

THE LATE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CECIL JOHN RHODES

DOCTOR OF CIVIL LAWS,
MEMBER OF H.M. PRIVY COUNCIL,
MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE
ASSEMBLY OF CAPE COLONY.

A CHRONICLE OF THE
FUNERAL CEREMONIES
FROM MUIZENBERG TO
+++THE MATOPPOS,+++
MARCH--APRIL, + 1902.





S. B. BARNARD. CAPE TOWN.

PORTRAIT TAKEN IN CAPE TOWN.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the columns of the *Cape Times*, the *Diamond Fields Advertiser*, and the *Bulawayo Chronicle* for the official accounts of the Funeral Ceremonies at Cape Town, Kimberley and Bulawayo respectively, and particularly to the last-named journal for the picturesque description entitled "The Funeral Trek."

FRANCIS MASEY.

When we reached Muizenberg he had been dead three hours. The news had not reached town until after the usual evening exodus to the suburbs. Nothing therefore was known of the occurrence and we found no curious knot of neighbours without nor prying pressmen within.

The cottage lay bathed and peaceful in the bright moonlight. The road in front was deserted and a few yards beyond the iridescent sea broke into millions of jewelled lights as the waves gently lapped the rocky shore.

We crossed the short garden and entered. A silent servant opened the door of the death chamber and we found ourselves in a small square whitewashed room, with an iron bedstead in the centre of the bare floor. The servant removed the sheet and there lay the great financier, statesman and leader of men, peaceful in his last sleep. The face expressed calm, dignity and benevolence. The crisp hair, now silver, curled boyishly round the massive head. The perfect simplicity of the scene struck one indescribably. His life, great as were the issues for which he battled, had been simply lived and ended, and the friends privileged to be close to him at the last were those he would have chosen: Major Elmhurst Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt, Dr. Stevenson, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Mr. Walton, Mr. Le Sueur, Mr. J. Grimmer, and Mr. Jourdan.

Soon entered some of these and began quietly and tenderly to make their friend's body ready for burial, the cheap paraffin lamp held by a servant the while illuminating the white peaceful face, casting moving shadows over the whitewashed walls and ceiling, and intensifying the surrounding gloom.

By Dr. Smartt's forethought, when all was done, a mask of the face was taken, and soon after midnight a *post-mortem* examination was made. The teak shell arrived by special train from town, and a few hours later, the body was placed in a saloon carriage and conveyed to Rondebosch. At the station a hearse with a small number of intimate friends was in readiness to take the remains to Groote Schuur, amongst them being Mrs. K. H. R. Stuart, who thus describes the scene:—

“It was a most thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten moment when the lights of the engine appeared, and the train slowly advanced and drew up opposite the little gate near the Town Hall at four a.m., with only ourselves and the two railway men on the platform and the hearse and bearers at the gate.

“Scarcely a word was uttered as the small band of mourners stepped out, Major Elmhurst Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt, Mr. Jack Grimmer, Mr. Walton, and Dr.

II.

GROOTE SCHUUR.

The daily papers of next day, Thursday 27th, appeared in mourning with Memoirs—the *Cape Times* having some eighteen columns with portrait and maps. The Prime Minister announced a State Funeral. As the news became known, telegrams and cables of sympathy and condolence poured in from all parts of the world, as well as expressions of deep regret and sorrow from all districts of the Colony, irrespectively of political feeling and despite the disturbed and divided state of the country.

The Cape Town City Council met and adjourned after a touching address delivered by the Mayor, his example being followed by all the Municipal Councils in the Peninsula. All public meetings were postponed where time allowed, and when this was not possible they met only to pass votes of condolence and to separate. The principal shops in Cape Town closed at once, whilst preparations for a general mourning began in every direction. It was understood that in certain high quarters in England there was a wish that the remains should be taken to Westminster Abbey; but all rumours on this score were soon set at rest by an announcement of the executors that Mr. Rhodes had left written instructions that he should be buried in the heart of the Matopos, a lonely and almost inaccessible spot, lying some thirty miles S.E. of Bulawayo and about twelve miles from the model farm established by him in this neighbourhood some years since, generally known as "The Huts."

The place chosen was the summit of a kopje close by the scene of the historical Indaba of the native chiefs, which brought to a successful conclusion the Matabele rebellion of 1896. Mr. Rhodes had re-visited this spot two years before with Mr. Herbert Baker, his architect, to whom he indicated the site of his future tomb, and at the same time arranged for the erection of the Alan Wilson Memorial hard by, about a hundred yards below the summit of the hill. Mr. Rhodes had discovered the hill during one of his horseback rambles some three years before, and was struck by its unique character. The hill of granite, crowned by a circle of large boulders, almost suggested human agency, and he had conceived the romantic idea of being buried there. The place is shut in by hills, and inaccessible except through one narrow gorge, whilst the view from the top gives such a beautiful panorama on all sides of the surrounding mountains that Mr. Rhodes called it "A View of the World," since then corrupted to "The World's View."

The next care was to fulfil the instructions in the Will that the tombstone should be covered with "A plain brass plate with the following inscription: 'Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes.'" Again, by a fortunate chance, a brass plate of suitable size and thickness was found in the town, and was polished and engraved in time to be conveyed by the funeral train. Then there was the getting ready of the funeral train itself. It happened that the "Train-de-Luxe," which had been designed by Sir Charles Metcalfe and introduced by Mr. Rhodes to increase the popularity of the Northern journey, had just been fitted out, and was at Salt River, waiting the coming of peace to make its first journey. A staff of workmen were at once employed to equip the carriages suitably for their unexpected purpose.

Still remaining to be arranged was a suitable resting-place for the bier on its journey. The private coach built for the use of the De Beers Directors happening to be in Cape Town instead of its usual resting-place in Kimberley, it was found that by removing a certain number of the fittings a space could be formed to make a small "Chapelle ardente." These alterations, like the others, were accomplished skilfully in the short time at disposal. The complex fittings were removed, and the walls, roof, and floor were hung in thick folds of purple cloth. In the centre a catafalque was erected of teak; at its head a small altar was placed, upon which rested a plain cross and candlesticks. The door was found to be too small to admit the coffin, so a window was fitted with steel rollers, which successfully met the difficulty. The hangings at the sides were arranged as curtains, so that light and ventilation could be admitted when desired. The remaining portion of the coach was arranged for a contingent of the Cape Police, who were selected as watchers during the journey, a task of some responsibility in view of the state of the country through which the train was to pass. The door giving access from the platform was removed, and the opening hung with curtains. The platform itself was closed in, cloth hung, and fitted with seats for the watchers.

Externally the train was draped through its length with black and purple cloth arranged in festoons, caught up with rosettes from the roof, the funeral car itself being covered with black velvet lined with purple silk. It was arranged that this car should be first next to the engine, suggesting the usual funeral procedure, and also symbolising that leadership to the north with which the name of the dead statesman will ever be associated.

Whilst these preparations were being pushed on, arrangements for the funeral itself were being planned and carried out in every direction. The body was placed in the back hall at Groote Schuur, where it remained inaccessible during that day and the following.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGES.
I.	
Illness and death at Muizenberg ; removal of body to Groote Schuur	7-9
II.	
Lying-in-State at Groote Schuur, March 26th to April 2nd ; Removal of body from Groote Schuur to Houses of Parliament - -	10-16
III.	
Cape Town—Second Lying-in-State—Funeral Ceremony, Cape Town [April 2nd and April 3rd] - - - - -	17-32
IV.	
Last journey North : From Cape Town to Kimberley [Thursday, April 3rd, to Saturday, April 5th]—The Rest at Kimberley— Continuation of Journey North to Bulawayo [April 5th to April 8th] - - - - -	33-42
V.	
Arrival at Bulawayo—Procession to Drill Hall—Third Lying-in- State in Drill Hall—First portion of Funeral Service— Departure for Matopos [April 8th and April 9th] - - -	43-50
VI.	
From Bulawayo to the Tomb in the Matopos and final scene [April 9th and April 10th] - - - - -	50-60
VII.	
List of Wreaths - - - - -	61-76
VIII.	
List of Illustrations - - - - -	77-78

PREFACE.

Once in a way the late Poet Laureate dropped into bathos when he wrote of the obsequies of Enoch Arden that the "little port had seldom seen a costlier funeral." The funeral ceremonies of many of the world's princes and potentates have been costlier than those of Cecil Rhodes, but seldom have obsequies been more impressive either in their character, in their attendant circumstances, or in the demonstration of public sentiment of which they were the occasion. When the great statesman died, Cape Town was under Martial Law: South Africa from Beaufort West to Bulawayo was practically one vast battlefield; and the funeral procession had to travel nearly 2,000 miles, largely through country where fighting was in progress. That in these circumstances the arrangements were planned and carried out without a hitch in fifteen days—from the date of decease at Muizenberg to the day of interment in the Matopos—is itself a striking testimony to the mournful ardour the melancholy event inspired. To many who may never have an opportunity of visiting the lonely grave in Rhodesia the details now recorded may serve as a memento of an occasion which stirred all men deeply.

Amongst those who laboured unsparingly to ensure the satisfactory fulfilment of the funeral plan may be mentioned:—

MR. E. F. KILPIN, C.M.G., Clerk of the House of Assembly, who superintended the ceremonies in connection with the Lying-in-State in Cape Town.

MAJOR SYDNEY COWPER, C.M.G., who organised the Funeral Procession in Cape Town.

MR. T. R. PRICE, C.M.G., and **MR. H. M. BEATTY**, C.M.G., who, in their respective capacities as General Manager and Locomotive Superintendent, had charge of railway arrangements from Cape Town to Bulawayo.

MR. MARSHALL HOLE, **MAJOR STRAKER** and **MAJOR LAUGHTON**, of Bulawayo, who organised the ceremonies there.

MR. J. G. McDONALD, of Bulawayo, who was responsible for much of the road-making and preparations of the tomb in the Matopos.

MR. H. B. DOUSLIN, of the Public Works Department, of Southern Rhodesia, who superintended the making of the roads and the cutting out of the tomb.

HON. DR. T. W. SMARTT, M.L.A., then Commissioner of Public Works, who personally superintended the whole of the arrangements from the death-bed to the interment.

MUIZENBERG.

" I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Matopos in Rhodesia, and therefore
" I desire to be buried in the Matopos on the hill which I used to visit and which I called
" the ' View of the World,' in a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the Hill, covered
" with a plain brass plate with these words thereon : ' Here lie the remains of Cecil John
" Rhodes,' and accordingly I direct my Executors at the expense of my estate to take
" all steps and do all things necessary or proper to give effect to this my desire, and after-
" wards to keep my grave in order at the expense of the Matopos and Bulawayo fund
" hereinafter mentioned."

It was to assist in giving effect to the remarkable desire expressed in the above extract from the Will of the deceased that the writer was summoned to Muizenberg soon after the worst had happened, just before six o'clock on the evening of March 26th, 1902.

Rhodes had come from England two months before against the advice of physicians and friends to bear witness in a law case. It was not in him to be vindictive, but he was stung by the duplicity and ingratitude of a pretended friend, and his good name was in the public mouth. So he came, and as it chanced arrived in a season peculiarly adverse to the heart affection from which he had long suffered. We had had an unusually hot and breezeless summer. Rhodes said Groote Schuur suffocated him, and went to his little sea cottage at Muizenberg, where was a perennial wind. But for once the wind had failed. March at Muizenberg is a proverb of health, but this March the intense heat thrown back from mountain and sea hung uncooled by breeze or shower week after week, and Rhodes who had come down to live remained to die.

All that was possible was done to relieve the sufferer, and only a week before the end the doctors actually thought that an effort might be made to get their patient on board the " Saxon " sailing for England. So a room was hastily built on her boat deck, and all was made ready for the move. Had the sky broken for a day or two all might have been well, but it did not, and the " Saxon " steamed away with its deck room empty, leaving the poor patient to gasp out his life in the stuffy seaside cottage.

Stevenson. Silently and reverently the coffin was borne out and placed in the quite plain hearse and we followed—a tiny group with sorrow-stricken hearts. The following Thursday the nation mourned him in a style befitting his greatness and his deeds, and the week after Rhodesia lamented and honoured its founder to the fullest extent, but methinks the man, Cecil Rhodes, so simple despite his greatness, was never more fittingly mourned than that first night by that simple quiet procession homewards. Few persons were abroad, and the one or two we met paid no heed, little dreaming of all that hearse and procession indicated.

“ It was a quarter-past four when we entered the Grange Avenue, and as our silent cortege moved on and took the turn into the last approach, the moon burst forth in fullest splendour, lighting up with silvery brilliancy the feathery pampas grass waving to our right behind the trees. On the steps stood Mr. Le Sueur and Mr. Carter, and without a word we reverently stood aside as the bearers carried the coffin in and placed it on the table in the inner hall. On behalf of his sisters and his aged friend, Mrs. Schreiner, senior, and of loyal South African womanhood generally, I laid two little sprays of white flowers on the coffin. Dr. Jim stepped forward to say we might come later to see his face once more as the coffin had not yet been sealed down; and we withdrew, leaving the great dead alone with the hearts that loved him best.

“ At ten o'clock we returned amidst the most dazzling sunshine and the softest beauty of our beautiful and sunny South African sky and air. I have never seen any other day here or in Italy to surpass it—and oh! it seemed terrible to have him dead when all around was so full of life and beauty, and his lovely home and its surroundings at its very best. Mr. E. R. Syfret, Mr. C. F. Silberbauer and ourselves were permitted to see his body for the last time before the household and relatives bade their good-byes. His face was so beautiful, grand and peaceful, that I yearned that the thousands who loved him could have seen him too, and it seemed a pity to close the coffin up. I placed the little flower tributes which had lain all night on his coffin—wee pioneers of the mighty wealth of flowers that came later on from palace and cot—beside his quiet hands, and Mr. Silberbauer also laid his own Masonic regalia within the coffin. Thus we said the first of the many sad good-byes given him ere he rested in peace at last in the place of his choice, in the quiet Matopos, beyond the reach of the strife of tongues, and alone with God and Nature as he loved in life to be.”

This then was the place to which it was announced the body should be carried, and it was not surprising that at first the project was scarcely seriously discussed as the difficulties in the way seemed almost insurmountable. It had not been possible to embalm the remains, so that there were only as many days available in which to make the arrangements as there should ordinarily have been weeks or even months. That everything in connection with the funeral was carried out with entire success, was only due to the extraordinary efforts made without stint or complaint by all concerned, remotely or intimately, with the arrangements, from the highest to the most humble. The moment Mr. Rhodes's wishes had become known, the preparations began, and were carried on night and day at high pressure. The matter claiming first attention was the work necessary in the Matopos. Here were alone two somewhat formidable problems. There was but a poor road from Bulawayo to "The Huts," a distance of sixteen miles; whilst for the remaining distance from "The Huts" to "World's View" there existed only a rough mountain path. Another difficulty to be faced was how to get the coffin up the smooth granite face of the mountain and to excavate a tomb at a fortnight's notice out of the solid rock. These and many other tasks were handled promptly and in a practical manner. The first thing done was to telegraph to Mr. McDonald, Mr. Rhodes's agent at Bulawayo, instructions to begin at once the making of the road from "The Huts" Farm to the Matopos and the excavation of the tomb on the mountain summit, which instructions were carried out with commendable speed and intelligence. About a thousand natives were at once organised into gangs to cut and form the necessary road, whilst a band of the skilled masons for which Bulawayo is celebrated, were despatched to "The World's View" to hew the resting-place in the mountain.

The next duty was to provide a suitable shell for the remains. It was remembered that Mr. Rhodes had taken a great interest in the development of the Rhodesian timber industry, and had had specimens of "Matabele teak" sent down to Cape Town some little time since to introduce it if possible into the market. The builders of Groote Schuur had by chance preserved a few planks of this wood, and by dint of considerable effort a suitable coffin was constructed within a few days to receive the body. Its proportions were necessarily massive, as it had to enclose not only the remains but three other coffins, namely, a plain teak shell and two of metal; attached to the sides were eight massive handles of beaten brass, with the monogram of the deceased. These were cast, beaten, finished and delivered for fixing within four days of the order being given, the men working night and day.

The coffin was placed on a table, the face towards the North, flanked by six brass candlesticks, and a plain cross at the head. Wreaths, which began to arrive within a few hours of the event, were grouped around, and these soon became so numerous that the hall was entirely filled, leaving only the top of the coffin uncovered.

On Good Friday the papers announced that a public lying-in-state had been arranged for the following day at Groote Schuur, and next morning at an early hour people of all ranks began to make their way to the house to pay their last respects to him who had been their friend and guide. The long avenue of cluster pines which forms the entrance to the grounds was thronged by a moving crowd of mourners, who were admitted by the front entrance in small parties, and slowly passed through the hall where the coffin lay, to the garden entrance opposite. Those who came were estimated to number 10,000 or more, and included legislators, Dutch farmers from the outlying farms, coloured people, Malays, and aboriginal natives, all forming a continuous stream from the opening of the doors at ten in the morning to their closing at dusk.

During Sunday no visitors were admitted to the house, but the following day—Easter Monday—the doors were again thrown open to the public and a scene as remarkable as that described on the previous Saturday was again witnessed, except that an even larger number of people paid their respects. It was a notable demonstration of the popularity enjoyed by the deceased among all classes that not less than 30,000 residents of the Peninsula gave up a considerable portion of their holiday in order to do homage to his memory. There was again that gentle rustle of a moving throng, the only audible sound in the hushed and darkened chamber, and again the people, after passing through, made their way up the mountain he loved so well. There some sat for hours enjoying the shade of the trees and the beautiful effects of the autumn sunlight on the gables and quaint spiral chimneys of the house. No wreaths were laid in the Hall on this day, for there was no available space, except for one touching little tribute which spoke volumes. It consisted of three sprays of oak leaves, and was brought by a member of the original Pioneer Force that had left Kimberley for Mount Hampden, Mashonaland, some twelve years before.

The death chamber being now completely filled with flowers, it was announced that other wreaths would be received at the Houses of Parliament for the second Lying-in-State, which was being arranged for the following Thursday. Next morning the incoming mail boat, *Walmer Castle*, from England brought Colonel Frank Rhodes and Mr. Arthur Rhodes, who had been cabled for when their brother's illness had taken a serious turn, and who had

learnt the news of its fatal termination the previous Sunday afternoon when passing the *Dunolly Castle*. Their arrival removed the only doubt as to the carrying out of the funeral ceremony as announced.

On Wednesday evening, April the 2nd, at half-past six, a service was held in front of the bier, attended by the relatives and intimate friends of the deceased, and conducted by the Rev. Canon Ogilvie as rector of Rondebosch. The coffin was then placed in the outer case, and removed to Cape Town, followed by Colonel Frank Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt (then Commissioner of Public Works), Sir C. Metcalfe, Mr. P. J. Jourdan, Mr. J. Grimmer and Mr. Gordon le Sueur, and escorted by a detachment of the Cape Police, under Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson, C.M.G.

Waiting at the Houses of Parliament were Mr. J. A. Stevens, Secretary of the Chartered Company, and several members of the Staff, a guard of Cape Police, under Captain Neale-Shutte, being drawn up on the steps of the main entrance. The coffin was received by Mr. E. F. Kilpin, C.M.G., as Clerk of the House of which the deceased was a member. Mr. Kilpin remained custodian of the body until it was handed over the next afternoon, to be conveyed to St. George's Cathedral.

During the night a watch was kept by reliefs of Cape Police, one being posted at each corner of the bier with arms reversed. On the coffin was placed the wreath from Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, with those from the Rhodes family, Dr. Jameson and Sir Charles Metcalfe, whilst at the head were two beautiful ones from Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener.

The following account of the journey from Groote Schuur to the House has been contributed by an eye-witness :

“ As Mr. Rhodes never used the suburban trains, but always rode or drove, it was a very common event for him to get into his carriage or cart at Groote Schuur and drive to the Houses of Parliament, and this not only on Parliamentary work, for when he was Prime Minister he had an office in the Colonial Secretary's Department in the basement of the House, where his attendance was very regular. It is easy to picture the burly figure climbing, for preference, on a sun-shiny morning, into a high Cape cart, and to see him seated there with some chosen companion, a little careless in dress, his Cæsar-like head covered with some old, soft hat or any other headgear he might have chanced upon on his way out. But it was a Master's eye that looked from beneath the brim, and the Master's eye was pleased as the cart swung down the avenue, for it dwelt on a scene very lovely and much loved.

“ To-night at Groote Schuur it is just ten o'clock. The South African summer is almost dead ; there is no wind, there is no moon, and even the star-light falls but faintly through the tall and waning oaks. Four vehicles and a mounted escort wait at the foot of the steps, and in that secluded spot no sound is heard but the occasional rattle of accoutrements or the stamp of a horse. Presently, however, there is a movement within ; men pass to and fro with quick and quiet steps, a heavy shuffling is heard, and then for the last time the Master comes through the front door of Groote Schuur, across the chequered stoep and down the familiar steps. His brothers and some most intimate friends follow—he was a man whose hospitable nature delighted in the presence of good friends—and the Empire-builder starts on his last journey to the Houses of Parliament. At a foot pace the procession goes winding down the avenue where during the past few days many thousands of people have trod their way under the nave of lofty firs to render homage to the man they so revered ; thence along the main road, under deep-shadowed trees, over lonely hill-side, past great houses, cottages, factories and streets to Cape Town.

“ All day men had been hurrying to complete the preparation of the large vestibule of the Houses of Parliament for the reception of its most illustrious member, and the Hall, which seven months earlier had been gaily decorated in honour of the heir to the throne, was now plunged into deepest mourning. Governed by the thought of the man for whom they were working, all speech was done in whispers and low tones, as if in the presence of death itself ; the tessellated pavement being now covered with carpet all footsteps were hushed, while the low-hanging drapery of black not only hid all trace of colour but muffled every sound. Black on the portico, black screen at the entrance, black pillars, galleries and walls, and a black bier. High overhead one electrolier served more to intensify the sombre gloom than to illuminate this guest-chamber of the nation ; and from this universal blackness the only relief was in the wreaths and emblems whose white, almost ghastly, shapes gleamed dully through the gloom on walls and screens and catafalque.

“ The remoteness of the place from ordinary traffic, combined with the silence of the surrounding gardens and the midnight hour, produce a peculiar and appropriate stillness. Everything is now ready, and the watchers wait on the steps of the main entrance, a mere handful. Slowly the Southern Cross swings over to the west, and fainter and fainter grow the far-off sounds of the City going early to rest under the restrictions of Martial Law. Then, quite suddenly, and close at hand, comes the slow trampling of many hoofs, and from the darkness of the silent street the leading horsemen loom into view. Instantly the guard turns out, and as the melancholy procession halts within the Parliamentary enclosure,

two rows of riflemen line the steps, and at the request of the chief mourner, the Clerk of the House stands at the head of the stairs to receive and take custody of all that is mortal of Cecil John Rhodes. From the midnight obscurity below, tempered only by star-light and the faint glow of a few half-lit lamps under the portico, the coffin rises into view and, led by the Clerk, is borne to its resting place.

“ For a space of several minutes there follows a period of the most absolute and intense silence, after which Colonel Rhodes turns to leave, and his brothers and all the others follow him out. Then the great outer doors are shut and locked, next the doors between the outer hall and the vestibule, and the body of this leader of men is left alone with its silent guard.

“ Right and left of him are the great empty halls of Parliament ; long empty corridors stretch out in all directions ; above and beneath and all around lie room after room, but all save the guard-room are dark, empty and still. The great building has folded him within its massive walls, and the scene of his work, his triumph and command is now his sepulchre.”

III.

SECOND LYING-IN-STATE AND FUNERAL
CEREMONY.

AT THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Not the least impressive of this day's ceremonies was that which took place at the Houses of Parliament in the early morning, when, as it had been announced, gifts of flowers would be received from the public.

As the Cathedral bell chimed seven, the bearer of the first wreath passed through the main gateway in Parliament Street and tendered it to the attendant at the Vestibule, and from that time until nearly ten o'clock hundreds of citizens and deputies from various institutions and public bodies proceeded on the same mission.

At about half-past nine the Mayor of Cape Town arrived, accompanied by the Town Clerk and the Sergeant-at-Mace, carrying three wreaths, one from the Corporation, the second from the Government Commissioner and Town Council of Johannesburg, and the third from the Mayor and Town Council of Graham's Town.

The official programme reserved the hours between ten and one for those who wished to pay their last respects by a personal visit to the remains ; but for some time prior to this a crowd had gathered in Parliament Street awaiting the time that would admit them, and watching the hands of the clock on the Dutch Reformed Church Tower as they tardily moved round.

The entrance was guarded by Cape Police, whilst the City Police regulated the traffic from the gates. The Entrance Hall, as well as the Portico, was heavily draped with crape, as was the doorway itself. Immediately above this was a beautiful wreath of evergreen, and above that black draping looped with white ribbons and fastened with large white rosettes. The body of the hall and the gallery above were hung with black and purple, arranged so as to cover every embrasure and hide every break in the walls. At the upper end stood a low catafalque, bearing the coffin covered with a silk Union Jack. At its head was a plain brass Cross, and upon the bier itself three wreaths : firstly that sent by H.M. Queen Alexandra, then that from "sorrowing brothers and sisters," and at the

foot the one from Dr. L. S. Jameson—a “tribute of tried friendship.” Below the bier a stand had been erected down the length of the Vestibule, bearing a mass of beautiful flowers. Not only was the table top laden, but the sides were festooned with them, whilst many more were hung round the walls of the Chamber—tributes of affection and regard.

An impressive feature was the military escort mounting guard at the coffin, a trooper of the Cape Police being posted at each corner of the catafalque, standing at ease with arms reversed and head bowed. As the eye took in this historic scene it was bound to rest on these soft drab figures standing out in indistinct relief against the sombre surroundings. When the time arrived, the doors admitted a great concourse of people gathered outside the Houses of Parliament, who filed in solemn silence through the Hall and past the catafalque. There was nothing to break the stillness of the dull, heavy atmosphere but the scarcely perceptible shuffle of feet as the human stream passed onwards and outwards into daylight.

Over the city, from early morning till after the departure of the funeral train for the north, there hung an air of restraint, and during the early hours business was suspended. Many places were draped simply in black, others relieved by white or purple, a few being arranged in the three colours combined. From windows and from flagstuffs, not only along the immediate route of the funeral procession but over all the city, flags hung at half-mast. From an early hour in the morning the main streets were thronged with people intent on taking some part in the ceremony, and some hours before the procession left the Parliament House the streets through which it was to pass were lined by an expectant crowd. At noon many seats were already occupied on balconies and other prominent places. Probably on only one former occasion in its history has Cape Town been so deeply moved by the sense of a common bereavement—that of the death of the late Queen.

THE PROCESSION.

Noon was hardly past before spectators began to collect at the entrances to the Government Avenue. Among the first arrivals were the representatives of the Friendly Societies, who came at 1.30 p.m. They were soon followed by others, and a steady stream of arrivals now kept Major Sydney Cowper and his assistants busy until half-past two o'clock.

The procession was a thoroughly inclusive one—Parliament, the Bar, the Civil Service, the religious and commercial world, the Army and Navy, and educational life all being well represented. Black and khaki were, of course, the predominant colours, but

they were relieved by the dark blue uniforms of the Admiral and his staff, the multi-coloured hoods of the University men, and the red and black robes of the City Councillors. A group which attracted attention was that of the Rhodesian Pioneers, of whom Captain Lyons-Montgomery was in command. Owing, however to the nature of a wound received in the Matabeleland Campaign, he was unable to take part in the procession, Captain Feltham being deputed to take his place. Mr. David Stephen represented Mr. C. D. Rudd and the Directors of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, whilst the "Australasian" was represented by the President, Secretary, and members of the Committee.

The following were the marshals, to whose services reference should be made:—Major Sydney Cowper, C.M.G.; Colonel M. B. Robinson, C.M.G., Cape Police; Lieutenant-Colonel Stanford, V.D., C.T.H.; Lieutenant-Colonel Lawton, C.G.A.; Lieutenant-Colonel Inglesby, V.D., P.A.O.C.A.; Major Lewis, C.M.G.; Major Smith, O.C. 1st C.P.R.; and Major Callcott Stevens, O.C. 3rd C.P.R.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Police Escort.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson and Detachment of Cape Police.

Band of the D.E.O.V.R.

Contingent of the D.E.O.V.R.

Mr. Rhodes's Servants:—Messrs. Carter (Chief Steward), Wm. Jones (butler), Tony (cook), and John (driver).

Chartered Company's Staff:—W. Olive (accountant), H. Goldschmidt (principal clerk), W. A. Beadle, C. C. Thomas, L. Muller and A. E. Buxton (clerks), F. C. Polden (electrician in charge of the funeral train), Edward Lange.

De Beers Cold Storage:—Messrs. A. K. Craven (acting manager), A. Coley (engineer), F. B. Phillips, F. Lange, C. H. Erskine, H. Smythe, A. Smythe, S. A. Lange.

Kimberley.—De Beers Consolidated Mines: Mr. Alpheus Williams (acting general manager), Mr. W. Pickering (secretary), Messrs. C. E. Nind, F. Hirschhorn, C. T. Atkinson (directors), Messrs. Wm. McHardy, Wm. Nichol, S. Dallas, F. Mandy, S. Brown, F. Fenner, C. A. Blackbeard, J. W. Jones, R. Archibald and Jas. Steward; Mr. D. J. Haarhoff (solicitor), Captain T. Tyson (Kimberley Borough Council), the Mayor (Mr. Foley), ex-Mayor (Mr. Oliver, C.M.G.), and Councillor Salisbury (Kimberley Divisional Council);

Mr. W. K. Bradford (Beaconsfield Borough Council), the Mayor (Mr. Pratley), and Councillor Knight; Mr. G. A. L. Green (editor "Diamond-fields Advertiser"); Griqualand West Hebrew Congregation; Mr. Bonas (Kenilworth Club), and Mr. Flynn.

Pipers of the Cape Town Highlanders.

Commanding Officers of Volunteers and Town Guards.

Colonel Cooper, C.B., C.M.G., A.D.C. (Commanding Cape Town District), and Staff, Lieutenant Duff (French's Scouts), Lieutenant R. H. Moir (Canadian M.R.), Captain Vickers and Lieutenant Hopkins (S.A.M.I.F.), Captain Campion (R.T.O.), Captain Morgan (A.P.D.), Captain Baxter (R.T.O.), Captain Cronwright (S.A.M.I.F.), Lieutenant Wishart (Base Depot), Lieutenant-Colonel Newbury (A.P.D.), Major Scott (A.O.D.), Lieutenant-Colonel Fearon (Commanding Depot Battalion, Green Point), Lieutenant-Colonel B. Quill (Commanding Green Point), Captain E. Northey (Commandant, Wynberg), Captain Fielden (1st L.N. Lancs.), Major R. Taylor (Damant's Horse) Captain Knight Bruce (O.C. Imperial Yeomanry), Major Smerdon (A.P.D.), Lieutenant-Colonel Flewell Smith.

