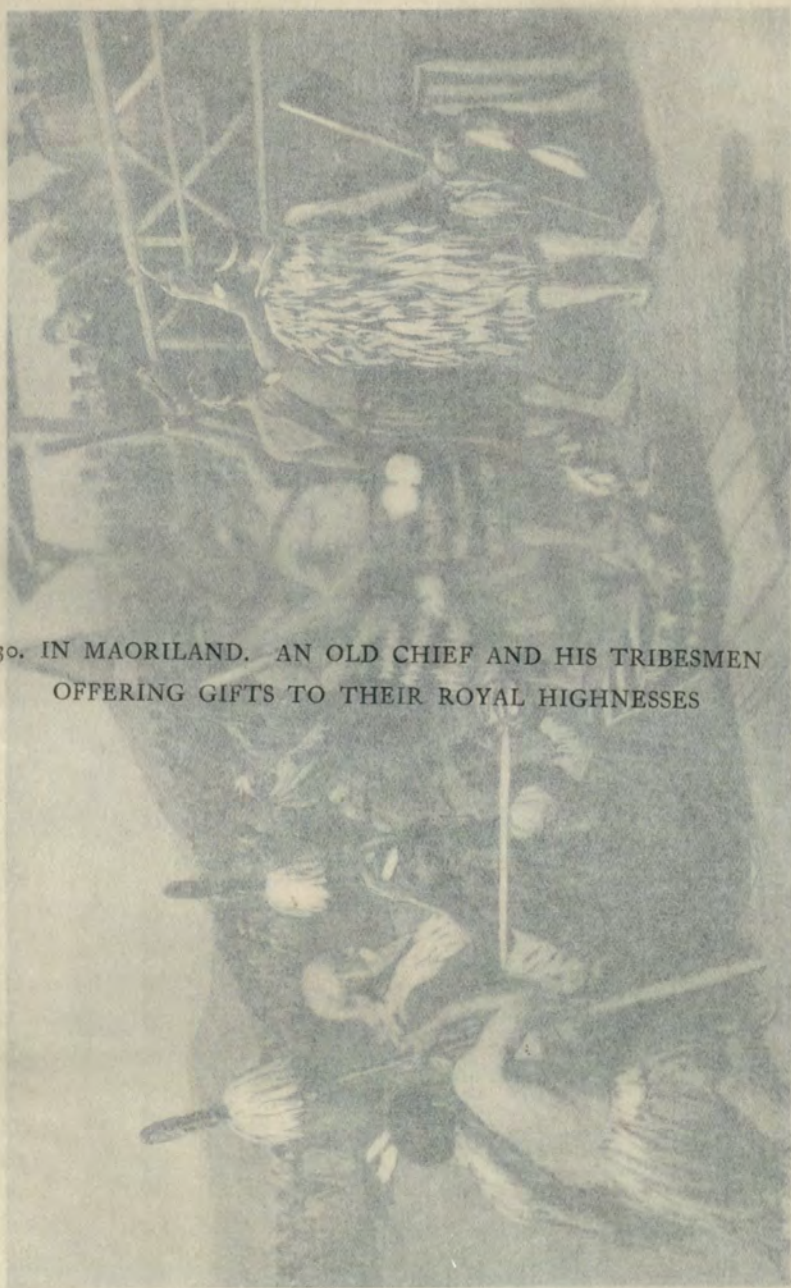
As soon as these Ngapuhis have paused to take breath, the Arawa, the local tribe whom we visited yesterday at Ohinemutu, rush forward. Their performance is very like that of their predecessors, and during the first part of it their old blind chief, Major Fox, sits quietly with his wife in front of them; but at the crisis of excitement among his men he suddenly gets up and, forgetting his old age and infirmities, brandishes his claymore till he sinks on the ground exhausted. This produces a momentary pause, of which the Ngapuhis take advantage. They at once begin a Haka of a more martial kind, and under the instigation of their two chiefs, and of a richly tattooed old chieftainess, they become more and more excited, indicating by their wild gestures that they are thirsting for the blood of their enemies. A pile of gifts—meres, robes, kiwi-mats, and other articles of native costume—are then brought up by the leading men and laid at the feet of the Duke and Duchess. Mrs. Carroll, a pure Maori, wife of the Minister for Native Affairs who is directing the proceedings,¹ puts over the Duke's shoulders a precious dog-skin mat, and robes the Duchess in a mantle of rare kiwi feathers, amidst the applause of the assembled warriors and of the still more numerous spectators.

Several other tribes perform Hakas similar to those of the Ngapuhis and Arawas, and then a new section of the programme begins. A big space is cleared, and we see in the background a great mass of warriors grouped in what a British officer would term line of

¹ *Vide supra*, pp. 237-38.

quarter-columns. One after another these quarter-columns rush forward, yelling and gesticulating like demons, till the chief, arrived near the Royal stand, suddenly turns round and stops them, by making a motion with his hand or planting his spear in the ground. Once halted, they begin to chant and gesticulate with the ordinary mechanical precision, and as soon as they have finished their Haka or Peru-peru they retire to their original position. The most remarkable performance of this kind is given by a tribe called the Ngatituwharetoa, a highland clan from the beautiful Lake Taupo district in the centre of the island. Their chief, Heu-heu by name, is the civilised and well-educated grandson of a famous chieftain of the old fighting days; but in spite of his University education he looks for the moment as warlike and savage as any of his ancestors, and possibly he feels some of the ancestral blood tingling in his veins. As he struts up and down in front of his men, a supposed enemy, spear in hand, advances from near the Royal stand, hurls a spear at them as a challenge, and runs back at full speed to seek shelter. Close at his heels, in serried ranks, and with thundering tread, come the brawny warriors, as if eager for the fray. At a signal from their leader they halt in front of the Royal visitors, and begin their war-dance with a vigour and precision that fully confirm their well-established reputation. No description can convey an adequate idea of their extraordinary performance. Carefully observing the rhythm of the chant, and keeping time accurately as if parts of a big machine, they brandish their weapons, jump, stamp, kneel down, spring to their feet again, roll their eyeballs, wag their tongues, make their bodies, arms, and legs tremble convulsively, leap simultaneously into the air, and then, with a long-drawn "Haa!" stand motionless, as if all simultaneously petrified in the same attitude.

30. IN MAORILAND. AN OLD CHIEF AND HIS TRIBESMEN
OFFERING GIFTS TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES





When these Lake Taupo highlanders retire, a loud burst of applause rises from all parts of the enormous crowd of spectators, and we are inclined to assume that they must carry off the honours of the day; but we have to reconsider this hasty judgment when we have seen the men from the east coast—Mrs. Carroll's tribe from Gisborne, and Mrs. Donnelly's from Hawke's Bay. The former, numbering about 250, wear a sort of uniform invented for the occasion—white singlets, like jerseys, mauve sashes, and black kilts—to show that they are in mourning for their beloved "Kuini Wikitoria." Round their heads is a black fillet, in which are stuck two white feathers tipped with black. The contingent from Mrs. Donnelly's tribe, somewhat less numerous, wear the traditional native-made costume, which displays to advantage the splendid muscular development of the wearers. If prizes had to be awarded, the judges might find it difficult to decide between the merits of these two tribes and Heu-heu's men from Lake Taupo. In any case it would be presumptuous and invidious on the part of an inexperienced pakeha¹ to make comparisons. The movements, gestures, and chants of each tribe are said to have a distinctive character easily recognised by the experienced eye; but I must confess that the war-dances of all the three tribes in question appeared to me to be very much alike, and it seems unnecessary for me to chronicle the details.

The war-dances, thoroughly savage in character, are interspersed with Hakas of a lighter kind. Even the wild warriors of the Ngaporou tribe can chant a gentle ode of welcome to the Duke and Duchess, and a plaintive lament to the memory of Queen Victoria. They show too, like the others, that they can pass

¹ Pakeha is the ordinary Maori word for a white man or foreigner. In the old times, when a European became, as sometimes happened, a member of one of the native tribes, he was called a pakeha Maori.

quickly from grave to gay, and that they are not insensible to the humorous and the grotesque. In one Haka, for instance, each man lifts his right foot backwards and the man behind him catches it. This comical bit of pantomime is intended to represent the capture of Boers trying to escape from the field of battle, and the chant which accompanies it is equally amusing :—

Oho!
 Russia is beaten and Germany confounded,
 And Tommy Boer is checkmated.
 Ah! Your tongue lolled out in the day of your defiance,
 But now your head is plunged into the mud.
 I struggle with Kruger!
 He is my karaka-berry boiled red and ready for eating,
 In the eighth month of the year.
 It is closed. A-u! A-u!
 It is open. A-u! A-u!
 Let the traitor flee
 To the farthest depths of Africa,
 And as he flees let him turn
 To gaze at me in terror.

Then the chief shouts, "Kruger said he would drive the British out of Africa," and the tribe reply, "Vain boasting! vain boasting!" or more literally, "Big mouth! big mouth!"

In most of the Hakas the women take a more or less prominent part. If it is a war-dance, one or two chieftainesses—the older ones being usually tattooed—walk about on the flank or in front, and excite the tribesmen by chants and gestures. In one of the war-dances to-day I noticed a number of women in the midst of the men; but I am told that this is quite irregular, and that they were placed there merely to fill up vacant spaces in the rear ranks.

It is in the poi-dances that the women appear to most advantage. Here they have the field all to themselves, and they prove to-day that they understand the poetry of graceful movements. In this respect the fair

maidens of Otaki, from the south-east of the Northern Island, specially distinguish themselves. They are twenty-eight in number, all very prettily dressed in semi-native costume, half of them in white and the other half in red. From beginning to end they go through the mazes of the various dances with a correctness that would delight the heart of a professor of calisthenics and deportment, swaying their bodies and arms to and fro most gracefully, and twirling their poi-balls¹ all the time with marvellous dexterity, and without the least apparent effort. Ostensibly they are led by three tiny mites with imperturbably serious faces, who have learned their lesson as perfectly as the older members of the party; in reality the proceedings are conducted by a tall, handsome girl, who moves about with a calm dignity, and at the same time an unconscious simplicity of manner, that awakens the admiration of all attentive observers. Generally she remains in the background, but once she comes forward for a few moments and in clear silvery tones, with the slightest tinge of a charming foreign accent, calls for three cheers for His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, and three for their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Both calls are responded to most heartily by her little flock, who forget in their enthusiasm their usually grave demeanour. Then they sing a plaintive farewell ode, defiling slowly before the Duchess and laying respectfully their poi-balls, which are never to be used again, at her feet. The youngest of them, all too small to place her offering with those of the others, is lifted up by old Captain Mair, Mr. Carroll's assistant-master of the ceremonies, and receives an affectionate greeting from

¹ The poi-balls are made of flax, of the size of a small orange, and attached to a string about eight inches long. The dancers carry one in each hand, and in all their graceful posturing and gesticulation they contrive, with great dexterity, to keep them constantly twirling round in a circle, slowly or quickly according to the cadence of the music.

Her Royal Highness, amidst the plaudits of the bystanders.

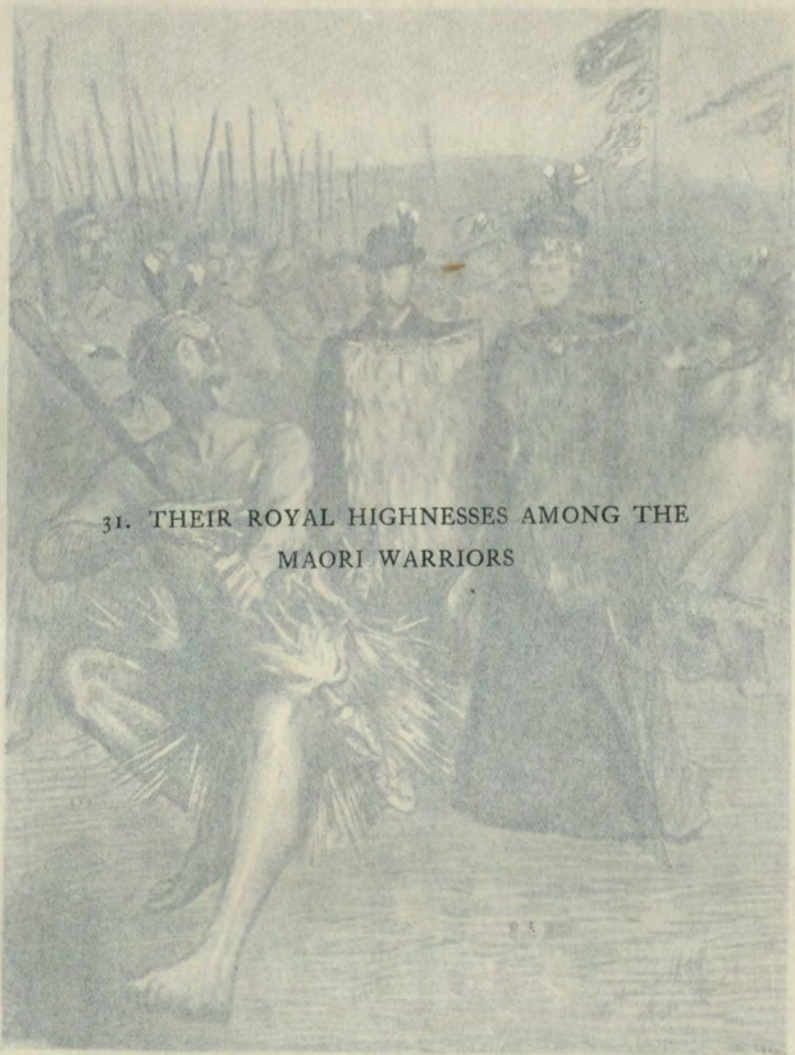
The pile of poi-balls is only one of many gifts offered in the course of the proceedings. The tribes vie with each other in offering generously their most precious heirlooms, so that at last the kiwi-mats, piu-piu, greenstone meres, and other mementoes of the olden time form a big heap in front of their Royal Highnesses. One of the most curious is a large model of the canoe in which the ancestors of the Arawa tribe first came to New Zealand, presented by Major Fox. The old warrior comes forward with tottering steps and makes a short speech to the Duke, which is translated, sentence by sentence, by Captain Mair :—

Welcome ! Welcome ! Welcome ! You have come hither from your illustrious father, bringing to us the love of Queen Victoria. You have come to New Zealand to see the Maori people. My grandson, I present you with the model of the canoe in which our forefathers came from the distant Hawaiki. Deign to accept it and place it as a remembrance in your ancestral halls.

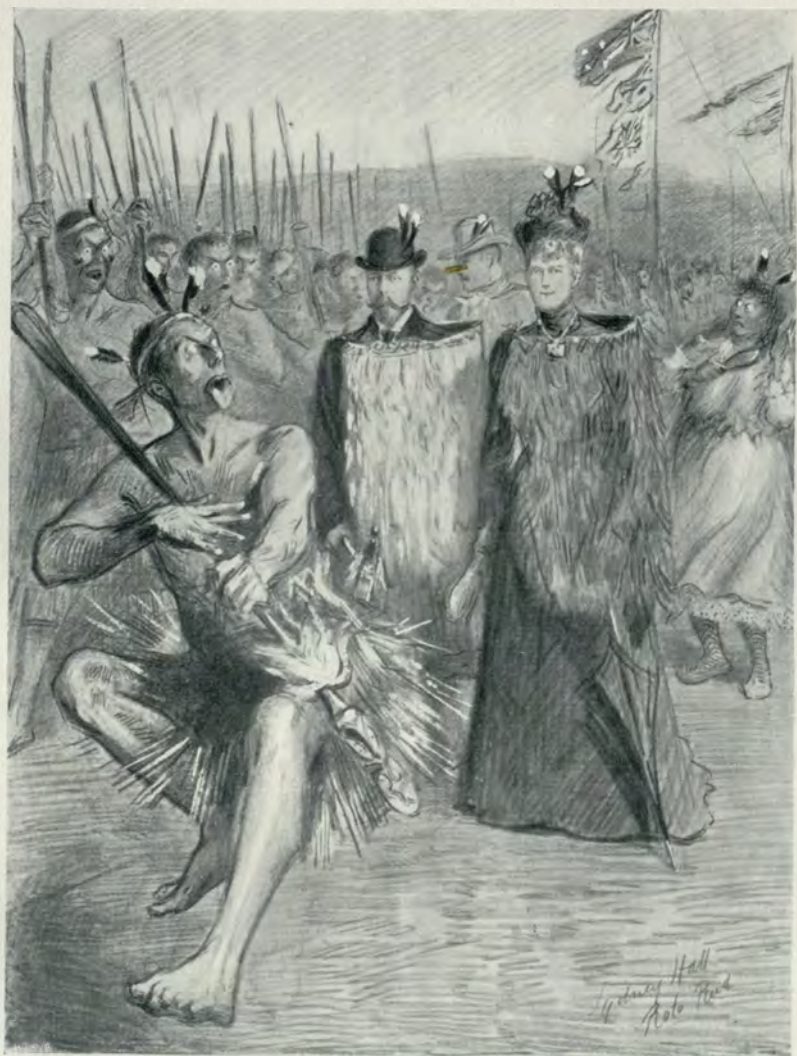
In return, the Duke presents commemoration medals to Major Fox and the other great chiefs, and makes a short farewell speech, which is translated by Mr. Carroll.

Half an hour later we are all assembled at the railway station, starting on the return journey to Auckland. A crowd of Maoris, taking a short cut, have arrived before us to get a last look at the Royal visitors, and as the train moves off we hear their ringing cheers, the last greetings of beautiful Maoriland.

On arrival at Auckland we go at once on board the *Ophir*. Early to-morrow we sail for Wellington, on the northern shore of the strait which separates the two main islands.



31. THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AMONG THE
MAORI WARRIORS



Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin

PART VIII

Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin

June 16 to July 2

Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin

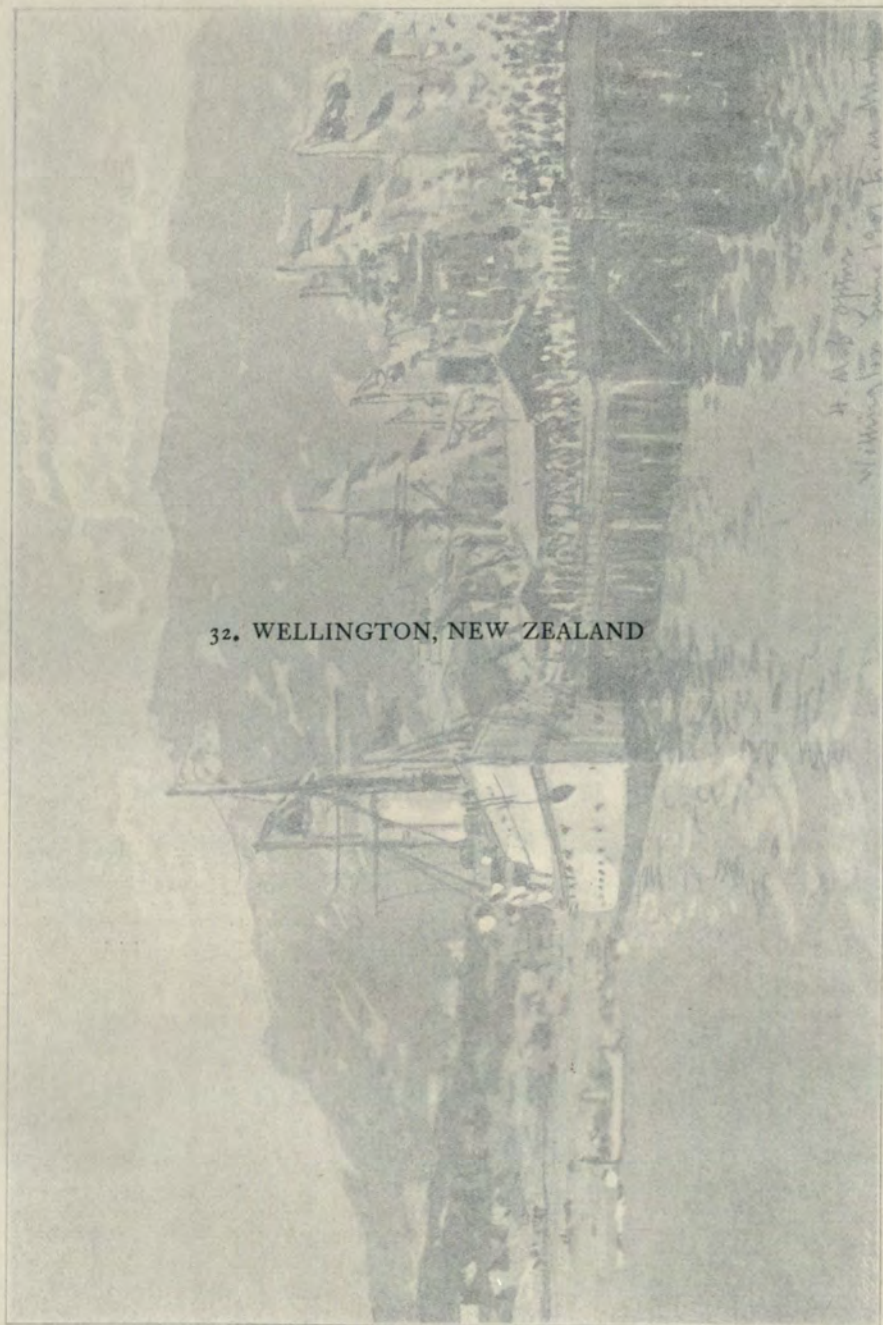
Sunday, 16th June.—Shortly after sunrise we sail for Wellington, a run of about thirty-six hours round the east coast. On our way out of the Hauraki Gulf we pass close to the Watchman, a solitary bare rock rising perpendicularly out of the sea ; and after giving a wide berth to Cuvier Island we turn to the south-east and steer straight for East Cape, the most easterly point of New Zealand. The early navigators, who named the places on the coast, evidently met with good and evil fortune, for the Cape has the Bay of Plenty on the one side and Poverty Bay on the other. Seeing after sunset the light on the promontory, we are reminded that we are now at the most easterly point of our cruise, between the 178th and 179th degrees of longitude. A few miles farther in that direction and we should have been exactly half round the world, calculating from Greenwich ; but as soon as we have rounded the Cape we alter our course and steer to the south-west. There is a long swell from the north-east, but on the whole the New Zealand seas, which are said to be very capricious and boisterous and to produce occasionally the biggest waves ever seen, appear to be better than their reputation ; certainly they are treating us very kindly.

Monday, 17th June.—The long swell which made the ship roll and plunge yesterday has subsided, and we sail all day on an even keel along a coast which

reminds us of Scotland, though the Southern Pacific is perhaps of a brighter blue than the Atlantic of northern latitudes. At breakfast-time we are off Cape Turnagain, so called because Captain Cook put about here on one of his adventurous voyages. During the afternoon the hills become higher, bolder in form, and barer; till we reach Cape Palliser, which guards the entrance to Cook Strait, the passage which cuts New Zealand in two. In a well-sheltered, picturesque bay on the northern coast of this passage stands Wellington, which is now the capital of the colony, and proudly styles itself the Empire City. When we cast anchor it is already dark, so that we can see only the lights of the town and the outline of the surrounding hills. The Governor and his staff dine on board. By sailing down the west coast and taking a special train from New Plymouth they got to Wellington before us.

Tuesday, 18th June.—When seen by daylight Wellington turns out to be very prettily situated; but the founders evidently did not foresee that their modest settlement might one day grow into a great city, for the level space along the shore is of modest dimensions, and already the streets are climbing up the steep amphitheatre of hills which form the background of the picture. This is an advantage from the picturesque, and possibly the sanitary, point of view; but it is a little inconvenient for the requirements of everyday life. Such inconveniences, however, will scarcely affect us, for we shall have little or no occasion to climb up to the higher regions.

At 11 o'clock their Royal Highnesses land with the usual formalities, and are saluted on the wharf by the troopers who have returned from South Africa, and by some 300 veterans whose medals show that they have served in many previous wars. At the wharf gates are long stands crammed with spectators, and in



32. WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

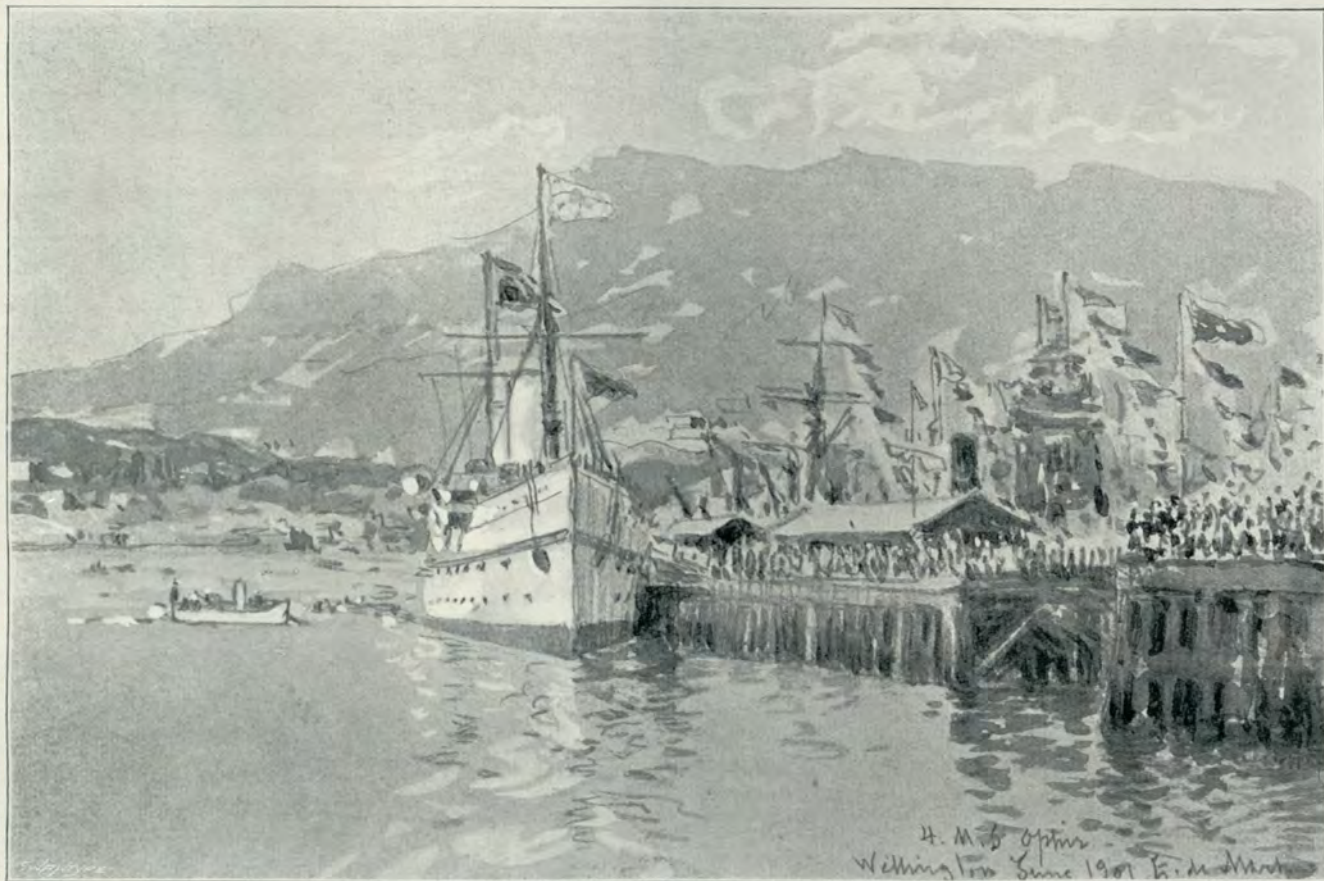
St. Mark's Office
Wellington from Same Port E. in March

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H. M. S. Opium
Wellington June 1901 E. de M.

front of them is drawn up the local naval brigade. The Mayor, Mr. Aitken, in his robes of black silk and ermine, accompanied by the City Council, steps forward to the Royal carriage and presents an illuminated address of welcome from the citizens, and the Royal party drive off in procession through the principal streets to Government House, followed by a large body of Mounted Rifles and a battery of artillery. The main thoroughfares are prettily festooned and spanned at intervals by triumphal arches. One of these, composed of great rolls of red, white, and blue woollen blankets, bears the appropriate inscription: "See the warmth of our welcome." On another, in which are inserted big slabs of coal, are written in large letters the words: "The coal that saved the *Calliope*"—a reference to the fact that some years ago, when Samoa was visited by a hurricane, H.M.S. *Calliope* was saved by boldly steaming out to sea, while the other ships in the harbour were dashed to pieces. The Consular arch displays the national arms of all the leading commercial countries of the world, including the United States and Japan, and offers "the united and cordial greetings of the foreign Consuls" to their Royal Highnesses. We notice also a Dairy arch with feudal towers; a Government arch in castellated, Tudor style; a Chinese arch, rich with the most grotesque designs of Celestial imagination; two arches representing New Zealand of the olden time, ornamented with tree-ferns and other characteristic indigenous plants, and surrounded by Maori warriors gesticulating violently, and Maori women chanting sweet songs of welcome. All along the route the cheering is most enthusiastic. It is sometimes said that the Wellingtonians do not know how to cheer, but they have energetically refuted that accusation to-day.

On arriving at Government House the Duke inspects some of the older veterans, examines their

medals and clasps, and talks with them about the campaigns in which they took part. Then a number of honours are conferred on men who have rendered signal service to the colony. The Governor, Lord Ranfurly, is made a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George; the Hon. J. G. Ward a Knight Commander; and the Hon. W. C. Walker and Colonel Gudgeon, British Resident for the Cook Islands, which have just been placed under the Government of New Zealand, Companions of the same Order. The Hon. John M'Kenzie, ex-Minister of Lands, who is mainly responsible for the hitherto successful land policy of the Government, but who is too ill to attend the ceremony, will be gazetted a K.C.M.G.; and the Hon. A. J. Cadman, a distinguished member of the administration, at present in England, will be made a C.M.G.

Whilst the Duke and Duchess are lunching quietly in Government House, the Government entertains copiously in the large drill-hall the soldiers who have returned from South Africa, and the old veterans of former wars. At this entertainment the Premier, Mr. Seddon, makes a series of stirring patriotic speeches about the dear Motherland so warmly cherished by her loyal, affectionate children in the southern seas, and all the toasts he proposes on this theme are drunk with intense enthusiasm. The veterans cheer "the youngsters returned from the wars," and the young soldiers cheer the veterans in return.

Immediately after luncheon a goodly array of the Friendly Societies—Sons of Temperance, Druids, Odd-fellows, Hibernians, Rechabites, and Foresters—march past their Royal Highnesses, some of them in quaint costumes, and all cheering loudly. The next function on the programme is the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new Town Hall. In the course of the proceedings the Duke makes a speech, in which

he mentions as a curious coincidence that "the difficult task of arranging our long voyage should have resulted in bringing us to your capital, Wellington, on the 86th anniversary of the battle of Waterloo." The occasion naturally suggests to him the signs of good local government and prosperity which he has noticed in Auckland and Wellington; and he expresses the conviction that the importance of securing the best possible municipal administration will always be kept in view by the statesmen and people of New Zealand. The ceremony is enlivened by a large choir of pretty school-children, who sing "Arise, Zelandia" and other patriotic odes, and wave their little Union Jacks in time to the music.

In the evening there is a State dinner at Government House, and immediately afterwards a reception at which between 400 and 500 of the leading inhabitants are presented, and shake hands with their Royal Highnesses. At the same time the town is so brilliantly illuminated that the general effect is described by the local press as "a vision of Fairyland."

Wednesday, 19th June.—It is interesting to notice in the local newspapers the impression produced by yesterday's proceedings. The Duke's personal qualities are warmly appreciated, and the greatest admiration is expressed for "the charmingly youthful yet stately personality of the Duchess"; but the popular enthusiasm, we are told, has a deeper significance. Their Royal Highnesses come as Imperial Envoys, representing the Government, the free institutions, and the civilising genius of the greatest Empire in the world. People who have been living and working, joying and sorrowing, far from the centre of the Empire and almost beyond the influence of the Throne, have suddenly had their latent sympathies with our monarchical institutions, their latent pride in the past history of

our race, and their buoyant trust in its future commingled and intensified by a series of events which have awakened time-honoured associations, and given them a living force for future use. Wellington's welcome to the King's son and daughter-in-law has brought the sturdy democracy into touch with the Royal House, which represents the triumph of constitutional monarchy over personal despotism on the one hand and anarchic republicanism on the other. The gathering of veterans symbolised the glory of the past; the assembly of returned troopers from South Africa the loyal chivalry of the present. Together they remind us that the Crown and the freedom of the Empire rest ultimately on the strong arm of Britain's sons, who are, as they have always been, ready to lay down their lives for their King and their liberties whenever occasion arises. At the same time the civic functions remind us of the victories our colonists have won over the wild forces of nature. Towns, fit for civilised and liberty-loving men, are being built upon sites wrested from the bush, the swamp, and even the sea, with wealth gained by subduing the wilderness to the uses of the farmer and the pastoralist. Sixty years ago there was deep water on the spot where yesterday the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall was laid. Who can foresee what the appearance of the Empire City will be sixty years hence?

So much for the past and the present; but what does the popular enthusiasm mean for the future? To this important question a clear answer is given. The Royal visit has attuned and harmonised all the motives and aspirations which have made the British a dominant people among the nations; and yesterday's demonstrations must be regarded as a proof, not merely of loyalty, but also of a desire for the unity and permanency of the Empire. The lines on which the greater unity may be attained are clearly laid down in the past. The

secret of Great Britain's pre-eminent success in colonisation is to be found in the practice of that toleration whereby peoples widely diverse in race, creeds, and morals find free exercise for their physical and intellectual energies. The strength of the Empire lies not so much in vast territories, numerous population, and enormous wealth, as in that happy breadth of liberty and toleration, that diversity in unity, which is the peculiar characteristic of British methods of administration. If Imperial union or federation meant to the widely scattered colonies one system of religion, the same internal laws, a similar social life and economy, it would be an idle dream. But as the true aim of Imperialism is to inaugurate a wider, a wiser, and a fuller humanity, and to create a governing body in which the different parts of the Empire will be adequately represented according to their importance and population, then it becomes not only a possible but a desirable consummation, and it is to be hoped that the effect of the Royal visit will be to forward the movement for closer union among the British peoples.

Some of the writers who thus interpret for us the inner meaning of the popular demonstrations are conscious of the fact that there is an apparent anomaly in this outburst of enthusiasm for a Throne and a Dynasty among a people "which has carried democracy farther than has ever been dreamed of in the old country"; but they have no difficulty in proving that the anomaly is more apparent than real. The youthful democracy, untrammelled by the long-drawn traditions of the past, is suddenly brought to a vivid realisation of the historical associations which centre round a throne; and because that throne is now the symbol of ordered liberty, no less than national unity, it feels stirring within it the inherited sentiment of loyalty, which for the Briton suggests no servility and leads to no loss of self-respect. Our monarchs grew liberal as their people grew liberal,

and owing to this fortunate evolution we have learned to combine the stability of a monarchy with the practical self-government of a republic. None of our Sovereigns, it is added, made a greater advance in this direction than our late lamented and deeply venerated Queen Victoria; her son and successor is following worthily in her footsteps; and her memory is her grandson's greatest claim to our regard.

Only one item in the proceedings causes the loyal democrats a certain searching of heart. Is it altogether right and proper that leading members of a democracy should accept titles and decorations at the hands of Royalty? The answer to this question displays the practical common-sense which characterises our New Zealand fellow-subjects. These distinctions, it is explained, may be regarded as deserved rewards for past services, and in that case nothing is to be said in detraction of the "blessedness" of those who give and those who receive. To those people—and it seems there are a few in the colony—who look upon such things as inconsistent with the spirit and interests of democracy, it may seem a sad sign of decadence that henceforth three of the Ministers are to wear decorations; but these people should remember that the objections to titles in democratic communities has no rational foundation, and that in republican America as in republican France official titles are held in high esteem. If severely republican institutions cannot crush out the love of titles and decorations, it seems useless to inveigh against them under a monarchical system of government. In this dilemma one writer discovers the possibility of a compromise. As "bebaublement," he says, has usually been followed by the decline of a politician's influence and usefulness, it might be well to confine it in future to "the extinct volcanoes." Meanwhile the Premier, whose volcanic activity shows no symptoms of becoming extinct, may be congratulated on remaining

plain Mr. Richard John Seddon, "the trusted councillor of his Sovereign, and at the same time the man of the people of New Zealand."

The functions begin early to-day. First comes a deputation of ladies who offer to the Duchess, as a souvenir of New Zealand, a beautiful model of a Maori house. Then the Duke, in presence of the Ministers and a great crowd assembled in front of the Parliament Buildings, presents war medals to those who have returned from the South African campaign. Trooper Morgan is presented to the Duchess, and thanked by her for a service rendered to one of her brothers in the field. Among the recipients of medals are also Nurses Monson and Worthington, whose heroism is evidently appreciated by the spectators as much as that of the combatants.

Wellington has by no means an unblemished fine-weather reputation. People from other parts of the colony often say that a Wellingtonian can be recognised anywhere, because whenever he reaches the corner of a street he instinctively clutches his hat to prevent its being blown off; and the violent gusts of wind are frequently accompanied by equally violent showers. We have had a very good specimen of this kind of weather to-day, and at a very inconvenient moment. Precisely at the hour announced for a reception at Government House the lowering, dark-purple clouds, which had been covering the sky all morning, suddenly send down a hurricane of wind and rain such as is rarely met with in temperate climes. The supply of carriages and cabs in the Empire City is not at all adequate to the requirements of such an exceptional occasion; yet nearly 700 people, including a goodly percentage of ladies, contrive somehow to get to the reception-hall and shake hands with their Royal Highnesses, while the big raindrops are pattering fiercely against the window-panes. A dozen deputations likewise defy

the elements, and offer loyal addresses from bodies of the most widely different character—the University, the Law Society, the Roman Catholic Archdiocese, the Presbyterian Church, Temperance Societies, Harbour Board, Municipal Association, provincial boroughs, pioneer settlers, Highlanders, Cornishmen, and Chinese! In reply the Duke expresses his gratitude for the cordial reception, and then refers to the part taken by New Zealanders in the South African war: “His Majesty and the whole nation will never forget how the flower of New Zealand’s manhood, abandoning their peaceful avocations of a civilian life, promptly and with eagerness hastened to arms in support of the Motherland, and gallantly fought and died in the Empire’s service.” A special compliment is paid to the eighty-two survivors of the first pioneers, of whom “it is not too much to say that to the pluck and perseverance of them and their fellow-workers may be attributed to a large extent the present flourishing condition of the colony.” The mention of the pioneers naturally recalls the memory of their gallant enemies, who are now among the King’s most loyal subjects, and for them too the Duke has a few kindly words: “During the past week the Duchess and I have had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Maori people, by whom we were received with an enthusiasm and kindness which have greatly touched us. I rejoice to think of this splendid race living in peace and contentment, and in a steadily improving condition, under British rule.” It may be remarked parenthetically that this is an achievement of which the New Zealanders are justly proud. They not only conquered but gradually reconciled and civilised the older inhabitants of the soil.

Another numerously attended reception, enlivened by excellent music, is held in the Parliament Buildings in the evening.

Thursday, 20th June.—In the morning their Royal Highnesses go by special train to Petone, a flourishing place about seven miles from Wellington, and inspect there the Wellington Woollen Company's mills, the Gear Meat Company's works, and the Railway workshops. After lunch they visit the Museum—which contains some very remarkable Maori wood-carving, greenstone implements, and other objects of interest—and various benevolent institutions. In the evening the Government gives a banquet to distinguished visitors who have come from the provinces and from other colonies, and the Premier makes a number of speeches in which he inculcates love to the dear Motherland, and warns British Colonies against the dangers of the ever-increasing competition of foreign nations.

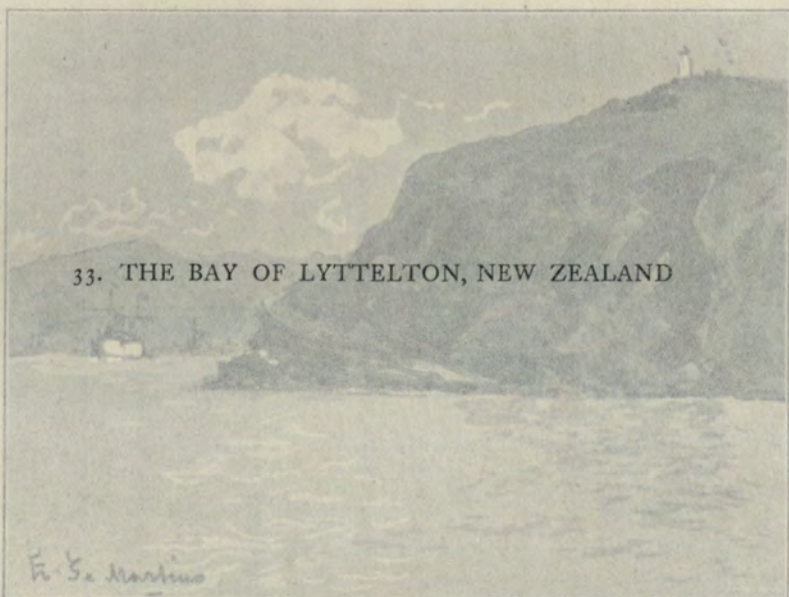
On this subject a competent commercial authority informs us that in many branches of trade the British manufacturers are being undersold by their foreign rivals. American boots and Belgian enamel-ware are specially mentioned. Freights from America, it seems, are much lower than from England. Still, the United Kingdom is far ahead of any foreign country. In 1900 the total imports into the Colony were estimated at over ten and a-half millions sterling, of which the United Kingdom supplied over six and a-half millions, America a little over one million, and Germany only about £182,000. For the previous year (1899) the total export of New Zealand produce was estimated at £11,800,000—an average of £15:14:8 per head of population, of which about eight millions fell under the heading of animals and pastoral produce. Among these, frozen meat has risen in ten years (1889-99) from the modest figure of £783,000 to over two millions, and dairy products from £214,000 to £713,000.

Friday, 21st June.—Another wet day. In the

morning the Duke lays the foundation-stone of new Railway Buildings, and makes a short speech. In the afternoon we go on board the *Ophir* in an informal way and sail for Lyttelton, the port of Christchurch on the east coast of the Middle Island. Great bonfires have been lighted on prominent points along the coast, and we see several of them before turning in for the night.

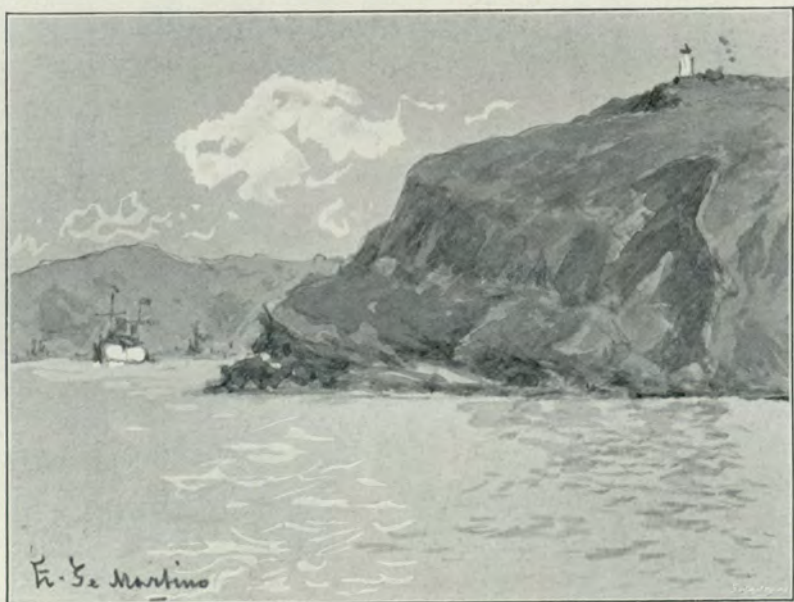
Saturday, 22nd June.—At 8 o'clock in the morning we are passing between the two high bluffs that guard the entrance to the Bay of Lyttelton. On both sides of the long narrow bay rise steep rocky hills, with a few little plantations of trees dotted about near the shore. Slowly and cautiously we advance towards an inner harbour enclosed by a breakwater. From the outside it seems very small, but when we get nearer we find that it is much bigger than it looks, for it already contains several large steamers, and there is still wharf-space for the *Ophir*. The little town of Lyttelton is picturesquely situated on the shore and on the slope of the hill. Its importance lies in its being the port of Christchurch, and of the province of Canterbury, of which Christchurch is the capital.

Not far off, but hidden by a range of hills, is another, and in some respects perhaps a better, natural harbour—the famous Bay of Akaroa—which was the scene of a very important event in New Zealand history. In 1840 a French emigrant-ship, escorted by a frigate, cast anchor in the bay with the intention of hoisting the French flag and founding a French colony; but the commander of the frigate found to his surprise that he had been forestalled, for the British flag was already flying on the shore. He had committed, it seems, the imprudence of putting in at Auckland on the way, and of letting his intentions



33. THE BAY OF LYTTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND

F. S. Martin



be known. Governor Hobson, who could not claim to have exercised jurisdiction in the Middle Island, but who was determined to maintain the Queen's sovereignty proclaimed a few weeks previously, at once sent a small craft to the spot, and anticipated his rival by a few hours. The priority of occupation was respected by the French captain, but the emigrants landed and prospered under British rule. Some of their descendants are still to be found there, clinging tenaciously to their national characteristics; but the majority of them emigrated to the Marquesas after the annexation of these islands by France. The New Zealanders believe that but for the alacrity of Governor Hobson the Middle Island would be now a French possession, and the incident is often quoted as an instance of the narrow escapes we have had in building up our widely scattered empire. A similar story of more recent date is current at Aden about the British occupation of Perim in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. Unfortunately, our Colonial authorities have not always shown the vigilance and energy of the Governor of Auckland in 1840. The *revers de la médaille* is to be found in the history of Delagoa Bay and elsewhere.

At 11 o'clock we land on the gaily decorated pier, and start by special train for Christchurch, which is only eight miles off, but separated from its port by a high range of hills, so that we have to pass through a long tunnel. The city is built on the edge of the great Canterbury Plains, one of the finest stretches of pastoral and agricultural land in New Zealand. Founded half a century ago under the auspices of an Anglican association, whose members expressed the hope that the settlement would "produce ultimately the most important and beneficial consequences upon the Church, the Colonies, and the Empire," it progressed rapidly, because the settlers could begin operations at once without the labour of clearing forests and

the danger of attack from warlike tribes. The land was almost ready for the plough, and there were no Maoris in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants speak with pride of their city and district as the most English place in the colony. "If you had only come to us," they say, "a little earlier in the season, you would have felt yourselves quite at home among the rich foliage of our English trees and the old-fashioned flowers of our English gardens, and you would have been charmed by the witchery of the spring-time in our English woods and lanes, or in the willow-shaded walks on the banks of the Avon, which meanders through the outskirts of the town." As it is, we are delighted with the cordial English welcome, and the thoroughly English spirit which animates the inhabitants. They maintain that the above-quoted anticipations of the early settlers—the Canterbury Pilgrims, as they are commonly called—have been realised. By the mouthpiece of their leading daily organ they say : "We have our English churches, our schools and colleges on the English model, the English form of constitutional government, with its accompanying love of freedom and the love and reverence for the Throne which comes to every Englishman as part of his inheritance in the glorious traditions of his race. When the late Queen died, each family in Canterbury mourned as if the Angel of Death had crossed the threshold of its own home. When it was felt that the action of the Government in sending two contingents to South Africa should be supplemented by private enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, it was Canterbury that led the way, and took the chief share in the movement which resulted in the third contingent of 264 mounted men being raised, equipped, horsed, and landed in South Africa entirely by public subscription, without one penny of expense either to the Colonial or to the Imperial Government."

With the recollection of the picturesquely situated towns of Auckland and Wellington still fresh in our memory, the first impression of Canterbury is a little disappointing. It is built on a dead-level plain, and the grandiose plan of the founders is in many parts only sketched in roughly, so that the broad, straight streets have a semi-rural appearance. The houses are of one or at most two stories, and except in the central quarter they have a little garden or plot of land attached. At the point from which the principal streets radiate stands the Cathedral, a very beautiful but not quite finished building designed by Gilbert Scott. For many miles around in all directions the high, graceful spire is a conspicuous landmark, recalling the Anglican origin of the settlement. There is still something ecclesiastical in the atmosphere of the place, and it is often called the Cathedral City or the City of Churches; but the places of worship now belong to various denominations—Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Methodists United and Primitive, Bible Christians, and Jews all living peacefully together.

To decorate a town of this kind, thinly scattered over a large area, is no easy task; and despite the laudable efforts of the inhabitants, who have festooned the streets and constructed a number of triumphal arches, the difficulty has not been completely overcome. Any thinness of the decorations, however, is compensated for by the loyal enthusiasm displayed by the crowds of spectators as their Royal Highnesses drive through the principal thoroughfares to the private house of the hospitable Mayor, Mr. Rhodes, which has been placed at their disposal. At the railway station is presented the municipal address, in which the citizens say that they recognise in this visit the great regard shown by His Most Gracious Majesty towards all parts of his Empire, and they feel sure that it will be the means

of strengthening the bond of union and affection attaching them to the Mother Country, to which it is their pride and boast to belong. In the Provincial Council Chamber two more addresses are presented, one from the Orangemen and the other from the Old Age Pensioners. To all three the Duke makes one general reply. After thanking the Mayor and Council for the hearty welcome, he expresses his interest in the welfare of the Old Age Pensioners, and tells them that the working of the system, by which provision is made for their declining years, is being closely watched in the Mother Country.¹ It affords the Duchess and himself great pleasure to see for themselves something of the remarkable progress made by the city and district since the Canterbury Pilgrims landed on these shores some fifty years ago—a progress which speaks volumes for the courage and perseverance of the pioneers who wrested the province from the wilderness, and also for the intelligence and resource of those who followed them. “You have here,” he adds, “established a new England, bound to the old by the cords of love and affection; and the deeds of your sons have proved that they have nobly learned the lessons of loyalty taught them by their fathers and mothers. We shall always cherish grateful memories of the warm-hearted kindness and hearty generosity we have everywhere met with in New Zealand.”

To the memory of these early pioneers, and of the sons who learned so well the lessons of loyalty, a monument is to be erected, and the Duke lays the foundation in Victoria Square. Here a march-past of the Friendly Societies, as in Auckland and Wellington, concludes the list of functions for the day.

In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses witness a private display of “wire-jumping,” which proves that

¹ The Act came into force on 1st November 1898. It is too soon, therefore, to speak confidently of results.

long experience enables the New Zealand horses to clear high wire-fences with tolerable safety, even in fading light, when the wires are invisible to the untrained eye. In the evening the Royal party attend a reception and concert given by the Mayor in a large hall, tastefully decorated for the occasion.

Sunday, 23rd June.—A bright, cold English morning, with hoar-frost on the ground. No functions to-day. The Royal party attend morning service in the Cathedral, and visit in the afternoon the Museum, which contains some very fine skeletons of the extinct Moa bird, probably the best collection of the kind in the world. Not less interesting for those who study early Maori history is a model of a double canoe used by the Fijians, which suggests a solution of a much-debated problem. There is no longer any doubt that the Maoris, whose language is closely allied to that spoken by the natives of Samoa, Tonga, and other islands of the Southern Pacific,¹ came from those islands; but it is difficult to explain how they crossed such an expanse of sea in their frail canoes, which were not well suited for rough weather, and quite unable to carry, in addition to their crew, a large quantity of provisions for the voyage. Is it not possible that they may have used something like the model in question? A craft composed of two large canoes joined together by a broad platform should be able to weather a very heavy sea, and might contain a considerable amount of storage room. It must be admitted, however, that the Maori traditions make no mention of such craft; and that the model which the Arawa presented to their Royal Highnesses, representing the canoe which brought their

¹ Those who wish to verify this statement should consult Mr. Edward Tregear's *Maori-Polynesian Comparative Dictionary*, Wellington, New Zealand, 1891. To Mr. Tregear, who resides in Wellington, I am indebted for much curious information regarding the language, traditions, and ancient customs of the Maoris.

ancestors to the island, was of the ordinary simple type. In these circumstances we had better leave the point to be settled by the archæologists, and avoid the danger of ruffling the susceptibilities of our Maori friends by calling in question the accuracy of their revered traditions.

Close to the Museum are the Botanical Gardens and a charming public park. Decidedly, Christchurch improves on closer acquaintance, and it certainly contains many pleasant people. The so-called pilgrims, one or two of whom are among the guests at dinner to-night, have much that is interesting to relate about the early days of the settlement. Their reminiscences contain none of those romantic incidents of Maori warfare which enliven the tales of the early settlers in the Auckland and Wellington provinces, because this district never had any considerable native population; but the pioneers and their successors had difficulties of their own to contend with, quite sufficient to make the annals of Canterbury an interesting chapter of New Zealand history; and it is to be hoped that the literary spirit which pervades the moral atmosphere of Christchurch may seek occupation in this direction. With regard to that spirit, I can say from personal experience that it is very pleasantly embodied in the local Savage Club, which follows the best traditions of the parent institution in the old country.

Closely allied to the literary is the political spirit of the place, and it especially attracts my attention, because it seems to have a certain conservative tinge not often met with in the Colony. In Auckland and Wellington, I was given to understand that the ultra-democratic measures introduced during the last decade had all proved most successful, and that, so far from any disposition to go back on what had been done, there was a fixed determination to proceed much farther in the same course—the predominant tendency being in

the direction of constructive State Socialism. The democratic New Zealander has no sympathy with violently destructive tendencies, or with violent measures of any kind, for he is a quiet, respectable, order-loving Briton; but he is a believer in the efficacy of State agency as compared with the free play of untrammelled private initiative, and he would like to see the great productive forces of the Colony—for example, agriculture, the woollen industry, and the frozen-meat trade—controlled in such a way as to diminish the expense of production, transport, and distribution, and to remove what he considers the baneful effects of unrestricted competition. How ideas of this kind come to be so common in a colony which owes its prosperity to that individual energy and personal spirit of enterprise which characterise Britons all over the world, I cannot pretend to explain. In my efforts to solve the riddle, my Conservative friends can render me no assistance. What they can do, and do willingly, is to give me their opinion of the practical value of the democratic measures already passed. They admit frankly that the measures have produced less evil than they expected. Female suffrage, introduced in 1893, has not perceptibly changed the general course of legislation. At last General Election (1899), over 95 per cent of the female population were registered as electors, and of these 75 per cent actually voted. The land policy, which aims at breaking up large pastoral estates into small agricultural holdings, has hitherto been carried out with due consideration for the rights of property, for the purchases have nearly always been made with the consent of the proprietors, and compensation has been given for disturbance.¹ In like manner the semi-judicial organisation for settling

¹ Up to 31st March 1900, the area purchased was 324,168 acres, of which 267,991 were leased to 1630 selectors. *N. Z. Off. Year Book*, 1900, p. 375.

disputes between employers and workmen is admitted to have had a fair measure of success. My Conservative friends add, however, that these experiments have been made during a period of economic prosperity, and that consequently the results do not supply a sure guarantee for the future. Will the small holders who are now thriving continue to thrive when the lean years come? Will the workmen whose wages are increased, though not so much as they desire, by the conciliation courts, consent to accept a reduction when there is a falling instead of a rising market? Such are the questionings of the Conservatives, who are at present in opposition and have no immediate prospect of returning to power. Time alone can decide how far their forebodings are well founded.

Monday, 24th June.—The event of the day is a review of troops collected from all parts of the Middle Island. Hitherto, especially at Gibraltar, Melbourne, and Auckland, the weather has not been very favourable for displays of this kind; but to-day it is perfect. On the way to Hagley Park on the outskirts of the town, where the review is to be held, their Royal Highnesses visit a school-children's demonstration, where the boys and girls sing patriotic songs, wave a kind of pampas-grass and little Union Jacks, and show without restraint their delight at getting a glimpse of the Royal visitors, whom they have never seen before and may never see again. The review is a pretty sight, and resembles in all respects those we have seen elsewhere. There are nearly 10,000 men on the ground, including a goodly proportion of well set-up cadets, and the spectators are numerous and enthusiastic. After the march-past, war medals are presented by the Duke to the men who have returned from South Africa. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses are allowed to rest.

Tuesday, 25th June.—Farewell to Christchurch and start for Dunedin, the capital of the province of Otago, 130 miles to the south-west. The first part of the journey lies over the wide expanse of the fertile Canterbury Plains. As the morning mist rises, we get a splendid view of the magnificent Southern Alps, covered almost to their base with snow that glitters in the sunshine. In the distance, high above his fellows towers the hoary Mount Cook to an altitude of over 12,000 feet. As the range runs almost parallel with the railway, it remains with us a great part of the day. On the other side of the line we get occasional glimpses of the blue Southern Pacific, stretching away to the eastern horizon. At first it seems perfectly calm, for no “white horses” are visible; but when we run along closer to the shore we see the great smooth swell striking the jagged rocks and flying high into the air, or rolling in as concave, white-crested breakers on the sandy beach. At one point we see the dilapidated hull of an ocean-going steamer stuck fast in the sand, almost within a stone-throw of the railway. At the principal stations, which are all prettily decorated, the train stops, and the Duke and Duchess bow their acknowledgments to the cheering crowd. At Oamaru a crowd of nicely dressed children, ranged in front of the station, sing the National Anthem, and wave their little Union Jacks to the rhythm of the music; and at a small station a little farther on there is a halt of a few minutes to allow the Duke to present the insignia of the K.C.M.G. to Sir John M'Kenzie, the ex-Minister, who was too ill to come to Wellington for the formal investiture. Even between the stations at many points the people collect to see the train pass, greeting the Royal travellers with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, or bowing respectfully with uncovered heads. One group particularly attracts my attention, and I can see it distinctly, as the train happens to be moving

slowly at the time. A venerable patriarch with flowing beard, leaning on a gnarled walking-stick, stands about twenty yards off, flanked on both sides by male and female representatives of two or three younger generations; and as the Royal carriage passes the whole family group make silently a profound obeisance. This seems somehow more impressive than the noisy demonstration.

The last part of the journey lies along the rocky shore of a deep inlet of the sea, and the railway winds in and out, in serpentine fashion, at a considerable height above the level of the water. At one of the projecting angles, when it is already quite dark, we see ahead a mass of lights which we suppose to be the illuminations of Dunedin, but as we approach nearer the lights turn out to be huge bonfires on the bare hillside near the line. Behind the bonfires we plunge into a dark cutting, and then suddenly, in the most unexpected way, we see below us the town of Port Chalmers all ablaze with coloured lights, and hundreds of rockets going up from half a dozen quarters at the same moment. It is only a momentary effect, for in a few seconds we are again rushing along in the dark with the stars reflected in the calm waters of the gulf; but as a surprise, carefully prepared and cleverly carried out, it is extremely effective. Half an hour later we arrive at Dunedin, where the usual formal reception takes place at the station. There is no hotel or club in the town large enough to accommodate such a numerous party, so, in addition to the club, two or three of the finest private houses are placed at our disposal by the hospitable owners, and everything possible is done for our comfort. Among the hospitable peoples of the world the New Zealanders stand out pre-eminent, and nowhere is the virtue practised with more cordiality than in Dunedin.

Wednesday, 26th June.—The New Edinburgh of the

Southern Sea, as Dunedin is called, has much that recalls its old prototype of northern latitudes. It is built on steep hills; many of its streets have names familiar to Edinburgians; a large proportion of the inhabitants speak with an unmistakable Scots accent, and are imbued with a strong feeling of the natural fraternity of all Scotsmen. But the analogy must not be pushed too far. The hills on which Dunedin is built are higher and steeper, and at the foot of them lies the harbour, the head of the long inlet on which Port Chalmers is also situated. The tops of the highest inhabited ridges are about 700 feet above the level of the water, and the tramways leading up to them are said to be the steepest in the world. Though a large section of the inhabitants are still intensely Scottish, the population as a whole is no longer so homogeneous as it was in the early days when "the Old Identities," staunch members of the Free Kirk, had it all their own way in the settlement, and when the Rev. Dr. Burns, a nephew of the immortal Scottish bard—the statues of uncle and nephew face each other in the principal square of the town,—was the moving spirit of the community. The Episcopalians gradually invaded this antarctic Nova Scotia, and had the audacity to demand that the finest site in the whole place should be ceded to them for the erection of a cathedral! For a moment it seemed as if "the Old Identities" might be overwhelmed by "the New Iniquity," but the spirit of John Knox was still strong in the original settlers, and they held their own against the invaders. Soon a stronger wave rolled in and broke down their exclusiveness. In 1861 gold was discovered in the vicinity, and the gold-diggers came with a rush. During the course of a few months no less than 20,000 of them came from Victoria alone, and the annual revenue rose with a bound from £97,000 to £470,000. From that blow Scottish predominance and exclusiveness of the old type

have never recovered. The Anglicans have now several large churches, and the Roman Catholics have a fine cathedral occupying a very prominent position in the progressive city which aspired in its youth to be a stronghold of exclusive Presbyterianism. Perhaps it is none the less prosperous and happy for having failed to realise its youthful ambition.

Many people have come from long distances to see their Royal Highnesses, and some under considerable difficulties. The most remarkable case is that of two brothers, aged respectively eleven and nine, who tramped all the way from Invercargil on the south coast, a distance of 130 miles. Without any preparation they started off one morning under pretence of going to school, and followed the line of railway, which they knew led to Dunedin. The first night they slept under the lee of a haystack, the next in a ditch, and the third in a railway truck at Dunedin goods-station. All the way they had been living on turnips, and when these could no longer be got the pangs of hunger made them give themselves up to the police. The authorities treated them kindly, supplying them with food and sending them to the hospital to have their lacerated feet dressed. What was much more important for them, they were provided with seats from which they could get a good view of the Duke and Duchess; and there was probably no one half so happy to-day in that great festive crowd as these two young scapegraces who had caused their parents many anxious hours by their mysterious disappearance from home.

