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THE
SCHRÖDER ART MEMENTO.

A VOLUME OF PICTORIAL SATIRE.

DEPICTING OUR POLITICS AND MEN FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS,
IN BLACK AND WHITE,

BY

SOUTH AFRICA'S ONLY ARTIST.

Pretoria :
"THE PRESS" PRINTING AND PUBLISHING WORKS.
1894.

DESIGNED,
LITHOGRAPHED AND PRINTED
AT THE
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PRETORIA, S.A.B.

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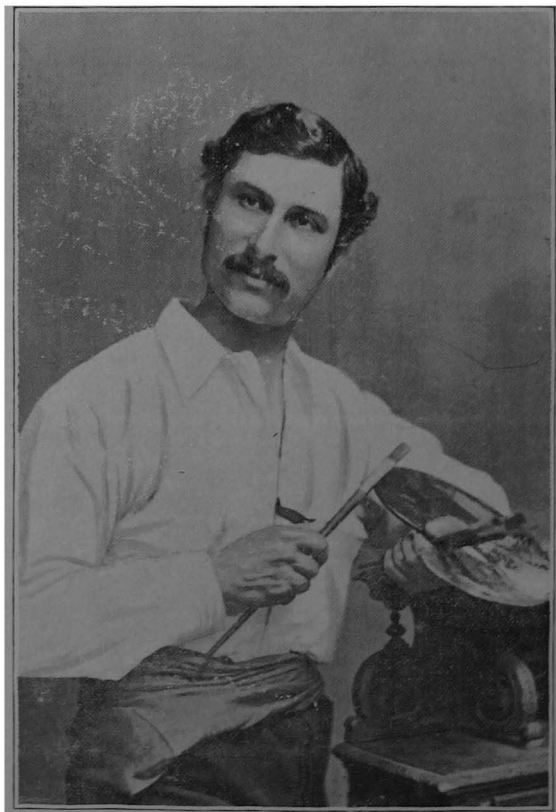
A South African Memento
from Lutchman Pandey
Durban Natal

To
Hon. G. K. Gokhale.

THE SCHRÖDER ART MEMENTO.

Box 64
Durban Natal

In Memoriam.



S. B. Bernard]

[Capetown, Photo.

W. H. SCHRÖDER, SPECIAL ARTIST TO "THE PRESS."

Died 4th August, 1892, at Pretoria.

THE SCHRÖDER ART MEMENTO.

LIST OF PATRONS.

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Mrs. BERTHA DAVIDSON, London.

Honorary Secretary and Treasurer

LEO WEINTHAL, Pretoria.



PREFACE.

TO form the nucleus of a substantial token of the general esteem in which the late William Howard Schröder was held throughout South Africa, it was decided about two years ago to issue the Cartoon Work of our lamented artist in the shape of a popularly-priced volume, in which his sketches of the last twenty-five years were to be reproduced as faithfully as possible, showing the remarkable vigour, characteristic humour, and the clever, yet kindly satire of the pen and brush now still for ever.

With this end in view, the Hon. Secretary collected the originals from various quarters, under, sometimes, very difficult circumstances, and hereby conveys his sincere thanks for the help given by several friends in the Cape Colony and the South African Republic.

To His Honour President Kruger, His Excellency Sir Henry Loch, H.H. President Reitz, and H.E. Sir Charles Mitchell the thanks of the collaborator are due for immediately granting their valuable patronage and assistance in the work, as will be seen by the appended autograph letters.

That this volume is issued in its present form to-day, is, in the first instance, due to the valuable financial and personal patronage of the Honourable Cecil Rhodes, Dr. W. J. Leyds, Sir Graham Bower, Mr. Alfred Beit, Mr. G. A. A. Middelburg, Sir James Sivewright, Sir John Robinson, Mr. Samuel Marks, Mr. J. B. Robinson, Mr. T. W. Beckett, Mr. J. B. Taylor, and Mr. Carl Hanau, who, on the idea being suggested to them, immediately subscribed about half the cost of producing the work. A grateful acknowledgement is tendered to the memory of Mr. Herman Eckstein and Mr. A. H. Nellmapius, whose much lamented demise in the bloom of active manhood and useful work, deprived the compilers of still further assistance.

Special thanks are also due to MR. CHARLES COWEN, one of our own veteran pressmen, who, at the request of the Secretary, wrote the succeeding highly interesting Memoir of our late Artist, which bears in its pages the record of the honourable life and career of the man South Africa mourns. But for such a Memorial written by such a gifted penman, the issue of this volume would certainly have been lacking in valuable historical data.

