THE CAPTIVE CHIEF.

Gotewayo Penitent and Anxious to be Kindly Treated.

Cape Town Correspondence of the London Times.

At noon yesterday the ex King was visited by Sir Bartle Frere, attended by the Hon. Mr Littleton, his private secretary; Capt. Hallam Parr, military secretary, and Lieut. Dalrymple, aide de camp. Later in the day the Premier, Mr. Gordon Sprigg, and Mr. Miller, Treasurer-General, visited the royal captive's quarters to see if the arrangements for his accommodation were satisfactory. During the course of the Premier's interview, Gotewayo, through Mr. Longcast, the interpreter, talked with apparent frankness of many incidents of the war. From the anecdote his people gave him, it seems they grossly exaggerated the English losses and magnified the Zulu successes in all the engagements which occurred. He acknowledged, however, he had done wrong in allowing his people to fight with us. "Chaka," he said, "was a child of the British Government. I was also a child and subject. My father, the Government, came to chastise me for my wrong-doing. I caught the stick with which he wished to beat me, and broke it. I did wrong to fight with him, and I am punished. I am no longer a king; but the English, I think, are a great people; they do not kill those who have fought with them. I am satisfied to be in their hands. I hope the great Queen will pardon me and allow me to return to my country, and give me a place to build myself a kraal where I may live. I am sorry I did not follow the advice of my father, Panda, on his death-bed; he told me to live at peace with the English, and never to make war with them. When informed it was the wish of our Government to treat him with every consideration, and supply him with all necessary comforts, he expressed his thanks, and asked that some of his favorite wives (naming ten, might be sent for to be with him, in addition to those already here. His mind was at once at rest when he heard for they had nobody to look after them now, and he felt lonely without their company. He is further reported to have said he once might be put before the great Queen in as favorable a light as possible, and asked how many days it would take to send a terrible cross sea, in which the steamer labored violently, shipping great quantities of water. Everything movable was washed from the decks, and the stanchions and rails were injured in several places. The wind at one time suddenly died out, and was succeeded by a calm of only fifteen minutes' duration. The hurricane then returned with redoubled fury, the wind going round to west and blowing still harder than before. Captain Newell found his vessel too light to steer against the heavy wind and sea, and he was obliged to heave her to.

The steamship Bristol, which arrived from Bristol yesterday, was also 17 days in crossing the Atlantic. On the 26th she met with a hurricane, of 10 hours' duration, off Sable Island. The wind first came from the southeast, and then chopped around to the northwest, making a heavy confused sea. Tremendous waves washed over the decks of the steamship. Several of the life-boats were smashed to pieces, and considerable other damage was done before the storm ceased. The Hamburg steamship Cimbria, which reached port late Sunday night, encountered a great deal of very bad weather, as did the Spain, of the National Line, which arrived from Liverpool yesterday. The ship Stamboul, from London, which was among yesterday's arrivals, was 21 days west of the Banks of Newfoundland, and experienced strong westerly gales.

Italian Prisons

SOME RECENT QUARTERS AND COMMENDABLE TREATMENT FOR CRIMINALS.

Rome Correspondence of the London News.

Carved in the mail, half an Italian citizen beside me in the Court of Assize the other day, who, in spite of extenuating circumstances, such as I turned from the speaker to the male prisoner in the dock, and contemplated his cool, self-possessed demeanor under the most irrefragable proofs of his guilt, I could not help agreeing with my interlocutor, who had already foreseen the regulation verdict of Italian juries, and the sentence it would inspire in the prisoner that his neck at least was safe.

Even under the conditions of penal servitude the convict has much to solace him. Come with me to the vast prison of Civita Vecchia, and let us see how the prisoners there get through the twelve hours. Though not so unexceptionally clean and tidy as our great county prisons, the "stagno," as it is called, of Civita Vecchia is a sweet and garnished to a degree unbeheard of even in middle-class Italian bodies. The criminals (not including those who endure solitary confinement) lead lives of luxury—compared, at least, with what a month or two of them have been accustomed to. Certainly, their lot might be envied by many a herdsman or plowman of the adjacent Campagna.

The obliging superintendent will conduct you into the workshop for lithography, where every facility is afforded for perfecting one's self in the art. The room is large and commodious, with two handsome windows, and the walls are of a brilliant whitewash. Before the eye could be quite satisfied, however, with the cleanliness and elegance of the apartment, the superintendent will lead you to the cells, which