As we have only one full day in Dunedin, every hour of it is well filled up. First there is the usual procession through the principal streets, gaily decorated with flags and streamers, and spanned at several places by triumphal arches. In their scheme of decorations the worthy burghers, under the guidance of their respected Mayor, Mr. Denniston, have wisely confined

their efforts to the central quarter, and the result is very successful. The chief function is held at the Octagon, in the centre of the town. Here seven addresses are presented, all breathing the same spirit of attachment and devotion to the throne and person of His Majesty, as well as "that spirit of loyalty, of unity, and of solemn determination to share the common burdens, which has now declared itself with such irresistible force throughout the free nations which form the British Empire." The Duke in his reply refers to the peculiar history of the settlement :—

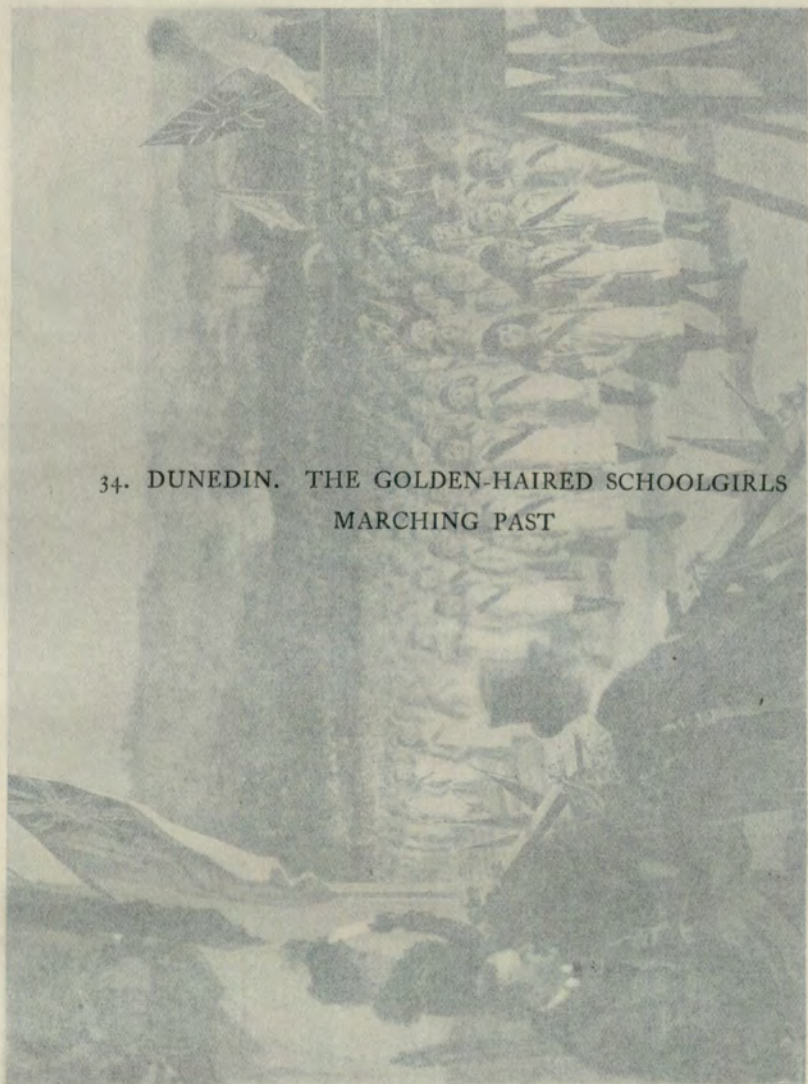
We have eagerly looked forward (he says) to visiting this favoured district of New Zealand, knowing that we should find here a community of pure Scottish origin, who, some half a century ago, left their native shores for this distant land. True to the national inborn capacity for colonisation, they came in whole families, under the guidance of trusted leaders and of their revered minister. They transplanted to their new home in the Southern Seas their national institutions, and their characteristic zeal and readiness to make every sacrifice for education. But they did more. They infused into their new life that courage, perseverance, and tenacity of purpose which, together with the spirit of enterprise, are the inherent characteristics of their race. What must then have been but a mere hamlet, but in which they saw, with a prophetic eye, its present greatness, they honoured with the Celtic name of that fairest of cities, the proud and historic capital which is the pride of all Scotsmen. Is it to be wondered that, coming with such interests and traditions, they laid here the foundation of what is now one of the most progressive communities of this prosperous colony? But though your province is farthest distant from the centre of the Empire, it has proved that the hearts of the people beat no less strongly for the Mother Country. The Fourth Contingent is, I find, renowned in this colony, manned as it was by your sons, and equipped by the generosity of the people of the province; while Dunedin has sent also, from its brave, self-sacrificing daughters, nurses to tend and care for the sick and wounded in South Africa. Most heartily do I reciprocate the hope that our visit may enhance the spirit of

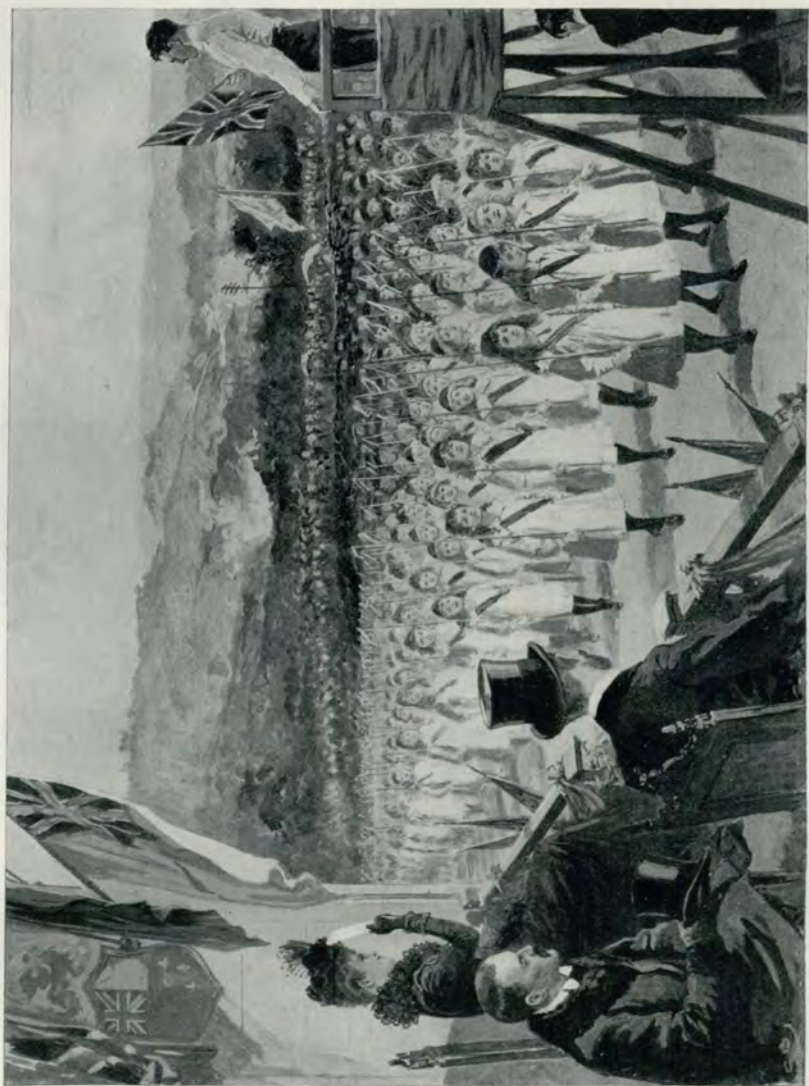
good-will which should bind in one great and solid union of hearts the scattered portions of the Empire.

Immediately after this function a lunch is given by the Government, as at Wellington and Auckland, to the men who have returned from the South African campaign, and to the veterans who fought in previous wars. Towards the end of the repast the Premier makes some stirring patriotic speeches, which are received as usual with the greatest enthusiasm. Next comes a school-children's demonstration, at which some 3000 smartly dressed boys and girls, after singing the National Anthem and various patriotic odes, go through their physical drill with great vigour and regularity. It is a pretty sight—especially the groups of active little girls in white frocks and red or blue sashes, with the bright sunshine lighting up their yellow locks. Thence their Royal Highnesses drive to an agricultural show, which gives them a general idea of the great natural resources of the province, and the enormous progress made since means have been found for putting some of the products on the London market; also to a horticultural exhibition, where there is a fine display of flowers and fruit. After dinner the Hon. Henry J. Miller, who has been for many years Speaker of the Legislative Council of New Zealand, is knighted by the Duke in the drawing-room; and a reception is held in the Agricultural Hall, at which their Royal Highnesses shake hands with nearly 1000 persons.

Thursday, 27th June.—A lovely morning. Immediately after breakfast the Duke lays the foundation-stone of a monument to Queen Victoria, and at 11 o'clock we start by special train on our return journey to the port of Lyttelton. This is in a sense the beginning of our homeward journey; but we are to go home by a very zigzag route, for we have to visit on the way not only Tasmania, South Australia, and

34. DUNEDIN. THE GOLDEN-HAIRED SCHOOLGIRLS
MARCHING PAST







Western Australia, but also Mauritius, South Africa, and Canada, and we shall renew acquaintance with the Pacific at the other side of the world, on the western shores of the Dominion.

On our way back to Lyttelton we get a good view of some fine coast scenery which the darkness prevented us from seeing on the southward journey; also of the Southern Alps at sunset, covered with a purple haze, behind sporadic groups of hills in the middle distance which have all the appearance of extinct volcanoes. At 8 o'clock we arrive at Lyttelton pier, and take leave of the Governor and Lady Ranfurly, the Premier, and other kind and agreeable friends who have accompanied us on the New Zealand part of the tour. The hospitality and kindness we have received will long remain deeply impressed in our memories. There is a peculiar charm about the country and the people, which is felt by every one who has visited this "Britain of the Southern Seas." To the energetic Premier, Mr. Seddon, who is an embodiment of the intense loyalty and Imperial patriotism of his fellow-countrymen, and who knows how to combine, in an extremely democratic community, a vigorous rule with great personal popularity, we are specially grateful. He has accompanied us everywhere, from the moment of our landing in Auckland to the present time; and the perfect success of the New Zealand portion of the tour is doubtless due, in great measure, to his remarkable powers of organisation and constant personal supervision. He has been ably assisted by Sir Joseph Ward, a member of the Cabinet, and Captain Dudley Alexander, the Governor's Private Secretary, to whom we are also much indebted. Outside the official world several gentlemen have worked hard to secure that perfection of detail which has characterised the tour throughout; and among these I may mention specially the name of Mr. John Holmes.

After much cordial hand-shaking we start on board a little steamer for the *Ophir*, which is anchored at some distance off. The ground-swell makes trans-shipment difficult, but the operation is at last effected without serious damage to either vessel, and as soon as the baggage is got on board we weigh anchor. On the shore we see a gigantic bonfire, said to be 40 feet high, which has been lighted by the Mayor as a farewell greeting. At the mouth of the harbour we pass a fine precipice surmounted by a lighthouse; then we coast along northwards toward Cook Strait, which we left exactly a week ago. Our destination is Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, situated near the south-east corner of the island, which is the smallest member of the Australian Confederation. We might have saved space and probably time by going round the south of New Zealand, but by choosing this northerly route through Cook Strait we are more likely to get mild weather. The run from Lyttelton to Hobart by this route is 1450 miles.

Friday, 28th June.—All morning we coast along the rocky shore with the magnificent Kaikoura range rising against the clear blue sky behind. Two grand snow-capped peaks tower high above the others. After passing Cape Campbell we alter our course a little to the westward and sail up Cook Strait. The weather and the scene are lovely. The sea is of an exquisite greenish tint, save where the shadow of some passing cloud turns it into a deep blue, by some mysterious process which I cannot pretend to explain. On our left we have the mountainous shore of the Middle Island, fringed with islets and bathed in delicate purple-blue light. On our right is the equally mountainous shore of the North Island in the deep shadow of a threatening rain-cloud. The mountains seem bare and inhospitable, till a mischievous ray of

sunshine, finding its way through the dark-grey cloud, lights up suddenly one of the nearer ridges and shows it to be covered with beautiful green pasturage. Then the great cloud lifts slowly, and both shores are bathed in noonday sunshine, every detail becoming well marked in the marvellously clear atmosphere. With such beautiful surroundings, and a gentle following breeze which gives the perfect temperature for *dolce far niente*, even those of us who, thanks to New Zealand hospitality, have a good deal of leeway to make up in our daily occupations, are tempted to take a half-holiday and enjoy a little rest after the fatigues of the last seventeen days. In the course of the afternoon we lose sight of the North Island, and shortly before sunset we pass Cape Farewell—an appropriate name, for here we get our last look of New Zealand with all its pleasant associations, and steer a west-south-west course for Hobart, 1230 miles away.

New Zealand has certainly left a delightful impression on us all. That impression is well described in a letter written by the Duke to the Governor, Lord Ranfurly :—

On the eve of our departure I am anxious to tell the people of New Zealand how happy we have been in their beautiful land, with what regrets we leave it, and what lasting feelings of gratitude we carry away for the loyal enthusiasm, cordiality, and kind-heartedness so universally accorded to us throughout our stay.

I would ask you to convey to the Government our warmest thanks for all their thoughtful and admirably carried out plans for the accommodation, comfort, and entertainment of ourselves and our Staff. Private individuals and members of clubs most generously placed their houses at our disposal ; and we know that similar hospitality awaited us at those places which unfortunately, from want of time, it was not possible to visit.

The railway arrangements have been invariably excellent, and everything possible was done to ensure the safety and comfort of our journeys, though I fear this must have entailed

much extra work upon the officials and employees, as well as inconvenience to the travelling public.

Every attention was shown by the Post and Telegraph departments, and their work was promptly and efficiently carried out.

The police service throughout the Colony was most satisfactory, and performed with conspicuous tact and judgment.

The reviews at Auckland and Christchurch, at which all branches of the New Zealand forces were represented, enabled me to form some idea of the Colony's splendid fighting material; and this brought home to me more than ever the enormous accession of strength which the Empire can count upon if need should arise. The zeal and cheerfulness with which the volunteers came together, in many instances travelling long distances both by land and sea, was worthy of the highest praise. I was proud beyond measure to witness the enthusiastic reception which was everywhere accorded to the contingents which have returned from South Africa; and I was particularly interested in the cadet corps, some of which showed marked steadiness in parade and when lining the streets, whilst the appearance and march-past of the corps at Christchurch were especially creditable. This movement, I venture to think, is deserving of every encouragement, particularly as regards the provision of properly trained instructors. Apart from its physical benefits, it infuses into the rising generation a spirit of discipline and *esprit de corps*, which must tend to make better citizens as well as good soldiers.

I was especially glad to meet, face to face, the Maori people, to have witnessed their vast and interesting gathering at Rotorua, and to have had personal friendly intercourse with their leading chiefs and representatives. It was gratifying to hear their assurances of loyalty to the King, their expressions of sorrow for their dearly loved Queen, and to experience their enthusiasm and warmth of heart towards ourselves. I am glad to think that this ancient and chivalrous race is living in peace and prosperity, and sharing with their pakeha brothers the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship.

To your Premier, who has accompanied us on all occasions, I would ask you to convey our warmest thanks for his courtesy, kind attention, and untiring energy, which have in no small degree contributed to making our stay in New Zealand so

enjoyable. My best thanks are due also to your staff for the cheerful and assiduous manner in which they have coped with the vast increase of work thrown upon them in consequence of our visit.

Though unfortunately our stay has, from force of circumstances, been a short one, I earnestly trust that the experience and knowledge of the country which I have gained, and my personal intercourse with its people, may in some measure tend to sustain and enhance the existing feeling of sympathy and interest between the Mother Country and New Zealand, and thus draw still closer those ties of affection and brotherhood by which we are so happily united.

Heartily wishing the steady growth and prosperity of the country may ever continue,—I am, etc. etc.

In a Christchurch paper I find accidentally an interesting article on “Loyalty in New Zealand verse.” The writer admits that New Zealand has, as yet, produced no poet of a high order, but she has always had artistic versifiers, whose song, though but as “the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds,” gave often a tuneful form to the sentiment of the time. He then speaks of a curious old custom which deserves to be recorded:—

Loyalty in New Zealand verse has the characteristic of being a loyalty very consciously Antipodean. A Christchurch rhymester in *The Queen's Birthday Wishes* has preserved a child-fancy on that head from the early days, when on the 24th of May it was a practice of young colonials to make search

Till they came at length where the clayey land
A glorious crack displayed ;
Then half in triumph and half dismay,
At the thought of her robe and crown,
“O Queen ! many happy returns of the day,”
Was solemnly whispered down.

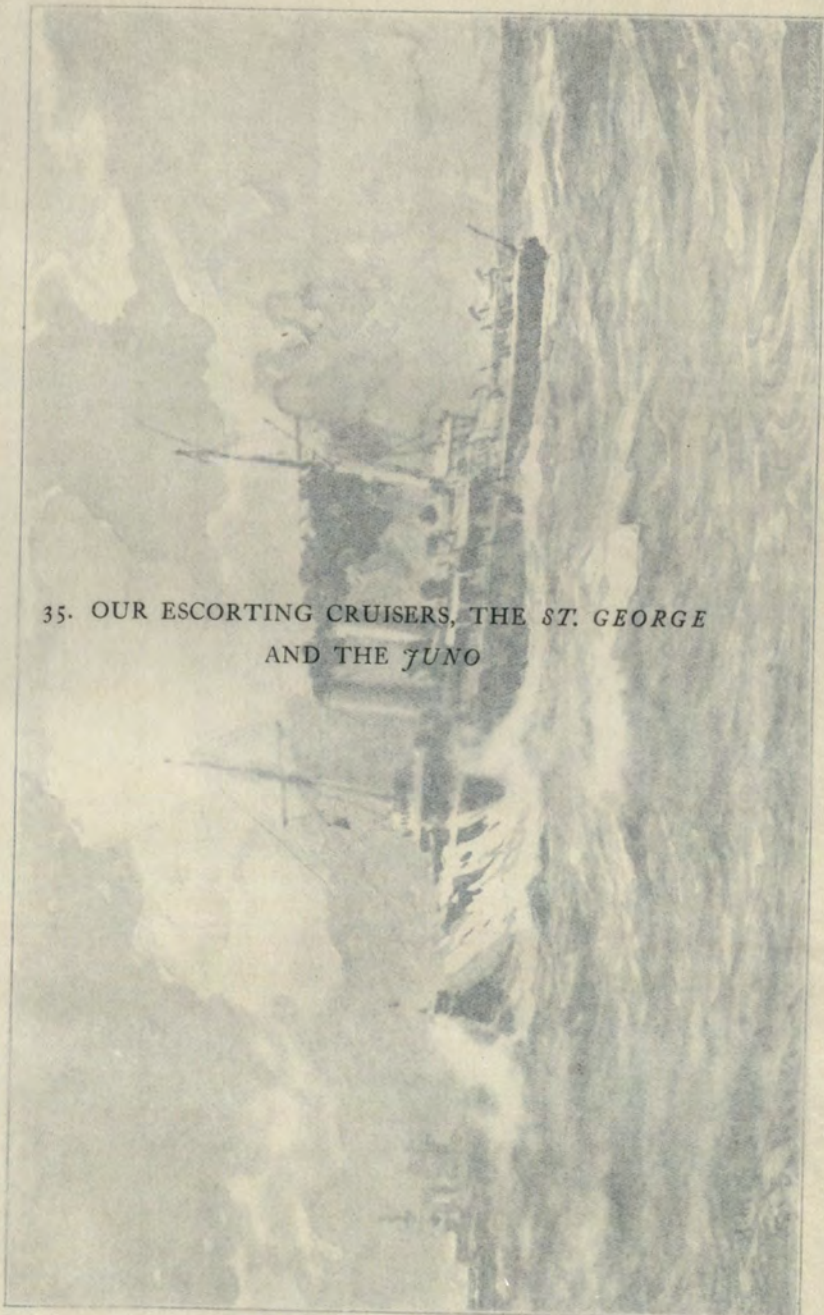
Saturday, 29th June.—In place of yesterday's bright genial sunshine we have a grey, cold day, with a swell that makes the *Ophir* roll much more than is agreeable. Nothing sighted all day except a number of large sea-birds, who follow in our wake very persistently,

and often come so close that even the short-sighted among them could easily recognise any friends they might happen to have on deck.

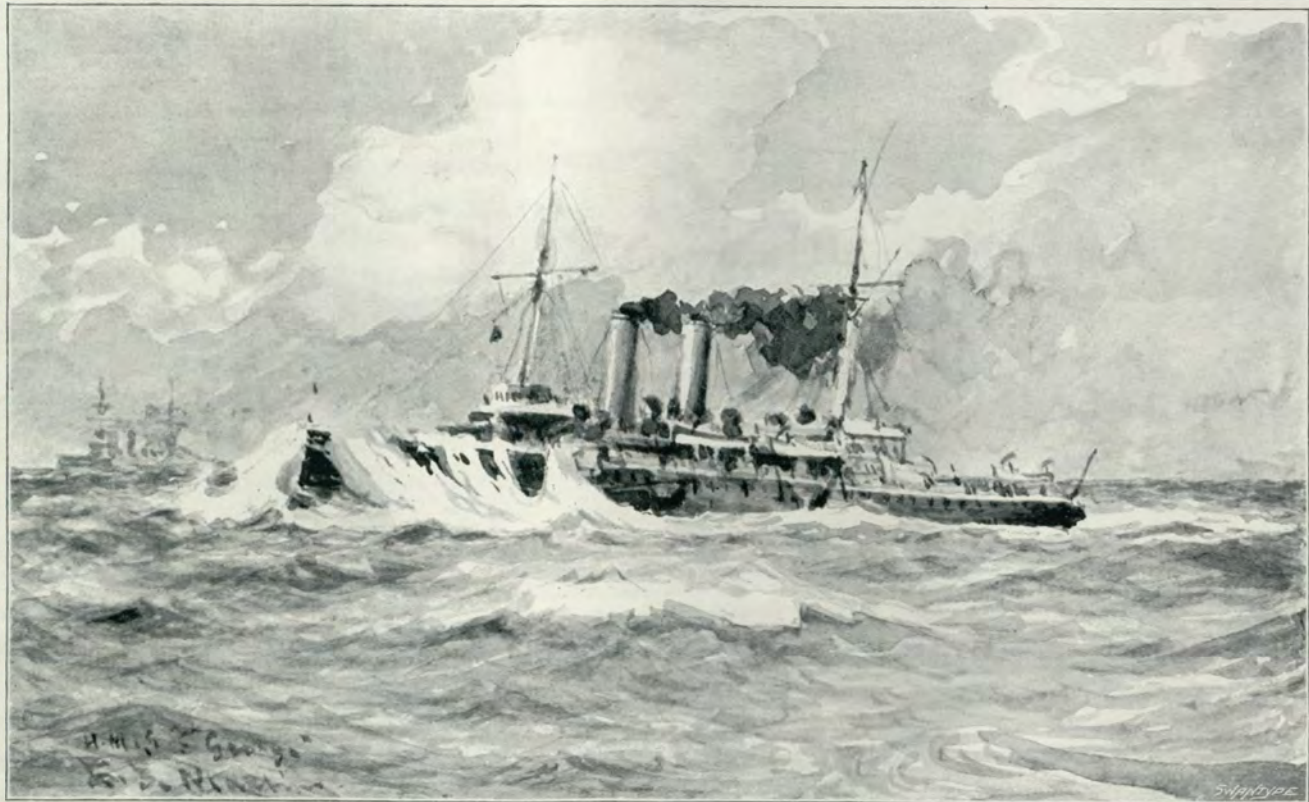
Sunday, 30th June.—Heavy sea running. A great swell from the north-west, met by a pretty strong wind from the southward, makes our good ship roll and pitch more than we have ever experienced from the beginning of the voyage. After breakfast a hungry green sea leaps aboard on the port-quarter, bursts open a door on the main deck, knocks down two men standing close by, pours down the companion, and floods my office. Our escorting cruisers roll and pitch even more than the *Ophir*. Often their hulls entirely disappear, so that for a few seconds we see only their topmasts and the upper part of their funnels. In our escort of sea-birds, who still follow us closely, is a big albatross which competent authorities declare must measure 9 feet “from tip to tip.” Towards evening the speed is lessened to $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and the pitching is thereby perceptibly diminished.

Monday, 1st July.—The gale, half a gale, or whatever else it is to be called, continues all day, and towards midnight the ship, in addition to pitching and rolling in the ordinary orthodox fashion, begins to twist and wriggle in an extraordinary way. The local navigator explains that we are nearing land, and that the peculiar movement to which we object is caused by conflicting currents.

Since leaving Lyttelton I have been spending a good deal of my time in deciphering laboriously, with the aid of dictionaries and grammars, some letters in very high-flown Maori, which the Duke received at the moment of starting. They are full of passionately loyal sentiments, and as they contain no requests, and even no delicate hints about favours that might be

An aerial photograph showing two large naval cruisers, the St. George and the Juno, sailing on the ocean. The ships are viewed from above, showing their complex superstructures, masts, and funnels. The water around the ships is dark, contrasting with the lighter, choppy surface of the surrounding sea. The image is framed by a thin black border.

35. OUR ESCORTING CRUISERS, THE *ST. GEORGE*
AND THE *JUNO*



gracefully conferred, it may be presumed that the loyalty is disinterested. Certainly the Maoris are a most sympathetic people.

Tuesday, 2nd July.—Early in the morning the Tasmanian coast is sighted on the starboard bow. At breakfast-time we pass a bold promontory with a pillar-shaped rock on the top, and shortly afterwards a high wall of precipitous rocks of the same formation, commonly known as the Organ Pipes, which reminds us of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway. Passing through the Bay of Storms, which is in an exceptionally amiable mood, we enter the broad estuary of the river Derwent, on the west bank of which lies Hobart, nestling under the snow-capped Mount Wellington, 4000 feet high. When we have passed the Iron Pot, as the principal lighthouse of the locality is disrespectfully called, and are nearing the city, we find ourselves in a large land-locked harbour capable of containing any number of fleets. Admiral Beaumont on board his flagship, the *Royal Arthur*, accompanied by the *Wallaroo*, has preceded us from New Zealand, and is awaiting the arrival of their Royal Highnesses; but, in accordance with a signal from the Duke, he refrains from firing a salute, because officially we do not arrive till to-morrow. The *Ophir* anchors a little ahead of the *Royal Arthur*, and some of the suite go ashore quietly and do a little shopping, while the Duke and Duchess land incognito, on the other side of the harbour, for a little stroll. When we stop only a short time at any place, shopping is extremely difficult or impossible, because during the Royal visit the shopkeepers consider themselves entitled to a holiday. Lord and Lady Hopetoun, who have come from Melbourne to meet their Royal Highnesses, together with the Admiral and some of his officers, dine on board the *Ophir*—unofficially, of course.

PART IX
Tasmania, South Australia,
and Western Australia

July 3 to August 3

Tasmania, South Australia, and Western Australia

Hobart, Wednesday, 3rd July.—At 11.30 the *Ophir* weighs anchor and goes alongside the wharf, while the war-ships fire a Royal salute to announce the official arrival. A tastefully decorated landing-stage has been erected, by which we can walk on an inclined plane from the promenade deck to the road, where the carriages are waiting. Here their Royal Highnesses are received by the authorities, headed by Lord Hope-toun—for we are again within the Australian Commonwealth—and Sir John Dodds, the Administrator of Tasmania; and the State entry takes place in the usual manner with which we are now so familiar. The street decorations are simple but very effective, being composed chiefly of Venetian masts, festoons of flowers and evergreens, and rows of fine tree-ferns. Of the ten triumphal arches the most characteristic is the apple-arch, bearing the inscription, “Welcome to Apple-land.” It has to be protected by the police against the apple-loving street urchins, and we notice in the decoration significant little gaps, which seem to show that police protection has not been altogether effective. The crowds lining the streets give the Royal visitors a very hearty reception, but here, as in Australia, the intense desire to get a good view of the illustrious strangers is evidently the predominant sentiment. In front of the Town Hall the procession stops, and a few

words of friendly greeting are exchanged with the Mayor, Mr. Davies, and the other municipal authorities; and at the entrance to the Domain, in which stands Government House overlooking the lower part of the town and the spacious harbour, a pretty little surprise is produced by suddenly letting off a thousand pigeons, which flutter together in a group for a few seconds, and then fly away in all directions.

In the evening there is a State dinner at Government House, and afterwards a reception, at which their Royal Highnesses shake hands with about 700 people.

Thursday, 4th July.—A busy day, beginning with a levee at which the Duke shakes hands with all present, and receives a score of addresses from various corporations, boards, religious bodies, associations and societies, including both Houses of the Tasmanian Parliament. In all the addresses there is a wonderful unanimity of sentiment. For once a common ground has been discovered for Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists; for the Freemasons and the Friendly Societies; for the “youngest University in the Federated States, which tries to associate the advancement of learning with the maintenance of a due sense of loyalty to the Sovereign,” and the “humble bushmen living hard lives of toil in the lonely forests”; for the National Council of Women, representing “many associations united in common effort for the common weal in relation to moral reform, philanthropy, art, and literature,” and “the half-caste children of Cape Barren Island, living on such an isolated part of the vast and glorious British Empire as the Tasmanian Half-caste Reserve.” All these different species of the genus British subject agree in mourning most deeply the loss of the revered Queen Victoria, in cultivating sentiments of unswerving loyalty and profound affection



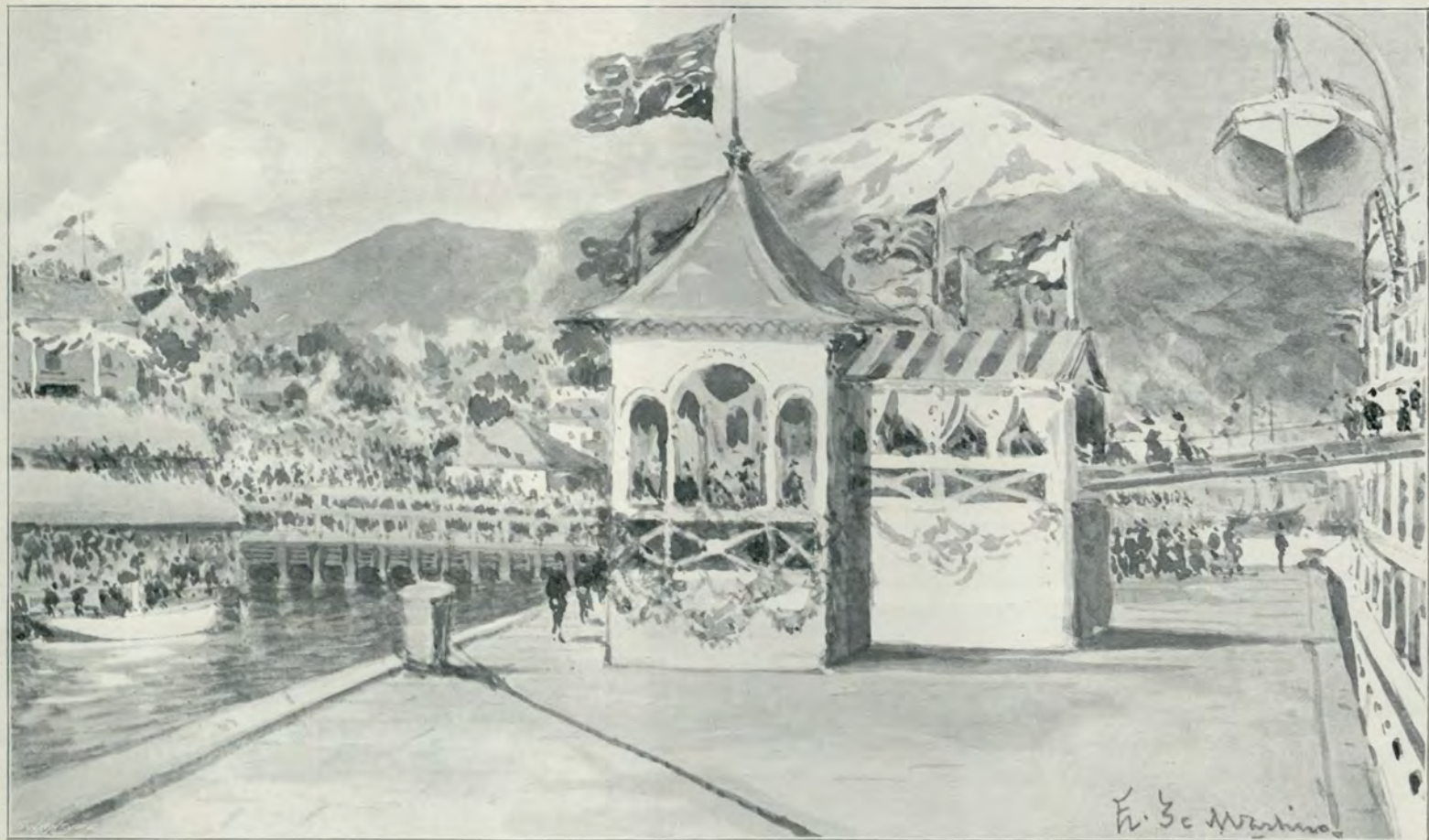
36. TASMANIA. LANDING AT HOBART

H. S. M. M. M.

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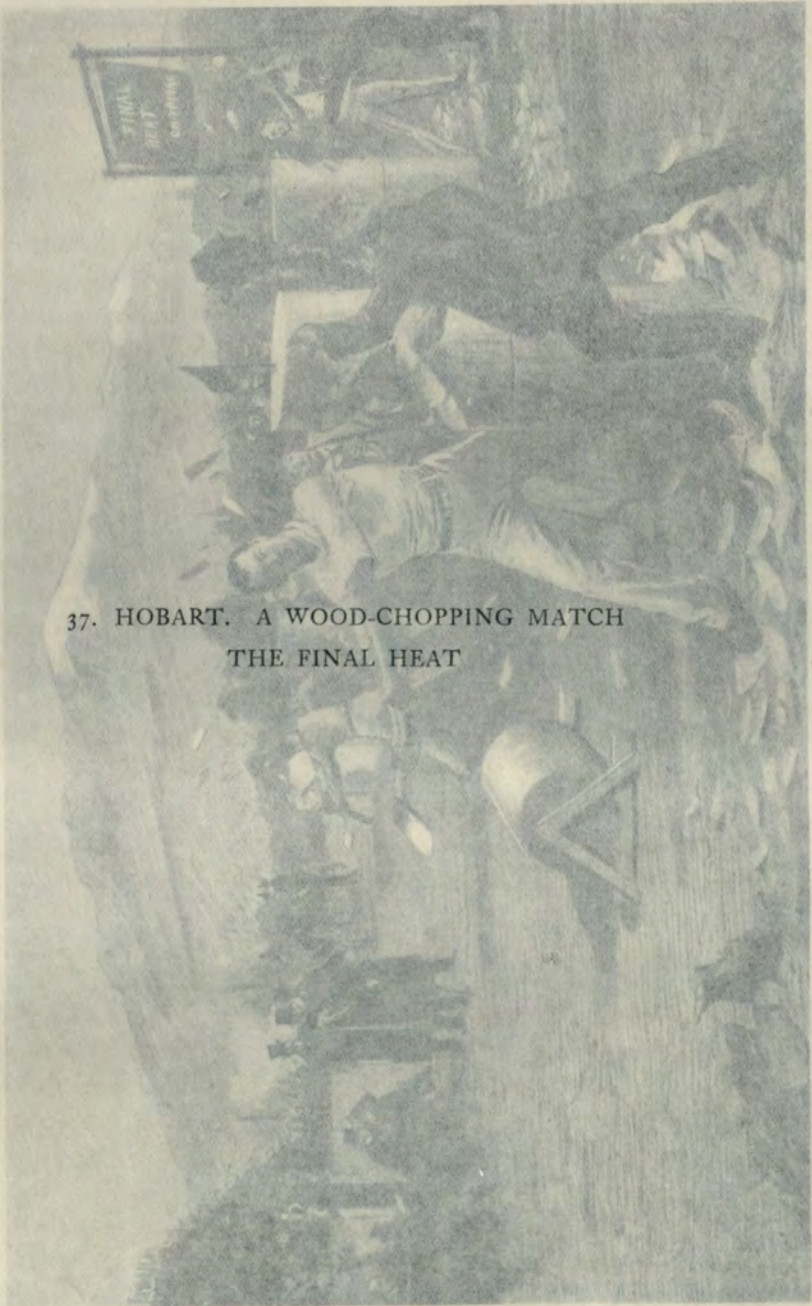


for her successor, in feeling gratitude to the King and their Royal Highnesses for the present mission, in anticipating happy results from the freer and fuller national life of the now united Australian States, and in hoping that the Colonial tour "will materially strengthen the ties that bind together all parts of the mighty British Empire." Even the naturalised British subjects offer the Royal visitors a most cordial and affectionate welcome to Australia, "and they do furthermore most humbly hope that the purpose of the visit to Australia will be commemorative of a beneficial period in the history of the Commonwealth." Though differing widely in style and mode of expression, the addresses are so similar in substance that the Duke is able to make a collective reply to them all. After referring to the hearty welcome and the favoured climate and beautiful scenery of the island, he declares himself "privileged to voice feelings of profound satisfaction and admiration of the Mother Country for the ready self-sacrifice with which Tasmania's gallant sons have fought and died in the maintenance of our common rights"; and he concludes with the following words: "I congratulate Tasmania on having seen the accomplishment of that federation of the Australian States for which she worked so earnestly; and I trust that the hopes and aspirations which prompted her people to enter this great national union may be more than fully realised in the future prosperity of the Commonwealth, and in the greatness, power, and solidarity of the Empire." Addresses and a black opossum rug as a souvenir of Tasmania are then presented to the Duchess by deputations of ladies.

The Duke has again occasion to refer to Tasmania's services a little later in the day. After laying the foundation-stone of the Tasmanian Soldiers' National Monument, "a memorial to our brothers sleeping upon the battlefields of South Africa," he says:—

Tasmania has indeed every reason to be proud of the services which she has rendered to the Empire; for nearly 600 officers and men have left this island for the war, and this force enjoys the honourable and unique distinction of having gained the first two Victoria Crosses bestowed upon members of the Colonial Corps during the campaign. But out of this splendid muster, sixteen, alas! have not returned. It is to perpetuate their memory that we have here assembled, and I am sure you will join with me in offering our heartfelt sympathy to those who in them have lost their dearest and best. Such memorials as that which will rise from this spot are not only tributes to the dead. Is not each one of them a testimony to that living spirit of pride of race, of pride in a common heritage, and of a fixed resolve to join in maintaining that heritage? This sentiment, irresistible in its power, has inspired and united the peoples of this vast Empire.

Next in the programme comes a grand "chopping match," in which the above-mentioned "humble bushmen living hard lives of toil in the lonely forests" show their marvellous tree-felling powers. At a picturesque point of the Domain, ten standing blocks, 6 ft. 4 in. in girth, have been fixed on rough-hewn wooden pedestals, and a number of the most noted axemen of Tasmania and the neighbouring States have assembled to compete in a prize contest under the direction of the Axemen's Association. The first prize is £60 and a gold medal; the second, £25; and the third, £10. The rapidity with which the woodmen cut into these blocks of hard white gum-tree is really wonderful. In 4 min. 10 secs. one of the competitors has cut through his block, and the next two follow at a few seconds' interval. In the second heat the work is accomplished in about the same time. The three placed men in the preliminary heats enter on a final contest, and a Tasmanian, Mr. M. J. M'Carthy, comes out winner in 4 min. 25½ sec. The Duke hands the winner his medal, and congratulates him on his hard-won victory. The minor events are an underhand chopping handicap, in which



37. HOBART. A WOOD-CHOPPING MATCH
THE FINAL HEAT

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the axemen work standing on horizontal logs, and a championship sawing contest. After seeing this remarkable display of strength and dexterity one can understand more easily how so much of the dense Australian bush has been cleared.

In the evening there is another State dinner and a reception of over 600 people at Government House; the town is illuminated, and huge bonfires blaze on the surrounding heights. In the harbour the war-ships and other steamers are outlined with electric lamps, the smaller craft move about in illuminated procession, and there is a very pretty display of fireworks.

Friday, 5th July.—This morning, on the pretty part of the Domain where the wood-chopping took place yesterday, we have a march-past with distribution of war medals, a school-children's demonstration, and a procession of Friendly Societies. The troops on the ground number 1897, but of these 200 are cadets and 470 are Royal Marines and Bluejackets from the men-of-war. For a population of under 180,000, scattered over an area of 24,000 square miles, this is a very respectable turn-out; and the physique and bearing of the men are all that could be desired. The Engineers, Artillery, Mounted Infantry, and Infantry are all represented.

In the school-children's demonstration two patriotic Odes of Welcome are sung, which we have not heard before. In one of them the little ones relate :—

Well we know and love the story
Of our Empire's ancient glory,
Great in war and peace;
To the Motherland we turn
With shining eyes, and hearts that burn
To see her fame increase.

The other represents Tasmania in her island home :—

In her island home in the Golden South,
 With starlit eyes and sun-kissed mouth,
 In myrtle wreath, with fruit and flower,
 And glory of mountain and sea for dower,
 Joyous and proud Tasmania stands,
 With eager face and outstretched hands,
 As she gives to-day, in the British way,
 To her Prince and Princess—greeting!

Son of the King! to our Sovereign tell
 His far-off lands love England well;
 Beneath its shade to manhood grown,
 Right well we love the Sea King's throne!
 And well do we love thy Royal race,
 Blithe are our hearts to see thy face!
 And we give to-day, in the British way,
 To our Prince and Princess—greeting!

In the procession of Trade and Friendly Societies is a series of tableaux on lorries, representing the chief industries of the island, among which agriculture and wool-production are well to the front. One lorry contains a whaling-boat, from which a sailor throws a harpoon at an imaginary sea-monster. By ill luck or want of skill the wrong end of the harpoon strikes the ground, and the fact gives rise to a good deal of boisterous chaff. The truth is that the whaling industry is on its last legs, and the harpooners are consequently out of practice. The most popular tableau of all is the bullock-team, so characteristic of the Australian Colonies. The driver wields and cracks his whip with great dexterity, but one of the local critics declares the exhibition to be tame and unsatisfactory, from the absence of what he euphemistically calls "the customary use of impressive vernacular."

In the afternoon the Duke rides out to the Shot-tower on a hill overlooking the harbour, and the Duchess visits the Museum, which contains some curious relics of the old time when Tasmania had a convict settlement. Her Royal Highness shows special interest in the section of minerals, and accepts a casket

of specimens. In presenting the casket the Hon. R. S. Scott relates that the minerals already extracted in the island, comprising gold, silver, tin, copper, and bismuth, represent a value of £14,000,000.

Members of the Chamber of Commerce say that American trade, as compared with that of the Mother Country, is gaining ground. The English manufacturers are less accommodating than their American rivals, and decline to alter and extend their plant to suit the local demands. Germany also is obtaining a footing in the local market. Nearly all the cutlery, for example, is of German origin. The explanation given by the merchants is that German commercial travellers bring with them samples of the latest patterns very attractively got up, and they are ready to deliver the goods in any quantities that may be desired, and packed in any way that may be suggested, whereas the English will not take any such trouble, and insist on sticking to the old routine.

In the evening the illuminations of last night are repeated, and their Royal Highnesses attend a concert and reception given by the Mayor.

Saturday, 6th July.—Our last day in Hobart, and not the least agreeable, for the forenoon is devoted to a delightful drive on the slopes of Mount Wellington, to a point from which we get a charming view of the surrounding country, including a portion of the harbour. Those cool southern slopes of Mount Wellington, still covered largely with the primeval bush, are becoming a favourite summer resort for the people of Melbourne, who can cross over at night to Launceston in the north of the island, and come on by train to Hobart. If we may judge by photographs and sketches, the scenery in some parts of the interior must be extremely fine; but we have unfortunately no time for making long excursions. At 3 o'clock, after the usual leave-taking

ceremonies, we sail for Adelaide in South Australia. Somehow we leave Hobart with regret. It is not easy to define the peculiar charm of the place, but we are all conscious of it.

From Hobart to Adelaide we have the choice of two routes, by the eastern or by the western shore of Tasmania. The former is some sixty or seventy miles longer, but it has generally the advantage of a smoother sea. To-day, however, the sea is fairly calm, and the barometer is rising, so it is decided at the last moment to take the shorter western route. We sail, therefore, close to Bruni Island and pass Adventure Bay, where Captain Cook's companion, Captain Tobias, in the *Adventure*, landed in 1773, and which Cook himself visited in 1777. French navigators soon followed, and the French names given to islands, channels, bays, and rivers by Admiral d'Entrecasteaux during his careful survey of the coast in 1792-93 remain even unto this day. In the evening the sea becomes quite calm, and we have a beautiful night.

Sunday, 7th July.—Cold, grey morning. Morning service as usual on Sundays. In the afternoon the weather improves.

Monday, 8th July.—Beautiful, mild weather. In the afternoon we sight land, and enter Backstairs Passage between Kangaroo Island, where the first settlers for South Australia found a temporary resting-place, and the Australian mainland. At 7.30 we cast anchor off Port Adelaide. There are indications of a strong wind from the south-west which may make landing difficult to-morrow.

Tuesday, 9th July.—The expected strong wind from the south-west has come, and the landing programme has to be modified in consequence. It was

intended that the *Ophir* should go up the river to the railway jetty at Port Adelaide; but as the channel is narrow and tortuous, and our good ship, with her large amount of "top-hammer," does not always answer her helm so quickly as could be wished when the wind is on the quarter, it is decided that she shall remain at anchor while the high wind lasts, and we are taken up to Port Adelaide in a small steamer. This departure from the programme appears to cause disappointment to the harbour authorities, and we shall doubtless hear more of it later. From Port Adelaide to the city we go by rail, as originally arranged.

The Government House at Adelaide is quite close to the railway station, but by taking a very round-about, zigzag route we drive for several miles through prettily decorated streets. What distinguishes the decorations from those of the Australian capitals already visited is the small number of triumphal arches, and the modest proportions of those erected. Instead of expending large sums on these costly structures, the executive committee, we are told, decided to devote the funds at their disposal to decorations of a lighter kind, to illuminations, and to special grants for charitable purposes. The city is small compared with Melbourne and Sydney—about 41,000 inhabitants in the city proper and about 146,000 within the ten-mile radius. It resembles Melbourne in having been laid out from the first on a regular plan, with a view to future municipal greatness. The streets are broad, straight, and parallel or at right-angles; and between the central quarters and the surrounding suburbs is a circular zone of park-land, the value of which to the inhabitants will increase as the city becomes more densely populated. All along the route of the procession the crowds of spectators are as enthusiastic and as orderly as in the other Australian towns we have visited, and their intense desire to get a good look at their Royal

Highnesses is equally apparent. Here, as in several other places, we notice that the cheering is respectful rather than boisterous, and we are informed afterwards that this proceeds not from any lukewarmness, but from the idea that during the period of mourning for Her late Majesty it would be unbecoming to display a boisterous spirit.

In the evening a State dinner is given at Government House by the Governor, Lord Tennyson; after which their Royal Highnesses are serenaded by the Adelaide Liedertafel, a choral society composed chiefly of men of German descent who, though loyal British subjects, have piously preserved their love for the language, literature, and music of their old Fatherland.

Wednesday, 10th July.—From the morning papers we learn that the change in yesterday's landing programme has produced dissatisfaction in certain quarters, and raised a question of considerable importance. The people of Adelaide are naturally very jealous of the good reputation of their harbour, and they fear that an unfavourable impression may be produced abroad by the announcement that the *Ophir* could not come up the river until the strong wind had subsided. Hence an inclination to blame the Commodore for not facing the risks involved. I am assured, however, that this feeling is by no means universal. Not a few competent local authorities are of opinion that Port Adelaide does not meet the requirements of modern shipping, and that, if South Australia is to maintain and develop its present commercial position in the face of ever-increasing competition, great improvements must be undertaken. Some go so far as to propose that Port Adelaide should be superseded altogether by a new port, to be constructed at a point of the coast better suited for large vessels; and these see in the *Ophir* incident the material

for an argument in support of their views. Thus the choice of a port, which was long one of the burning questions when the colony was founded, is not yet beyond the range of discussion ; but it is not advisable for an outsider to express any opinion on the subject, for he would be pretty sure to have the usual fate of those who incautiously interfere in family quarrels.

The forenoon is devoted to a levee and the reception of deputations. These represent Government Councils, corporations, public bodies, Chambers of manufactures, of commerce, and of agriculture, religious communities, learned societies, and ladies' associations. Their addresses all breathe the spirit of cordial welcome, profound regret for the death of the revered Queen Victoria, unbounded loyalty to the King, and hopes that the present tour may conduce to the consolidation of the Empire. In reply, the Duke expresses his warmest thanks and those of the Duchess, "the first Princess of our House that has landed on the shores of your Continent," promises to transmit to the King the assurances of loyalty and attachment to the Throne and of sympathy with his family in their bereavement, and delivers the message of gratitude from the Motherland for the gallant self-sacrifice with which the different States hastened to arms at the first sound of alarm in South Africa. This is not, it seems, the first occasion on which South Australia wished to help the Mother Country, and His Royal Highness refers to a fact little known at the time, and long since forgotten. "I find," he says, "in the diary of our voyage twenty years ago the following reference to your volunteers: 'These men volunteered to go to the Transvaal, and meant it too! but the offer was declined by the Home Government.' South Australia evidently considers itself a real and living portion of the British Empire, and is willing to share the burden of citizenship with the Mother Country."

While the Duke is holding the levee and receiving the deputations, the Duchess is visiting the Adelaide and the Children's Hospitals, inspecting the wards, and speaking kindly words to the patients. On her return to Government House, three deputations of ladies offer her souvenirs of South Australia. One of these is a beautiful portière of blue moire brocade, on which is embroidered a eucalyptus gum-tree, representing emblematically the union of the Australian States. The young people also wish to be remembered, and a number of them, including the young Tennysons, offer for the Royal children a miniature bookcase containing works by Australian authors, and a scrapbook filled with sketches of native birds.

In the afternoon the Royal party drive to the Oval, a large enclosure surrounded with seats, capable of accommodating many thousands of spectators, and watch with interest a well-contested football match between St. Peter's and Prince Alfred's Colleges. The "Saints," who are regarded as the weaker side, make a brave fight, but the "Princes" come off the victors. In the evening there is a large reception at Government House.

Thursday, 11th July.—The outburst of loyal enthusiasm excited by the Royal visit continues, and the local papers explain what it means. Here is the gist of what they say. The deafening roars of applause testify not only to the innate courtesy of colonists, which always in South Australia finds vent in proofs of a wish to make visitors feel at home, but also to the popular conviction that, apart from its personal aspects, Royalty typifies a great constitutional principle, under which the British Empire has prospered beyond all national precedent. It is because we see in a constitutional sovereignty a symbol of the power, glory, and onward march of a mighty Empire that we have clung to the monarchical

principle of government. Another impulse which animates these manifestations of gaiety and rejoicing is the desire to prove that we are not weakening in our love for the Mother Country as we develop new interests and associations of our own. Ours is no compulsory attachment. The inestimable value of the moral and material support given to England by Australasia and Canada in the South African War is due to the fact that it represents a spontaneous expression of sympathy and co-operative movement on the part of perfectly free communities. This is an answer to pessimistic pamphleteers who predict the decadence of the Empire. The evolution of the Empire may safely be left to time and the developing genius of the British race.

Before we have had time to read and inwardly digest all that the morning papers have to tell us on these weighty subjects, the programme of the day begins. The first item is the unveiling of Woolner's bust of the late Lord Tennyson and Watts's "Love and Death" in the National Art Gallery. In June 1881 the Duke and his brother, when midshipmen on board the *Bacchante*, had taken part in the ceremony of opening the Gallery, and a letter of theirs of that date is carefully preserved in the archives. Next door to the Art Gallery is the University, and here two more functions await us: first, the Duke has to lay the foundation-stone of a new building for technical laboratories and a lecture-theatre; secondly, he has to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The latter ceremony takes place in a fine Gothic hall, the posthumous gift of Sir Thomas Elder, one of the munificent founders of the University; and the proceedings are enlivened by the choral songs and frolicsome humour of the undergrads., who number this year 238. These mirthful young gentlemen use without abusing their traditional privilege of singing

topical ditties and making pungent remarks to the academical authorities; and they consider that they have reason to be merry, because, as they explain—

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

Their mirth is kept, however, within fitting bounds; and even the most potent, grave, and reverend signiors cannot always refrain from smiling at their good-natured sallies and ingenious puns. They can be serious, too, at the proper moment. Their ode of welcome, for example, begins:—

Hail! George, our Prince, the son of Britain's King,
We do thee homage and our welcome sing.
No ode of praise that drags its honeyed lengths
Can voice the spirit of our reverence.
As free men to the Prince of free men, we
Give fealty and bend unbending knee.

In another ode they say:—

There is a ladye sweet and kind,
Whose winsome face so pleased our mind,
We did but see her passing by,
Yet we shall love her till we die.

In other lands is loved her name,
Fair are her features, fair her fame;
And though she be but passing by,
Yet we shall love her till we die.

In the concluding song the lighter vein comes to the surface:—

Fare ye well, fare ye well, when you're writing up your diary,
Kindly mention inter alia
That you found in South Australia
An enthusiastic, hearty 'Varsity.

Of this enthusiastic, hearty University, I may add, the South Australians are justly proud. "It disregards," they say, "the old traditions of a priggish and dryasdust class of dons, and strives to accomplish the democratisation of learning by stretching out

helping hands to any section of the community having desire and energy to respond."

After the University students the school-children have their innings, the most picturesque of all the Adelaide functions. In the Oval, where the football match was played yesterday, 5800 little boys and girls are assembled in six contingents, easily distinguished from each other by differences of uniform. The boys are mostly dressed in naval costume, and the girls in white or blue blouses and skirts with bright-coloured sashes. Well trained and attentive to the word of command, they go through various complicated evolutions, sing "God Save the King" and the song of Australia, manipulate dexterously their dumb-bells, clubs, poles, flags, and cutlasses in rhythmical movement, and finally, most charming scene of all, dance merrily round seventeen gaily dressed Maypoles. Their Royal Highnesses are so delighted with the display that they remain longer than was intended, so that little time remains for the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, which have to be visited before sunset. The programme of the day, however, including a large reception in the evening, is conscientiously carried out.

Friday, 12th July.—We have a little change to-day in the form of an excursion to Buckland Park, a large estate within easy distance of Adelaide. The first part of the journey is made by rail, and the remainder by carriages over a monotonously well-cultivated plain. In order to have some duck-shooting, the Duke starts early with a portion of the suite; but the birds are so wild that the bag is of modest dimensions. The Duchess, with the rest of the suite, arrives later, just in time for a pleasant picnic-lunch. As the proprietor of the estate lives in England, there is no big country-house, and the place has the appearance of a very well-kept "station," in the Australian sense of the term.

We are shown how a champion sheep-shearer can shear a sheep in a very few minutes, and how buck-jumping horses are saddled and ridden. This we saw already in Melbourne, and the refractory horses of South Australia conduct themselves exactly like their Victorian cousins. What is quite new to us is an exhibition of buck-jumping bullocks, which is a much more dangerous amusement; for whereas the buck-jumping horse never tries to kick, bite, or otherwise "savage" his rider, the rider on a bullock may be gored by his mount if he gives it the chance. The animal has to be closely penned in, therefore, during the saddling and mounting operations; and when the performance is at an end the rider vaults deftly over the barrier, as the Spanish banderilleros do when hard pressed in a bull-fight.

When we get back to Adelaide it is already dark, and we find the town very prettily illuminated.

We have had opportunities of conversing with business people here, and they seem to think that British trade with South Australia is in a critical position. Already a very large proportion of the trade is with Germany, which supplies manufactured goods at wonderfully low prices. One merchant interested in trade with England suggests that the Federal Government should create and support financially a Department of Commerce and Agriculture, analogous to the Commercial Department of the Board of Trade at home, the aim of which should be to promote colonial production and intercolonial trade relations; further, that the Board of Trade might have an Intelligence Department, and publish in the Australian newspapers the information required by colonial producers. The commercial journals in England, it is said, render valuable service in this respect; but more is required.

Saturday, 13th July.—In the forenoon the Duke,

accompanied by the Duchess, lays the foundation-stone of a Maternity Home in which Lady Tennyson is particularly interested, and in the afternoon holds in Victoria Park a review of the local forces, with presentation of war medals to those of them who have served in South Africa. At the review the most characteristic incident is a gallop-past by all the mounted troops. At previous reviews the troopers have tried to go past at the trot, and not very successfully, for neither the men nor the horses are trained for that kind of parade movement. At the gallop, on the contrary, they make a fine show. Though the space at their disposal is very narrow, and the pace increases till it may almost be described as fast and furious, there is not a single mishap. A large body of veterans are on the ground, and the Duke examines their medals, several of which date from the Crimean War, and one from the earlier campaign against the Sikhs in the Punjab. One of the most prominent personages in the proceedings is a big, good-natured St. Bernard dog, clad in a Union Jack, who went through the South African campaign with the First South Australian contingent. He was wounded in action and taken prisoner by the Boers, but after a month of captivity he was released by some Tasmanian troopers, who captured a Boer convoy and found "Nelson" tied up to one of the waggons. Rumour says that he was a great favourite with his captors, but that he never took to them kindly, regretted his own countrymen, and was always on the look-out for an opportunity to rejoin the colours.

In the evening the Royal party are present at an excellent concert in the Exhibition Buildings. Evidently the Adelaide Conservatorium is bearing good fruit.

Sunday, 14th July.—In the morning their Royal

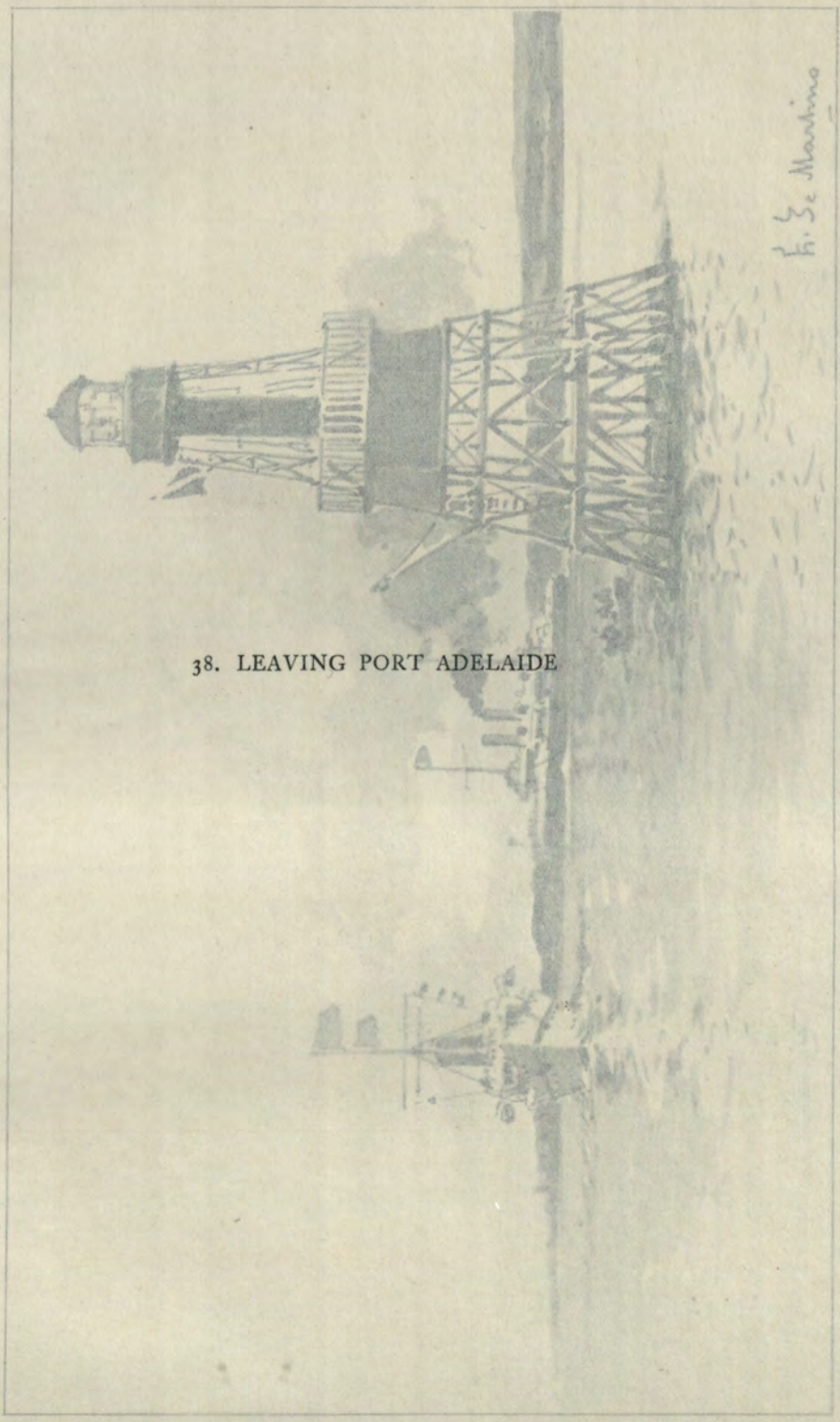
Hignesses attend the service at St. Paul's Cathedral, during which the new nave is formally opened and consecrated, and a mural brass is unveiled. The inscription on it is : "In grateful memory of our brave and loyal soldiers who volunteered for service with the army of the British Empire in South Africa, where they died for their Sovereign and their country."

After lunch we have a pleasant drive to Marble Hill, the Governor's summer residence, a charming country-house about twelve miles from town, built on the top of a hill more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea. On three sides is a wide expanse of endless wooded ridges stretching away to the horizon, while to the westward we can see the great Adelaide plain, with the harbour and Spencer's Bay beyond. The sky is overcast, and there is a great deal of Scotch mist moving about, but just before our departure the setting sun kindly lights up the harbour for our benefit. We see enough to realise what an earthly paradise the place must be in beautiful spring weather, and we can well understand why Lord and Lady Tennyson are so fond of it.

Monday, 15th July.—To-day our pleasant visit to South Australia comes to an end. On the way to Port Adelaide we pay a flying visit to Glenelg, a flourishing little town built on the spot where the first emigrants landed from H.M.S. *Buffalo* in 1836, and where, under an old gum-tree still religiously preserved, South Australia was proclaimed officially a British province. The train goes down the middle of the main street amid the cheers of the bystanders, and stops in front of the Town Hall, where the Mayor and Corporation and the notables of the place are assembled. In reply to the address of welcome the Duke mentions a curious coincidence : though the first colonists landed here from the *Buffalo*, the first emigrant-ship to reach the

F. S. Martino

38. LEAVING PORT ADELAIDE





F. G. Martino

new Colony was the *Duke of York*, which cast anchor off Kangaroo Island on 27th July 1836. It is the *Buffalo*, however, that has remained most vividly in the popular recollection, and a massive municipal arm-chair made out of her timbers is on the platform. One of the Colonists who came out in her is present, and the Duke talks with him about his early reminiscences. The Duchess sits for a little in the big arm-chair, and the crowd cheer enthusiastically. We then get into the train again and go to Port Adelaide, where the *Ophir* is waiting for us. On the wharf is a dense crowd, who give their Royal Highnesses a hearty send-off, and the band of the *Ophir* replies by playing "Auld Lang Syne." Our kind hosts, Lord and Lady Tennyson, and the Premier, Mr. Jenkins, go down the river with us, and are landed at Largs. We are now bound for Western Australia. Soon we sight Kangaroo Island, and we sail along the northern shore till we get into the Great Australian Bight, where the long swell which habitually frequents these waters makes itself distinctly felt.

Tuesday, 16th July.—Sailing westwards across the Bight. No land visible, and we are not to see any till the day after to-morrow. Fine weather, but the swell continues. We are now escorted only by the *Royal Arthur*, Admiral Beaumont's flagship, our two regular cruisers having gone to Albany to coal.