All representative journals of the various South African States and Colonies have gracefully and most willingly assisted in the work, which, apart from its value as a typical South African production, claims attention not only for its artistic and literary contents, but also as being a modest specimen of Transvaal fine art printing.

Be it however remembered that the principal *raison d'être* of this publication is to provide Mrs. Schröder and her family with a comfortable, if perhaps only moderate competency, to which the *total* proceeds from the sale of the volumes are to be devoted. With this special object in view, *The Schröder Art Memento* is now submitted to the patronage of its subscribers throughout South Africa.

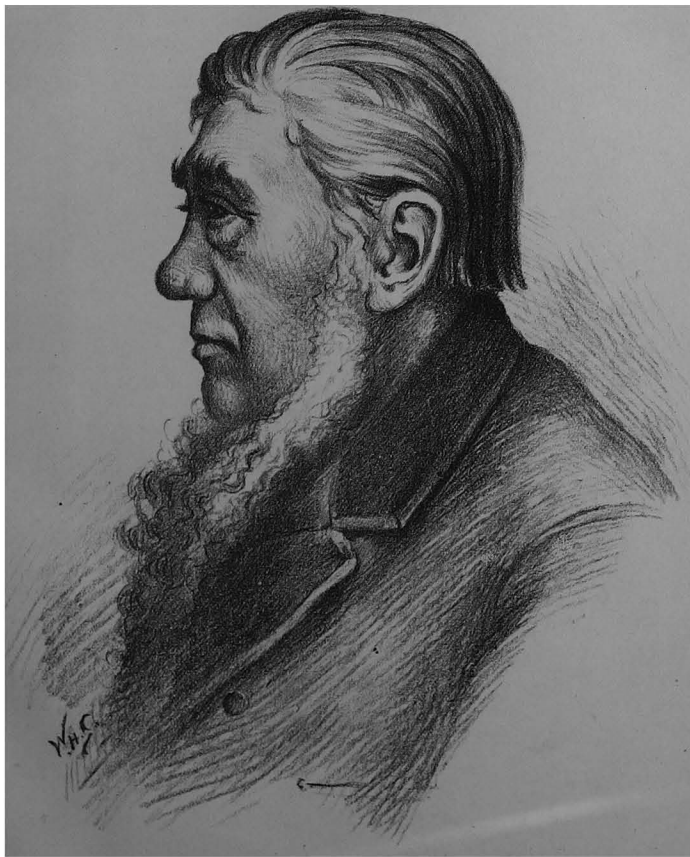
The work of production has been to all those concerned in it a veritable labour of love—a small tribute to the memory of a generous friend, a genial blithe companion, and a nobly-moulded son of the soil, whom we regretfully and sincerely miss at every movement in the rapid whirl of South African politics.

“His memory will not die out of ours
For many a year to come: the thought of him,
Erewhile associate with our merriest hours,
Will be a sad one, till all thoughts grow dim.”

THE HON. SECRETARY.

The Press Offices,
PRETORIA, OCTOBER 1st, 1894.

ONE OF SCHROEDER'S STUDIES OF OOM PAUL.





PRESIDENT'S HUIS,

Pretoria, 189

Z.A.R.

Dem Wel. Ed. Heer *Leó Weintal*
Secretaris Sch. Me-
ments.

Wel Ed. Heer,

Ik verklaar mij
geheel bereid het bescherm-
heerschap van het Schroeder
Art. Memento aan te ne-
men, en wensch het werk
alle Succes toe
Hoogachtend

J. G. Kruger
Staatspresid!

Letters from Patrons of the Schröder Art Memento.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE
CAPE TOWN

19. July 1944

Frank,
I find me much
pleasure to comply with
your wish that I should
become a Patron of the
"Schröder mementos"
which you propose
publishing. I hope
"I note that Schröder's
artistic work was well
known throughout South
Africa, and I feel -

sure that many will
be glad to avail themselves
of the opportunity of
securing a collection
This highly appreciated
Sketches -
Will you kindly
forward me some for
two copies - Museum
I am, my dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Les Huntford

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR HENRY LOCH,
Governor of the Cape Colony.

Letters from Patrons of the Schröder Art Memento.

