

prevented the "clousing of the glim" until the night was well worn away.

The *Gayhead* anchored in Table Bay the next day after we did, and here we exchanged first mates, Mr Weston taking the place of our mate, Mr Mock, who returned to Boston, to die.

We had intended to take water at Tristan d'Acunba, but when in sight of the island, a gale sprang up, and there being no anchorage, we had to bear off to the Cape.

It was early morning when we sighted the Cape Mountains, rising high above the horizon and having the appearance of a delicately traced cloud. It was estimated that we were then some 60 miles distant, but we glided along smoothly past vineyards dotting with green the brown, lava-like slopes of the mountains, past Robben Island, the Blackwell's Island of the Cape, and about noon we anchored in Table Bay, near the light house and opposite the jetty and Atlantic street, one of the principal streets of Cape Town.

On the opposite side of the Bay the beach is covered with sand-white as snow, and at the further end are several wind mills used for propelling milling and other machinery.

In rear of the town stands Table Mountain, rearing itself perpendicularly like an immense wall to a height of 3500 feet, while flanking and a little in advance of it, are the Lions' Head and Lions' Rump Mountains, the latter being occupied by a signal station. This is 1200 feet high, and although that seems insignificant, let anyone climb to the top of it as I did, after a 70 day's voyage, and he will have a greater respect for the actual altitude than for the figures. All vessels headed for Table Bay are signalled here.

Cape Town is very prettily situated between the mountains named, is well and substantially built, and the streets are wide and cross each other at right angles.

We landed there about 10 "Jan'y 1853, at a time when it was the half-wayhouse" in the track of vessels bound to Australia and the Indies, and fifteen years before the opening up of the Suez Canal cut off the principal European shipping traffic.

At this times Dutch was the common language spoken by all, white and black, the papers were printed in Dutch, and everything and everybody was Dutch, except the military and court officials.

With some shipmates, I stayed at the London Hotel, on the market square, where we found first class accommodation for \$1.25 per day.

Fruit was plentiful and to us it seemed dirt cheap. For two cents one could purchase a bunch of grapes weighing a pound or more. By going out to the vineyards and gardens outside the city proper, these and oranges could be had for the picking. Grapes and melons seem to be indigenous to Cape Town, and when a stranger enters into the Botanical Gardens, he is invited to take a seat in one of the lodges or arbors, and is bountifully supplied with grapes and melons, without charge. "Travellers from all parts of the world, admitted free," is inscribed on a board above the gateway. These gardens are amongst the finest I have ever seen and contain every variety of tropical fruit, trees and shrubs. Even the bread-fruit attains perfection under cultivation.

The residence of the governor is situated

in a beautiful grove extending back to the base of Table Mountain and in front the Botanical Gardens.

A short time before we landed a large tiger had been killed in the city square. He had probably made a predatory raid from the mountain.

The Kaffir war was raging a long the frontier of south Africa some 100 miles or so from Cape Town, when we were there and Macoma the Kaffir Chief, we understood, had just been brought to Wyneburg, a few miles from Cape Town.

The Constantia Vineyards are a great resort for those who have any spare time on their hands and are within easy drive of the city. The wine made here, and considered choice, was sold at 18 pence, while a light wine, similar to sanctern in taste and appearance, was sold at five pence or ten cents per bottle.

At the point of rocks where the light house stands, lobsters could be had for the catching and large ones ready for the table cost two cents.

The anchorage is poor in Table Bay, and when there are indications of a storm the heavier vessels put to sea. Ample warning is given by the "table cloth" as it is called, a fog-like cloud which curls over and obscures the top of Table Mountain. Half a mile out in the bay the waves will be running several feet in height, while between there and the jetty the water will be smooth, except for the heavy swell at such times a couple of pounds is no inducement to a boatman to board a vessel anchored in the rough water.

There have doubtless been many changes in Cape Town since I was there, and although my knowledge of it was acquired by a five days sojourn, I believe there are few places where a person could spend three or four months of our winter season with more satisfaction, while in these days of clipper built sailing vessels, the trip alone would be worth the entire cost to anyone seeking a relaxation from business cares, and who could afford the time involved. To many residents of this continent who find time hang heavily on their hands it would be cheaper than staying at home.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A MACLEOD BALL.

PAST AND PRESENT.

PAST.

In those days when Macleod was but an infant town, balls were as plentiful as flies in berrying time. The white ladies could be counted on the fingers of one hand. At first the men used to dance with each other, but this could not work long; they taught the squaws to dance.

The first ball ever given in Macleod, was given by the police in the autumn of 1875. There was not a single woman present, white or otherwise.

But a little later when there was to be a dance, one or two of the men were appointed to notify the squaws, that on such a night there would ~~would be~~ a dance in the hall.

When the time arrived they came flocking in; those who had papposes bringing them along. A few of the non-dancing men took charge of the babies while the

mothers were dancing. On these occasions the squaws appeared, not in the usual blanket, but copied the white ladies as nearly as they could, wearing hoop skirts, and some even wearing shoes in place of moccasins.

They danced the quadrille generally, though some learned to waltz very well.

When a sett is about to be formed, a man goes up to the *lady* he desires for a partner and asks her to dance. He is answered by a nod accompanied by a grunt. Then he goes alone and takes his place on the floor. When all the men are standing in their places the music begins, and each squaw that has been asked to dance goes and places herself beside the man who asked her. When the dance is at an end, the squaw, without a word to her partner, makes a rush for her seat and takes possession of her pappoose if she has one.

When supper time draws near, a man goes round with a hat for contributions to "buy supper for the ladies."

At supper though the ladies are shy and don't eat much (though the chief inducement in getting them to come is the prospect of coffee and pie.) However before they leave the table they are careful to gather up all the viands within their reach, conceal them somewhere about their persons and convey them away.

The ladies are told when the dance is over and they march out of the room, in single file and return to their homes without escort. It would be an insult to offer to see them home.

PRESENT.

"What means the light in the town hall to-night; the strains of music issuing forth as the door is opened so frequently to admit someone? Why, all the town, not only the town, but community seem to be going in."

"What! my friend do you not know? It is easy to perceive that you are a *pilgrim*. Come with me and I will show you what a Northwestern ball is like."

"A ball! do you have balls here?"

"Well, I should smile! Why! this is just the country for balls. Come on."

"I can't, I'm not in evening dress."

"Oh, that does not signify in the least, Come."

As the friends enter the ball is in full swing. The hall tastefully decked with bunting and evergreens; the floor well waxed; the music, consisting of piano, violin and cornet, not to be despised. The room, (a fine large one, with a stage at one end fitted up like a drawing room with easy chairs, &c.) is full,—but not crowded,—with ladies and gentlemen, men and women. Some, and indeed most of them, in evening dress. Many of the ladies' dresses quite handsome and costly enough to grace any eastern ballroom.

A square dance is in progress, and some one, a man, is shouting at the top of his voice. Above the sound of the music we hear something like this. "Al-a-man-left." "Ladies in centre and gents dance around." "Swing the left hand lady and all promenade." "Every body dance." "Keep a Jumpin'." "Promenade, you know where."

The next is a gallop. It seems but an instant since the music ceased for the quadrille and the floor is filled with couples, but only a few dancing the gallop proper.