Wednesday, 17th July.—The wind increases. We watch the *Royal Arthur* as she plunges heavily, and wonder how the *Ophir* looks from that distance. Certainly she is plunging also, but apparently not shipping so much water. Our marine artist has gone on board the *Royal Arthur* in the hope of getting some sketches of the *Ophir* in a heavy sea; and he seems likely to have his wish gratified, for the barometer

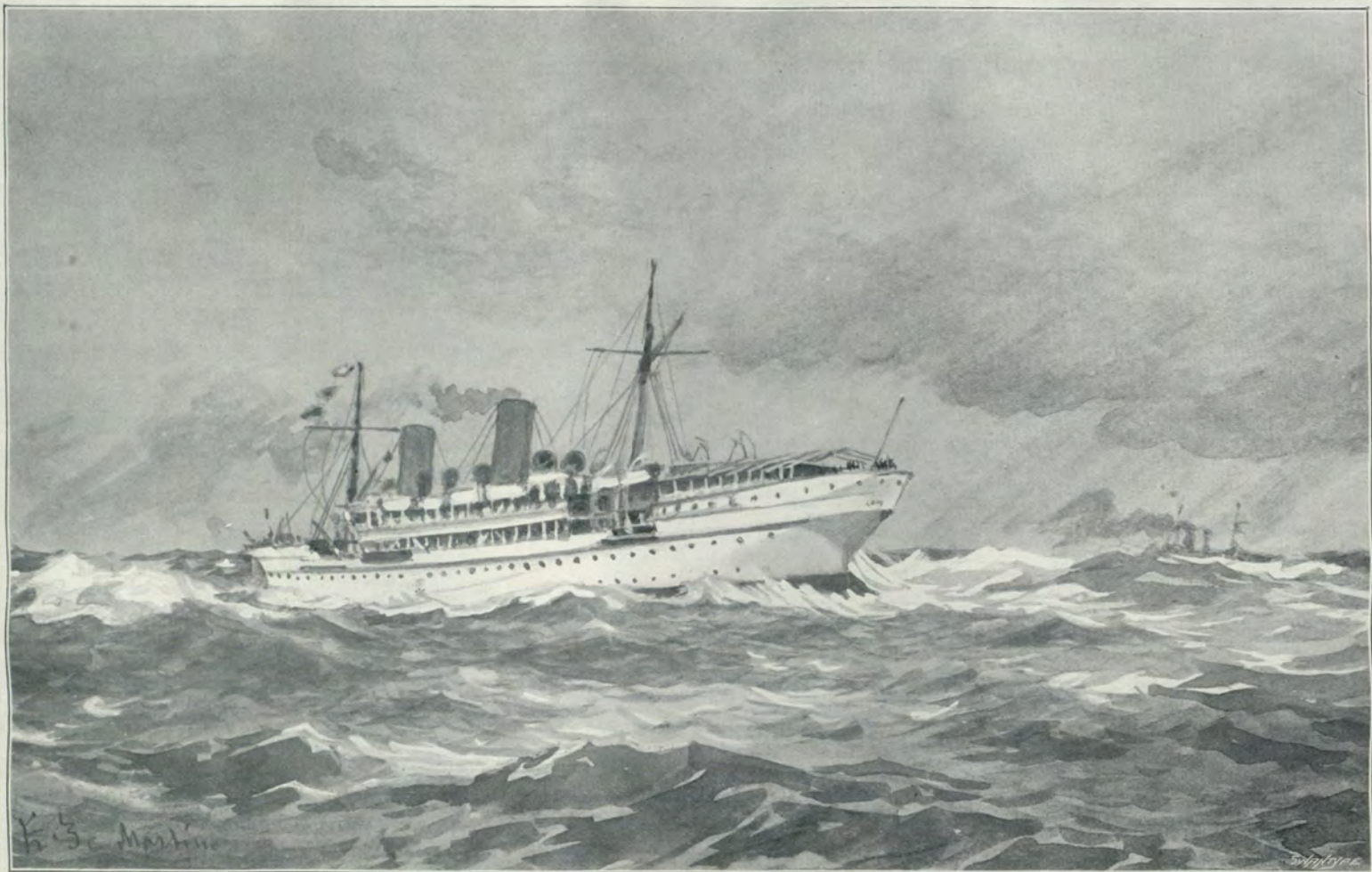
is falling. Beautiful crimson sunset under a thick bank of frowning clouds.

Thursday, 18th July.—Heavy sea running. Towards mid-day we sight land, and at 1 o'clock we are off Albany, the islands at the mouth of King George Sound being distinctly visible. Our course lies now along the coast to Cape Leeuwin, the south-west corner of the Australian Continent, and during the afternoon we can see the great swell breaking regularly on the rocky shore, and tongues of foam darting up here and there as if trying to reach the crest of the cliff. The barometer is falling rapidly and the wind rising, and there are all the indications of a gale from the north-west, so that we have every prospect of getting a "dusting" as soon as we round the Leeuwin. Towards midnight there is a heavy fall of rain, but it does not at all lay the wind. The *Royal Arthur* is falling behind, though we are only making 14 knots, and the *Ophir* slacks down in consequence. As the coast is not well lighted, the Commodore decides to stand out from the land, and all preparations are made for a "dirty night." Very little chance of getting into Fremantle to-morrow evening, as intended; but it does not matter much, as we are not due till Saturday afternoon.

Friday, 19th July.—The wind has increased to a gale, and both ships are pitching heavily. On board the *Royal Arthur*, M. de Martino must be having all the opportunities he can desire for sketching the *Ophir* in a heavy sea. At 8.30 we are off the Leeuwin, 186 miles from Albany. If the Chevalier were now on board the *Ophir* he would have a capital subject for a sensational colour-sketch—the tempest-tossed *Royal Arthur* arched over by a brilliant rainbow, with an ominous-looking, purple-grey thunder-cloud for a background. I am afraid, however, the art critics would declare the picture

39. THE *OPHIR* IN A GALE OFF THE LEEUWIN





to be made up. While speculating as to this I notice that we are altering our course. In a few minutes the big waves which we have been pounding against all night are striking us on the beam, and making us roll most uncomfortably from side to side ; in a few minutes more they are curling gracefully astern and pushing us forward. We have evidently put about and are going back in the direction we came from. At breakfast the mystery is explained. Our destination is Perth, the capital of Western Australia, and there are two ways of reaching it : either by the new port of Fremantle or by the old port of Albany. Both ports are connected with the capital by rail, but in the case of Fremantle the railway journey takes only half an hour, whereas in the case of Albany it takes an entire day (340 miles). For this reason, and in deference to the wishes of the local Government, the former route was chosen ; but early this morning the programme was changed. The Commodore considered that in a strong gale from the north-west, such as we are having at present, it would be risky to take the *Ophir* into Fremantle, and it was consequently decided that we should 'bout-ship and make for the port of Albany, which can be safely entered in all weathers. The gale continues all day, but it is now astern and consequently does not much incommode us. Once, however, the ship gives such a heavy lurch that several of us in the smoking-room suddenly find ourselves sprawling on the floor.

Saturday, 20th July.—We arrive at Albany early, and spend the day there. It is a prettily situated, clean little town, with a population of 3000 or 4000. Many of the inhabitants have gone to Perth to take part in the festivities ; those who remain are jubilant, not only because they have an unexpected opportunity of seeing their Royal Highnesses, but also because the change of programme supports their contention that

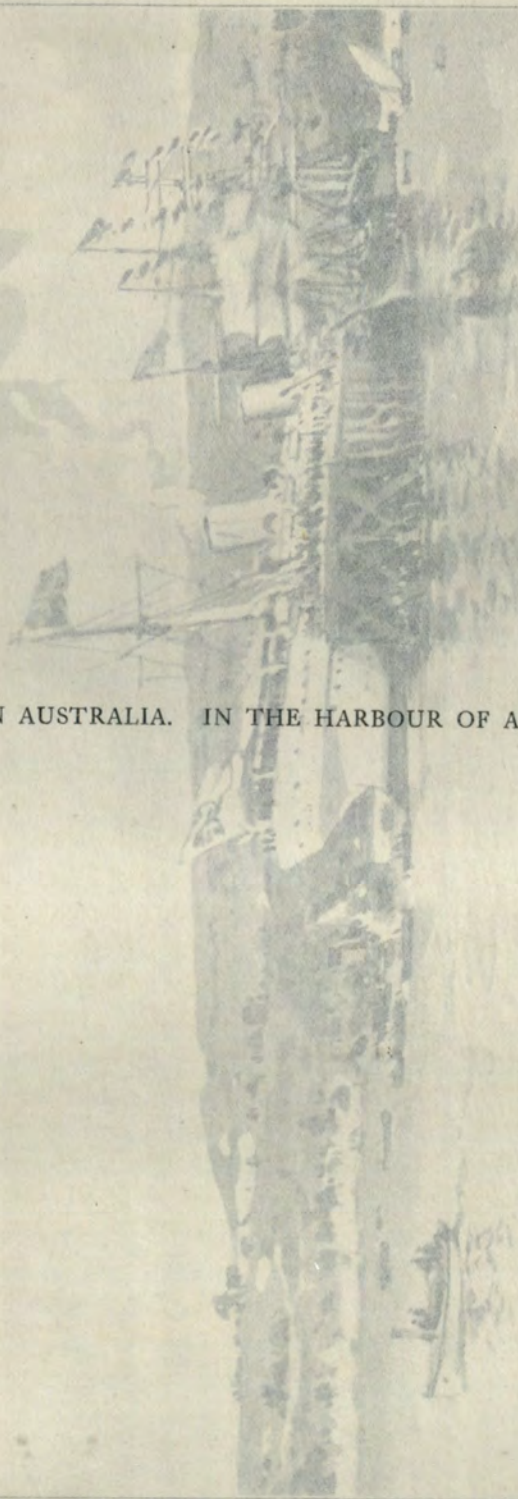
Albany should remain, as it was until last year, the chief port of Western Australia. In the afternoon the transport *Britannic*, which we last saw in the Suez Canal, arrives with a detachment of time-expired troopers from South Africa on board. As she passes close astern of the *Ophir* cheers are exchanged, and by the Duke's orders our band plays "Home, Sweet Home."

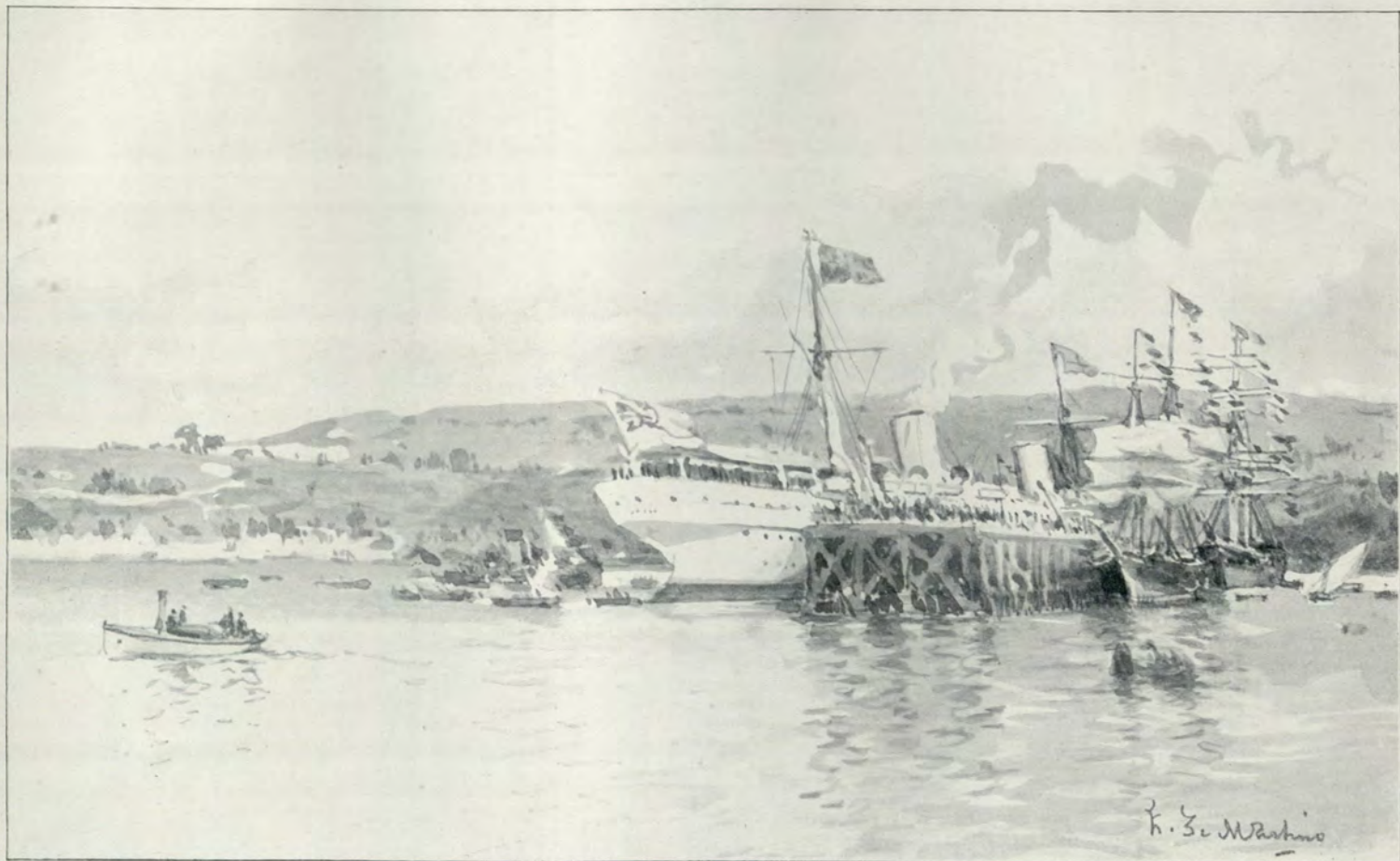
Sunday, 21st July.—We start early by special train for Perth, and travel all day through a monotonous, bush-covered country. The railway runs, I am told, along a barren ridge, and the cultivated land is on the lower ground, to the right and left of the line. From the forests are exported to Europe large quantities of hard red woods for street-paving and building purposes. Towards midnight we arrive at Perth, and are received at the station by the Governor, Sir Arthur Lawley, whom we brought out from England and landed at Albany on 30th April.

Monday, 22nd July.—Our first impression of Perth is an agreeable surprise. Judging by some photographs we had seen, we imagined it to be a hastily constructed, half-finished, commonplace town of the American Far-West type. We find it, on the contrary, a pretty little city with broad streets and not a few fine buildings, built on sloping ground between a small lake or lagoon and a tableland, which has been made into a public park. To-day it is dressed in holiday attire and basking in the bright sunshine. Thousands of flags and streamers of delicate hues flutter gaily in the cool morning breeze. A dozen triumphal arches have been erected, all bearing appropriate Shakespearian mottoes. Some of them, such as the gold, coal, and timber arches, are intended to represent in an artistic way the natural resources of the Colony. The procession starts, as laid down in the

40. WESTERN AUSTRALIA. IN THE HARBOUR OF ALBANY

F. S. W. P. H. M. S.





K. S. Marino

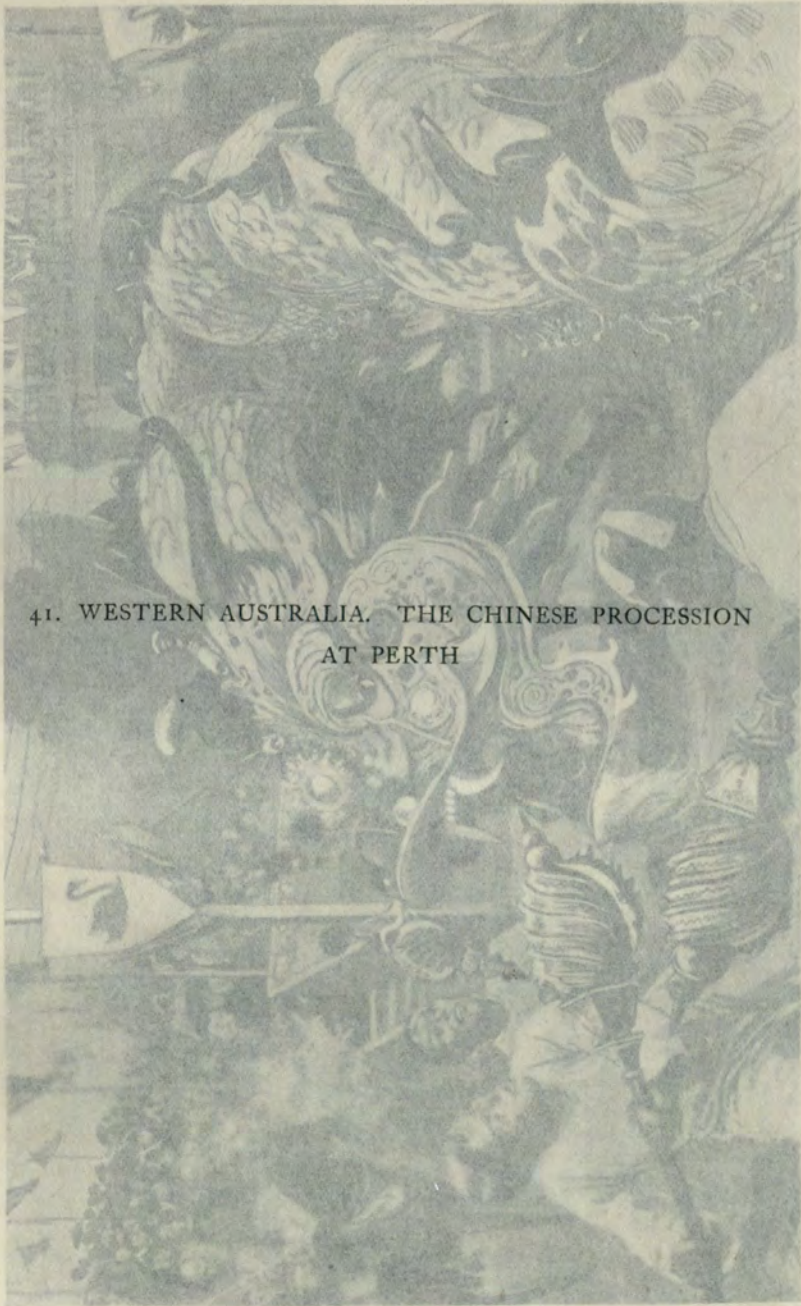
original programme, from the railway station, as if we had just arrived by train from Fremantle; and at a stand in one of the principal streets we halt for nearly an hour to see the procession of the Friendly and Trades Societies, which resembles closely the similar displays that we have seen in other towns. A new feature is a group of Afghan camel-drivers, who live and thrive in the waterless districts of the interior; but it is to the Chinese that belong the honours of the day. John Chinaman always dearly loves a show, and is quite ready to pay for it handsomely. To-day he has surpassed himself, and extorts admiration even from his European fellow-townsmen, who usually regard him with no very friendly feelings, because he has a habit of working for low wages, saving money, and at the end of a few years carrying off his savings to his native land. In a country where the working-men like to live comfortably, and consider seven shillings per diem as the "living wage," such a personage cannot be popular, and legislative measures have naturally been adopted to prevent him from seriously affecting the current rates of the labour market. In spite of the restrictions to which he is thus subjected, he contrives to flourish and to find spare cash for public festivities, which have very much the same character in Chinese settlements all over the world. Here, as at Singapore, we have the same silk banners with elaborate embroideries and heavy gold fringes; the same gongs and cymbals; the same half-caste children on richly caparisoned ponies, representing Royal personages of prehistoric times; the same gigantic dragon with terrific aspect, with rolling eyes and long flexible tongue. This monster appears, however, to be of more sportive temperament than his twin-brother of the Straits Settlements; for instead of gravely saluting Royalty and passing on, he indulges in comical antics of such a violent kind that he soon becomes

exhausted. What amuses the spectator quite as much as the antics is the childish way in which the mechanism is worked without any attempt at concealment. When the two men who carry the head of the monster get tired, they come out and are replaced by two fresh athletes. At night, in the midst of a crowd of torchbearers, such details do not obtrude themselves; but in broad daylight they make the same impression as is produced in a theatre by the inadvertent raising of the curtain while the scene-shifters are still on the stage.

In the afternoon the Duke rides, and the Duchess takes a drive; and in the evening there is a State dinner, followed by a full-dress reception at Government House.

Tuesday, 23rd July.—To-day we have the series of functions which usually take place on the second day of our stay in Colonial capitals: a levee, presentation of addresses, laying the foundation of a monument to the memory of the local volunteers who have fallen in South Africa, and distribution of war medals to those who have returned. In his reply to twenty-one addresses the Duke says: "Our journey has been an experience of continuous interest and delight, and the enthusiastic and generous reception which we have everywhere met with inspires me with a hope that it may result in strengthening the bonds which unite the different parts of the Empire." On laying the foundation-stone of the monument he remarks: "During those anxious days at the close of 1899, there was nothing more cheering than the eagerness of the citizens of Australia to see the Mother Country through the difficulties with which she was confronted in South Africa. This determination to take part in the defence of our great Empire indicated a fresh starting-point in your history, which so appropriately coincided with the political birth of the Common-

41. WESTERN AUSTRALIA. THE CHINESE PROCESSION
AT PERTH





wealth. In no portion of the whole Empire was this spirit more enthusiastically manifested than in Western Australia, and the deeds of her sons have fully justified the praise of a well-known author when he said : ' Throughout the whole South African army there was nothing but the utmost admiration for the dash and spirit of the hard-riding, straight-shooting sons of Australia and New Zealand. In a host which held many brave men, there were none braver than they.' ” His Royal Highness then went on to throw out a suggestion : “ I should like to see throughout the land memorials, no matter how humble in design, bearing the names of those whom they commemorate, not only as tribute of honour to the individual, but as emblems of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and brotherhood, round which in the hour of danger the youth and manhood of succeeding generations might rally in the resolve to follow the noble example of those who have given their all, their lives, for King and country.”

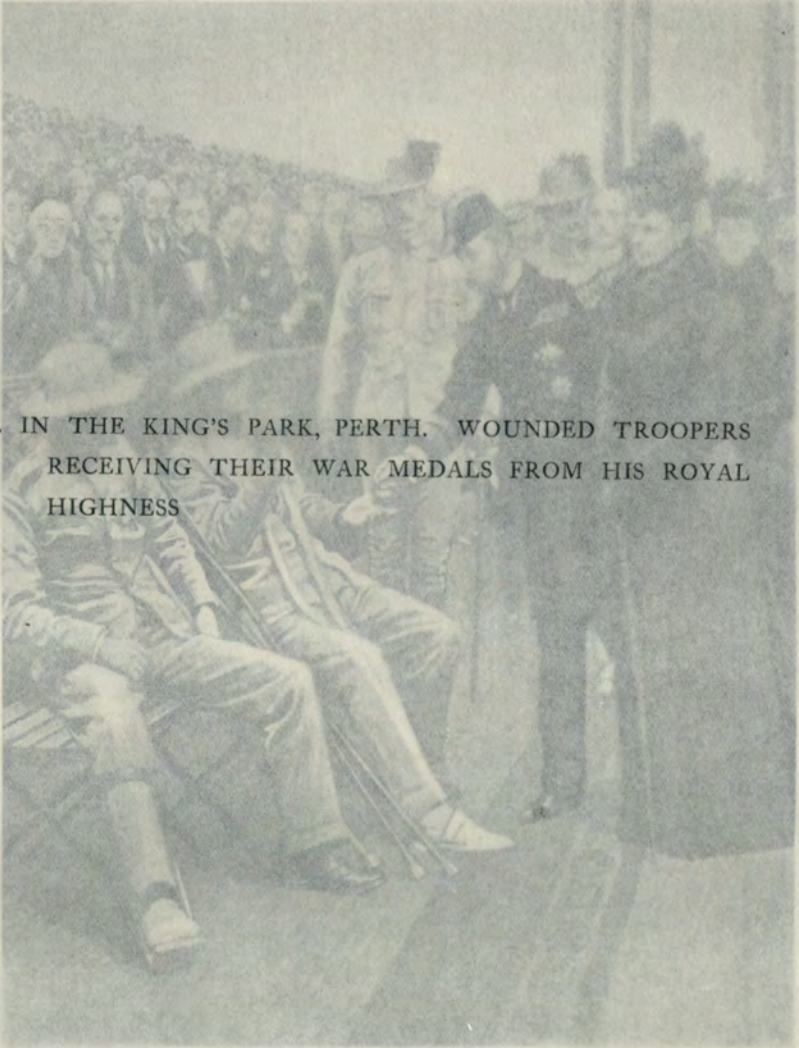
The ceremony takes place in the public park overlooking the town—a domain of a thousand acres, in which the character of primitive Australian bush has been carefully preserved. At the request of Sir John Forrest, the ex-Premier, who has been mainly instrumental in creating this beautiful recreation-ground for the present and future generations, the Duke names it the King's Park, and opens a new drive which is to be known as the May Drive in commemoration of the Duchess.

Wednesday, 24th July.—Another day of functions. A memorial tablet for the West Australians who have fallen in South Africa is unveiled in the Cathedral ; the foundation-stone is laid for a new wing to the Museum and Art Gallery ; a visit is paid to the Mint ; a large garden-party is given by the Governor and Lady Lawley ; there is a State dinner at Government

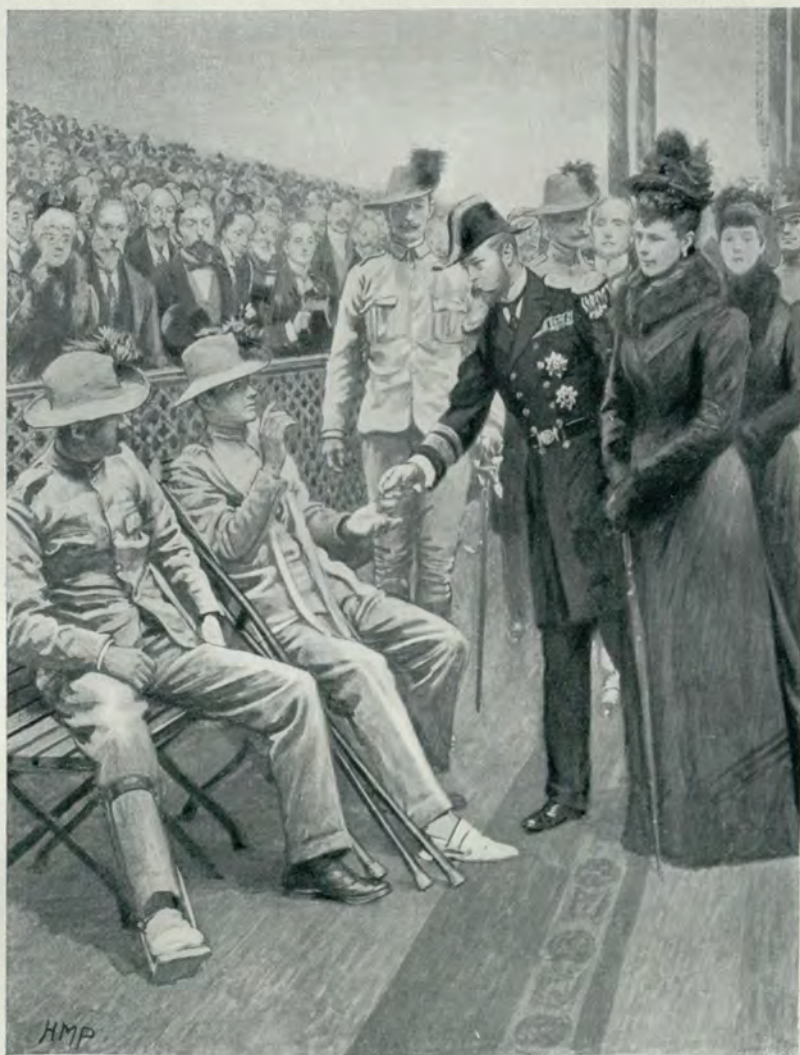
House and a concert afterwards in the Queen's Hall. Perhaps the most interesting item in the list is the visit to the Mint, which supplies visible and tangible proof of the recent prosperity of the country. Twelve years ago Western Australia was one of the more backward of the Colonies, because it possessed no special attractions for the more enterprising type of settlers. All this was changed by the discovery of rich deposits of gold, and the progress since made, under the direction of Sir John Forrest as Premier, is very remarkable. Of this I have abundant proof in a pile of statistical information about the population, revenue, railways, etc., but it is too bulky to go into a diary of modest dimensions. Trade is flourishing, but the prospect is not altogether satisfactory from the Imperialist point of view. German competition, we are told, is not yet severe; but American enterprise threatens to affect seriously the trade with the United Kingdom, because the British manufacturers will not pay attention to the requirements and wishes of the Colonial purchasers.

Thursday, 25th July.—In the morning there is a school-children's demonstration very similar to the one we saw at Adelaide. The numbers, it is said, amount to 8000. After songs and musical drill, a deputation of pretty girls offer as gifts for the Royal children at home silver models of a swan, an emu, a dingo, and a kangaroo, and express the hope that they will accept "these four figures of the wild creatures of this State, and will have in after years a kindly remembrance of the loyalty of the young subscribers in this far-off portion of the Empire."

In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses visit the Zoological Gardens, where the director, Mr. Le Souef, liberates, in honour of the occasion, a hundred laughing jackasses. The birds fly out with a whirr, and perch on the nearest trees, from which they give specimens of



42. IN THE KING'S PARK, PERTH. WOUNDED TROOPERS
RECEIVING THEIR WAR MEDALS FROM HIS ROYAL
HIGHNESS



their peculiar "music." The Royal party then move on to the Oval near by, where the Afghans of Menzies, a town on the edge of the great desert, show a camel race, and present to their Royal Highnesses a richly caparisoned animal called "the King," bred in South Australia. In presenting it, Hassan Musa Khan declares that "all the Afghans, whether British subjects or not, are as loyal and law-abiding as any other British subjects, of whatever colour they may be."

Some members of the suite spend the afternoon with Sir John Forrest in visiting the great water-works which are being constructed to supply with good water for drinking and industrial purposes the Koolgardie and Kalgourlie goldfields, nearly 400 miles distant. The enormous dam by which a valley is converted into a reservoir is approaching completion, and the big steel pipes for conveying the water are being made rapidly on the spot by a new process which is shown in all its details. Sir John Forrest, who is a thoroughly practical man, has no doubt that the gigantic scheme will prove a success, and will render enormous benefit to the goldfields.

To-day Admiral Beaumont is knighted by the Duke, and receives the insignia of the K.C.M.G.

Friday, 26th July.—Our last day in Australia. A little steamer takes us down the Swan River to the port of Fremantle at its mouth, where the *Ophir* is waiting for us; and after the usual municipal functions and a cordial leave-taking with our West Australian friends, we sail for Mauritius. As the *Ophir* casts off, the Duke calls for and leads three cheers for Australia. In reply, the thousands of spectators crowded on the wharves and on board the ships in the harbour raise a series of hearty cheers, as vigorous and prolonged as if they meant to voice the sentiments of the whole Australian Commonwealth. Among those whom we

leave here with regret is Colonel Byron of the Royal Australian Artillery, who has been a member of the suite since our departure from England, and who now returns to his duties in Queensland.

In the island-continent we have made many delightful acquaintances, and I may mention specially the leading political men, headed by the genial, sympathetic Premier of the Commonwealth, Mr. Barton, and the brilliant leader of the Opposition in the Federal Parliament, Mr. Reid. We shall watch with keen interest their efforts to conciliate the local interests of the newly federated States with the welfare of the Commonwealth, and the interests of the Commonwealth with the welfare of the Empire; but for the moment we are thinking more of their constant and successful efforts to make our visit interesting and agreeable, and we cannot but feel grateful for their kindness and hospitality.

Before leaving Perth the Duke despatched to Lord Hopetoun a long letter, from which may be gathered some of his impressions of Australia. The text is as follows:—

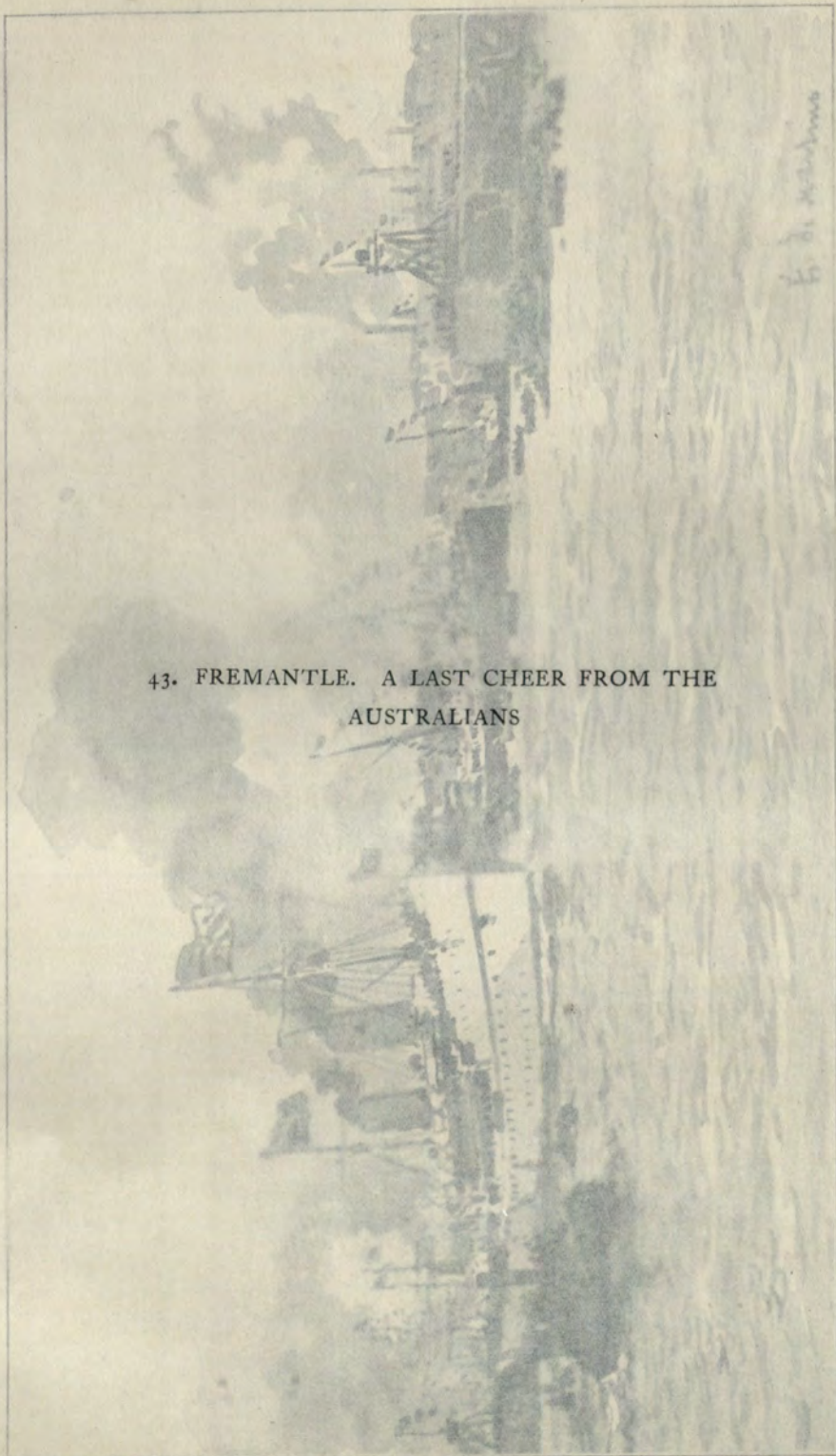
DEAR LORD HOPETOUN—The time has now arrived when we must take leave of the great island-continent over whose destinies you preside, and the principal object of my mission has been accomplished.

I am proud to have been entrusted by the King with that mission, in accordance with the wish of my beloved grandmother, and to have had the honour of presiding at the inauguration of the first Parliament of this newly constituted Federation. The never-failing pleasure and interest which the discharge of our duties gave to the Duchess and myself will remain fresh in our memories, and we shall live in the recollection of those memorable and stirring days which witnessed the celebration of Australia's new political birth.

I would ask you kindly to make known to the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, to the Premiers of the several States through their respective Governors, and to the whole

43. FREMANTLE. A LAST CHEER FROM THE
AUSTRALIANS

For the Australians



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F. de Martins

community, our warmest thanks for the hearty greetings and manifestations which have been invariably displayed towards us from the first moment that we set foot on your shores.

To the several Governments we desire to express our sincere gratitude for everything which has been done by them to conduce towards our comfort, convenience, and enjoyment. I would especially refer to the excellent arrangements made for our long journeys by rail, the accommodation for which surpassed any we have ever before experienced. We are greatly indebted to all the officials and employees, whose work must on these occasions have been excessive ; and we trust that the public generally did not suffer from the dislocation of the normal working of the railways. The police arrangements were everywhere carefully conceived and carried out with marked tact and ability ; though on all occasions I noticed with pleasure how light were the duties of the police in the streets, where order seemed to be a natural instinct among the vast crowds which thronged them. The Post and Telegraph Departments displayed the greatest attention and courtesy in dealing with what, I fear, was no inconsiderable addition to their ordinary business.

During our stay in the different States I had the pleasure of reviewing the forces of the Commonwealth, numbering upward of 25,000. Every one must have been impressed by this splendid display of fighting material available in Australia. The number on parade, and the cheerful willingness with which the volunteers assembled, often travelling long distances at no little personal inconvenience, gave a proof of that fixed readiness to defend the national interests whenever and wherever they may be threatened, which has been declared so unmistakably throughout the Empire. I feel certain that immeasurable advantages must accrue to the military organisation of the Commonwealth by its being brought under one central administration.

I look upon it as a great privilege and pleasure to have had the opportunity of seeing, and in the King's name presenting medals to, the officers and men who have returned from the war ; and I noticed with much satisfaction the enthusiasm with which they have been received by their fellow-countrymen.

I have been much interested in the Cadet Corps, many of which were particularly smart, soldier-like in their bearing, and

well equipped. I am confident that the great importance of securing thoroughly efficient instruction for these corps will not be lost sight of by the responsible authorities. It seems to me that in this excellent movement lies a strong power for good ; for, besides the benefit of a physical training, it inculcates into the coming generation that spirit of subordination and *esprit de corps* so essential, not merely in the soldier, but in the development of the national character.

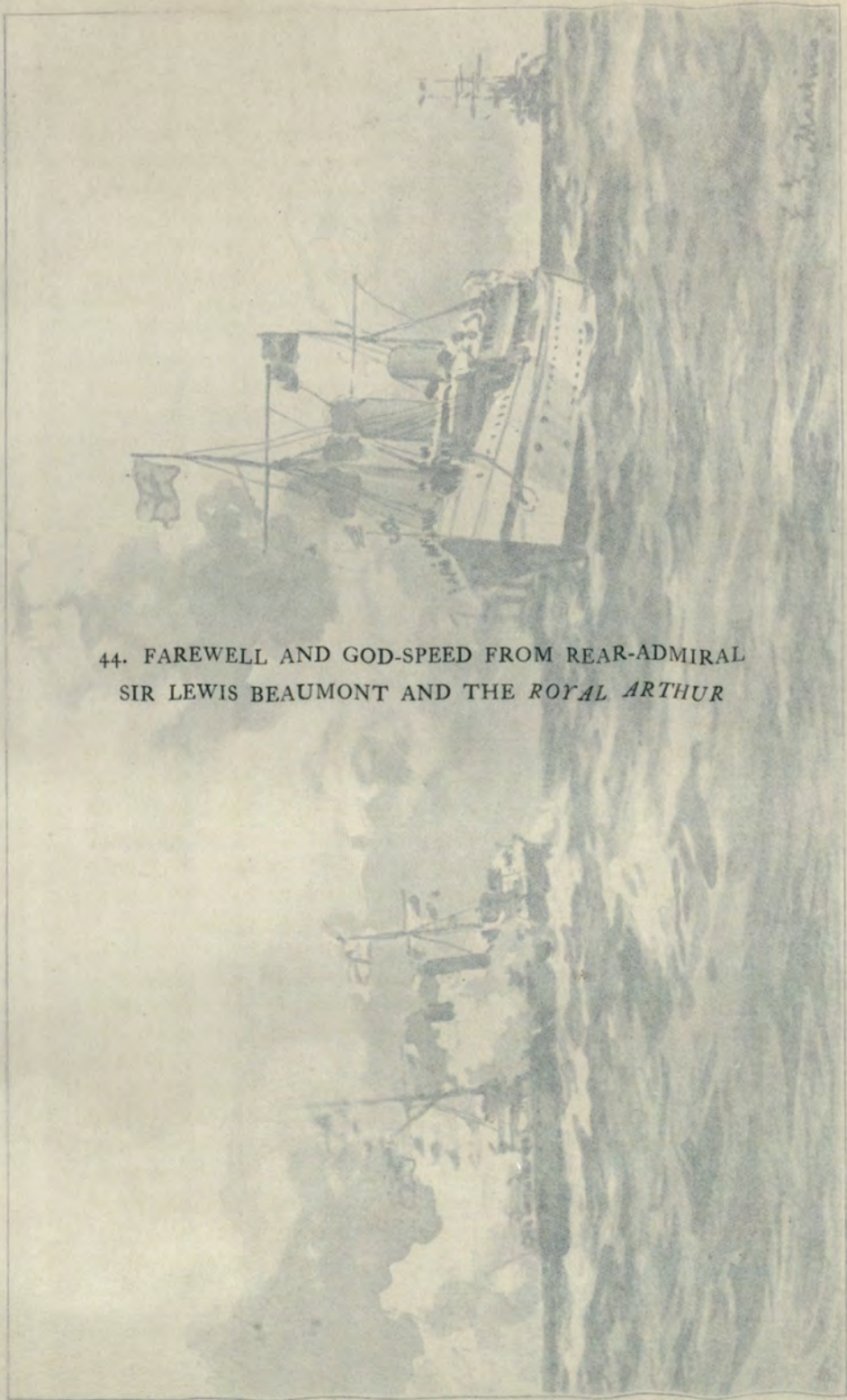
I have realised with much satisfaction that a sound and practical education is placed within the reach of all, and that the opportunities thus given by the State are fully taken advantage of by the people at large. At the same time, the great importance of physical training is not lost sight of ; and I had the pleasure of seeing not only the drill of the cadets, but also admirably executed physical displays by the school-children in the various States.

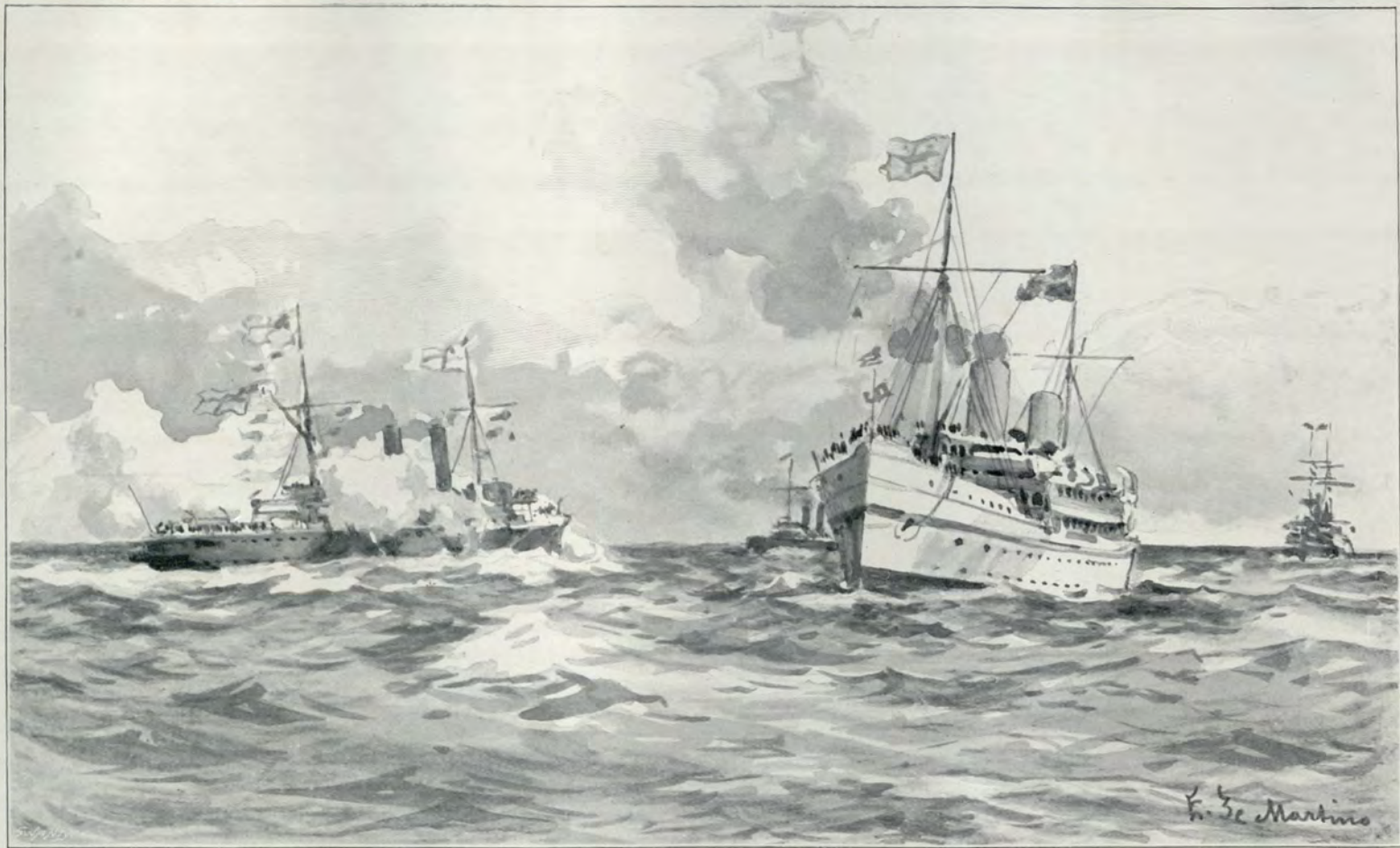
The Duchess and I feel that we cannot adequately thank Lady Hopetoun and you for your generous hospitality, for your unfailing kind attention, and for the manner in which you anticipated our wants and personally supervised all the arrangements of our visit. Our cordial thanks are due to your excellent staff for their untiring patience and kindness in carrying out those arrangements, and for their valuable and ready assistance to me and my Staff. To the Governors and Administrators of the several States and to their staffs we desire to express our sincere thanks for the similar kind and thoughtful consideration which we received while their guests, and our deep appreciation of the spirit in which all the trouble and inconvenience of entertaining so large a party was met.

We leave with many regrets, mitigated, however, by the hope that, while we have gained new friendships and good-will, something may also have been achieved towards the strengthening and welding together of the Empire through the sympathy and interest which have been displayed in our journey, both at home and in the Colonies. The Commonwealth and its people will ever have a warm place in our hearts. We shall always take the keenest interest in its welfare, and our earnest prayer will be for its continued advancement, not only in material progress, but in all that tends to make life noble and happy.—
Believe me, dear Lord Hopetoun, very sincerely yours,

(Signed) GEORGE.

44. FAREWELL AND GOD-SPEED FROM REAR-ADMIRAL
SIR LEWIS BEAUMONT AND THE *ROYAL ARTHUR*





F. Sc. Martino

We have now before us a voyage of 3190 miles to Mauritius. The *Royal Arthur* is to escort us till we pick up the *Juno*, which has coaled at Albany, and is waiting for us out at sea 140 miles from Fremantle.

Saturday, 27th July.—When we get up we have still the *Royal Arthur* on the starboard-quarter, and our old friend the *Juno*, which has joined us during the night, is on the other side. After breakfast the flagship leaves to return to Fremantle. About 900 miles nearer Mauritius we shall pick up our other cruiser the *St. George*, who has gone ahead at slow speed to economise coal.

Sunday, 28th July to Saturday, 3rd August.—Uneventful days at sea, enlivened a little by games, musical drill, sports, and amateur theatricals. On the whole the weather is fine, but for forty-eight hours we have a very rough sea. On Tuesday night we get in touch by wireless telegraphy with the *St. George*, and next morning we find her at the appointed rendezvous.

PART X

Mauritius and South Africa

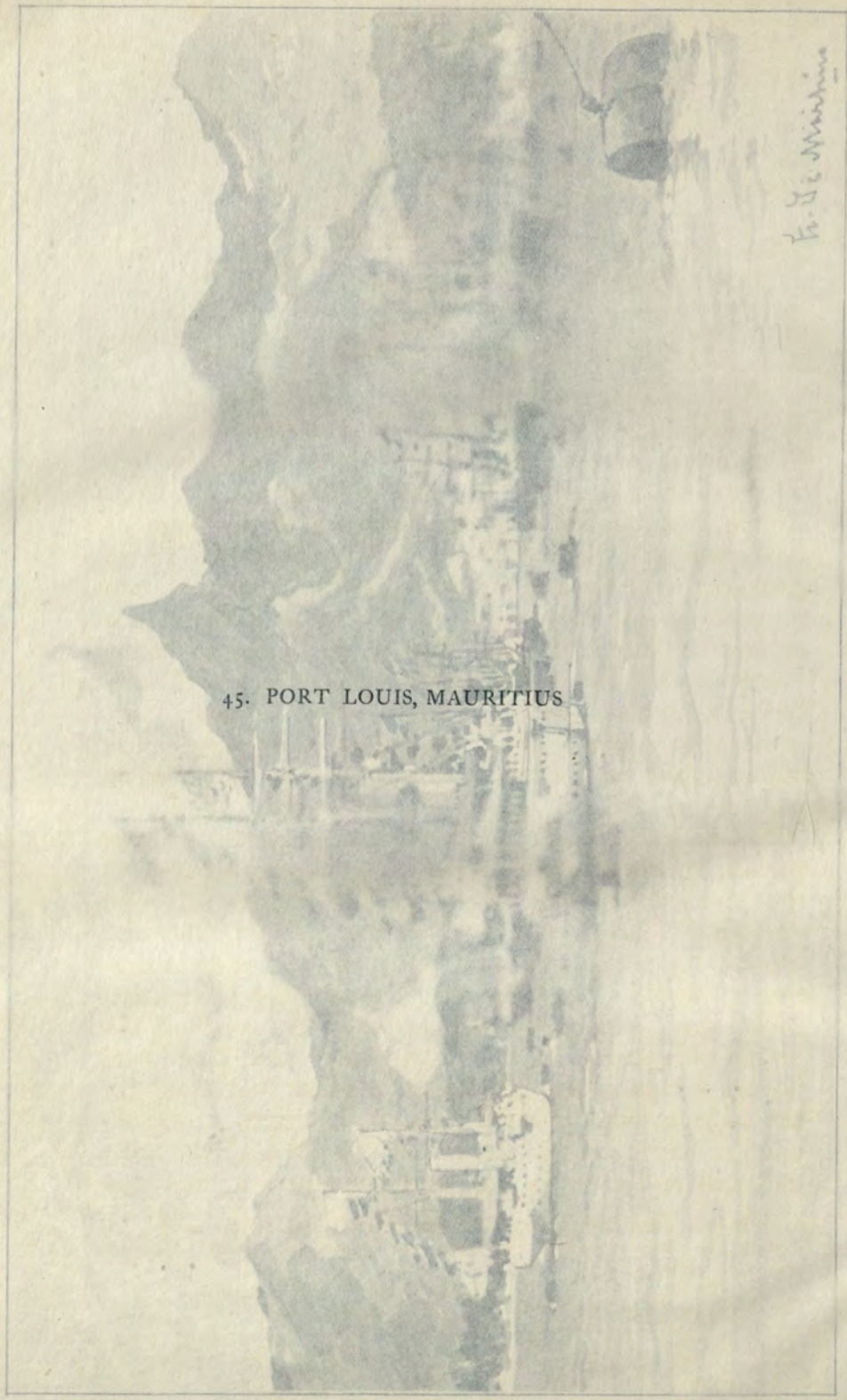
August 4 to September 12



E. G. Martin

45. PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS

Port de Maurice



Mauritius and South Africa

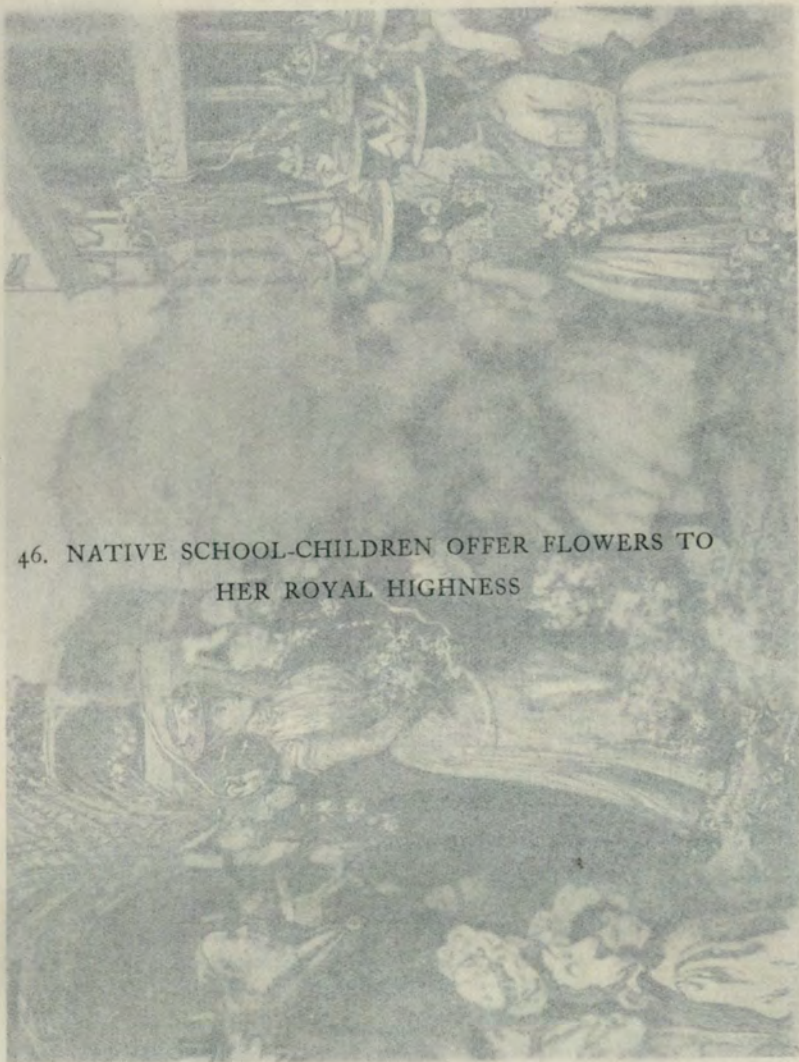
Sunday, 4th August.—From the early morning there is a certain amount of excitement on board, for we are nearing Mauritius, and are looking out for land. About noon it appears in the form of a range of delicate-purple hills, with a soft, wavy outline. These gradually transform themselves, as we approach, into rugged volcanic mountains, rising here and there into peaks of fantastic shapes. One of these peaks—called Pieter Both, after a Governor-General of the Dutch Indies, of which the island at one time formed a part—has the outline of a sugar-loaf, with a gigantic bullet poised on the top, a *lusus naturæ* in which some imaginative people see a colossal statue of Queen Victoria. The lower slopes are covered with verdure, which in many places climbs up in thin streaks to the precipitous cliffs above—a fact which is to be accounted for, perhaps, by the copious rainfall in the higher regions.¹ To the right of the main range stands out boldly, against the blue sky, the rocky mass called the Corps de Garde (2350 feet), showing the profile of a human face. Around this rock, I am told, hovers a curious legend, which predicts that some day the French, who held the island for nearly a century after it had been abandoned by the Dutch, and who still call it Ile de France, will reconquer it, and that

¹ In one place the registered rainfall in 1895 was 173.02 inches. At a place on lower ground in the same year it was only 31.87 (*Mauritius Almanack*, 1901, p. 322).

then the Corps de Garde, who are supposed to be lying asleep somewhere under the mountain, will awake from their long slumbers, like the old Emperor Redbeard in the Kyffhaeuser or Charlemagne in the Odenberg. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know from the local inhabitants that no premonitory signs of the awaking of the Corps de Garde have yet been noticed.

On the narrow space between the mountains and the sea stands the capital of the island, Port Louis, an old-fashioned little town. As we enter the long, narrow harbour, the *Highflyer* (Admiral Bosanquet's flagship) and the *Cossack* fire a salute; and this announcement of our arrival takes the inhabitants and the authorities by surprise, for we were not expected till to-morrow. The Admiral, whom we met at Colombo on our way to Australia, comes on board to pay his respects, and we spend the remaining hour of daylight in admiring the beautiful panorama.

Monday, 5th August.—The landing ceremonies are of the usual kind. From the landing-stage to Government House the tastefully decorated streets are lined by Madras infantry in red tunics and enormous puggeries, assisted by native policemen smartly dressed in khaki. In the reception-hall the Duke opens the proceedings by announcing that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer on the Governor, Sir Charles Bruce, the grand cordon of St. Michael and St. George; on Dr. Edwards and M. de Chazal the companionship of the same order; and on the Chief Justice, M. Victor Delafaye, the honour of knighthood, whereupon M. Delafaye kneels down and receives the accolade. Numerous addresses are then presented, some of them in artistically designed caskets; and the Committee of reception offer the Duchess a finely carved arm-chair, made of the ebony for which the



46. NATIVE SCHOOL-CHILDREN OFFER FLOWERS TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS



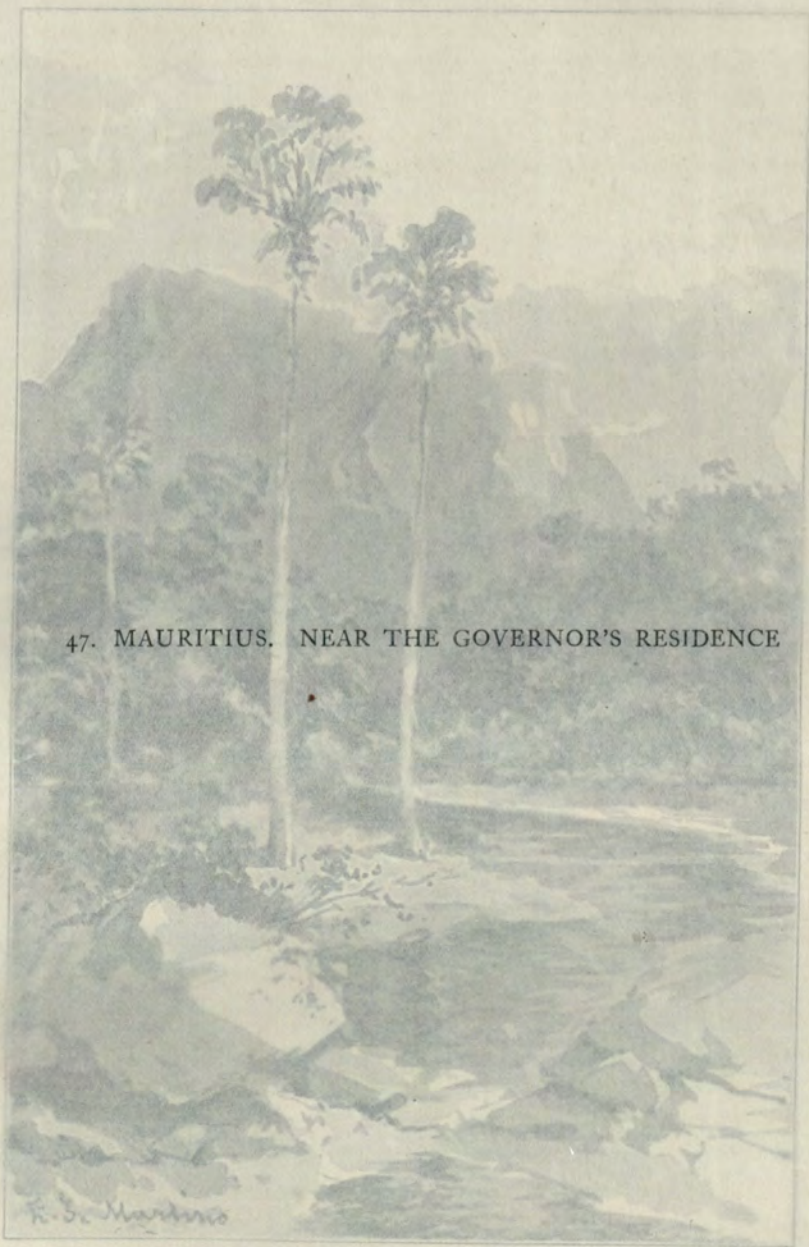
island was formerly famous. In reply to the addresses, the Duke speaks of the "beautiful island, rich in honourable traditions and proud of its association with naval achievements which shed equal glory on England and France."

In front of Government House a statue is to be erected to the memory of Queen Victoria, and the Duchess lays the foundation-stone. Then a monster procession files past. First come 4000 school-children under the direction of French priests and sisters. The little ones are of all the colours that the human skin can assume, from the Nubian black of Africa to the pink-and-white of Northern Europe. The number of the intermediate shades and the extraordinary mixture of ethnological types far surpass anything of the kind I have ever seen. In most countries which have the misfortune to possess a half-caste population there is a mixture of only two races—the conquerors and the aborigines, or the Europeans and the imported negroes. In Mauritius there were no aborigines when the island was first occupied by the whites, and the ethnological chaos has resulted from the intermixture of immigrants from various parts of the world—Hindus and Tamils from India; French, English, and Portuguese from Europe; Negroes, Somalis, and Arabs from the east coast of Africa; Hovas and Sakalavas from Madagascar; Chinese from the Straits Settlements and the Celestial Empire. All these and I know not how many more nationalities have partially blended, and the result is a large mongrel population of the most curious kind. There are of course differences of degree. The old French families, for example, have jealously preserved their purity of blood; and the numerous Tamil peasants from Southern India have kept very much to themselves. The mongrel population, however, is proportionally more numerous and varied than in any other country I have ever visited,

and I am inclined to attribute the fact in some measure to the action of the French clergy in breaking down the barriers of language and religion which elsewhere prevent intermarriage. Of the children who file past, saluting their Royal Highnesses and laying flowers at the Duchess's feet, the majority belong to the darker shades of complexion. Then come the natives of maturer years, some of them carrying banners. The rearguard is composed of Chinese with their usual tom-toms, cymbals, and centipede dragon.

No one lives in Port Louis who is rich enough to have a house in the surrounding hills, which are connected with the capital by a network of railways. The Governor resides at Le Réduit, a charming country-house about half-way to the high levels. Here, and in the surrounding bungalows of leading officials, the Royal party are quartered and hospitably entertained. In the evening there is a reception at the Governor's residence, and I notice that most of those present converse in French.

Tuesday, 6th August.—A day of alternate sunshine and showers. The Duke and a portion of the suite go out deer-stalking with M. Antelme on his estate, but the heavy rain on the higher ground spoils the sport. There are plenty of deer, but they cannot be induced to leave the covert. The Duchess, with the rest of the suite, makes a circular tour by rail of the northern part of the island, including a visit to the celebrated Botanical Gardens of Pamplemousses, which remind us of the Peradenya Gardens of Ceylon; and to the Alfred Observatory, which fulfils some important administrative functions. When storms are approaching—and they are very frequent in this part of the world—the Director of the Observatory becomes an influential official, whose orders must be immediately and strictly carried out. His first signal, addressed to



47. MAURITIUS. NEAR THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE

R. S. Martins



the harbour authorities, means, "Send down top-gallant yards and masts and prepare for bad weather ; ships at the Bell Buoy to go to sea." His next signal enjoins "the masters of all ships in the port to repair immediately on board their respective vessels, and to strike lower masts and topmasts." On land he is at such moments equally powerful. When he announces that the wind has attained a velocity of 40 miles an hour, the General Manager of Railways has to stop immediately all trains having two-storied carriages ; and when he declares it has attained a velocity of 5 miles more, the General Manager has to stop traffic of every kind until his meteorological colleague permits it to be resumed.