Blomfontein
7^e Nov 1892

Les. Meinthal Esq.
Hon Sec: Schröder Trust
P.O. B 317 Johannesburg

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter
of the 4th instant, I have much
pleasure in consenting that
my name should also be
used as a patron to the Schröder
Memento, ^{to which} ~~to which~~ I shall
also be happy to contribute
my share

Yours truly
P. W. Reitz

HIS HONOUR PRESIDENT REITZ.

Letters from Patrons of the Schröder Art Memento.

I feel sure your
verdict will be that
it is a good country.
it wants time they did
not build Rome in
a day.

Yr truly

(.) Rhodes

Truly

I send as
desired my promised
subscription to Schermer
fund I hope you will
be successful with it
I am glad you
are going to pay
Subscribing or visit

HON. CECIL RHODES.

Letters from Patrons of the Schröder Art Memento.

Mantigny
Sept. 17 1894

Dear Mr. Mantigny,

I am glad to hear that the Schröder Art Memento has so far advanced that you expect to bring it out next month. It will, I feel sure, be a fitting tribute to the work and memory of one who was both an artist & a humanist

from peculiar characteristics. He was both Cautious and kindly, and could express an idea or describe a sketch in a few vivid strokes and figures.

His genius was something for South Africa to be proud of and I congratulate you upon the privilege of having been instrumental in securing a permanent embodiment

& whose career was all too soon cut short.

Mr Schröder's work was better known in the Cape Colony & the Transvaal than in Natal but those of us here who had opportunities of becoming acquainted with it greatly admired the originality and vigour of his sketches, not less than their freedom

of it
Believe me
Yours faithfully
Mantigny

Letters from Patrons of the Schröder Art Memento.



My dear Sir

In reply to your
note of the 3rd inst. just
received, I shall be
glad to do anything I
can to aid in the
good work of helping
the widows and children
of the late lamented
Mr. Schroeder, the
loss of whom I, in

common with everyone
interested in the progress
of S. Africa, deplore.

You can make use
of my name in the
way you propose
by faithfully yours
A. Mitchell

6th Nov. 1892.

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR CHARLES MITCHELL,
Governor of Natal.

Letters from Patrons of the Schröder Art Memento.

Pretoria 20 Sept. 94.

Waarde Heer Weinsthal,

Het is my een waar
genoegen in het bezit
te mogen komen van
de verzameling Schroeder
teekeningen. De geestige
man had in hooge
mate alle eigenschappen
van een karikatuurteekenaar.
De eerste eigenschap is een warm hart
en een fijn gevoel.

Het alle aelbing
Uw d. d. h. v.

G. A. Middelberg

Letters from Patrons of the Schröder Art Memento.

Lomenaford.

Rotterdam Holland.

11th August 1894.

My dear Mr. Wainthel.

After what I have
pleasantly told you in Retiro it is hardly necessary
for me to write on any other of affairs we find
it pleases to do anything in my power to promote
the success of your "Schröder Memento" -

Apart from the more than previously
object which it is now immediately intended by
you to serve in connection with those who have
referred and desired to him a collection of
Schröder's sketches cannot fail to be extremely
interesting. They form in themselves a pictorial
history of the most stirring South African
events of his day, and constitute a Colonial
"Lament" which we have no reason to be ashamed
of.

Nothing for all success
Believe me,

Yours truly
James Sivewright

SIR JAMES SIVEWRIGHT.

Letters from Patrons of the Schröder Art Memento.

Pretoria

29th June 1891.

Dear Mr. Meinthal

It would afford

me much pleasure to possess

a collection of your Mr

Schröder's sketches they

constitute in themselves

a pictorial history of our

own times - and keep alive

incidents & faces that

we would be reluctant to

forget. I shall be obliged

therefore if you will put my

name down as a subscriber

Yours faithfully

Graham Bower

SIR GRAHAM BOWER,
Imperial Secretary, Cape Town.

Pictoria 24 Febr. 1895

Waarde Heer Meibohm,

Heer zoo goed mijn
naam te plaatsen op de
lijst der intekenaars
van het Schroeder-album.

Ik zoude niet graag
te laat komen. Schroeder
was zulk een waas en
tist dat het Art me.
mentis ongetwijfeld groote
aftrek hebben zal.

Het was opmerkelijk
wat S. niet en ook
hij daer kon, als men

²
nageta hoe weinig hij
in de gelegenheid was
gewest te zien en te
leeren. Terwijl men bij
velen die beter opleiding
hadden gehad, alleen pro-
ducten van vaardigheid kan
waarderen, gaf hij uitingen
van kunst te genieten.