Officers of the Departments of Colonial Defence.

Principal Heads of Departments :—Messrs. J. J. Graham, C.M.G. (Secretary to the Law Department), Noel Janisch (Under Colonial Secretary), Dr. A. John Gregory (Medical Officer of Health for the Colony), T. R. Price, C.M.G. (General Manager of Railways), Sir Somerset French, K.C.M.G. (Postmaster-General), J. Rose Innes, Sen., C.M.G., M. Juritz (Acting Surveyor-General), J. R. Gately (Acting Registrar of the Supreme Court), G. W. Reynolds (Master of the Supreme Court), H. le Sueur (Collector of Customs), Henry de Smidt, C.M.G. (Assistant Treasurer), W. Tooke (Agricultural Department), H. R. Horne (Civil Commissioner of the Cape Division), M. J. Jackson (Resident Magistrate of Simon's Town), J. W. R. Russouw (Resident Magistrate of Malmesbury).

Sea Point Municipal Council :—Mr. C. M. Gibbs (Mayor) and Mr. E. J. Moore.

Woodstock Municipal Council :—Mr. W. E. Moore (Mayor), Mr. G. C. Behr (Deputy Mayor), Mr. G. Searle, and Mr. E. S. Smith (Town Clerk).

Mowbray Municipal Council :—Mr. S. Tonkin (Mayor).

Rondebosch Municipal Council :—Mr. J. Jenkinson (Mayor), Messrs. Earp, Andrews and Lewis.

Claremont Municipal Council :—Messrs. T. Louw (Mayor) and J. W. Wood.

Wynberg Municipal Council :—Messrs. Voskule (Mayor), Withinshaw and Calder.

Maitland Village Management Board :—Mr. MacGregor (Chairman).

Muizenberg Municipal Council :—Mr. Scowen (Mayor).

Simon's Town Municipal Council :—Mr. Hugo (Mayor).

Malmesbury :—Mr. Brodziak (Secretary to the Council), Councillor John Steyn, Messrs. Bergh, Van der Westhuyzen (a son of Mr. A. van der Westhuyzen, of Hartebeestefontein), and Jasper Gouws.

Hopefield :—Mr. R. H. Melck.

Cape Town City Council :—Mr. W. Thorne (Mayor), Mr. T. J. O'Reilly, C.M.G. (Deputy Mayor), Councillors C. Matthews, F. L. St. Leger, Cunningham, T. Ball, C.M.G., J. Parker, Johan Jansen, Wyllie, Chas. Lewis, Dr. E. B. Fuller, the Town Clerk (Mr. J. R. Finch), and Sergeant-at-Mace (Mr. Champion).

Band of the Cavalry Depot.

House of Assembly :—Brigadier-General Brabant, C.M.G., Messrs. R. Crosbie, L. Zietsman, Amos Bailey, J. L. M. Brown, Dr. J. H. M. Beck, Messrs. J. T. Molteno, J. D. Cartwright, D. C. de Waal, D. H. W. Wessels, Dr. Smuts, Messrs. W. Runciman, C. Sonnenberg, H. J. Dempers, C. van Zyl, and P. J. Weeber.

THE COFFIN.

Pall Bearers.

Dr. L. S. Jameson, C.B., M.L.A.

Hon. Dr. T. W. Smartt, M.L.A.

Dr. E. S. Stevenson.

Hon. T. L. Graham, K.C., M.L.C.

Pall Bearers.

Right Hon. Sir Gordon Sprigg, P.C., K.C.M.G.,
M.L.A.

Mr. L. L. Michell.

Mr. J. B. Currey.

Sir Charles Metcalfe.

Colonel Frank Rhodes, C.B., D.S.O., Chief Mourner.

Mr. Arthur Rhodes, Major Elmhurst Rhodes, D.S.O., His Excellency the Governor's representative (Major James Deane, Military Secretary), His Excellency the High Commissioner's representative (Colonel Southey, C.B., C.M.G.).

Messrs. J. Grimmer, P. Jourdan, Gordon le Sueur, Rudyard Kipling, Gardner F. Williams, J. A. Stevens, E. R. Syfret, Theo. Schreiner and F. E. Masey.

Executive Council and Judges :—The Hon. Sir John Buchanan, the Hon. John Frost, M.L.A., the Hon. C. Abercrombie Smith, the Hon. J. X. Merriman, M.L.A., the Hon. Sir Henry Juta, K.C., M.L.A., the Hon. Colonel F. Schermbrucker, M.L.A., the Hon. Sir Pieter Faure, K.C.M.G., M.L.A., and the Hon. J. W. Sauer, M.L.A.

Rear-Admiral Moore, C.B., C.M.G., and Staff.

Major-General Sir H. H. Settle, K.C.B., and Staff.

Legislative Council :—The Hon. W. Ross and the Hon. G. D. Smith.

Hon. Sir Bisset Berry, Speaker.

Mr. E. F. Kilpin, C.M.G. (Clerk), Mr. G. R. Hofmeyr (Assistant Clerk), and Mr. J. D. Ensor (Sergeant-at-Arms).

Right Hon. Sir J. H. de Villiers, K.C.M.G. (President), Mr. S. le Sueur (Clerk), Mr. H. B. Clarke (Assistant Clerk), and Hon. R. P. Botha (Black Rod).

Rhodesian Pioneers, 1889–1890 :—Captain Lyons Montgomery, Messrs. C. M. Gie, H. Featherstonehaugh, J. Devine, J. St. Leger, F. Vaisey, W. J. Rowe, P. Forrestall, F. Fredman, G. C. Finch, G. Stadler, C. Cross, C. F. Edmondson, F. Drummond-Hay, L. Hewitt, and Captain L. H. Cherry ; 1891–1892 : J. A. Fraser, G. A. Campbell, R. Taylor, W. Whittaker, Jackson, and Kennedy ; 1893–1896 : Major Ritchie, D.S.O., Captains Drummond-Anderson, Feltham, Chaworth-Musters, Messrs. J. H. Harrington, C. H. Clarke, R. Keeney, H. Jackson, L. Hoffman, and J. Laidlaw.

Colonial Representatives :—Major Pilcher, New Zealand ; Mr. Thirlwell, Tasmania.

Church Representatives :—His Grace the Bishop of Mashonaland, represented by the Rev. W. H. Parkhurst, of Zonnebloem College ; R. C. Bishop Rooney, Revs. W. E. Robertson, R. E. Lamplough, J. S. Moffat, C.M.G., G. Willoughby, J. J. McClure, W. Flint, D.D., J. M. Russell, B.D., W. McIntosh, Dr. Zahn, Vlok, T. Cheeseman, W. Forbes, W. Fairbairn, J. Richardson, G. Robson, A. J. Cook, B.A., B. E. Elderkin, Ezra Nuttall, W. M. Douglas, B.A., H. Cotton, R. Balmforth, A. Pitt, C. Phillips, A. Vine Hall, W. Glasson, J. L. Scott, J. H. Gathercole, Commissioner G. Kilbey (Salvation Army).

Young Men's Christian Association :—Messrs. W. G. Sprigg (General Secretary), W. J. Irwin, F. C. Spiers, H. A. Harris, G. Darroll, J. G. Allis, J. P. de Rot, J. A. McIlwraith, and J. W. Allen.

Representatives of University Council :—Dr. T. Muir, C.M.G., F.R.S., Superintendent General of Education (Vice-Chancellor of the University), Dr. Walker (President of Convocation), Mr. Charles Murray (Secretary of Convocation), Professor W. Thomson (University Registrar), Professor Q. S. Corstorphine, Professor W. Ritchie, Rev. A. P. Bender, Professor H. E. S. Freemantle, Advocate M. Searle, K.C., Mr. J. R. Whitton.

Representatives of South African College Council and Senate :—Professor J. C. Beattie, Professor L. Crawford, Professor C. E. Lewis, Professor W. S. Logeman.

Representative of Diocesan College Council :—Advocate M. Searle, K.C.

Representatives of the Learned Professions.

Chamber of Commerce :—Messrs. J. W. Jagger (President), W. Searle, J. M. Stephen, L. MacLean, R. M. Maxwell, J. W. Herbert, H. Beard, L. Woodhead, J. Yeoman, G. A. Scott, E. B. Garland, Karl Lithman, G. H. Dunn, J. Garlick, W. Abbott, H. G. Legg, H. MacGregor, G. A. Duncan, W. Spilhaus, Murray Walker, E. S. Steytler, G. B. Attwell, J. D. Mansfield, B. Lawrence, J. Jeppe and J. Alf. Ellis (Secretary).

Representatives of the Harbour Board.

South African League :—Cape Town Branch : Messrs. C. Watson, Sen., D. J. Watson, C. A. Owen-Lewis, Dr. Smith, H. E. R. Graham, W. H. Low, W. V. Simkins, J. Skinner, G. Dreyer, C. J. Sibbett, and H. Hartshorn. Woodstock Branch : Messrs. J. J. Atmore, C. Watson, Jun., J. M. Shaw, M. Hamilton, and C. Hutt. Mowbray Branch : Mr. H. Venner. Wynberg No. 1 : Mr. W. Withinshaw. Port Elizabeth : Mr. S. A. Kimber. Stellenbosch : Rev. Mr. Weber, and Mr. H. P. Shepperd. Beaconsfield (Kimberley) : Mr. J. Gibson. Somerset West : J. Abegglen and Rev. J. D. Saunders.

Representatives of the Cape Town Hebrew Congregation.

Band of the Cape Garrison Artillery.

Representatives of Friendly Societies.

Employees from Railway Works, Salt River.

Employees from Dynamite Factory, Somerset West.

Representatives from Employees of De Beers' Mines, Kimberley.

Troop of Peninsula Horse.

Cape Police Escort.

Representatives of the Masonic Lodges.

There was an interesting gathering of Freemasons, about fifty brethren being present, hailing not alone from the Lodges of the Cape Peninsula and nearer Country Districts, but from such far distant spots as Kimberley, Port Elizabeth, and Klerksdorp, an eloquent testimony to the esteem in which the fraternity held their deceased brother. Among the representatives of the Grand Lodge of the Western District of South Africa were Deputy

District Grand Master Bro. E. Notcutt, Past Deputy District Grand Master Bro. J. B. Wheelwright, Past Deputy District Grand Master Bro. G. E. O. Bennett, District Grand Secretary Bro. H. S. Everett, Past Deputy District Grand Senior Deacon Bro. W. E. Goodman, Past District Grand Senior Deacon Bro. T. Crawford, Past Deputy District Grand Assistant Director of Ceremonies Bro. Geo. Nettleship, District Grand Registrar Bro. Thomas Black, and Bro. Bambury, President of the Board of General Purposes. The following is a list of the various Lodges represented, together with the chief officer of each present :—Alfred Milner (Muizenberg), W.M. Bro. Adlem ; Athole Lodge (Kimberley), Bro. B. Meyers ; British Lodge, W.M. Bro. F. L. Knight ; Caledonian Lodge (Port Elizabeth), Bros. B. and E. Wolfe ; Carnarvon Lodge, W.M. Bro. Eeles ; Israel Lodge, W.M. Bro. Jones ; Israel Mark Lodge, W.M. Bro. A. M. Fisher ; Lorne Lodge, Bro. McKay, S.W. ; Metropolitan Lodge, W.M. Bro. H. K. Hillier ; Royal Albert Lodge (Klerksdorp), Bro. H. G. Gabriel ; St. George's Lodge, W.M. Bro. Dr. Stubbs ; St. Patrick's Lodge, W.M. Bro. R. Sandham ; Woodstock Lodge, W.M. Bro. W. M. Harry ; Worcester Lodge, Bro. W. H. Roberts ; Wynberg Lodge, W.M. Bro. M. J. Woods.

Following the Masons were numerous representatives of various friendly societies, Buffaloes, Foresters, Free Gardeners, Odd-Fellows, etc. First came the members of the Royal Ancient Order of Buffaloes. The lodges represented were the "Fountain" and "Good Hope" of Cape Town, the Woodstock Lodge, and the Kimberley Lodge, there being three representatives from the last named. Among the officers of the Grand Lodge present were the Grand President (Charles Rhodes), and Bros. S. H. Marcus, Hyams, L. Hermann, and Solomon. Among the representatives of the Odd-Fellows were the Provincial Grand Master, W. Henry Lawrence, and the Deputy District Grand Master, H. Brewer, together with the Past Grand Master of the London Unit of Odd-Fellows, J. Stringer. Of Foresters there was a good attendance, the Courts represented being Robin Hood (J. T. Paver, Chief Ranger), S.A. Hope (J. W. Smith, Chief Ranger), and the Star of the South.

Five Lodges of Free Gardeners were in evidence, viz., St. Andrew's (R.W.M. G. C. Lee), St. David's (R.W.M. N. Veldman), St. John's, Wynberg (R.W.M. J. A. Herbert), Star of Bethlehem, Rondebosch (R.W.M. H. Avery), Unity (R.W.M. J. A. Brown). Representatives were also present from the Church of England Friendly Society, the St. Paul's Friendly Society, the Hervormde Weldadig Genootschap, while the rear of this section was brought up by members of the Coloured Men's Christian Association.

The Salt River Workmen, marshalled by Mr. J. S. Ford, came next, and following these the workmen from De Beers Explosive Factory at Somerset West. This last gathering mustered over sixty strong, not counting the members of the staff who also took part in the procession elsewhere.

Among the members of the staff were Messrs. W. R. Quinan (General Manager), R. B. Pollitt (Works Manager), Dunn, F. R. Southon, W. L. and W. Knox Little, and A. Prentiss, whilst the workmen included : Messrs. H. Musk, H. Owens, J. C. Brand, C. Gascoigne, R. Robertson, J. McKinley, J. T. Tingle, F. Botting, R. Goodwin and T. Smith.

IN ADDERLEY STREET.

By two o'clock, at which time vehicular traffic had been stopped, every balcony and window was occupied, and the eye glanced over a crowd, the numerical strength of which it was very difficult to gauge, but which must have exceeded 25,000 persons. It was some time after the hour appointed that a movement among the crowd indicated the entry into Adderley Street. As soon as the Mounted Police came in view all heads were bared. The strains of Beethoven's Funeral March, played by the band of the "Duke's," were heard, and to that slow and impressive march the cortege proceeded down the main avenue. It took twenty-two minutes to pass a given point, and the vanguard was some distance up Strand Street before the rearguard had passed the Post Office. Along Strand Street, Burg Street, and Wale Street the pageant passed, and at fifteen minutes past three o'clock Long Cecil's gun carriage, with its honoured load, halted at the Cathedral gates.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Never in its short history, has so moving a ceremony been conducted within the Cathedral walls. The Easter octave which was then passing forbade the draping of churches, so that there were in the building itself no signs of the grief of the community, although the Easter decorations, with their pure white hangings and choice flowers, were appropriate. Some three hundred seats had been reserved for Government officials, Members of Parliament, and the representatives of public bodies throughout South Africa who were taking part in the funeral train. With these exceptions, the seats were fully occupied, and all waited the strains of music from the bands without which were to announce the approach of the procession.

At three o'clock His Excellency the Governor (the Hon. Sir W. F. Hely-Hutchinson, G.C.M.G.), accompanied by Lady Hely-Hutchinson, and attended by Captain Gordon, A.D.C., entered, and took his seat in the Government House pew. A few moments later the strains of Guilmant's Funeral March floated through the Church, and then, after a pause, the organist rendered the "Chorus of Seraphs," the "Andante Pathetica" and Mendelssohn's and Beethoven's Funeral Marches. With the music of the organ and the strains of the bands in the approaching procession the solemn tolling of the Cathedral bell mingled intermittently.

Now the Archbishop, the Clergy, Churchwardens, and Choir filed forth from the Vestry, and proceeded down the nave to the portico to await the arrival of the coffin. Ten minutes later the plaintive notes of Chopin's Funeral March told the congregation that the procession had reached its destination.

Soon the Dean's voice was heard from the portico reading the opening sentences of the Burial Service, as the choir slowly advanced up the nave, followed by the Clergy and the Archbishop. When the procession advanced all eyes turned mournfully to the coffin containing the mortal remains of the dead. At the Cathedral doors it had been removed from the gun carriage to a low bier upon wheels, by means of which it was drawn up the aisle in silence, broken only by the intermittent recitation of the funeral sentences. The coffin itself was covered with three ensigns: the first a beautiful silken one from the Loyal Women's Guild, bearing the inscription "Farewell, Great Heart," the second the Union Jack which was wont to hang in the library at Groote Schuur, and the third, the British South Africa Company's flag, which has long adorned the walls of the same room. Behind walked the chief mourners, the pall bearers, and the Executors.

When the Clergy had reached their places and the mourners taken their seats, the Choir and people took up the triumphant strains of the Easter song:—

" Jesus lives, no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us.
Jesus lives, by this we know
Thou, O grave, cans't not enthrall us.
Alleluia."

Then followed the Psalm "Dixi Custodian," and afterwards the Lesson, read by the Dean. It was taken from 1 Corinthians, xv., 20, "Now is Christ risen from the dead." The anthem was Garret's setting to the words of Revelations, xiv., 13, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

Following upon the anthem came

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS.

His Grace took as his text 2 Samuel, iii., 38, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" "It was," said his Lordship, "the exclamation of David to his servants on the occasion of the death of Abner at the hand of Joab. It is the exclamation of tens of thousands now in every part of the Empire on the occasion of the death

of our fellow-countryman, the determined champion of the Imperial idea, whose body lies in the midst of us to-day, and we may use these words with perfect truth whatever may be our convictions as to certain episodes in his life or certain features in his character, which some wish had been other than they were. *Humanum est errare*. He was not a saint in the accepted meaning of the word, but he never professed to be so. He had his faults, of which he was probably as conscious as anyone, but we desire to-day to take as broad a view of his personality as we can do at this early date, before the lapse of time has put his career and his character into its proper place in the perspective of history. And what do we find? Can words be found more fitly to describe what Cecil Rhodes was to this country and to the Empire of which he was so loyal and devoted a son than these: 'Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel?'

"No one can have failed to have noticed that some of his strongest opponents have come forward openly to bear their testimony to the irreparable loss which our country has sustained through his death. And now his earthly career is at an end; his magnificent purpose indeed but imperfectly fulfilled. 'How little,' as he himself said, 'done, and how much remaining to be done.' One is almost tempted to add, 'and who is there to do it?' Yes, his life has been taken away, and his body lies still and helpless in our midst. 'Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?' And he himself, his own true self, of which his body here was but the shell and casket, has gone, as the meanest, the poorest, simplest must go, to render his account before the Great, the Almighty Judge. Even now perhaps, in this solemn hour, the record of his life, in all its mingled texture of good and evil, is being unrolled before Him. O Lord Jesu, have mercy, by Thy precious blood shedding, by Thine Easter victory, in which death is swallowed up. Jesu, mercy.

"But, my brethren, it is for us who survive to gather up the fragments of his life and character, and ask of ourselves what they have to teach us. And first there was that wonderful breadth of view by which he seemed to be able to take within the compass of his mind wide expanses of statesmanship, so as to become the great Empire-builder of the age. There was nothing small or mean about him. Everything, every project, every enterprise, was on a large scale. In his enthusiastic nature, he was blinder perhaps than most men to the difficulties which must beset the gigantic schemes he was contemplating. But the strong determination, which was another striking feature in his character, and which never allowed him to be daunted, bore him through them and illustrated that advice which he is said to have frequently given: 'Have before you one great idea, one great

object, which is to be accomplished, and then follow it up without interruption, and never give in till you have achieved it. Do not yield to disappointment. You will win in the end, though you may have to wait long for it.' I well remember a conversation I had many years ago with him, in which he said to me (I was in company with the late Sir Sidney Shippard): 'I have been a fortunate man. All rich men have their hobbies.' (This was long before the Chartered Company had been formed.) 'Some collect butterflies or china, and others pictures, and others purchase landed estates or stately mansions, and live like princes there; it has always seemed to me a nobler aim to open out Southern Central Africa to British energy and British colonisation.' That was a remarkable utterance in those days to us, now it seems trite and commonplace enough. But why? Simply because what then seemed to many a dream has now become, through his restlessness, an accomplished fact.

"This certainly we may learn from his public career: to have large, unselfish, patriotic views before us, and not to rest till they are realised. For this example will Cecil Rhodes ever merit the gratitude of the Empire. For this, too, was another feature in his life. His spirit was essentially generous and unselfish, even to his adversaries. I have often heard him speak in the warmest and even in affectionate terms of one who was amongst his most vehement political opponents. Generous to the poor and suffering, open-hearted perhaps to a fault. I know that his benefactions to the sufferers from the war in Mashonaland were on an incredibly large and magnificent scale, for the most part in perfect secrecy. His whole view of wealth and its uses was entirely unselfish. He said to me more than once: 'I have often told my rich friends that they cannot take their riches away with them when they die, and that they would therefore do wisely to make good use of it while they live.' A good use! what was his notion of this? With him wealth was never in itself an ultimate object. It was only valuable because it enabled its owner to contribute to the betterment of humanity, as he called it, to the increase of the sum of human happiness, and, as in his judgment a considerable step towards this, to the expansion and consolidation of the British Empire, to the provision of new markets for British merchandise, and a new country for British Colonists. To him the increase of earthly substance was never anything else than an appeal to greater efforts of a generous patriotism, and of a large-hearted public spirit.

"But men will ask, what about his religion? Why did he pay no attention to its outward observances? What have you to say to this habitual neglect of public worship? How are you going to defend this? I only say: 'I am not going to judge him.' 'To his own Master he standeth or falleth. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?'

'We shall all stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ.' For his own sake and for the sake of others I would fain wish it had been otherwise. This, however, is certain, that it was no absence of religious conviction which kept him away. His whole life belies the idea. For many years he purposed to take Holy Orders, and though circumstances combined to change this purpose, he never parted with his interest in religion or his sense of its necessity for the welfare of a nation. When some young men in his hearing were scoffing at religious things he promptly rebuked them, and peremptorily commanded silence. At Bulawayo he insisted on religious instruction as the only true basis of a liberal education. 'There is,' he said, 'a better thing for South Africa than materialism, and that is religion.' And while discussing in my presence his munificent scheme for a scholarship at the Diocesan College, he laid down the principle distinctly that the most important of all educational features is the formation of character, 'and, of course,' he added, 'the only true ideal of character is our Saviour.'

"In a very serious private conversation with him just before his last illness, when he knew what he must expect, a conversation too sacred to be described here, I was very deeply impressed with his grave sense of the nearness of death and of his duty to make ready for it. Even in the things of religion, the vital importance of a wise use of life's surroundings in life as the only time of preparation for eternity, there are many of us who might, if we only knew his inner life better, have learned a salutary lesson from him.

"Need I say more? Perhaps some may think I have said too much already. I have simply said what I know and what I feel ought to be said. 'Every day,' says a living writer, 'there pass away from us men whose career has not been absolutely satisfactory, but whose lives are marked by many virtues. We cannot tell what is passing in such souls in the moment of death. It is enough to know that they are in the hands of a faithful Creator and of a wise and merciful Father.' In His hands we leave the spirit of Cecil Rhodes to-day; and as we take our last farewell of his mortal frame, we say in the spirit of prayer and of Christian hope, as we think of his spirit in the hidden world beyond the veil:—

" 'There the tears of earth are dried,
 There its hidden things are clear;
 There the work of life is tried
 By a juster Judge than here.
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.' "

The service ended with the funeral hymn, "Now the Labourer's Task is O'er," the officers appointed commencing to remove the coffin to the Cathedral doors as the last two lines of the hymn were being chanted:—

"Father in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

For a moment after the last Amen there was a hush. Then the opening bars of the Dead March from "Saul" burst forth. To its strains the coffin was borne down the aisle and replaced on the gun carriage. The congregation quietly dispersed into the streets, and at a quarter past four, just an hour after its arrival, the procession proceeded on its way to the Railway Station, the Dean and the Clergy following the funeral car.

The Clergy who were present at the Cathedral were:—The Venerable the Archdeacon of the Cape, the Rev. Canon Peters, the Rev. Canon Ogilvie, the Rev. Canon Brooke, the Venerable W. Crisp (Diocesan Secretary), the Revs. J. G. Reid, J. C. H. Brooke (Archbishop's Chaplain), T. Browning, J. Deacon, S. Lavis, O. Hogarth, G. H. R. Fisk, B. Hampden Jones, Alan Williams, Langford Browne, the Chaplain of Norfolk Island, J. Taylor, G. F. Gresley, Father Bull, Father Congreve, W. H. Watkins, J. H. Thwaites, W. O. Jenkins, C. H. R. Higham, A. J. Rendle, W. L. Clementson, T. O. S. Davies, C. F. Atkinson, Rice Thomas, J. P. Legg, M. Sutton, J. Hyndson, M. H. Wood, S. G. Compton, F. B. Moore, P. Macirone, and W. L. Muglestone.

Mr. Barrow-Dowling, F.R.A.M., presided at the organ, and conducted the musical portion of the service, and in such a record as this mention should be made of the Cathedral authorities, especially the Churchwardens, Mr. O. D. Douallier and Mr. C. F. H. Harcombe, for the excellent way in which all the arrangements were made.

THE STATION.

"To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die" was the appropriate inscription over the entrance through which the bier passed on its way to the mortuary chamber which had been prepared for its reception for the journey north.

The platform, like the train itself, was draped in black and purple, and the leading engine carried in front of its bogie a small flagstaff, with the Union Jack hoisted half-mast high.

The composition of the train was as follows :—First the two engines, after the second one being placed the funeral car. Next to this came the Commissioner's saloon, in which were Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt and his secretary, Mr. Hemmens ; then the buffet car, followed by the first Rhodesian sleeping car, in which were Colonel Frank Rhodes, D.S.O., Mr. Arthur Rhodes, Major Elmhurst Rhodes, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Mr. L. L. Michell, and Mr. J. A. Stevens. In the second Rhodesian sleeping car were Messrs. C. E. Hind, Pickering, F. Masey, J. Saxon Mills ("Cape Times"), G. Ralling ("Cape Argus,") the Mayor of Kimberley (Mr. W. H. Foley), Mr. Gordon le Sueur (late private secretary to Mr. Rhodes), and the High Commissioner's representative, who was to join the train at De Aar. In the third were Messrs. Theo. Schreiner, J. Grimmer, P. Jourdan, Duncan, H. A. Oliver, P. Salisbury, T. R. Price, C.M.G. (General Manager of Railways), and Mr. Beatty (Chief Locomotive Superintendent). The remaining coaches included a dining car, guard's van, and a first-class C.G.R. saloon, the entire train being in charge of the General Manager of Railways.

As soon as the coffin was placed in position in the car, a small group of mourners, including the Prime Minister, the members of the Government, and other privileged spectators remained bareheaded, until the signal for the start was given, the mourners accompanying the train got on board, the guard blew the whistle and the procession, none the less funereal in its novel conception, moved slowly off.

IV.

THE JOURNEY.

The appearance of the train with its long line of coaches draped, headed by the car with black velvet and purple silk hangings, was a sight not soon to be forgotten. Even the two black engines seemed to one's fancy to move with muffled sound whilst the long streams of smoke hung like a pall in their wake in the sultry air of the summer afternoon. For some distance through the suburbs, the railway was lined with sightseers, who reverently uncovered as the train passed. One's first impulse was to visit the funeral car racing along under such changed conditions. At the entrance stood two Cape Police with bowed heads, guarding the chamber, which looked both solemn and picturesque in spite of the apparently incongruous conditions. The purple cloth hangings were gathered up tent-like above the louvred lights to the roof, so that the sun which came in through the clear-story filtered a purple shade. The curtains to either side were drawn back, and the afternoon breeze gently stirred the pall and freshened the three wreaths of white flowers which had been alone allowed to be taken from Cape Town.

The folds of the white ensign from the Loyal Women's Guild mingled with the two Union Jacks, and made a beautiful spot of light and colour against the purple cloth walls. On the little *prie dieu* at the head of the chamber stood the cross and candlesticks, whilst for the innumerable floral offerings which greeted the train during its journey a small room adjoining the Mortuary Chamber had been prepared. Beyond this were the directors' sleeping berths, four in number, converted for the time into a combined mess, recreation and sleeping room for the troopers on guard, who made themselves indispensable in a variety of small and unostentatious ways during the tedious journey.

We had scarcely time to change our dusty black clothes and take a much-needed rest when the train ran into Paarl, where for two minutes we were timed to stay. The sight which greeted us was remarkable. The platform was crowded in spite of Martial Law, whilst the overflow lined the roads for some distance beyond. Here were farmers in rusty black or with crape sewn round their well-worn felt hats, mothers with sunburnt sons of various ages, coloured people of every hue and description, farm hands and Malays. At the head of the station a military guard of honour was drawn up with reversed arms, and the train moved

along to its stopping-place to the "Dead March" in "Saul." As soon as we arrived there was a movement towards the mortuary chamber, but in the few brief minutes a very small proportion succeeded in getting even a sight of the coffin. Had the possibility of such a demonstration been foreseen, a longer stay might have been arranged; as it was, there was barely time to hand in the flowers which awaited us. As the last wreath was placed on the pall, the whistle sounded, the officer in command gave the order to salute, the band took up its mournful strain once more and we moved out through the sad-faced groups into the twilight. It was pathetic to see the rows of dusty Cape carts which lined the approaches to the station and to think of the many faithful adherents who had fruitlessly endeavoured to see the last of their friend.

Many of the offerings from Paarl were simple little offerings of wayside flowers from children and coloured people, others bore inscriptions from the Dutch residents, whilst a large number, perhaps significantly, had none. Whilst these were being arranged, the train stopped again at Lady Grey Bridge—a concession for the sake of the employees on Mr. Rhodes's Fruit Farms in the Drakenstein Valley. Here were assembled a group of young fruit farmers, together with a number of their employees, who had come from all parts of the valley to see the last of their chief.

Mr. Pickstone, the manager, emerged from the group with a beautiful wreath from himself and fellow-workers. Then a few more offerings from out-lying farmers, and we had moved off once more. The fruit farmers' wreath was given a place of honour, as it deserved, for the industry opened up in the Drakenstein Valley by the dead man's enterprise will always be remembered as one of the most useful of his achievements. Amongst the scores of officials who had taken part in the ceremonial of that day, the Rhodes Fruit Farmers had been unrepresented; the distance was too great, and they could not be spared from their work, hence the quiet little ceremony we had just witnessed, as significant and touching in its way as anything recorded here.

Wellington was reached shortly before six p.m., the train drawing up to a crowded platform as at Paarl. The band of the District Guard played a funeral march, whilst those who were nearest filed slowly past the coffin. Here was only three minutes' stay, and only a small proportion of those who had assembled obtained a glimpse of the bier. Outside the crowd stood silent and bareheaded until, after receiving a large number more wreaths, we moved off again. At Worcester, where we arrived at about a quarter to ten, a great crowd was assembled. A guard of honour was drawn up as at previous stations, whilst pipers of the Cape Town Highlanders played a dirge, followed by the Dead March.