After leaving the Observatory our journey lies through vast expanses of sugar-plantations, with here and there a big crushing-mill which will soon be in activity, for the cane is nearly ripe. If we may judge by the official statistics, the sugar industry of the island is still fairly prosperous. During the last ten years the annual export has varied between about 15 and $28\frac{1}{2}$ millions of rupees ; and in 1899, the last year for which statistics are available, it was nearly $24\frac{1}{2}$ millions, considerably above the ten years' average.

Wednesday, 7th August.—Not much to do to-day. In the morning we stroll about the beautiful grounds of Le Réduit, the Governor's residence, and in the afternoon we visit a sugar-factory, where their Royal Highnesses watch with interest the processes by which the cane is converted into soft sugar. Refining is not practised here or elsewhere on the island.


The English merchants seem fairly well satisfied. They say that trade with the United Kingdom and British possessions constitutes about 80 per cent of the entire foreign trade of the island, and that it is proportionately on the increase. With the United

States and Germany little business is done. The most serious rival is France, but French trade is on the decline.

Thursday, 8th August.—Departure for South Africa. On their way to the port the Duke and Duchess visit a benevolent institution belonging to the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, which aims at alleviating all kinds of human misery, and devotes itself in this institution to nursing the sick and educating poor children. Founded by a charitable lady who is—or was till recently—still alive, the Congregation has already in Mauritius seventeen houses, with two orphanages, five infirmaries for the aged, a hospital for Chinese, and an asylum for lepers. The good Sisters seem to have their heart in their work, and a worthy layman who takes an active part in the administration assures me that the results are “magnifiques.” On board the *Ophir* we take leave of the Governor and Lady Bruce, also of a number of the leading personages of the island, all of whom have done their utmost to make our stay agreeable and interesting; and we then sail for Durban, a run of some 850 miles. The weather is beautiful, but when we get fairly out to sea we renew our acquaintance with the long swell which accompanied us nearly all the way from Australia.

Friday, 9th, to Monday, 12th August.—For these four days there is little to record. The first night we pass the light on the northern point of the French island of Réunion, and next day we get a good view of the coast and mountains of Southern Madagascar. On Monday a memorial service is held for the late Empress Frederick, the news of whose death reached us at Mauritius.

Tuesday, 13th August.—At 7 A.M., as I am getting up, I hear the anchor go. We are off Durban, about a



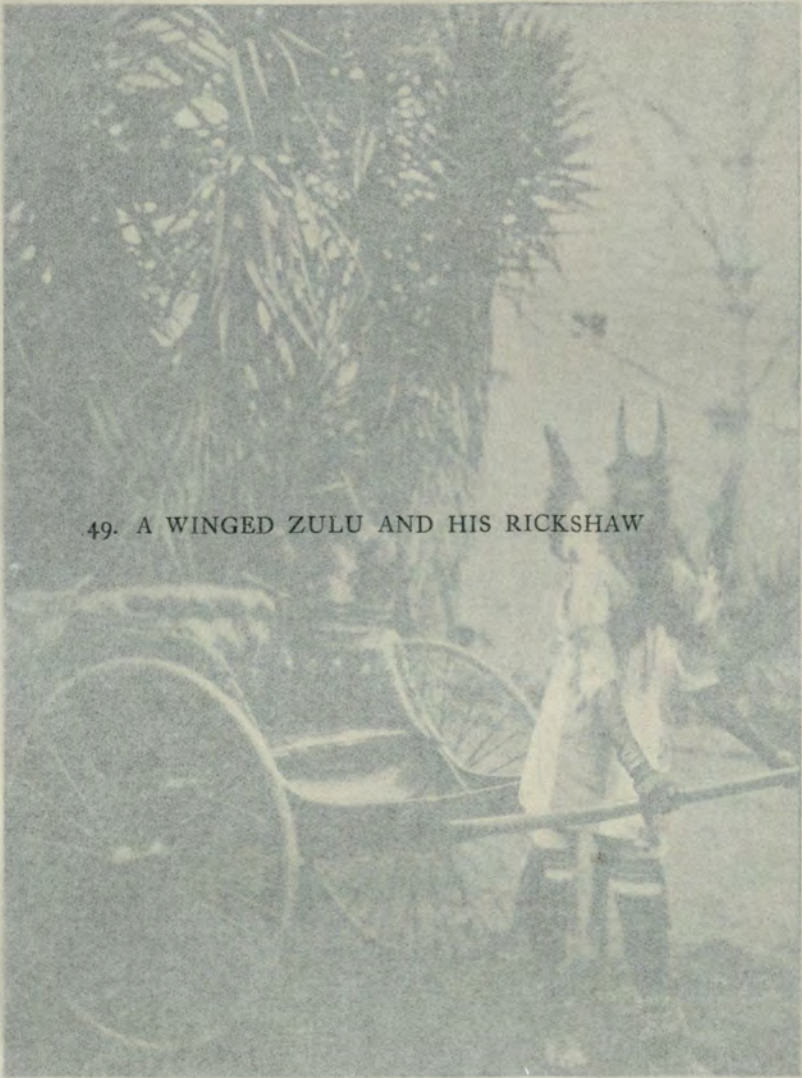
48. NATAL. LANDING AT DURBAN

F. Sc. Martino



Fr. S. Martino

49. A WINGED ZULU AND HIS RICKSHAW



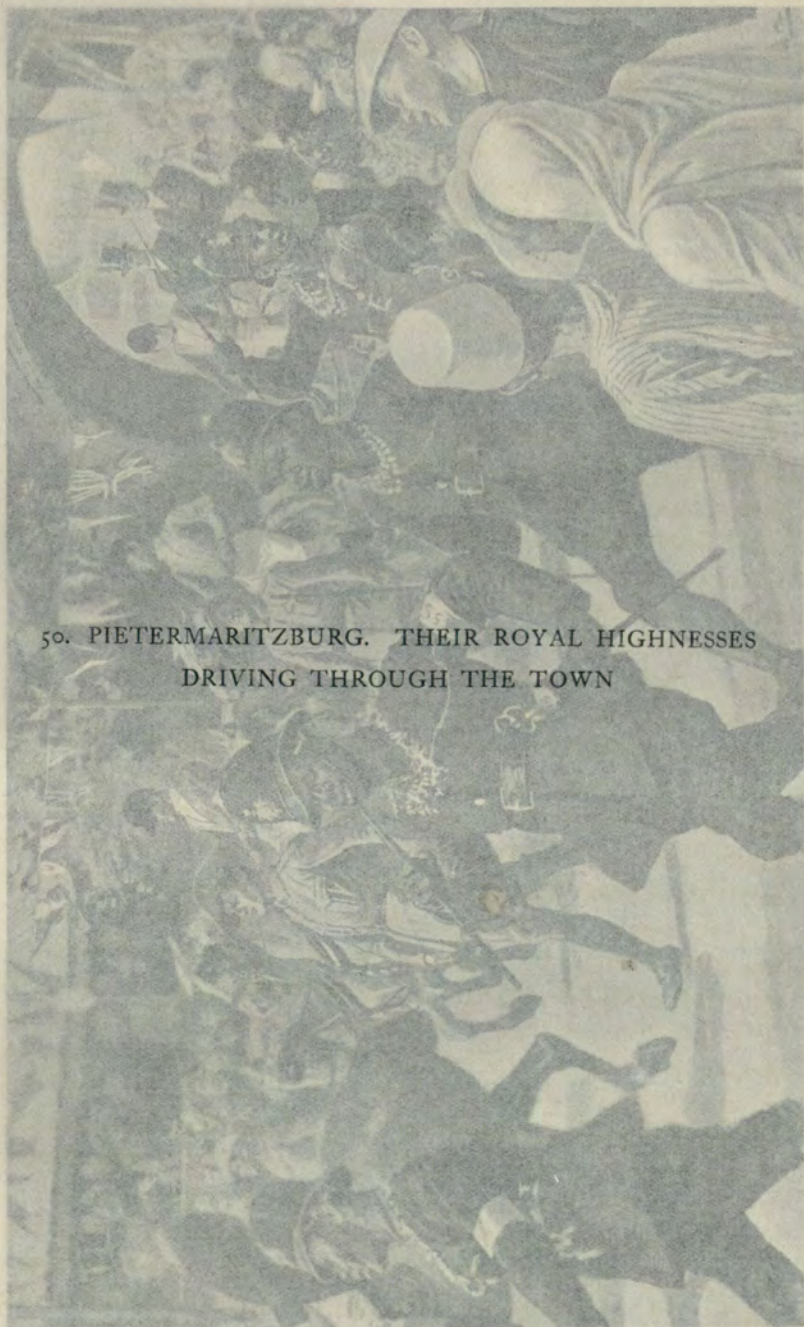


mile from the shore ; and here the *Ophir* is to remain till our departure the day after to-morrow, because she is rather too big to enter the port comfortably. Happily, the sea is fairly calm, so there is no danger of our having to be swung aboard the tug in a basket, an uncomfortable, undignified mode of transhipment which has often to be used at this port. After receiving official visits from the Governor, Sir Henry M'Callum, and the Prime Minister, Sir Albert Hime, their Royal Highnesses go ashore in a small steamer, preceded by the *Thrush*, a gunboat once commanded by the Duke, and are received with the customary formalities, with which we are all becoming very familiar. Despite the war, and perhaps partly on account of it, Durban is evidently a thriving place. Its streets are broad and regularly built, and it has constructed recently a fine embankment and boulevard along the end of the inlet, which has been transformed at great expense into a harbour. Its population is largely composed of blacks, of whom the most picturesque are the Zulu rickshaw-boys, who wear elaborate head-dresses adorned with feathers or bullock-horns, and who occasionally attach to their shoulders a pair of wings much larger than those which Mercury used to wear on his feet. The town is of course decorated, and the inhabitants give a very hearty welcome to the Royal visitors, confirming by their cheers the loyal sentiments expressed in the addresses by the municipal authorities and other public bodies.

After lunch the Royal party start for Maritzburg, a journey of about seventy miles, through a picturesque, mountainous country. The railway is a bold piece of engineering, the ruling gradient being 1 in 30, and the ruling curvature having a radius of 300 feet. In the first thirty miles it runs up to a height of 2000 feet, winding along the slopes and crests of the successive ridges and looking down into the deep valleys below in

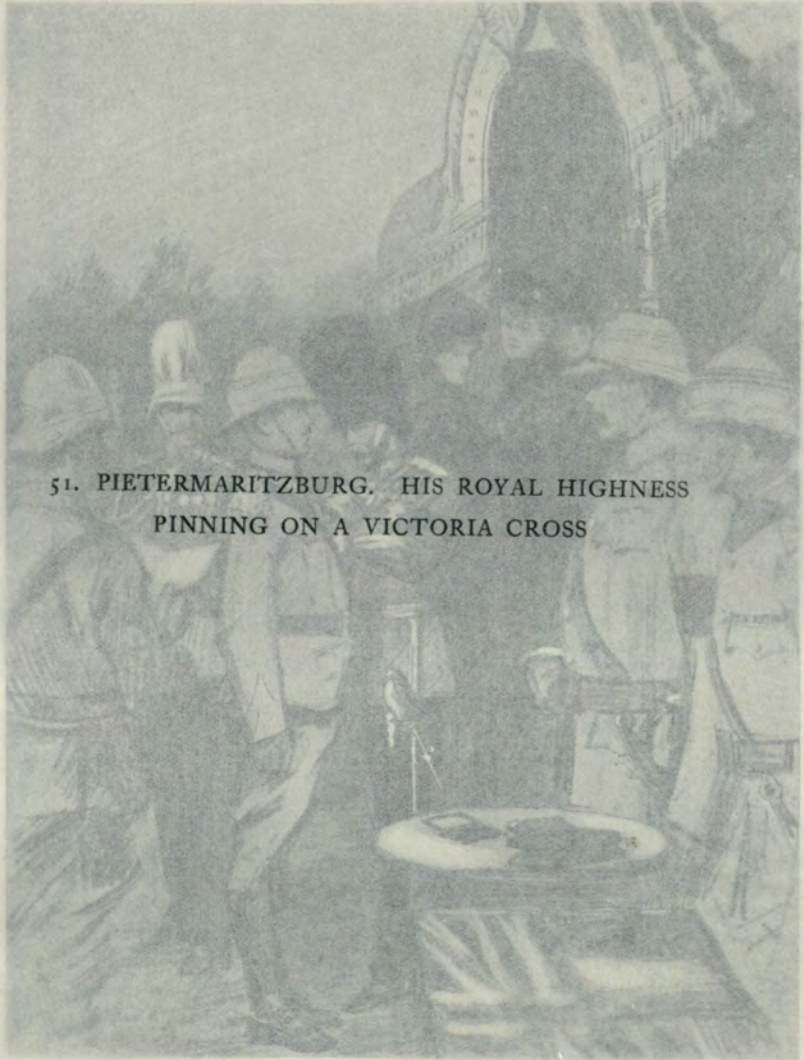
a way that makes the traveller sometimes feel a little uncomfortable. Results, however, seem to prove that there is no real danger, for accidents rarely or never happen. A short halt is made at Pinetown Bridge. Here is the Princess Christian Hospital, excellently organised and capable of accommodating 300 patients, but now containing only 3 officers and 20 men. At 7 o'clock their Royal Highnesses reach Maritzburg, and drive between two lines of torch-bearers to Government House.

Wednesday, 14th August.—A busy day for their Royal Highnesses. In the forenoon they drive in procession through the town, open the new Town Hall, receive loyal addresses, and unveil a tablet to the memory of the Natal volunteers who have fallen in the war. Shortly after noon Lord Kitchener arrives by special train from Pretoria, and is present at the afternoon functions, when the Duke inspects some of the Scots Guards, Cameron Highlanders, and local forces, presents nine Victoria Crosses and forty-one D.S.O. decorations, and receives the homage of fifty-five loyal native chiefs in their picturesque native costume. A State dinner, followed by a numerously attended reception, closes the proceedings of the day. These proceedings I must not attempt to describe in detail, because I did not witness them. For the first time since leaving England I have been playing truant. When their Royal Highnesses were receiving addresses in the Town Hall, I was riding over Waggon Hill, Cæsar's Camp, and other battlefields in the immediate neighbourhood of Ladysmith; and during the afternoon ceremonies I was driving in a mercilessly jolting four-horse Cape-cart from Ladysmith to Colenso, along the road by which Buller advanced to the relief of the besieged town, wondering how mere flesh and blood could ever have stormed successfully



50. PIETERMARITZBURG. THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES
DRIVING THROUGH THE TOWN

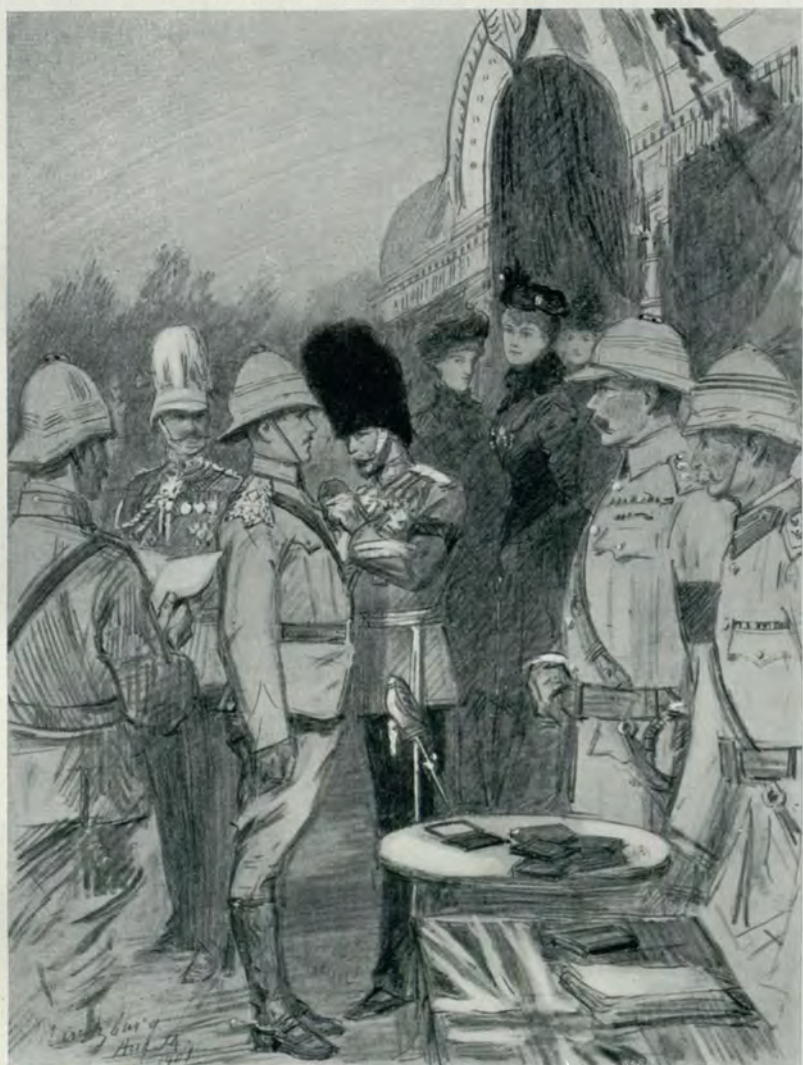




51. PIETERMARITZBURG. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PINNING ON A VICTORIA CROSS

ЫИИИИ ОИ 4 АІСЛОКІА СКОГГ

21. БЕЛЕКМАВІЛЛВУКС' НІС БОЛУГ НІСНІЕСС



those honeycombed ridges rising one behind the other in endless succession. With regard to the Maritzburg proceedings, however, I may quote from an authentic source a portion of the Duke's reply to the addresses. Referring to Ladysmith, he said :—

Up to the latter days of 1899 the name of that little town was scarcely known outside the limits of your Colony. But from the 2nd November of that year it became day by day the very centre of interest and of anxious concern in the eyes of the whole Empire. Rigorously invested during 118 days, it heroically and with dogged resolve kept the flag flying and resisted the attacks of the enemy, of hunger, and of disease, while the outside world looked on with breathless suspense—at times hardly daring to hope—at the repeated gallant attempts to bring her relief. It was the stubborn defence of that outwork which stayed the advance against the capital of your country, and in thanking the people of Ladysmith for their loyal address I can confidently give expression to the undying gratitude of their fellow-subjects for the noble manner in which they shared with their brethren-in-arms the glorious defence of that ever memorable siege. . . .

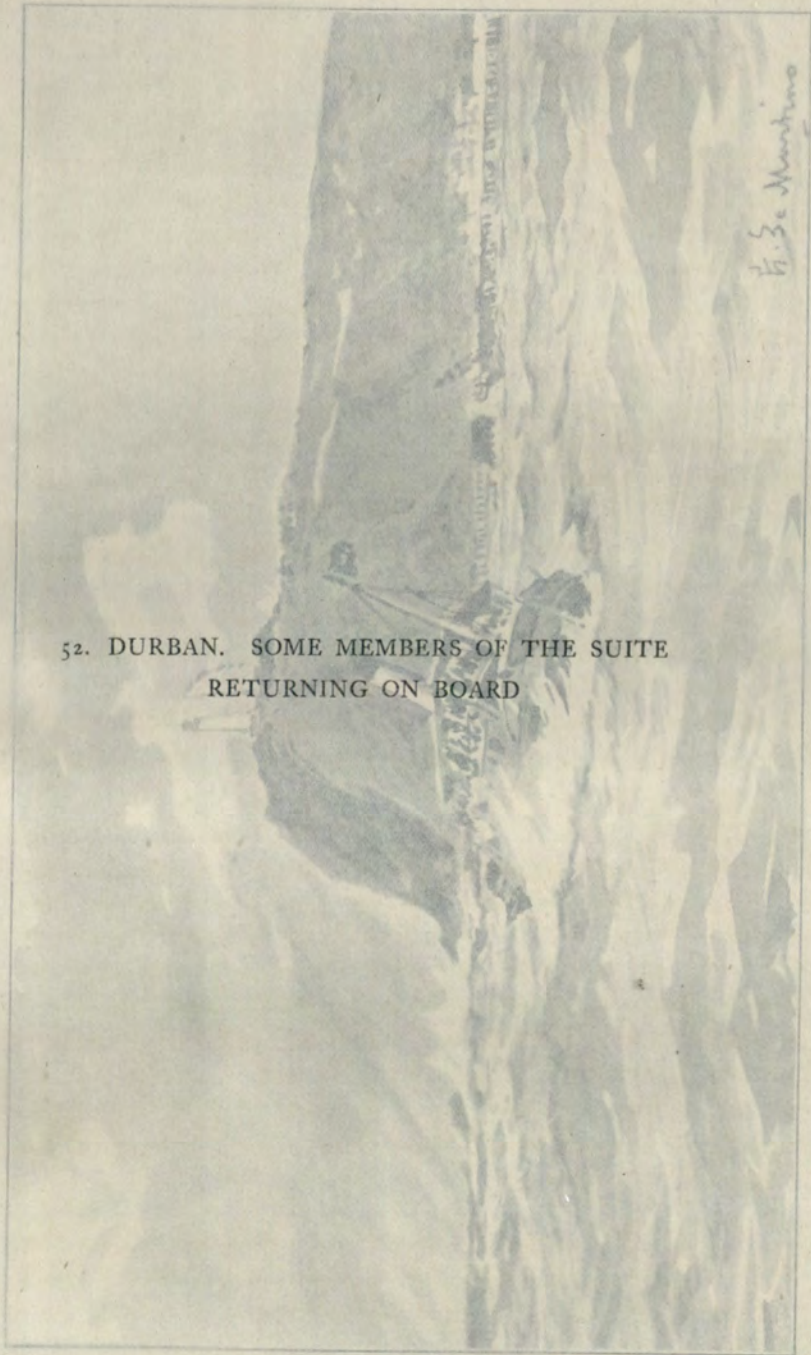
I am proud to come amongst you to testify to that profound feeling of admiration which thrilled the whole nation at the ready self-sacrifice with which the manhood of the Colonies rallied round the Old Flag in the hour of danger. And in doing this I am fulfilling the wish of my dear father, the King, who, keenly sharing these national sentiments, was determined, if possible, to give effect to the desire of her who, from the first, followed with deep sympathy, interest, and satisfaction the efforts gallantly achieved and sufferings nobly borne by her people of Natal in defence of the Empire. In this cause you have given your best ; and here at the heart of the Colony the thought comes home with increased intensity how few amongst those whom I am addressing have not suffered and made sacrifices on account of the war. We offer our deepest sympathy with all, and especially with those who sent their dear ones to the front, never to return. These sacrifices have not been in vain. Never in our history did the pulse of the Empire beat more in unison ; and the blood which has been shed on the veldt has sealed for ever our unity, based upon

a common loyalty and determination to share, each of us according to our strength, the common burden.

Thursday, 15th August.—Return to Durban. Their Royal Highnesses inspect minutely Princess Christian's hospital-train, which has just brought down from Pretoria eighty sick and wounded, and returns to Pretoria to-night. Many of the victims of the war have reason to be grateful for the humane efforts of the Princess and her Committee to alleviate their sufferings. Since 18th March 1899 this admirably organised train has run 41,093 miles, and transported from the front to base-hospitals 313 officers, 19 nursing sisters, and 7128 non-commissioned officers and men. The Duke and Duchess visit also the hospital-ship *Simla*, which is lying in the harbour, but has at present no sick or wounded on board.

The sea is not very rough, so we are again spared the humiliation of being hoisted up in a basket; but we hear that two or three members of the suite who went ashore yesterday had to undergo that ordeal, and were sketched at the critical moment by the artist of the ward-room. At 4 o'clock we sail for the Cape, escorted by the *Gibraltar*, the flagship of Admiral Moore, who is in command of the Cape station, the *St. George* and the *Juno* having gone on ahead to the Cape. A big whale joins loyally in the parting salute by spouting lustily close to the *Ophir*. Towards evening it comes on to blow from the south-west, and later we have a fine specimen of the magnificent thunderstorms for which these latitudes are famous. They are often accompanied by a shower of very big hailstones, as I experienced yesterday when driving from Ladysmith to Colenso.

Friday, 16th August.—Coasting along all day. We pass East London about noon, and after dinner we see distinctly the lights of Port Elizabeth.



52. DURBAN. SOME MEMBERS OF THE SUITE
RETURNING ON BOARD

H. S. Martino



Saturday, 17th August.—Very much like yesterday, only the sea is much calmer. During dinner, on a fairly even keel, we round Cape Agulhas, the most southerly point of Africa, and when we come on deck afterwards the light on the promontory is still visible. To-morrow morning we should reach our destination.

Sunday, 18th August.—At 7 o'clock we are moored in Simon's Bay, an offshoot of False Bay, which forms the eastern shore of the peninsula on which stand Table Mountain and Cape Town. Bright morning, but strong, cold wind from the south-west. We are to have a quiet day, as we usually have on Sundays. After morning service some of us go ashore and visit a camp of Boer prisoners close by. The officers in charge tell us that the prisoners are quiet and well behaved, and that not more than 10 per cent of them are fanatical and sulky. Some spend a good deal of time in psalm-singing, and a few earn a little money by making toys—wooden models of animals, Cape-carts, and trekking-waggons; also small boxes, out of which, when opened, darts suddenly a snake's head. The dexterity displayed in making these toys is remarkable, considering that the artists are not allowed to have tools of any kind, not even a pocket-knife, lest they should use them for purposes of escape. What they generally work with is a sharpened bit of hoop-iron. The camp is surrounded with barbed wire and a corrugated-iron fence, outside of which the sentries mount guard on raised platforms. The precautions have proved amply sufficient, and many of the prisoners are allowed to walk about in the recreation-ground between the enclosed portion of the camp and the sea-shore. Until a few days ago some of them used to bathe in the sea, but this practice was stopped by a sad accident. A Boer, renowned for his great strength and kindly good-nature, was bathing in shallow water near the shore, when he

was suddenly attacked by a large shark, which had approached him unperceived. The poor fellow made a brave fight for life. When his left arm had been bitten off he struck the monster with his right hand, and even after one of his legs had been fearfully lacerated he contrived to struggle out of the water. In a few minutes several doctors who happened to be near were in attendance, and did their utmost to save him, but he succumbed from shock and loss of blood. In consequence of this tragic incident there is still a gloom over the camp. As a souvenir of the visit I buy a little snake-box, made by a prisoner taken at Paardeberg.

With the permission of the military authorities the prisoners send to their Royal Highnesses an address and some curious little presents. In the address the prisoners who sign it relate, in very imperfect English, that they have great pleasure in participating in the honour of cordially welcoming their Royal Highnesses to South Africa, and of wishing them a pleasant sojourn and a happy return to the Mother Country; that it is for them a matter of profound regret that the country should be in a deplorable state of conflict, but they cherish the hope that the visit may be the harbinger of the much-longed-for peace, and that prosperity and good-will may shortly again reign throughout the land; finally, that they hope they may soon be released from their monotonous confinement, and be enabled to return to their homes and dearly beloved families. The little offerings sent with the address—described as “a memento of respect and a keepsake in token of extreme regard, a gift of little intrinsic value but well meant”—are four silver serviette-rings and a curious brooch, all made by prisoners. The brooch is composed of a five-shilling piece, in the centre of which is set a Kruger sovereign. On the obverse, to the left of the gold piece, is a rude representation of a bird singing open-mouthed on a

tree, and to the right of the Kruger sovereign a bird silent in a cage. Under the one is written LIBERTY and under the other CAPTIVITY. On the reverse is the inscription, "Anglo-Boer war, 1899-1901. Bellevue Camp, Simonstown, 17. 8. 01. Humbly presented to the Duchess of Cornwall and York, while visiting South Africa, by prisoners of war, C. J. Van Zyl, C. Olen, L. Lotter."

Monday, 19th August.—Their Royal Highnesses land under a salute from the warships *Gibraltar*, *Naiad*, *Terpsichore*, and *Monarch*, and their carriage is drawn from the dockyard to the railway station by a numerous and spirited team of Bluejackets. The little town is prettily decorated, and the population, white and black, cheer enthusiastically. From Simonstown to Cape Town is a distance of twenty-two miles, and the country is decidedly picturesque. For the first few miles the line runs close to the shore of False Bay, at the other side of which rises a range of sharp-peaked, purply-blue hills. Then we wind round the base of the Devil's Peak and Table Mountain, through a prettily wooded region of suburban villas, grouped in little townships with familiar names such as Kenilworth, Claremont, and Woodstock. As the train passes each station there is a burst of cheering and much waving of hats and handkerchiefs. At Cape Town an enormous crowd is awaiting the arrival of the train. An address is presented from the Mayors and Corporations of the capital and the surrounding municipalities, and bouquets are offered to the Duchess; and then the Royal party drive in procession to Government House. The decorations are profuse and elaborate, and include a liberal supply of triumphal arches, such as we saw in Australia and New Zealand. Something a little out of the common is a stand occupied by the Imams of the "original" Mahomedan community, which has existed here since

the old Dutch times, when many Malays came to the Cape from the Dutch Indies. Everywhere the pavements, balconies, and windows are densely crowded, and the cheering, alike of the white and of the black population, is most enthusiastic. If Cape loyalty were to be carefully analysed it would doubtless be found to contain a combative element, distinguishing it from that of the Colonies where disaffection is unknown. Nothing occurs to justify in the slightest degree the apprehensions of those who feared that in the popular demonstration some discordant note might be heard. There is absolutely nothing of the sort. If any disloyalty or lukewarmness is present, it prudently remains in the background and keeps silence. For the moment, the political troubles and anxieties are forgotten in the delight of welcoming the Royal visitors, and the Colony says to her Royal guests :—

I have let fall the curtain behind me ;
 I have shut out the sound of the fray ;
 Unarmed and clean-handed you find me,
 Decked out in my brightest array :
 Burnished and blazoned and golden and gay.

Let my cannon be hidden in roses ;
 Let my sabre no longer be keen.
 I have let fall the curtain that closes
 The Something that may not be seen.
 I am lustre, brightness, shimmer and sheen.

You may heed not that rumble—'tis thunder ;
 You may heed not that moan—'tis the tide.
 A rattle you hear—and you wonder ?
 'Tis the sword of the Guard at your side.
 Gaze on my sparkle and spangle and pride.

You are welcome, Young Hopes of a nation !
 You are welcome, Young Rulers to be !
 And I, in the throes of creation,
 And I, who yet strive to be free,
 Greet you, Young Life from the Isle of the Sea.

This Ode of Welcome, which appears in to-day's *Cape Times* over the signature of Edgar Wallace, represents truly, I believe, the popular feeling. The Duke, in replying for the Duchess and himself to a large number of loyal addresses, says :—

I am glad to have this opportunity of giving public and grateful expression to our feelings of profound satisfaction at the very enthusiastic and hearty welcome accorded to us on our arrival here to-day. The fact that during the last two years you have been passing through such troublous times, and that, in addition to your other trials, the Colony has suffered from an outbreak of plague from which it is not yet entirely free, might well have detracted from the warmth of your greeting. But in spite of all your trials and sufferings, you have afforded us a welcome the warmth and cordiality of which we shall never forget.

In the afternoon the Duke holds a levee in the Houses of Parliament, at which he shakes hands with over 1100 people; and then receives loyal addresses, nearly a hundred in number, from various towns and districts, and also from private societies. Several of them come from female organisations, such as the Loyal Women's Guild, and these are presented to the Duchess. All of them express sentiments of unbounded loyalty and devotion to the Throne, and make touching references to the death of the late Queen. They are all, in fact, more or less ornate variations of the simple, straightforward language used by the native representatives of the Tembu, Pondo, Fingo, and Gealaka tribes :—

Great Chief, Son of our Great-Great Chief, Grandson of our Great, Good, and Wise Queen-Mother, who for so many years watched over and protected us with her wise and good laws, who is now with the Spirits but who still watches over us, her children, and towards whom our heart is warm, we thank you for visiting the land of our birth. When you go back to the land of your birth, tell our King, your father, that his

children are happy and contented at being permitted to live under the good laws that have been made for us, but that our hearts are still sore because of the death of our Great Mother. When our magistrates told us that sad thing, we covered our heads and mourned, as is our custom when the mothers who bore us are taken away. We are still crying. Ask our father to be to us what his mother was. We are his loyal children and will be so always.

To the addresses the Duke makes three replies—a long one to the deputations from Cape Colony, and two short ones to those from the Orange River Colony and Rhodesia. In the first, after saying how deeply touched the Duchess and himself are by the references to the late Queen, “whose whole life was a noble example of devotion to duty and of sympathy and zealous concern for the welfare of her people,” he alludes to the present state of the country. “I greatly deplore,” he says, “the continuance of the lamentable struggle which has so long prevailed, and for the speedy termination of which the whole Empire prays. During this time you have had to make grievous sacrifices. Numbers have patiently suffered trials and privations, while many of the flower of your manhood have fallen in the service of their King and country. To all who have been bereaved of dear ones by the war we offer our heartfelt sympathy and condolence. May time, the great healer, bring consolation and efface the bitterness of their loss. That South Africa may soon be delivered from the troubles that beset her is our most earnest prayer, and that ere long the only struggle she knows may be an eager rivalry in the arts of peace and in striving to promote the good government and welfare of the community.” To the deputations from Rhodesia and Orange River Colony he speaks in the same sense. One of his remarks to the latter is pronounced with a peculiar emphasis: “I am sure the King may rely upon you to foster that spirit of for-

bearance, sympathy, and good-will which are essential to that welfare and progress of His Majesty's dominions in South Africa which we all so ardently long for." A number of interesting presents illustrating the various resources of the country are then offered to their Royal Highnesses.

In the evening the Governor, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, gives a State dinner at Government House, and the town is brilliantly illuminated.

Tuesday, 20th August.—There are only two items in to-day's programme: a reception of native chiefs, and a drive on the eastern slope of Table Mountain, including a visit to Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes's celebrated country-house.

At the reception, which is held in Government House garden, twenty-three chiefs are present. Though varying greatly in type, and speaking different dialects, they do not vary much in the darkness of their skin, and they all agree in wearing European costume. From the picturesque point of view this is of course a mistake, for the noble savage never looks well in a badly made or even in a well-fitting frock-coat and trousers; but perhaps he is more amenable to the influences of civilisation when he discards his war-paint and feathers. However this may be, these chiefs have certainly been wonderfully transformed by British influence. They are informed by an English official that the Duke will be glad to hear anything they may have to say, and the speech-making at once begins. First comes Lerothodi, a stout old gentleman, Paramount Chief of the Basutos, who inhabit the South African Switzerland bordering on Orange River Colony and Natal. He was not allowed to take part in the war, but he has been of considerable assistance to us in guarding the Basutoland frontier and refusing supplies to the Boer commandoes in the neighbouring districts. His remarks, expressing loyalty and

devotion to the King, are interpreted, sentence by sentence, by a well-educated young Basuto, who speaks both languages with equal facility. Next comes Khama, of Bechuanaland, a tall, thin man, who was educated by missionaries, and has always shown himself a loyal British subject. He speaks in very much the same terms, and his words are translated by a missionary, Mr. Moffat. Then speaks Veldman, the Fingo Headman. He relates that when he visited England he was allowed to present a walking-stick to Queen Victoria, and he hopes that the Duke will accept one from him to-day. Dalindyebo, the Paramount Chief of Tembuland, also makes a few simple remarks. "This is a great day," he says, "a day to be remembered by us all, for we see with our eyes the son of our Great Chief, who rules over us, and under whose protection we are living in peace and prosperity. Our hearts are filled with joy at seeing you, O Chief! What is in the hearts of the Chiefs and people of the Transkeian Territories is written in this address, which I now present to you." The contents of the address are practically identical with those of the speech. In addition to the addresses, a number of characteristic gifts are offered: karosses of tiger, leopard, and jackal skins, Zulu shields and assegais, bead-ornaments and tobacco-pipes. The Duke tells the chiefs he is glad to meet them face to face, and that he will transmit to his father, the King, their assurances of loyalty and devotion. With them he mourns the loss of our late beloved Sovereign, the Great White Queen, whose heart ever beat warmly for the natives of this great land. Her spirit, he assures them, still lives in her son, their King, who will equally watch over them and guard their best interests.

At noon their Royal Highnesses start for a drive in the southern suburbs, through which we passed rapidly yesterday on our journey from Simonstown. Of the

places visited the most interesting is Mr. Rhodes's magnificent estate of Groote Schuur, at the foot of Table Mountain. After driving through a large park, in which are collected specimens of all the wild animals of South Africa, we reach the house, built on the old Dutch model. From the front windows a fine view is obtained of a large stretch of flat, well-wooded country, with hills in the distance; but it is in the view from the verandah at the back that the principal charm of the place lies. Here in the foreground are a garden and park with splendid stone-pines, behind which rises abruptly the precipitous side of Table Mountain, culminating in the pointed Devil's Peak, 3000 feet high. We did not see Mr. Rhodes himself, for he is at present in Europe.

From Groote Schuur their Royal Highnesses drive through the neighbouring suburban villadom—Rondebosch, Claremont, Kenilworth, and Wynberg; and they are enthusiastically cheered all along the route. At many points the school-children have been collected in stands, and sing the National Anthem, one of the objects of the excursion being to give the juvenile population an opportunity of seeing the Royal visitors. At Wynberg some time is spent in visiting the military hospital, and the sun is setting when the Royal party get back to Government House. The town is again illuminated to-night, and will be illuminated every evening during their Royal Highnesses' stay.

Wednesday, 21st August.—The order of the day begins with a University function. The University of the Cape of Good Hope is merely a body for conferring degrees, and has no local habitation of its own. Its one annual function, commonly called Degree Day Ceremony, usually takes place in a hall hired for the purpose; but in consideration of the importance of to-day's proceedings the Colonial Government has placed

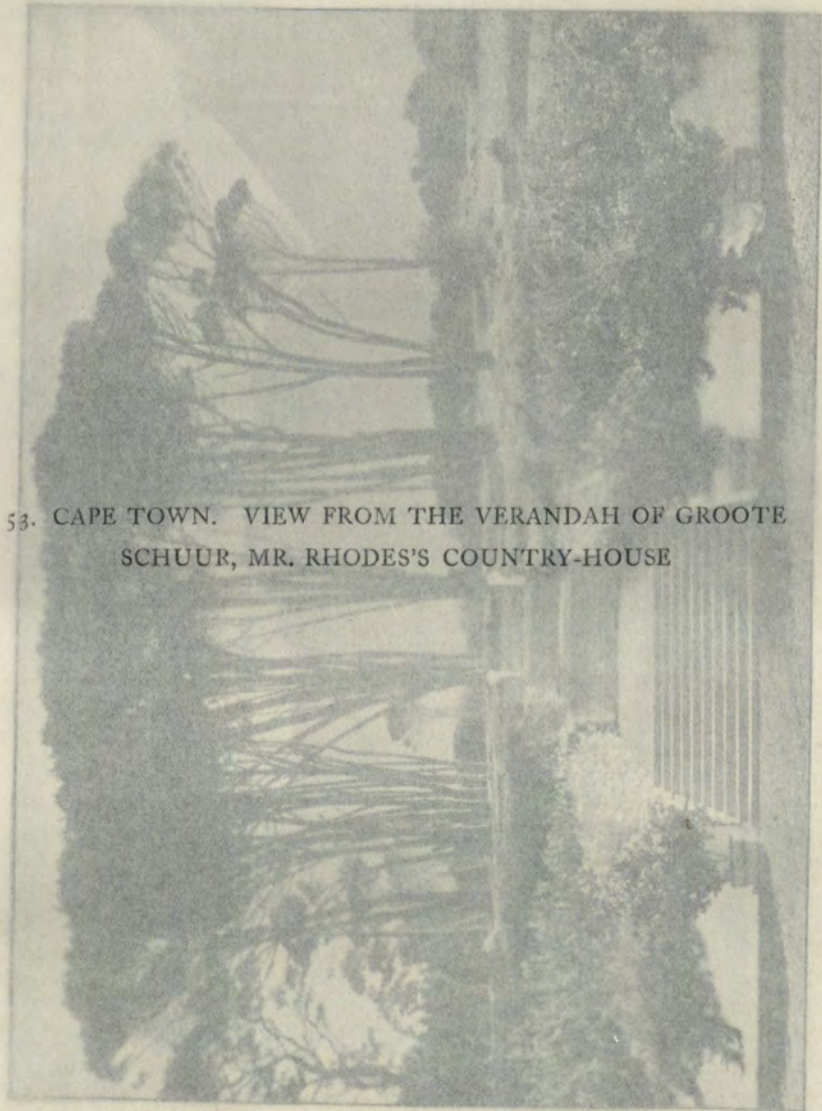
at its disposal the Chamber of the Legislative Council. It is there, consequently, that we assemble at 10.30 to witness the installation of a Chancellor and the "hooding" and "capping" of graduates. In both ceremonies the principal rôle is played by the Duke; for, as formally announced by the Registrar of the University and the President of Convocation, on the 20th day of April 1901 the University Council unanimously resolved to confer on His Royal Highness the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and on the 1st day of June a meeting of Convocation unanimously elected him Chancellor of the University. Both ceremonies are performed in the usual way; and then a number of graduates, among them some young ladies, are "capped" by His Royal Highness the Chancellor. The undergraduates behave on this occasion with exemplary decorum, and it is not till the end of the proceedings that academic solemnity is discarded, and three cheers are given for the new Chancellor and the Duchess.

After lunch there is a children's demonstration in the garden of Government House, at which some 6000 boys and girls are present. The National Anthem and various patriotic odes are sung very harmoniously. As a specimen of the odes a stanza addressed to their Royal Highnesses may be quoted:—

Your path from the Northland we've watched with devotion,
That Northland of freedom girt round by the ocean,
The home where our forefathers were stalwartly nourished,
The home of the great Queen our hearts fondly cherished,
The land we ne'er name but with tender emotion.

A great many poetic effusions have been produced by the Royal tour in the various Colonies visited, but the artistic execution has not always been as unimpeachable as the patriotic sentiments which inspired them.

The children of "the Cape Peninsula," as the Cape Town district between Table Bay, False Bay, and the Atlantic is commonly called, do not confine themselves



53. CAPE TOWN. VIEW FROM THE VERANDAH OF GROOTE
SCHUUR, MR. RHODES'S COUNTRY-HOUSE



to music for the expression of their loyal sentiments. They present as a gift to their Royal Highnesses' children three carefully selected Basuto ponies, who are introduced as Mafeteng, Morena, and Maluli. The Duke in the name of his children thanks the donors, and assures them that the gift will be much appreciated.

As soon as the children's demonstration is finished, the so-called Procession of Cars passes on the other side of Government House. It is a sort of Lord Mayor's Show, in which Britannia with her naval and military defenders naturally plays a prominent part, and in which, at the same time, the peaceful progress of the Colony is depicted by a series of ingenious devices. In the military section a prominent place is given to "Long Cecil," the big gun made in Kimberley during the siege, and used effectively for the defence of the town.

In the evening there is a large reception at the Houses of Parliament, at which their Royal Highnesses shake hands with all present. Immediately afterwards, the Hon. J. Rose Innes, the Hon. Richard Solomon, Mr. C. B. Elliott, and Mr. S. R. French are knighted and invested with the insignia of the K.C.M.G. ; and twelve other leading members of the community receive the companionship of the same order. Mr. E. J. Buchanan, acting Chief Justice, is knighted.

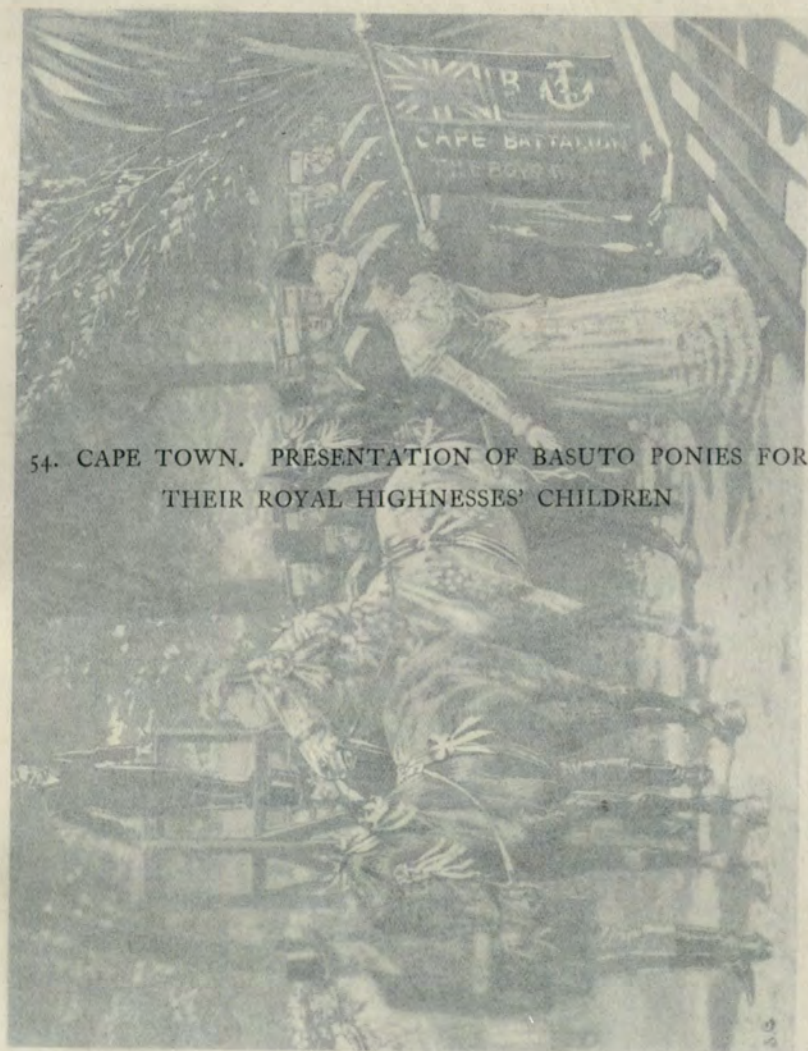
Thursday, 22nd August.—The serious work of to-day is the laying of foundation-stones. One is laid by the Duchess for the Victoria Nurses' Home at the Somerset Hospital ; and later in the day a similar ceremony is performed by the Duke on the site of the futur Cathedral, which is to be a great structure in Gothic style. Between the two functions they take a delightful drive in the opposite direction to that of the day before yesterday, round Signal Hill and the Lion's Head, a bold mass of rock over 2000 feet high. For a good part of the way the road lies along the shore

of the open sea in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope, and then we turn inland by a pass between the Lion's Head and Table Mountain, and descend on Cape Town. At the top of the pass we stop for a little, while a gang of Fingo Kaffirs working on the road tread a war-dance in honour of the Royal visitors.

In the evening there is as usual a State dinner at Government House. These entertainments take place so regularly that I sometimes forget to chronicle them.

The accounts which we receive here of the condition and prospects of British trade are more encouraging than in some of the Colonies we have visited; but the conditions created by the war are so abnormal that it would be hazardous to draw any conclusions as to the future. It is satisfactory, however, to note that the increase of external trade has been chiefly with the United Kingdom and other parts of the Empire. From Germany the imports have shown a steady decline. From America, on the contrary, there has been a large import trade, mostly in railway material, hardware, wood, and grain, and the fact is to be attributed chiefly to the quickness of delivery. The railways throughout the Colony required a large quantity of new rolling-stock; and as the English manufacturers could not undertake to deliver it within the specified time, the tenders were placed in the United States. Everything in America, we are told, seems to be done on a much larger scale than in England, and the American industries accommodate themselves much more rapidly to ever-changing conditions. Happily, the people at home appear to be waking up and becoming a little less conservative in their methods of doing business.

Friday, 23rd August.—Our last day in South Africa. The Governor, with Lady Hely-Hutchinson and the Ministers, accompanies their Royal Highnesses in the



54. CAPE TOWN. PRESENTATION OF BASUTO PONIES FOR
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' CHILDREN



special train to Simonstown. At Admiralty House, close to the landing-stage, fourteen Boer prisoners from the camp which we visited on Sunday are allowed to pay their respects—tall, fine-looking men, and well dressed. Drawn up in the garden, they salute respectfully, and when asked whether they understand English they all reply in the affirmative. The Duke and Duchess shake hands with them, and, after thanking them for the little gifts received on Sunday, express the hope that they will soon be restored to their homes and families.

At 2 o'clock the *Ophir* slips her moorings and sails along the coast towards the Cape of Good Hope. In about an hour we round the bold, rocky headland, surmounted by a lighthouse. Below it, at a considerable distance from the shore, is a long, dangerous reef, over which the heaving swell from the south-west breaks in masses of sparkling foam. Before sunset we have taken our last look of Table Mountain, the Lion's Head, and Robben Island, and try in vain to catch sight of some other point of the coast. The next land to be sighted is the Cape Verd Islands, where we stop to coal, after which we steer a straight course for Canada.

Our regular escorting cruisers, the *St. George* and the *Juno*, have gone ahead to coal at St. Helena, and their places have been taken temporarily by the *Terpsichore* and the *Naiad*, cruisers of the third class. We shall pick up our regular attendants at a rendezvous on the open sea, about a hundred miles to the east of St. Helena.

Saturday, 24th August, to Monday, 2nd September.—Monotonous days at sea, when no land and very few ships are sighted. The chief matter of interest is the weather, and it does not give us much to complain of. There is the heaving swell, of course—just enough to

compel us to keep the scuttles closed, and that is now the only reason why we object to it. Even when we get into the tropics the heat is not oppressive, because it is tempered by a refreshing breeze from the south-east, except the day that we cross the Line, and the next day, when we are about a hundred and twenty miles off Sierra Leone. On Wednesday morning we find that the *Terpsichore* and *Naiad* have disappeared—having received from the Duke on the previous evening a message of thanks and good-bye—and the *St. George* and *Juno* have taken their accustomed places on the port and starboard quarter. They report that at St. Helena they received no cablegrams of important political news. Next evening the tedium of the voyage is relieved by excellent amateur theatricals, in which officers of the ship and members of the suite take part. The play is an amusing burlesque written expressly by a distinguished officer, and the scene-painting proves that we have on board a considerable amount of artistic talent.

Tuesday, 3rd September.—About mid-day we pass close to Santiago, the southernmost of the Cape Verd Islands. High volcanic mountains with fine bold peaks, and few traces of vegetation. Praya, the capital of the group, is distinctly visible. A little later we pass another island of the group, Fogo by name; and after sunset we enter the harbour of St. Vincent. Here we find waiting for us the *Niobe* and the *Diadem*, who are to replace the *St. George* and the *Juno* for the rest of the voyage. We shall part with regret from these two companions, who have escorted us all the way from Aden. The *Niobe* and *Diadem* are also old acquaintances, for they escorted us from Portsmouth to Gibraltar, but they had not time to win our affections to the same extent as the ships that have remained so long with us. To these latter, happily, we can say *au revoir*, for we

shall meet them again off the coast of Ireland, on the voyage home from Canada.

Wednesday, 4th September.—A black day, and not an agreeable one, to those who remain on board, for the coaling goes on from morning till night, and the scuttles and ventilators are closed, in the hope—by no means completely realised—of keeping out the black dust. Of course, we might go ashore, but there is little inducement to spend the day there. The island is often, and not very unjustly, described as “a big cinder”; and the attractions of the town, which do not include an hotel, are more than exhausted in a single hour. The only reason for the island’s being inhabited at all is that it has been found very suitable as a coaling and telegraph station. Before that discovery was made, the Portuguese Government, it is said, was ready to sell the whole group for the modest sum of two millions sterling. Now it derives from St. Vincent alone an annual revenue of £80,000, which is obtained chiefly from a tax of a shilling per ton on coal, and a small charge per word on all messages which pass over the submarine cables connecting Europe with South Africa and South America. The population is black or half-caste, with the exception of some 30 Portuguese and 120 English. These latter declare that the place, though unattractive, is not unhealthy; and though there is not a square foot of turf, they contrive to play cricket. The cricket-field is a large square on the outskirts of the town, the pitch being covered with matting.


Their Royal Highnesses do not land; and in order to escape the coal-dust they spend the greater part of the day on board the cruisers.

Thursday, 5th September.—In the afternoon the coaling is finished, and at 5 o’clock we sail for Quebec, a voyage of some 3300 miles. The fort on shore

and the war-ships in harbour fire a royal salute. A small gunboat, with the Portuguese Governor on board, escorts us for a short distance, and then fires a salute, to which the *Ophir* replies by playing the Portuguese National Anthem.

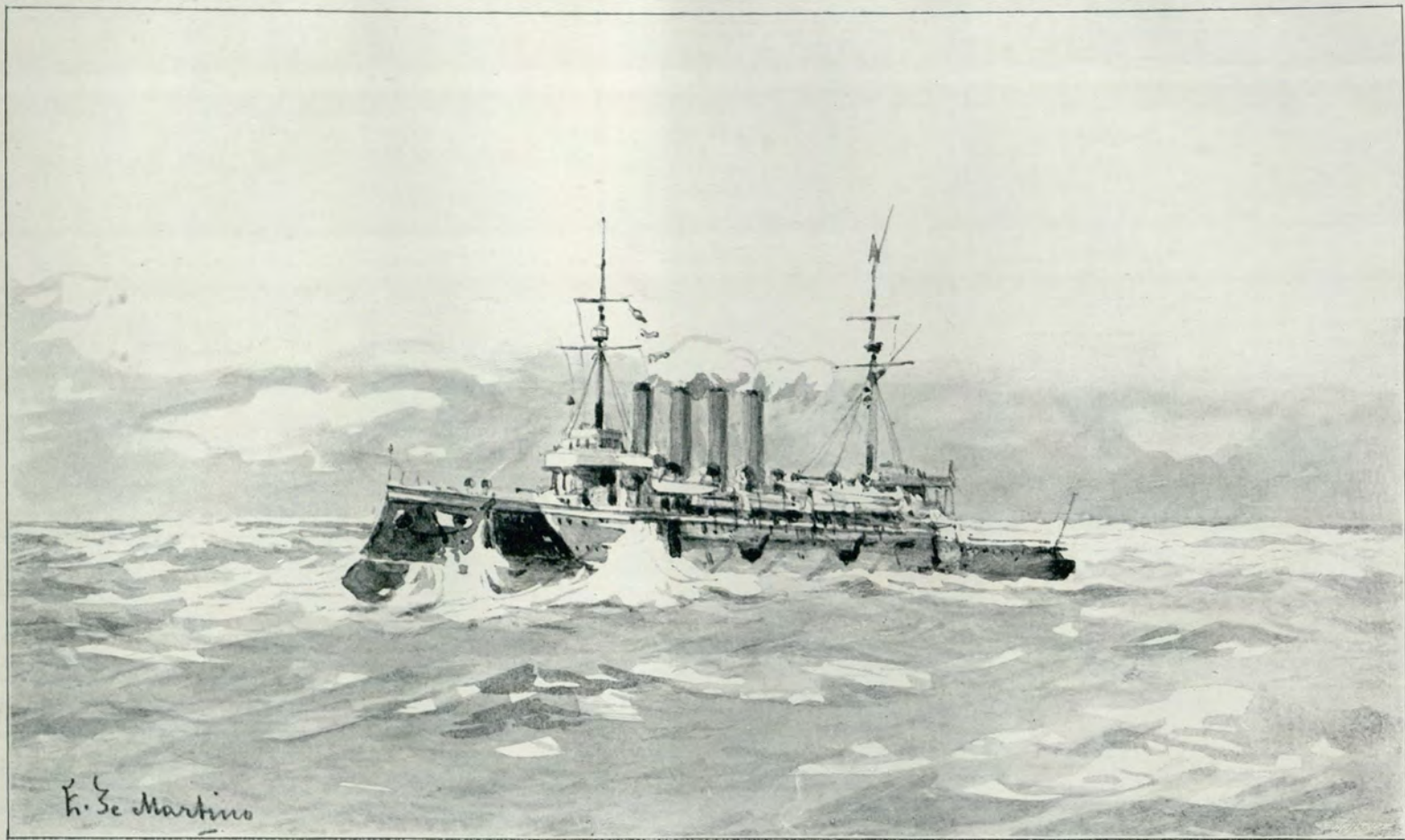
Saturday, 7th September, to Thursday, 12th September.
— Uneventful voyage across the Atlantic, during which we traverse for two days the Great Sargasso Sea, so-called from the large quantities of a peculiar kind of seaweed (sargassum) which is found floating on the surface. Early navigators complained that the sargassum was sometimes so dense as to impede navigation, but our experience does not enable us to endorse their complaints. If certain learned authorities are to be trusted, there is here a big hole, or rather a depression, in the bottom of the ocean, varying from 2500 to 3000 fathoms, which causes a back-eddy in the Gulf Stream, and collects the clusters of seaweed.

During these days we have all kinds of weather, sunshine and showers, heat and cold, the sea sometimes calm and sometimes very much the reverse; and these rapid alternations are a little trying for the less robust constitutions.



55. IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC
H.M.S. *DIADEM* ESCORTING THE *OPHIR*

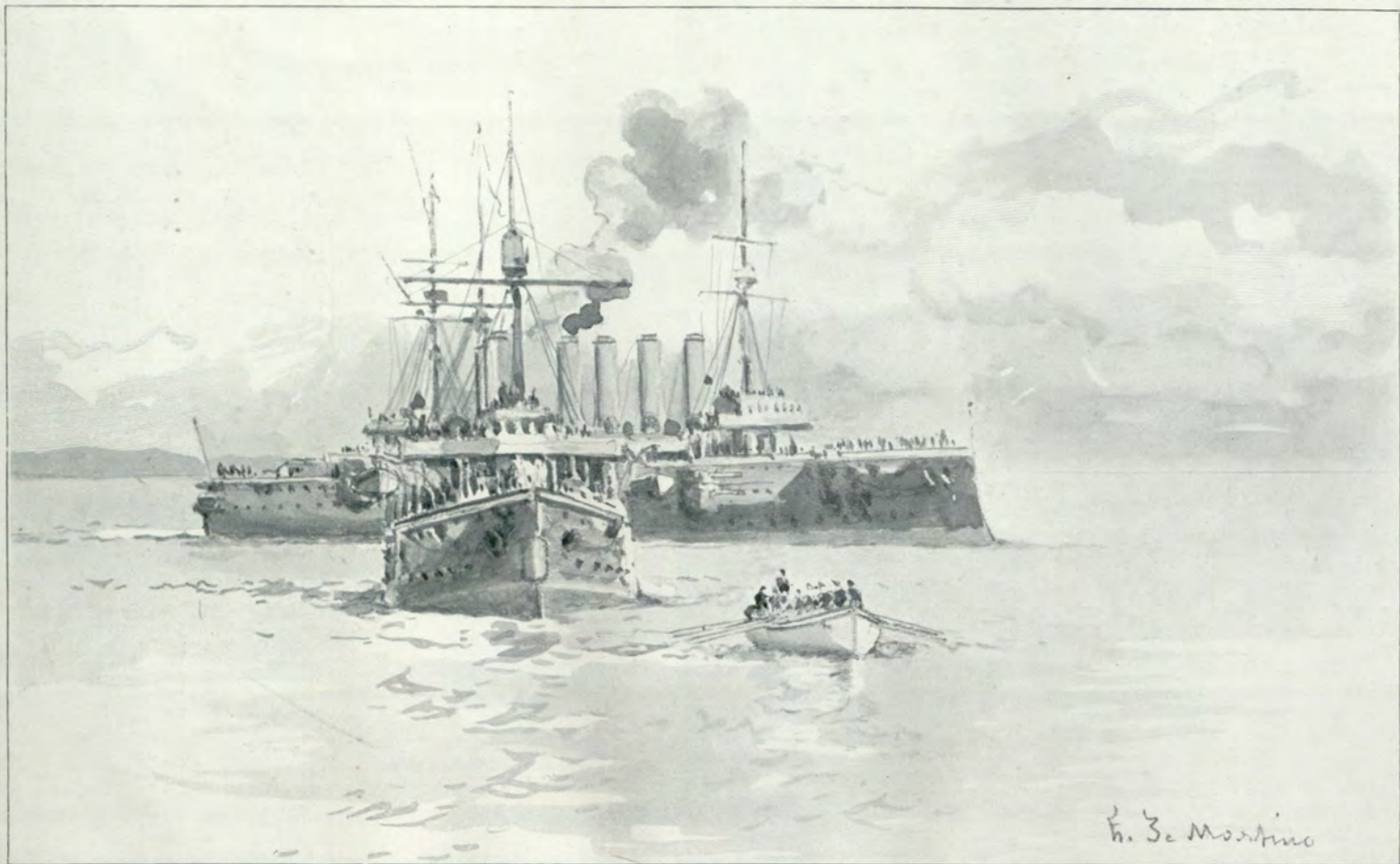
H. Se. Martino



PART XI

Canada: the Westward Journey

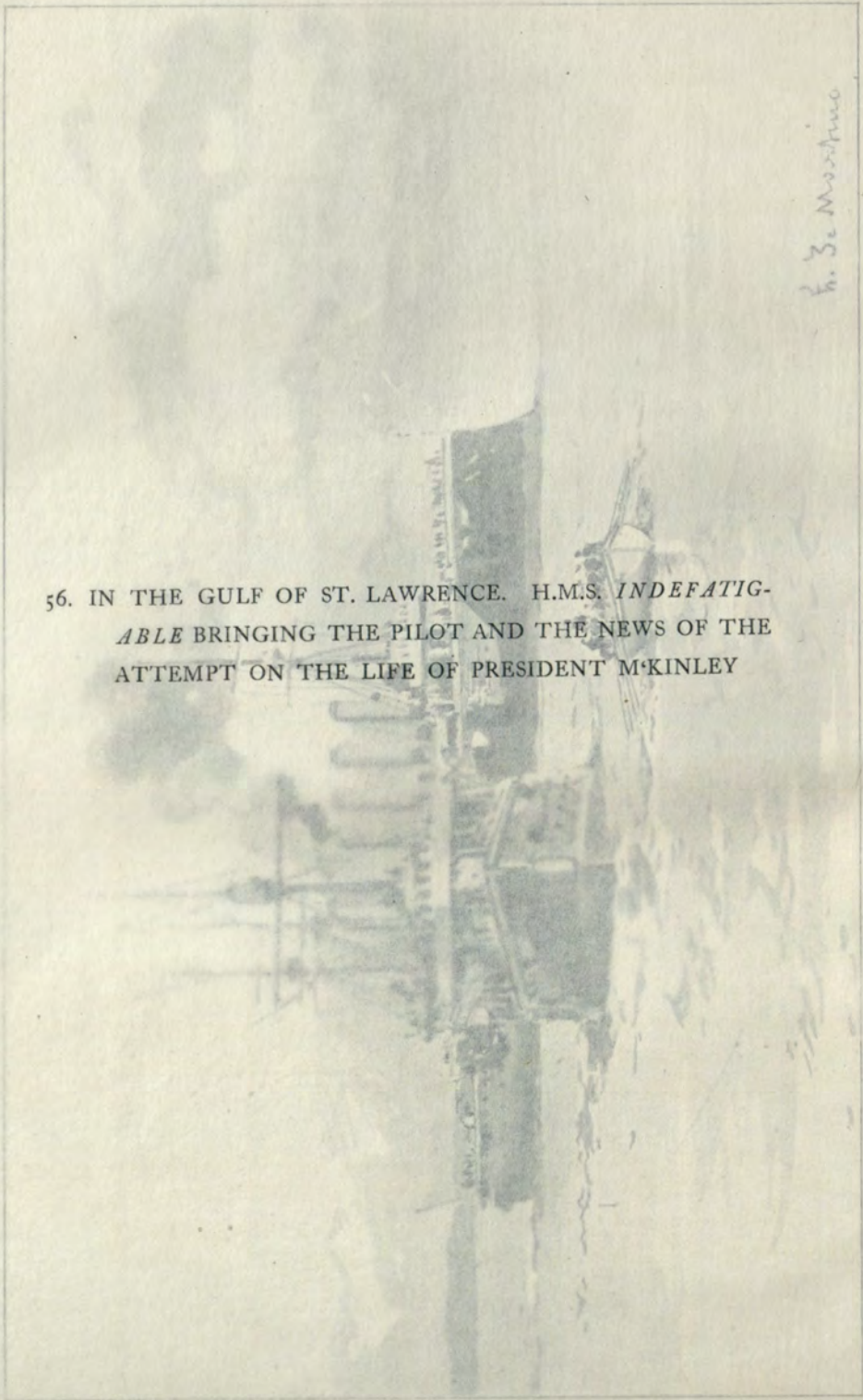
September 13 to October 2



F. Se Morfino

h. 3. Massimo

56. IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE. H.M.S. *INDEFATIGABLE* BRINGING THE PILOT AND THE NEWS OF THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY



Canada: the Westward Journey

Friday, 13th September.—Masses of fog hanging about in the morning, but before noon they are dispelled by the sun. This is fortunate, for we have a rendezvous to-day with two ships of the North American Squadron between North Cape—the northern point of Cape Breton Island—and the little island of St. Paul. Shortly after 4 o'clock we see a steamer approaching on the port-quarter, and when she gets about a mile off she fires a salute. She turns out to be the *Indefatigable*, a second-class cruiser, bringing some letters from the Governor-General of Canada, and the news that an attempt has been made on the life of President M'Kinley at the opening of the Buffalo Exhibition. The Duke immediately sends a telegram of condolence to Mrs. M'Kinley, which is taken by the *Indefatigable* to the nearest convenient telegraph-station. The clouds lift, and North Cape, a fine, bold headland, becomes visible. We stop for a few minutes to take a pilot on board, and then pursue our course. At 5.30 we again see a steamer on the port-quarter, which advances and fires a salute. This time it is the second-class cruiser *Tribune*, which is to escort us to Quebec.