Leid Afrika kan trotsch zijn
op zulk een talent.

Ik help u gaarne wenschen
dat het succes der uitgave uige
beantwoorden aan het doel
dat u daarbij voor oogen
heeft gestaan.

Hoogachtend

B. W. Reyne



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MEMOIR OF THE LIFE
OF
WILLIAM HOWARD SCHRÖDER
ARTIST
BY
CHARLES COWEN,
EDITOR OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN EXHIBITION LECTURES,
ESSAYS AND REPORTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

NOTES.

Soon after my arrival here, in 1892, I was startled by the news flashed from Pretoria, that William Howard Schröder was dead.

In all circles—English and Dutch, old and young, rich and poor, high and low—the sense of a personal loss was experienced by the report, so generally did men appreciate his talents, and the tender nature which was present in his pictures.

When the newspapers came to hand, I concluded by their remarks that one or other of the journalists in the Transvaal was about to issue immediately a Life of the Artist, with selections from his drawings. Had they not so written I should at once have prepared a history of the man and of his career. I waited. None appeared.

It is solely due to Mr. Leo Weinthal, of the *Press*, Pretoria, that the accompanying volume is created. It is by his and his firm's generosity that it appears, pecuniarily for the welfare of the widow and children of our mutual friend, and as a personal tribute to his memory and his worth.

At special request I consented to write the Memoir. The time at my disposal has been short, the material scant, the opportunity to refer to authorities all but *nil*. To the few friends on whom I have been able to call for information, I have to give my thanks sincerely for what they have sent me, and I have acknowledged it in the annexed pages.

That the Memoir is not what I could wish it to be, and what I would have tried to make it, had time and circumstances permitted, I regret. Yet, brief as it is, and meagre though the justice done to the merits of him to whom it is meant to be a tender and earnest tribute, I may add—in the words of a much older author—"that I write for friends, not for critics;" and, therefore, trust it will, at least, point the way for another hand to raise a fitting monument in our literature to the Man and the Artist, William Howard Schröder, whose reputation will descend to posterity with ever increasing lustre; and whose passive virtues and honoured name will be to his children, and their heirs, and to his country a noble inheritance.

CHAS. COWEN.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
BUFFALO ROAD, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN,
SEPTEMBER 2, 1894.

After the main part of the text was sent away, items came to hand, which I thought right to use (1) because nothing which will throw light upon the dead artist's nature and character should be omitted; and (2) because it is due to the reader that I should not withhold anything which will add to our information of him or of the art he loved, and did so much to adorn. For of Schröder we may say what has been remarked of Horace and his writings: "The man is of more interest than his works." Our chief interest is in him. Therefore, as fragments reached me I utilised them.

But since the last were posted, such inexorable exigencies have arisen as to make it imperative to do away with such tables of contents as were planned, to condense and delete parts of the Memoir and to adopt a smaller type than was to be used. And not to jeopardise publication at the date fixed by this treatment of material, and the great risks attendant sending "proofs" to and fro (between this place and Pretoria)—railway journeys of over 1500 miles—and the time that would be lost, Dr. James W. Stroud, at my request, promptly and generously consented to act on the spot for me in all these essentials. In a moment of our adversity he has proved what he is to so many, in verity—a friend, and a ready one. To him are tendered the thanks of the printers and publishers, and my own, for his valuable co-operation in a work which has an interest for so many of us—the production of a memorial to one whose name is as familiar as a household word amongst us all, and whose memory we would not willingly let die.

CHAS. COWEN.

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN,
OCTOBER 2, 1894.

WILLIAM HOWARD SCHRÖDER, ARTIST.

The founders of the Colony were essentially a monopolist mercantile body. Their possessions were held, like these of our Chartered Company, solely for the purpose of making money out of them. Unlike the latter, they limited the freedom of their settlers, and permitted them no scope to cultivate anything except the soil and trades for very many years into the first century of their occupation. Their efforts were directed to moulding their Colonists into human labour-machines, so that they might be ruled with ease and made profitable to the shareholders in the Netherlands. Therefore, at no time did the governing body allow of anything of a sumptuary kind to be encouraged amongst the Colonists. Hence not one Commander or Governor for the first century of occupation did—as President Kruger has done in Pretoria—raise a public edifice, with pretensions to the classic in type, or form a collection of originals or of copies of ancient masterpieces in sculpture, or painting, or do aught else to have such things for the instruction, improvement, or pleasure of the people, or even as objects of imitation for trade purposes. The modern historic world of painters in Holland and in Italy, whose names are written as in letters of glistening gold, and have been handed down, with their works, from generation to generation, as some of the most rare of mankind's inheritances, were as much dead letters to them as were the noble works of Praxiteles, Phidias, Apelles and Vitruvius; Michael Angelo, Palladio, and Cellini, and others who could be named.