So many beautiful flowers were received here that it became necessary to store them in the extra room provided, the mortuary chamber itself being entirely filled. After leaving Worcester we turned in till three o'clock a.m., when we slowed down into Matjesfontein and found some friends of the deceased waiting to pay their respects, amongst them being Colonel Crewe. Here a lady, veiled and clad in deep mourning, stepped forward and laid a wreath upon the coffin, after which the train once more moved off into the darkness.

We reached Fraserburg early the following morning, expecting to find no one up, but the platform was thronged with spectators, who during the brief two minutes we were timed to stop, improvised their little procession past the remains. We drew up at Beaufort West soon after nine o'clock a.m. in the midst of a large and respectful crowd bordered by troops in double line with reversed arms. The station was draped in black and purple, and at the far end stood General French and his Staff, who entered the train to pay their respects. Here again were many wreaths, and it became evident that some course would have to be taken with regard to them so as to make room for others.

We now became reminded that we were approaching the seat of war by the appearance of block-houses along the railway line. On passing the first, one was surprised to find the whole of the little guard turned out in file and standing to attention, the soldiers drawn up close to the line, the black and coloured camp followers behind. This demonstration was not, as it turned out, exceptional, but continued during the whole length of the country traversed where these tiny forts had been built, quaintly emphasising the journey's processional aspect. At one block-house a soldier had climbed to the top of the pointed roof where he stood reverently motionless. It was not until we got far North that these attentions ceased, owing to the forts being only in course of erection or lately finished and telephonic communication incomplete. After passing Beaufort nearly all the stations were draped until we reached De Aar, a little evidence of respect for which Mr. Bedggood was responsible, who had charge of the train between these two points. We were now fairly in the war area. At each station the military were well represented, while civilians, except officials, were few and far between, although there was generally a wreath of pretty flowers from the neighbourhood offered by the wife of the stationmaster or of the local commandant. Victoria West Road was passed about one o'clock, and here a large military contingent was drawn up to receive us. The station, like others, was draped, and some ladies offered beautiful wreaths.

Deelfontein, which we made about four p.m., afforded one of the most interesting sights of the pilgrimage. The railway banks were lined with convalescents in their blue suits

interspersed with R.A.M.C. men, nurses with their scarlet and white shoulder gear, soldiers and officers. As we passed very slowly through the lines of varied colour all stood motionless and to attention, the effect being impressive and picturesque. When we reached De Aar an hour later, we found the platform crowded with railway men and their wives and families, in addition to a large number of soldiers. It now began to grow dark, and stories went round concerning the fate which had recently overtaken more than one train in the vicinity. It was not to be expected that the enemy could discriminate in the dark between ours and any other, and the element of danger was felt and provided against in a way which subsequent reports justified. To prevent a mishap a pilot engine ran before the train the whole distance between Cape Town and Mafeking, and in addition to this we found to our satisfaction an armoured train waiting at Modder River, with steam up, to escort us north. It was with an air of relief that we moved slowly past the siding where it awaited us and greeted the rows of bronzed faces peering curiously over the black sides of the mounted batteries. After this if one was inclined to have misgivings as the train after nightfall puffed its way slowly amongst the silent kopjes which rose in places black and sheer from the railway line, he might be reassured to see, on glancing behind, the armoured train in attendance following quietly like a faithful dog at the heels of its master. It was now growing late, and we were due to arrive at Kimberley the following morning, where a clear stage of the somewhat hazardous journey would be safely accomplished. Before reaching there it became necessary to deal with the flowers which had accumulated since we left Cape Town, and the train was stopped at midnight at a spruit with steep banks over which the line passed. Here in the dry bed of the stream the whole of the wreaths were piled up, a tin of paraffine was poured over them, and they were set alight. The flames shot up to a great height, but the position chosen screened us from any risk of attracting attention. When the last embers had smouldered out, we proceeded on our journey, having carefully preserved all cards or ribbons attached to the flowers, these being ultimately laid upon the grave at the World's View.

KIMBERLEY.

Punctually to time (four a.m.) the funeral train reached Kimberley Railway Station. Waiting on the platform were the Acting Mayor (Councillor R. H. Henderson), Councillor A. Bennie, D. W. Greatbach, J. D. Tyson, J. Oats, and H. A. Ziegenbein, with the Acting Town Clerk (Mr. W. W. Alexander), and Colonel Harris, C.M.G., M.L.A. Greetings having been exchanged between the passengers by the funeral train and the little party on the platform, the deputation withdrew. The Mayor (Councillor W. H. Foley, J.P.) and

Councillors H. A. Oliver, C.M.G., and P. Salisbury, as well as Mr. Pickering, who had represented the town at the funeral service in Cape Town, left the train at this stage, and proceeded to their homes. Then ensued a wait until daybreak, during which the final preparations were made for the ceremony to commence at six a.m.

About five a.m. a guard of honour, drawn from the Kimberley Regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Finlayson, C.M.G., filed on to the platform, lining its entire length, whilst the Brigade Band, under Herr Rybinkar, took up position at the south end of the platform (the funeral car being at the north end). In addition to Colonel Finlayson, Captain Bodley, Captain Hollingworth, Captain Harrison, Lieutenant Thurston Ford, and Lieutenant and Adjutant Milne were in attendance.

At an early hour people began to assemble near the De Beers Railway Bridge, the crowd being considerably augmented upon the arrival of trams from Beaconsfield and Kenilworth. A strong body of police, under Captain E. W. Blyth, had been drafted to the Railway Station and its vicinity, and the members of the force marshalled the people as they arrived along the railed-off platform to the right of Florence Road, extending from the bridge to the special entrance to the platform. Long before six o'clock, the hour fixed for the opening of the platform to the public, a large crowd was waiting patiently permission to advance.

At six o'clock the Brigade Band commenced playing the "Dead March," and to the accompaniment of its strains the leading files of the procession passed through the special entrance, along the platform, past the carriages with black and purple trappings, forming the funeral train, to the car at its head, whose windows had been lowered, allowing the massive coffin, surmounted by the Union Jack and wreaths, to be plainly visible. From this point up till ten o'clock the human stream did not cease. During the first hour some 3,500 persons passed the car, while from seven to eight there was no diminution in numbers. In all, it is estimated that from 13,000 to 15,000 persons took part in the proceedings. Amongst the mourners was Njuba, a son of Lobengula, who was educated at the expense of the deceased statesman, and is now in the employ of the De Beers Company, and who came to pay his last tribute to the "great white chief." The children from Nazareth Home also came to pay their childish homage to the dead.

The characteristic feature of the demonstration was a remarkable association and intermingling of all classes with a common object. White and coloured, rich and poor, the most prominent citizens and the humblest passed on side by side to pay their last mark of respect to one who in his lifetime recked little of rank or class, and had made himself

the friend of all. Many brought their children, little ones who were yet old enough to have some more or less intelligent recollection of the siege and its hardships, and were able to recall in their childish way how during these troublous times they had food and shelter provided for them by Mr. Rhodes. One little girl, about six years old, asked her mother : " What shall we do, mamma, when we are hungry, now Mr. Rhodes is dead ? " A native woman who passed down the platform almost alone during a slight pause was wailing audibly. But the mass of the people filed by noiselessly, no one speaking save in whispers. Although the quiet which prevailed as the hours passed, broken by the ever-recurring lament of the funeral music, was oppressive to those whose duties kept them stationary on the scene for any lengthened period, for the spectators in general the time was too short. Soon after ten o'clock the stream of visitors had diminished sufficiently to enable those concerned to carry out one short formal proceeding. This was the presentation of the wreath from the Women of Kimberley, which Mr. T. R. Price had been deputed by the chief mourners to receive on the latter's behalf. A deputation of ladies proceeded to the funeral car where Mr. Price awaited their approach. Near the little group were Colonel Harris, Mr. Theophilus Schreiner, Mr. James Lawrence, M.L.A., Mr. and Mrs. W. Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. I. Grimmer, the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Foley), the ex-Mayor (Mr. H. A. Oliver, C.M.G.) and Mrs. Oliver, Mr. R. H. Henderson, Mr. W. Stevenson (Assistant Traffic Manager), and a few others. The wreath was composed of white roses and pansies, surmounted by a white dove with outspread wings. The stand bore the following words : " Thy will be done " and " With deepest sympathy from the Women of Kimberley."

The Mayor, addressing Mr. Price, asked on behalf of the women of Kimberley to present the wreath as a token of their affectionate remembrance of one who was deeply loved by the whole of the inhabitants of the district, and whose loss was universally and sincerely deplored. Whilst realising that they were only sharing the sorrow of the Empire at Mr. Rhodes's death, he respectfully claimed for Kimberley that theirs was a double sorrow, in that they had lost not only an illustrious statesman and politician, but a friend, ever magnanimous and generous to all classes of the community. There was no need to emphasise the poignancy of their grief, and he would therefore in presenting this wreath simply ask Mr. Price to be good enough to convey to those nearest and dearest the expression of their profound sympathy, together with the hope that they might be strengthened to bear their loss with fortitude.

Mr. Price, in reply, said that it would be a privilege to convey to Colonel Rhodes and his brother, Dr. Jameson, and other members of the funeral party the sympathy and condolence which the Mayor had expressed on behalf of the people of Kimberley and district.

The wreaths from Kimberley residents which had been arranged conveniently on a stand opposite the funeral car, were then handed up, and placed on and around the coffin, completely hiding it from sight.

Preparations were now made for departure. Lord Brooke, who had been deputed to represent the High Commissioner, and Lord Alexander Thynne, representing the Deputy Administrator of the Orange River Colony, joined the train here. At 10.45 a.m., all being ready, the band approached, the word of command was given, and the guard of honour presented arms. Slowly the train moved forward, car and coffin glided out of sight, a wave of the hand, a glimpse of passing faces, and we were out again on the veld northward bound. Rhodes had paid his last visit to Kimberley.

KIMBERLEY TO BULAWAYO.

As we passed through the suburbs the people came out and assembled by the side of the railway to see the last of the train, the natives for some distance out standing in the sunshine immovable and uncovered, as amidst tolling of many bells we steamed past them. At Riverton we found a number of people, and several more wreaths to be placed on the coffin. Near midday the train ran into Windsorton Road, where there was a large crowd from the surrounding river diggings to greet us. There had lately been heavy rain, as could be seen by the muddy appearance of the many hundred diggers who assembled to pay their last respects to an old friend, many having tramped through miles of mud for the purpose. The station was draped in mourning, and a special platform had been constructed, on which a detachment of the Highland Light Infantry and the Windsorton and Klipdam Town Guards were stationed. At the head of the station was a guard of honour of little girls dressed in white, who, with arms full of flowers, strewed them upon the track in front of the slowly approaching train, and we heard that every flower had been gathered from the gardens of the district for the purpose. When we halted several beautiful wreaths were handed on to the car, the one from the diggers by Mrs. Frank Rivas and Miss Tillie Walter. Many a tear was brushed away by a rough hand during the brief ceremony, and then the crowd slowly filed past, until we moved off again.

Now we steamed uphill to Warrenton, where we arrived about 1.30 p.m. Here again was a large assemblage, with a specially-erected platform to hold them, the station prettily hung with black and white, flags flying half-mast, and a nice wreath of dahlias and roses from the Adams family, with the inscription "Gratitude." After leaving

Warrenton, we became aware that we were still in dangerous country, it being reported that the Boers had been seen on the line only a few hours previously. The country's appearance had now become desolate in the extreme, the blackened walls of destroyed cottages and farmhouses and the remains of the dead oxen and horses being the only features which broke its wayside monotony. These were not cheerful accessories, but their depressing influence was counterbalanced by the guards of honour furnished in unending succession by the quaint block-houses which now guarded the line at every half-mile or so. The afternoon was wearing on when we arrived at Taungs, where, besides the Military drawn up to salute the train, were a number of natives sent by the Chief Molala, who was too ill to come in person, to pay respects on his behalf. We learned that the Boers were close to Vryburg, our next stopping-place, and that upon our arrival, which we hoped would be before dark, we should have to rest until the following (Sunday) morning. At four o'clock we moved out of Taungs, and reached Vryburg without mishap about seven. We found the town already sufficiently depressed, apart from our advent, for only a fortnight previously the last of the stragglers had come in, the remnant of Methuen's division, left from the defeat inflicted by De la Rey early in the preceding month near Klerksdorp. There were disquieting rumours of a large force of the enemy in the neighbourhood, and the recent disaster had naturally affected the nerves of the inhabitants, but careful precaution had been taken by the military to prevent any outrage or attack upon the train. Whilst it rested, a cordon of soldiers was drawn round the station and approach, and only those who were well known and having special passes were allowed within it. As soon as we came to a standstill a deputation of citizens, headed by the Mayor, stepped forward with wreaths and other offerings of flowers. Then followed, amongst others, a party of old Rhodesians, headed by Mr. F. B. Cockerell, carrying an anchor made of flowers, inscribed "From Vryburg Rhodesians," the group being introduced by Colonel Vyvyan, who was Brigade Major to Sir F. Carrington during the Matopo Campaign, which ended in the famous Indaba. Amongst others present were Mrs. Hofmeyr, wife of the Magistrate (who brought a wreath), General Maxwell and Staff, and Mrs. Berrange, who presented a beautiful cross of violets on behalf of the Cape Police and garrison, and whose husband, Major Berrange, Commandant of the Cape Police, had been wounded in the recent fight. In spite of the restrictions imposed by the military on the civilian population, a number of other residents had assembled to greet us, who, emerging from the darkness, handed in their flowers which they had brought, then filed silently by the little lighted chapel, and disappeared.

The night was very dark, and there were, of course, no lights allowed to be visible in the town. Nothing broke the silent hours, except occasional words of command issued

in a low voice to an invisible guard, or the impatient champ of a horse's bit, or rattle of grounding arms. Before turning in for the night it was necessary to visit the car and re-arrange the flowers, which filled the chapel, and made it almost impossible to enter. Amongst them the writer found three small black ostrich feather tips, and learnt on inquiry that at one of the previous stations, just before starting, a grizzled old pioneer had stepped forward, and after expressing his regret at being unable to get any flowers for his dead former chief, had plucked three ostrich feather tips from his hat, which he had kept and prized as a memento of the Mashonaland rebellion, and asked that they might be placed on the coffin.

The night passed peacefully, and at daybreak next morning we started for Mafeking, this time preceded by the armoured train. The block-houses had now come to an end, and nothing or little occurred to break the monotony of this part of the journey, except the military salutes at the lonely wayside stations through which we passed.

About two o'clock we sighted Mafeking, where the whole town had apparently assembled to meet us. At the upper end of the platform were the Mayor and Town Clerk and a deputation of townspeople with offerings of flowers. The Guard of Honour was here furnished by the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, the same which assisted to defend Kimberley during the siege, with Colonel Walford and a detachment of the British Bechuanaland Police. Beyond the station the railway was lined by several thousand Baralongs, assembled as a mark of respect by order of Likoko Wessels, the Paramount Chief, who, with another chief, Silas Molimo, was present, whilst on the commonage, the Town Guard was drawn up in civilian dress and bandoliers. The Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Winter) placed a wreath upon the bier together with one from the Corporation, and then others from friends were presented, and the public permitted to view the coffin. The natives, who had kept up an extraordinary chatter amongst themselves, and were evidently much excited, became quiet and silent when their turn came, and filed by with seemly decorum, all baring their heads as they passed, fathers and mothers lifting up their children for a last sight of the white chief. We had now passed the most dangerous part of the journey, and were to proceed onwards at four o'clock, although it was considered advisable to retain the friendly protection of the armoured train for some little distance further. Soon we had passed out again through an avenue of spectators, black and white, and we could now fix our thoughts upon our final destination. We were now steaming through Bechuanaland, and a glorious sunset cast long shadows over the bush veld and gilded the sides of the train as it puffed up the succeeding slopes. When darkness had fallen and we were slowly winding

our way amongst black kopjes, which in places rose almost threateningly above us, it was encouraging to watch the searchlight on the armoured train in front as it shot out its thick beam of light playing inquiringly upon the hills through which we passed. Soon after midnight Mochudi was reached, and at nine o'clock next morning, Magalape. We now felt almost at our journey's end, with only twenty-four hours longer in front of us before reaching Bulawayo.

Monday morning shone bright and clear, and although time hung heavily, the journey so far as external conditions were concerned was pleasant enough, the beautiful rolling grass country through which we passed being at its prime. Our escort now left us, and with it all fear of molestation, for we were well in the north country, with nothing in its peaceful surroundings to remind us of the unhappy war-stricken region which we had lately been passing.

Soon after noon Palapye was reached, where we stopped a short time whilst the small staff brought their humble contributions of regret, and a few hours later we were in Rhodes's own country, reaching Francistown shortly before seven in the evening. A beautiful wreath prepared by the Railway staff was here handed in, and there was also a large gathering of people, including many ladies and children. At the end of the station in the darkness stood a group of natives, who advanced to meet the train, and proved to include a brother and a son of King Khama, with several chiefs, who had travelled many miles to meet the train, in the unavoidable absence of the King himself. This being the border town of Rhodesia, the Cape Police, who had fulfilled their duty as a bodyguard so well throughout the journey, here handed over their charge by arrangement to a detachment of the B.S.A. Police. After leaving Francistown it became necessary to dispose of the enormous number of wreaths which had collected since leaving Kimberley. The same plan was carried out as described previously; the flowers were collected and carefully burnt, the cards and mementoes being preserved.

Early next (Tuesday) morning all on board were astir preparing for the final events. The day dawned with exquisite weather, which we had now got to look upon as a matter of course. About six a.m. we sighted the Matopo highlands, and punctually at nine ran slowly into Bulawayo.

V.

BULAWAYO.

Bulawayo received the remains of the late Mr. Rhodes with reverence and dignity, and in doing so represented the feelings of all Rhodesia. A fairer sunrise, fresh, cool, and sweet, could not have been desired, and in the saddest contrast with Nature's smiles was the sight of the townspeople and representatives assembled at the station. At an early hour the approaches were thronged with mourners, some on foot, some on horses, and others driving.

Picked bodies of the Rhodesian Volunteers paraded at nine o'clock, and formed three sides of a square, from which the public were excluded. Privileged mourners, including pioneers representing the columns of 1890 and 1893, were grouped in the centre of the reserved space, alongside a gun carriage with an escort, at a spot where the funeral chamber was expected to stop. The gun carriage was drawn by a team of mules, with harness braided in black and white. The railings and ropes surrounding the reserved space and all posts and pillars in the station were also draped in black and white, while all flags hung at half-mast.

It was a solemn gathering which awaited the arrival of the funeral train. Conversation was in undertones, and even the chatter of natives about the station and platform was for once stilled. As nine approached, all eyes were turned westward to catch the first glimpse of smoke from the engine above the far-spreading bush. A strange thrill passed through the crowd as the dark object on the horizon grew larger and more distinct, until its outlines were seen, and the funeral train rounded the curve and came fully into view. Slowly and majestically it came up to the platform, and halted where the people of Rhodesia stood with heads bared and bowed in grief at the home-coming. With pale set faces, the Rhodesian troops came to attention, and saluted the remains of their beloved Chief; then, after a moment's pause, at the word of command, eighteen non-commissioned officers of the Rhodesian Volunteers marched forward to the train. Ten sergeants with bared heads then stepped within to remove the coffin, while the troops presented arms. As the window curtains were drawn back, the coffin was displayed lying within, covered with its triple pall of Union Jacks. A volunteer guard of honour stood at the door of the saloon, which was occupied by the funeral party, while four sergeants of the mounted police formed a guard outside the funeral car.

The men within lifted the coffin and gently and reverently slid it out of the window on to the shoulders of their eight comrades. As they rose to their full height and advanced to the gun carriage, the silence was broken by bugles sounding the call, and the troops reversed arms as the coffin was laid in its place. Only three wreaths were brought out of the chamber, Sergeant Crake carrying behind the bier the lovely one from Queen Alexandra. During this ceremony there stood at the head of each mule a Matabele boy dressed in a corduroy uniform, immovable as if carved in ebony.

The procession now moved slowly off to the Drill Hall, with volunteers as escort at the front and rear. Colonel F. Rhodes and Mr. Arthur Rhodes walked immediately behind the body. Then came Dr. L. S. Jameson and Dr. T. W. Smartt ; following whom were Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. L. L. Michell ; next marched Mr. Milton, the Administrator, the Chartered Company's officials, representative Pioneers, the members of the Bulawayo Town Council, Representatives of the Stock Exchange, of De Beers, and of every public body in Rhodesia. Lord Alexander Thynne and Lord Brooke followed the chief mourners, and Colonel Verner, the Commandant, a short distance behind. On its way to the Drill Hall the cortege passed between two lines of silent spectators, and found on arriving, a great assembly on the parade ground in front of the building. Here the mules were outspanned, and a party of Volunteers with ropes drew the gun carriage slowly into the hall, where the coffin was transferred to the catafalque prepared for it in the centre.

The Drill Hall was closed for one hour after the arrival of the coffin, and the interval was spent in arranging the numerous wreaths which had been sent by all ranks, classes, and races throughout Rhodesia, in addition to those which had arrived by the funeral train. Many of the inscriptions attached to the wreaths were full of pathos ; all breathed affection and esteem. Most touching, perhaps, were the bunches of wild flowers gathered from the veld, offerings always dear to Mr. Rhodes's heart. There could be no more touching testimony to the memory of the founder of the country than the sorrow in the hearts of his people, as evidenced by these humble wreaths and the inscriptions attached to them received on that memorable day.

The fine Drill Hall, designed to improve matters military in Rhodesia in the direction Mr. Rhodes himself desired, and by himself inaugurated, symbolised in its unfinished state the life of the great statesman, who now lay in death within the walls. All the afternoon and evening a steady stream of people passed through the building, many moved to deep emotion as they gazed at the silent resting-place of their beloved leader and chief, guarded by Rhodesian troopers, who stood like statues of sorrow round the bier.

The Hall was completely draped with black and white, the centre being occupied by the square black heavily-curtained canopy, beneath which the body rested. The coffin was placed on a daïs some four feet high, the sloping sides of which were buried under beautiful floral offerings. The words "Requiescat in pace" appeared in white letters on the canopy at the head and foot of the coffin, and an electric lamp fixed in the centre of the overhanging canopy illuminated the catafalque, leaving the rest of the hall in suggestive contrast of gloom. Throughout the night the soft light fell on the floral pyramid beneath and dimly showed the forms of the troopers keeping vigil in the quiet hall.

Thus this third lying-in-state came to an end. Each ceremony had had its distinctive features and local colouring, but the same dominant note ran through all, a sincere expression of heartfelt grief for a personal loss. At Groote Schuur, surrounded by his family and intimates; in Cape Town, receiving the official tribute of the state capital and the business world; then the rest in Kimberley, the great industrial centre, for the existence and prosperity of which he was largely responsible; and finally at Bulawayo, amongst his fellow-pioneers and companions, supporters and sympathisers in his northward efforts.

SECOND FUNERAL.

Thursday, April 10, the day fixed for the Bulawayo funeral, opened bright and warm, and threatened a hot and trying noon. Long before daylight visitors had been coming in from all parts, and by almost every description of vehicle, in addition to the large contingent who arrived by the mail train the previous evening.

It was soon evident from the signs of preparation on all sides that Bulawayo had set this day solemnly apart for one event, and one only, and that every other interest, business or pleasure, was to be by general consent suspended. The commercial quarter of the town was draped continuously, and if, owing to natural difficulties, the mourning was of a simple character, it was none the less expressive or appropriate.

The programme of the day's proceedings was thus:—The Drill Hall was to be opened at ten o'clock for those attending the first part of the Funeral Service, to be held at eleven. After this the procession was to pass through the streets of the town and then on the outskirts on to the Matopos road, where it was to break up, and the official funeral was to be regarded as adjourned. The gun carriage, accompanied only by an escort of mounted police, was then to proceed straight to "The Huts," Mr. Rhodes's Matopo farm, there to rest for the night. After this departure, which was reckoned to take place about midday, those of the public who intended to make the final pilgrimage to the Matopos would be allowed to commence their journey.

This programme was carried out with a punctuality and method which conduced as much to the dignity of the proceedings as to the comfort of those taking part. Before ten o'clock a stream of mourners had set out for the Drill Hall, where the arrangements to avoid confusion were excellent. For each of these a well-printed order of proceeding was provided. Long before eleven the place was filled to its utmost capacity, the congregation clad in deep mourning, sitting in silent meditation amid the impressive surroundings. The troops paraded early, and by 10.30 the space outside the Drill Hall presented an aspect of martial strength remarkable in this outpost of the Empire. The route to be taken by the procession was lined by Rhodesian Volunteers, all standing to attention, whilst two troops of the B.S.A. Police stood ready under the command of Colonel Bodle to head the procession round the town. Shortly before eleven o'clock Colonel Rhodes and Dr. Jameson arrived, and took their seats at the foot of the catafalque, near the pulpit, which had been erected for those conducting the service. Soon the clergy and choir entered, including the Right Rev. the Bishop of Mashonaland, assisted by the Rev. J. S. Wimbush and the Rev. J. W. Leary. The choir numbered about fifty voices, and the instrumental music was provided by the band of the B.S.A. Police, who were placed in the rear of the choir, forming three sides of a square, under Bandmaster J. A. Scott, and under whose leadership the music was performed in a faultless manner, and was well taken up by the congregation. The service opened with the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," followed by the opening lines of the Burial Service. Psalm 39 was next chanted, then the Lesson, concluding with the hymn "Now the labourer's task is o'er," this last being beautifully rendered. At the end of the service the Bishop, heading the choir, marched slowly out through the great doors into the sunlight; the rest of the congregation remaining still, with only occasional sounds of sobbing to break the silence. Then a dozen troopers ascended the catafalque, and grasping the coffin by its massive brass handles, slid it quietly along to the gun carriage, already drawn up to receive it. In a few moments all was ready, and the bier was quietly drawn by the troopers harnessed to ropes, out and down the slope into the road, where the mules and attendants were waiting to receive it, all this being done so promptly that the delays so generally associated with public processions were entirely absent. As the gun carriage left the Hall, those taking part in the procession rose and followed in their appointed order. The pall bearers were chosen from the Pioneers of Rhodesia, whilst other members from the Pioneer columns of 1890 and 1893 marched behind. The only wreaths taken in the procession were the three from Groote Schuur, carried behind the coffin by three sergeants. As soon as the silk ensign covering the coffin was seen emerging from the Drill Hall, the order was given to reverse arms, the gun carriage

was harnessed up, the first melancholy notes of Chopin's Funeral March broke the silence, and, with heads bared, the procession moved forward. As soon as the Hall was empty, one of the picturesque old Zeederberg coaches was brought to the door, and the whole of the remaining wreaths were carefully deposited inside for conveyance to the Matopos.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Mounted escort of the B.S.A. Police, consisting of fifty men, under Captain Tomlinson.

A dismounted escort of the Southern Rhodesian Volunteers, 200 strong, under the O.C., Major Macglashan, Captains Cashel, Hook, D.S.O., Ramsay, Taylor, Wallis, Baxendale, Judson, Laughton, Lieutenants Green, Webb, Cooke, and the Rev. Father Barthelemy, S.J.

The Band of the B.S.A. Police, under Bandmaster J. A. Scott.

Members of the Choir of St. John's Church, accompanied by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Mashonaland and the Revs. J. Gillanders, Hallward, J. W. Leary, and J. S. Wimbush.

The body, borne on the gun carriage, on either side of which walked the pall-bearers, consisting of the following 1890 Pioneers :—Colonel Heyman, Lieutenant-Colonel Bodle, C.M.G., Major Forbes, Major Heany, Captain Hoste, Mr. F. A. Purdon, Mr. A. Nicholson, and the following Pioneers of 1893 :—Colonel Napier, C.M.G., Major Hurrell, Mr. W. Honey, Mr. George Grey, Mr. A. G. Hay, Mr. K. B. Gloag, Mr. C. F. Conrath.

Relatives and friends of the deceased :—Colonel Frank Rhodes, Mr. A. M. Rhodes, Mr. Wilson, Dr. L. S. Jameson, Dr. T. W. Smartt (Commissioner of Public Works, Cape Colony), Sir Charles Metcalfe, Mr. L. L. Michell, Mr. J. R. Stevens (Secretary in South Africa to the Chartered Company), Mr. P. Jourdan (Private Secretary to Mr. Rhodes), Mr. G. le Sueur, A.R.M. (formerly Private Secretary to Mr. Rhodes), Mr. Theo. L. Schreiner, Mr. Percy Ross.

Colonel T. E. Verner, C.B. (representing His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief), Mr. W. H. Milton (Administrator of Rhodesia), and Lord Brooke, A.D.C. (representing His Excellency the High Commissioner).

Colonel Chester-Master (representing His Excellency the Governor of Cape Colony), Mr. Ralph Williams, C.M.G. (Resident Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate), Mr. H. J. Taylor (representing the Governor of Natal), and Lord Alexander Thynne (representing His Excellency the Administrator of the Orange River Colony).

Mr. J. G. Kotze (Attorney-General), Sir Thomas Scanlen (Legal Adviser to the Chartered Company), Mr. J. M. Orpen (Surveyor-General)—(all members of the Executive Council of Southern Rhodesia), Colonel Raleigh Gray, Mr. P. Ross Frames and Mr. C. T. Holland (members of the Legislative Council), Mr. Justice Vintcent and Mr. Justice Watermeyer (of the High Court of Southern Rhodesia).

Government officials and heads of departments, including Mr. H. Marshall Hole (Civil Commissioner), Mr. C. H. Tredgold (Solicitor-General), and Mr. E. C. Baxter (Collector of Customs).

Mr. G. D. Bates (Mayor of Salisbury) and Mr. J. Kerr (Mayor of Bulawayo).

Messrs. J. N. Wilson, J. L. Bissett, J. Wightman, G. C. Scaer, J. E. Scott, L. Robinson, and W. R. Paterson (members of the Town Council of Bulawayo).

Mr. H. R. Henderson (representing the Town Council of Kimberley), Mr. W. H. Haddon (representing the Mayor of Cape Town).

Messrs. P. B. S. Wrey (President), G. S. D. Forbes, D.S.O., B. Douglas, Franklin White, H. D. Griffiths, and Lord Ffrench (representing the Bulawayo Chamber of Mines).

Mr. E. A. Begbie (representing the Salisbury Chamber of Mines).

Mr. W. Dempster (President), Mr. G. Johnson and others (representing the Bulawayo Chamber of Commerce).

Messrs. C. W. Villiers, J. M. Macaulay, S. Redrup, S. Goldring, C. R. Tompkins, and E. T. Viret (representing the Bulawayo Stock Exchange).

Representatives of the Rhodesian Landowners' and Farmers' Association.