Saturday, 14th September.—We have to proceed very warily, for there is fog hanging about. When it lifts we have a good view of the long island of Anticosti, which guards, or might be made to guard, the entrance

to the St. Lawrence. It belongs to M. Menier, the great French chocolate-manufacturer. In addition to our regular escort we are now accompanied by the two cruisers who saluted us yesterday, and by the *Quail*, a torpedo-boat destroyer. Towards evening it becomes thick again and very cold.

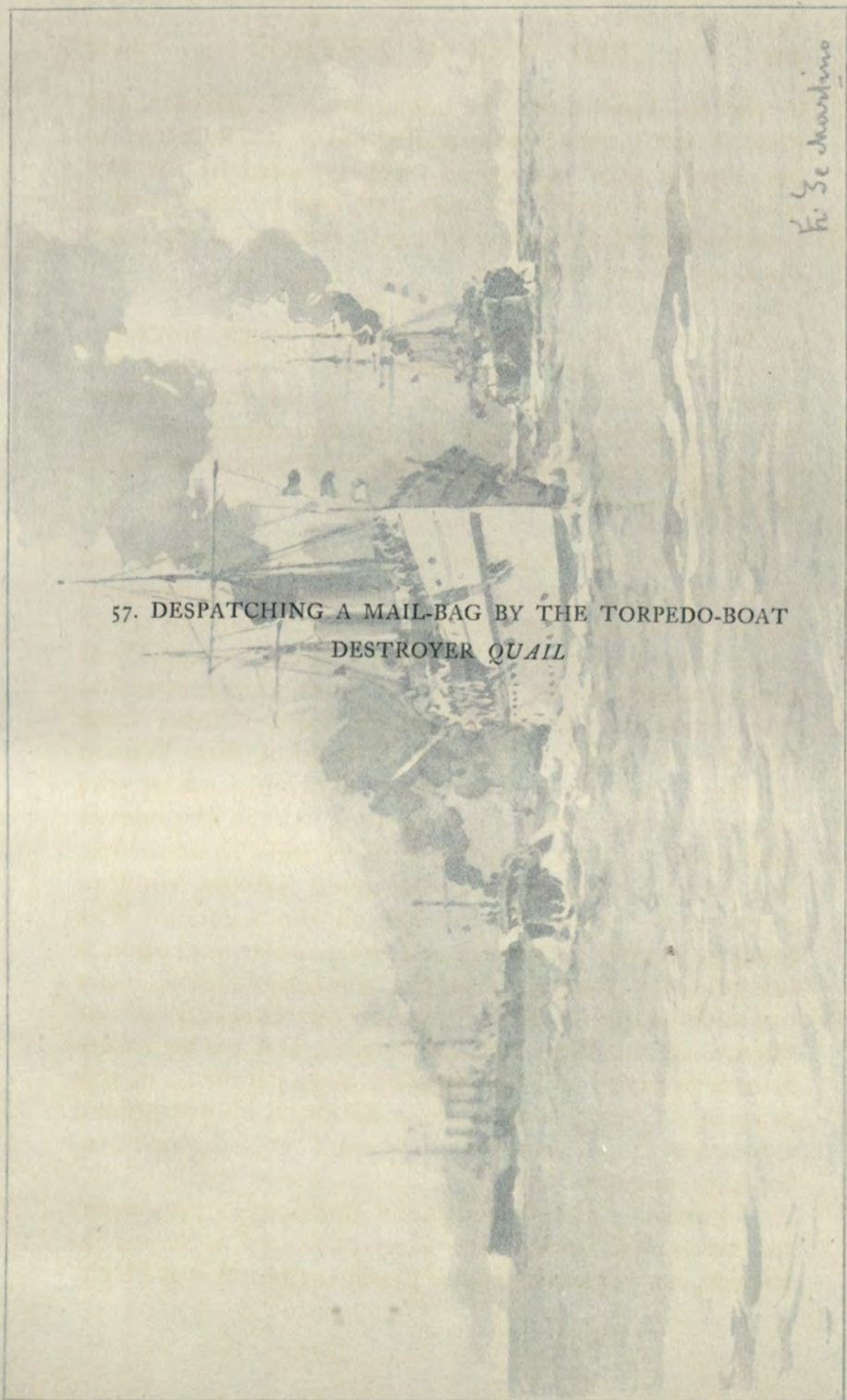
Sunday, 15th September.—A cold, foggy morning. According to the programme, we should meet the Governor-General in the course of the day fourteen miles below Quebec; but the fog increases to such an extent that we have to go very slowly, and finally to cast anchor.

Monday, 16th September.—The fog in which we were imprisoned last night has fortunately disappeared, and with the friendly assistance of a tide running six or seven knots we contrive to reach Quebec punctually at the appointed hour, 10 A.M. After the ceremonial visits from the Governor-General, Lord Minto; from the Prime Minister of the Dominion, Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and from the Admiral commanding the Station, Sir Frederick Bedford, their Royal Highnesses land under a salute from the Citadel and the war-ships, and drive in procession up the steep, narrow, winding streets to the top of the hill behind the Citadel. The town is prettily decorated, and the popular reception is undoubtedly cordial; but the French-Canadians are not such adepts in the art of vigorous cheering as our Australian and New Zealand cousins, and are by nature a more reserved and less demonstrative people. In this as in many other respects they do not at all correspond to our traditional conceptions of the French as we know them in Europe.

In front of the Government Buildings a very tasteful triumphal arch, with inscriptions of welcome in French, has been constructed; and as their Royal High-

Ki Se Martino

57. DESPATCHING A MAIL-BAG BY THE TORPEDO-BOAT
DESTROYER *QUAIL*





Fi. Se Martino

nesses pass under it, 2000 children sing the National Anthem. In the Legislative Council Chamber, prettily decorated for the occasion, the presentation of addresses takes place, in the presence of the Prime Minister, other members of the Dominion Cabinet, members of the Upper and the Lower Chamber, the Clergy, the Municipality, and the Bar. A long address from the City is read by M. Parent, the Mayor—who is also Premier of the Provincial Cabinet,—first in French and then in English. In the name of the citizens he offers to the Royal visitors a right loyal and loving welcome, and renews to the beloved son and representative of their Sovereign the assurance of fervent devotion to his Crown and person :—

Although the great majority are of French origin, and differ in language and creed from most of their fellow-citizens in the other divisions of the Canadian Confederacy, they present to the world the spectacle of a free, united, and happy people, faithful and loyal, attached to their King and country, and rejoicing in their connection with the British Empire and those noble self-governing institutions which are the palladium of their liberties, the source of their contentment and prosperity, and the guarantee of Canada's future greatness.

In reply, the Duke expresses for the Duchess and himself heartfelt thanks for the cordial welcome they have received. He refers to the beauty and glorious historical associations of the ancient city, and tells the citizens that it is his proud mission to come amongst them “as a token of that feeling of admiration and pride with which the King and the whole Empire have seen the sons of the Dominion rallying round the flag of their common allegiance . . . to secure for their fellow-subjects the same freedom and liberty which they have in the past secured and vindicated.”

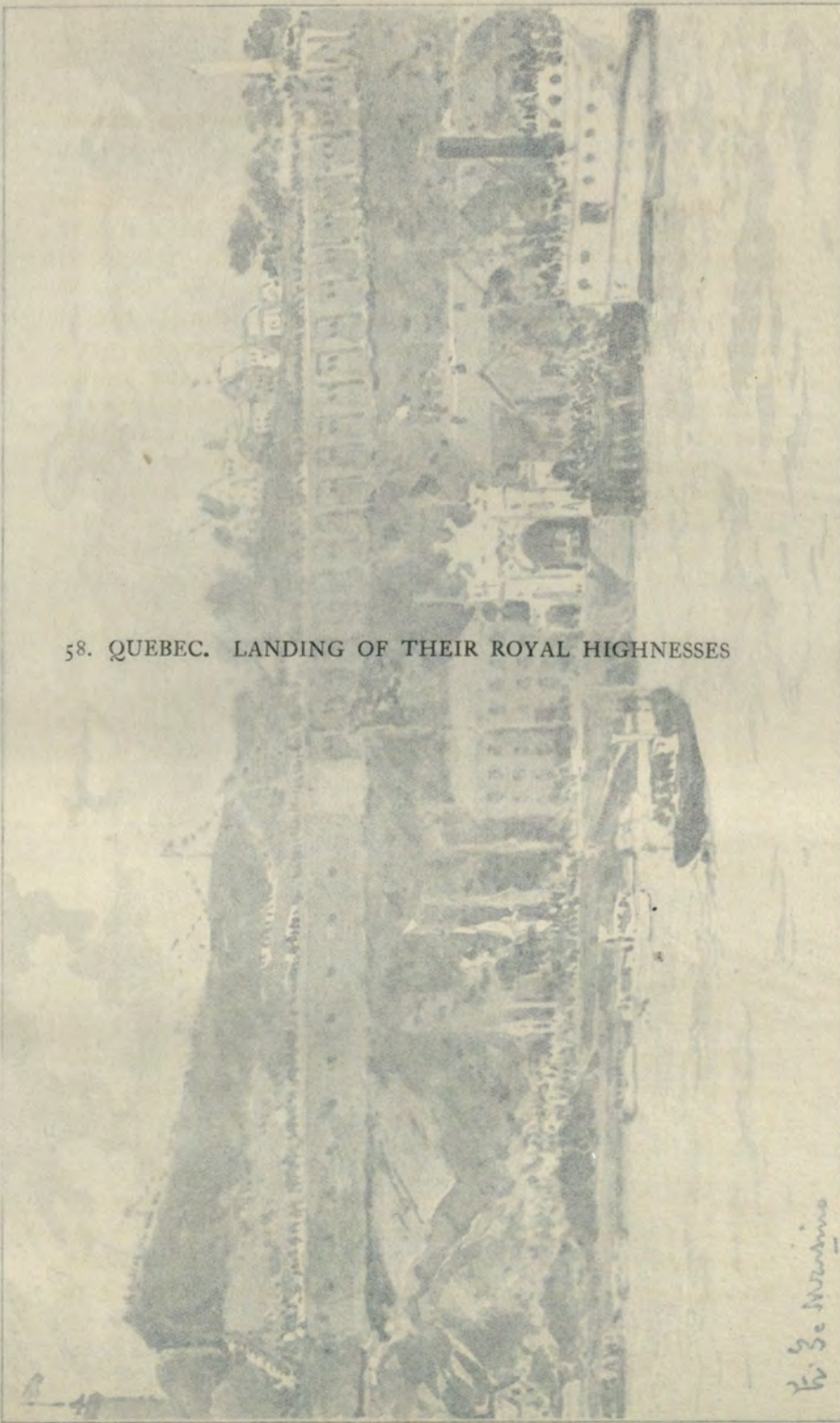
In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses drive to the Laval University, where an address is read on behalf of the Roman Catholic Clergy by the Archbishop of

Quebec, and another, from the University, by the Rector. In the former it is said :—

The history of our country proves that to the Catholic Church belongs the honour of having forged between the English throne and the French-Canadian people solid bonds which neither adversity nor bribery could sever. Force of arms conquered the land, and the body was subdued. But to master the soul ; to make mind and heart obey respectfully and faithfully ; to cause the vigorous plant of unswerving loyalty to the new domination to spring forth from the memories of a beloved and unforgotten past ;—all these needed nothing less than the gentle and powerful authority of the Church. And all who have read our history know with what efficacy she devoted herself to that work of pacification, order, and loyal submission. It would be difficult at the present time to contest the loyalty of the French-Canadian people. Recent events have offered our fellow-countrymen an opportunity of proving it. The dangers that have been faced, the blood that has been shed, and the lives that have been sacrificed are proofs more eloquent than words, and their sincerity cannot be questioned. . . . We are watchful guardians of that Catholic Faith ; over these Canadian Catholics, so loyal to the British Crown, we extend our pastoral care. That Faith inspires us, and in the name of that people we come to-day to lay at the feet of your Royal Highness the homage of our faithful attachment to the illustrious family which you so worthily represent.

The same sentiments are expressed in the address from the University. Speaking with pride of her sons whom she has sent forth to all parts of the Dominion, the Alma Mater says :—

Their adherence to the faith of their forefathers, the preservation of the language of the old *régime*, and the lessons inculcated in this institute, do not render them less loyal subjects to their King. On the contrary, they are firmly attached to the conditions of their national life. They are proud to live under the flag of an Empire whose dominions embrace one-fifth of the habitable portion of the globe ; which controls one-third of the commerce of the world ; whose population numbers five hundred millions ; and which stands foremost among the



58. QUEBEC. LANDING OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

H. S. Manning



W. G. Marino

nations as a colonial, industrial, and commercial Power. The sons of Laval appreciate also the advantages of the constitutional liberty they enjoy.

In his reply to the two addresses the Duke says :—

I am glad to acknowledge the noble part which the Catholic Church in Canada has played throughout its history. The hallowed memories of its martyred missionaries are a priceless heritage; and in the great and beneficent work of education, and in implanting and fostering a spirit of patriotism and loyalty, it has rendered signal service to Canada and the Empire. Abundant proof of the success of your efforts has been afforded by the readiness with which the French-Canadians have sprung to arms and shed their blood, not only in times long gone by, but also in the present day, on behalf of their King and his Empire.

As a souvenir of the occasion a diploma conferring an honorary degree is presented to His Royal Highness.

In the evening the Governor-General, Lord Minto, gives a State dinner at the Citadel, and the city, as well as the ships in the harbour, is brilliantly illuminated. A little Government steamer, with several Cabinet Ministers and their families on board, has a narrow escape. It appears she was letting off fireworks near the *Ophir*, when she took fire, and before the flames could be extinguished several members of the Ministerial party were injured.

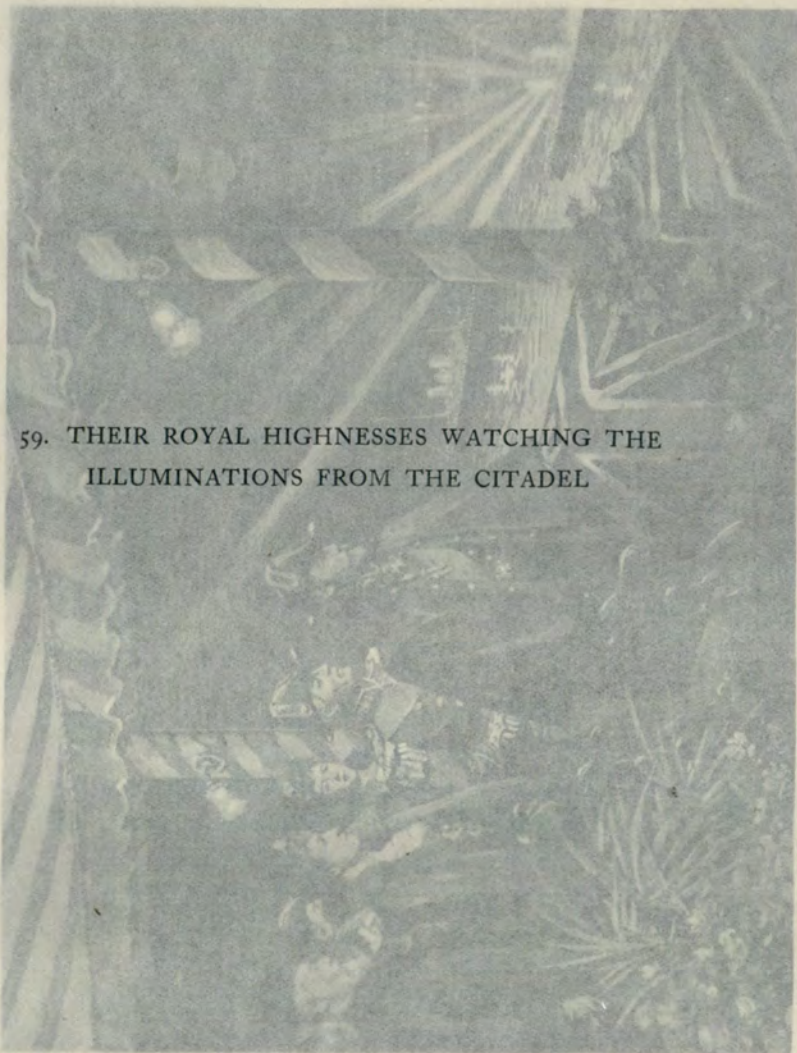
Tuesday, 17th September.—The weather, which has hitherto, on the whole, favoured us so signally, plays us false to-day, when a plentiful supply of sunshine is particularly wanted for a review of the local forces. The review takes place on the historical Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm both fell during the storming of the city by the English in 1759. There is a good muster—nearly 3500 men,—but the cold wind and drizzling rain spoil the effect. We shall

have a better opportunity of judging the Canadian troops later, for the great display of the military forces of the Dominion will be given at Toronto when we are on our way back from the Pacific coast.

Their Royal Highnesses lunch with the Lieutenant-Governor, M. Jetté; and there was to have been a garden-party at his house afterwards, but the public were officially informed this morning that "owing to the lamented death of President M'Kinley, and out of respect to his memory, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York has intimated his wish that the party at Spencer Wood should be cancelled."

Wednesday, 18th September.—To-day we begin our railway journey westward to the Pacific coast. The Canadian Pacific, one of the greatest railway enterprises in the world, has constructed cars specially for the occasion, and in respect of elegance and comfort they leave nothing to be desired. We shall live in them almost continuously for more than a month, during which we have to travel about 7700 miles, first to Vancouver, and then back by a less direct route to Halifax in Nova Scotia; but the prospect does not at all alarm us, for we know that the ingenuity of an experienced railway staff has been exerted to the utmost to supply us with every possible convenience.

To-day we go only as far as Montreal, through a well-wooded, well-watered, well-populated, and well-cultivated country on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. The land is evidently divided into small holdings, and the peasants—all of French descent, and still speaking the French language—live mostly in lines of white-washed wooden houses roofed with boards or shingles, each house having behind it a long, narrow strip of land. That the land should be greatly subdivided seems not surprising when we learn that among this well-to-do, contented peasantry it is no rare thing for a married



59. THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WATCHING THE
ILLUMINATIONS FROM THE CITADEL



couple to have a score of children. There are well-authenticated instances, I am assured, of one mother having borne twenty-four. A Canadian gentleman in the train declares that a patriarch friend of his, who had married four times, left a family of forty-two!¹ Nearly every house along the route flies a Union Jack and a tricolor. This means, we are told, mixed nationality but not mixed allegiance.

A five hours' journey brings us to Montreal, which has assumed the proud title of the Commercial Capital of the Dominion. On a platform in front of the railway station an address is read by the Mayor, M. Préfontaine, in which the citizens extend to their Royal Highnesses "a loyal, hearty, and loving welcome," and express their devotion to the Throne—"a throne which is not merely the symbol of a glorious national life and of a perfectly free and just form of government, but also the throne of a wise, beneficent, and patriotic Sovereign." The citizens then go on to say:—

Here in the commercial metropolis of Canada two great races mingle to form one happy, harmonious community, united in sympathy of purpose and common interests with Great Britain, and proud of our heritage in the past of two great nations. We joyously accept the obligations imposed on us by our partnership in the fortunes of the Empire; and, as before on Canadian battlefields, so lately, the blood of Canadian soldiers, French-speaking and English-speaking, has been shed on the thirsty veldts of South Africa.

¹ This characteristic of the French-Canadians is reflected in the results of the last census, just published. Comparing the French-Canadian province of Quebec with the neighbouring Anglo-Saxon province of Ontario, we find that the decennial (1891-1901) increase of the population is in the former 10.8, and in the latter only 3.2. It may be objected that a certain amount of the Ontarian population is drained off into the thinly settled province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories; but this is probably more than counterbalanced by the large emigration of the French-Canadians to the United States. To make an accurate comparison, we ought to use the birth-rate statistics of the two provinces, but these, I regret to say, I have not yet been able to obtain.

Other addresses are presented, among which is one from the Baron de Hirsch Institute, remarkable for its brevity. Illuminated and engrossed on vellum, it contains simply the words: "May it please your Royal Highnesses: The Lord preserve your going out and coming in."

The Duke, after thanking the citizens for the warmth and loyalty of their greeting, says:—

I deeply appreciate your expressions of loyal devotion to the Throne and to the person of my dear father, the King. Your kindly reference to his visit here in 1860 recalls to my mind significant words spoken by my revered grandfather, which seem specially interesting at this time, as they allude to visits to this country and to the shores of South Africa, which I have just left. Speaking in 1860 of the almost simultaneous presence of the Prince of Wales in Canada—where he was about to open your celebrated Victoria Bridge—and of Prince Alfred at Cape Town to lay the foundation-stone of the break-water in Table Bay, the Prince Consort said:—"What vast considerations as regards our own country are brought to our minds in this simple fact! What present greatness! What past history! What future hopes! And how important and beneficent is the part given to the Royal Family of England to act in the development of those distant and rising countries who recognise in the British Crown and their allegiance to it their supreme bond of union with the Mother Country and with each other!"

The Reception Committee offer to the Duchess as a souvenir of Montreal a beautiful maple-leaf spray in gold, ornamented with enamel and diamonds, and a collection of photographs.

Three Indian Chiefs in native costume and feathers are presented, and the Duke then presents war medals to six officers and a large number of men returned from South Africa.

When driving in procession to Lord Strathcona's house, where their Royal Highnesses are to reside during their short stay in the city, we are struck by

the solid and at the same time graceful character of the street architecture. There are several triumphal arches, and a great many of the private houses are profusely decorated. All along the route there is a densely packed crowd, and we can perceive from the peculiar ring of the cheering that the Anglo-Saxon element is much stronger here than in Quebec. In the evening the public buildings and a great many of the private houses are illuminated. There was to have been a large reception, but as a mark of respect for the memory of President M'Kinley it has been countermanded.

Thursday, 19th September.—This is a day of hard work for their Royal Highnesses, but everything is done quietly, because it is a day of public mourning, officially proclaimed by the Canadian Government, for the death of President M'Kinley. The first visit is to the M'Gill University, where the Duke and Duchess receive honorary degrees—the red academic costume of the Duchess is very becoming—and open a new wing of the medical building. In its address the University declares that “nowhere more than in Canada does there exist an intense appreciation of whatever helps to weld together the different portions of our vast Imperial fabric,” that the present tour has contributed to this end, and that “henceforth it will be the prerogative of every succeeding heir to the British Crown to strengthen his feelings of patriotic pride and to deepen his sense of Imperial responsibility, as well as to confer great gratification upon millions of loyal and enthusiastic British subjects, by coming into actual contact on its own territory with each of the new nations within the Empire.” The Duke replies that the personal sacrifices referred to in the address have been more than compensated for by the generous sympathy which has been so universally displayed, as

well as by the vast experience gained, and also by "the hope that we have in some small degree assisted in consolidating and thereby strengthening" the bonds of union.

At the opening of the new medical buildings reference is made to the wonderful progress achieved by the Medical School. In the 72 years of its existence the number of students has risen steadily from 25 to nearly 500, and the teaching staff from 4 to over 70 members. Of the students, many come from beyond the limits of the two provinces for which the institution was originally intended—40 per cent from the United States, two students from China, and one from Japan.

Close to the University is the Royal Victoria Hospital, in the hall of which stands a statue of the late Queen by Countess Gleichen. Their Royal Highnesses spend some time in examining the excellent internal arrangements and most recent appliances, and in conversing with the patients; and then drive to the Montreal Branch of the Laval University, situated in another quarter of the city, where Archbishop Bruchesi pronounces a few cordial words of welcome, and the Duke replies in a short extempore speech. From this Roman Catholic institution we drive to the Diocesan College, where a session of the Provincial Synod, "representing in this Dominion the National Church of England," is being held. In the address of welcome read by the Bishop of Toronto we are reminded that it is not only in the matter of political federation that Canada was the first to move: "In the religious sphere the Anglican Church in Canada led the way in adapting an ancient polity to the needs of to-day, by the suggestion of an ascending series of Synods, culminating in the triennial gathering at Lambeth. From the first President of the Provincial Synod, the most Rev. Francis Fulford, Doctor of

Divinity, came the proposal." The Duke, after thanking cordially for the loyal welcome, says :—

It will, I know, be gratifying to the King to receive from you, as representing in this part of the Dominion the National Church of England, a renewal of devotion to the Throne, and to know that by your zealous, patient, self-sacrificing labours is maintained in Canada that grand tradition which is the noble tradition of the Anglican Church.

The last function of the day, and not the least interesting, belongs to the Roman Catholics. It takes place at Monklands, which was formerly the country-house of the Governors, and is now commonly known as the Convent of Villa-Maria, a school for young ladies under the care of the reverend daughters of Marguerite Bourgeois. The proceedings are partly in French and partly in English, and the Duke makes short speeches in both languages.¹ An allusion to the beautiful French tongue, so well preserved among the French-Canadians generally and here at the Convent of Villa-Maria in particular, is evidently much appreciated by the audience. We are all charmed with the graceful way in which the admirably trained pupils execute a carefully prepared programme. The good Sisters have retained something of the

¹ The French speech was as follows :—

"Et maintenant, Mesdames, je veux vous dire, en cette langue française, si bien conservée parmi vous, combien je suis sensible à vos hommages de loyauté envers le Roi, mon père, ainsi qu'aux vœux de bonheur que vous formez pour la duchesse et pour moi.

"Au milieu de notre passage trop rapide à Montreal, nous sommes heureux d'avoir pu nous arrêter quelques instants dans cette vénérable maison à laquelle se rattachent pour nous de si aimables souvenirs. Ici, nous le savons, s'exerce le dévouement dans ce qu'il y a de plus noble et de plus pur : ici, comme dans tant d'autres établissements, dont votre pays est justement fier, se préparent les générations futures. Nous souhaitons que l'œuvre de votre illustre fondatrice soit à jamais prospère et porte les plus beaux fruits.

"La duchesse reçoit avec plaisir les fleurs que vous lui avez offertes. Quelque précieuses et parfumées qu'elles soient, hélas ! elles se faneront comme toutes les fleurs, mais Villa-Maria vivra à jamais, soyez-en sûres, dans son souvenir comme dans le mien."

elegant, dignified manners of the *ancien régime*, and have utilised it in their system of education.

In making inquiries about the public institutions of Montreal, I have constantly encountered the names of three patriotic citizens, Lord Strathcona, Lord Mountstephen, and Sir William MacDonal, all of whom have contributed largely, by strenuous personal effort and by princely donations, to the success of the institutions in question. To cite a single example, Lord Strathcona and his family have given to the Medical School alone upwards of quarter of a million dollars; and similar instances of generosity on the part of the other two gentlemen might be quoted.

Here in the commercial metropolis of the Dominion we naturally make inquiries about the condition and prospects of British trade. The official statistics show that of the imports into Canada in 1900 about 24 per cent came from the United Kingdom and about 2 per cent from other parts of the Empire, whereas more than 61 per cent came from the United States. Thirty years ago the relative position of the two countries was very different: Great Britain supplied about 54 per cent and the United States only about 35. On the other hand, Great Britain is still the chief market for the produce of Canada, taking over 56 per cent of her exports, and other British possessions taking 4 per cent more; whereas the United States take only about 36 per cent. Germany supplies less than 5 per cent of the imports, and takes less than 1 per cent of the exports.

The Canadians would prefer, I am told, to trade with the Empire, as is shown by the adoption, last year, of a differential tariff in favour of English goods; but the geographical, economic, and other conditions favour trade with the United States. The two countries are neighbours with a similar climate, and the populations north and south of the frontier line have the same habits, tastes, and requirements. Besides this, the

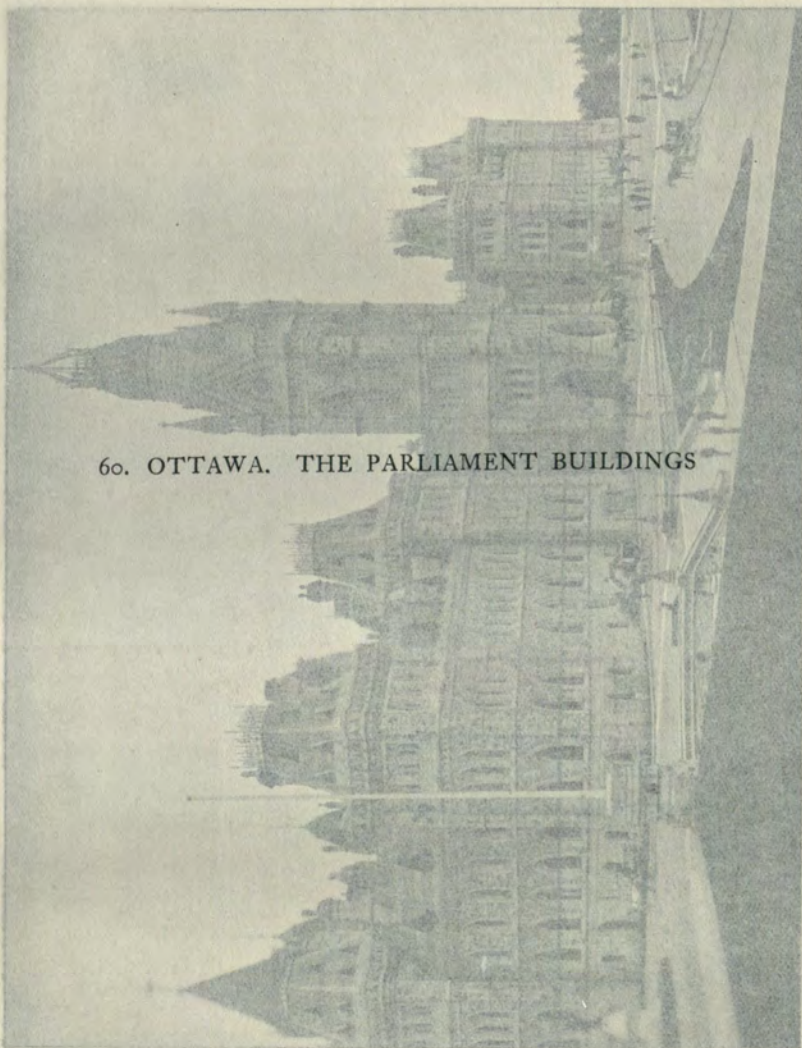
American manufacturers and traders inundate the Dominion with commercial travellers, and are always ready to supply precisely what is wanted, even when the satisfaction of local taste or caprice necessitates an alteration or increase of existing plant. One big merchant tells me that he has again and again failed to obtain from British manufacturers goods of an unusual pattern, and that American manufacturers at once meet his wishes without raising the slightest difficulties. Germany follows in this respect the example of America ; and though her trade represents at present only an insignificant percentage of the total, it is steadily increasing.

Friday, 20th September.—To-day we leave the commercial metropolis of the Dominion for the political capital, Ottawa. It is only a distance of 120 miles, and we make the journey comfortably in three hours. The country traversed resembles what we passed through on our way from Quebec. Of Ottawa our first impression is decidedly favourable. Though it is hardly half a century old, it has none of the unfinished, untidy appearance of so many young cities of mushroom growth. Almost from its birth as a city it knew that it was destined to become a capital, and it acted with due circumspection. Never hustled by irrepressible industrial and commercial activity, it has always remained stately and dignified, and at the present day it has only about 60,000 inhabitants. The street architecture of the newer and richer quarter reminds us of the finer quarters of Montreal, and suggests well-being and comfort. The public buildings are naturally on a much grander scale, as representing the requirements and resources of the entire Dominion. Throughout the whole British Empire there is nothing finer in its way than the great square, surrounded on three sides by the Parliamentary Buildings and public offices.

It is in this magnificent square that the public reception takes place. All along the route from the railway station the streets are gaily decorated and filled with an enthusiastic crowd, who maintain automatically the most perfect order. I say "automatically," because the greater part of the way there are hardly any troops or police. In the great square there is an enormous concourse of people, but there is no pushing or hustling, though there is evidently no lack of interest and enthusiasm. Here is how a local bard voices the popular sentiment :—

Why echoes the sound of the thundering guns?
 And why is the Flag unfurled?
 'Tis the son of the greatest of England's sons,
 Of the Monarch of half the world,
 Who comes with a message of great good-will,
 With the words of his Sire's decree,
 To Britons afar that are Britons still
 In the Britains beyond the sea.

In an open wooden pavilion covered with red cloth and Union Jacks, their Royal Highnesses are received by the civic, political, and judicial dignitaries, and a number of addresses are presented, the principal one being that of the Mayor and Corporation, read by the Mayor, Mr. W. D. Morris, in his robes of office. It recalls the fact that four decades ago the corner-stone of the Parliament Buildings which form the background of the scene was laid by the King, then Prince of Wales, who ventured to predict that "with increase of population and influence, Ottawa would prove itself worthy of the country of which it is the capital, and justify its selection by the Sovereign." The prediction has been realised; and to-day the capital of the Dominion offers a cordial welcome to the King's representative. The other addresses breathe the same spirit of cordial welcome, and of devotion to the Throne, and they indicate, in an interesting way, the different elements which are blending together to form



60. OTTAWA. THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS



a homogeneous Canadian people. The French-Canadians, the oldest of the constituent nationalities that express their feelings—for the Red Skins are absent, or at least silent,—declare that they love to proclaim the loyalty they bear to the Flag which has at all times protected their liberties, both civil and religious. “Our loyalty,” they say, in language which shows that the rhetorical traditions of Old France are still preserved in the New Fatherland, “is vast and profound; vast as the British Empire of which we form a part, and profound as are all human sentiments that spring from gratitude and take their intensity from the pride inspired by the object dearly cherished. And this, despite the fact, that in this country the French-Canadians have had their trials, and suffered their persecutions from unscrupulous, and even, we may say, disloyal functionaries, who were unfaithful to the duties entrusted to them by their sovereigns. But it is with truthfulness we can say, that when we brought our complaints across the ocean, and laid them at the feet of our kings, we have been listened to with sympathy, and we have seen redress flowing towards us from that pure source of justice so well termed the British fairplay. In consequence, our gratitude has been manifested by a closer affection for Great Britain.”

The same sentiment is expressed by the inhabitants of Hull, the town on the opposite bank of the river, in which the population of French origin is likewise very numerous. “In our city,” they say, “the two races strive together to secure the prosperity of our country and the glory of the Empire, seeking in honest rivalry to carry out our destiny on this continent, for the honour of the Old Flag which gives us liberty and protection. Hand in hand, with no prejudices to blind, and no embittering recollections to distract us, we Canadians of different origins, knowing we are all equally loyal to the Crown, unite together for the

purpose of securing the welfare of our land, and of handing down to our children our love and respect for the noble sovereigns who have accorded us the full measure of our liberties, and the untrammelled enjoyment of our rights.”

The Irish-Canadians are equally emphatic in their declarations of loyalty, but they cannot resist the temptation to introduce an allusion to home politics :—

Each visit from a member of the Royal Family of Great Britain finds our people more numerous and prosperous, our institutions more diverse and stable, our attachment to the Throne assured. . . . Greater Britain lying beyond the seas is the home of a contented people, happy in the enjoyment of a form of government that, while subordinate to the true interest, welfare, and prosperity of the great Empire of which they are proud to form a part, yet wisely permits the people to regulate and control their own local and domestic affairs, thus ensuring that loyalty and fidelity to the central power which alone can make it invincible. The people of Canada, through their representatives in Parliament, have on several occasions pointed out how much the Empire would be strengthened if those principles of self-government existing in New Zealand, Australia, and Canada were applied to Ireland, and possibly to other parts of the British Isles. And we hope the day is not far distant when British statesmen will recognise the wisdom of gratifying the national aspirations, by extending those principles of local self-government to Ireland.

The Scots, represented by the St. Andrew's Society, offer no such political suggestion ; but in expressing their Canadian loyalty they do not forget that they come of a stock of which they are still proud, and that they have historic traditions of their own :—

As Scots and descendants of Scottish men from His Majesty's ancient Kingdom of Scotland, we rejoice that his Crown still unites Canada and ourselves with the country of our birth and origin as well as with all the Kingdoms and possessions of the British Empire.

The English, represented by the St. George Society, have also their glorious historic memories. They venture to remind His Royal Highness that "it was under the banner of our patron-saint—the blood-red cross of St. George—that England first began to achieve greatness, and to emerge from a collection of petty states into the fulness of a great and powerful kingdom, whose territories, domains, and dependencies form a circle round the earth." They hasten, however, to add that they have no desire to keep alive racial differences. "On the contrary, the object of the Society is benevolence ; its constant aim is to engender good-fellowship and kindliness among the different races—the Saxon, the Gael, the Celt, and the Gaul—and to unite them into the harmonious and homogeneous whole of Canadians, proud of our different origins, and proud of keeping alive fond thoughts and tender recollections of our Mother Countries ; but prouder still of our own country, the vast Dominion of Canada, and of the great Empire of which it forms an important part."

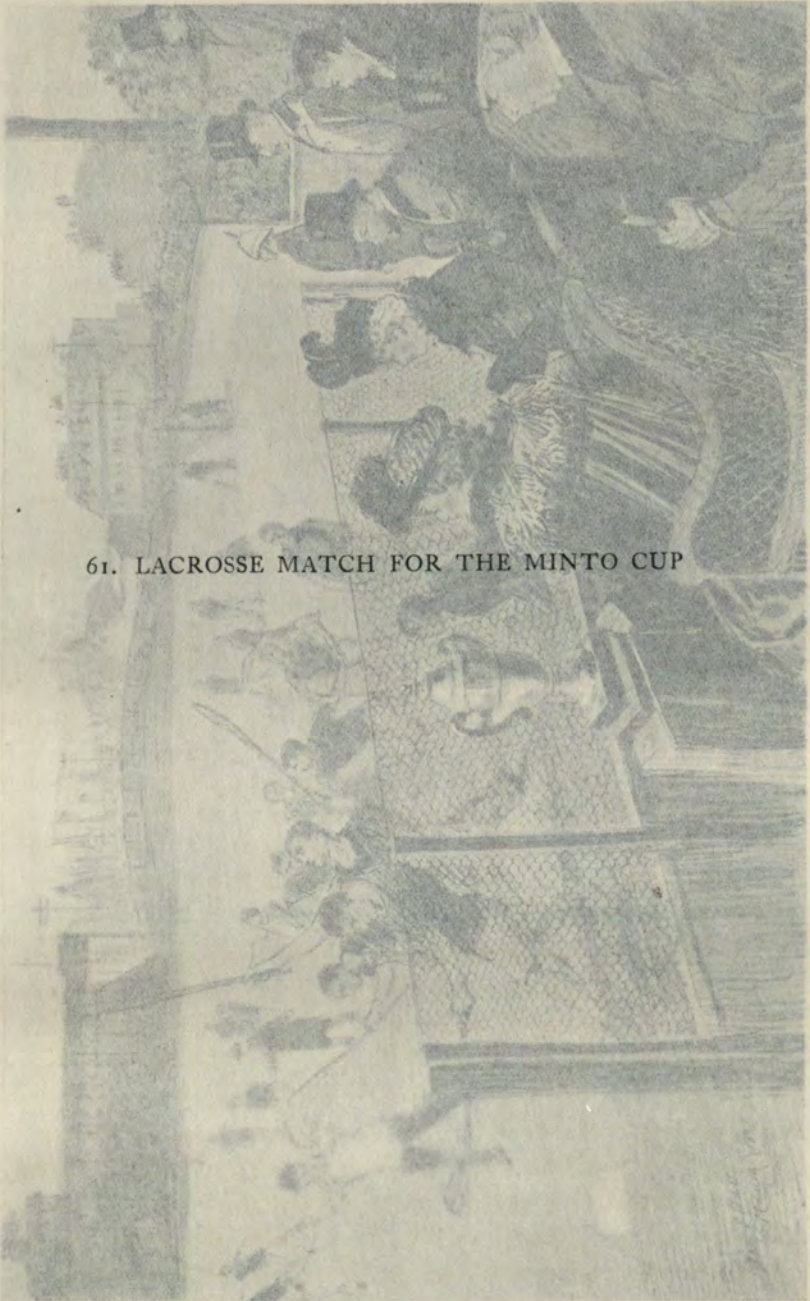
So far we have the political and sentimental aspects of the great Colonial problem. The economic point of view is naturally put forward by the Chamber of Commerce, which refers to the "immense possibilities for future development which will be seen in the commercial and agricultural resources of this great Dominion—resources which will form a material factor in the prosperity and progress of that Greater Britain of which we are proud to believe we form no mean part." That these possibilities will be realised there can be no doubt, for we have everywhere "the evidences of the spirit of indomitable energy, perseverance, and enterprise, which has earned the British Empire its present proud position, and which bids fair, by the development of its internal resources, to render it more independent of its foreign competitors." The last phrase is significant, indicating a very common feeling throughout Canada that the

Mother Country and her Colonies should establish closer commercial relations by means of differential tariffs.

In reply to the numerous deputations the Duke thanks the citizens for the cordial reception, and relates how the late Queen was ever proud of the splendid progress made in every direction by Canada during her long reign; and how she saw with pleasure that, as the Dominion grew in power and influence, the loyalty of the people remained unabated. Referring to the time, forty years ago, when his father, the King, laid the foundation-stone of the Parliamentary Buildings behind them, he says:—

“Ottawa was then but the capital of two provinces yoked together in an uneasy union. To-day it is the capital of a great and prosperous Dominion, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the centre of the political life and administration of a contented and united people. . . . As, in ancient times, by the union of the Norman and the Saxon the English nation was produced, so by the federation of Canada the two great nations which form its population have been welded into a harmonious people and afforded free play and opportunity to contribute each its best services to the public well-being.” As to the future, His Royal Highness expresses the conviction “that the two races will continue, each according to its special genius and opportunity, to aid and co-operate in building up the great edifice of which the foundations have been so well and truly laid.”

As soon as the presentation of addresses is over, their Royal Highnesses drive to Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's residence close to the city, on the other side of the Rideau River, which here falls into the Ottawa. In the afternoon they watch with interest a well-contested lacrosse match between an Ottawa team and a team from the town of Cornwall, for the Minto Cup presented by the Governor-General. Lacrosse is played by two teams of twelve, each directed by a captain who takes no active part in the game. It



61. LACROSSE MATCH FOR THE MINTO CUP



somewhat resembles hockey ; but instead of striking the ball with a club or stick, the player gets it on to a long racket, without touching it with his hands, and runs with it towards the goal. When he finds himself hard pressed by opponents, he tries to throw it to one of his own side, in order that the latter may take up the running. It is one of the few things which the Canadians have adopted from the Red Skins, and they are now more than a match for their original teachers. The Indian cannot be induced to undergo a severe course of training, and consequently he has not the staying power of his white rival.

In the evening there is a State dinner at Rideau Hall.

Saturday, 21st September.—In the morning there is an investiture at which the Hon. Louis Jetté, Governor of the Province of Quebec, is made a K.C.M.G., and Mr. Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a Knight Bachelor ; Colonels Drury, Otter, and Leonard receive from the hands of His Royal Highness the insignia of the C.B. ; and Colonel Buchan, Major Denison, Mr. Joseph Pope, Dr. Peterson, Rev. Olivier Mathieu, Mr. Howland, and Major Maude, Military Secretary to the Governor-General, who is ably superintending the arrangements of the Royal tour, receive the insignia of the C.M.G. The Duke and Duchess then drive across the river to Hull, whose inhabitants are anxious to show not only their loyalty but also their gratitude for the liberal pecuniary assistance received from England in 1899, when their city was in great part destroyed by fire. Thence they drive to Parliament Hill, where the Duke unveils a statue of Queen Victoria, and presents war medals. Among the recipients are Lieutenant Edward Holland, who receives not only an ordinary war medal, but also a well-merited Victoria Cross ; and Trooper

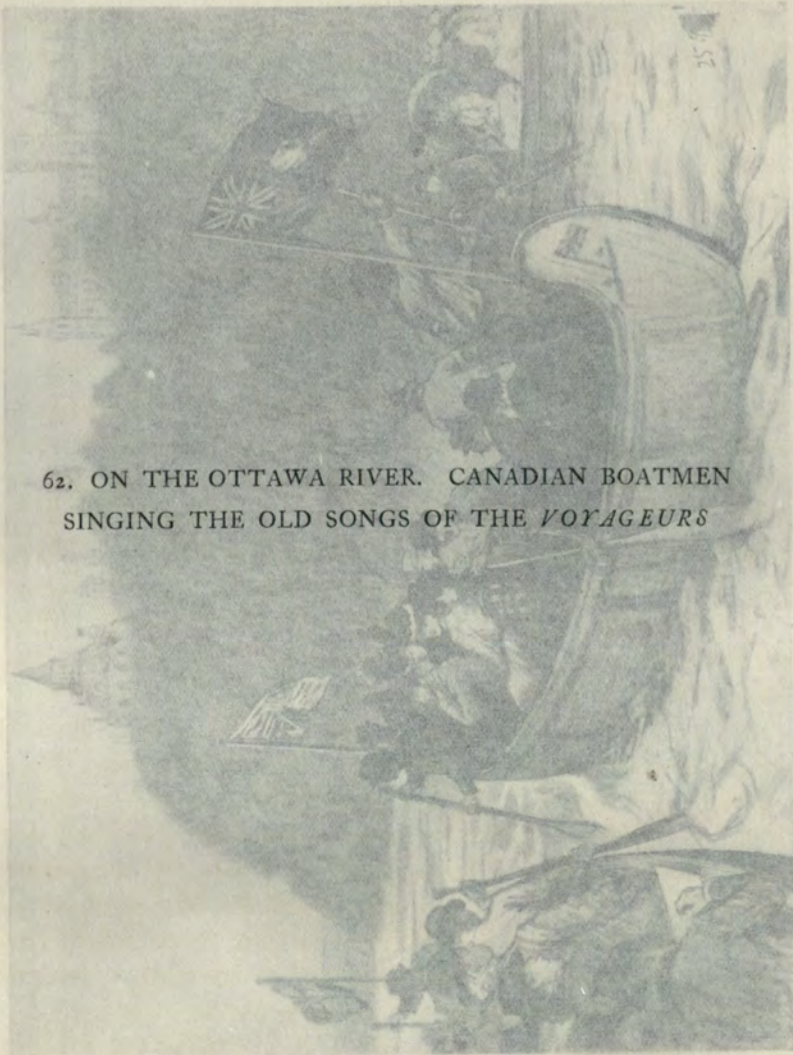
Mulloy, who lost his sight in an engagement at Witpoort. Both receive an enthusiastic ovation from the crowd, and their Royal Highnesses talk with them for some time.

The Duke lunches with the members of the Rideau Club, and in the afternoon there is a large garden-party at Rideau Hall. After dinner their Royal Highnesses unexpectedly drive about the city to see the illuminations. They are soon recognised, and are everywhere enthusiastically cheered by the crowd.

Sunday, 22nd September.—No functions to-day. Their Royal Highnesses attend morning service at the Cathedral.

Monday, 23rd September.—To-day's programme has been arranged with a view to giving us an idea of the life of the lumbermen—a peculiar class corresponding to "the humble bushmen living hard lives of toil in the lonely forests," whom we met in Tasmania. There are, however, some differences between the bushmen of Australasia and the lumbermen of Canada. The former are of pure European stock, and have little experience in the water-transit of timber; the latter, who are the descendants of the old French *voyageurs*, as distinguished from the *habitants* or peasants, have nearly all a strain of Indian blood, and not only prepare the logs but bring them down the rivers—often for hundreds of miles. Hence they are expert watermen as well as woodsmen, though they no longer play in the social economy the important part which they did in the old times when the rivers were the only channels of communication for penetrating into the interior.

In the morning we go by electric tram to the point on the river above the falls where the big rafts are broken up into sections called "cribs," in order to facilitate the descent to the lower reaches. The falls



62. ON THE OTTAWA RIVER. CANADIAN BOATMEN
SINGING THE OLD SONGS OF THE *VOYAGEURS*



are avoided and the descent made with safety by means of "slides," that is to say, narrow artificial rapids with wooden walls and flooring, down which the cribs are floated with great rapidity. Unusual precautions are taken, so that our precious lives should not be endangered. The cribs are very solidly constructed and manned by the most experienced raftsmen, and no crib is unmoored till its forerunner's safe arrival has been signalled. As we rush down the four successive shoots the sensation is very like that of tobogganing, or going down a switchback railway, or Montagne Russe. At the foot of one of the shoots our crib frightens us for a moment by making a heavy plunge, and wetting the crew in front; but the passengers, seated on high benches, are not inconvenienced.

In a spacious pool at the bottom of the slides we are transferred from our cribs into light Indian canoes, made of bark and manned by French-Canadians and half-breeds, who paddle us down the river, singing gaily their traditional boat-songs. The refrain of one of these remains in my memory :—

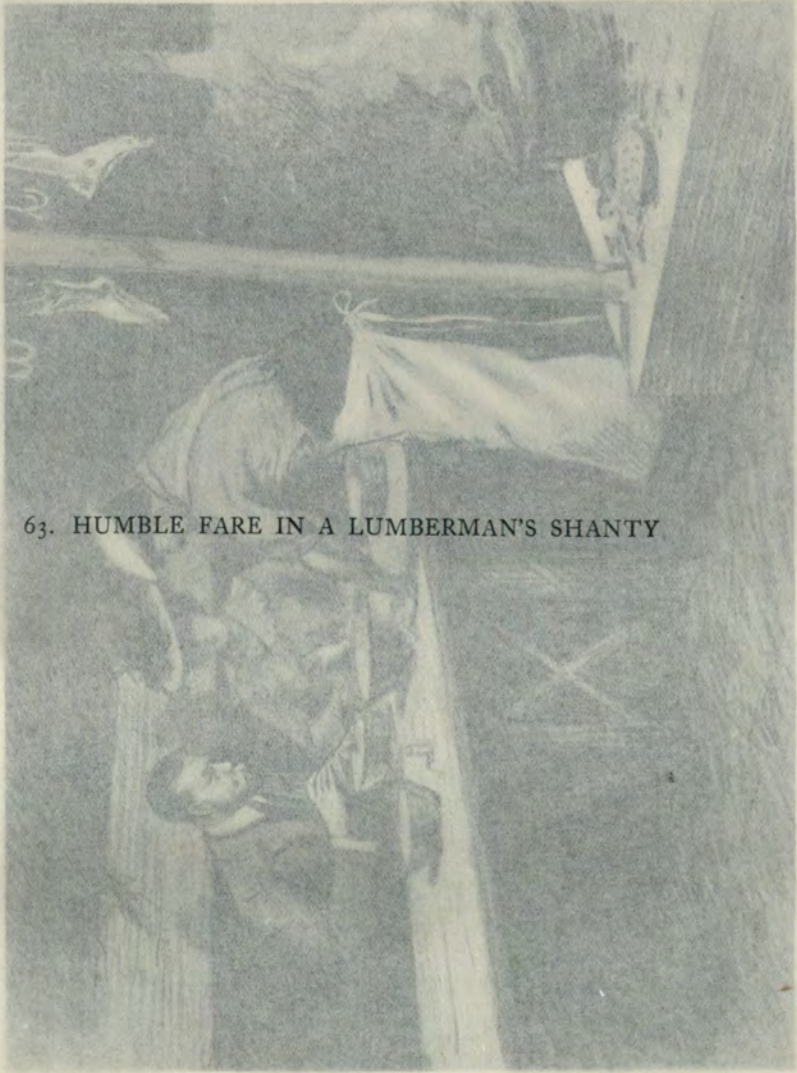
Nous ramerons tous, tour à tour,
Nous ramerons tous ensemble !

Most of the songs were brought from France by the early emigrants, and are probably now forgotten in the old home, for they tell of Kings and Princes and other adjuncts of the *ancien régime*. Others are of a simpler kind; the *voyageurs*, for example, sing the praises of their sweethearts far away, or, on nearing home after a long voyage, rejoice at the prospect of having a merry holiday with their friends.

Arrived at Rockliffe Park, on the bank of the river, we watch with interest, from the balcony of the clubhouse, some amusing exhibitions of a native sport called log-rolling. Two of the lumbermen stand on a round log in the water, and make it revolve with great rapidity

without losing their balance. Occasionally, however, one of them slips and gets a ducking, to the intense amusement of the onlookers. Next we have an exciting race of war-canoes against wind and current. To our surprise we notice that there are no Indians among the crews. Formerly the Red Skins used to compete with the whites, but now they are beaten out of the field, for the same reason that they are no longer a match for the white man in their national game of lacrosse—they will not submit to the restraints of regular training. Even in the use of the paddle the Montreal bank-clerk—for such is the class to which one of the best crews belongs—proves himself a better man than the noble savage, whose muscles have never been weakened by sedentary occupations. That is not what Fenimore Cooper taught us in the days of our youth.

From Rockliffe Park we go by electric tram to a bit of forest near Rideau Hall, where a lumberman's shanty has been built and a lumberman's mid-day meal has been prepared. Their Royal Highnesses, with Lord and Lady Minto and the suite, partake of the copious, simple fare—peasoup, pork and beans with apple-sauce, and tea instead of alcoholic stimulants; and all pronounce the repast excellent. Then the processes of felling, stripping, and stacking trees is shown, after which the lumbermen dance to the strains of a fiddle. Their leader, at the pressing request of the bystanders, makes an amusing speech in broken English, in which he relates the story of his life. Fired with the ambition to become rich like the big timber-merchants, he made a contract on his own account, and not only lost all he had, but also incurred a debt of 17,000 dollars. How was he, a simple woodsman, to pay such a sum? He prayed, but in vain, and he is still oppressed by the burden. The predominant comic element in the story is heightened by the



63. HUMBLE FARE IN A LUMBERMAN'S SHANTY



pathetic figure of his old mother, who constantly admonishes him : " William, be an honest man and pay what you owe."

In the evening there is a reception in the Senate Chamber, at which their Royal Highnesses shake hands with over 800 people.

I forgot to mention that the ladies of Ottawa have presented the Duchess with a cape of beautiful mink fur.

Tuesday, 24th September.—To-day we continue our westward journey to Manitoba, the North-West Territories, the Rocky Mountains, and the Pacific coast. Hitherto, since landing in Canada, we have travelled only by day, and we have found the Royal train large enough for all practical purposes ; but now we are to travel day and night, and the sleeping accommodation has been found to fall far short of our requirements. It has been decided, therefore, that there will be two fully equipped trains, running at half an hour's distance apart, and that the first will be occupied by Lady Minto, with some members of the Governor-General's staff, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Joseph Pope with two private secretaries, three overflow-members of the Royal suite, and a large company of special correspondents and photographers.

Our route lies up the well-cultivated valley of the Ottawa River, which occasionally expands into a lake, and we can perceive that we are no longer in the midst of a French-Canadian population. The fields are large, and the houses, though mostly of wood, are not whitewashed. Here and there a brick homestead introduces a little variety into the landscape, which is now bright with autumn foliage. Towards sunset the valley narrows, and cultivated land becomes scarce, but there is nothing that could be dignified with the name of a hill. We have a piano on board, which enables us to have some music after dinner.

Wednesday, 25th September.—The cultivated land has now entirely disappeared, and we are traversing a country of pine-forest with numerous lakes and tarns, mostly mere “rain and snow holes,” which selfishly retain all the water they can collect. This is the watershed between Hudson Bay on the north and Lake Superior on the south. We stop for an hour, to dress and breakfast comfortably, at Missanabie, a village composed of a few small houses, a biggish general store, a little chapel, and an old wigwam. Formerly it was an important trading and missionary centre, but now the population consists of railway officials and a few very tame Indians in European costume. Our next stop is at White River, where every one of the little houses, including the “Queen’s Hotel,” displays a Union Jack. The forest tract with the little lakes and tarns continues till we reach the north-east end of Lake Superior, the Gitche Gumme or Little Brother of the Sea, according to Indian legend; and then the railway winds along the rocky coast of the northern shore, which is indented with deep bays. Some of these are studded with pine-clad islets and great masses of bare rock. As we advance towards the north-west corner of the great inland sea, the hills increase in height; and along the shore of Nepigon Bay, curtained off from the Lake by a row of islands, the views are especially beautiful, even when the sunshine, as it is to-day, is not so bright as could be wished. In the evening we arrive, and remain for half an hour, at Fort William, the terminus of the navigation between the Atlantic and the North-West Territories, and formerly a very important station of the Hudson’s Bay Company. It is still a busy, thriving place, but it has changed its character. The fur-store of the old fort is now an engine-house, and the docks are surrounded by some of the biggest elevators in the world. At the railway station a great assembly of

school-children receive their Royal Highnesses with cheers and flag-waving, and sing the National Anthem and "The Maple Leaf." This latter, which has become the favourite patriotic song of the Canadians, relates how—

In days of yore from Britain's shore
 Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
 And planted firm Britannia's flag
 On Canada's fair domain.

The last lines are always sung with intensified vigour :—

Then swell the song both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forest quiver :
 God save our King, and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

Thursday, 26th September.—In the early morning we pass the Lake of the Woods, and traverse for some time another tract of rocky ground, tarns, streams, and small pines. Then the character of the landscape changes, and we can perceive by the vast expanses of stubble and the huge grain-elevators that we are approaching one of the great grain-exporting centres of the North-West. At 11 o'clock we are at Winnipeg, the capital of the rich agricultural province of Manitoba.

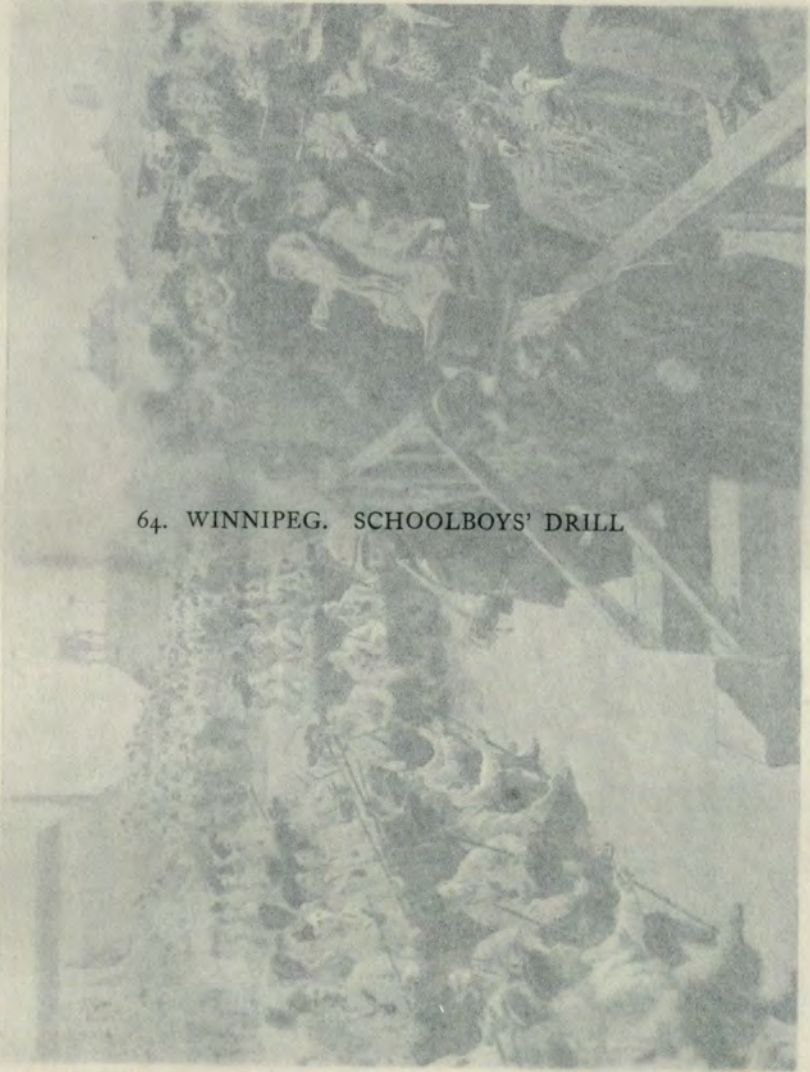
At the station, guarding a large basket of beautiful roses for the Duchess, stand at attention, on a big table, two very tiny "Sons of the Empire," the one wearing a khaki uniform and the other being dressed as a blue-jacket. Under the thawing influence of a kindly greeting from their Royal Highnesses, the two bright young faces lose something of their military rigidity ; but when confronted by the danger of being embraced in public they make a fresh effort, and continue to play their part with the utmost gravity—to the great amusement of the spectators. After the usual presentations, their Royal Highnesses drive in procession by a fine

broad street, lined with the members of Friendly Societies of many nationalities—English, Scots, Welsh, Irish, French, German, Hebrew, Norwegian, Icelandic—to a decorated stand in front of the City Hall, where various loyal addresses are presented. In his reply the Duke says :—

During the long and memorable journey to the extreme eastern and from thence to the far western limit of our vast Empire, we have seen everywhere many and varied proofs of its steady and certain progress, material and political ; but I doubt whether in the whole course of that experience a more striking example is to be found than in the comparison of the Fort Garry of our childhood with the Winnipeg of to-day. Then, as you say, “a village hamlet in a solitude,” broken only by the presence of the passing hunter and fur-trader ; to-day the busy centre of what has become the great granary of the Empire, the political centre of an active and enterprising population in the full enjoyment of the privileges and institutions of British citizenship.