**Dwellings
of
Officials.** The dwellings of the high officials, in some instances, were, nevertheless, chaste and picturesque in externals. They were of the style prevalent in the Low Countries, and in favour in the United Kingdom in the latter part of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, and many of which are now in part again coming into fashion both at Home, and largely in the Transvaal industrial capital—Johannesburg—and the political metropolis, Pretoria. The raised gables with their reversed and continuous arcs; the large broad doors with their corresponding curvilinear heads, mouldings, and frames to match, mounted with massive bright brass knockers and handles; and the window-sashes and frames (designed and made like the doors, and the fine furniture behind them, in one of the towns of the Dyke Countries), fitted with small panes of glass, harmonized with the special designs of the building, and formed a pleasing whole on which the eye rested and the senses found repose.

The Picturesque Town House. The best of these buildings in Cape Town still existing is the Town Hall, or what was once the Burgher Hof. It adorns the site at the S.E. corner of Greenmarket Square and Burg Street. It is in a style of the third remove from the Renaissance, which leaves the ornate of that period and the less florid semi-Renaissance behind, and at once strikes one by the taste displayed in its architecture and by the charm of its simplicity. It would be noticeable wherever it could be placed; and as being of historic worth in the annals of the country, and typical of a period when the classic was not in vogue, as well as illustrative of the soundness throughout of the structures built at the Cape for public purposes in old days, it should be held sacred and be preserved as a monument worthy of being cared for. It was one on which Schröder looked again and again with reverent affection. For he said that the men who could give to an out-of-the-way Settlement, as the Cape was, when its construction was contemplated, such a building must have been true artists; and he loved it for its unique beauty.

Masterpieces Absent Everywhere. The streets and squares were innocent of memorials of great men. The walls of the public edifices bore no works by those whose names were already inscribed on the scrolls of the immortals. Yet all the Low Countries were exceptionally rich in the works of men of the 16th and 17th Centuries, as painters of the first order. We have only to mention the two Poussins, Rubens, Van Dyk, Paul Potter, Maas, Cuyp, Rembrandt, and the three Wouvermans, and Bega, as a few of the legion from whose prolific easels models or standards of perfection for the public to work up to, might have been had and sent to the Cape by the ruling powers. But the sordid stiver was what was wanted by them, and for that all else had to give way, even to the brutalising of the people, while under the Council of XVII.

The Earliest Colonists. Low Class and Poor. Nor were the classes of people from which the Settlers were drawn (except the Huguenots), by fair means and by foul, such as could bring with them any of these treasures. For they were the poorest of the poor. Their families, like themselves, were insignificant. The principal officials were gentlemen; but their servants were, commonly, low-class Germans, kidnapped, often, from the dens in the purlieus of the ports, only a few hours before the vessels, in which they were to sail, left Holland for their destination.

The French Refugees. Matters were, in some respects, different with the French Refugees. They had fled from their country into neighbouring ones in the guise of peasant labourers, artizans, tradesmen, and learned professions, to escape from their persecutors. There they rested until they could mature their plans for the future. Among the few, out of the many hundreds in the Low Countries, who ultimately came through to this Colony, were men and women of all classes and ranks; but all select and respectable, and inspired with a passion for their Protestant faith, with hearts yearning for their native soil, and the relatives and the possessions so many had left behind them, possibly for ever. The chief portion were toilers in the strictest sense. There were also many closely connected with the chivalry of France—men whose family names are bright in the annals of that country; men whose fathers had defended the colours under Henry of

Navarre, and were grateful to Sully; men who had rallied to his person, as self-sacrificing nobles in hours of peril; men who were members of his Courts, intimates in his household, and advisers in his Councils.