The following Pioneers of 1890 and 1893 other than the pall-bearers:—Messrs. H. G. Fynn, G. M. Parsons, L. N. Papenfus, P. D. Crewe, Jas. Dawson, W. E. Parkin, J. H. Hulbert, H. H. Williams, H. M. Hamilton, T. Thompson, R. H. Bird, W. Pike, Joe Smith, R. Steward, C. M. White, F. W. Walter, G. S. Blasson, W. Buckley, Pat Fletcher, E. B. Thackwray, A. G. Hiddingham, H. E. Lloyd, W. G. Greene, E. Jessop, J. R. Sikes, H. E. Galt, J. C. Judge, Dr. Vigne-West, and A. J. C. Molyneux.

Colonel Harris, M.L.A., and Mr. I. Grimmer (representing De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.).

Messrs. S. F. Townsend, N. Wilson, J. Kinmont, and Dr. Townsend (representing the Rhodesian Railways, Ltd.).

Mr. J. G. McDonald and others (representing the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Ltd.).

Mr. C. P. J. Coghlan (representing the Kimberley Branch of the South African League).

Representatives of Friendly and other Societies.

The following clergy of other denominations than the Church of England :—Revs. J. G. Aldridge (Congregational), E. H. Jones (Presbyterian), T. H. Groves (Wesleyan), M. I. Cohen (Jewish Community), J. S. Groenewald (Dutch Reformed).

Lieutenant Carsons (Salisbury) and Lieutenant Ogilvie (Umtali), representing the Southern Rhodesian Volunteers, Eastern District.

Captain Munro, Salisbury (representing the B.S.A. Police, No. 3 Division).

Representatives of the Cape Police, No. 2 Division, from Cape Town. Detachment of Southern Rhodesian Volunteers. Major M. Straker, Mr. P. G. Smith (C.C. and R.M., Gwelo), Captain C. Jesser Coope, Mr. L. Lloyd (representing Salisbury Chamber of Commerce), Mr. C. H. Zeederberg, Mr. J. W. Howard, Mr. Jack Grimmer, Mr. T. R. Price (General Manager of the C.G.R.), Mr. H. M. Beatty (Locomotive Superintendent, C.G.R.), Mr. R. A. Hemmens (Private Secretary to the General Manager, C.G.R.), Mr. F. Masey (of Herbert Baker and Masey), Mr. T. Berry (Accountant in the Chartered Company), Mr. C. Wibberley (General Manager of the Mashonaland section of the Rhodesian Railways), Mr. T. B. Hulley (Civil Commissioner of Umtali), Mr. Drew (Native Commissioner of the Victoria District).

The procession was completed by a long train of local residents in vehicles, on horseback, on bicycles, and on foot. Police arrangements had been made to prevent crushing, but the crowd was too serious to be intrusive, and disorderly behaviour was seen nowhere. The procession moved off the Parade-ground past the Convent and down 7th Avenue to Main Street to the monument erected to the memory of those who laid down their lives to establish British rule in Rhodesia. Here the street was lined by the Bulawayo Town Guard, standing picturesquely in their shirt sleeves, reminding one of the early days associated

with the dead pioneer, whose remains were now being borne past his old comrades' monument. In addition to the white people who lined the streets were large numbers of natives, reinforcing the hundreds of Malays, Arabs, and Indians who had gathered at all points to view the procession, and attracted comment by their respectful and decorous behaviour. When it reached the crossing near the Agricultural Hall the procession halted, and the mounted police crossed the line followed by the gun carriage, the rear being brought up by the other half of the detachment. The South Rhodesian Volunteers formed up on either side of the road with arms reversed to allow the bier to pass, and then marched away to the Agricultural Hall. The remainder of the mourners stood watching the disappearing cortege until it was lost to sight in a dip in the road, and then returned the nearest way to town to complete their arrangements for following in the same direction an hour later.

THE FUNERAL TREK.

It was unavoidable that in the conveyance by road of a body of people representing every grade of colonial life, and restricted by the hard facts of the situation to the most limited means of transport, there should be an almost total absence of the uniformity and decorum usually to be found in funeral processions. It was wise, therefore, to allow the coffin with its escort to precede the general public in the trek to the Matopos, which began on Wednesday afternoon after the ceremony in Bulawayo was over. Many minds followed the cortege in the last sad journey through the bush and over the veld to the resting-place for the night at "The Huts" But Rhodesians are accustomed to make the best of any circumstances, and their devotion to their late Chief was not the less sincere because they had to mount, dressed for the field, on anything possessing four wheels or four legs and follow far behind.

To the onlooker the departure and the journey itself constituted one of the strangest phases of the unique ceremonial. With much scrambling and more close packing the coaches were filled, and when all was ready they moved off with a cracking of whips, a shouting of drivers, and a general hubbub more like the breaking of camp with a column on the veld than anything associated with a solemn occasion. Yet despite the good humour with which difficulties and discomforts were met, there was an underlying seriousness that could easily be detected, while the object of the journey lay heavily upon the hearts of all.

Nevertheless, sitting behind those straining mules, with the pistol shots of the long whip echoing right and left, with the lash darting out like a hissing snake to first one leader and then the other, with the sharp 'Hi-hi-hi' of the driver making one marvel at his lung

power and faculty of reiteration, bumping and jolting, swaying and rocking, he must be an unperceptive traveller whose mind is not kept active. And the thought dominant in the minds of all as we put mile after mile behind was that but for Cecil Rhodes the country we now live in would still be wholly depending upon a coach service, and still have its wheels of progress clogged.

Hillside gave us a slight foretaste of the Matopos, but only slight, its tree-sprinkled rocks being on a very minor scale. The eye scanned land on every side waiting for the hand of the farmer, rich in its natural forces, and it was impossible to refrain from speculating upon the vast change to be accomplished here when, under the terms of Mr. Rhodes's will, a railway to the Matopos would not only place pleasanter means of conveyance at the disposal of the public, but tap the resources of the luxuriant Khami valley.

But the sun is now setting, and twinkling fires, right and left, ahead, anticipate the stars. Pilgrims from afar, by every road, are hastening to the shrine in the Matopos, and have reached the point where pickets forbid them to encroach upon the privacy of the dead. The evening meal is being prepared ere the lovely afterglow had faded from the West, and soon round the camp fires there are being told endless anecdotes and personal reminiscences of the man who had played such a great part in their lives and destinies.

On the stoep of Fuller's Hotel, which commands a view of the Matopo Dam, designed by Mr. Rhodes to irrigate the Malema valley, are gathered the official and privileged guests of the Government, many of whom were perhaps never in quarters half so quaint. Bedroom accommodation being exceedingly limited, a large portion of the stoep had been converted into a huge dormitory, and here at a later hour some sixty men sought and found repose.

Reveille at five a.m. sounded as a shock to the town-bred, and a stroll upon the stoep before the sun had risen was a new experience. Breakfast at six; inspan at seven. These were the orders, and they were to be obeyed to the letter. Far abroad on the veld similar bustle was visible, and while the coaches as arranged took the lead on the way to the Matopos, there were few laggards on April 10th, the day that will go down to history.

Bearing to the right we round a kopje and then steer due South, and with a feeling almost of amazement we find we have suddenly left the plain and found the picturesque.

At a signal from an officer commanding the B.S.A. Police picket, our coach halts, and Matabele Wilson, whose outspan was close by, vaults on to the box seat. No better guide, no more cheery companion could be desired. Under his touch the country began to

speak to us of romance and pathos. Some day we shall get him to tell us the story of how in the early days he lived with Lo Bengula, a man who was, as he says, a hundred years before his time. He will tell us, too, of Fairbairn, Phillips, and Usher, of Peterson, Martin, and Dawson, and of many other famous pioneers. There is no conceit about these men. They went through the rough, and it left them Nature's gentlemen.

Before us rise Mr. Fielder's and MacDougall's farms, and those stables to the left, we are told, are the finest in the country. Upon that kopje rising like a tower on the far left lies Umzeligaz, Lo Bengula's father—Umzeligaz, who not only fought Chaka but Dingaan, the foe of the Boers.

Now we come to a stream, tiny enough in the dry season, which forms the dividing line in the geological formation of the neighbourhood. North we have fertile valleys and spreading plains, South we have granite—granite everywhere, peeping here, towering there. In front lies a beautifully wooded homestead under a kopje, the farm of Fairholme. It is well named, and perhaps some day it will be a town. But we have a reminder that stormy days are not long past in the graves of the gallant volunteers who fell in the Matabele war of 1896. In that valley to the right the country is literally covered with gardens. "You can," says Matabele Wilson, "put a plough in and go unchecked for miles."

Castellated kopjes, apparently forming a barrier across the road, now rise in front, but the way had been well engineered, and no serious difficulties presented themselves, although it was observable that the weight of the coaches in passing over the corduroyed portions of the track had caused a sludge on either side. It is evident that midst this granite formation there are immense storages of water underground. For about two miles we saw the famous mopani bush, the favourite browsing for elephants, and then passed into gorges, in which it was a common sight to see trees growing on the top of the rocks with the roots stretching down to the earth. Here we passed natives still marching on "to be at the Baba's grave," their women carrying beer on their heads. All the way ever and anon we came upon boulders perched upon the heights like everlasting monuments of a far gone era, while the sheer walls of the granite formation seemed like the fortresses of a city of the dead.

And so we passed into the solemn grandeur of the Matopos, and realised to the full, right up to the edge of the spot he chose for his grave, how such magnificent, stupendous works of Nature would impress the soul of that man of vast conceptions, sublime ideas, and world-wide sympathies, Cecil John Rhodes.

THE LAST DAY.—THURSDAY, APRIL 10TH.

The mourning party awoke just before daybreak and walking out into the deliciously cool fresh air, found the police already in the summer house, arranging to take up their burden of the previous day. Rhodes, when staying at "The Huts," always rose at daybreak; now as the day dawned he was taking his last ride. As skilfully as they took the gun-carriage up did the strong young policemen lower it down. At the foot of the kopje mules were standing inspanned, word was given, and the procession started with its escort of fifty B.S.A. troopers, Colonel Bodle in command. The road hence to the grave was only a few days old, and we knew it would be slow and difficult travelling with the heavy gun-carriage. This gave the mourners time to rise about half-an-hour later and make a hasty toilet and breakfast before climbing into their carts to take the road into the mountains. Serious and pre-occupied as all must have felt, one could not help sniffing with pleasure the cold, crisp, blue air of the mountains, or deny admiration to the magnificent scenery into which we were driving. On either side rose masses of granite, some with gentle slopes and rounded peaks, others with sharp serrated edges or turreted like a Rhine Castle, the surface rent with huge crevices filled with half tropical vegetation, and with the rising sun tipping range after range with rosy light. Then the road itself was a miracle of enterprise. Until three weeks previously it had been a rough cattle track, but since that time, by the energy of Mr. H. B. Douslin, with the able assistance of Captain Jesser Coope, there was a road strong enough for the passage of the whole city on wheels which successfully tested it later in the day. In some places it went through doubtful ground, and here gangs of natives were ready with felled trees and a foreman to repair and, if necessary, renew the road when the traffic became too much for its endurance. In addition to these precautions provision had been made to control the procession at regular points throughout the route by companies of police stationed at short distances. The officer responsible for the control of everything which passed along the road during the journey was, we found, Major Straker, who deserves the gratitude which was felt towards him by everyone at the close of that trying day.

As we drove on, the road became more difficult, the mountains gradually closing in, and we were told that although the World's View was not in sight, we were now quite close to it. Mr. McDonald related that Mr. Rhodes, returning one morning to breakfast from his ride, described how, whilst in the mountains, he had turned into a by-path and ascended to an eminence commanding a remarkable view. On the top was a crown of

boulders in a circle, and around was a continuous panorama of highland scenery, "the best of it being," added Mr. Rhodes, "that the slope is so gentle as to allow any old lady to walk to the top."

At last the road, winding amongst the mountains, merged in a large, open space. This was the resting-place for wheeled conveyances, and it was here that the whole of the funeral procession which followed us subsequently encamped. The mules dragging the gun-carriage were now out-spanned, and their place taken by twelve placid black oxen. As to how the heavy gun-carriage with its precious and very heavy burden could be decorously and safely hauled up to the summit, many anxious consultations had been held, and at one time the difficulty seemed almost insurmountable. Then somebody suggested oxen, and it was decided to give this method a trial. Safeguards against failure, however, were provided by means of guide ropes attached to either side of the gun carriage, to which teams of police were to be harnessed, in case the task should be too much for the animals' strength, and also by winches, which were erected at various stages of the ascent in case further assistance should be needed.

All being ready, the signal to advance was given, and we started the ascent. First turning sharply to the left, we passed through a narrow defile, and then beheld right in front of us the strange mountain. It was exactly as it had been described, standing with a curiously individual aspect apart from the rest of the mountains and suggestive of the distinction which had fallen on it, of being chosen as the burying-place of the great South African. When the steep parts of ascent really commenced it was hard not to feel a little anxious about the safety of our charge, but the oxen took the strain as quietly as if they were ploughing a furrow, and drew the heavy weight up the slippery slope without a hitch or slip. The police stood by their ropes and the drivers cracked their whips, but both were unnecessary, the fine beasts doing their difficult task with an almost conscious dignity and ease. As we ascended we found several thousands of natives assembled on the mountain slope to witness the ceremony. They had travelled from all parts of the country, and had taken up their position soon after daybreak. As the gun-carriage came into view they rose, and at a simultaneous signal from their chiefs gave the royal salute, which, it was said, had never before been uttered in honour of a white man, and had been last heard at the burial of the great chief Umzeligaz, a celebrated king of the Matabele branch of the Zulus, driven into the mountains by Chaka, who founded the Matabele race, and who by strange coincidence was buried on a neighbouring kopje. After the funeral one of the headmen remarked that there would be no more fighting in Matabeleland, as the two

great Chiefs could meet and peaceably discuss the differences of their peoples. We had now reached the summit of the mountain. The view in every direction was entrancing in outline and colour, and the romantic idea in the realisation of which we had been the instruments was not difficult to understand. The summit is crowned by a circle of large boulders, almost suggesting human agency, and enclosing a space of level, smooth granite, called "The Temple" by the discoverer. In the centre of this had been fashioned the tomb out of the hard and solid granite, hewn to point directly North. In spite of the shortness of the time it had been, by great effort and continual relays of artisans, finished for our arrival. A difficulty had arisen to find a piece of granite of suitable size to form a covering stone, and it was for a time doubtful whether such an one could be procured and prepared in time, when, fortunately, a large slab had been found near the bottom of the hill of nearly the dimensions required. This had been industriously worked and hauled into position, and now lay by the side of the tomb, ready to be rolled over when the final ceremony should be accomplished. Bolted into this slab, under the instructions of the will, was the solid brass plate bearing in plain incised letters the inscription "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes."

When we had arrived at the summit quite early in the morning, the heat was already great, although this was not allowed to hinder us in making the final arrangements for the ceremony, which had been fixed for noon.

The wreath coach now arrived, and the flowers, including all remaining from the journey, had been scarcely unloaded and arranged round the grave for the final ceremony when the distant strains of the music were heard, and far below us was to be seen a thin dark line winding up the mountain path. This was the funeral procession adjourned from Bulawayo which, having re-formed at the foot of the World's View, was now approaching. Whilst we stood watching the slowly moving throng the open space on the summit became gradually filled with spectators, although only those few who fortunately got places in the spaces between the circling boulders, amongst the many hundreds who had trudged to the mountain top, could have witnessed the final act of the obsequies. Standing at the foot of the grave and looking due north there is a gap, flanked by the granite sentinels, so that nothing stands between the light of this great Empire maker and the range of purple hills, which recede in billows of woody upland till they are lost in the blue mists of the great north which he was gradually conquering, not with armies, but by telegraph and railroads.

The procession now drew near, and in a few moments, punctual to the last, arrived at the open space near the grave. First came an escort of the B.S.A. Police, under Colonel Chester-Master and Captain Tomlinson; next the South Rhodesian Volunteers, under Major Macglashan, who, as they came up, formed a half circle on the southern face of the hill. After these the B.S.A.P. Band, followed by the Clergy, with the Bishop of Mashonaland, the latter reciting sentences from the Burial Service as he advanced to the graveside. Behind the Clergy came Colonel Rhodes, Mr. Arthur Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt, Mr. L. L. Michell, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, who took their places on either side of the grave. As the rest of the mourners and the officials taking part in the procession arrived at the summit, they ranged themselves within the stone circle, and when the last had somewhat breathlessly arrived the service at once proceeded. The coffin had been rolled forward, and was suspended by pulleys on sheer legs over the tomb. Two of the three palls had been removed, but the remaining one (the Chartered Company's flag) was allowed to rest upon the coffin, upon which were then laid the wreaths from "The Queen," the "Brothers and Sisters," and "Dr. Jameson," now brown and faded from their long travels. The ceremony opened with the hymn "O God, our help in ages past," followed by the remainder of the Church Burial Service, which was read by the Bishop whilst the heavy coffin was lowered by the rattling chains into the tomb. Then the Bishop, in a clear ringing voice, which reached those on the outskirts of the gathering on the mountain side, delivered a stirring address. As he spoke the blazing heat, the fatigue, and the strange and fantastic surroundings vanished, and with bared heads and moist eyes the congregation stood and listened with rapt attention to his eloquent and manly tribute of Church to State, of Bishop to Layman.

"We have come now," said the preacher, "to the last stage in the great procession of grief—and yet of victory—beginning with the death-bed of our friend and chief at Muizenberg and ending in this final act of solemn sepulchre in the resting-place amidst the lonely reaches of the Matopos, in the heart of the country which he himself founded. Our hearts are too full for words and our grief almost too deep for tears as we face the great solemn mystery of death. But if I can interpret his mind aright, he would at once lift us up in thought from the darkness of the grave and transfigure the mystery of death in the fuller, richer, and greater mystery of life. Life was to him real and intense; it was life and fuller life that he looked for for himself and others. 'Death!' said he to me one day, 'what is death but a passage, a mere drift, through a dark river. It is life and its responsibilities which are the real thing.' We think of him as our friend, loyal and true in his

friendships, generous to his opponents, and forgiving to his enemies. We think of him, too, as the founder of cities, of industries, and of nations, but we realise him most of all as the statesman, far-reaching in his thought, practical in his action, and devoted to the best interests of his country and the world.

“ If I interpret his thought aright, his statesmanship was founded upon three fundamental principles. He firmly believed in the Imperial instinct, but the Empire he desired to found must be based not on force, but on freedom—a freedom, too, that was to be liberty guarded by law and sanctioned and hallowed by religion.

“ Secondly, he was inspired by a marvellous sense of the solidarity of humanity. He lived and thought and worked and fought—aye, it may be said that he died—for the unity of all races in South Africa, and it was to be an unity based not on the mere abstract or sentimental equality of the philosopher or philanthropist, but on the higher, deeper, and broader equality of rights, dependent upon equality of responsibility.

“ Lastly, his mind was suffused and almost overborne by the thought of progress, and this progress was to be based not on the mere animal instinct of unlimited competition, nor on the brute force of the man on the pavement, but on equality of opportunity for all. But these thoughts have been expressed far more worthily in a message which I am privileged to announce to the people of Rhodesia over the grave of our friend, before it is published to the world, from the heart and pen of the prophet poet, Rudyard Kipling.”

The Bishop then read the following poem :—

C. J. R.

(Buried April 10th, 1902.)

When that great Kings return to clay,
 Or Emperors in their pride,
 Grief of a day shall fill a day
 Because its creature died.
 But we, we mourn him not with those
 Whom the mere fates ordain—
 This power that wrought on us and goes
 Back to the power again.

Dreamer devout by vision led
 Beyond our guess or reach,
 The travail of his spirit bred
 Cities in place of speech.
 So huge the all-mastering thought that drove,
 So brief the term allowed—
 Nations, not words, he linked to prove
 His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth
 Across the land he won,
 The granite of the ancient North,
 Great spaces washed with sun.
 There shall he patient make his seat
 (As when the death he dared),
 And there await a people's feet
 In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw
 Splendid and whole arise,
 And unimagined Empires draw
 To council 'neath his skies.
 The immense and brooding spirit still
 Shall quicken and control.
 Living he was the land, and dead
 His soul shall be her soul!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Continuing, the Bishop said :—" With these words we leave our friend and chief at rest in his rocky tomb in God's great Cathedral, with the sapphire vault of heaven above him and the old grey granite wall around him. But as we pass away let us be inspired by one thought and strengthened by one resolution : we will resolve to carry on the work, the foundations of which he laid so well, strenuously and unselfishly doing our duty day by day, each for his ' brethren and all for God.' "

The Bishop's voice ceased, but after a slight pause the sonorous voice commenced again, " As it has pleased Almighty God," etc. When the Bishop got to " Earth to earth," there was none found to sprinkle on the coffin, so a few granite chippings from the tomb were thrown upon the flowers, after which Mr. Michell and Dr. Smartt stepped to the edge and threw in violets. Then there fluttered down the old pioneer's three ostrich feather tips. Some workmen now came forward, and with difficulty rolled the huge granite slab over the tomb. Whilst this was being accomplished, " Now the labourer's task is o'er " was sung ; the Bishop gave the blessing ; the watching natives at a signal from their chiefs arose as one man, and for the second time wailed the royal salute " N'Kosi " ; and all was done.

It was difficult for anyone to look round upon the strange gathering unmoved. There were few ladies and no mourning ; the majority were serious-faced men, a good few of them with the bloom of youth still on their cheeks, wiry miners in their shirt sleeves, traders in tweeds, ministers of nearly all denominations, a sprinkling of khaki, and many grey heads. Among those present I noticed the aged and energetic Zeederberg, the father of Rhodesian coaches, come to pay the last tribute of respect at the grave of the railway pioneer.

THE LAST INDABA.

Three weeks after the funeral in the Matopos another assembly took place on the World's View. Colonel Rhodes, accompanied by Mr. H. J. Taylor, Chief Native Commissioner, and Mr. H. M. Jackson, of the Matopo District, met by arrangement the principal Matabele chiefs at his brother's grave.

The chiefs appeared in state, and saluted the Colonel with profound respect. It was a remarkable sight and a strange contrast to all that had preceded. The chiefs regarded the grave with reverential awe. There in his tomb lay their great " Baba " (Father), and now the brother of the " Baba " had come to ask them to watch over the home of his spirit.

Colonel Rhodes, addressing the chiefs through an interpreter, said that his brother had formerly decided to be buried near the ruins of Zimbabwe ; but he had learned to love this country and the inhabitants so much that he had changed his mind, and given directions that he was to be laid to rest in the Matopos.

“ And as a proof,” continued Colonel Rhodes, speaking with feeling, “ that I know the white man and the Matabele will be brothers and friends for ever, I leave my brother’s grave in your hands. I charge you to hand down this sacred trust to your sons that come after you from generation to generation and I know if you do this my brother will be pleased.”

Then the leaders amongst the chiefs advanced, and in their own tongue spoke eloquently of their love for the Great White Chief and of the honour paid to them in asking them to keep watch over his remains. They were glad to know that his spirit was with them in the Matopos, and they and their children’s children would keep their sacred trust.

Colonel Frank Rhodes, C.B., D.S.O., telegraphed from Government House, Bulawayo, on April 12th, 1902, to Dr. Smartt, Commissioner of Public Works :—“ My Dear Smartt,— Would you convey to all those in your department the grateful thanks of my family. My brother Arthur and myself feel that those who thought out the difficult details of his last journey knew and loved him well.”

VII.

LIST OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL WREATHS RECEIVED.

Adams Family (Warrenton).
Agricultural Show, Chairman and Committee W.P.
Aitkenson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss.
Aldridge, Chas.
Alma Cricket Club.
Anonymous Flowers.
Anonymous Wreaths.
Appolo University Lodge, Oxford.
Arderne, Mr. and Mrs. H. M.
Argus Co., Directors of.
Argus Co., Staff.
Aus den Deutschen Gemeinde.
Australian Association.
Australians, Salisbury.
Aliwal North, Mayor and Council.
Agricultural Department, Officers.
Attorney-General's Department, Officers.
Augustine, Xavier.
Bailey, Abe.
Bailey, Amos.
Bailey, Cecil.
Baker and Masey and Staff, H.
Bandmaster Worcester Town Guard.
Banks, T.
Barnato Bros.
Bedford, Tribute from.
Beira and Mashonaland Railways, Staff of.
Beit, A.
Benardhi Family and Mrs. Loubser.
Bevene, Messrs.
Birkenruth, E.
Black, Mr. and Mrs. P. A.

Bosman, Mr. and Mrs. P.
 B.S.A. Company, Directors of.
 „ Cape Town Staff.
 „ London Office.
 Brothers and Sisters.
 Brown, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. S.
 „ Miss Flora.
 Bucknall Bros.
 Bud of Hope Lodge (Oddfellows).
 Bulawayo Lodge.
 Bulawayo, Zambesi, A. W. and C. J. R. Lodges.
 Burmester, Mr. and Mrs. H. A.
 Bulawayo, Mayor and People of.
 „ Club, Members of.
 „ Bar, Members of the.
 „ Memorial Hospital.
 „ Officials Native Department.
 „ Pioneers of Police.
 „ Presbyterian Church.
 „ Rhodesian Chamber of Mines.
 Beaufort West, the Rectory.
 Beaconsfield, S.A.L.
 „ Women of.
 C.G.R., General Manager and Staff.
 C.G.R., District Engineer and Staff.
 Cape Town Irish Association.
 Cape Town, Public Works Department.
 Cape Town, Mayor and Corporation of.
 City Club, Members of the.
 Cape Divisional Council, Members and Staff.
 Civil Service Club, Members of.
 Claremont, Municipality of.
 C. T. Highlanders, O.C. and Officers.
 Cape of Good Hope Peninsula Volunteers, O.C. and Officers.
 C. G. Artillery, O.C. and Officers.

Colonial Secretary's Department, Cape Town Officers.
 C. C. Forces No. 2, O. C. and Officers.
 C. Police, No. 3, O.C. and Officers.
 Cornwall and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Moses.
 Cape Colony, Governor of, and Lady Hely-Hutchinson.
 Crescent and Matabele Mines and Land Co.
 Civil Servants of Bulawayo and Salisbury.
 Cecil Rhodes Lodge.
 Creene, P. O. and R. H., Bulawayo.
 Compound Employees No. 3.
 Ceres, L. W. Guild.
 C. C. Pharmaceutical Society.
 Cold Storage Co., Ltd., S.A. and Australian.
 Cape of Good Hope, University of the.
 Colequin Orielense.
 Cape Colonial Forces.
 Cavanagh, Mr. and Mrs.
 Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs.
 Currey, Cecil Maude.
 Chamber of Commerce, C. T.
 ,, ,, Bulawayo.
 Coaten, Mr. and Mrs. B.
 Cycling Union, C.C.A.A.
 Currey, Mr. and Mrs. J. B.
 Coaten, Mr. J. H.
 Coghlan, Mrs., Senr.
 Coghlan, Mr., Mrs. and Miss J. J.
 Congregational Indian Society.
 Chatfield and Family, Mrs.
 Children's Gift.
 Clifford, Captain.
 Carre, Dr.
 Chetty, Mr. S. S.
 De Beers Explosive Works.
 ,, Cold Storage, Cape Town.

De Beers Cold Storage, Woodstock.
 " " Kimberley, Manager and Staff.
 " " " Secretary and Staff.
 " " " Directors of.
 " Convict Station.
 Diamond Fields Scottish Association.
 " " Artillery, O.C. and N.C.O.'s.
 " " " Officers and Men.
 " Department, Valuator and Staff.
 Diamond Fields Advertiser, Director, Editor and Staff.
 District Grand Lodge, Western Division.
 " " " Transvaal Master Freemasons.
 " " " Master Masons.
 Dickson, F., Beaufort West.
 Dutch Reformed Church, Bulawayo.
 Daniel's Kuil, Inhabitants of.
 Dordrecht, Inhabitants of.
 Damont's Horse, Officers and men.
 Diocesan College Council.
 " " Students.
 Doyle, Dennis.
 Dormer, Francis J.
 Deary, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil.
 De Waal, D. C.
 De la Curz, Mr. and Mrs.
 De Villiers, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 Desmore, A.
 Domingo, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel.

 Eckstein, Mrs. C.
 England, Lieutenant and Mrs.
 East London, Town and District of.
 Erlanger, Baron Emile.
 Ebert, Ernest.
 Empire Lodge Freemasons, London.

Engcobo, Inhabitants of.
 Ebdon, Hon. A.
 Fox, H. Wilson.
 Fox-Smith, Mr. and Mrs.
 Faure, Sir P. and Lady.
 Fremantle, Mr. and Mrs.
 Flynn, Mr. and Mrs.
 Forrest and Co.
 Faure, Cecil.
 Fox, Sir Douglas.
 Faure, Mrs. J. A.
 Forest Department, Cape Town.
 Featherstonehaugh, H. W.
 Falk and Family, M. S.
 Farquhar, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 Finlayson, Colonel and Mrs.
 „ Bobby, May and Will.
 Fuller, Mr. and Mrs., Laingsburg.
 Francistown Station Staff.
 Fairbridge, W. E., Salisbury.
 Frames, M.L.C., P.R., Bulawayo.

Grahamstown, Mayor and Town Council.
 Green and Sea Point, Mayor and Councillors.
 G.P.O., Metropolitan District.
 Groote Schuur, Servants of.
 Griqualand West Board of Executors, Chairman, Directors and Staff.
 Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs., Laingsburg.
 Gwelo Lodge.
 Gwelo, A Pioneer Lady of.
 Gold Fields, Directors of Consolidated.
 „ „ Staff of Consolidated.
 „ „ Bulawayo, Staff of Consolidated.
 G.P.O. Engineering Branch.
 Groot Drakenstein Fruit Farms, Manager and Staff.

Griqualand West Hebrew Congregation.
 Griqualand West Poultry, Pigeon and Cage Bird Club.
 Griquatown, Inhabitants of.
 Gamble, Mr. Lee.
 Goold-Adams, Major
 Goertz, Mr. and Mrs. A. M.
 Gibson, J. W. and A. S.
 Grimmer, Mr. and Mrs. I.
 Gourlay, Mr., Mrs. and Miss.
 Graham, M.L.C., Mr. and Mrs. T.
 Gunder, Mr. and Mrs.
 Grimmer, J. R.
 Gibson, J. A.

 Hill, Mr. and Mrs. J. A.
 Heyman, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs.
 Heany, Maurice.
 Hull and Family, G. H.
 Harris, Dr. Rutherford.
 Hazel, Cecil.
 Hofmeyr.
 Haarhoff, Mr. and Mrs. D. J.
 Hirsch and Co., L.
 Herman, M. and Knocker, M.
 Harris, Mr. and Mrs. V.
 Hull, G. H.
 Hull, H. M. and E. McIntyre.
 Harford, C. J.
 Helmore, Mr. and Mrs.
 Hebrew Orthodox Congregation, near Cape Town.
 Heyneman, A., Beaufort West.
 Hazell, C. J. A., Bulawayo.
 Hirschler, Bulawayo.
 H.M. Customs, Outdoor Officers.
 House of Assembly, Speaker, Members and Officers of.