The progress of the place has certainly been wonderful. In 1869 it was still merely Fort Garry, and was occupied in that year by the half-breed insurgents under Louis Riel ; but in the following year it was relieved by the Red River Expedition under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley, and from that date its rapid progress begins. Already it has 42,000 inhabitants, and shows unmistakable signs of wealth and prosperity. The villa quarter is very pretty, resembling that of Ottawa ; but some of the streets are unpaved, and as a whole the city has still the unfinished appearance of the young cities of the American Far West.

Among the present inhabitants who came with the Red River Expedition is Colonel McMillan, now Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. At his official residence we have a very pleasant luncheon-party ; after which their Royal Highnesses drive to the Manitoba University, to open formally the new building. Here



64. WINNIPEG. SCHOOLBOYS' DRILL



several Indian Chiefs in European costume are presented, and a number of pupils of the Indian Technical School are put through their drill. Three thousand school-children sing the National Anthem and the Dominion Hymn. In the evening the Royal party dine with the Lieutenant-Governor, and, after witnessing a torchlight procession, start for Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories.

Friday, 27th September.—When we awake in the morning we find the ground covered with snow; but the real winter has not yet begun, for the thermometer is hardly below freezing-point, and in many of the fields the stooks of wheat are still standing. We are now in Assiniboia, one of the four large Provisional Districts already carved out of the North-West Territories. It is evidently a rich agricultural country, for we see at all the stations gigantic grain-elevators; but it is not the treeless, monotonous prairie. Here and there are patches of wood, especially in the vicinity of the little lakes and streams. At mid-day we make a halt at Regina, the administrative centre of the four Provisional Districts—a region as large as European Russia—and the vast territories beyond, which have still only a rudimentary administration. Its outward appearance hardly corresponds to its administrative importance. It is a small town, with something like 2600 inhabitants, and the buildings which might have formed a striking feature in the place—the Government Offices, the Lieutenant-Governor's residence, and the barracks of the North-West Police—have been erected on the open plain about a couple of miles off. Thither we drive in “democrats”—four-wheeled vehicles with springs, specially designed and constructed for rough roads,—and are hospitably entertained by the Lieutenant-Governor, M. Amédée Forget, a French-Canadian. Numerous addresses are presented, some of them from

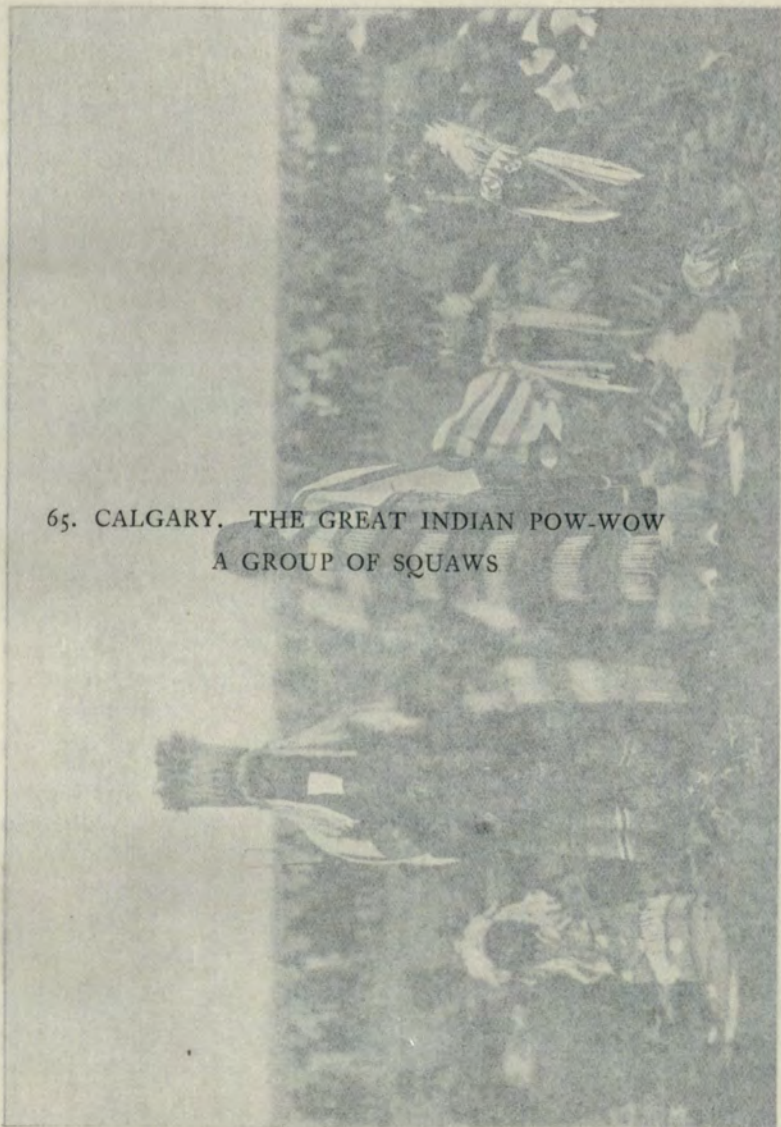
remote parts of the Territories; and the Duke declares himself "especially gratified at the unfaltering note of love and attachment to the Mother Country which rings throughout these messages of greeting." "We have been greatly interested," he adds, "in our journey through this boundless land, rich and fertile in its soil, great in its possibility of development; and we look forward to the time when it will be the home of a great, prosperous, and loyal people. Contrasting the free, healthy, and useful life which is enjoyed in this country with the narrow and, alas! too often unwholesome existence of the thousands in our great cities at home, one cannot help wishing that the prospects here offered were more widely known and more freely taken advantage of."

The bright sunshine and sharp, bracing air suggest a walk back to the station, but the intervening sea of mud and slush formed by the melting snow vetoes all such projects. As we plunge through it in our "democrats," not only the general aspect of the country, but also the primitive character of the roads, reminds me forcibly of some of the outlying districts of Russia.

Our next halt is Calgary, nearly 500 miles nearer the Rockies. The route lies over the level prairie, on which the tracks of the now extinct herds of buffalo are still visible. At the station of Moose-jaw we see some characteristic specimens of the Sioux and Cree Indians, and a great assemblage of school-children, who wave their little Union Jacks and sing the National Anthem and "The Maple Leaf." We are now at an altitude of 1700 feet above sea-level, and we are steadily rising to higher ground.

Saturday, 28th September.—At 9 A.M. we arrive at Calgary, a gaily decorated and apparently very flourishing little town, the capital of the District of Alberta, and one of the principal stations of the North-West

65. CALGARY. THE GREAT INDIAN POW-WOW
A GROUP OF SQUAWS





Mounted Police. Fifteen years ago it was an insignificant village ; now it has nearly 6000 inhabitants, who give their Royal Highnesses a very cordial reception.

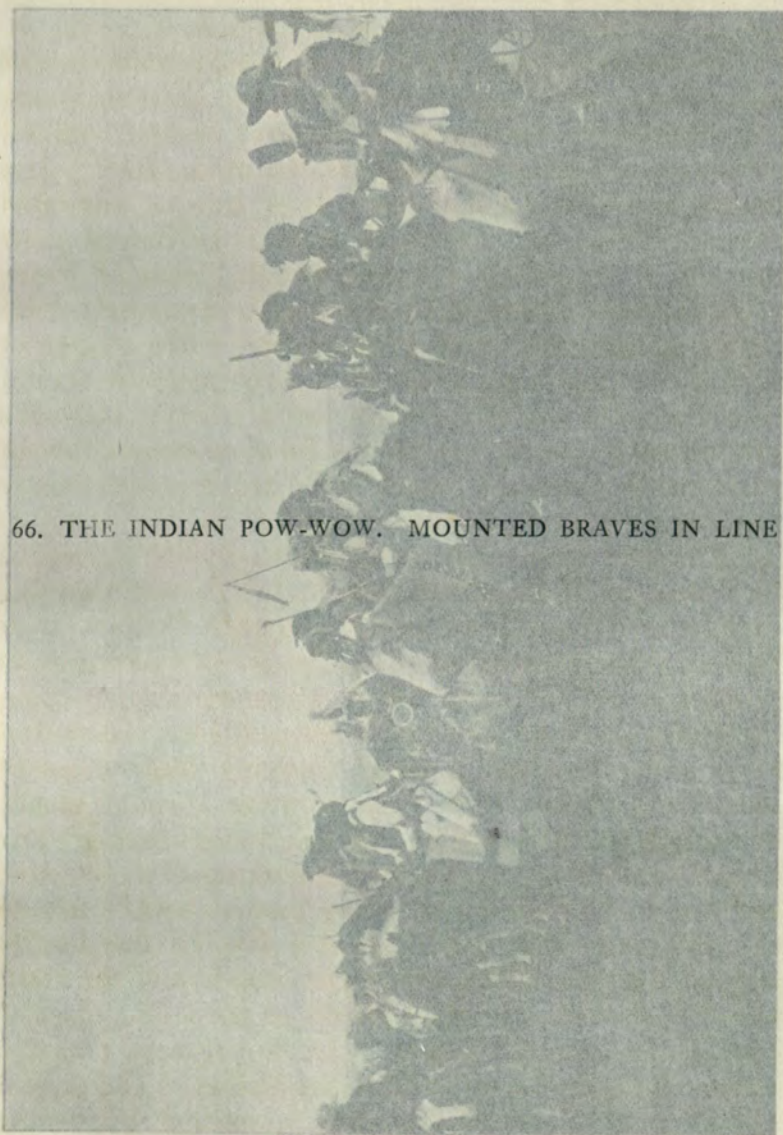
The proceedings begin with an inspection of the Mounted Police on the racecourse. They are a splendid body of men, who have done wonders in establishing law and order in those vast, lately reclaimed territories, and who have made themselves at once respected and extremely popular among all classes of the population. Altogether they are considerably less than 1000 in number, and in ordinary times they are scattered in small detachments over an enormous extent of country, so that they have rarely an opportunity of being drilled in a large body. This does not prevent them from trotting and galloping past to-day in a style that no regular cavalry need be ashamed of. Many of them volunteered for South Africa, and to those of them who have returned the Duke presents war medals. Thereafter their Royal Highnesses drive to an Indian encampment at the other side of the town, where 2000 from various tribes are assembled in their traditional war-paint and feathers. In front of the Royal pavilion the more important Chiefs are seated in a semicircle on the ground. These, in striking contrast to the rest of the assembly, are mostly attired in blue pilot-cloth suits with brass buttons and a sprinkling of gold lace. They might easily be mistaken for members of a very irregular naval force, were it not for their long dishevelled locks and wideawake hats. One tall Chief has evidently military rather than naval tastes, for he wears a magnificent scarlet tunic that must have belonged to some British general of a past generation. Behind him stands a still taller figure, wearing a high black hat adorned with feathers, and concealing his—or her—face by a long white gauze veil. We are naturally curious to know who the veiled prophet—or prophetess—is,

and we are much disappointed on discovering that it is an ordinary second-class chief who has no pretensions to prophetic or other sanctity, and who wears the veil simply to conceal an ugly sore on his nose.

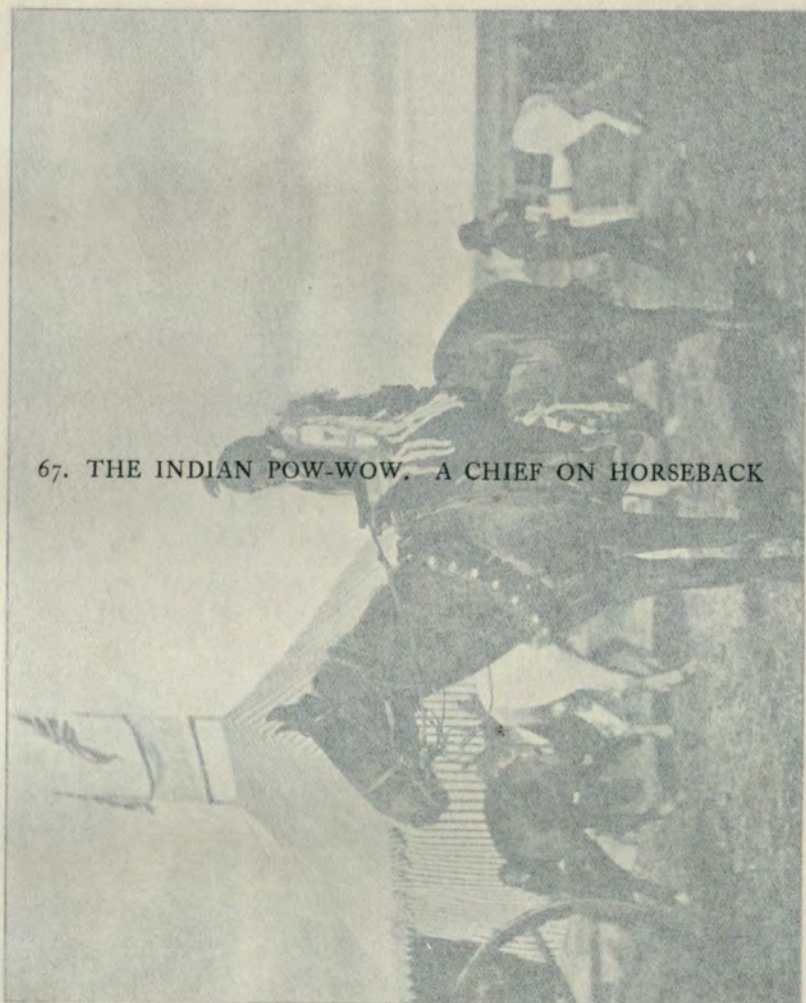
Immediately behind the Chiefs stand a semicircle of squaws dressed in a great variety of the most brilliant-coloured costumes, scarlet, pea-green, orange, and all the other colours of the rainbow, the more glaring ones predominating. Farther back is a line of mounted braves, all looking as if they must have played parts in some of Fenimore Cooper's novels. One of them, apparently the Commander-in-Chief, in extremely scant attire, and covered from head to foot with a layer of yellow ochre, gallops about in a state of wild excitement, without any apparent object in view. His wiry prairie-pony, like those of his men, is covered with picturesque trappings, to which are attached many tinkling sleigh-bells.

The first impression made on us by the Chiefs is that they must be, if one may judge by their appearance, men of apathetic temperament. Perhaps it is against their code of etiquette to show symptoms of excitement or curiosity. If so, their demeanour from their own point of view is irreproachable. Several of them remain seated, placidly smoking their pipes of peace, and casting from time to time a stolid glance at their Royal Highnesses standing before them. The formal proceedings begin by the reading of a collective address in English by a young native. It refers to the changed conditions of Indian life, to the loyalty displayed by the tribes during the rebellion of the Half-breeds under Riel, to the renewal of their allegiance to the Throne after the lamented death of Queen Victoria, and to the honour conferred on the Tribes by the present Royal visit. Some of the more important personages then come forward in turn and express their personal sentiments. Now we perceive that their habitual

66. THE INDIAN POW-WOW. MOUNTED BRAVES IN LINE





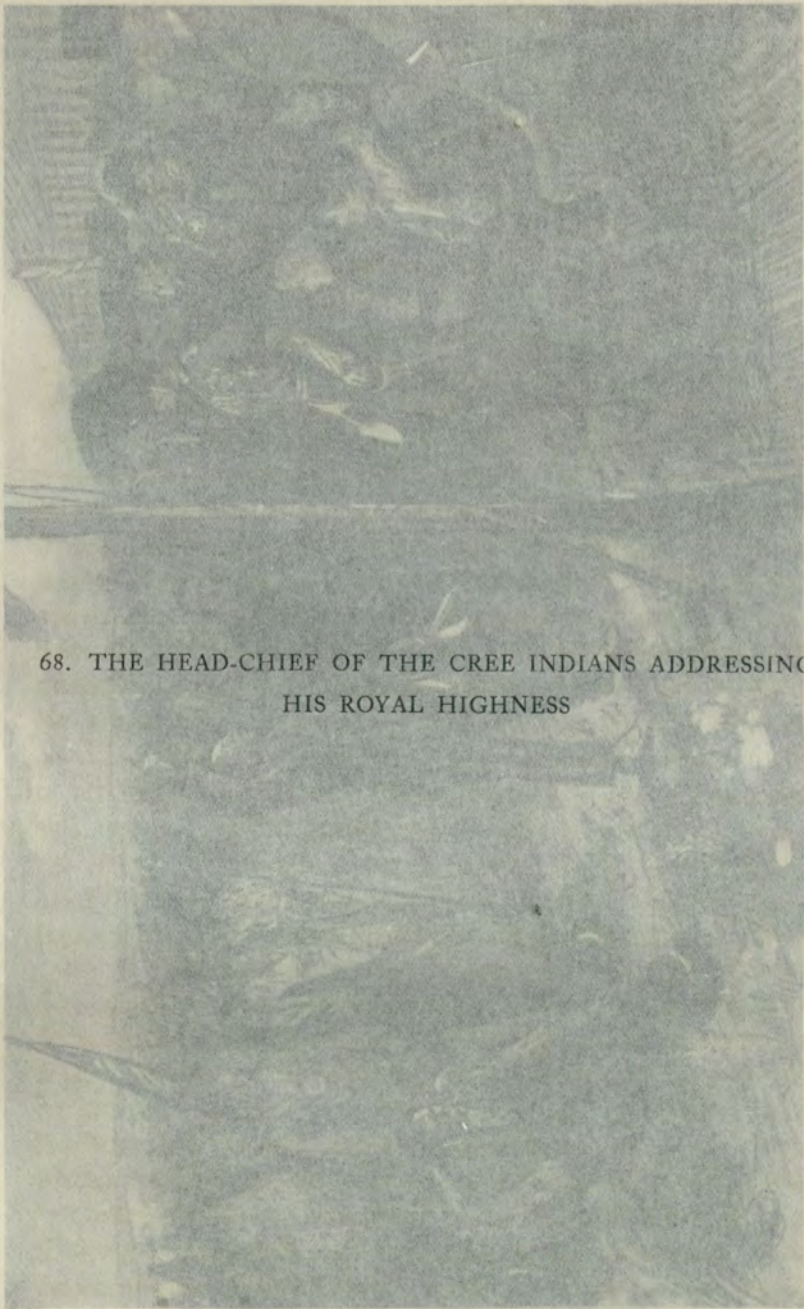


67. THE INDIAN POW-WOW. A CHIEF ON HORSEBACK

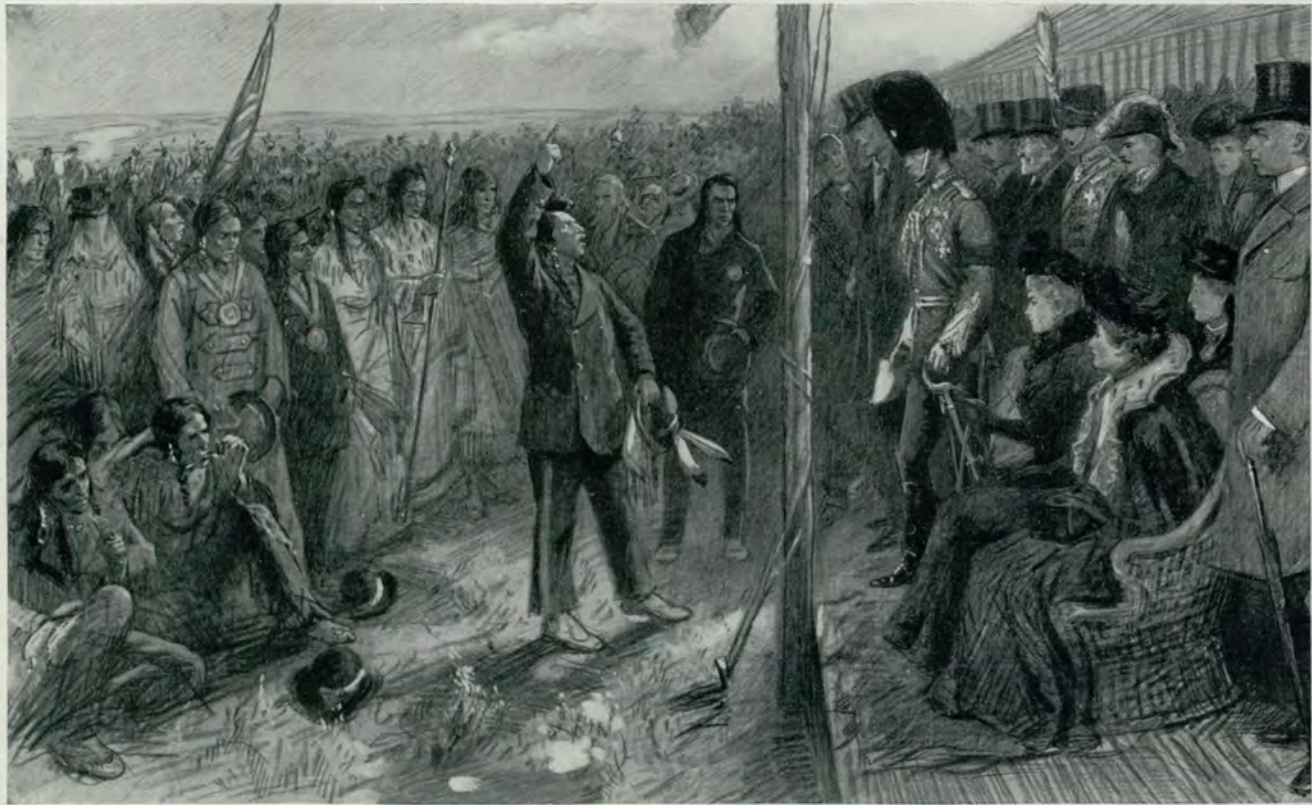


apathetic expression of countenance can be cast off when occasion requires. An Indian, it seems, dearly loves to make long speeches, and it seems to him that an important "pow-wow" like the present one might be continued with advantage and pleasure for several days. On the present occasion, however, the authorities have explained beforehand that the visit is necessarily very short, and that the eloquence of the speakers must be restricted to very moderate limits. All the speeches, therefore, are extremely brief, and some of them are remarkable for their concise directness, heightened doubtless by the native interpreter, whose English vocabulary is small, and who supplements it largely with American slang. Thus a sonorous sentence, composed of many uncouth and possibly poetical words, is translated by the bald phrase: "The Chief wants lots of grub." The Head-chief of the Crees, Joseph Samson by name, speaks without the aid, or rather the obstruction, of an interpreter, and speaks well. His speech must have been, at least in part, extempore, for he refers to the sun's breaking through the clouds, which he could not have foreseen, and expresses the hope that in like manner peace and prosperity may shine on all present. "This is the first time," he adds, "that I have beheld such a crowd of people mingling together in peace, and I am thankful. I am grateful that we live under one great flag, in one great Empire, and with one law controlling us all. I am thankful also to the Great Spirit on the occasion of the hoisting of this flag, which is a token of peace and good-will among men. We are a poor and feeble people, yet our hearts rejoice at your arrival among us; and as our fathers made peace with your Government, we hope that it will continue always in the future. We want to be at peace with the White Man in every respect, and we all send through you our greetings to the Great King, your illustrious father."

The speeches of White Pup, Running Rabbit, Iron Shield, all of the Blackfeet Tribe, Crop-ear Wolf of the Bloods, Running Wolf of the Piegans, Bull's Head of the Sarcees, and Jacob Bear's Paw of the Stonies, are all shorter, and confined to words of welcome and the expression of a hope that they may have plenty of land and food. Referring to the latter subject, the speakers occasionally adopt a half-querulous tone, and I am told that under ordinary circumstances the airing of grievances forms the most prominent subject of pow-wow oratory. The officials say that there is nothing that an Indian enjoys so much as speaking by the hour about his grievances, real or imaginary; and it is not surprising that he should be a *laudator temporis acti* and a grumbler with regard to the present. In the collective address he states the case very fairly and moderately: "For untold generations our tribes hunted the bison on the plains of this country as our means of subsistence; but the White Man came and desired to settle on our hunting-grounds, which were already becoming depleted of their large game, principally by the reckless slaughter of the animals south of the Boundary Line. Consequently, about a quarter of a century ago, we accepted the terms offered us by the Government of Canada, and surrendered our lands by treaty to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria." These terms have been fairly observed. The paternal Canadian Government has treated the Red Skin kindly, has reserved for him a reasonable amount of land, and tries to teach him the arts of civilised life. But with the benefits come necessarily some restrictions. And what are the meagre rations served out to him in comparison with the unlimited supplies of buffalo-beef with which he used to gorge himself to such an extent that he could hardly move for several hours afterwards? Even now the old habits are still strong, for he will sometimes consume a week's rations at a single meal,



68. THE HEAD-CHIEF OF THE CREE INDIANS ADDRESSING
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS



though he knows that he will have to starve for the next six days. As to the practical result of the benevolent efforts of the Government the most competent authorities are not agreed. Some declare that the Indians of the reserves are rapidly accommodating themselves to the conditions of civilised life, and there is no doubt that individual cases can be cited in support of this view. On the other hand, some well-informed people shake their heads ominously and remark : "The Red Man is gradually disappearing ; it is only a question of time."

The Chiefs, after shaking hands once or twice with their Royal Highnesses, go back to their places, and the Duke makes an appropriate speech, which is translated, sentence by sentence, by an interpreter, and repeated by a native orator with sonorous voice and rhetorical gestures. A musical accompaniment to the oratory is supplied by the tinkling sleigh-bells on the horse-trappings of the mounted braves, who advance in line from the background to hear what the son of the Great White Chief is saying. Their Royal Highnesses then walk about in the crowd, and watch with interest a war-dance in which both men and women take part.

A lunch at the headquarters of the Mounted Police, and a buckjumping and lassoing exhibition on the race-course, terminate the proceedings at Calgary. At 4 o'clock we continue our railway journey. We are approaching the Rockies, but they are hidden from us by clouds and haze. Suddenly the sun breaks through and gives us a fine view of the low outer ranges, covered with a sprinkling of snow. Towards sunset we enter an ever-narrowing valley, with great rocks and fine peaks on both sides ; and at 8 o'clock we reach Banff, where we are to halt for the night.

Sunday, 30th September.—Banff is a sanatorium created by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which in-

creases annually the number of tourists by constructing excellent hotels at some of the most picturesque and attractive points on the line. We shall see more of this charming little highland retreat on the return journey. To-day we have to start early in order to see as much as possible of the wonderful scenery that lies between us and the Pacific Coast. First we ascend by a pretty steep incline for an hour or two till we reach a height of 5296 feet, where a rustic arch near the line marks "the Great Divide," the watershed between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Already we are greatly impressed by the magnificent snow-clad peaks seen in all directions ; but we are advised to restrain our enthusiasm on the ground that these are as nothing in comparison with what lies ahead, and this assurance turns out to be well founded. Nothing indeed could be grander than the views as we descend from the Great Divide to the broad valley of the Columbia through the famous gorges of the Kicking Horse River, a boisterous torrent which rushes downwards by leaps and bounds. In size the mountains cannot pretend to rival those seen from Darjiling and other points in the Himalaya, but one gets much nearer to them. From Darjiling one sees the hoary Kinchinjunga miles and miles away, whereas here we pass so near some of the highest mountains that it looks as if from the summit one might throw a pebble on to the roof of the cars. The railway is constructed along the rocky banks of the torrent, and right and left rise precipices to a height of several thousand feet. On the left the mountains may be almost said to overhang the line, so that we have to leave our state-rooms and stand on the platform between the cars in order to see the summits. Among the finest are Cathedral Peak, resembling a gigantic, rough-hewn Gothic pile, and Mount Stephen, with an enormous glacier several hundred feet thick clinging to its flank. So near the perpendicular is the slope on which this

glacier rests, that it seems as if some day it might be brought down bodily on to the railway by the vibration of a passing train. An experienced engineer would probably treat as very ridiculous any such suggestion, but I speak merely of the first impression of a tourist unacquainted with the mysteries of railway construction. On the other side of the defile, when it has widened a little, we notice the freak of nature from which the valley has derived its name. On a light-coloured wall of rock is a large dark stain, in which the imagination of the Indians perceived the figure of a colossal horse in the act of kicking with one of its hind-legs.

In passing through this Kicking Horse Valley one does not know which to admire most—the grandeur of the natural features or the audacity of the tiny mortals who conceived and executed the daring scheme of constructing a railway along the precipitous banks of such a torrent. Certainly it is with something like a feeling of relief that we issue from a last rocky gorge and find ourselves in the broad valley of the Columbia River, which here flows northwards, separating the Rockies, which we have just crossed, from the parallel range of the Selkirks, which still bar our way to the Pacific Coast. If we could follow this beautiful, clear stream for a couple of hundred miles, we should have no more steep gradients on our journey to the sea, for the Columbia has found to the northward a way of getting round the Selkirks, and we shall meet it again this evening about sunset. But such is not to be our course. The bold constructors of the Canadian Pacific, scorning such a roundabout route, have climbed over the Selkirks instead of going round them, and have thereby shortened the distance by about 150 miles. Before we have had time to enjoy fully the tranquil beauty of the smiling Columbia Valley, in which a few agricultural colonists are already making comfortable homes for themselves, we are whisked off

to the left, and begin to climb again on gradients of 116 feet to the mile. Following first the Beaver River, a tributary of the Columbia, and then the Bear Creek, a tributary of the Beaver, we run along a scar in the steep mountain-side—so steep that we seem to be moving on the top of the tall pines whose roots are hundreds of feet beneath us. On the other side of the valley stand out against the clear blue sky a magnificent row of snow-covered peaks, which look strangely white and cold in contrast with the rich, warm autumn vegetation of the lower slopes. Of that splendid panorama we get only intermittent glimpses, for the train is constantly running under snow-sheds constructed of logs to protect the line against the snowdrifts. At the head of the valley—what they would call in Switzerland the “col,”—at a height of 4300 feet, we pass through a ravine with the Hermit Peak on the right and Mount MacDonald on the left, like two giant sentinels guarding the only practicable passage to the country beyond. Then we descend rapidly into the valley of the Illecillewaet, and stop for an hour at Glacier House, a very comfortable Canadian Pacific hotel, from which excursions can be made to the glacier close by and the neighbouring peaks. Here Lady Minto and some of her party instal themselves on the cow-catcher in front of the engine, in order to get a good view of the famous “loop” by which the train zigzags down to the bottom of the valley. Through the celebrated Albert Cañon, which quite justifies its reputation, we regain the Columbia River, from which we parted company at noon; and shortly after sunset we halt at Revelstoke, where Lady Minto lays the foundation-stone of a cottage-hospital, and makes a very neat little speech on the laudable efforts for supplying medical aid to small outlying communities, a movement in which Her Excellency takes a very keen interest. In the course of the evening we pass the Shuswap Lakes, officially

described as "the centre of one of the best sporting regions on the line," and towards midnight the train runs down the main street of Kamloops, festooned with thousands of electric lamps. We are now in the valley of the Thompson River, a tributary of the Fraser.

Monday, 30th September.—In the early morning we emerge from the gloomy Fraser Cañon and wind along the north bank of the Fraser River, through a comparatively open country of woodland and lakes with fine mountain ridges in the background. Then we leave the river, and, trending north-westward, reach the southern bank of Burrard Inlet, a long arm of the sea, at the mouth of which stands Vancouver city, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We have now finished our railway journey of 3078 miles from Quebec.

Twenty years ago the rising ground on which the busy, prosperous city, with its 26,000 inhabitants, now stands was covered with dense forest, and as late as 1886 every building in the place, with one solitary exception, was destroyed by a forest fire. It is not surprising, therefore, that everything looks new; what does surprise us is that the buildings have an air of British solidity and finish very unusual in young Transatlantic settlements. The streets are prettily decorated, and there are a number of triumphal arches, of which the most original are those of the Chinese and Japanese communities. In front of the Court House several addresses are presented, and the Duke in his reply, referring to the warmth of the popular welcome, says: "We take it as a proof that though situated on the verge of this great Continent, your hearts beat as warmly and your loyalty is as staunch and true as in any part of the Empire we have visited." These words are greeted with applause, and I hear a

gentleman beside me remark : "Quite right ! We are the most British population of the Dominion !" Immediately afterwards we have evidence of their military spirit and their readiness to take part in Imperial defence : the Duke formally opens a fine new drill-hall, and presents war medals to the volunteers returned from South Africa.

In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses inspect a large sawmill, and watch with interest how, by means of ingenious labour-saving contrivances, the trunks of enormous trees are dragged out of the creek, sawn up into logs and planks of manageable dimensions, and put on board the ships waiting to transport them to all parts of the world. Then we drive to the beautiful Stanley Park, where a school-children's demonstration takes place, and where we are shown some magnificent specimens of the "giants of the vegetable kingdom," for which British Columbia is celebrated.

As soon as it is dark the town is brilliantly illuminated with electricity. We dine on board the *Empress of India*, one of the splendid Canadian Pacific liners, that usually plies between Vancouver and Japan. To-night she is chartered to take us across to Victoria, the capital of the province, situated on Vancouver Island, near its southern extremity.

Tuesday, 1st October.—When we get up in the morning we are threading our way among a number of islets in the straits between Vancouver Island and the mainland, escorted by the cruisers *Amphion* and *Phaeton* of the Pacific Squadron. The arrival at Victoria is very impressive : bright sunshine, not a ripple on the blue waters of the Gulf, the ships in the harbour decorated with bunting and evergreens, the Pacific Squadron thundering a Royal salute, a pretty, charmingly situated little city of over 20,000 inhabitants, surrounded by pine-woods, and thousands of loyal

citizens shouting a hearty British welcome. The addresses are read in front of the beautiful Parliament Buildings, which need not fear comparison even with those of Ottawa. Indeed, the city in general has something of the character of the Dominion capital, and it has the advantage of overlooking the sea, with a magnificent panorama of mountains in the distance. Among the deputations that present addresses is one from the American-British League of the American town of Seattle, who declare that, though American citizens, the sons of Britannia never lose their pride of ancestry nor fail to transmit to their children their affection for the Mother Country, her glorious traditions, and her many virtues.

The rest of the day is very fully occupied. Their Royal Highnesses first drive to Esquimalt, to lunch with Admiral Bickford on board his flagship, the *Warspite*; thence to a suburb at the other end of the town to open formally an exhibition of British-Columbian products; next to Oak Bay, about three miles from Victoria, where we are all very comfortably lodged in a summer hotel on the sea-shore; finally there is a State dinner at the Lieutenant-Governor's, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, followed by a reception in Parliamentary Buildings, where the Duke and Duchess shake hands with over 500 people. At dinner an amusing little incident occurred. A very old lady who was sitting next to the Duke supposed that he was a young member of the suite, and did not discover her mistake till later in the evening.

Wednesday, 2nd October.—A comparatively idle day. In the morning we write letters or stroll about on the sea-shore, enjoying the lovely view of the islet-studded straits and the American coast, with Mount Baker, a snow-capped cone of 14,000 feet, in the distance. After lunch the Duchess is allowed a half-holiday,

and employs it in paying, with the Duke, an informal visit to the Royal Jubilee Hospital. Some of us make a charming excursion on board a torpedo-boat destroyer to the quiet harbour of Esquimalt. By sunset all have returned to the *Empress of India*, which is waiting to take us back to Vancouver. At last we are turning our faces homewards, and in a month hence we should be in England.

There seems no doubt the Duke was right in assuming that here, in this Ultima Thule of the Empire, the loyalty of the people is as staunch and true as in any of the colonies. Here is how one of the leading organs of Victoria voices the popular sentiment :—

The Royal reception is over. The echoes of the cheers have died away. The lights, which made the city a fairyland, have been extinguished. And what remains? Not simply loyalty to the Motherland, our King, and our institutions, for this we always felt to such a degree that it could not be intensified. Not simply a sense of the greatness and unity of the Empire, for this we have always realised, and we have cemented the bond of union with the blood of our best manhood. Something else remains, and it is something new—something that the people have never felt before. It is a feeling of personal affection and esteem for the Heir-Apparent and the gracious lady whose life, happiness, and future are so closely bound up with his. This is the good-bye message which the *Colonist* gives them from the people of Victoria: they came, they saw, they conquered. They conquered not by pomp and pageantry, but by their gentleness and courtesy—by that subtle force which goes out unseen from honest hearts. They have gained a personal triumph. We would have welcomed them under any circumstances, because the Duke is the son of our King and the grandson of our late beloved Queen. We bade them good-bye with regret, because they have won our love. In the years to come the people of Victoria will watch the career of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York with a new interest. If the effect of this memorable tour has been the same in all places as in this

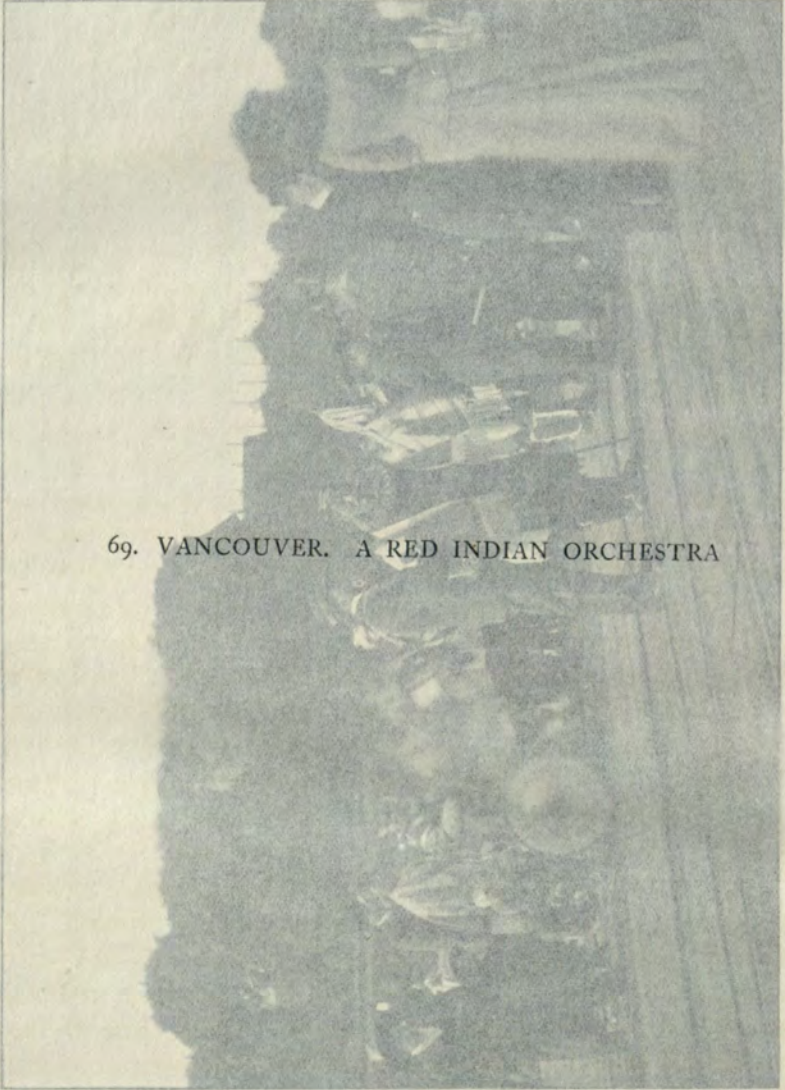
city, it seems no exaggeration to say that its initiation by Her late Majesty was a political inspiration. One lesson of the late visit is, that we shall have no difficulty in keeping alive the confidence of the British people in the monarchy and in the reigning House as the custodians of the prerogatives of the Crown.

PART XII

Canada: the Eastward Journey

October 3-20





69. VANCOUVER. A RED INDIAN ORCHESTRA

Canada: the Eastward Journey

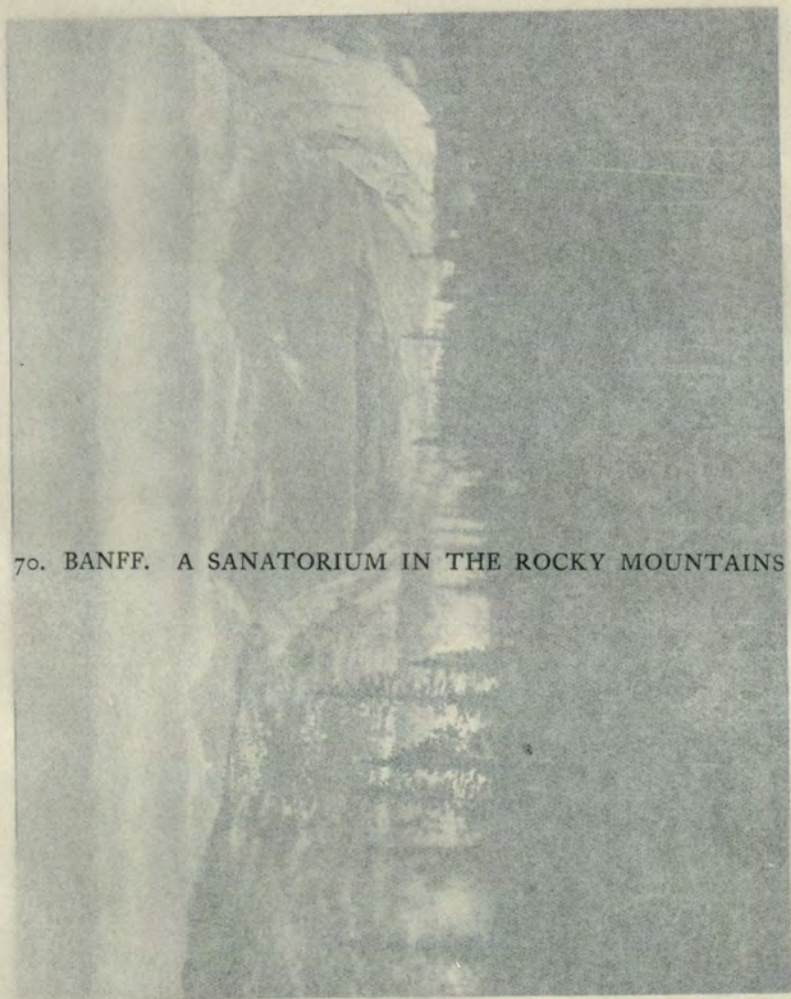
Thursday, 3rd October.—In the early morning we arrive at Vancouver, and by breakfast-time no less than three Indian orchestras have assembled on the wharf—two in European uniforms and the other in native costume. In front of this last stand five Chiefs of the Tsimshian tribe from Fort Simpson, which is nearly 500 miles to the north-west. The principal Chief is dressed in a tweed suit, and introduces himself as Herbert Wallace. His immediate subordinate, on the contrary, is in skins and feathers, and carries on his head an extraordinary crown, decorated with a grotesque mask, and surmounted by long bristles of the sea-lion. This emblem of sovereignty, he tells me, has been in the tribe for “hundreds of generations,” and as the most highly prized of their possessions is to be offered to the Duchess. When Her Royal Highness comes ashore she talks with the Chiefs for a few minutes in kindly fashion, and finally accepts the tribal crown.

At 10 o'clock we start in our comfortable railway-cars on our return journey across the continent. A few drops of rain are falling, but the clouds soon disperse, and we have again glorious weather for the most picturesque part of the route. This time we are to see parts of it which we formerly traversed at night. For a great part of the day we run along the Fraser River, a broad, light-coloured, muddy stream. At first the valley is broad and flanked with well-wooded hills,

resplendent with rich autumn tints ; but it gradually narrows into a series of magnificent deep gorges, at the bottom of which the river forces its way through the rocks and boulders. The railway is constructed at a considerable height in the precipitous bank, wending its tortuous way through cuttings and short tunnels, and leaping over the lateral gullies by means of light bridges. To the unprofessional eye the whole seems a piece of very risky engineering, but I am assured that serious accidents are practically unknown. On the other side of the gorges, cut likewise in the precipitous rocks, runs the old Cariboo Road—forced up at one point to a height of a thousand feet above the level of the torrent,—which was formerly the only link of connection between east and west in this part of the country, but which has now, since the construction of the railway, fallen into such a state of disrepair as to be practically useless. It is in this wild region that their Royal Highnesses have their first experience of the delightful excitement of riding on the cow-catcher in front of the locomotive.

At a little town called Lytton the line leaves the muddy Fraser River, and turning sharp to the right ascends the equally precipitous gorge of the Thompson, a stream of clear blue water. Before reaching the more open country near Kamloops it is quite dark.

Friday, 4th October.—When we get up about 7 o'clock we are at Glacier House, near the summit of the Selkirks ; and before noon we have descended by Bear Creek and the Beaver, crossed the broad, smiling valley of the Columbia, and are climbing up the wild gorges of the Kicking Horse River—the Viceregal train requiring four locomotives, and the Royal train five, for the ascent. Thus we see a second time in absolutely perfect weather the finest part of the wonderful transcontinental route.



70. BANFF. A SANATORIUM IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS



About mid-day we pass the Great Divide, and two or three hours later we reach Banff, a charming summer retreat, with sulphur baths and mineral waters for those who want them, at a height of 4500 feet above sea-level. Here the Duchess and part of the suite are to remain for two days, whilst the Duke is to go on a shooting expedition farther down the line. From the station we drive to the Canadian National Park close by, where there is a little herd of buffaloes, almost the only remains of the countless herds which formerly roamed over the prairies, supplying the Red Skins with all the necessaries of life, but which were rapidly exterminated by the advance of the agricultural settlers and the use of the repeating rifle. In the reserve we find 9 bulls, 7 cows, and 14 young animals; and there is some hope of the race being preserved, for the numbers have doubled in three years. In another part of the reserve there are 7 wapiti, 2 young moose, and some wild goats. The rest of the afternoon is spent in visiting some of the most picturesque points near the Canadian Pacific Hotel, beautifully situated above the falls of the Bow River, about a mile from the station. Tourists have reason to be grateful to the directors of the interoceanic railway for having provided for them such extremely comfortable quarters in the midst of one of the most charming parts of the Rocky Mountains. After dinner the Duke, with a portion of the suite, starts by train for Poplar Point, a small station on the main line, near Winnipeg, where wild duck are reported to be plentiful.

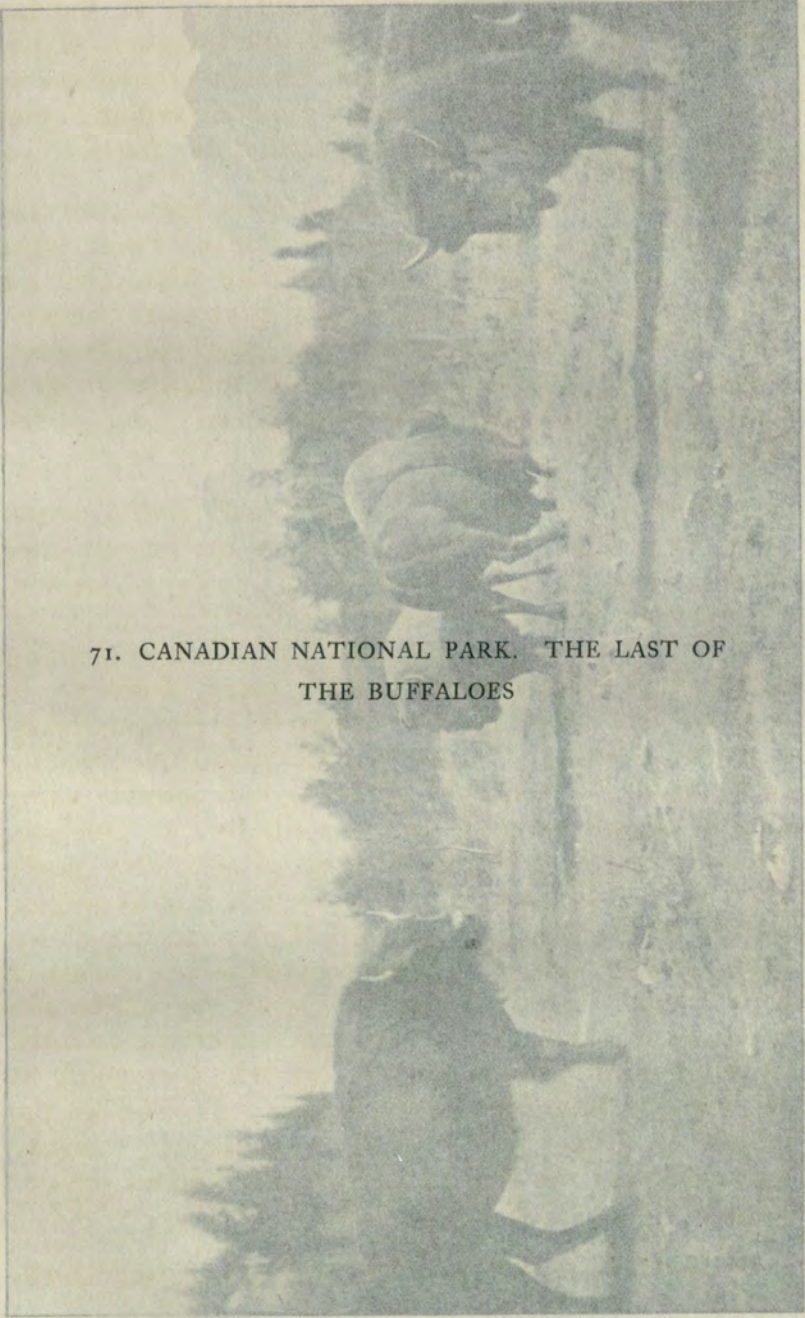
Saturday, 5th October.—The Duchess spends a very pleasant, restful day visiting some of the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood, and making an excursion to Lake Louise near the Great Divide. As a souvenir of the place she purchases some sketches by a landscape-artist who has spent the summer in the mountains.

Sunday, 6th October.—A quiet day, as Sunday generally is. The Duchess, with the members of the suite who have remained here, attends the service at St. George's Church. The Duke has arrived at Poplar Point, and is likewise spending a quiet day there.

Monday, 7th October.—The Duchess spends all day in the train travelling towards Poplar Point, near which, on the southern shore of Lake Manitoba, the Duke is having a capital day's sport with Senator Kirchhoffer. At lunch-time the bag includes 200 duck, of which 50 have fallen to the Duke's gun. Lord Minto has come up from Ottawa and joined the party.

Tuesday, 8th October.—The Duke and Duchess meet, after their two days' separation, the longest since leaving home, at Poplar Point station; and as we are now in what Canadians call "the Granary of the Empire," it is thought only fitting that they should see something of farming operations. They are taken, therefore, to a large field close by and shown a great threshing-machine at work. Farmer Bond explains the working of the machine, and is delighted to find himself being closely cross-questioned as to details by the Duchess, whose scientific curiosity is not always very easily satisfied. In like manner, when we arrive at Winnipeg an hour or two later, their Royal Highnesses are shown over a grain-elevator, and the proprietor has to answer a good many searching questions as to the object and functions of these gaunt structures, which are essential for the prosperity of the country, but which certainly do not tend to beautify the landscape. As soon as the subject is fully explained, we continue our journey eastwards over the rich but rather monotonous prairie-lands.

Wednesday, 9th October.—The prairie has disappeared,



71. CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK. THE LAST OF
THE BUFFALOES



and we are once more in a region of forest, lakes, and tarns. A great part of the day we are winding along the deeply indented, rocky northern shore of Lake Superior, which we admired so much on our westward journey. The people are as keen as on the former occasion to get a glimpse of the Royal visitors, and display great enthusiasm. Even at an hour when the visitors must be supposed to have gone to bed, we hear occasionally, as we pass a station, a burst of cheering.

Thursday, 10th October.—Early in the morning we reach North Bay on Lake Nipissing, a fine sheet of water forty miles long, connected by French River with Lake Huron, and are transferred, without changing carriages, from the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Grand Trunk. Our course lies now due south, through the picturesque Muskoka Lake district, in the direction of the western end of Lake Ontario. At every station great crowds have assembled; and as we advance, the popular enthusiasm increases, till it culminates at Toronto, which we reach at 2 o'clock. A tastefully decorated platform has been erected for the occasion outside the town, and in front of it an enormous stand, in which are assembled some 6000 children to welcome their Royal Highnesses with cheers, waving of little Union Jacks, and singing of patriotic songs. Among these, as usual in Canada, "The Maple Leaf" has a prominent place. For once we are not favoured with Queen's weather. On the contrary, the rain is falling in torrents, but the merry little folk do not seem to mind it. It continues without intermission all the way as we drive in procession for several miles through the principal streets, profusely decorated and lined with troops, but it does not in the least damp the frantic enthusiasm of the tens of thousands of spectators. The people are literally wild with excitement. In front of the City Hall, where the addresses are to be

presented, the excellent music of a monster choir is completely drowned for a time by the prolonged cheering. It is only when the excitement has subsided a little that we distinguish the strains of "Prince of England, Hail," "The Maple Leaf," and "Our Country and our King." Among the numerous addresses the Civic one has naturally the place of honour. After reference to the King's visit to Toronto forty-one years ago, the citizens say :—

The present occasion . . . marks not only the important change which has taken place during the interval in the growth and prosperity of the city, but also the mighty advance in the material and constitutional development of His Majesty's realm. In none of the many dominions over which His Majesty now reigns as Sovereign of the Empire, and in none of the capitals which you have visited in your progress, will your Royal Highness have met subjects more happy and prosperous or more loyally devoted to the Throne of the United Empire than the people of Ontario and of this its capital city. We rejoice in the privilege bestowed upon us of forming part of a Union under one Sovereign, engirdling the earth and indissolubly knit together by the free and liberal principles of the British Constitution.

The Duke in the course of his reply says :—

I rejoice to think of the prosperity, the material progress and intellectual advancement, which characterise the general condition of Ontario, and that side by side with this progress is a spirit of deep contentment and unswerving loyalty. The free and liberal institutions secured to the Dominion have relieved them from the struggle for the right to manage and control their local affairs. As they have grown in power and influence their aspirations have been lifted to a higher plane. Their patriotism has broadened and intensified. They have realised how closely they are concerned in the general welfare of the Empire. In no uncertain manner they have shown their readiness to share in the task of defending its interests and maintaining its honour and integrity. The deeds of your fellow-countrymen during the war in South Africa have indeed

testified not only to the strength of your loyalty, but also to the strong military instinct and capacity inherent in the sons of the Dominion. They have fully maintained the noble traditions of your forefathers who fought for hearth and home under the leadership of the heroic Brock.

From the City Hall the cheering continues all along the line to Government House, where apartments have been prepared for their Royal Highnesses by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Oliver Mowat, an old and highly respected politician, who was for many years Prime Minister of the State of Ontario. In the evening we all dine at Government House, and afterwards attend a very good concert at the Massey Hall.

Friday, 11th October.—In the forenoon there is a review of over 10,000 troops in the Exhibition grounds near the shore of the Lake. The sun struggles hard with the fog, but does not quite succeed in dispersing it, so that we do not get the Lake as a background to the picture, as was intended. After the inspection of the troops in line of quarter-column, the Duke, wearing as he usually does on such occasions the uniform of the Royal Fusiliers, dismounts from his white charger, and presents new colours to the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry and the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Next comes the distribution of South African war medals. The first to advance is Major H. Z. C. Cockburn, who receives, in addition to the war medal, the Victoria Cross for distinguished gallantry in a hard-fought action near the Komati River, when our guns were in danger of being taken. The citizens of Toronto, justly proud of their townsman, have prepared for him a sword of honour, and at the request of Major Howland it is handed to him by the Duke. Then there is the march-past, in which the Highlanders, the Toronto Regiment, and a new regiment in khaki, are evidently the popular favourites.

No sooner is lunch at Government House finished than their Royal Highnesses have to start for the University, and on the way the fire-brigade is inspected, the Bishop Strachan School visited, and a maple-tree planted in commemoration of the Royal visit to the capital of Ontario. To the ceremony of planting the maple-tree Mr. Alexander Muir, the author of "The Maple Leaf," which we hear sung and played so frequently, is specially invited. At the University the Duke receives an honorary degree, and the academic authorities declare in their address that the deepest wish of the vast Dominion, into which have been welded the scattered provinces of this loved Britain beyond the seas, is closer union with the Kingdom and the Empire. In his reply the Duke alludes in a humorous way to the fact that whereas he has the honour to be a Doctor of Laws of the University, his dear father is only an undergraduate; "and I notice," he adds, "he has remained in that position more than forty years."

In the evening the Governor-General gives a State dinner in the Parliament Buildings, followed by a numerously attended reception. I amuse myself by counting the people who shake hands with their Royal Highnesses. The total is 2288.

The Duchess has received as a souvenir from the ladies of Toronto a beautiful gold writing-set.

Saturday, 12th October.—This morning I meet accidentally a Toronto friend, and being, as sometimes happens in the early hours of the day, in momentary want of a subject of conversation, I ask what impression the Royal visit has made on his fellow-citizens. "Well," replies my friend with a touch of indignant surprise in his tone, "you must have seen for yourself the wild outbursts of loyal enthusiasm whenever and wherever their Royal Highnesses appeared. That shows the feelings of

the masses. As for the feelings of the upper classes, read that, for example !” “That,” means an article in the leading organ of Ontario. I read as follows :—

The splendour of Royalty and the simplicity of Democracy met on a level in the Parliament Buildings last night, and for two hours there continued what was undoubtedly the largest and most brilliant reception ever held in Toronto. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have done many things to endear themselves to the Canadian public during their present tour, but it is doubtful if they could perform an act which would bring their kindly personalities and royal yet simple bearing so strongly before the public as by their voluntarily undergoing such an exhausting physical task as that of last evening. Their Royal Highnesses stood throughout the entire reception, and not only never looked tired, but ever manifested signs of interest, bowing and smiling to every person who was presented to them. Such an attitude by members of the Royal family will be another link to bind those who were present in increasing attachment and devotion to the Throne.

At 9 A.M. we start in our comfortable railway-cars for Niagara-on-the-Lake, a summer resort situated at the point where the Niagara River falls into Lake Ontario. Every station we pass is filled with an enthusiastic crowd, and at some of them we stop long enough for the school-children to sing the National Anthem and “The Maple Leaf.” During the short halt at Berlin, a town of nearly 8000 inhabitants, chiefly of German nationality, a citizen tells me that throughout the town and district public order is maintained by one policeman, and his post is almost a sinecure. This is interesting in connection with a remark made by the Duke in replying to the addresses presented at Toronto.

I have received (he said) with pleasure the address from the German residents of Toronto, in which they testify to their appreciation of the advantages of British citizenship. Throughout our long journey I have been interested to find in what high regard German emigrants are held as useful and

industrious members of the community in the country of their adoption.

At London—situated, by the way, on the river Thames in the county of Middlesex—we remain longer, and drive in procession to the public park, where the Duke receives two addresses, makes a short reply, and presents new colours to the local regiment. At sunset we reach our destination, and are put up at a very comfortable hotel overlooking Lake Ontario and the mouth of the Niagara River, with the United States Fort Niagara on the opposite bank. “Here,” in the magniloquent language of the guide-books, “of old the fortunes of peoples were wont to be decided; here Indians, French and British, Americans and Canadians, have contended for the supremacy of the Lake region; and here the first Parliament of the Province of Upper Canada was held, in ancestral fashion, in the shade of a spreading oak.” As a permanent memorial of this struggle, on a neighbouring hill, stands a tall column near the spot where fell “the heroic Brock,” whose memory is still cherished by the intensely loyal population of Ontario.

Canadians tell us that to-day we have been passing through what they call “the garden of Canada,” the peninsula formed by Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron. Perhaps “the orchard of Canada” would be a more accurate term, for it raises more fruit than flowers, and the specimens kindly sent to us by some of the most successful growers leave no doubt in our minds as to the excellent quality of the fruit produced. Why is it not better known on the English market? The question naturally suggests the wider problem as to the best means of developing the commercial relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies as an adjunct to the sentimental and political bonds that at present hold the Empire together. In a permanent web of empire there must be material as well as sentimental and

political threads. I am not sure, however, that casually making the acquaintance of some delicious Ontarian fruit justifies me in attempting to soar into the higher regions of political speculation.

Sunday, 13th October.—After morning service, conducted by Canon Dalton, we all go quietly, by steamer and electric tram, to the Falls. On the way we have a capital view of the foaming lower rapids and the whirlpool, and we see on the bank a little cigar-shaped boat in which a foolhardy American made yesterday, successfully, the descent of the rapids in which Webb perished some years ago. From the tramway station we walk up to Loretto Convent, a young ladies' college, which commands a magnificent view of both the Horseshoe and the American Falls, as well as of the rapids above. The weather is all that could be desired, and the Duchess, who has never been here before, is naturally very much interested and delighted. As the intended visit has been kept as quiet as possible, there is no public demonstration. Of the thousands of sight-seers attracted by the beautiful weather, few are aware of the presence of their Royal Highnesses, and these few politely respect their incognito. It soon becomes known, however, even on the other side of the river, that the illustrious visitors are somewhere in the neighbourhood; and when three of us are driving about on Goat Island, our American coachman, without knowing who we are, remarks: "Pity the Duke and Duchess don't come over here: they would get a reception that would astonish them!"

Monday, 14th October.—We leave Niagara-on-the-Lake early, and all day we continue our journey to the east coast. The only halt of any duration is at Hamilton, where an address is presented at the Town Hall, a lunch is given by the Mayor, Mr. Hendrie,

and new colours are presented to the local regiment. Then for forty miles we skirt the northern shore of Lake Ontario, pass through Toronto, and go on to Belleville, where we lie up for the night.

Tuesday, 15th October.—Immediately after breakfast the train moves on, and at 11 o'clock we are in Kingston, the Limestone City, built on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the point where the lake narrows into the river St. Lawrence. Formerly it was a fort of great strategical importance, and during the war of 1812 a battle-ship, formidable for those days, was built in its dockyard with timber sent out from England. Now it is a great educational centre; but it has not entirely forgotten its old character, for among its educational institutions it has still a military college, which receives the honour of a visit from their Royal Highnesses. After the presentation of a municipal address at the Town Hall, the Duke receives an honorary degree from the Queen's University, and lays the foundation of the new University buildings. At this ceremony Principal Grant was to have presided, but he is unfortunately prevented by a dangerous illness, and the Duke and Duchess make a departure from the official programme in order to pay him a visit at the hospital.

As soon as the official functions are over, we go on board a palatial river-steamer and sail down the St. Lawrence among the famous Thousand Isles, which the Indians used to call Manatoana—the Garden of the Great Spirit. When I last saw them, more than thirty years ago, there was nothing incongruous in the native name, for they were still almost in a state of nature; but now they have become covered with cottages, villas, chalets, fantastic castles, and palace-hotels. One of the big structures, ironically called The Cottage, is said to contain 280 bedrooms. The Great

Spirit's Garden has, in fact, become a summer resort for well-to-do Canadians and American millionaires, and its solitudes are further disturbed by the passenger steamers, tugs, lighters, and other craft required for the increasing river traffic.

Shortly after sunset we approach Brockville by a narrow channel, on both sides of which the little islands are brilliantly illuminated with white and red lights, and the passage of the steamer is saluted by a great display of Roman candles and rockets. The town is also illuminated, and as we drive from the wharf to the railway station the crowds cheer heartily. It was intended that we should have the excitement of going down the Lachine Rapids in a small steamer, but the unprecedented low state of the water prevents this intention from being carried out. The night is spent in a quiet siding near Cardinal.

