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### Cape Town, South Africa.

BY J. D. PATTERSON.

I SENT you my last letter from Funchal, Madeira.

The mail bags had hardly been put over the side before the *Dunottar* commenced her voyage, not to be broken again until we reached Cape Town twelve days later. In this long run we sighted land but once, Cape Verde, off the coast of Sierra Leone, and were fortunately so close in shore that the trees could distinctly be seen. Many shore birds and bright insects came about the ship, and we watched till we were tired the dolphins, porpoises and countless thousands of flying fish that were constantly in sight.

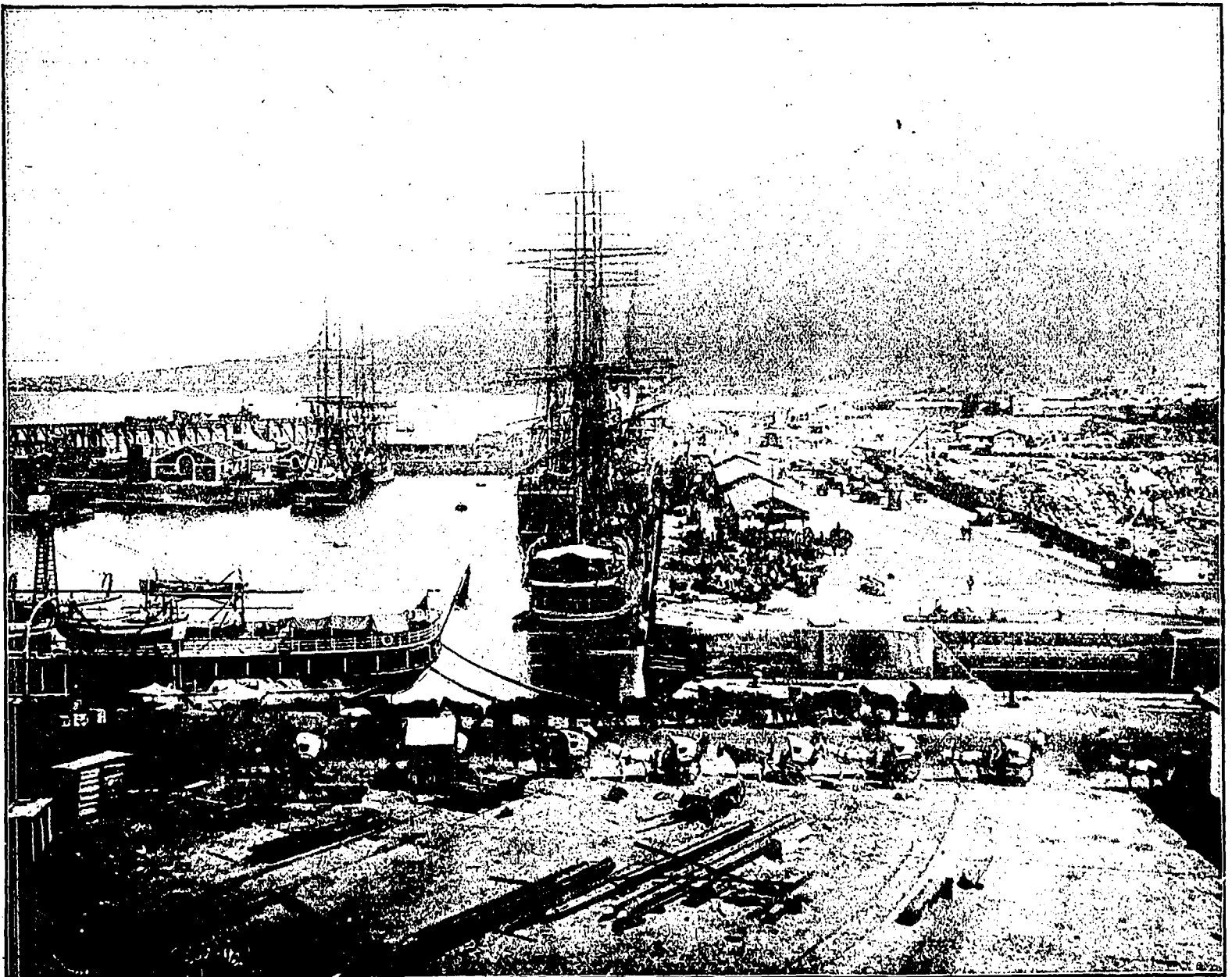
That night the phosphorescent effect on the

sea was unusually good—it seemed as if we were going through waves of soft yellow liquid fire. Imagine, if you can, millions of tiny electric lights flashing just under the surface of the water, and you will have some idea of the wonderfully beautiful effect. Looking over the stern into the wake of the ship, where the waters had been churned by the huge propeller wheel, the brilliant sparkling is indescribable. For many days the weather was continually delightful. Nets were stretched about the huge upper deck, where cricket was played each morning. The afternoons were given to athletic sports, tugs-of-war, foot races, egg races, jumping, while concerts, music and dancing made the nights merry.

We anchored in Table Bay before midnight, Oct 9th, and announced our arrival by sending up rockets and firing small cannon. At sunrise

next morning all hands were on deck to see the beautiful bay and Table Mountain, with the docks of Cape Town in the distance. The first view of the city is apt to be disappointing, as only its lower and poorer parts can be seen from the anchorage. The extensive breakwater, built by convict labor, provides a capital harbor for even the largest ships. The docks, though very large, are being gradually extended, and from the variety and number of merchant ships in the bay it was easy to realize the importance of Cape Town as a sea port.

The city is strongly fortified. Earthworks, behind which are mounted heavy modern rifled cannon, command every part of the bay. The South African squadron of the English war fleet, however, does not anchor here, but remains at the naval station at Simon's Bay, an arm of the Indian Ocean, just around the Cape



CAPE TOWN DOCKS, SHOWING DEVIL'S PEAK.—From a Photograph.