Indian Population of Bulawayo.
 Indwe Railway Co.
 Isaacs, Messrs. D.
 Indian British Subjects.
 Indian Star Charitable Society.
 Indian Political Society.
 Indian Women of Kimberley.
 Irish United League.
 Immigration Society, S.A.
 Irishmen of Kimberley.

 Johannesburg, Government, Commissioner and Town Council.
 Jagersfontein Co., Directors of.
 Jameson, Dr. L. S.
 Juta, Sir H. and Lady.
 Jones, J. F.
 Jones, J. M.
 Jeppe, Julius.
 Jansen, Mr. and Mrs. Johan.
 Jackson and Family, R. G.
 Jourdan, P.
 Joubert, Misses.
 Joubert, Mrs. E. J.
 Jewish Community, Bulawayo.
 Johannesburg, Old Rhodesians.

 Kalk Bay and Muizenberg Town Guard.
 Kimberley Floors.
 „ Regiment, O.C. and Officers.
 „ and Beaconsfield, Resident Magistrate and Staff at.
 „ Residents of Kenilworth.
 „ Residents of.
 „ Waterworks.
 „ Women of.
 „ Council and Committee.
 „ Chamber of Commerce.

Kimberley Chairman and Members of Divisional Council.

- „ Six Children.
- „ Mine Floors, Employees.
- „ Assistant Traffic Manager and Staff.
- „ Club, Committee of.
- „ Musical Association.
- „ Representatives Diamond Association.
- „ Jewish Benevolent Society.
- „ Hospital Board.
- „ Public Gardens.
- „ „ Library.
- „ High Schools.
- „ Gardens Lawn Tennis Club.

Kleyn, W. R.

Kellsey, Mrs. M.

Knysna, Mayor and Councillors.

K.O.S.B., O.C. and Officers.

Kei Road and District, Inhabitants of.

Kohler, Mr. and Mrs. C

Klipdam, Constituents.

Kilpin, Mr. and Mrs.

Kipling, Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard.

Kitchener, General Lord.

Licensed Victuallers' Association, C. T. and W. P.

Le Sueur, Mr. and Mrs. H.

Le Sueur, Gordon.

Landowners' Farm Association.

Logan, J. D.

Lenz, Otto.

Lategan, Mr. and Mrs. A. J.

Lange, Mr. and Mrs.

Lange, Cecil.

Lange, Judge and Mrs.

Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. J.

Logan and Family, Mr. and Mrs. J. D.

Londery, Theresa.

Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. S.

Lane, J.

Le Sueur, Mr. and Mrs. J.

Livingstone, Captain.

Lisar, Mr. and Mrs.

Lawrence, C. J. R.

Legislative Council, President and Members of.

Milner Masonic Lodge, Alfred.

Manufacturers' Association, Eastern Province.

Matabeleland, Government Office.

Mashonaland, Irish Association.

„ Agency, Directors of.

„ Farmers' Association.

„ Division, O.C. and Officers B.S.A. Police.

„ and Matabeleland Pioneer Residents in 1890.

Mowbray, Mayor and People of.

Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. A.

Marks, Mr. and Mrs. S.

Malder, Mrs.

Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Macguire, Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort.

Muizenberg and Kalk Bay, Mayor and Councillors.

Maitland Municipality.

Mafeking, Mayor and Mayoress.

Mountain Club, Members of.

Millin, Mr. and Mrs. W. H.

Metcalfe, Sir Charles.

Matabeleland, Members of (two elected).

Melsetter, Magistrate of.

Mostert, Misses.

Millar, W. G.

Mosenthal, H.

Mosenthal and Co., A., Port Elizabeth.
 Mosenthal and Co., London.
 Moodie, Mr. and Mrs. C.
 Marais, H.
 McNish, Mr. and Mrs.
 Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs.
 Munro, Mr. and Mrs. E.
 Maxwell, Lady.
 Miles, Miss.
 Marsh, Miss and Mrs. Groenwald.
 Malmesbury Friends.
 MacLean, Mr. and Mrs., Laingsburg.
 MacDonald, J. G., Bulawayo.

 Natal, Government and People of.
 New Zealand, Government and People of.
 Nicholson, Col.

 Oates, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 O'Flaherty, Mr. and Mrs. A. J.
 O.R.C. Government Officials.
 Ormonde, Marchioness of.
 Orpen, J. M.
 Orr and Family, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 Owl Club.

 Pope, Mr. and Mrs., Laingsburg.
 Prisoners of War, Two
 Paarl Vigilance Association.
 Poultry Association, W.P.
 Public Works and Staff, Commissioners of.
 Paarl Huguenot Seminary.
 „ L. W. Guild of.
 Port Elizabeth, Mayor and People of.
 Pennant, Mr. and Mrs. A. D.
 Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. H.

Pickering, Mr. and Mrs.
 Pauling, J.
 Pauling and Co.
 Pentz, Mr. and Mrs.
 Powell, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 Powell, Misses and Miss Rutter.
 Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 Piers, Mr. and Mrs. Rumbold.
 Picket and Family, Mrs.
 Peters, Mrs. E. and Miss Jennings.
 Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 QUEEN, HER MAJESTY THE
 Quentrall, Captain.
 R.A.O.B. Fountain Grand Lodge.
 Rhodesia, Globe and Phoenix Gold Mining Company of.
 „ O.C. and Officers B.S.A. Police.
 „ Pharmaceutical Society.
 „ Administrator of.
 „ Civil Servants of.
 „ Railways, Staff of.
 „ Administrator and Staff of N.W.
 „ Pioneers and Police, Old.
 „ Exploration Co.
 „ Pioneers, 15 original (Vryburg).
 „ Northern.
 Rondebosch, Municipal Council of.
 Russ, Mr. and Mrs. C. D.
 Reunert, Theodore.
 Rondebosch Town Guard.
 Royal Colonial Institute.
 Ross and Co., R. M.
 Rainer, Mr. and Mrs.
 Robertson, Children of late W.
 Romilly, Lord and Lady.

Ross, Mr. and Mrs. W.
 Ryder, Mrs.
 Reid and Co., A. B.
 Reid and Co., Employees of.
 Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon.
 Rudd, Mr. and Mrs. H. P.
 Reynolds, Mr.
 Rondebosch Club.
 Rose-Innes, Mr. and Mrs. A., Beaufort West.
 Rice Family, Beaufort West.
 R.A.O.B., Good Hope Lodge.
 S.A.L., Port Elizabeth.
 „ Plumstead and Diep River.
 „ Wynberg, Coloured Branch.
 „ Mowbray.
 „ A Member of.
 „ Kimberley.
 „ Central Executive.
 „ Cape Town Branch.
 „ Claremont.
 „ Woodstock.
 South African College.
 Standard Bank, Cape Town.
 „ „ „ „ Staff of.
 „ „ Beaufort West.
 Salisbury, Caledonian Society.
 „ Kerkeraad D.R. Church.
 „ Mayor and Town Council.
 „ Club, Members of.
 „ New Zealanders of.
 „ Rhodesia, Chamber of Mines.
 „ Rhodesian Scientific Association.
 „ Rhodesian Lodge of Freemasons.
 Simonstown Branch, L.W. Guild.

Simonstown, Royal Alfred Masonic Lodge.
 „ Officers and Men R.A.M. Lodge.
 South Africa, L.W. Guild of.
 St. Michael's Home, Nurses.
 Scott's Railway Guards, O.C. and Officers.
 S.R.V., Officers and Men.
 Stevens, J. A.
 Scholtz, Mrs.
 Smartt, Dr. and Mrs.
 Settle, General.
 Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. R. S.
 "S.A. Review."
 Seldon and Family, M. P.
 Schönland, Mr. and Mrs. M.
 Schilling and Family, Mrs.
 Smedley, M.
 Sedgwick and Co., Staff.
 Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. J.
 Sampson, Mr. and Mrs. Victor.
 Samy, V.
 Susman, Jacobs and Co.
 Schuler, Mr. and Mrs. H.
 Solomon and Family, S.
 Symonds, Dr. and Mrs.
 Simonstown Town Council.
 Schermbrucker, Col.
 Schreiner, T. and Mrs. K. H. R. Stuart.
 Stutterheim Farmers Association.
 Stewart-Neave and Family, Mr. and Mrs.
 Smith, M.L.A., Hon. J. D.
 Sonnenberg, M.L.A., Mr. and Mrs. C.
 Sisters of Nazareth.
 Stockenström, Sir H. and Lady.
 Schreiner, W. P.
 Sadler, Major Hayes.

Syfret, E. R.
 St. George's Orphanage, Children of.
 Solomon and Montague.
 Sapte, Major.
 Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. E.
 Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. C.
 St. Leger, Mr. and Mrs.
 Silberbauer, Mr. and Mrs. C. F.
 Struben, Mr. and Mrs. H. W.

Table Bay Harbour Board, Resident Engineer and Staff.
 Tapscott, Mr. and Mrs.
 Tarkastad, Friends at.
 Tyson, T.
 Tanganyika Admirers.
 Thompson, Mr. and Mrs.
 Tapscott, Daisy and Cecil.
 Tailor, An Old.
 Telegraph Office Staff, General.

Umtali, Chairman and Members Sanitary Board.
 „ Manica Lodge.
 Uitenhage, Mayor and People of.

Vigilance Committee, S.A.
 Victoria Mounted Rifles.
 Van Breda and Family, G. H. and Mrs.
 Van Reenen, Mr. and Mrs.
 Von Berger, Mrs.
 Von Ludwig, A. M.
 Van der Spuy, Mr. and Mrs.
 Van Eyk, Mr. and Mrs.
 Van Eyk, Eileen.
 Vryburg, Cape Police and Garrison.
 „ Municipality of.

Warrenton, Friends, etc.
 Windsorton, Diggers and Old Friends.
 „ and Wedley, People of.
 Worcester, Inhabitants of.
 „ L.W. Guild of.
 „ Vigilance Committee.
 West Australia, Governor of.
 Wellington, Huguenot College.
 „ L.W. Guild of.
 Wellington Town Guard.
 Wynberg, Mayor, Councillors and Inhabitants of.
 Woodstock, Municipal Council.
 „ Presbyterian Church.
 Willoughby, Consolidated Company.
 Weil, Sam.
 Weil, Julius.
 „ B. B.
 „ M.
 „ Mr. and Mrs. Julius.
 Wykeham, Mr. and Mrs., and Miss Phillips.
 Walton, M.L.A., E. H.
 Wills, E. R.
 Western Tanning and Boot Co.
 W.P.F. Association.
 W.P.A. Society.
 Weber, L.
 W. D. and M. J.
 Wernher, Beit and Co.
 Wrey, P. B. S.
 White, Hon. F.
 Williams, R.
 „ G. F.
 „ W.G.D. Coloured Lodge, Wynberg.
 „ Mr. and Mrs. H.
 „ and Co., Bulawayo.

Wilson Lodge, Alan.
Webber, Mrs. and Grace.
Weston, Grace.

Yeoman, W. F.

Zietsman, Mr. and Mrs.
Zonnebloem Native College.

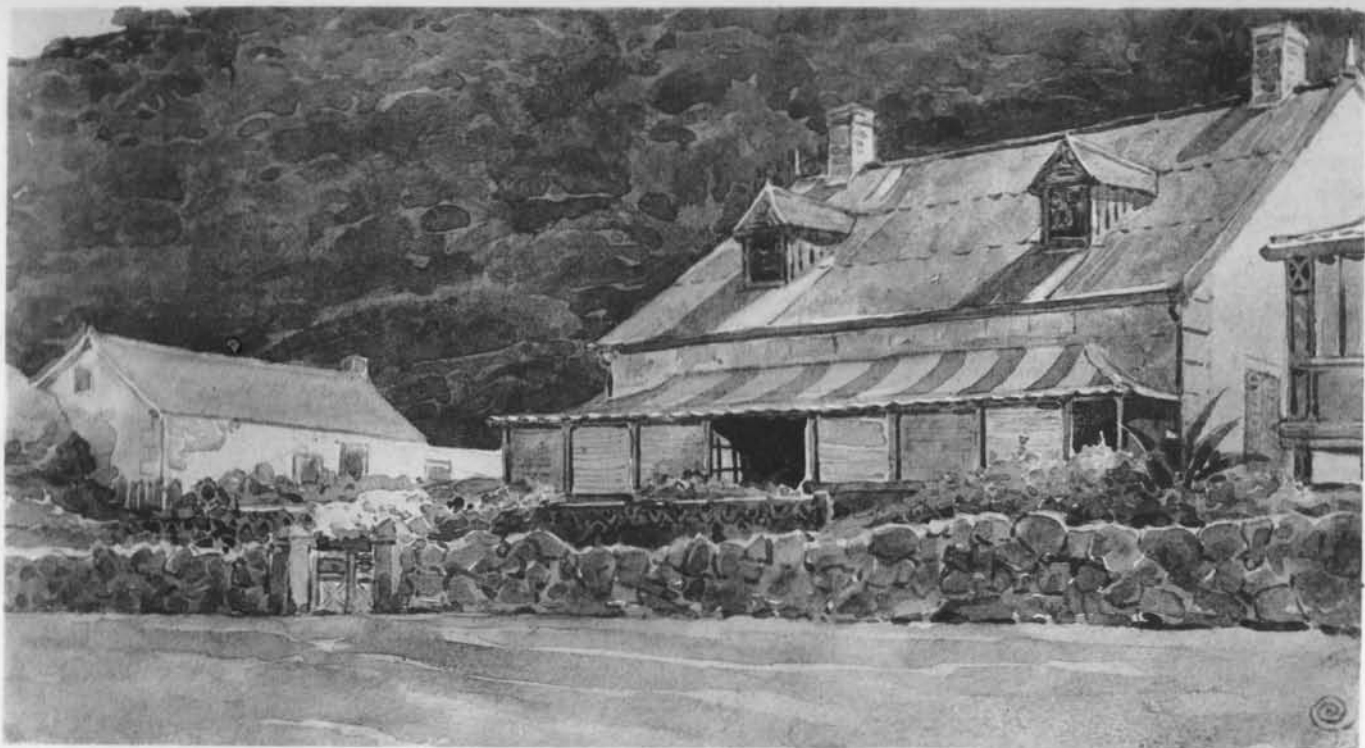
AND MANY OTHERS.

VIII.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

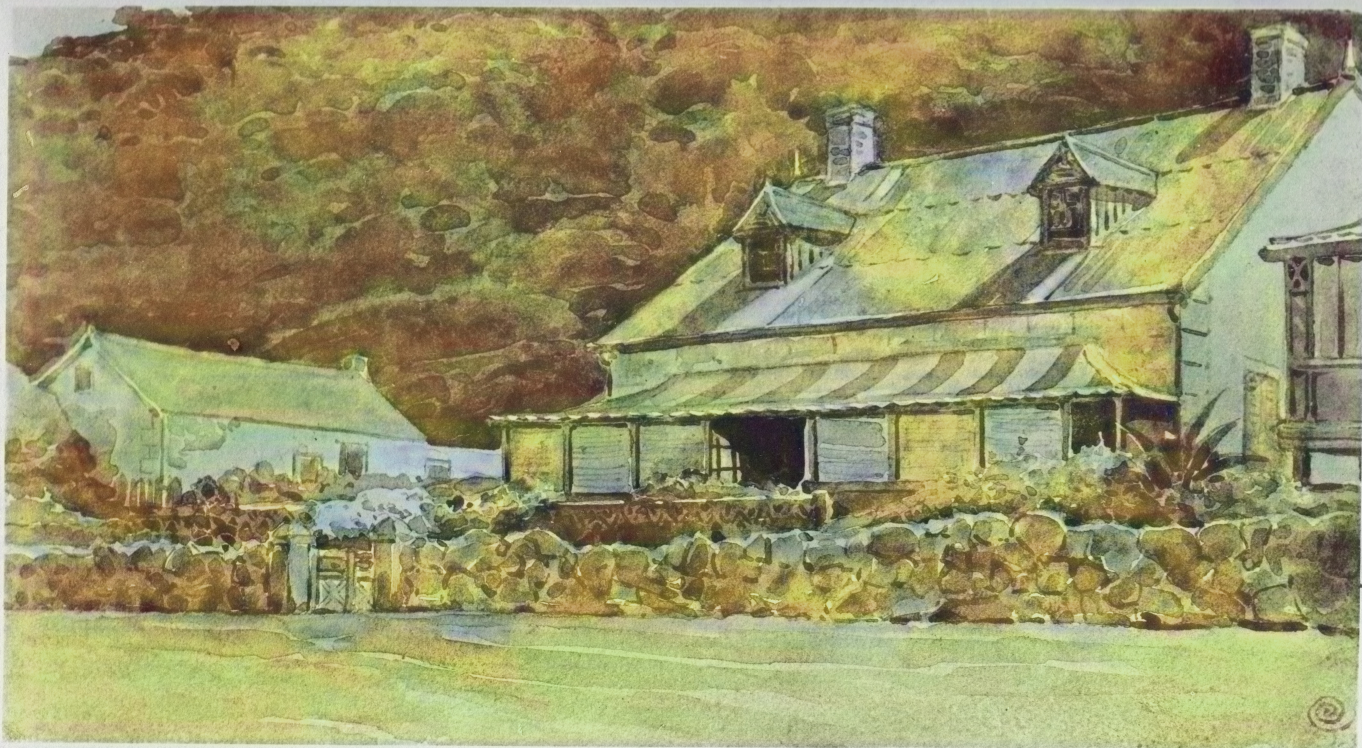
No.	Title.	Photographer.
(1)	View of Cottage at Muizenberg [drawn by]	Mrs. Penstone.
(2)	Portrait taken in Cape Town	Barnard.
(3)	Mask of face taken after death	Watson.
(4)	Ditto	Watson.
(5)	Lying-in-state in the hall at "Groote Schuur"	Edwards.
(6)	The Coffin	Edwards.
(7)	Exterior view of house during lying-in-state	Edwards.
(8)	Outside the House of Assembly. Waiting to view the remains	Jubb.
(9)	Inside the House of Assembly. The second lying-in-state	Cape Times.
(10)	Starting of the Funeral Procession from the House of Assembly	Duffus.
(11)	Procession passing beneath arch at foot of Government Avenue	Andrews.
(12)	General view of procession passing down Adderley Street	Watson.
(13)	Arrival at the Cathedral	Watson.
(14)	Group of old Rhodesian Pioneers who attended the funeral	Dowdy.
(15)	The procession leaving the Cathedral	Watson.
(16)	Arrival at the Railway Station	Watson.
(17)	Wreath sent by the Corporation of Cape Town ..	—————
(18)	The funeral train at Beaufort West Station	Edgcome.
(19)	View of funeral car	Edgcome.
(20)	View of Kimberley Town Hall	Edgcome.
(21)	Procession at Kimberley Station waiting to pass the funeral car	Hannox.
(22)	Departure of the funeral train from Kimberley	Goodwin.
(23)	Arrival at Bulawayo Station	Pedrotti.
(24)	Funeral procession through Bulawayo	Turner.
(25)	The same	Turner.
(26)	View of Catafalque erected in the Drill Hall	Smart and Copley.
(27)	View of the Drill Hall during the lying-in-state	Pedrotti.

No.	Title.	Photographer.
(28)	Distant view of huts on the Matopo farm	Pedrotti.
(29)	General view of "The Huts" on the Matopo farm ..	Watson.
(30)	Another view of "The Huts," Matopo farm	Smart and Copley.
(31)	Summer House where the remains rested the night before the final funeral	Pedrotti.
(32)	Funeral wagons trekking across the Veld	Turner.
(33)	The Wreath Coach	Petersen.
(34)	View of the Funeral Procession encamped for the night ..	Edgcome.
(35)	Pioneers receiving the news in Northern Rhodesia [drawn by]	W. Crossley.
(36)	"The World's View" from the distance	Pedrotti.
(37)	Oxen drawing the gun carriage up the mountain	Meilandt.
(38)	Approaching the Summit	Meilandt.
(39)	"The World's View"	Pedrotti.
(40)	Natives assembled on mountain top awaiting the procession	Smart and Copley.
(41)	Mountain from which the tombstone was cut	—————
(42)	Spring near the summit of the mountain.. .. .	Pedrotti.
(43)	View of the funeral procession approaching the summit	Pedrotti.
(44)	The final ceremony	Pedrotti.
(45)	View of the grave immediately after the funeral ..	Turner.
(46)	The tomb at the present time	Pedrotti.



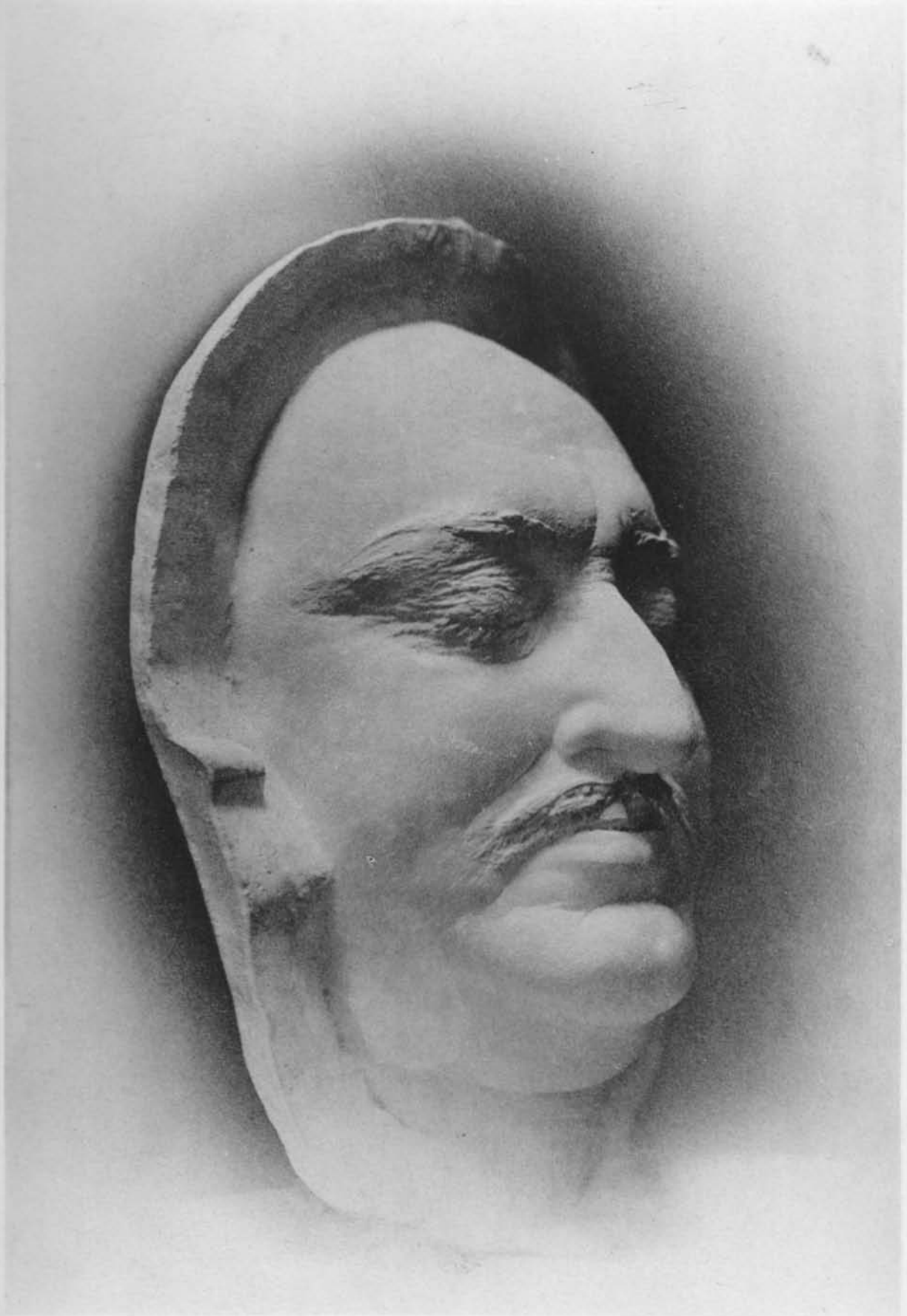
MRS. PENSTONE.

VIEW OF COTTAGE AT MUIZENBERG.



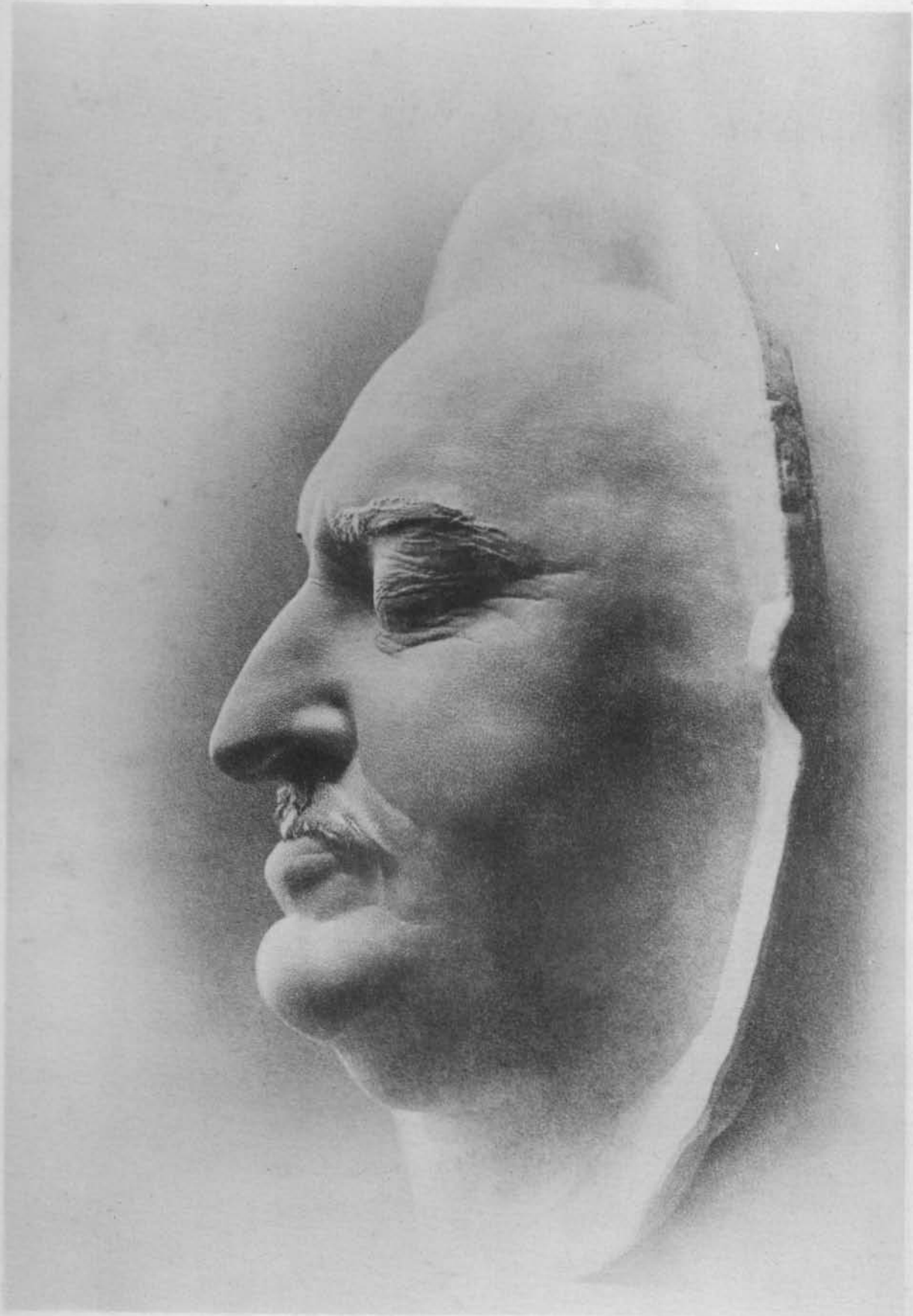
MRS. PENSTONE.

VIEW OF COTTAGE AT MUIZENBERG.



J. WATSON & CO., CAPE TOWN.

MASK OF FACE TAKEN AFTER DEATH.



J. WATSON & CO., CAPE TOWN.

MASK OF FACE TAKEN AFTER DEATH.



EDWARDS.

LYING IN STATE IN THE HALL AT "GROOTE SCHUUR."



EDWARDS.

THE COFFIN IN THE HALL AT "GROOTE SCHUUR."



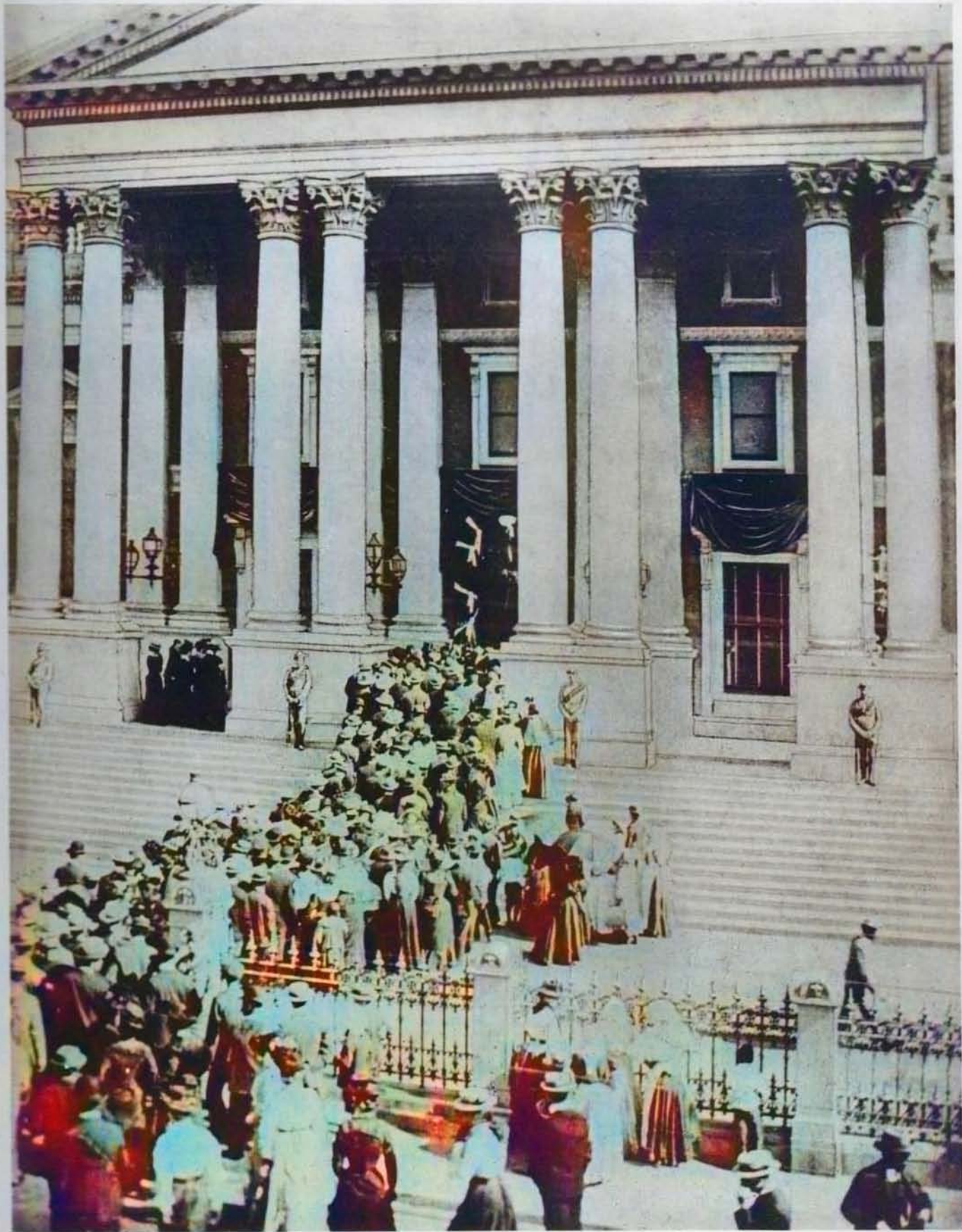
EDWARDS.

