

When I went to my room I found the text Matt XI 28. Took as a word for my journeys. "I will give you rest"

inviting me to stay with him for a few days until I had made arrangements about lodgings. After parting with many friends I had made on board I got my luggage by cab to the Custom House. A rough search was made of my bags and then allowed to pass. I observed several Jews being searched thoroughly. Poor Jew: the curse is upon you yet.

Mr. & Mrs. Russell gave me a very hearty ~~invitation~~ welcome and made me feel at home during the two days I spent under their roof. On Friday & Saturday after I arrived much of the time was spent seeing the town. The object that strikes every stranger is Table Mountain. a majestic mass rising almost precipitously behind the town to the height of 3582 ft. It is a fitting introduction to a land of gigantic mountains & barren plains. Like a mighty sentinel it seems to keep guard defying storm & winds. As our ship lay in the bay the sun shone with splendour on its frowning brow. Soon after a cloud

descended resting & hanging over it like a table cloth! On each side of the mountain there is a smaller hill the one is called the Lions Ramp; the other the Devil's Peak. When the inhabitants see the cloud resting on the mountain they look out for a south-easter. No phenomenon is better known than this. Through the kloof by the Devil's Peak the wind rushes & roars in lion-like fury. Along the streets it tears & dashes raising clouds of dust, which produce perfect confusion. The people say there are three degrees of the wind as to its effects. First it blows dust, then pebbles, & lastly stones. I had on Friday the 21st Novr. painful experience of the first stage. Sometimes I had to stand still & hold my hat over my face to prevent my eyes nose & mouth being made dust-bins.

The town is built in parallel lines of streets with cross streets at right angles. Many of them are Dutch in style, having windows with small panes. The majority are flat

roofed & devoid of much design. Adderley Street is the newest & can boast of good buildings. The Station, Exchange & Standard Bank are handsome structures.

At the new docks I saw for the first time prisoners employed cutting out the ground for walls ^{of the} docks. A guard takes charge of about half a dozen of men with loaded rifle & fixed bayonet. I had thought it hardly a profitable concern, but there it prospers & scarcely a prisoner escapes.

On Saturday morning before I left Cape Town I saw the weekly market held on the Parade Grounds. On stalls & spread upon the ground almost every conceivable article was laid there for sale. Men of all nations were trying to make a bargain. Dust, shouting & yelling were the things most easily seen & heard. A picturesque sight among the many costumes was the turban & robe of Malay of the Mohammedan Creed. An Englishman told that all those who have been to Mecca are permitted to

wear a peculiar kind of turban. By their stately air one could see that they thought themselves of considerable importance.

Many coloured people are to be seen in Cape Town of various tribes but the majority ~~are~~ have a mixture of white blood. This was caused by the early Dutch settlers taking black wives when no others could be had.

The Malays at once struck me as not of an African type of face. They are said to be Indian, at least Asiatic. By the rules of their religion intermarriage with other tribes is strictly prohibited. This has kept them as pure & distinct almost as the Jews.

The Zulus and Kaffirs are easily distinguished from the mixed race about Cape Town. They are much darker & have the mouth & chin more prominent. The Zulus generally come west for the harvest and return again to live in idleness & smoke.

On Saturday 22nd Nov. I called at Dr. Douglas's to get advice about where I should stay. He urged me to leave Cape Town as soon