Wednesday, 16th October.—A raw, wet day. We continue our journey down the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and cross over, at Montreal, to the south bank by the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, which is often spoken of as one of the engineering wonders of the world. It is a mile and a-quarter in length—or, to be quite accurate, 6592 feet,—and rests on 24 piers, the longest span being 330 feet. Wonderful as it certainly is, it does not seem such a daring feat of engineering skill as the single-arch steel bridge across the Niagara Gorge at a height of 226 feet above the water, which we saw on Sunday; but the history of its construction, as related in a pamphlet supplied us by the railway company, is an interesting tale. Gradually the new structure, built on different principles, incorporated its predecessor; and during the whole of the laborious and complicated operations the enormous traffic of the Grand Trunk was interrupted for only twenty hours, and never for more than two hours at a time! The

tubular bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1860, and to-day the Royal train is stopped for a few minutes to show the Duke the spot where his father drove in the last rivet. In the interval, things have advanced rapidly in this part of the world. Then the population of Montreal, which we see in the distance, was under 70,000; now it is estimated at 300,000.

Our route for the next three or four hundred miles lies close to the right bank of the St. Lawrence, but we make a deviation southward from the direct line in order to let the inhabitants of the flourishing town of Sherbrooke make a demonstration of their loyalty. We are now passing through a country of French-Canadians, similar to that which we traversed between Quebec and Montreal four weeks ago; and we notice the same little wooden houses of the peasantry, built in a line, with long, narrow fields behind them. The population seems to be not very dense, for a considerable proportion of the land is covered with small timber. Here and there we see a factory, but the mass of the population is evidently agricultural. In the evening we pass within a few miles of Levis, the town on the south bank of the St. Lawrence facing Quebec, and our train is transferred from the Grand Trunk to the Inter-colonial Railway.

Thursday, 17th October.—When we wake in the morning we have left the Province of Quebec and are in that of New Brunswick, somewhere near Chaleur Bay, which is separated from the lower course of the St. Lawrence by the Gaspé Peninsula. We run now in a south-east direction, through a rocky, thickly wooded country not far from the sea-coast, till we reach Moncton Junction, when we turn sharply to the south-west and follow the north coast of the Bay of Fundy. A run of less than three hours brings us to St. John, the chief town though not the capital of the Province.

St. John, though almost entirely rebuilt since the great fire of 1877, has contrived to remain rather an old-fashioned town, and possesses no magnificent City Hall in which large meetings might be held. The reception ceremony takes place, therefore, in the Exhibition Buildings, a temporary wooden structure. Here the municipal and other addresses are presented, and the Duke replies. The citizens in their address recall the fact that the town was founded by the Loyalists who emigrated hither from the United States at the close of the War of Independence, in order to remain British subjects, "a band of devoted people, who endured great hardships that they might testify their faith in and loyalty to British institutions by perpetuating them upon this Continent." "It is therefore," they go on to say, "with peculiar interest that we greet your Royal Highness to-day, not only as the Heir-Apparent to the Throne, but as a representative of that political system which guarantees throughout the world that the hand of oppression shall never be laid with impunity upon a British subject." The inhabitants of Fredericton, the capital of the Province, express similar sentiments, and add: "While we deeply deplore the loss of so many loyal and gallant sons of the Empire in the South African war, we rejoice at the spontaneous outburst of patriotism which the war called forth in every portion of His Majesty's dominions." The Duke, in the course of his reply, after referring to the patriotic founders of the city, says: "The same sentiments animate their descendants at the present day. They have emulated the example of their ancestors by devotion to their Sovereign, by services gladly rendered and lives nobly sacrificed to uphold the principles of freedom and justice. . . . I rejoice to learn that the people of different origins in this Province are living together in happy conditions, vying with each other in fealty to the Crown and in

upholding those liberties which are the birthright of British citizens.”

A deputation of ladies present to the Duchess a beautiful mink boa and muff as a souvenir of the visit to St. John.

In an enclosure behind the building the troops are collected. The Duchess presents colours to the local regiment, and the Duke distributes war medals to those who have served in South Africa. A march-past is prevented by the smallness of the enclosure and the anxiety of the crowd to get a good look at their Royal Highnesses. Nearly 900 people have an opportunity of shaking hands with them at the evening reception.

Friday, 18th October.—In the morning the Duchess and some members of the suite visit the so-called Reversing Falls, on the St. John River, about a couple of miles from the town. If I may judge by their appearance at the time we saw them, I should say that Reversing Rapids would be a more accurate description. However this may be, they are certainly very curious. The St. John River, after a devious course of 450 miles, has to force its way through a precipitous chasm, and at low-water it has no difficulty in pouring the accumulated water into the Bay of Fundy. But the Bay of Fundy, as all the world knows, has extraordinarily high tides, rising in some places as much as 50 feet. Here in the harbour of St. John the rise is about 27 feet, and this is enough to produce the curious reversing movement above mentioned; for at low-water the level of the river below the chasm is some 15 feet lower than that of the upper reaches, whereas at high-water it is about 15 feet higher and consequently the rapids are running up-stream. At the time of our visit they are running in the natural direction, and we have not time to wait for the reversing movement.

At 11 A.M. we start by rail for Halifax. The first part of the journey, as far as Moncton Junction, is on the line by which we came yesterday. Then we strike eastward, rounding the most northerly creek of the Bay of Fundy, and advancing along the isthmus which connects New Brunswick with Nova Scotia. It is evidently a thinly populated country, in which the area of forest far exceeds that of the arable and pasture land. At Windsor Junction, fourteen miles from Halifax, we are shunted into a quiet siding, and remain there for the night.

Saturday, 19th October.—Immediately after breakfast we run into Halifax, and in a pavilion in front of the station a number of addresses are read, among them two from Prince Edward Island. In his reply the Duke bids good-bye to Canada :—

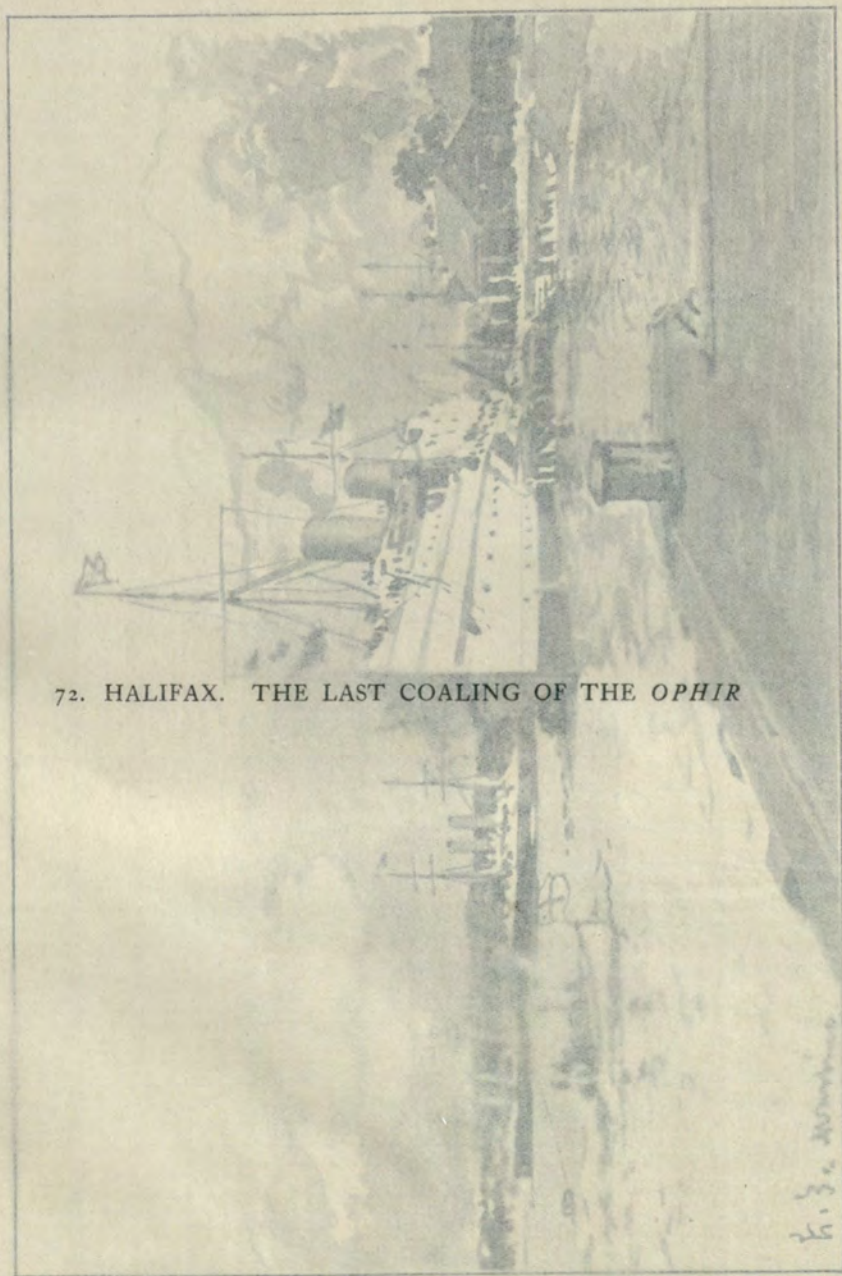
Our pleasure in coming amongst you (he says) is tinged with the regret that we are on the eve of departure from the great country where, during the five weeks of our stay, we have received so hearty and so generous a hospitality, and have found so many kind friends. It is perhaps fitting that we should take leave of Canada in the province which was the first over which the British flag waved—a province so full of moving, chequered historical memories,—and that, embarking from your capital, which stands unrivalled among the naval ports of the world, we should pass through waters that are celebrated in the annals of our glorious Navy. . . . In bidding you farewell we wish to make known how greatly we have been impressed by the affectionate sympathy with which we have been received by the people of the Dominion; and we pray that the Divine blessing may rest upon them and theirs, and upon those in whose hands is placed the guidance of its destinies.

From the station their Royal Highnesses drive in procession to the Provincial Building, where the Lieutenant-Governor announces that the Government of Nova Scotia, desiring to honour the brethren who have fallen in South Africa, has decided to erect a

monument to their memory, which is to be considered also as "a testimony of admiration and gratitude to all our soldiers who went through the sufferings and dangers of that historic campaign." At His Honour's request, the Duke lays the foundation-stone.

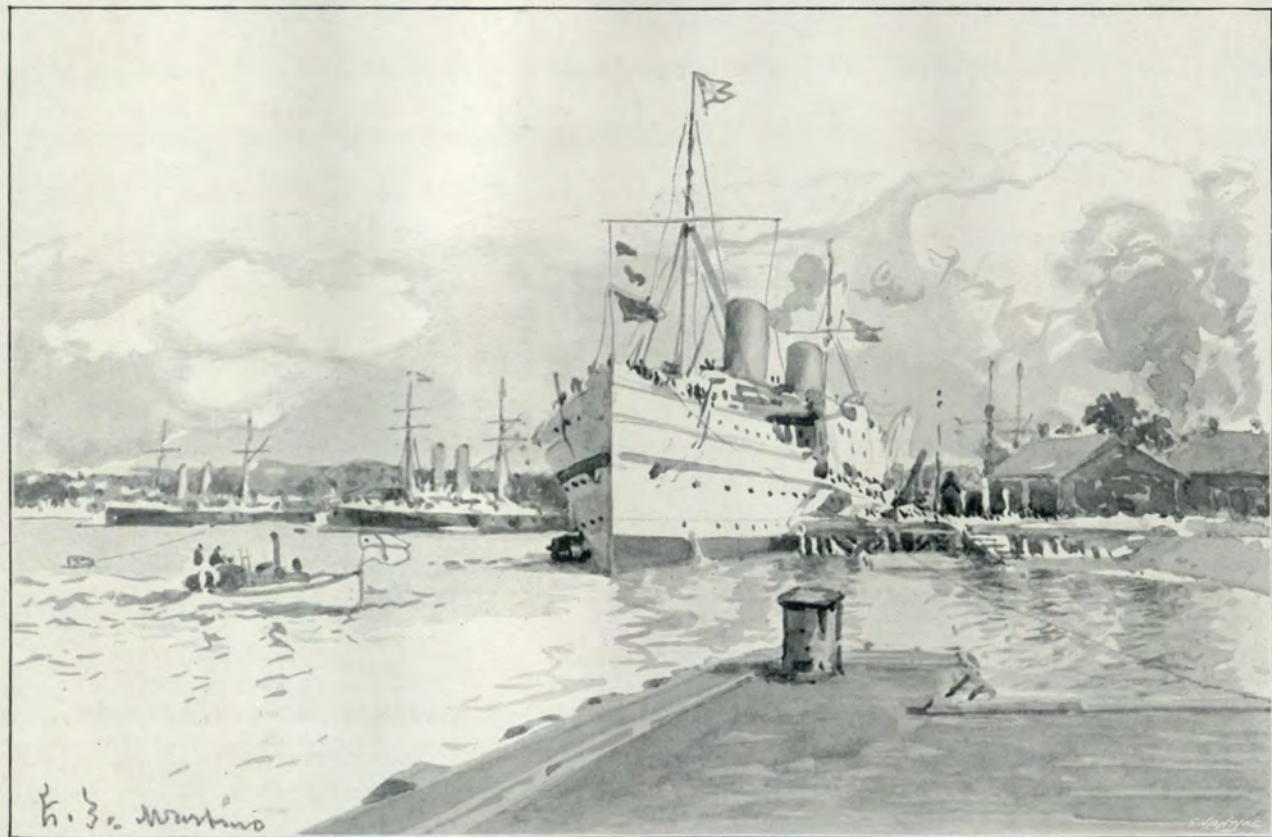
In the afternoon there is a parade of Naval and Military forces, in all about 4700 men. The Duke presents new colours to the Princess Louise Fusiliers, and assures the regiment that the distinguished lady whose name it bears "still cherishes the happiest recollections of the years she spent in Canada." He reminds it that it had received the old colours from his great-grandfather, the Duke of Kent, more than a hundred years ago, and he adds the remark: "The old colours have never been carried in face of the enemy, nor is it likely that any colours will again be taken into action; but I feel sure that the sentiment that surrounds them is a most precious element in that *esprit de corps*, to maintain which is the pride of every regiment." His Royal Highness also presents war medals to the men who have returned from South Africa, and a sword of honour to Major H. B. Stairs, who had specially distinguished himself. In the evening there is a numerously attended reception at Provincial Building, at which their Royal Highnesses shake hands with all present.

Sunday, 20th October.—We feel more at home now, for we are once more on board the *Ophir*, which has been, if not our constant place of residence, at least our headquarters for the last seven months; but already an unsettled feeling is coming over us, for to-morrow we sail for England with only one port of call on the way, and if all goes according to the programme we shall be at home in a fortnight. After morning service, their Royal Highnesses lunch quietly on board the *Crescent*. The afternoon is spent chiefly in taking leave of the



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L. S. ...



H. S. Martin

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friends who have accompanied us in the Canadian part of the tour. Among these are Lord and Lady Minto, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Joseph Pope, Major and Mrs. Maude, Major Denison, who was temporarily attached to the Duke as honorary A.D.C., and others to whom our gratitude is due. For the extreme comfort of the transcontinental journey we are greatly indebted to Mr. Baker and Mr. Richardson, officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who carried out admirably the carefully devised arrangements of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the Chairman of the Company. For the excellent general arrangements of the Canadian part of the tour the highest credit is due to the indefatigable exertions of Major Maude, the Governor's Military Secretary, by whom I may say we were "personally conducted."

Among those to whom I say good-bye with special regret is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion Government. During the whole of the long railway journey westwards and eastwards my stateroom adjoined his car, and I had the privilege of spending much time with him, both usefully and agreeably. His intimate knowledge of the country and his broad statesmanlike views, not to speak of his wide culture, thoughtful kindness, and personal charm, made him the most delightful of travelling companions. Apart from personal considerations, it was pleasant to hear a man, so well qualified in every way to judge of the political and economic condition of Canada, express unbounded confidence in the future of his country, and give sound reasons for the faith that was in him. Evidently, what the Dominion most wants at present is more population—more colonists of the right sort, who would till the vast expanses of unoccupied fertile land, fell and bring to market the magnificent timber of the virgin forests, dig up and smelt the boundless stores of mineral wealth lying hidden beneath the surface. Hitherto the

attractions of the United States have diverted southwards the great stream of European emigration; but a change seems to be at hand. The population of the United States has increased to such an extent, that colonists no longer find there the free land they desire; whereas in Canada millions of acres are still unoccupied, and can be obtained by genuine settlers at a merely nominal price. In like manner the American forests already show signs of exhaustion, whereas those of Western Canada may be said to be still almost intact; and as for minerals, we have the significant fact that American miners are migrating northward across the Dominion frontier. It is fortunate for Canada that she should have at such a time the guiding hand of a statesman of enlightened views and vigorous initiative like Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Some of the Duke's impressions of the Canadian part of the tour are given in a letter which he has written to Lord Minto:—

Before leaving Canada I am anxious to make known through you with what regret the Duchess and I bid farewell to a people who by their warmheartedness and cordiality have made us feel at home amongst them from the first moment of our arrival on their shores.

I should like particularly to express our gratitude for the generous feeling which has prompted all classes to contribute towards that hearty and affectionate welcome which we have everywhere met with. This has been strikingly shown, not only in the demeanour of the crowds and the general manifestations of rejoicing with which we have been greeted, but also by the trouble and ingenuity displayed in the illuminations and street decorations, carried out with such conspicuous taste and success by private persons as well as by the Government and local authorities.

We were greatly touched to find in the smallest and most remote places through which we passed what great efforts had been made by the inhabitants to manifest their kindly feelings towards us.

I recognise all this as a proof of the strong personal loyalty to the Throne, as well as a declaration of the deep-seated devotion on the part of the people of Canada to that unity of the Empire of which the Crown is the symbol.

We wish to record our most sincere thanks to the Dominion Government, the provincial authorities, the municipal bodies, and private individuals for their generous hospitality, their kind forethought, and the extreme care and trouble they have bestowed on all the arrangements for the reception and accommodation of ourselves and our Staff. I feel that we are especially indebted to Mr. Pope, by whom so much of the detail was ably dealt with.

Wherever we have been, the police duties were admirably carried out, and we wish to express our special obligation to the Commissioner of the Dominion Police and other police officials for the excellent manner in which they have discharged the important responsibilities devolving on them.

Short as, unfortunately, our stay in West Canada had to be, it was sufficient for me to understand something of the boundless possibilities and the scope which it affords to those who, with a spirit of enterprise, determination, and willingness to work, desire to seek a wider, less crowded, and richer field than that offered by the congested industries and professions of the Mother Country. I trust that these possibilities may be taken advantage of in the future, and that suitable emigrants from the Mother Country may come in larger numbers.

At Calgary we witnessed a large and representative gathering of Indians. Then and on other occasions addresses were presented from different tribes. I was glad to hear of the progress they have made, and the contentment in which they live under the arrangements made for their benefit by the Dominion Government.

One of the most important features of our visit was the enormous distances traversed by rail, and we feel a difficulty in adequately thanking the Dominion Government for all that was organised and most effectually carried out for our railway journeys. The train built specially for the occasion by the Canadian Pacific Railway was a marvel of convenience and comfort, and nothing seems to have been forgotten which might tend to reduce the fatigue inseparable from such a long journey. Special facilities were afforded to enable us to see the

most striking points of interest in the vast regions of magnificent scenery through which we passed, while we received every possible attention and consideration from the officials and servants of the Company. To the authorities of the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways also our special thanks are due for all the trouble and consideration which they devoted to providing for the part of our journey which lay over their lines, and for the efficiency and success with which all the services were performed. We hope that the public did not suffer on account of the special arrangements made for our travelling, which perhaps necessitated some interference with the general traffic.

I am especially anxious to record my appreciation of that splendid force, the North-West Mounted Police. I had the pleasure of inspecting a portion of the corps at Calgary, and was much struck with the smart appearance of both men and horses, and with their general steadiness on parade. They furnished escorts throughout our stay in Western Canada, frequently horsed our carriages, and found the transport—all of which duties were performed with ready willingness, and in a highly creditable manner.

The reviews which were held at Quebec, Toronto, and Halifax enabled me to judge of the military capacity of the Dominion, and of the splendid material at its disposal. Many of the corps showed smartness and soldierlike bearing. I was glad to find that a Field Hospital organisation had recently been provided, as well as a company of Engineers. I was most interested, in our visit to the Royal Military College at Kingston, to see what excellent provision the Dominion Government had made for the preliminary military education of its Militia officers. Every country now recognises the necessity of securing the greatest possible military efficiency in return for its outlay on defence, and that the material at hand should not be sacrificed for the lack of adequate training and leading, which can best be ensured by a qualified staff.

I was delighted to have the opportunity of presenting a large number of medals to officers and men for services in South Africa, and it was most gratifying to see with what enthusiasm they were welcomed by their fellow-citizens.

It was a great pleasure to us to be accompanied throughout our tour by the distinguished Prime Minister of the Dominion.

As this must have been done at great personal inconvenience, we are all the more grateful to Sir Wilfrid Laurier for his valuable help and companionship. And finally, to Lady Minto and yourself we wish to express our most sincere thanks for the unfailing kindness and generous hospitality which we have received as your guests, and also for the great pleasure and valuable assistance that we realised in the presence of either Lady Minto, or both of your Excellencies, during our long journey.

I am further anxious to record my best thanks to Major Maude for the efficient manner in which he and the rest of your staff dealt with the exceptionally heavy and anxious work, and overcame the numerous difficulties connected with our tour, and for all that they have done to help me and my own Staff.

We wish it had been possible to remain longer in Canada, and, by availing ourselves of the many pressing invitations received from different centres, to have become acquainted more intimately with its various districts and their people. But we have seen enough to carry away imperishable memories of affectionate and loyal hearts, frank and independent natures, prosperous and progressive communities, boundless productive territories, glorious scenery, stupendous works of nature, a people and a country proud of its membership of the Empire, in which the Empire finds one of its brightest offspring.

Our hearts are full at saying farewell. We feel that we have made many friends in all parts of the Dominion, and that we owe and gladly extend to its people our sincere friendship and good wishes. May the affectionate regard which all races and classes have so generously shown us knit together the peoples of Canada, and strengthen the existing ties that unite the Empire.

Homeward Bound

PART XIII

Homeward Bound

October 21 to November 2

Homeward Bound

Monday, 21st October.—A bitterly cold morning with occasional showers of sleet. At 9.30 we sail for Newfoundland. For some distance the *Ophir* is accompanied by the *Crescent* (flagship), *Pallas*, *Tribune*, *Proserpine*, *Psyche*, *Quail*, the torpedo-boats 61 and 62, and the escorting cruisers *Diadem* and *Niobe*. As the ships begin to move, a salute is fired from the Citadel, on the hill above the town. At the entrance of the harbour the *Pallas*, *Tribune*, *Proserpine*, and *Psyche* form two lines, reduce speed, cheer ship with guards paraded, and fire a salute. The flagship takes up a position ten cables ahead of the *Ophir*, and the *Proserpine* the same distance astern, whilst the *Diadem* and *Niobe* take their usual places on the starboard and port quarters. These four ships are to form our escort to Newfoundland; the others return to Halifax. The sun soon dispels the sleet, and we have fine cold weather, with the southern coast of Nova Scotia in sight. By a curious optical illusion, not uncommon on this coast, the rocky shore sometimes seems to be elevated a little above the horizon.

Tuesday, 22nd October.—Fine weather, much milder than yesterday. We sail along at a comfortable speed of twelve knots, so as not to reach St. John's before daylight. About 9.30 P.M. we sight in clear moonlight the Cape Pine light on the south coast of Newfoundland.

Wednesday, 23rd October.—When we get up, the *Ophir* is moored alongside a wharf in the hill-encircled harbour of St. John's. As we were not expected till the evening, the decorations are not completed, but they are being pushed on vigorously, notwithstanding a steady downpour of heavy rain. The Duke and Duchess remain on board all day, and receive visits from the Governor, Sir Cavendish Boyle, and from the Admiral, Sir Frederick Bedford, who has accompanied us on board his flagship from Halifax. These and other official personages dine with their Royal Highnesses in the evening, when the town and harbour are brilliantly illuminated. The myriads of little lights shown by the great fleet of fishing-smacks, and the monster bonfires blazing on the hill-tops, add greatly to the effect.

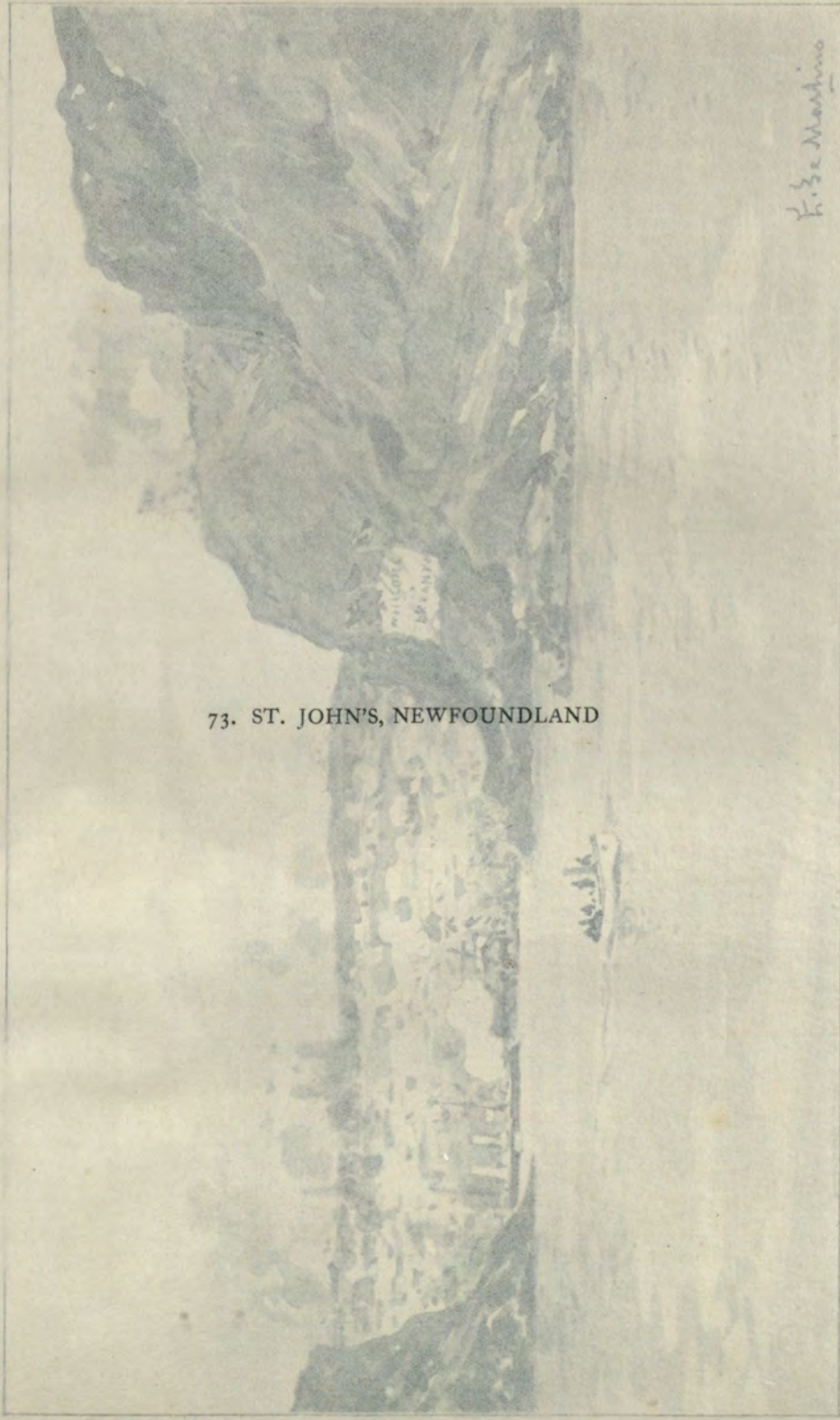
Thursday, 24th October.—The continuous heavy rain has ceased, but there are occasional showers which make the streets very muddy. They do not, however, damp the enthusiasm of the people, who are evidently anxious to show that this, the oldest of the British Colonies, yields to none in its loyalty to the Throne and its affection for the Mother Country. Considering that it is by no means a wealthy community, it is wonderful what efforts have been made to give their Royal Highnesses a right Royal reception.

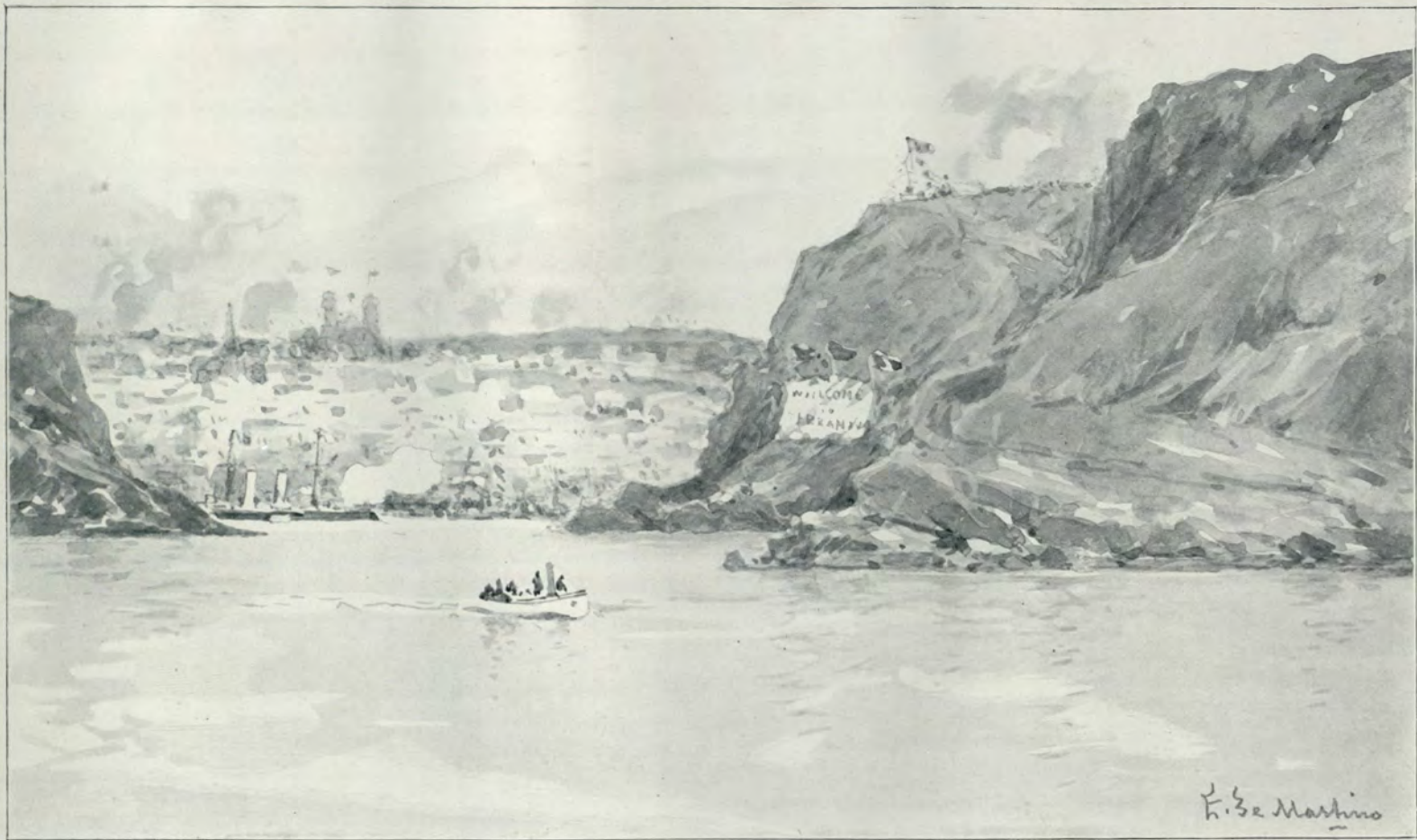
In replying to an address presented at Government House, the Duke says :—

Having so nearly arrived at the close of the long journey which will form one of the most memorable and interesting chapters in our lives, we join in your expression of gratitude for the Divine protection which has guarded us throughout. Our hearts are full of thankfulness for the abundant personal kindness and affection which have been shown to us, and for the display of that strong feeling of pride in our institutions and our Empire, which the tour has afforded us. If further

K. S. Martine

73. ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND





proof were needed of the strength and enduring nature of that feeling, it is furnished by our reception here to-day by a people whose history for more than 300 years is one of continuous, unbroken attachment, through many trials and difficulties, to the nation from which they sprang, and whose loyalty is still as staunch and their devotion as true as it was in the days when their forefathers fought the great Armada in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Two magnificent cariboo heads are offered to the Duke, and a mink rug to the Duchess, as characteristic souvenirs of their visit to Newfoundland. Thereafter the Duke lays the foundation-stone of a new building for the Law Courts. Of the functions of the day the prettiest is the welcome of the school-children in the skating-rink, which has been very tastefully decorated for the occasion. Over 5000 children are ranged on stands, so that they can all see the Duke and Duchess as the Royal party walk up the long central passage to the dais. The National Anthem and an Ode of Welcome are sung in a way that does great credit to the musical teachers. In the Ode the little ones, each waving a tiny Union Jack, say to the Duke :—

Tho' thou hast passed the Empire round,
 From Britain's shore to far Cathay,
 More loyal hearts may not be found
 Than greet thee and thy bride to-day.

The youngest of the Empire's States
 First welcomed thee 'neath southern dome ;
 The eldest at the western gates
 Hails and God-speeds to loved and home.

A deputation of children is then introduced, bringing an appropriate gift for their Royal Highnesses' children—a fine Newfoundland dog harnessed to a very lightly made dogcart. Bouncer—so the dog is called—wags his tail in recognition of the honour conferred on him. The Duke in a short speech thanks the children very

cordially, and assures them that the gift will be very much appreciated by the little ones at home.

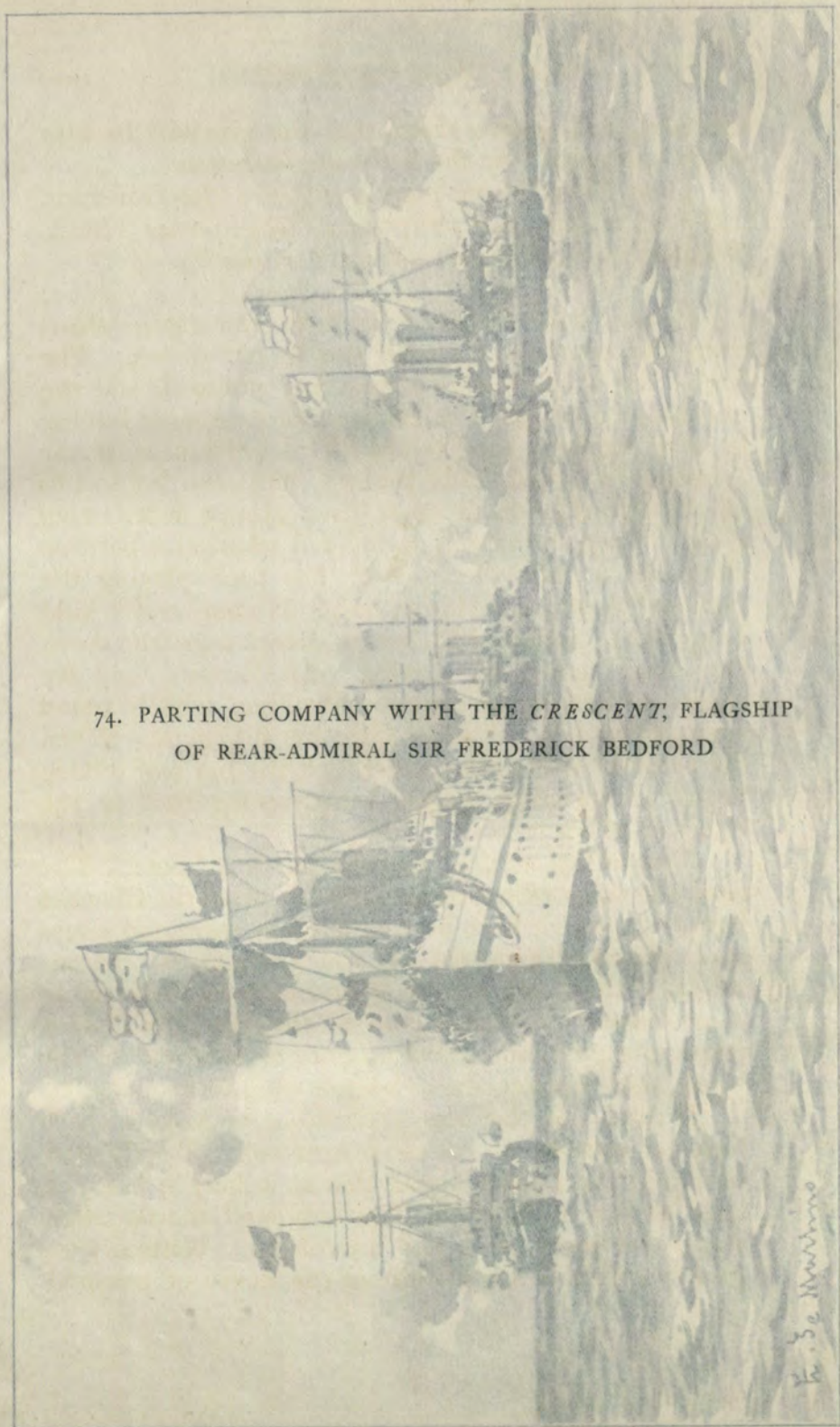
Their Royal Highnesses lunch with the Governor, and hold an afternoon reception at Government House. To-morrow morning we sail for Portsmouth.

Friday, 25th October.—At 6.30 the *Ophir* clears from the wharf and steams slowly out to sea. The high wind of the last two days has subsided, and the rain has stopped, but the sun does not succeed in forcing its way through the clouds. The flagship, with the Admiral on board, leads the way until the bold cliffs of the Newfoundland coast have almost faded from view. Then she wheels round and takes up a position alongside, a short distance off, her band playing the National Anthem, "Home, Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang Syne," followed by hearty cheers from the crew. Our band replies by playing "Au Revoir," and we cheer her heartily in return. She then wheels round again, firing a Royal salute from her big guns. When the cloud of white smoke in which she has half hidden herself clears away, we see her steaming back in the direction of St. John's.

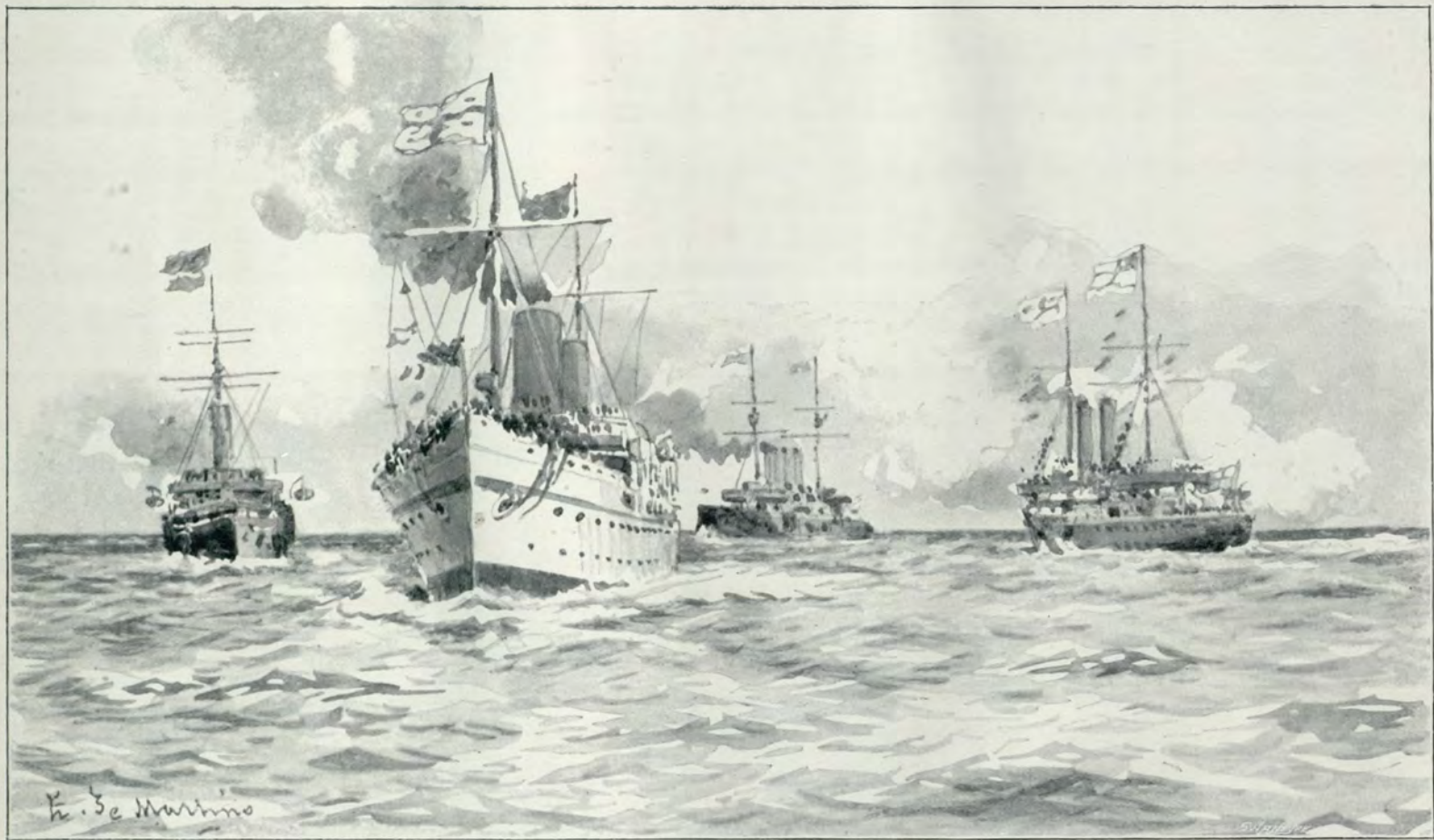
Now at last we are fairly on our way home. The next war-ships we expect to see are those of the Channel Squadron, which have been ordered to meet and salute their Royal Highnesses off the Irish coast. Meanwhile, as there is a danger of encountering icebergs in these latitudes at this season of the year, the *Diadem* takes up a position at some distance right ahead of the *Ophir*, with instructions to keep a sharp look-out.

It turns out that the instructions to keep a sharp look-out were by no means superfluous. Shortly after midnight the *Diadem* signals that an iceberg is in sight, close to the track of the Squadron, and shortly afterwards she turns on it her searchlight. Naturally we give it a wide berth, in spite of the desire of irrespon-

74. PARTING COMPANY WITH THE *CRESCENT*, FLAGSHIP
OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK BEDFORD



H. B. Martin



E. Se. Martino

5/1/1914

sible spectators to get a good view of it. As seen from the *Ophir*, less than a mile off, it seems to rise 30 or 40 feet out of the water.

Saturday, 26th October.—A dull, grey day, with occasional heavy showers, and a stiff breeze from the north-west, which makes our good ship roll and wriggle more than is altogether agreeable for some members of the party, though it must be said that nearly all have shown themselves wonderfully good sailors. We are making about fifteen knots, so as to get out of the region of Newfoundland fogs as quickly as possible. Later we shall have to slow down, so as not to arrive too soon at the rendezvous with the Channel Squadron on Wednesday morning.

Sunday, 27th October.—An uneventful day, with more rain than sunshine, and a temperature which commends itself as bracing only to the hardier members of the party. The wind is quite as strong as yesterday, and is going round to the north-east. The weather prophets predict unpleasant times ahead.

Monday, 28th October.—The unkind predictions of the weather prophets are being fulfilled. The promenades on deck are strictly limited to the regulation constitutionals. Packing has begun, and "Household Square," the large quadrangular space below, in the centre of the ship, into which our sleeping-cabins open, is becoming obstructed with trunks.

Tuesday, 29th October.—Rather better weather than yesterday, but the north-east wind is still blowing hard, and the sea is still rough. At noon the *Diadem* goes ahead to get into communication, by wireless telegraphy, with the Channel Squadron, which is to meet us to-morrow morning south of Cape Clear. At

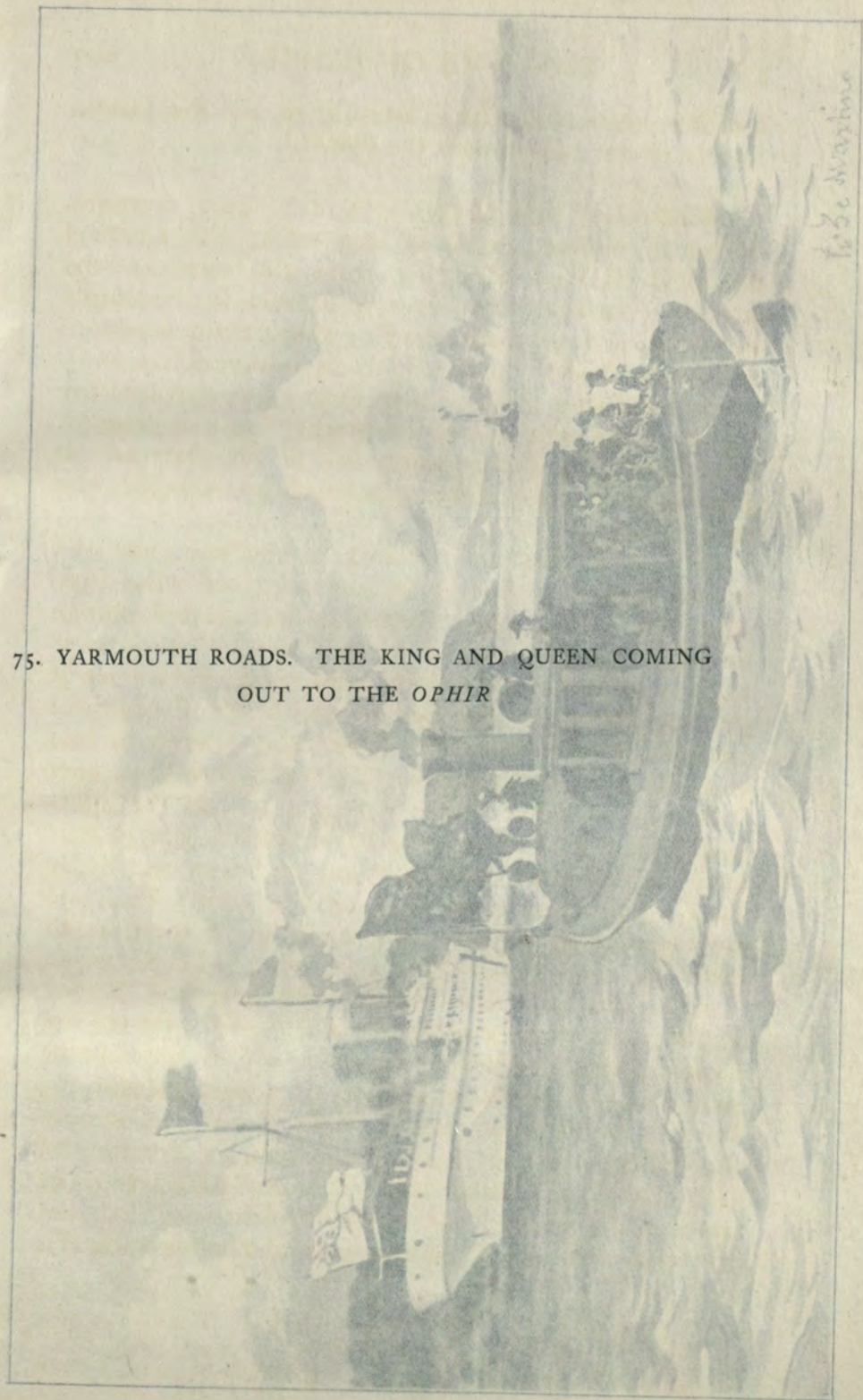
4 o'clock communication is established, and the *Diadem* returns to her station near the *Ophir*.

Wednesday, 30th October.—A dull, grey morning. About 7 o'clock, right in our track, the Channel Squadron is seen emerging from the haze on the horizon. It bears down upon us rapidly, in the simple formation of two columns in line ahead, firing a salute; and when close to the *Ophir*, the stately vessels turn in succession half a circle so as to form a guard of half the Squadron on each side of the yacht. It is a magnificent sight; but unfortunately few of the party are on deck to see it, for it takes place two hours before the time arranged.

The wind has now shifted to the east, and the whole fleet is advancing in the teeth of what may almost be called a gale. Battleships and cruisers plunge heavily, and the masses of white water which go over their bows are evidently not mere spray, for we see it pouring back into the sea in the form of beautiful cascades. To the honour of the *Ophir* it must be said that she rises deftly on the big waves, and ships very little water. After dinner we sight to port the light-houses on the Wolf and the Seven Stones, and to starboard a red light, which is said to be on the Scilly Isles. Later we see the light at the Land's End, and we can even perceive dimly the outline of the Cornish coast.

Thursday, 31st October.—We are now near home; but we cannot run straight for Portsmouth, for we are twenty-four hours before our time, and we must arrive punctually at the time we are expected, because the King is coming out to meet their Royal Highnesses. According to the original arrangement, made before we left Canada, any spare time we might have was to be spent at Plymouth; but, for nautical reasons, that idea has to be abandoned, and after communication with His

75. YARMOUTH ROADS. THE KING AND QUEEN COMING
OUT TO THE OPHIR





L. Se. Martino

Majesty, by wireless telegraphy, it is finally decided that we shall go on to the Solent and anchor off Yarmouth. When we arrive there soon after lunch, it is blowing so hard that communication with the land by any other means than wireless telegraphy is impossible; and when Mr. Kenneth Anderson, the Agent of the Orient Company, who has come up from Plymouth on board one of the cruisers with the laudable intention of replenishing our larder, attempts to come on board the *Ophir*, he falls into the sea and has a narrow escape from drowning. An officer who gallantly jumps in after him is carried away by the strong current, and has an equally narrow escape. From the deck of the *Ophir* we watch these incidents with intense excitement. Two boats with some bluejackets in them, driven by the combined force of wind and current toward the mouth of the Solent, are finally recovered with the aid of a steam-launch. In the evening the Duke receives from the King a message informing him of the final arrangements for the arrival in Portsmouth harbour, and announcing that their Majesties propose to pay their Royal Highnesses an informal visit to-morrow morning immediately after breakfast.

Friday, 1st November.—Last night we were surrounded by the numerous ships of the Channel Squadron; to-day we have with us only the *St. George* and the *Juno*, who escorted us the greater part of the tour, and parted company with us at St. Vincent. The others have gone on to Spithead to await our arrival. Meanwhile, the *Victoria and Albert*, preceded by the *Irene* and the *Alberta*, arrives from Portsmouth and casts anchor near the *Ophir*. The King, the Queen, Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the children of the Duke and Duchess, who are on board the *Victoria and Albert*, get into a steam-launch with considerable difficulty, and come over to pay the

informal visit announced last night ; but the wind is so strong and the sea running so high, that after getting within speaking distance they have to give up their intention of coming aboard.

The start is made shortly after lunch. The Trinity House yacht, *Irene*, leads the way, followed by the *Alberta*, the *Victoria and Albert* with their Majesties on board, the *Ophir*, and the two cruisers. We pass between the two lines of the Channel Fleet, who salute, man ship, and cheer ; and when we near the mouth of the harbour we see the beach, the open spaces, the streets, and the house-tops covered with a dense crowd, cheering enthusiastically and waving handkerchiefs. Nowhere have we received a more hearty welcome—and we have received hearty welcomes in all parts of the Empire—since we left here nearly eight months ago.

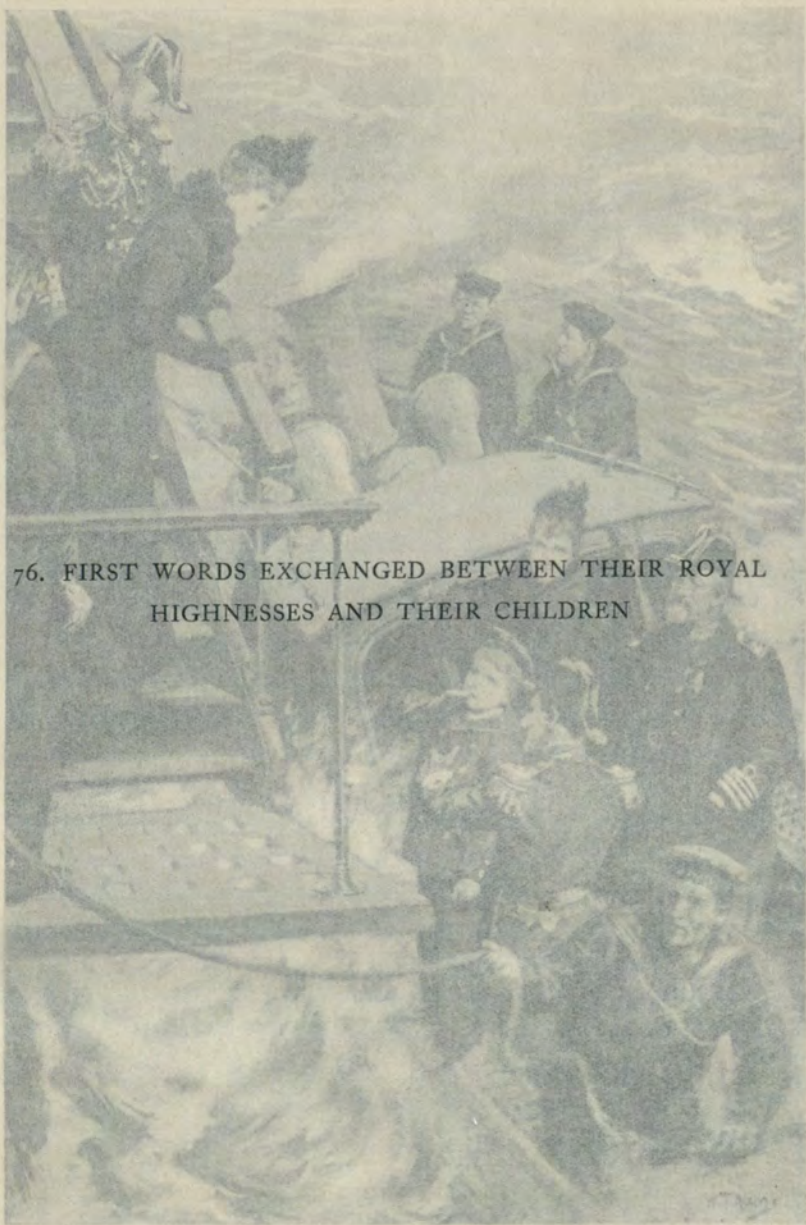
As soon as the ships are moored alongside the wharf, their Royal Highnesses go on board the *Victoria and Albert*. Cordial greetings are exchanged, and the Duke and Duchess have the joy of embracing their bright, merry children, from whom they have been so long separated, and whom they could only salute at a distance in the morning.

On the wharf a number of friends are waiting to greet us. A lady, who knows the danger of even the most amiable people being shut up together on board ship, asks me with an arch smile :

“ Well, after these seven and a-half months, are all you charming people still on speaking terms ? ”

“ Not only on speaking terms,” I can reply conscientiously, “ but in the most cordial relations possible. The Duke displayed wonderful sagacity in selecting the members of his suite. All have shown themselves of angelic disposition, and no one was ever known to sulk during the whole voyage ! ”

In the evening we have the honour of dining with



76. FIRST WORDS EXCHANGED BETWEEN THEIR ROYAL
HIGHNESSES AND THEIR CHILDREN



their Majesties on board the Royal yacht, and before the ladies retire the King rises and says :—

I am sure you will all drink cordially to the toast I wish to propose—the health of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York,—and join with me in heartily congratulating them on their safe return from their long voyage. It is now nearly eight months since I bade my dear son and daughter-in-law good-bye in this very place, and during that time they have made a very memorable journey, extending, I am told, over a distance of more than 45,000 miles, of which 33,000 miles were by sea. After touching at Gibraltar, Malta, Ceylon, and Singapore, they reached Melbourne in time to fulfil the original object of the mission—viz. to open the first Parliament of the new Australian Commonwealth,—and subsequently visited the other capitals of the Federated States. The neighbouring colony of New Zealand, in which their sojourn was not less interesting and agreeable, was the extreme south-eastern limit of the tour. On their westward journey they visited Mauritius, Natal, and Cape Colony. There, unfortunately, the war was still prolonged, but we firmly pray for the re-establishment of peace and prosperity. Lastly, they traversed Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, and on their way home they touched at Newfoundland, our oldest colony. In all the colonies thus visited they fulfilled the mission of expressing the gratitude of the Mother Country for the aid generously accorded her in the hour of need, and everywhere they were received with a cordiality and loyal enthusiasm which could not have been surpassed. The accounts of these receptions, regularly transmitted to me by telegrams and letters, and amply confirmed in my conversations to-day, have touched me deeply, and I trust that the practical result will be to draw closer the strong ties of mutual affection which bind together the old Motherland with her numerous and thriving offspring. I drink to the health of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

In reply, the Duke, in a clear voice, not altogether free at first from traces of emotion, says :—

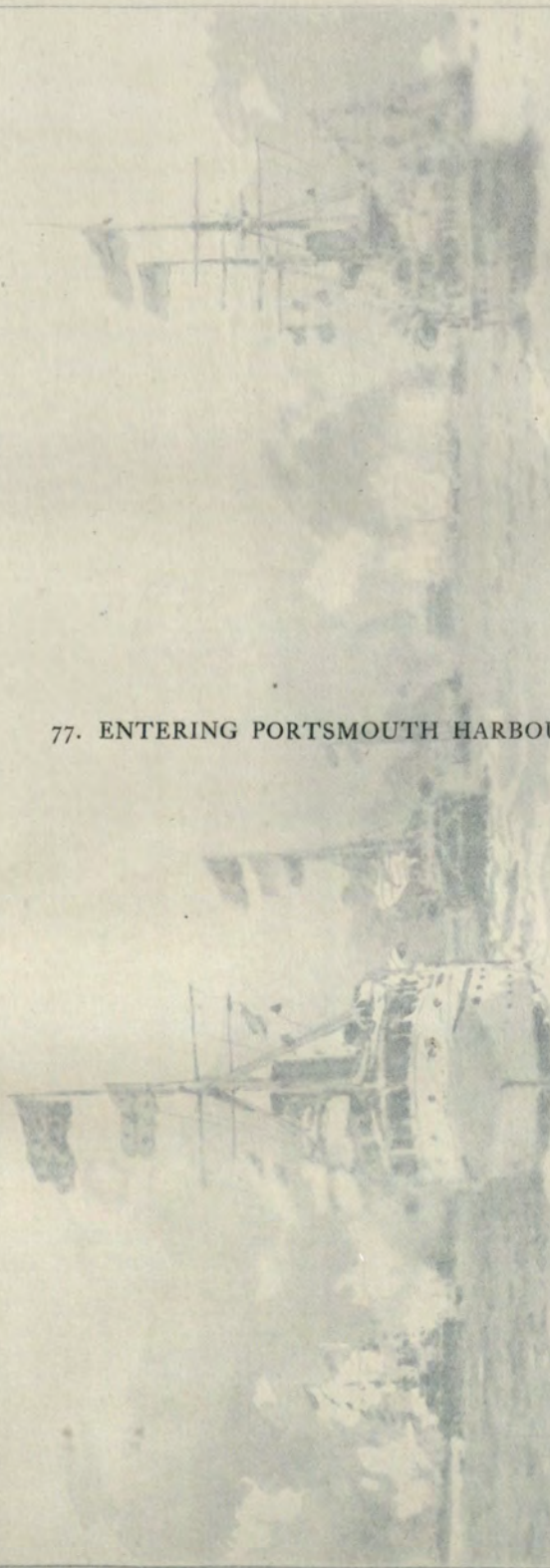
Sir, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the more than kind words of welcome in which you have proposed the health of your daughter-in-law and myself. You entrusted me

with an important mission which I was proud to undertake, viz. to open in your name the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, and to take a message to your dominions beyond the sea, thanking them for the valuable services rendered to the Mother Country during the South African campaign. I hasten to take the first opportunity on our arrival here to-day to tell you of the intense and enthusiastic loyalty shown by the people everywhere to you, Sir, personally, and to the Throne, as also of their deep love of the Mother Country, which they all speak of as home. Although the majority of them have never been in the old country, and probably never will be, they often use the word "home" in speaking of it, and teach it to their children. If our tour has been a success—which it is not for me to say,—it is largely due to the loyal way in which we have been assisted by the ladies and gentlemen who accompanied us. Certainly it was a great privation for us to be so long separated from those dear to us; but if we have gained your approval, Sir, and that of the nation, we are indeed fully rewarded for any sacrifices we have made and any hard work we have gone through in the course of a tour which will ever remain a memorable chapter of our lives. I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to drink the health of my dear father and mother, the King and Queen.

Saturday, 2nd November.—At 11 o'clock the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess leave the wharf by special train for London. The enthusiastic crowds of yesterday have turned out again to-day, and all the way to London, near the line, we notice groups of children and grown-up people cheering and waving handkerchiefs. At Victoria their Royal Highnesses are cordially received by a large party, including members of the Royal Family, the Cabinet Ministers, State and Court officials, the Agents-General of the Colonies, and the Mayor and Corporation of Westminster. Sir Andrew Clarke as senior Agent-General, and the Duke of Norfolk as Mayor, present addresses of welcome. The procession is then formed, and drives off through densely crowded streets to Marlborough House.

Thus ends, without a single accident or hitch from

77. ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR



H. S. Mearns



F. S. Martino

first to last, the memorable Colonial Tour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The following statistical data, collected and arranged by direction of His Royal Highness, give some interesting totals regarding the tour :—

The whole distance traversed was :

	Nautical Miles.	Statute Miles.
On board the <i>Ophir</i>	33,097	= 38,118
„ other steamers	265	= 305
By train		12,295
		<hr/>
		50,718

The route lay between longitude $178^{\circ} 45'$ E. (16th June, 4 P.M., off the east coast of New Zealand) and $123^{\circ} 28'$ W. (1st October, at Esquimalt); the most southerly point being Dunedin in New Zealand, lat. $45^{\circ} 49'$ S., and the most northerly being the junction of the Columbia River and Beaver Creek in British Columbia, lat. $51^{\circ} 32'$ N. Thus we traversed over 302 degrees of longitude and over 97 degrees of latitude, in the course of which we met 120 British and 20 foreign men-of-war.¹ No less than 11,390 guns were fired in salute. The number of sea-days was 125 and of harbour-days 106, and the consumption of coal by the *Ophir* amounted to 14,500 tons. The other data may be put in tabular form :—

Number of addresses received	544
Replies to addresses	58
Other speeches made by His Royal Highness	28
Foundation-stones laid	21
Troops inspected, including 10,407 cadets	62,174
South African war medals presented	4,329
New colours presented	8

¹ A list of these men-of-war will be found in Appendices C and D.