THE COFFIN IN THE HALL AT "GROOTE SCHUUR."



JUBB.

OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, CAPE TOWN.
WAITING TO VIEW THE REMAINS.



JUBB.

OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, CAPE TOWN.
WAITING TO VIEW THE REMAINS.



"CAPE TIMES."

INSIDE THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, THE SECOND LYING IN STATE.



"CAPE TIMES."

INSIDE THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY. THE SECOND LYING IN STATE.



DUFFUS.

STARTING OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.



DUFFUS.

STARTING OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.



ANDREWS.

PROCESSION PASSING BENEATH ARCH AT FOOT OF GOVERNMENT AVENUE, CAPE TOWN.



WATSON.

GENERAL VIEW OF PROCESSION PASSING DOWN ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN



WATSON.

ARRIVAL AT THE CATHEDRAL, CAPE TOWN.



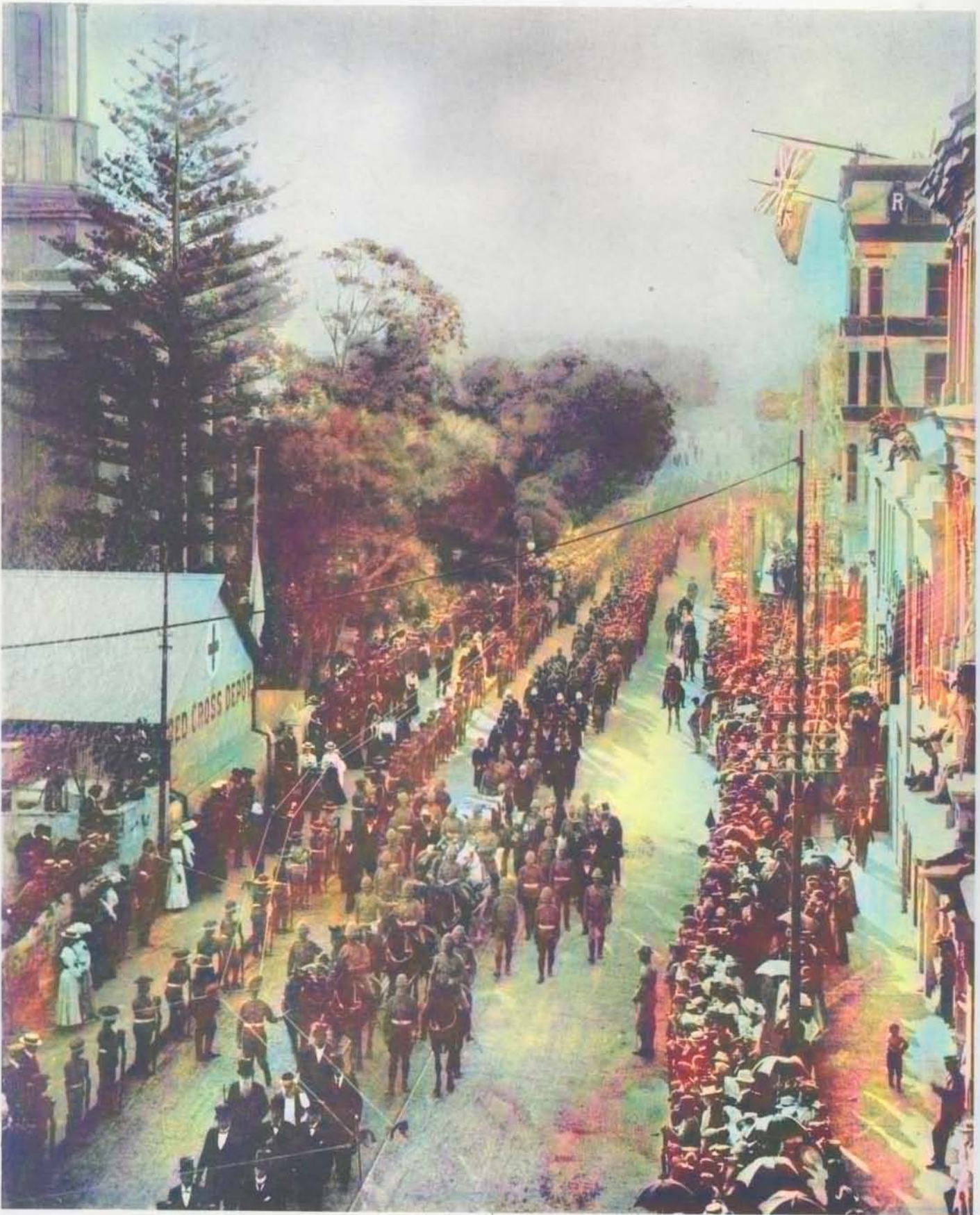
Dowdy.

GROUP OF OLD RHODESIAN PIONEERS WHO ATTENDED THE FUNERAL



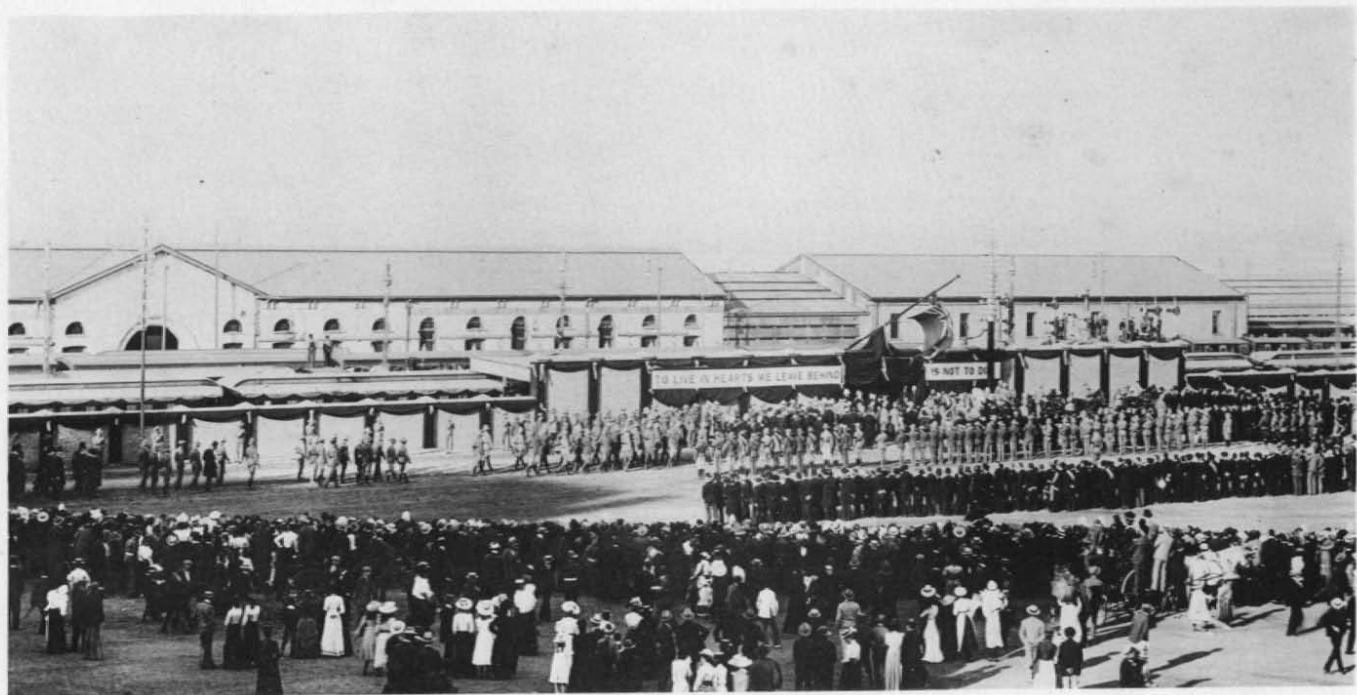
WATSON.

THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL, CAPE TOWN.



WATSON.

THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL, CAPE TOWN.



WATSON.

ARRIVAL AT THE RAILWAY STATION, CAPE TOWN.



WREATH SENT BY THE CORPORATION OF CAPE TOWN.

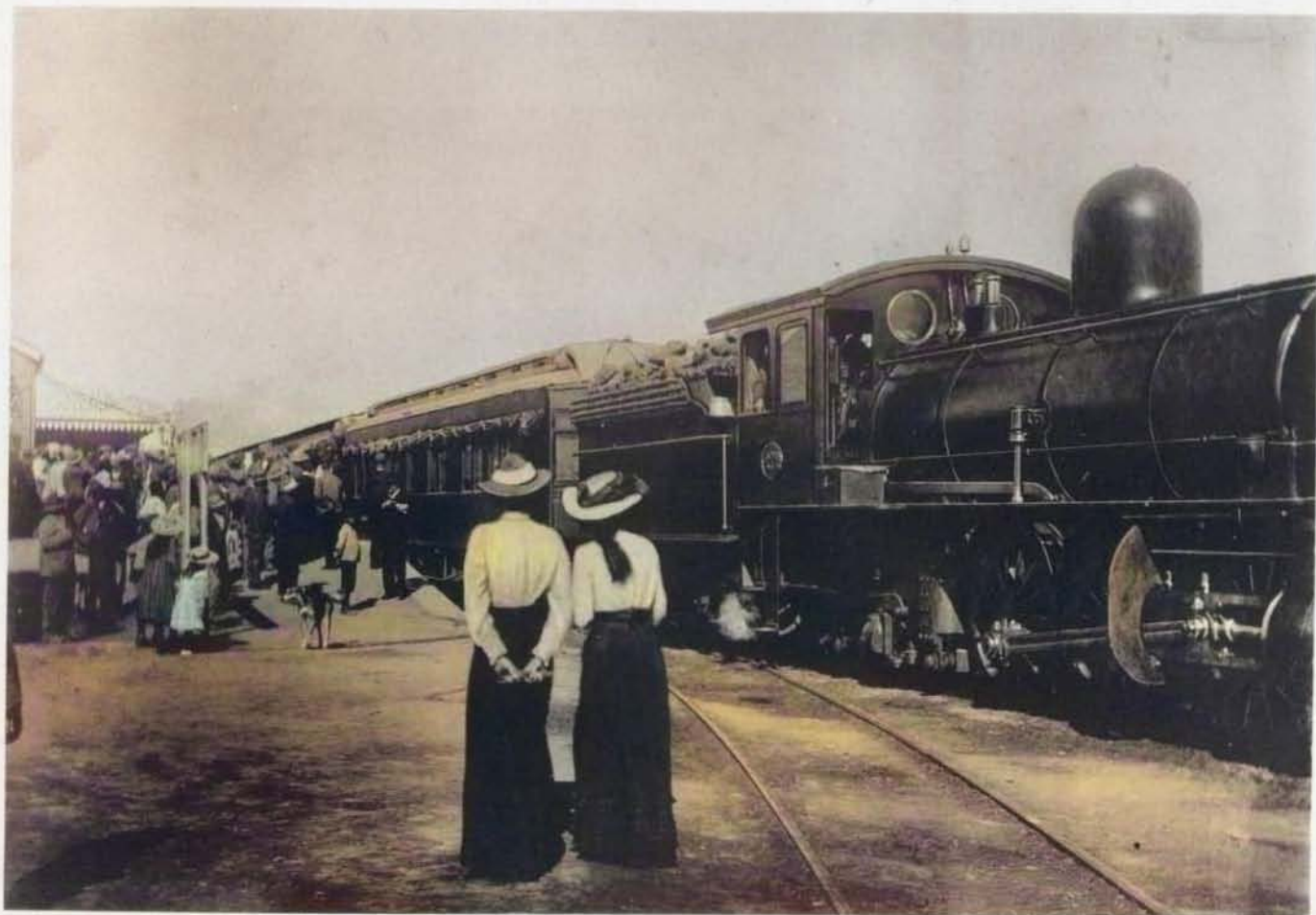


WREATH SENT BY THE CORPORATION OF CAPE TOWN.



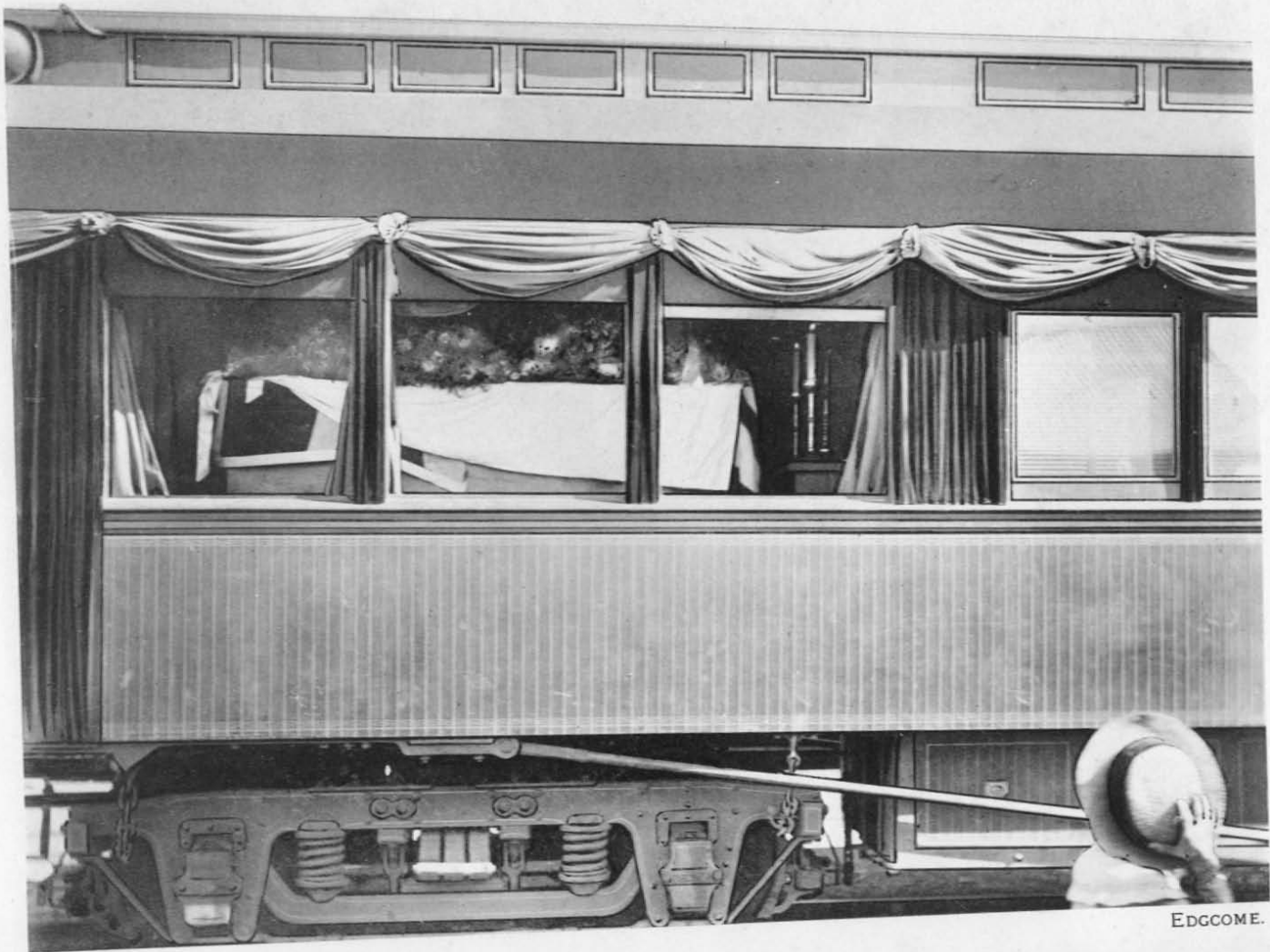
EDGOME.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN AT BEAUFORT WEST STATION



EDGCOMB.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN AT BEAUFORT WEST STATION



EDGCOMB.

VIEW OF THE FUNERAL CAR.



VIEW OF THE FUNERAL CAR.



EDGCOME.

VIEW OF KIMBERLEY TOWN HALL.



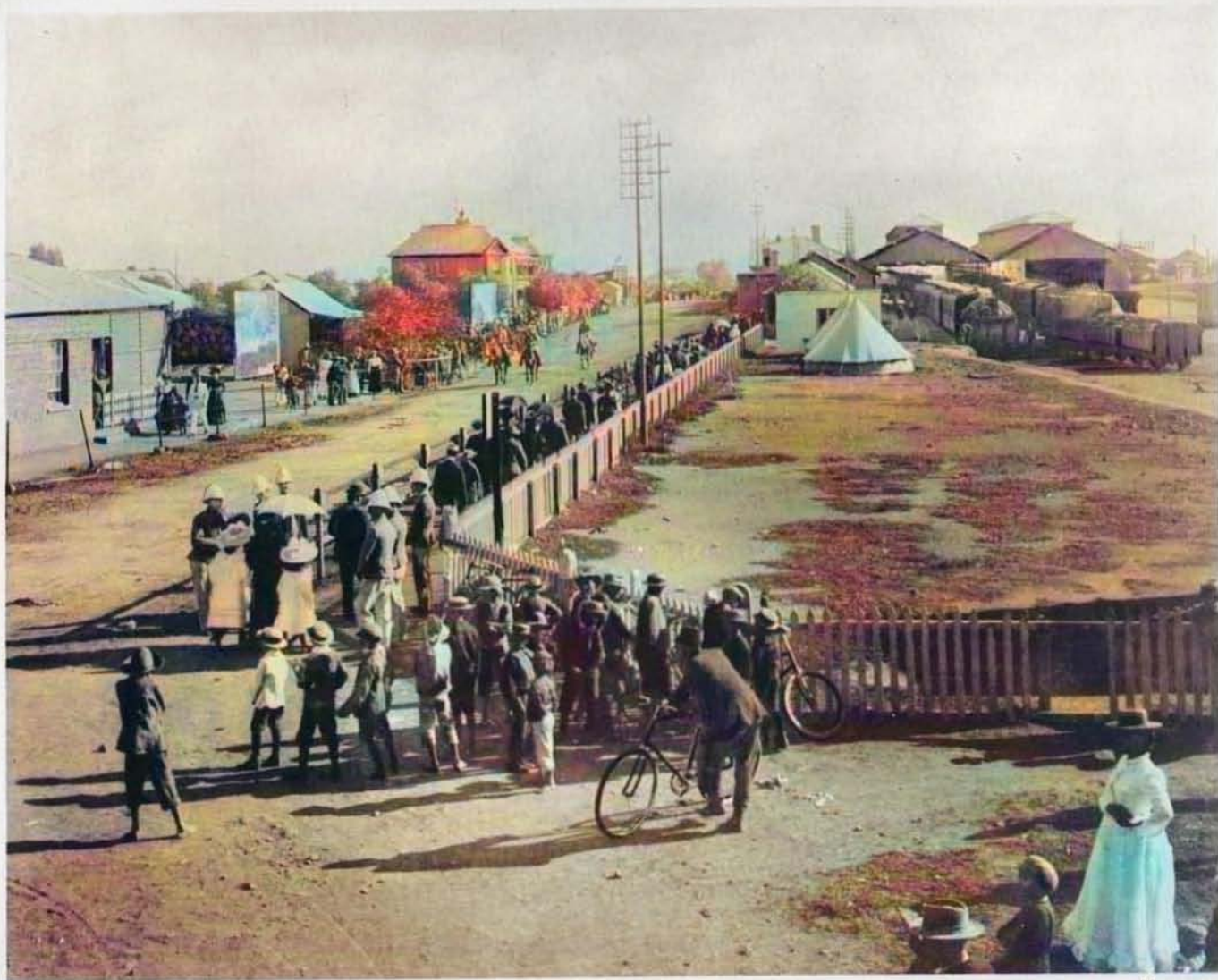
EDGCOME.

VIEW OF KIMBERLEY TOWN HALL.



HANNOX.

PROCESSION AT KIMBERLEY STATION WAITING TO PASS THE FUNERAL CAR.



HANNOX.

PROCESSION AT KIMBERLEY STATION WAITING TO PASS THE FUNERAL CAR.



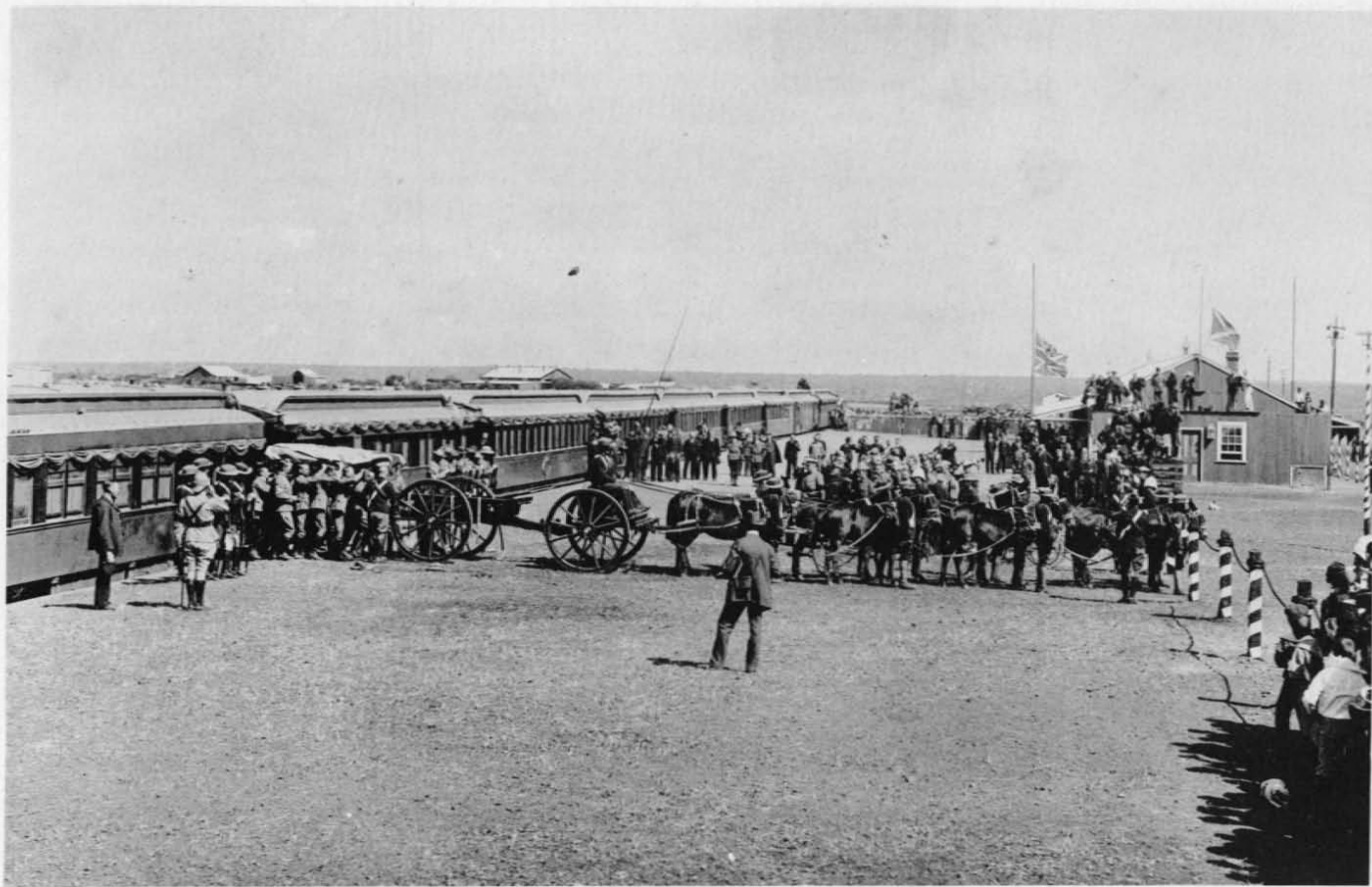
GOODWIN.

DEPARTURE OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN FROM KIMBERLEY.



GOODWIN.

DEPARTURE OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN FROM KIMBERLEY.



PEDROTTI.

ARRIVAL AT BULUWAYO STATION. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



PEDROTTI.

ARRIVAL AT BULUWAYO STATION. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



TURNER.

FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH BULUWAYO.



TURNER.

FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH BULUWAYO.



TURNER.

FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH BULUWAYO.



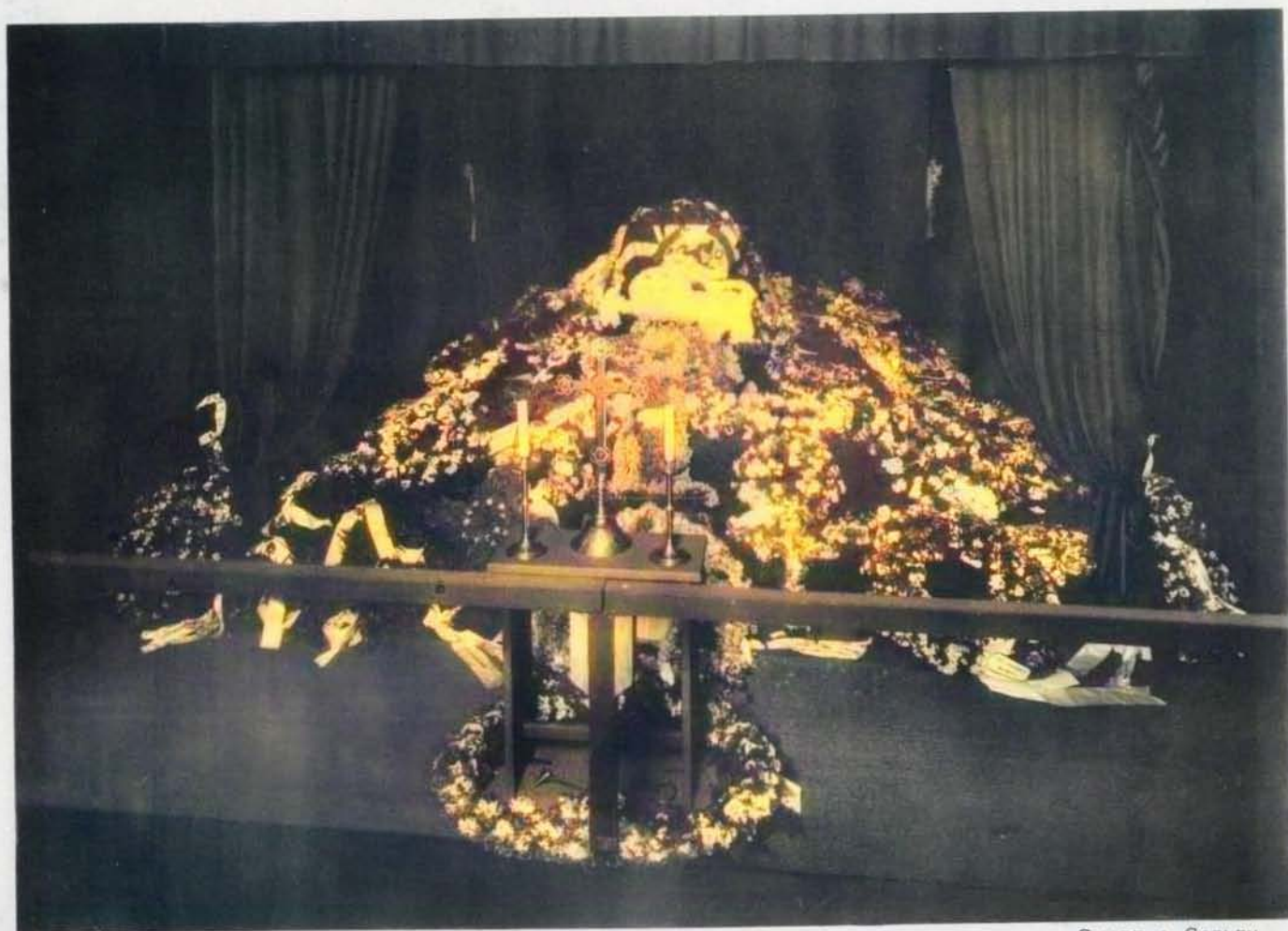
TURNER.

FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH BULUWAYO.



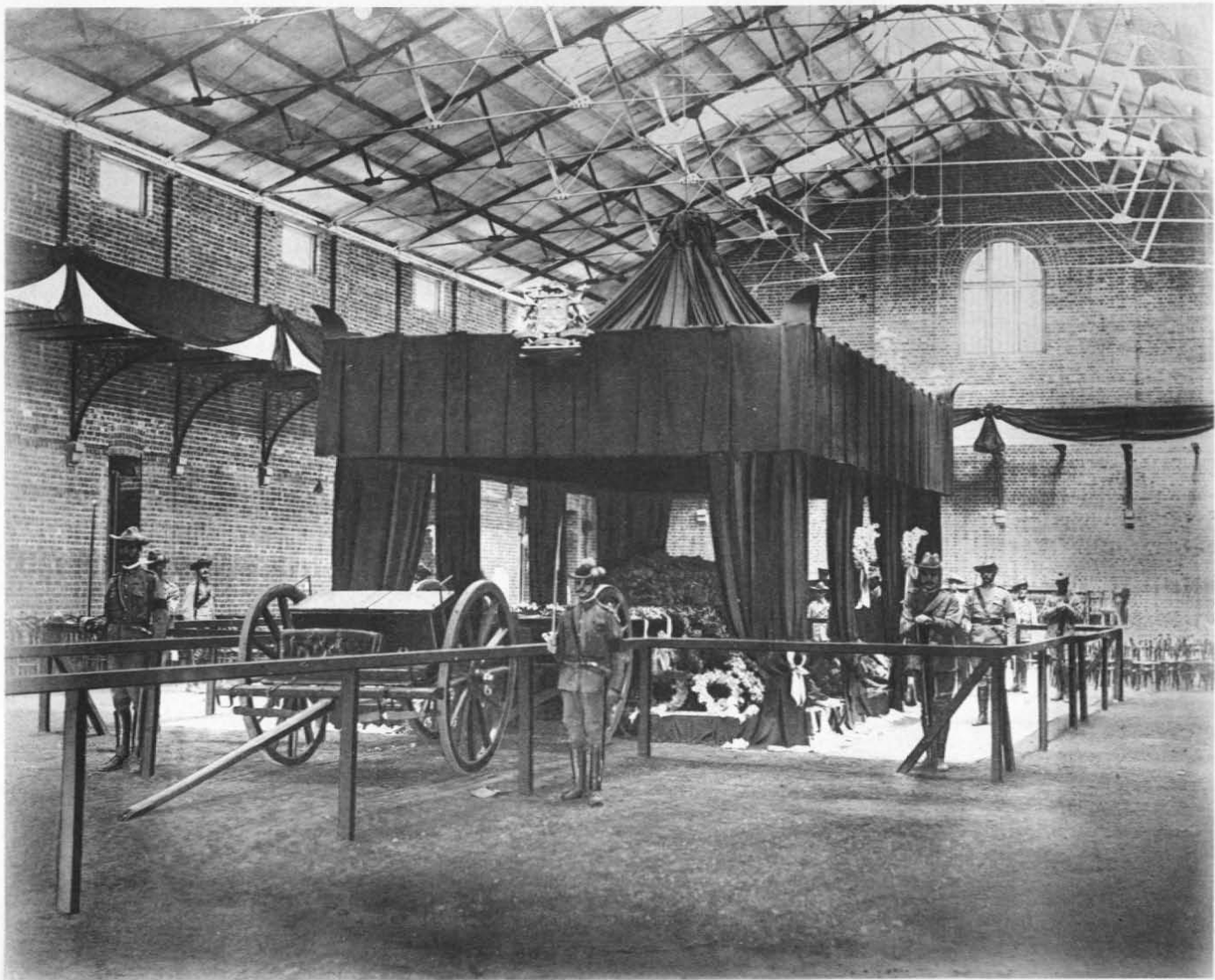
SMART & COPLEY.

VIEW OF CATAFALQUE ERECTED IN THE DRILL HALL, BULUWAYO.



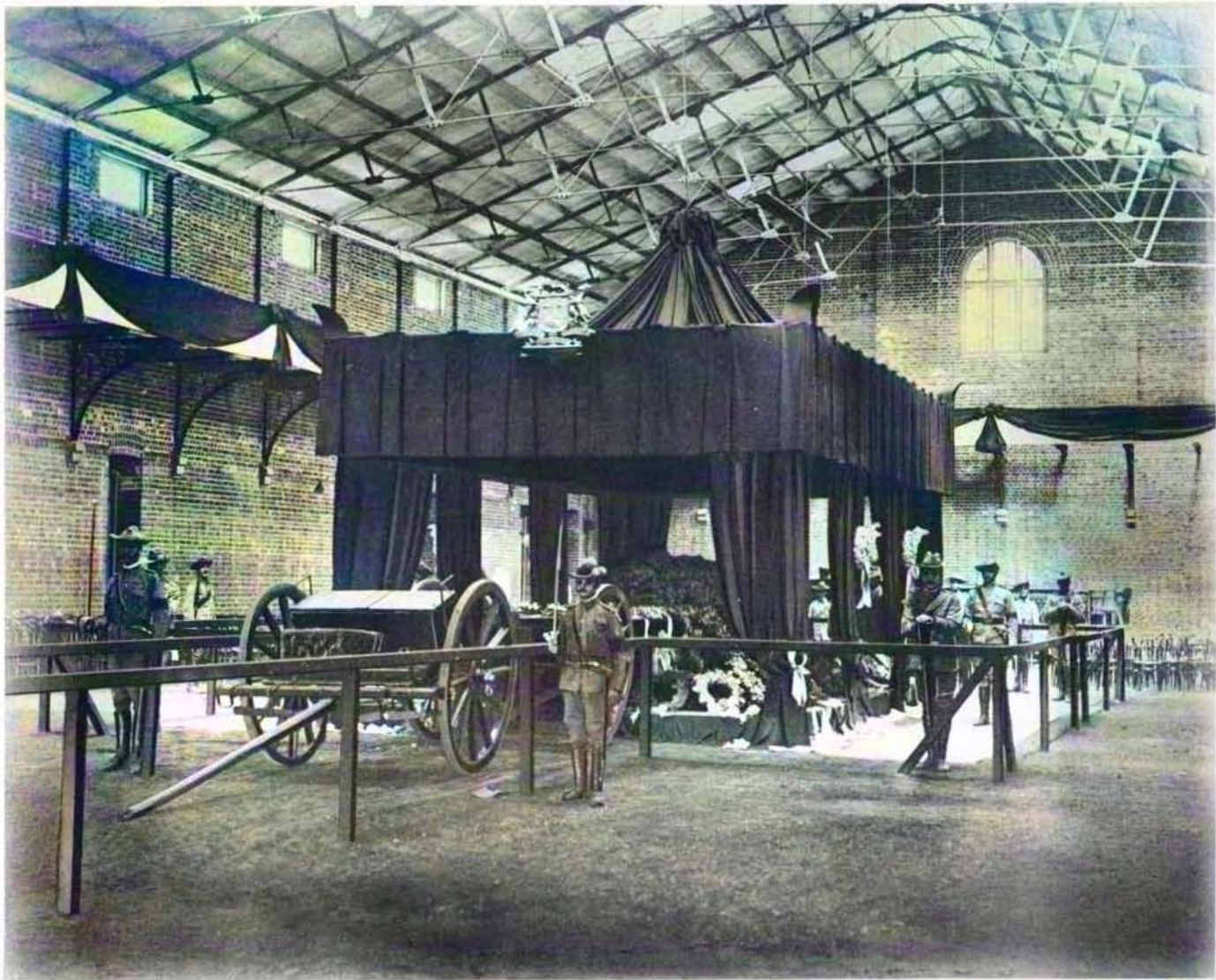
SMART & COPLEY.

VIEW OF CATAFALQUE ERECTED IN THE DRILL HALL, BULUWAYO.



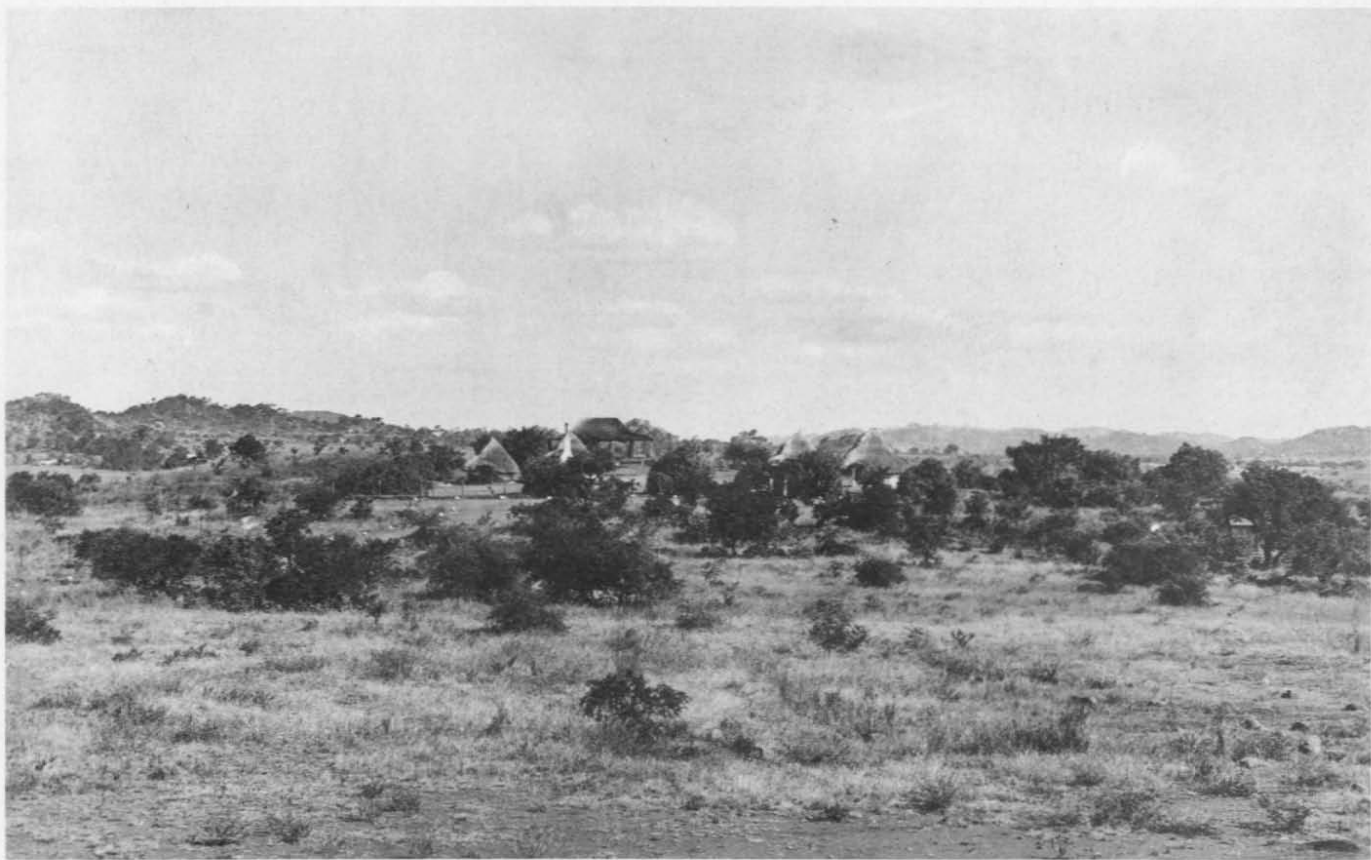
PEDROTTI.

VIEW OF THE DRILL HALL, BULUWAYO, DURING THE LYING IN STATE.
(BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



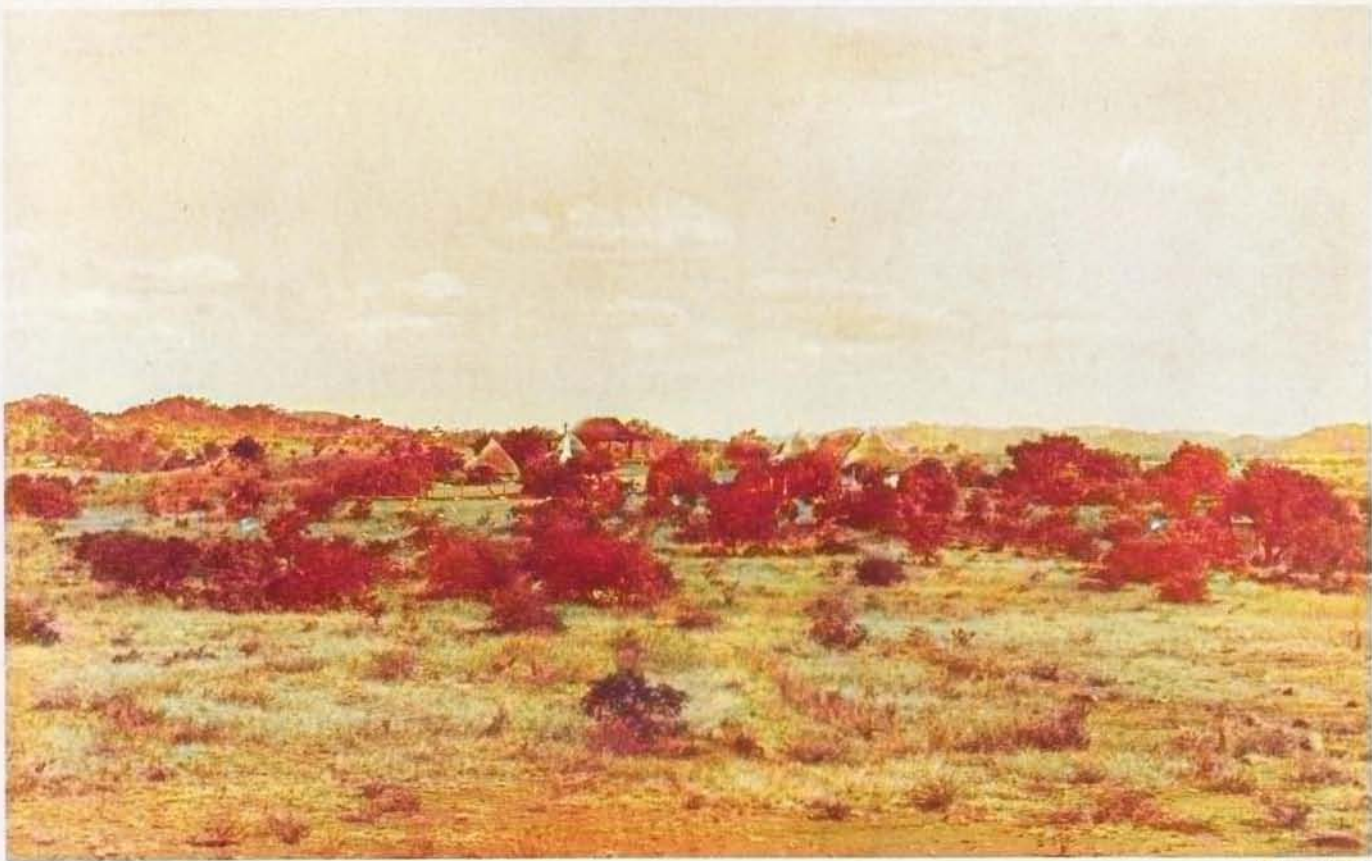
PEDROTTI.

VIEW OF THE DRILL HALL, BULUWAYO, DURING THE LYING IN STATE.
(BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



PEDROTTI.

DISTANT VIEW OF HUTS, MATOPO FARM. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



PEDROTTI.

DISTANT VIEW OF HUTS, MATOPO FARM. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



WATSON.

GENERAL VIEW OF "THE HUTS." MATOPO FARM.



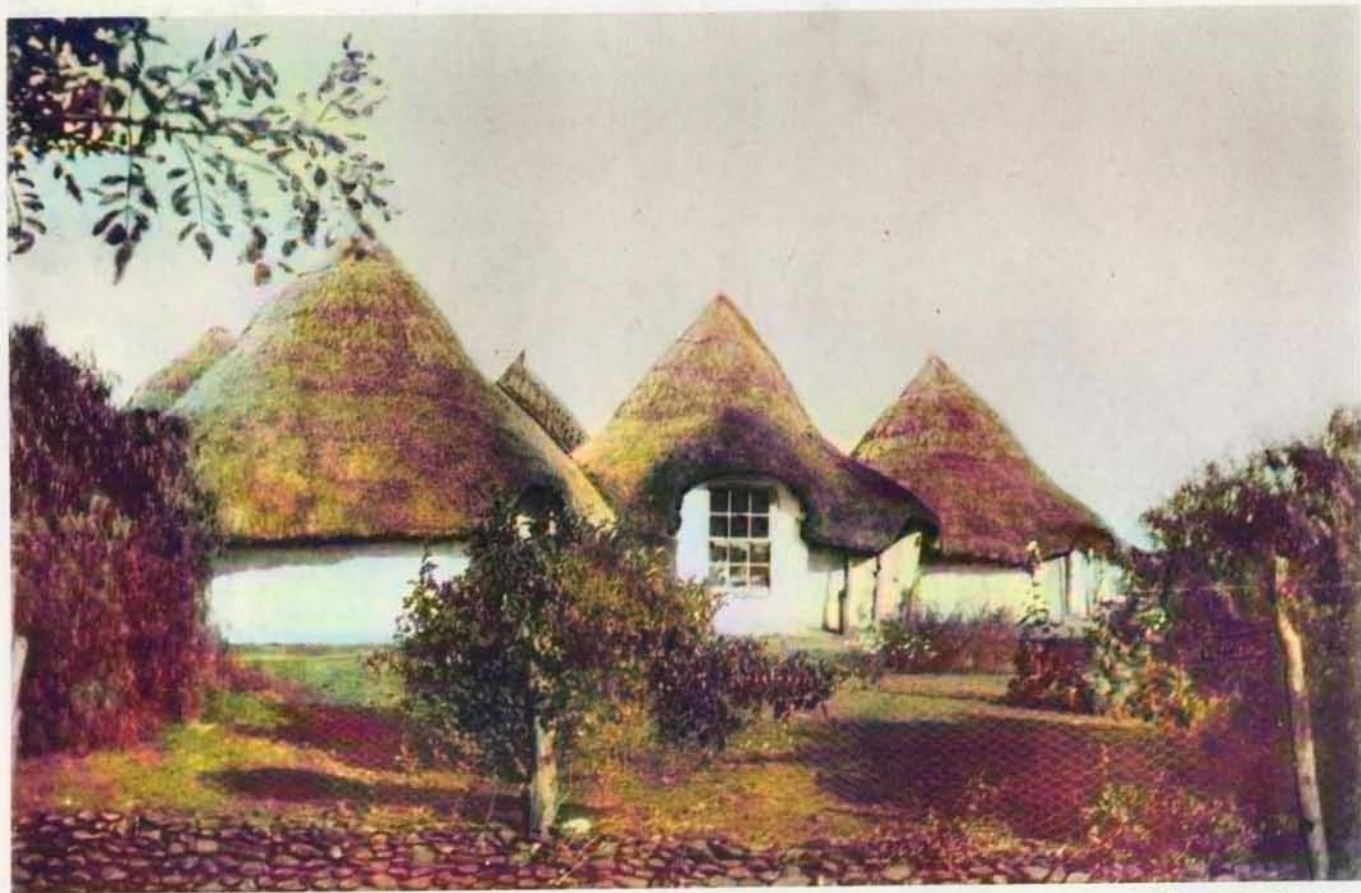
WATSON.

GENERAL VIEW OF "THE HUTS," MATOPO FARM.



SMART & COPLEY.

ANOTHER VIEW OF "THE HUTS," MATOPO FARM.



SMART & COPLEY.

ANOTHER VIEW OF "THE HUTS," MATOPO FARM.



PEDROTTI.

SUMMER HOUSE WHERE THE REMAINS RESTED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FINAL FUNERAL.
(BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



PEDROTTI.

SUMMER HOUSE WHERE THE REMAINS RESTED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FINAL FUNERAL
(BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



TURNER.

FUNERAL WAGONS TREKKING ACROSS THE VELD T



TURNER.

FUNERAL WAGONS TREKKING ACROSS THE VELDT



PETERSEN.

THE WREATH COACH



PETERSEN.

THE WREATH COACH



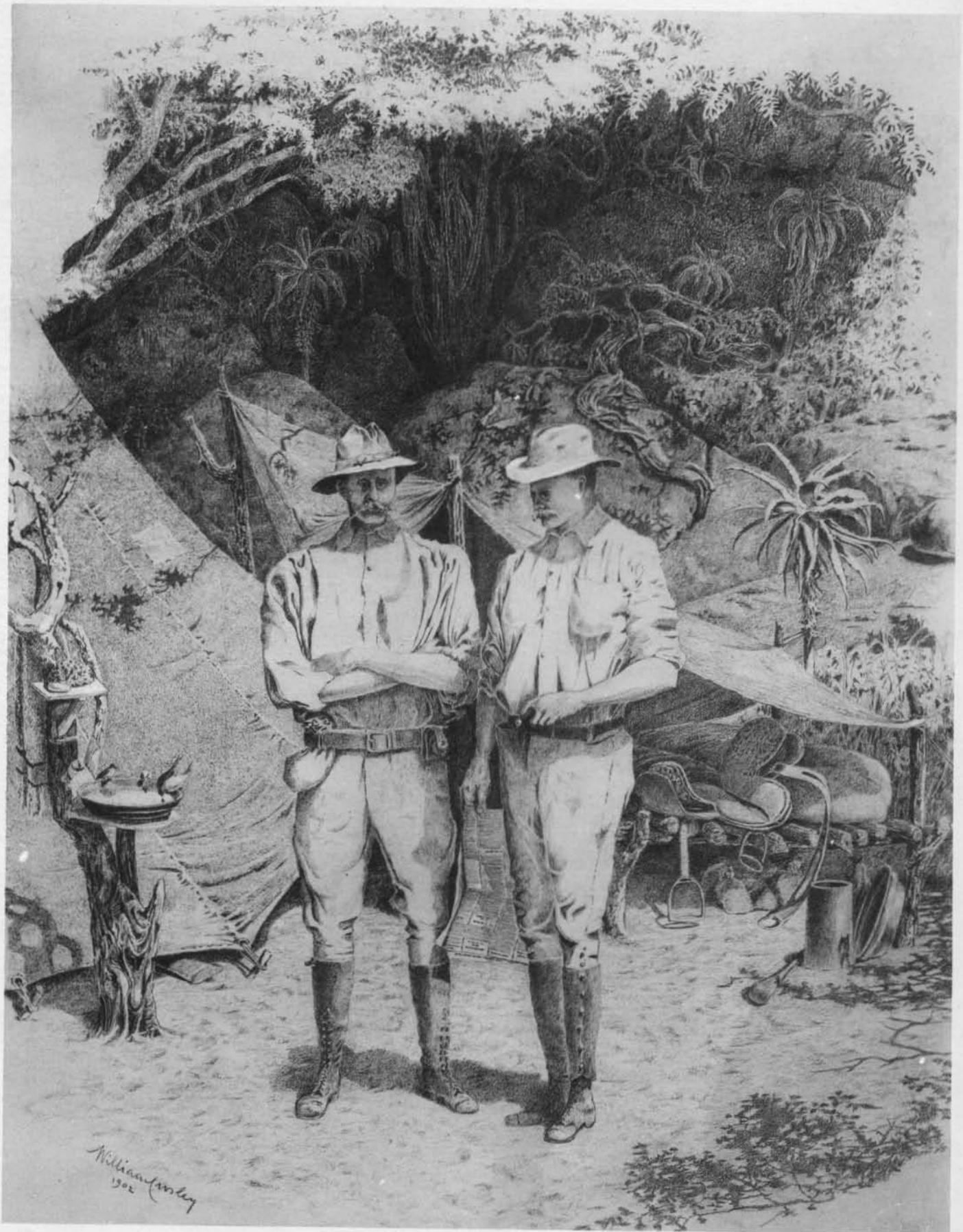
EDGOME.

VIEW OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ENCAMPED FOR THE NIGHT.



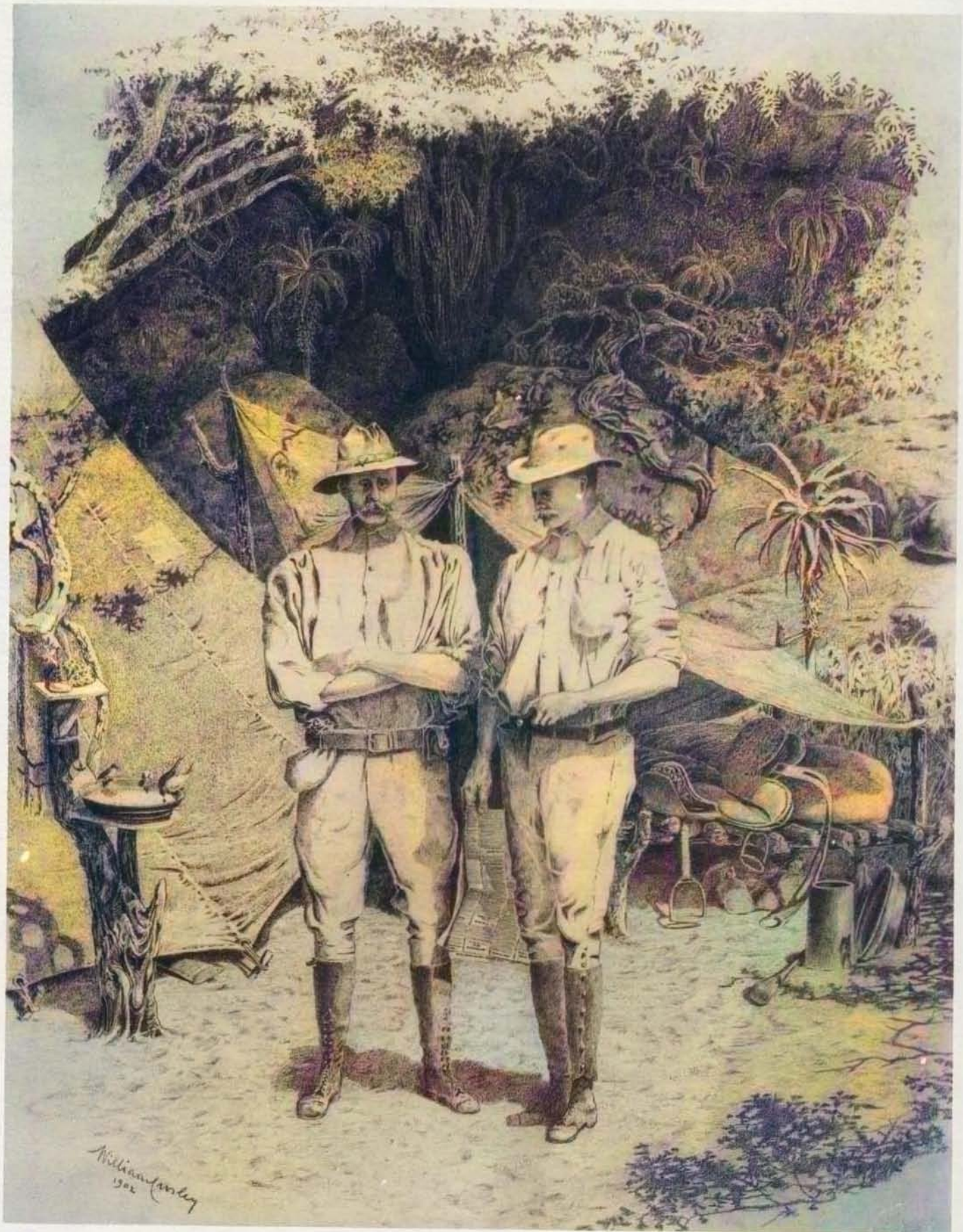
EDGCOMB.

VIEW OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ENCAMPED FOR THE NIGHT.



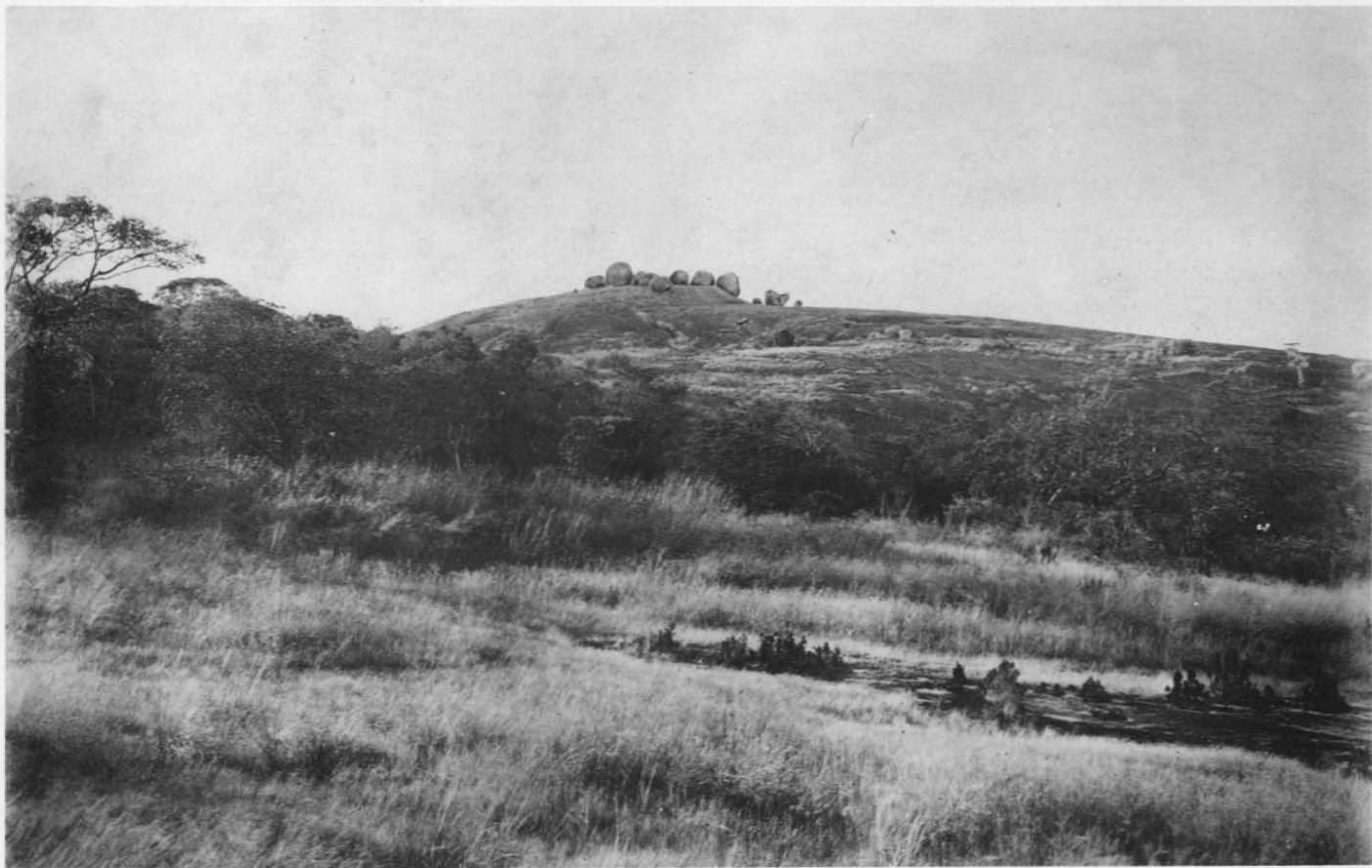
DRAWING BY W. CROSSLEY.

PIONEERS RECEIVING THE NEWS IN NORTHERN RHODESIA



DRAWING BY W. CROSSLEY.

PIONEERS RECEIVING THE NEWS IN NORTHERN RHODESIA



PEDROTTI.