Investitures and Knighthoods (K.C.B., 3 ; C.B., 4 ; G.C.M.G., 5 ; K.C.M.G., 14 ; C.M.G., 50 ; Knighthoods, 8 ; Victoria Cross, 13 ; D.S.O., 43 ; Royal Red Cross, 2)	142
Number of persons entertained at dinner or lunch on board the <i>Ophir</i>	525
Number of persons with whom His Royal Highness shook hands, <i>circa</i>	35,000

Saturday, 9th November.—To-day, being the King's birthday, it is officially announced that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have become Prince and Princess of Wales.

Thursday, 5th December.—To-day their Royal Highnesses are entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor and Corporation in the Guildhall. On their arrival the following address is presented :—

To His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

May it please your Royal Highness, We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London in Common Council assembled, rejoice to offer to your Royal Highness, and to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, a cordial welcome on your safe return home, after a most auspicious and prosperous voyage of unprecedented duration and of Imperial and national importance. Your Royal Highness left England amid the happiest anticipations and heartfelt good wishes of your fellow-countrymen, the loyal and faithful subjects of His Most Gracious Majesty the King. The hopes and anticipations thus confidently formed have been more than fully realised, and the dignity, courtesy, and never-failing tact of your Royal Highness, and of your gracious Consort, the Princess of Wales, have confirmed and accentuated among our brothers and sisters in the many and far-off colonies and dependencies of the British Crown that loyal love and attach-

ment to the old country and its beloved Sovereign that has ever been their distinguishing characteristic.

That the blessing of Divine Providence may ever rest upon your Royal Highness is our earnest prayer.

In reply His Royal Highness says :—

The Princess and I desire to express our sincere thanks for the kindly words of your address, in which you bid us a hearty welcome to the City of London, on our return from a voyage of the deepest interest and lasting memories. We are thankful for the Divine protection vouchsafed to us during our long absence. We rejoice to think that the last event in connection with that voyage should be to visit the heart of the Capital, to receive the congratulations of the Lord Mayor and the other dignitaries of its ancient and historic Corporation. We earnestly trust that the fulfilment of our proud mission may have strengthened the spirit of loyalty to the Throne and attachment to the Mother Country, and have thus united more closely the varied portions of our great Empire.

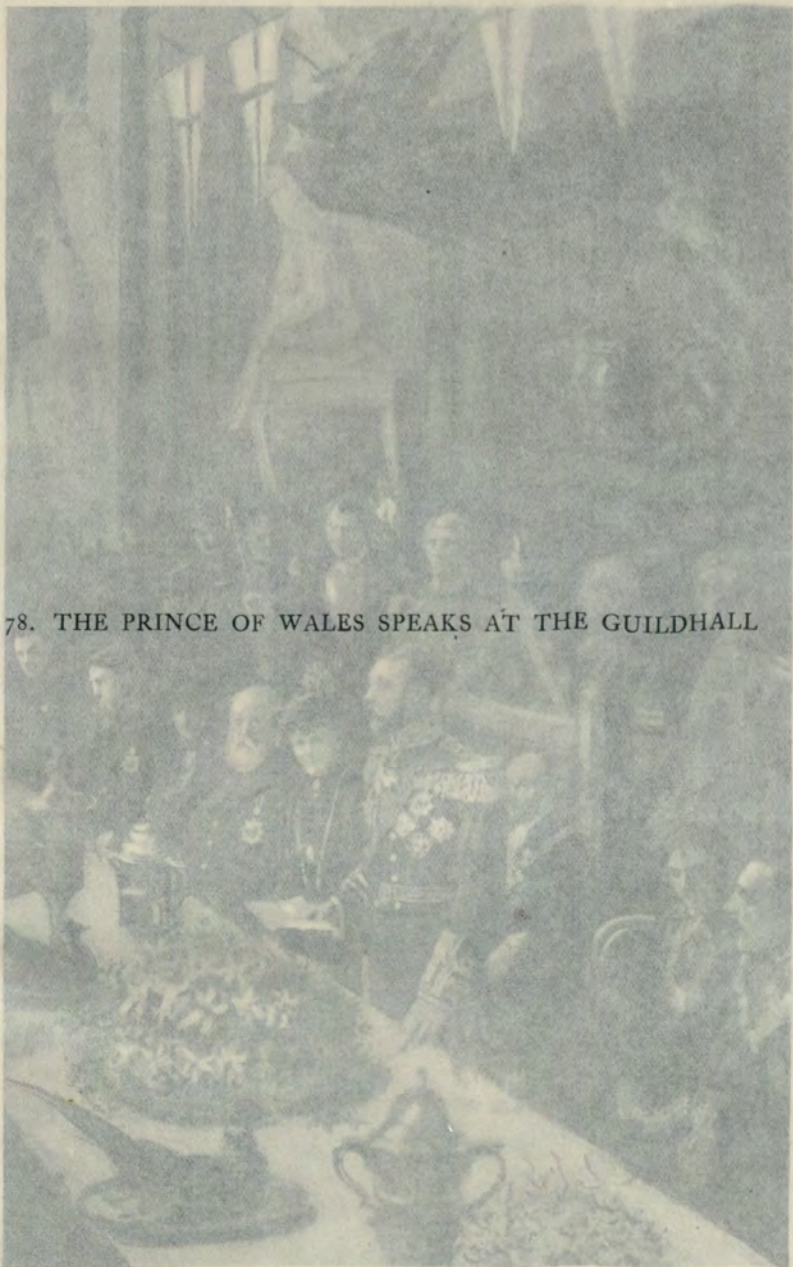
After luncheon, when replying to the toast of the Queen and their Royal Highnesses, the Prince speaks at greater length with regard to the tour :—

In the name of the Queen and the other members of my family, on behalf of the Princess and for myself, I thank you most sincerely for your enthusiastic reception of this toast, proposed by you, my Lord Mayor, in such kind and generous terms. Your feeling allusion to our recent long absence from our happy family circle gives expression to that sympathy which has been so universally extended to my dear parents, whether in times of joy or sorrow, by the people of this country, and upon which my dear mother felt she could ever reckon from the first days of her life here amongst them. As to ourselves, we are deeply sensible of the great honour done us on this occasion, and our hearts are moved by the splendid reception which to-day has been accorded us by the authorities and inhabitants of the City of London. And I desire to take this opportunity to express our deepest gratitude for the sympathetic interest with which our journey was followed by our fellow-countrymen at home, and for the warm welcome with which we were greeted on our return. You were good enough, my

Lord Mayor, to refer to His Majesty having marked our homecoming by creating me Prince of Wales. I only hope that I may be worthy to hold that ancient and historic title, which was borne by my dear father for upwards of fifty-nine years.

My Lord Mayor, you have attributed to us more credit than I think we deserve. For I feel that the debt of gratitude is not the nation's to us, but ours to the King and Government for having made it possible for us to carry out, with every consideration for our comfort and convenience, a voyage, unique in its character, rich not only in the experience gained, but also in memories of warm and affectionate greetings from the many races of His Majesty's subjects in his great dominions beyond the seas. And here in the Capital of our great Empire I would repeat how profoundly touched and gratified we have been by the loyalty, affection, and enthusiasm which invariably characterised the welcome extended to us throughout our long and memorable tour. It may interest you to know that we travelled over 45,000 miles, of which 33,000 were by sea;¹ and I think it is a matter of which all may feel proud that, with the exception of Port Said, we never set foot on any land where the Union Jack did not fly. Leaving England in the middle of March, we first touched at Gibraltar and Malta, where, as a sailor, I was proud to meet the two great fleets of the Channel and Mediterranean. Passing through the Suez Canal—a monument of the genius and courage of a gifted son of the great friendly nation across the Channel,—we entered at Aden the gateway of the East. We stayed for a short time to enjoy the unrivalled scenery of Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula, the gorgeous displays of their native races, and to see in what happy contentment these various peoples live and prosper under British rule. Perhaps there was something still more striking in the fact that the government, the commerce, and every form of enterprise in these countries are under the leadership and direction of but a handful of our countrymen, and to realise the high qualities of the men who have won and who keep for us that splendid position. Australia saw the consummation of the great mission which was the more immediate object of our journey; and you can imagine the feelings of pride with which I presided over the inauguration of the first representative Assembly of the new-born Australian

¹ In this rough computation no distinction is made between nautical and statute miles. A more accurate computation will be found *supra*, p. 441.



78. THE PRINCE OF WALES SPEAKS AT THE GUILDHALL



Commonwealth, in whose hands are placed the destinies of that great island-continent. During a happy stay of many weeks in the different States, we were able to gain an insight into the working of the commercial, social, and political institutions of which the country justly boasts, and to see something of the great progress which it has already made, and of its great capabilities, while making the acquaintance of many of the warm-hearted and large-minded men to whose personality and energy so much of that progress is due. New Zealand afforded us a striking example of a vigorous, independent, and prosperous people, living in the full enjoyment of free and liberal institutions, and where many interesting social experiments are being put to the test of experience. Here we had the satisfaction of meeting large gatherings of the Maori people—once a brave and resolute foe, now peaceful and devoted subjects of the King. Tasmania, which in natural characteristics and climate reminded us of the old country, was visited when our faces were at length turned homeward. Mauritius, with its beautiful tropical scenery, its classical, literary, and naval historical associations, and its population gifted with all the charming characteristics of old France, was our first halting-place on our way to receive, in Natal and Cape Colony, a welcome remarkable in its warmth and enthusiasm, which appeared to be accentuated by the heavy trial of the long and grievous war under which they have suffered. To Canada was borne the message—already conveyed to Australia and New Zealand—of the Motherland's loving appreciation of the services rendered by her gallant sons. In a journey from ocean to ocean, marvellous in its comfort and organisation, we were enabled to see something of its matchless scenery, the richness of its soil, the boundless possibilities of that vast and but partly explored territory. We saw, too, the success which has crowned the efforts to weld into one community the peoples of its two great races. Our final halting-place was, by the express desire of the King, Newfoundland—the oldest of our Colonies and the first visited by His Majesty in 1860. The hearty seafaring population of this island gave us a reception the cordiality of which is still fresh in our memories.

If I were asked to specify any particular impressions derived from our journey, I should unhesitatingly place before all others that of loyalty to the Crown and of attachment to the old country ; and it was touching to hear the invariable references

to home even from the lips of those who never had been, or were ever likely to be, in these islands. And with this loyalty were unmistakable evidences of the consciousness of strength, a consciousness of a true and living membership in the Empire, and a consciousness of power and readiness to share the burden and responsibility of that membership. And were I to seek for the causes which have created and fostered this spirit, I should venture to attribute them, in a very large degree, to the life and example of our late beloved Sovereign. It would be difficult to exaggerate the signs of genuine sorrow for her loss and of love for her memory which we found amongst all races, even in the most remote districts which we visited. Besides this, may we not find another cause—the wise and just policy which, in the last half-century, has been continuously maintained towards our Colonies? As a result of the happy relations thus created between the Mother Country and her colonies, we have seen their spontaneous rally round the old flag in defence of the nation's honour in South Africa. I had ample opportunities to form some estimate of the military strength of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, having reviewed upwards of 60,000 troops. Abundant and excellent material is available, requiring only that moulding into shape which can be readily effected by the hands of capable and experienced officers. I am anxious to refer to an admirable movement which has taken strong root in both Australia and New Zealand—and that is the cadet corps. On several occasions I had the gratification of seeing march past several thousand cadets, armed and equipped, and who, at the expense of their respective Governments, are able to go through a military course, and in some cases with an annual grant of practice ammunition. I will not presume, in these days of Army Reform, to do more than call the attention of my friend, the Secretary of State for War, to this interesting fact.

To the distinguished representatives of the commercial interests of the Empire, whom I have the pleasure of seeing here to-day, I venture to allude to the impression which seemed generally to prevail among their brethren across the seas, that the old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors. No one who had the privilege of enjoying the experiences which we have had during our tour could fail to be struck with one all-prevailing and pressing want—the want of

population. Even in the oldest of our Colonies there were abundant signs of this need. Boundless tracts of country yet unexplored, hidden mineral wealth calling for development, vast expanses of virgin soil ready to yield profitable crops to the settlers. And these can be enjoyed under conditions of healthy living, liberal laws, free institutions, in exchange for the overcrowded cities and the almost hopeless struggle for existence which, alas! too often is the lot of many in the old country. But one condition, and one only, is made by our colonial brethren, and that is, "Send us suitable emigrants." I would go farther, and appeal to my fellow-countrymen at home to prove the strength of the attachment of the Motherland to her children by sending to them only of her best. By this means we may still further strengthen, or at all events pass on unimpaired, that pride of race, that unity of sentiment and purpose, that feeling of common loyalty and obligation, which knit together and alone can maintain the integrity of our Empire.

PART XIV
Colonial Patriotism and Imperial
Federation

Colonial Patriotism and Imperial Federation

SINCE my return to England many friends and acquaintances have plied me with questions about the real nature of Colonial Patriotism and the prospects of Imperial Federation, and it occurs to me that perhaps some readers of the Diary may likewise wish to question me on these subjects. If such there be, I may tell them at once that, while anxious to gratify their desire for information, I cannot profess to speak with authority, because my acquaintance with the Colonial world, though tolerably wide, is very superficial. In all the Colonies visited our stay was necessarily short, and we lived in an atmosphere of patriotic excitement, festivities and fireworks, not altogether favourable to the seeing of things in their real colours and true proportions. Of course, I received impressions and endeavoured to interpret them; but the results must be regarded merely as personal tentative conclusions, which require to be verified. Some of these I proceed to offer to the reader for what they are worth.

I assume there is no necessity for me to proclaim my belief in the sincerity and intensity of those feelings of loyalty and patriotism which found such vigorous and harmonious expression during the tour. As Mr. Seddon once tersely expressed it: "The loyalty which has rushed to the battlefield has the right to proclaim itself genuine." What I have to do is to explain, as

far as I can, the nature of the wonderful enthusiasm displayed by all classes in every part of the Empire, and to consider how the desire for closer union, so frequently expressed, is likely to affect the relations between the Colonies and the Mother Country.

Colonial patriotism is, in my opinion, a composite sentiment in which several distinct feelings and considerations are mingled in different proportions. Of these ingredients the following are the most conspicuous :—

1. A feeling of affectionate tenderness for the old country, akin to the love which every one feels for a place endeared to him by early associations. It is a mixture of what may be called the “Home, Sweet Home” and the “Auld Lang Syne” sentiments. To experience it a Colonial need not have been born in the old country. Though he may never have seen the old home, he has heard of it from his infancy, and is almost as familiar with it as if he had spent there a good portion of his life.

2. The second ingredient is what I should call, for want of a better name, the “Rule Britannia” feeling—a patriotic pride in the glorious history of the nation. Some of the older Colonies have a history of their own containing incidents of which the inhabitants are justly proud; but it is insignificant in comparison with the mass of splendid historic traditions which they have inherited as Englishmen, Scotsmen, or Irishmen. The brotherhood in arms in South Africa has stimulated this patriotic pride, revived affectionate devotion to the old flag, and helped the Colonies to realise that their great political interests are identical with those of the Mother Country and the Empire as a whole.

3. The third ingredient is loyalty and devotion to the Dynasty. In Colonial loyalty, as the Prince of Wales pointed out in his speech at the Guildhall,¹ a very

¹ *Vide supra*, p. 442.

important factor is the deep, affectionate veneration for the memory of Queen Victoria with which all Colonials are thoroughly imbued. In their minds and hearts Her late Majesty has so completely eclipsed all her predecessors that a stranger might well suppose the affection for the Dynasty to date from her reign. However this may be, it is now centred in the King, and extends to his son and even his grandchildren. Certainly it has been greatly strengthened by the recent tour, for their Royal Highnesses endeared themselves to all by their personal qualities, and their simple presence was regarded as a proof that His Majesty takes a deep personal interest in the welfare of his Colonial subjects. It is this note of personal interest that they value most highly. Again and again during the tour we were reminded by the local press that of all the ties which bind the Empire together dynastic loyalty is the most important, and that without it the great fabric would be in imminent danger of falling to pieces; for it is not in the Colonial Office, nor even in the Government as a whole, that the sons of Greater Britain place their trust and affection, but in the Sovereign and the Dynasty, who are free from the trammels of red tape and party politics, and have always shown themselves true to the national honour and the national interests.

In this connection I may quote a few sentences from an influential New Zealand organ (the *Auckland Weekly News*, 21st June 1901):—

In the Victorian House we have a monarchy which is strong in the tactful spirit born of sympathy with the people, and of a generous trust in the sterling qualities of the nation at large. Victoria displayed this tact in every act. Edward is famous for it. George of Cornwall has made for himself in Auckland thousands of friends by the unflinching and generous manner in which consideration for others has governed his words and his deeds. And this quality—shared both by Queen Alexandra, who has so long been among the idols of the British nation, and by

Princess May, whose youthful beauty is outshone by her kindness—is not merely superficial, acquired in a school of deportment as among the requisites of Royalty, but is the result of the passionate identification which our Royal Family has established between itself and the nation. Every worthy movement for the elevation of our people, for the development of our arts, our sciences, and our industries, for the elimination of distressful conditions, for the protection of the weak, for the training of the strong, finds championship in the Victorian House. We have no truer democrats among us than the representatives of our ancient line, to whom the honest workman is a subject to be proud of and the dishonest peer a subject to be ashamed of, who have chosen to stand or to fall as the people decided, and have found their trust and loyalty repaid a thousandfold. Edward VII. is no puppet-monarch. He is King of the British nation, the hereditary chief who is trusted to have no ambition save to make his people powerful and happy, prosperous and free. His influence is not lessened or contemned because it is exercised in a constitutional manner by the impalpable but telling effect of his opinions on his advisers, upon Parliament, upon the public. This monarchical influence bids fair to become stronger and stronger as the superiority of our monarchical system becomes more and more marked by comparison with other forms of government extant. For it secures the continuity of purpose which else is lacking in Democracy, and without which Democracy is only permanently possible upon a confined and limited scale.

4. The fourth ingredient in Colonial patriotism is the new-born sentiment of Imperialism, the rise and rapid development of which are among the most remarkable facts of recent history. Only a few years ago most of the larger Colonies were not at all indisposed to detach themselves gradually from the Mother Country; and the Mother Country, regarding them as a burden rather than as a support, was not very anxious to retain them within the family circle. All this is now changed. On both sides there is a desire that the bonds of union should be strengthened, and an ever-growing conviction that political salvation is only to

be found in Imperial unity. To use the language of the philosophers, the centrifugal forces in the British Empire were formerly stronger than the centripetal, whereas now the centripetal have gained the upper hand, and the prevailing currents of political thought are all flowing in the direction of concentration. This wonderful change is the result quite as much of shrewd calculation as of sentiment. In the minds of all thinking men the ever-increasing armaments of the Great Powers, and the ever-increasing rivalry, commercial and political, of the leading nations of the world, have naturally suggested the necessity of increasing the means of national self-defence against the aggressive tendencies of powerful and unscrupulous neighbours. The necessity is coming to be more and more clearly recognised in the Colonies as well as in the Mother Country. Until quite lately the purview of Colonial politicians was confined to purely local concerns. It never occurred to them that they had anything to fear from external aggression, except perhaps from the aggression of the Colonial Office. Now they perceive that the desire of several of the Great Powers to acquire territory beyond the sea is a standing danger to all outlying communities, and they know very well that under the domination of any of the Continental Powers the commercial and political freedom which they now enjoy would be lost for ever. In these circumstances, quite apart from sentimental motives, it is only natural that they should cling to the old flag, which is the ægis of their liberties. Strange to say, Germany and France have contributed—unintentionally, we may presume—to their education in this respect. The action of the former in New Guinea and Samoa, and of the latter in New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, alarmed the Australians and New Zealanders to such an extent that they called anxiously on the British Government to protect their interests in those regions. Many

similar facts might be quoted to show that Colonial patriotism has a solid basis of material interest, and that it is therefore more likely to be durable than if it were founded merely on ethnical theory and sentiment. Already Colonial statesmen understand the position. Take as an illustration the speech of Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, in the House of Representatives on 28th September 1899. In the course of that speech he said :—

See what is going on now in the way of division of territory in the Far East. Look at the nations which are now established in China and the Pacific. I say our strength lies in being an integral part of the mighty British Empire, and that we should help to maintain its unity intact.

These are the words not of a sentimental politician, but of an intelligent and thoroughly practical statesman.

I have now enumerated what seem to be the principal ingredients of Colonial patriotism ; and it remains for me to show that, as I have said, they do not exist everywhere in the same proportions. This may best be done by examining and analysing the peculiar loyalty of the French-Canadians.

Through nearly a century and a-half of British rule the population of Lower Canada have preserved their nationality, their language, and their local institutions, and they still show no signs of blending with their fellow-subjects of Anglo-Saxon origin. That they are sincerely loyal there can be no doubt, but their loyalty is not, and cannot be, of the same material and texture as that of the Upper Canadians, the Australians, and the New Zealanders. Their affectionate tenderness for the "old country" is not for England, Scotland, or Ireland, but for France. Their pride in the achievements of their race is connected less with English than with French history. The Union Jack does not appeal to them, therefore, as it does to us, and in their

public demonstrations they place alongside of it the French national colours. Having noticed in Quebec the prominence of the Tricolor in the street decorations, I asked some of my French-speaking friends why, as old-fashioned Conservatives devoted to the Church, they did not prefer to the Tricolor the white flag of the *ancien régime*. "Non! non!" exclaimed one of them emphatically; "le drapeau blanc représente une dynastie qui nous a lâchement trahis." Then the others went on to explain that the Tricolor has for them no political significance whatever, and that it represents merely their old nationality, which is carefully preserved by them, but which does not at all prevent them from being in the present, as they have shown themselves in the past, loyal British subjects. Did they not, within a few years after coming under British rule, fight gallantly under the British flag against the Americans, who were at that time the allies of France?

What, then, is the basis and composition of French-Canadian loyalty? First, there is a strong feeling of affectionate loyalty to the reigning Dynasty. In Lower as in Upper Canada there is a deep and widespread veneration for the late Queen. One of the most eloquent tributes to her memory that I have ever read was written by a French-Canadian¹ in the French language. Besides this personal sentiment there is a feeling of gratitude to the Dynasty which has certainly protected their liberties in the past, and which they believe will continue to protect these liberties in the future. The French-Canadians of Ottawa, in their address to His Royal Highness, gave clear expression to this sentiment. In past times, they said, they had suffered trials and persecutions at the

¹ I refer to M. Frechette, one of the most sympathetic and highly cultured of the many able, patriotic French-Canadians whom it was my good fortune to meet.

hands of unscrupulous functionaries, but they hastened to add :—

It is with truthfulness we can say, that when we brought our complaints across the ocean, and laid them at the feet of our kings, we have been listened to with sympathy, and we have seen redress flowing towards us from that pure source of justice so well termed the British fairplay. In consequence, our gratitude has been manifested by a closer affection for Great Britain.

Another element in the loyalty of the French-Canadians is a keen appreciation of the advantages derived from forming part of a great and powerful Empire which, while assuring them all the liberties they desire, can protect them from external aggression. In this connection I may recall a passage in the address of the Laval University at Quebec. Speaking of her sons sent forth to all parts of the Dominion, the Alma Mater says :—

They are firmly attached to the conditions of their national life. They are proud to live under the flag of an Empire whose dominions embrace one-fifth of the habitable portion of the globe ; which controls one-third of the commerce of the world ; whose population numbers five hundred millions ; and which stands foremost among the nations as a colonial, industrial, and commercial Power. The sons of Laval appreciate also the advantages of the constitutional liberty they enjoy.

Now, in conclusion, a few words as to the prospects of Imperial Federation, or rather as to my personal impressions regarding those prospects. My experience during the tour convinced me not only that the Colonies are thoroughly loyal to the Throne—that has become a truism,—but that they aspire to some kind of closer union with the Mother Country and with each other ; and that they are ready to make any sacrifices that may be necessary in defence of the great Empire of which they are proud to form a part. From these premises

some of my English friends are inclined to draw the conclusion that a great Conference should be called together at once for the purpose of drawing up a Federal Constitution, and that within a very few years we might have a Federal Council sitting in London, discussing Imperial affairs, and voting supplies for Imperial purposes. Such is not the opinion of the best Colonial authorities whom I have had an opportunity of consulting. They consider that any attempt to mould the present vague aspirations into hard-and-fast legislative enactments would be premature. The good seed has been sown in fertile soil, but it must be allowed time to germinate and bear fruit in a natural way. Paper Constitutions prepared hurriedly out of crude materials are generally of little practical value, and are not at all in accordance with our habitual modes of action. To an exchange of views there can be no objection, but a formal Conference would probably bring into prominence many latent differences of opinion which need not at present be accentuated. Certainly it would not—unless I am strangely misinformed—result in the creation of a Federal Council and the voting of supplies for Imperial purposes. From many quarters I have received warnings that the Colonies would look with profound distrust on any proposal tending to restrict the large measure of independence which they at present enjoy, and that they would not at all like the idea of being brought under the authority of a body outside their own limits, even if they should have a voice in its deliberations. It is one thing for a Colony to furnish spontaneously a certain number of troops for a particular campaign in which it sympathises with the Mother Country, or a certain amount of money for a specific purpose of which it warmly approves. It is quite another thing for it to bind itself that it shall always, when a Council in London so decides, furnish a fixed contingent or a fixed

subsidy. If my authorities have gauged aright the feeling of those around them, most of our Colonies would prefer to remain, for the present at least, like the people at home who object to all forms of obligatory military service, volunteers in the service of the Empire. Pecuniary subsidies might be granted for Imperial purposes, but only under certain conditions. Among the conditions which I have heard suggested are : firstly, that the subsidies should be voluntary and vary in amount according to the requirements and circumstances of the time ; secondly, that they should be expended to a certain extent under local control ; and thirdly, that some direct local advantage should accrue from the expenditure.

Now, I do not at all wish to convey the idea that when a practical scheme of Federation comes to be discussed, all these or similar conditions will necessarily be insisted on. My object in quoting them is merely to indicate the present trend of political thought in the minds of those Colonists, probably not very numerous, who have begun to think out the subject seriously in its details. At the same time, I wish to warn our Federationists at home that, in the preparation of any definite schemes, it might be well to respect, in a greater measure than they usually do, the individuality of the various units of which our sporadic, heterogeneous Empire is composed. There is a great practical difference between the harmonising and the fusing of interests, and my impression is that it is the former rather than the latter that the Colonies at present desire. What is called in the language of big railway companies "the pooling system" seems to be very little to their taste. Certainly they do not at all aspire to be absorbed into a political Nirvana. Unlike the Pantheists, they cling tenaciously to the idea of preserving their individuality in any future state that may be in store for them.

The dislike to the idea of creating at the centre of the Empire a strong Executive Council is peculiarly strong in Canada, which has long enjoyed the sweets of almost unlimited autonomy. Speaking about the various projects of Imperial Federation, a member of the present Canadian Government once said to me: "Do not be in a hurry; the question is not yet ripe. Above all, do not imagine that Canada could be induced to furnish an annual fixed subsidy for Imperial purposes. We prefer to strengthen the Empire in other ways. Take, for example, the Canadian Pacific Railway, by which we have created at our own expense a continuous line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific ports; or think of the improvements we have made by telegraphs and ocean liners in the communications between England and the Far East. Such things, which directly benefit the Dominion, are indirectly a valuable contribution to the cause of Imperial unity. At the same time, we have shown our desire to increase British trade by making a differential tariff in favour of British goods. One of your statesmen said lately that this concession had done you no practical good, because the total of British exports to Canada had not perceptibly increased. He forgot to examine the statistics of previous years, which would have shown him that British trade with Canada had been steadily decreasing, and that without the concession, which stopped the decrease, it would now have been pretty near the vanishing point. Believe me, the best way of strengthening the Empire is not to rush into premature centralisation, but to strengthen the constituent parts, and to develop trade relations between them."

The views of this influential member of the Canadian Government seem to be practically identical with those of the late Sir John MacDonald, who was so long the leader of the other political party in the

Dominion. When asked whether he was in favour of Imperial Federation, he was wont to reply, according to the testimony of his friend and able biographer, Mr. Pope, in this fashion :—

That depends upon what you mean by Imperial Federation. I am, of course, in favour of any feasible scheme that will bring about a closer union between the various portions of the Empire, but I have not yet seen any plan worked out by which this can be done. The proposal that there should be a Parliamentary Federation of the Empire I regard as impracticable. I greatly doubt whether England would agree that the Parliament, which has sat so many years at Westminster, should be made subsidiary to a Federal Legislature. But, however this may be, I am quite sure that Canada would never consent to be taxed by a central body in London, in which she would have practically no voice, for her proportionate number of members in such an assembly would amount to little more than an honorary representation. That form of Imperial Federation is an idle dream. So, also, in my judgment, is the proposal to establish a uniform tariff throughout the Empire. No Colony would ever surrender its right to control its fiscal policy.

In other Colonies I have heard similar warnings expressed by responsible politicians, who are certainly not lacking in Imperial patriotism ; and I venture to think that the practical difficulties which they suggest should be borne in mind in framing definite schemes of Imperial Federation.

To these warnings Mr. Pope adds :—

But while Sir John MacDonald regarded both these schemes as unworkable, he by no means despaired of the future of Imperial Federation. Indeed, I may say that he looked upon it as necessary to the continuance of the Empire's greatness that some form of co-operation—some common bond other than their common allegiance—should be established between the Colonies, uniting them with one another and with the Motherland. That bond, in his opinion, should be one of material interest. Parliamentary Federation we could not have, but he saw no insuperable difficulty in the way of a commercial

union between England and her great Colonies. A union for purposes of defence and trade was, in his judgment, the true Imperial policy. Take, for example, the case of the Dominion. Sir John MacDonald believed that a mutually preferential commercial arrangement between England and Canada, under which a small duty should be levied upon foreign corn coming into the United Kingdom, and a similar advantage accorded to British manufactures by Canada, would not raise the price of food in England, and would result in a large and permanent development of trade, both to the Mother Country and to the Colony.¹

In our efforts to realise practically the closer union which is so ardently desired in all parts of the Empire, we shall doubtless make mistakes, for in great enterprises we habitually begin by groping and blundering ; but, though no one can foresee what form the closer union will ultimately assume, we may await with confidence the final result. As a South-Australian friend phrased it : "The evolution of the Empire may safely be left to time and the developing genius of the British race." We should strive, however, to make as few initial mistakes as possible, and I would respectfully suggest that their number might be diminished by our adopting as our motto the old Horatian maxim, *Festina lente*.

And now, I have done. Deeply conscious how imperfectly I have fulfilled the task allotted to me, I bid the reader good-bye.

¹ *Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir John MacDonald, G.C.B., Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada*, by Joseph Pope, Ottawa, 1894, vol. ii. p. 215.

Appendices

Appendix A

OFFICERS OF H.M.S. *OPHIR*

<i>Commodore</i> —A. L. Winsloe, C.M.G., C.V.O.	<i>Lieutenants</i> —G. L. Raikes, R.M.A. H. H. F. Stockley, R.M.L.I.
<i>Commanders</i> —Rosslyn Wemyss, M.V.O. P. Nelson Ward, M.V.O.	<i>Staff-Paymaster</i> —E. D. Hadley.
<i>Lieutenants</i> —W. Ruck Keene. C. M. Crichton Maitland. R. A. Norton. Hon. H. Meade. Hon. S. M. A. J. Hay.	<i>Secretary</i> —W. Gask. <i>Assistant-Paymaster</i> —G. A. Miller. <i>Staff-Surgeon</i> —H. S. Macnamara. <i>Surgeon</i> —R. Hill. <i>Engineer</i> —S. M. G. Bryer.
<i>Sub-Lieutenants</i> —G. A. Wells. J. H. Bainbridge. G. Saurin. J. B. Waterlow.	<i>Chaplain</i> —H. S. Wood. <i>Gunner</i> —Alfred Turton (T.) <i>Boatswain</i> —J. Paddon. <i>Carpenter</i> —W. Banbury. <i>S. Boatswain</i> —M. Allen.
<i>Major</i> —C. Clarke, R.M.L.I.	<i>Bandmaster</i> —J. Wright.

The following officers were engaged from the Orient Company's service:—

<i>Purser</i> —J. C. Gibbons.	<i>Engineers</i> —J. Anderson.
<i>Engineers</i> —George Grey. D. A. S. Lee. W. T. Miller.	George White. D. S. Nelson. F. T. Matthews.

Appendix B

GOVERNORS AND THEIR STAFFS, PREMIERS, MINISTERS, ETC., IN THE COLONIES VISITED

GIBRALTAR

General Sir George White, V.C., G.C.B., etc.		<i>Governor.</i>
Lady White.		
Major W. E. Fairholme, C.M.G. (Royal Artillery).	}	<i>Assistant Military Secre- tary.</i>
Captain R. S. Hooper, D.S.O. (21st Lancers)		<i>A.D.C.</i>

Sir Richard Harrington		<i>Acting Chief Justice.</i>
Sir Henry Moore Jackson, K.C.M.G.		<i>Colonial Secretary.</i>
Alexander Mosley, Esq., C.M.G.		<i>President of the Chamber of Commerce.</i>

MALTA

General Sir Francis Grenfell, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.		<i>Governor.</i>
Mrs. G. S. St. Aubyn.		
Major G. S. St. Aubyn (K.R.R.C.)		<i>Assistant Military Secre- tary.</i>
Major N. Grech-Biancardi (Royal Malta Militia)		<i>Colonial A.D.C.</i>
Sir Joseph Carbone, K.C.M.G., LL.D.		<i>Chief Justice.</i>
Sir Gerald Strickland, K.C.M.G.		<i>Chief Secretary.</i>
Lorenzo Gatt, Esq., C.M.G.		<i>Superintendent of Public Works.</i>

ADEN

Brigadier-General G. H. More-Molyneux, C.B., D.S.O.	<i>Resident.</i>
Captain J. W. O'Dowda	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Major H. M. Abud, I.S.C.	<i>First Assistant Resident.</i>

CEYLON

Colonel The Right Hon. Sir J. West Ridgeway, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.C.S.I. Lady Ridgeway.	<i>Governor.</i>
R. Ponsonby, Esq.	<i>Private Secretary.</i>
W. Saunders, Esq.	<i>Comptroller.</i>
Captain Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. (Res. of Off.)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Captain R. Gooch (4th Batt. Essex Regi- ment)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
The Maha-Mudaliyar	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Dr. Alan Perry	<i>Doctor.</i>
—	
Sir J. W. Bonser	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
W. T. Taylor, Esq., C.M.G.	<i>Acting Colonial Secretary.</i>
H. Wace, Esq.	<i>Government Agent (Central Province), Kandy.</i>

SINGAPORE

Sir Frank Athelstane Swettenham, K.C.M.G.	<i>Acting Governor.</i>
G. Bosanquet, Esq.	<i>Private Secretary.</i>
Captain F. D. Barry (Fife R.G.A. Militia)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
—	
Sir W. H. L. Cox	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
C. W. S. Kynnersley, Esq., C.M.G.	<i>Acting Colonial Secretary.</i>

AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH

(MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY)

The Earl of Hopetoun, K.T., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.	<i>Governor-General.</i>
The Countess of Hopetoun.	
Captain E. W. Wallington, C.M.G.	<i>Private Secretary.</i>
Major the Hon. Claude Willoughby (9th Lancers)	<i>Military Secretary.</i>

Captain B. Corbet (Res. of Off.)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Captain R. Duff (Forfar and Kincardine R.G.A. Militia)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
C. Savile Gore, Esq.	<i>Assistant Private Secretary.</i>

The Right Hon. Edmund Barton, P.C., K.C.	<i>Premier.</i>
The Hon Alfred Deakin, K.C.	<i>Attorney-General and Minister of Justice.</i>
The Hon. Sir William Lyne, K.C.M.G.	<i>Minister of State for Home Affairs.</i>
The Right Hon. Sir George Turner, P.C., K.C.M.G.	<i>Treasurer.</i>
The Right Hon. C. C. Kingston, P.C.	<i>Minister of Trade and Customs.</i>
The Right Hon. Sir John Forrest, P.C., G.C.M.G.	<i>Minister of Defence.</i>
The Hon. J. C. Drake	<i>Postmaster-General.</i>
The Hon. R. E. O'Connor	<i>Minister without portfolio.</i>
Sir P. O. Fysh, K.C.M.G.	<i>Minister without portfolio.</i>

VICTORIA

(MELBOURNE)

Sir John Madden, K.C.M.G.	<i>Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice.</i>
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The Hon. A. J. Peacock	<i>Premier.</i>
Sir Samuel Gillott	<i>Mayor of Melbourne.</i>

QUEENSLAND

(BRISBANE)

The Lord Lamington, G.C.M.G.	<i>Governor.</i>
The Lady Lamington.	
Pascoe W. G. Stuart, Esq.	<i>Private Secretary.</i>
Captain Guy Feilden (7th Batt. King's Royal Rifle Corps)	<i>A.D.C.</i>

Sir Samuel Griffith, G.C.M.G.	. . .	<i>Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice.</i>
The Hon. Arthur Rutledge, K.C.	. . .	<i>Acting Premier.</i>
Thomas Proe, Esq., C.M.G.	. . .	<i>Mayor of Brisbane.</i>

NEW SOUTH WALES

(SYDNEY)

The Hon. Sir F. M. Darley, G.C.M.G.	. . .	<i>Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice.</i>
Captain H. S. Darley	. . .	<i>A.D.C.</i>
—		
The Hon. John See	. . .	<i>Premier.</i>
Sir James Graham	. . .	<i>Mayor of Sydney.</i>

NEW ZEALAND

The Earl of Ranfurly, G.C.M.G.	. . .	<i>Governor.</i>
The Countess of Ranfurly.		
Captain Dudley Alexander (West York- shire Rifles)	. . .	<i>Private Secretary.</i>
The Hon. Charles Hill-Trevor	. . .	<i>A.D.C.</i>
The Hon. Henry Butler	. . .	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Captain James Osborne (Australian Horse)	. . .	<i>A.D.C.</i>
—		
The Hon. Sir Robert Stout, K.C.M.G.	. . .	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Right Hon. Richard J. Seddon, P.C.	. . .	<i>Premier.</i>
The Hon. Sir Joseph G. Ward, K.C.M.G.	. . .	<i>Colonial Secretary, Mini- ster for Railways and Commerce, and Post- master-General.</i>
The Hon. James Carroll	. . .	<i>Minister for Native Af- fairs.</i>
The Hon. W. Campbell Walker, C.M.G.	. . .	<i>Minister of Education.</i>
The Hon. W. Hall-Jones	. . .	<i>Minister for Public Works.</i>
The Hon. J. M'Gowan	. . .	<i>Minister for Justice and for Mines.</i>
The Hon. T. Y. Duncan	. . .	<i>Minister of Lands and Agriculture.</i>
Dr. J. Logan Campbell	. . .	<i>Mayor of Auckland.</i>
J. S. Ward Aitken, Esq.	. . .	<i>Mayor of Wellington.</i>
Arthur E. G. Rhodes, Esq.	. . .	<i>Mayor of Christchurch.</i>
George Lyon Denniston, Esq.	. . .	<i>Mayor of Dunedin.</i>

TASMANIA

(HOBART)

The Hon. Sir John Dodds, K.C.M.G. . . . *Administrator and Chief Justice.*

Lady Dodds.

Warren Dodds, Esq. *Private Secretary.*

Frank Dodds, Esq. *A.D.C.*

The Hon. N. E. Lewis, C.M.G. *Premier.*

J. G. Davies, Esq. *Mayor of Hobart.*

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

(ADELAIDE)

The Lord Tennyson, K.C.M.G. *Governor.*

The Lady Tennyson.

The Lord Richard Nevill *Private Secretary.*

Captain Guy Feilden (7th Batt. King's
Royal Rifle Corps) *A.D.C.*

The Right Hon. Sir Samuel J. Way, P.C.,
Bart. *Chief Justice.*

The Hon. J. G. Jenkins *Premier.*

A. W. Ware, Esq., C.M.G. *Mayor of Adelaide.*

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

(PERTH)

Captain The Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley,
K.C.M.G. *Governor.*

The Hon. Lady Lawley.

Gerald Parker, Esq. *Private Secretary.*

Captain G. Wolfe Murray *A.D.C.*

Lieutenant Ivo Vesey (Irish Guards) *A.D.C.*

His Honour E. A. Stone *Chief Justice.*

The Hon. G. W. Leake, K.C. *Premier.*

The Hon. S. H. Parker, K.C. *Mayor of Perth.*

MAURITIUS

Sir Charles Bruce, G.C.M.G.	<i>Governor.</i>
Lady Bruce.	
Lieutenant Hughes Hallett	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Lieutenant Lucas	<i>A.D.C.</i>
<hr/>	
Sir Victor Delafaye	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
Sir Graham Bower, K.C.M.G.	<i>Colonial Secretary.</i>

NATAL

(DURBAN AND MARITZBURG)

Colonel Sir Henry M'Callum, R.E., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.	<i>Governor.</i>
Lady M'Callum.	
Arthur Hedgeland, Esq.	<i>Private Secretary.</i>
Captain Harold Walter (Lincolnshire Regi- ment)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Captain Percy Buckley	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Captain C. Rodwell	<i>A.D.C.</i>
<hr/>	
Sir M. H. Gallwey, K.C.M.G.	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Albert H. Hime (late R.E.), K.C.M.G.	<i>Premier.</i>
The Hon. Sir Henry Bale, K.C., K.C.M.G.	<i>Attorney - General and Minister of Education.</i>
The Hon. Frederick R. Moore	<i>Secretary for Native Affairs.</i>
The Hon. Charles John Smythe	<i>Colonial Secretary.</i>
The Hon. William Arbuckle	<i>Treasurer.</i>
The Hon. Henry D. Winter	<i>Minister of Agriculture.</i>
John Nicol, Esq., C.M.G.	<i>Mayor of Durban.</i>
G. J. Macfarlane, Esq., C.M.G.	<i>Mayor of Pietermaritz- burg.</i>

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

(CAPE TOWN)

The Right Hon. Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson, P.C., G.C.M.G.	<i>Governor.</i>
The Hon. Lady Hely-Hutchinson.	
H. W. B. Robinson, Esq.	<i>Private Secretary.</i>

Major James Deane (Royal Highlanders)	<i>Military Secretary.</i>
Captain W. A. Gordon (6th Batt. Worcester Regiment)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Lieutenant C. Nicholson (3rd Batt. Hamp- shire Regiment)	<i>A.D.C.</i>

The Right Hon. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, P.C., K.C.M.G.	<i>Premier and Treasurer.</i>
The Hon. T. L. Graham, K.C.	<i>Colonial Secretary.</i>
The Hon. T. W. Smartt	<i>Commissioner of Public Works.</i>
The Hon. Sir P. H. Faure, K.C.M.G.	<i>Secretary for Agriculture.</i>
The Hon. J. Rose-Innes, K.C.	<i>Attorney-General.</i>
The Hon. J. Frost, C.M.G.	<i>Minister without portfolio.</i>
Thomas Joseph O'Reilly, Esq.	<i>Mayor of Cape Town.</i>

CANADA

The Earl of Minto, G.C.M.G.	<i>Governor-General.</i>
The Countess of Minto.	
Major F. S. Maude, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Coldstream Guards)	<i>Military Secretary.</i>
Arthur Sladen, Esq.	<i>Private Secretary.</i>
Captain Harry Graham (Coldstream Guards)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Captain A. C. Bell (Scots Guards)	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Arthur Guise, Esq.	<i>Comptroller.</i>

The Right Hon. Sir H. Strong	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P.C., G.C.M.G.	<i>Premier.</i>
The Right Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, G.C.M.G.	} <i>Minister of Trade and Commerce.</i>
The Hon. W. S. Fielding	
The Hon. David Mills, K.C.	<i>Minister of Justice.</i>
The Hon. William Mulock	<i>Postmaster-General.</i>
The Hon. R. W. Scott, K.C.	<i>Secretary of State.</i>
The Hon. Sir Louis H. Davies, K.C.M.G.	<i>Minister of Marine and Fisheries.</i>
The Hon. F. W. Borden	<i>Minister of Militia.</i>
The Hon. J. Israel Tarte	<i>Minister of Public Works.</i>
The Hon. A. G. Blair	<i>Minister of Railways and Canals.</i>
The Hon. Sydney A. Fisher	<i>Minister of Agriculture.</i>
The Hon. Clifford Sifton	<i>Minister of Interior.</i>

The Hon. William Paterson	<i>Minister of Customs.</i>
The Hon. M. E. Bernier	<i>Minister of Inland Revenue.</i>
The Hon. R. R. Dobell	<i>Minister without portfolio.</i>
The Hon. James Sutherland	<i>Minister without portfolio.</i>

QUEBEC

Sir Louis A. Jetté, K.C.M.G.	<i>Lieutenant-Governor.</i>
W. A. Lacoste, Esq.	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Hon. S. N. Parent	<i>Premier and Mayor of Quebec.</i>

MONTREAL

M. Préfontaine	<i>Mayor.</i>
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OTTAWA

W. D. Morris, Esq.	<i>Mayor.</i>
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MANITOBA

(WINNIPEG)

The Hon. D. H. Macmillan	<i>Lieutenant-Governor.</i>
The Hon. A. C. Killam	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Hon. R. P. Roblin	<i>Premier.</i>
H. Wilson, Esq.	<i>Mayor of Winnipeg.</i>

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES

(REGINA)

The Hon. Amédée Emmanuel Forget	<i>Lieutenant-Governor.</i>
F. W. G. Haultain, Esq.	<i>Premier.</i>
A. B. Perry, Esq.	<i>Commissioner North-West Mounted Police.</i>

BRITISH COLUMBIA

(VICTORIA)

Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, K.C.M.G.	<i>Lieutenant-Governor.</i>
The Hon. James Dunsmuir	<i>Premier.</i>

ONTARIO

(TORONTO)

The Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, G.C.M.G.	<i>Lieutenant-Governor.</i>
Sir John D. Armour, K.C.M.G.	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Hon. George W. Ross	<i>Premier.</i>
O. A. Howland, Esq.	<i>Mayor of Toronto.</i>

NEW BRUNSWICK

(ST. JOHN)

The Hon. A. R. M'Clelan	<i>Lieutenant-Governor.</i>
The Hon. W. H. Tuck	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Hon. H. R. Emmerson	<i>Premier.</i>
Dr. J. W. Daniel	<i>Mayor of St. John.</i>

NOVA SCOTIA

(HALIFAX)

The Hon. A. G. Jones	<i>Lieutenant-Governor.</i>
The Hon. James M'Donald	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Hon. G. H. Murray	<i>Premier.</i>
J. T. Hamilton, Esq.	<i>Mayor of Halifax.</i>

NEWFOUNDLAND

(ST. JOHN'S)

Sir Cavendish Boyle, K.C.M.G.	<i>Governor.</i>
Sir J. J. Little	<i>Chief Justice.</i>
The Hon. Sir Robert Bond, K.C.M.G.	<i>Premier.</i>
The Hon. W. H. Horwood, K.C.	<i>Minister of Justice.</i>
The Hon. E. M. Jackman	<i>Minister of Finance and Customs.</i>
The Hon. E. P. Morris, K.C.	<i>Minister without portfolio.</i>
The Hon. George Knowling	” ”
The Hon. A. W. Hervey	” ”
The Hon. H. J. B. Woods	” ”
The Hon. J. S. Pitts	” ”
The Hon. J. D. Ryan	” ”

Appendix C

BRITISH WAR-VESSELS MET DURING THE CRUISE

A. BATTLESHIPS

- | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Cæsar. | 8. Illustrious. | 15. Ramillies. |
| 2. Camperdown. | 9. Jupiter. | 16. Renown. |
| 3. Canopus. | 10. Magnificent. | 17. Repulse. |
| 4. Devastation. | 11. Majestic. | 18. Resolution. |
| 5. Empress of India. | 12. Mars. | 19. Royal Oak. |
| 6. Hannibal. | 13. Monarch. | 20. Royal Sovereign. |
| 7. Hood. | 14. Prince George. | 21. Victorious. |

B. COAST-DEFENCE SHIPS

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| 1. Orion. | 2. Rupert. |
|-----------|------------|

C. CRUISERS

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Amphion. | 18. Gladiator. | 35. Pioneer. |
| 2. Andromeda. | 19. Highflyer. | 36. Pomone. |
| 3. Archer. | 20. Hyacinth. | 37. Porpoise. |
| 4. Arethusa. | 21. Indefatigable. | 38. Proserpine. |
| 5. Arrogant. | 22. Juno. | 39. Psyche. |
| 6. Aurora. | 23. Katoomba. | 40. Pylades. |
| 7. Barham. | 24. Marathon. | 41. Pyramus. |
| 8. Barracouta. | 25. Mildura. | 42. Raccoon. |
| 9. Charybdis. | 26. Minerva. | 43. Ringarooma. |
| 10. Cleopatra. | 27. Mohawk. | 44. Royal Arthur. |
| 11. Cossack. | 28. Naiad. | 45. St. George. |
| 12. Crescent. | 29. Niobe. | 46. Terpsichore. |
| 13. Diadem. | 30. Pactolus. | 47. Theseus. |
| 14. Diana. | 31. Pallas. | 48. Tribune. |
| 15. Forte. | 32. Pelorus. | 49. Vindictive. |
| 16. Furious. | 33. Phaeton. | 50. Wallaroo. |
| 17. Gibraltar. | 34. Phœbe. | 51. Warspite. |

D. SLOOPS

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-----------|
| 1. Alert. | 3. Cinder. | 5. Torch. |
| 2. Algerine. | 4. Rozario. | |

E. GUNBOATS

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Boomerang. | 5. Hussar. | 9. Salamander. |
| 2. Cockatrice. | 6. Karrakatta. | 10. Sparrow. |
| 3. Dryad. | 7. Linnet. | 11. Speedy. |
| 4. Dwarf. | 8. Partridge. | 12. Thrush. |

F. TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------|------------------|
| 1. Ardent. | 7. Dragon. | 13. Orwell. |
| 2. Banshee. | 8. Earnest. | 14. Quail. |
| 3. Boxer. | 9. Foam. | 15. Skate. |
| 4. Bruiser. | 10. Griffin. | 16. Sparrowhawk. |
| 5. Coquette. | 11. Hardy. | 17. Virago. |
| 6. Cygnet. | 12. Hornet. | |

G. DESPATCH-VESSELS

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Columbine. | 2. Surprise. |
|---------------|--------------|

H. MISCELLANEOUS

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Cormorant | Receiving-ship at Gibraltar. |
| 2. Vulcan | Torpedo depot-ship, Mediterranean. |
| 3. Tyne | Troopship in Mediterranean. |
| 4. Cruiser | Training-ship in Mediterranean. |
| 5. Hibernia | Depot-ship at Malta. |
| 6. Penguin | Surveying-vessel. |
| 7. Dart | ” ” |
| 8. Rambler | ” ” |
| 9. Protector | Australian Commonwealth. |
| 10. Cerberus | ” ” |

TOTAL

Battleships	21
Coast-defence ships	2
Cruisers	51
Sloops	5
Gunboats	12
Torpedo-boat Destroyers	17
Despatch-vessels	2
Miscellaneous	10

Appendix D

FOREIGN WAR-VESSLS MET DURING THE CRUISE

American . . .	Brooklyn . . .	Cruiser.
	Buffalo . . .	”
	Glacier . . .	Storeship.
Dutch . . .	Piet Hein . . .	Coast-defence ironclad.
	Noord Brabant . . .	Cruiser.
French . . .	Achéron . . .	Gunboat.
	D'Estrées . . .	Cruiser.
German . . .	Hansa . . .	Cruiser.
	Cormoran . . .	”
	Möwe . . .	Sloop.
Italian . . .	Calabria . . .	Cruiser.
	Puglia . . .	”
Japanese . . .	Matsushima . . .	Cruiser.
	Hashidate . . .	”
Portuguese . . .	São Gabriel . . .	Cruiser.
	São Raphael . . .	”
	Rio Lima . . .	Sloop.
	Tamega . . .	Gunboat.
Russian . . .	Gromovoi . . .	Cruiser.
Spanish . . .	Infanta Isabel . . .	Cruiser.

Appendix E

HONOURS CONFERRED DURING THE TOUR

Only such honours as were in some way connected with the Tour are here given. The Duke met during the journey a number of gentlemen on whom honours had been conferred for other reasons shortly before his departure from England, and he took the opportunity of investing these gentlemen personally with the insignia; but such cases are not included in the following list. This explains why, for example, the names of certain officers who received from the hands of His Royal Highness at Ottawa (*vide supra*, p. 379) the insignia of C.B. and C.M.G. are not mentioned here.

Place.	Name.	Honour conferred.
Gibraltar . . .	Alexander Mosley, Esq., President of the Chamber of Commerce of Gibraltar, and Chairman of the Reception Committee.	C.M.G.
Malta . . .	Lorenzo Gatt, Esq., Superintendent of Public Works of the Island of Malta.	”
”	Ugo Testaferrata, Baron of Gomerino, Malta.	”
Ceylon . . .	Francis Robert Ellis, Esq., Government Agent of the Western Province of the Island of Ceylon.	”
”	John Henricus de Saram, Esq., District Judge of the Island of Ceylon.	”
Singapore . . .	His Highness Idris bin Almarhom Bandara Iskander Sah, K.C.M.G., Sultan of Perak in the Federated Malay States.	G.C.M.G.
”	James Montague Bent Vermont, Esq., Senior Unofficial Member of the Legislative Council of the Straits Settlements.	C.M.G.

APPENDIX E

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Place.	Name.	Honour conferred.
Australia	Sir Frederick Matthew Darley, K.C.M.G., Lieut. - Governor of the State of New South Wales and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State.	G.C.M.G.
"	The Right Hon. Sir John Forrest, LL.D., K.C.M.G., formerly Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Western Australia, now Minister of Defence in the Commonwealth Government.	"
"	The Hon. Sir John Stokell Dodds, Knt., C.M.G., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Tasmania, and at present administering the government of that State.	K.C.M.G.
"	William McMillan, Esq., formerly Colonial Treasurer of New South Wales, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Australian Federal Convention.	"
"	Josiah Henry Symon, Esq., K.C., formerly Attorney-General of South Australia, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Australian Federal Convention.	"
"	Rear-Admiral Lewis Anthony Beaumont, Commander - in - Chief on the Australian Station.	"
"	John Quick, Esq., LL.D., of Victoria.	Knighthood.
"	James Graham, Esq., M.D., Member of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, Mayor of the City of Sydney.	"
"	The Hon. Samuel Gillott, Member of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Victoria, Mayor of the City of Melbourne.	"
"	Edwin Gordon Blackmore, Esq., Clerk of the Legislative Council and Clerk of the Parliaments of South Australia, Clerk of the Australian Federal Convention.	C.M.G.

THE WEB OF EMPIRE

Place.	Name.	Honour conferred.
Australia	Robert Randolph Garran, Esq., Barrister, New South Wales, Secretary to the Drafting Com- mittee of the Australian Federal Convention.	C.M.G.
"	The Hon. Neil Elliott Lewis, M.A., B.C.L., Prime Minister of the State of Tasmania.	"
"	Alexander Forrest, Esq., Member of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Western Australia.	"
"	Arthur Wellington Ware, Esq., Mayor of the City of Adelaide.	"
"	Thomas Proe, Esq., Mayor of the City of Brisbane.	"
"	John George Davies, Esq., Mayor of the City of Hobart.	"
"	Edward William Wallington, Esq., Private Secretary to the Governor - General of the Commonwealth, and Clerk of the Federal Executive Council.	"
New Zealand	The Right Hon. the Earl of Ran- furly, K.C.M.G., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of New Zealand.	G.C.M.G.
"	The Hon. Joseph George Ward, Postmaster - General of the Colony of New Zealand.	K.C.M.G.
"	The Hon. John M'Kenzie, late Minister of Lands in the Colony of New Zealand.	"
"	The Hon. Henry John Miller, Speaker of the Legislative Council.	Knighthood.
"	The Hon. Alfred Jerome Cadman, late Minister for Railways in the Colony of New Zealand.	C.M.G.
"	The Hon. William Campbell Walker, Minister of Education in the Colony of New Zealand.	"
"	Lieut.-Colonel Walter Edward Gudgeon, British Resident at Raratonga, in the Cook Islands.	"

APPENDIX E

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Place.	Name.	Honour conferred.
Mauritius . . .	Sir Charles Bruce, K.C.M.G., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Mauritius and its Dependencies.	G.C.M.G.
”	Louis Victor Delafaye, Esq., Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony of Mauritius.	Knighthood.
”	Wilbraham Tollemache Arthur Edwards, Esq., Senior Unofficial Member of the Executive Council of the Colony of Mauritius.	C.M.G.
”	Pierre Edmond de Chazal, Esq., of Mauritius.	”
Natal . . .	The Hon. Henry Bale, K.C., Attorney-General and Minister of Education of the Colony of Natal.	K.C.M.G.
”	David Hunter, Esq., C.M.G., General Manager of the Natal Government Railways.	”
”	Benjamin Wesley Greenacre, Esq., Member of the Legislative Assembly of the Colony of Natal.	Knighthood.
”	Christopher John Bird, Esq., Principal Under-Secretary of the Colony of Natal.	C.M.G.
”	George James Macfarlane, Esq., Mayor of Pietermaritzburg.	”
”	John Nicol, Esq., Mayor of Durban.	”
”	Joseph Farquhar, Esq., Mayor of Ladysmith.	”
”	John Wallis Shores, Esq., M.I.C.E., Engineer-in-Chief of the Natal Government Railways.	”
”	Henry Ballard, Esq., Port Captain, Durban.	”
”	John Frederick Evelyn Barnes, Esq., M.I.C.E., Chief Engineer of the Public Works Dept. of the Colony of Natal.	”
Cape of Good Hope	The Hon. James Rose-Innes, K.C., Attorney-General of the Cape of Good Hope.	K.C.M.G.

THE WEB OF EMPIRE

Place.	Name.	Honour conferred.
Cape of Good Hope	The Hon. Richard Solomon, K.C., Member of the Legislative Assembly.	K.C.M.G.
"	Charles Bletterman Elliott, Esq., LL.B., C.M.G., late General Manager of Railways.	"
"	Somerset Richard French, Esq., C.M.G., Postmaster-General.	"
"	Ebenezer John Buchanan, Esq., Senior Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.	Knighthood.
"	Thomas Rees Price, Esq., General Manager of Railways.	C.M.G.
"	Lieut. - Col. Richard George Southey, Commandant of Volunteers.	"
"	Major William Joseph Warren, District Mounted Rifles, Member of the Legislative Assembly.	"
"	Henry de Smidt, Esq., B.A., Assist.-Treasurer and Accountant-General.	"
"	Thomas Muir, Esq., LL.D., Superintendent-General of Education.	"
"	Ernest Fuller Kilpin, Esq., Clerk of the House of Assembly.	"
"	Sydney Cowper, Esq., Permanent Head of the Prime Minister's Department.	"
"	Thomas Ball, Esq., late Mayor of Cape Town, and now Deputy Mayor of that City.	"
"	Thomas Joseph O'Reilly, Esq., Mayor of Cape Town.	"
"	Henry Alfred Oliver, Esq., Mayor of Kimberley.	"
"	Frank Whiteley, Esq., Mayor of Mafeking.	"
"	M. S. O. Walrond, Esq., Private Secretary to the High Commissioner for South Africa.	"
Canada	Sir John Alexander Boyd, Chancellor of the High Court of Justice of the Province of Ontario.	K.C.M.G.

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Place.	Name.	Honour conferred.
Canada . . .	Louis A. Jetté, Esq., Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec.	K.C.M.G.
”	Thomas George Shaughnessy, Esq., President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.	Knighthood.
”	Joseph Pope, Esq., Under-Secretary of State for Canada.	C.M.G.
”	The Very Rev. George Monro Grant, D.D., LL.D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Queen's College and University, Kingston, Ontario.	”
”	William Peterson, Esq., LL.D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of M'Gill College and University, Montreal.	”
”	The Rev. Olivier Elzear Mathieu, Principal of Laval University, Quebec.	”
”	Oliver Aiken Howland, Esq., Mayor of Toronto.	”
”	Major Frederick Stanley Maude, Military Secretary to the Governor-General.	”
Newfoundland . . .	The Hon. Robert Bond, Premier and Colonial Secretary of the Island of Newfoundland.	K.C.M.G.

Appendix F

NUMBER OF TROOPS REVIEWED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

Ceylon		167
Australia—Victoria	10,453	
Queensland	3,702	
New South Wales	8,429	
Tasmania	1,555	
South Australia	2,338	
Western Australia	1,989	
		28,466
New Zealand		12,619
South Africa		1,700
Canada—Quebec	3,421	
Calgary	311	
Toronto	10,735	
Halifax	4,755	
		19,222
TOTAL		62,174

In the Australian and New Zealand forces reviewed there was a large proportion of Cadets :—

	Officers and Men.	Cadets.
Commonwealth of Australia	21,706	6,760
New Zealand	8,972	3,647
	30,678	10,407

The composition of the Australian, New Zealand, and Canadian forces is shown by the following tables :—

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

	Victoria.	Queensland.	New South Wales.	Tasmania.	South Australia.	West Australia.	Total.	New Zealand.	Grand Total.
Headquarter Staff	14	62	39	6	22	12	155	7	162
Cavalry	901	901	...	901
Mounted Infantry	753	536	327	90	462	299	2,467	1,980	4,447
Infantry	3,373	1656	4205	970	1036	985	12,225	4,936	17,161
Naval Brigade	550	256	550	1,356	661	2,017
Artillery, Permanent	336	73	269	15	34	18	745	...	745
" Field	243	113	98	15	111	199	779	255	1,034
" Garrison	412	50	387	63	199	...	1,111	204	1,315
Engineers	174	...	183	60	45	...	462	109	571
Submarine Miners	40	84	124	80	204
Medical Corps	62	68	120	...	50	15	315	115	430
Army Service Corps	46	...	114	160	...	160
South Africa Men	248	117	137	235	169	906	625	1,531
Cadets	4,490	600	1035	199	144	292	6,760	3,647	10,407
Total	10,453 ¹	3702	8429	1555	2338	1989	28,466	12,619	41,085

CANADA

	Quebec.	Calgary.	Toronto.	Halifax.	Total.
Headquarter Staff	9	...	15	7	31
Royal Military College	53	53
Cavalry	180	...	932	281	1,393
Mounted Infantry	55	...	55
Infantry	2602	...	8506	3272	14,380
Artillery, Field	206	...	950	80	1,236 (78 guns)
" Garrison	275	880	1,155
Engineers	58	83	141
Medical Corps	96	...	219	152	467
North-West Mounted Police	311	311
Total	3421	311	10,735	4755	19,222

¹ This figure represents only the Victorian troops at the Melbourne Review. The total number of troops reviewed on that occasion, including the contingents from the other Australian States and New Zealand, was (as stated *supra*, p. 137) 14,314. These contingents were reviewed again by the Duke at their respective headquarters, and consequently appear in other columns of the above tabular statement.

Appendix G

NUMBER OF WAR MEDALS PRESENTED IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND CANADA

Australia—Victoria	479
Queensland	235
New South Wales	927
Tasmania	141
South Australia	235
Western Australia	169
	2186
New Zealand	627
Canada—Quebec	259
Ontario	650
Manitoba	104
North-West Provinces	125
British Columbia	49
New Brunswick	134
Nova Scotia	138
	1459
Newfoundland	3
	4275

ROUTE MAP OF THE IMPERIAL TOUR



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