THE WORLD'S VIEW FROM THE DISTANCE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC")



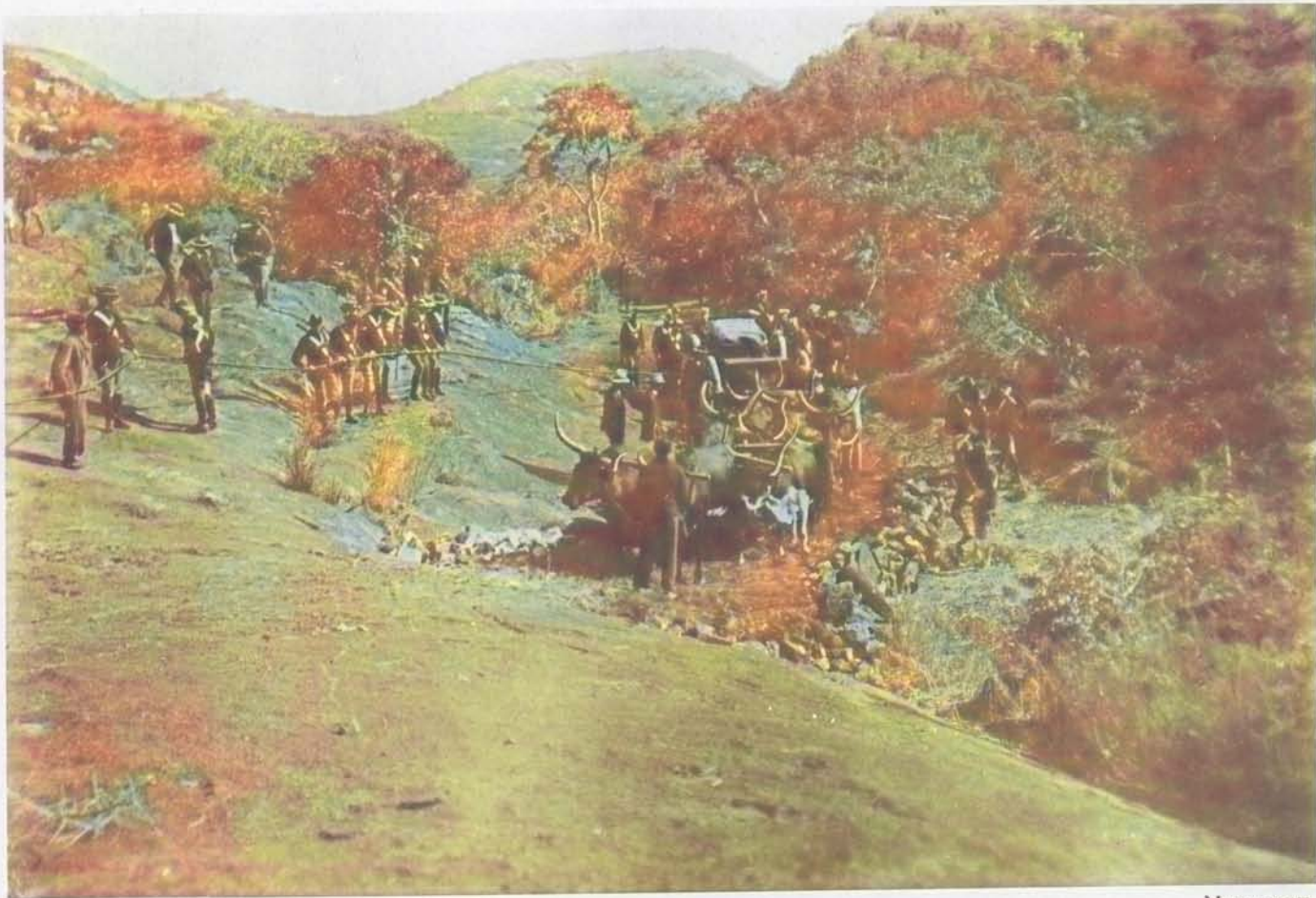
PEDROTTI.

THE WORLD'S VIEW FROM THE DISTANCE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC")



MEILANDT.

OXEN DRAWING THE GUN CARRIAGE UP THE MOUNTAIN.



MEILANDT.

OXEN DRAWING THE GUN CARRIAGE UP THE MOUNTAIN.



MEILANDT.

APPROACHING THE SUMMIT.



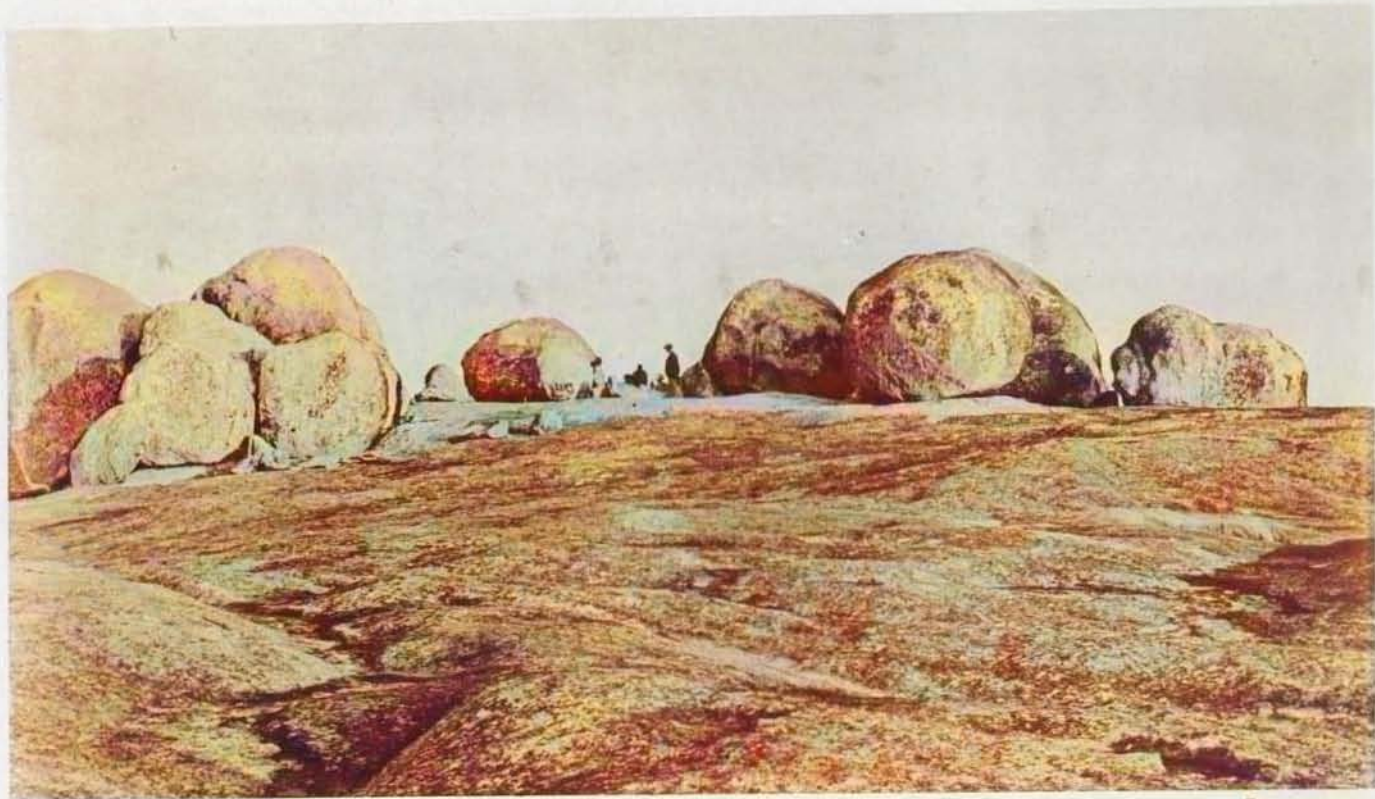
MEILANDT.

APPROACHING THE SUMMIT.



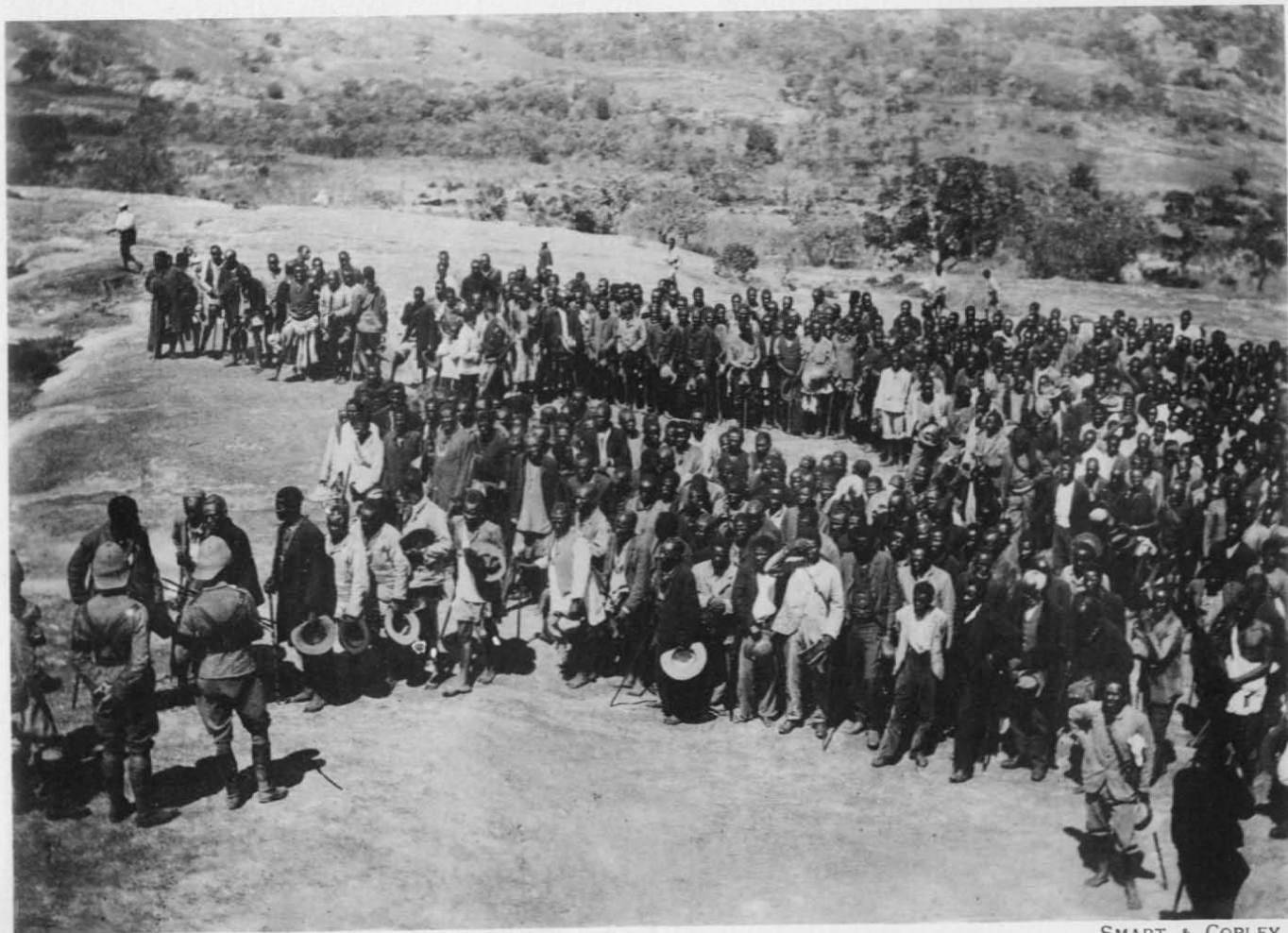
PEDROTTI.

"THE WORLD'S VIEW" SUMMIT. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



PEDROTTI.

"THE WORLD'S VIEW" SUMMIT. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



SMART & COPLEY

NATIVES ASSEMBLED ON MOUNTAIN TOP AWAITING THE PROCESSION.



SMART & COPLEY

NATIVES ASSEMBLED ON MOUNTAIN TOP AWAITING THE PROCESSION.



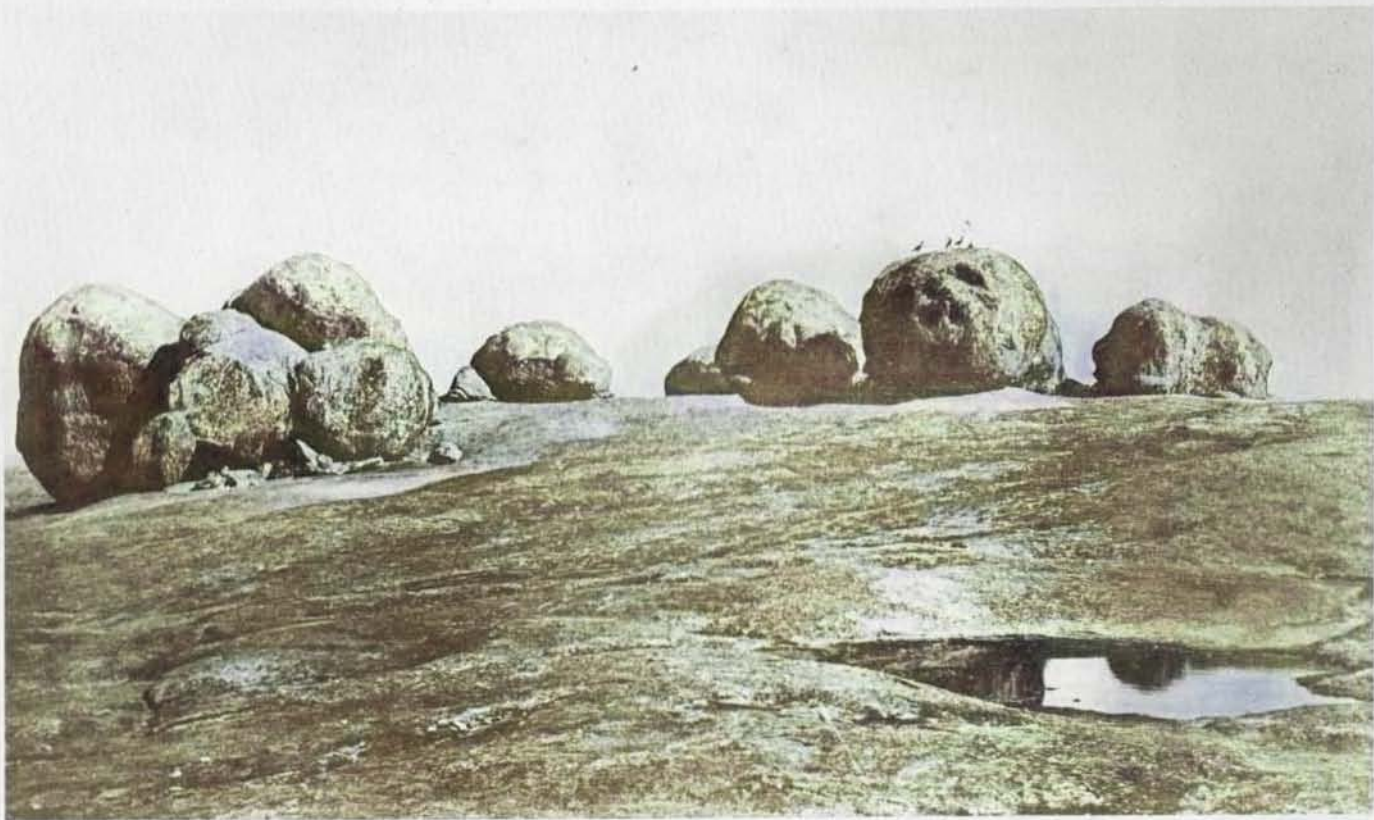
WATSON.

MOUNTAIN FROM WHICH THE TOMBSTONE WAS CUT.



PEDROTTI.

WORLD'S VIEW SPRING, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.
(BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



PEDROTTI.

WORLD'S VIEW SPRING, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.
(BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



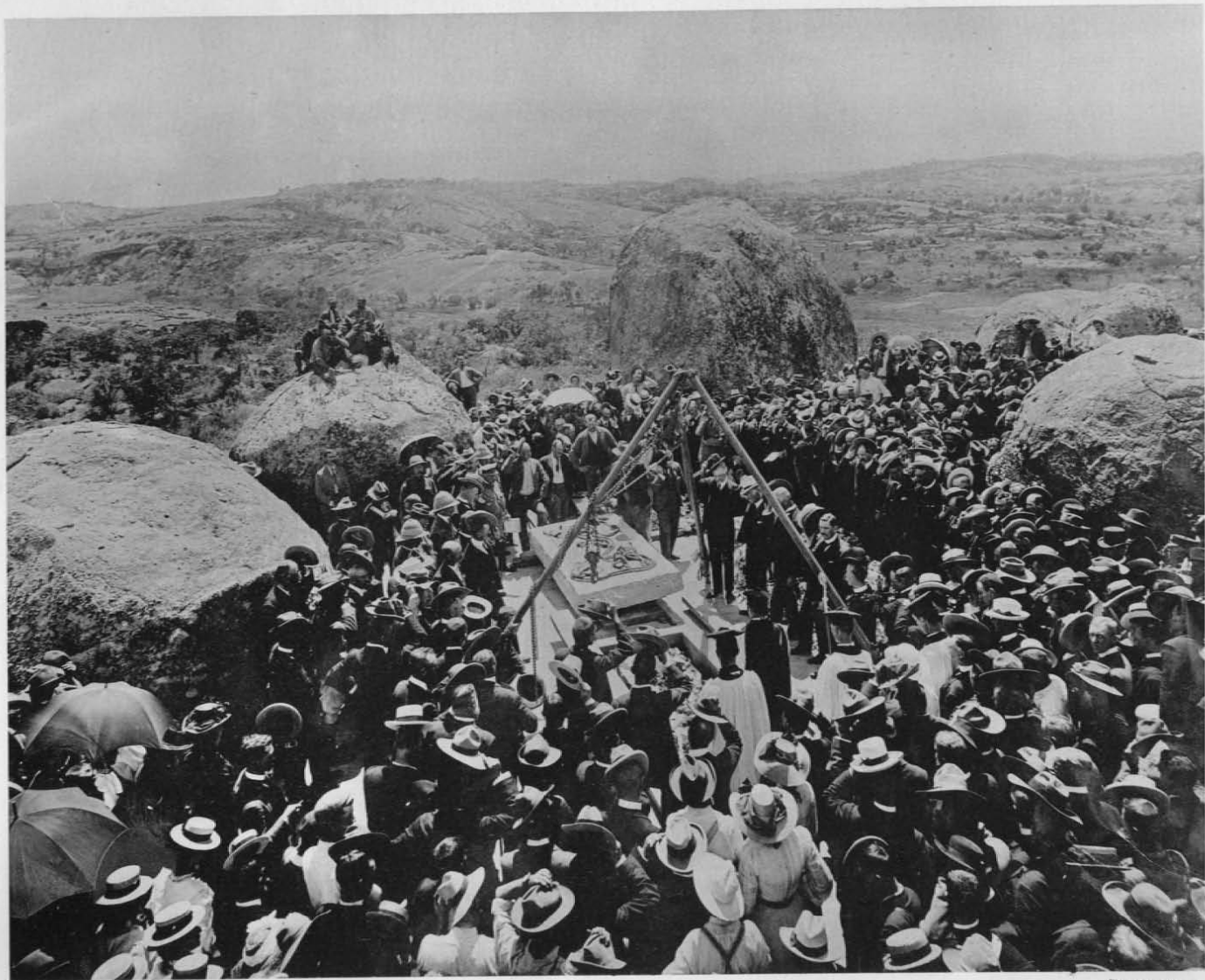
PEDROTTI.

VIEW OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION APPROACHING THE SUMMIT.
(BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



PEDROTTI.

VIEW OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION APPROACHING THE SUMMIT.
(BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



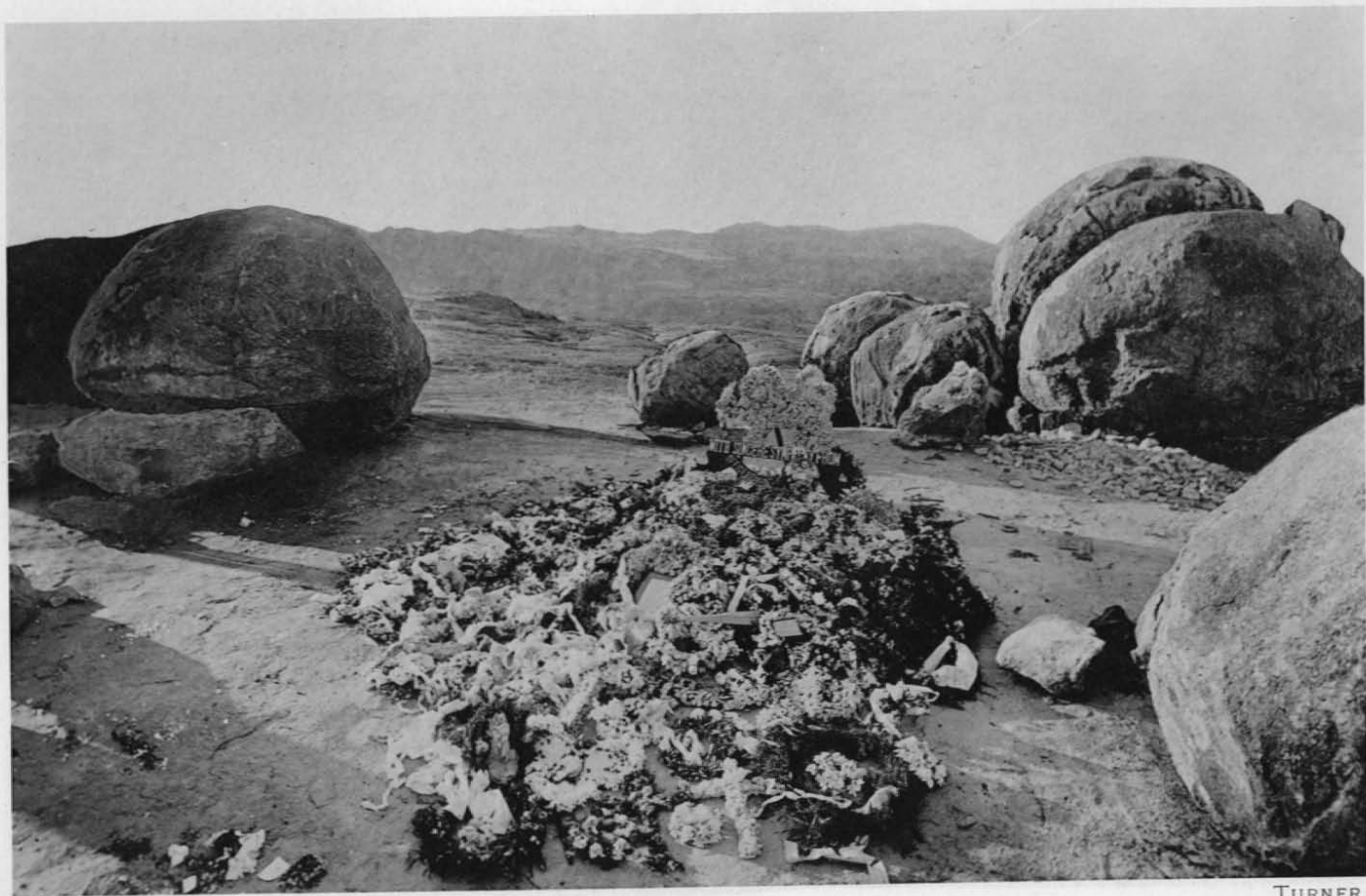
PEDROTTI.

THE FINAL CEREMONY. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



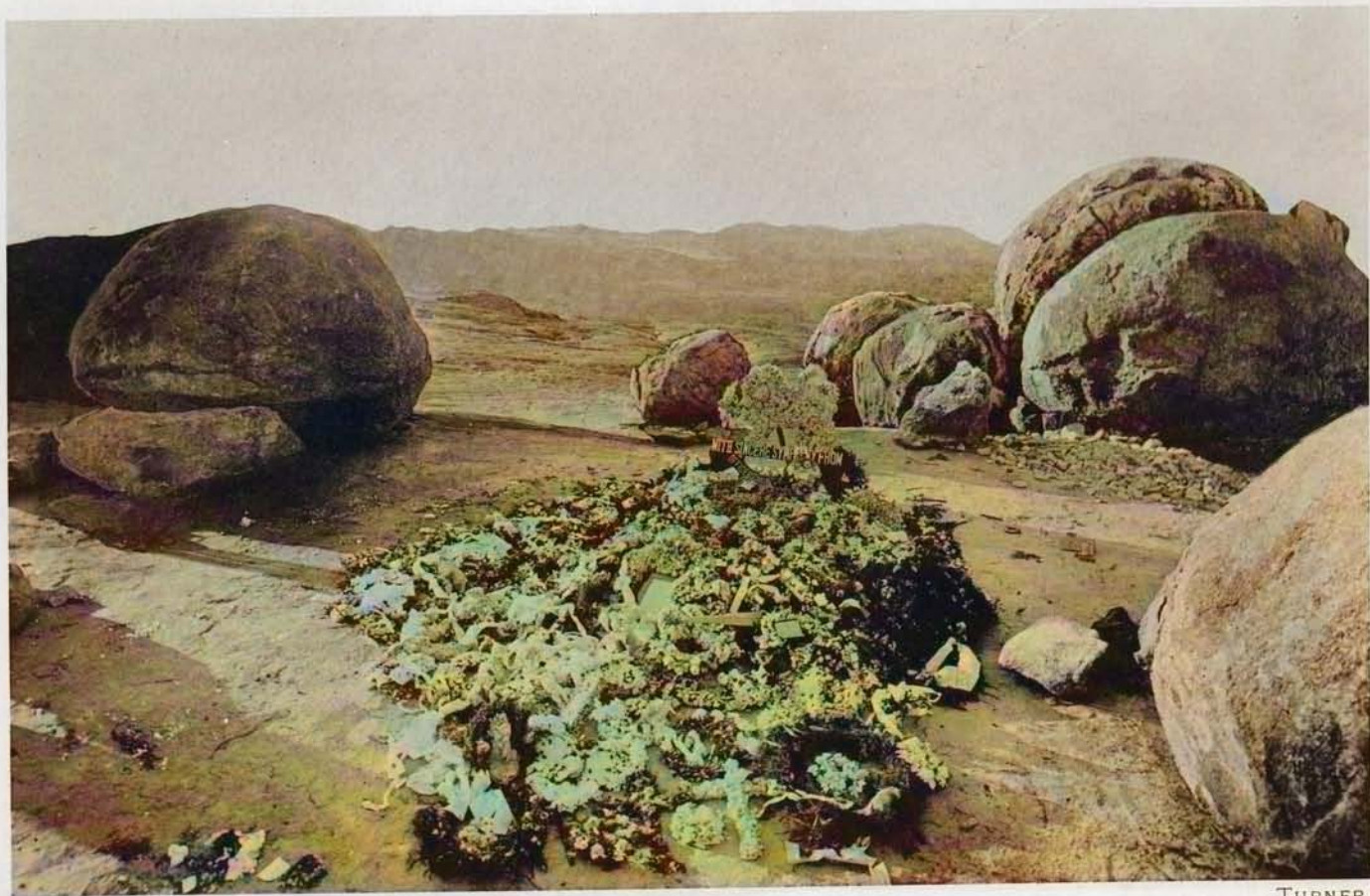
PEDROTTI.

THE FINAL CEREMONY (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



TURNER.

V I E W O F T H E G R A V E I M M E D I A T E L Y A F T E R T H E F U N E R A L



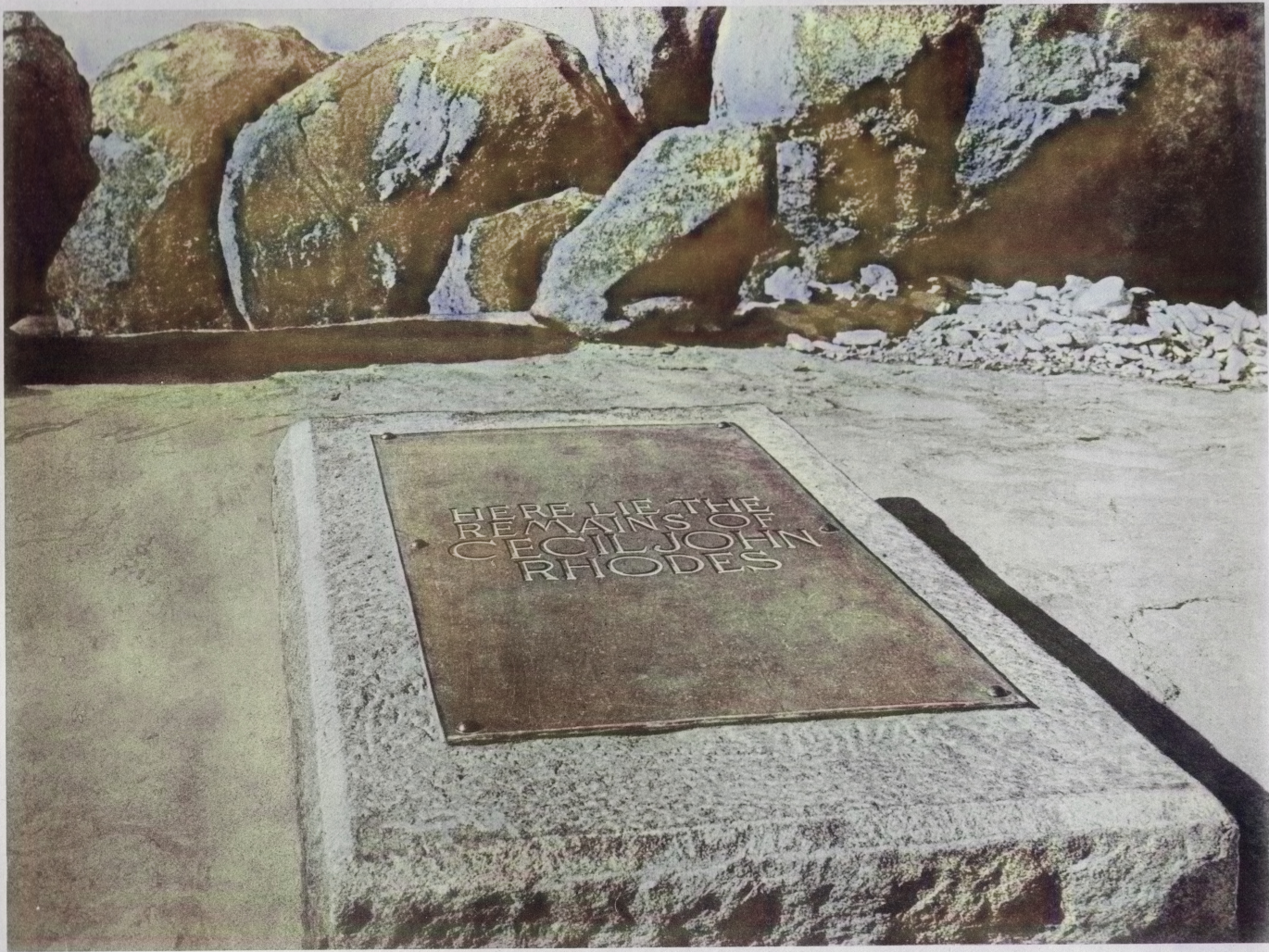
TURNER.

V I E W O F T H E G R A V E I M M E D I A T E L Y A F T E R T H E F U N E R A L



PEDROTTI.

THE TOMB AT THE PRESENT TIME. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")



PEDROTTI.

THE TOMB AT THE PRESENT TIME. (BY PERMISSION OF THE "GRAPHIC.")