Now, most were poor, very poor. At odd times a few with means arrived, in addition to those who were given important posts at the Cape. That most of the first-comers were of the best blood, is borne out by the fact that of over three hundred coats-of-arms and crests traced by the late Surveyor-General, Mr. Charles Bell, which had once held their positions in the places of worship at Cape Town and Stellenbosch, the most eminent were of families of French origin. None, however, of this interesting and large collection was of use to Schröder. It was once of ornament and instructive use when in its proper position, over the sitting places of the respective families in church, to whom it belonged, but it was thrown aside, *as a heap of rubbish*, in the belfry loft of the old edifice, at the side of the new one, between Church Square and Adderley Street, when Mr. Bell last saw it. Schröder often earnestly desired to see some of these arms and crests, and regretted that they were not put up in the Museum or Library, where the public could have access to them. Whether in later years he succeeded in doing so I do not know, but I strongly doubt it, as I believe he would have written to tell me of such an event. Amongst the many were some which, according to their "bearings" were best kept concealed from the eye of the readers of heraldry. Of one of the chief families it may be mentioned, in passing, that the grandfather of Mr. Charl du Plessis, who was still alive in the latter part of 1884 (when I made note of the fact from the lips of my friend, the late Mr. Charles Aken Fairbridge), and living in Klein Drakenstein, was offered the restoration of a patent of the ancient family, if he would accept it, and return to France to revive the ducal house of Tournay, as the direct, lawful and undoubted lineal descendant of that distinguished family. But he declined it.

Still by some means, of which I am not aware, the descendants of the French families, and some others who were of the 18th Century settling in the country, were afterwards known to be in possession of heirlooms—rare glass, jewellery, books, deeds, pictures. But Schröder had no access to these, and I regret to say when they would have been of interest to him, as objects of study, poverty had compelled the owners, in the majority of cases, to part with them. Amongst these were some very valuable portraits.

The late Mr. Charles A. Fairbridge was the happy owner of one of Madame de Paton. This was by the celebrated François de Boucher who, in his time, was known in France as the Anacreon of painting, and died there in 1770. The picture in question is an excellent crayon, on vellum, masterly in execution and still perfect in condition, and set in the first oval frame made for it, and is backed as it must have been when it first came through from France to this Colony. Many other beauties were portrayed by the same hand. In 1868 an old bibliophile, one Mr. Wicht, died in Cape Town. Amongst the effects at his sale was a large parcel of these pictures, which had been got together from amongst the poverty-stricken families. They were bought by Mr. P. Quadling, of the Railway Locomotive Department, and Mr. Thomas Gardner, both of Cape Town, for, I believe, a few shillings. They were afterwards shown to me by these gentlemen,

when I recognised them as masterpieces, and was anxious to trace their history for my own pleasure and the benefit of the purchasers, who were my friends; but I was unable to do so at that time. The production of the Madame de Paton to me by Mr. Fairbridge, twelve years later, enabled me to recall the others to memory and to fix the identity of the hand that drew them. But I had not been able to discover the name of anyone on the backs or any other exposed parts of the pictures at the time that I saw them. They were afterwards sent to England for disposal, but I never heard of their later history. They were invaluable from an historical point of view, in connection with the old French Cape Families, and of great intrinsic worth as works of Art. At first I had thought Sir Peter Lely was their author—so much did they recall his style—but they possessed a softness of touch throughout peculiar to another hand. They had, however, the masterful delineation, the graceful pose, and the elegant mode of head-dress and drapery for which Sir Peter was so famous. And although they must have been over a century old, they were for the most part quite sound, and the sweetness of the blue eyes, the delicacy of the lips, and the flesh tints generally, were singularly fresh and natural. A sight of them would have made Schröder's heart leap, boy as he was at that date, but they were dragged from their seclusion and shipped to England before he could see them.

The Period when Pictures could have come in. There was a particular decade during which much could have been, and doubtless was, done in the way of importing luxuries by the people. This, according to our historian, Theal, was from 1781 to 1791. It came with the advent, really earlier, of the French troops to the Cape. With them an expensive style of living arose. Every one strove to have a handsome house, costly furniture, and retinues of idle slaves. Creditors in Holland were the indulgent purveyors. The chief officials and the military created a large expenditure—the former by corruption, the latter for their maintenance. Such being but an evanescent prosperity, one based on nothing of the Colony's own staples, passed away as suddenly and effectually as a brilliant soap-bubble; with disastrous results to the Directory Company, and the usual consequences to the people—general bankruptcy at home with the former, and desperate poverty here with the latter.

The French Fleets. But the vessels of the French fleets and transports of troops *via* and to and from the Cape had been numerous, large and frequent for many years before 1780; and Danish and other vessels, not British, had again and again sailed from the ports of the United States of the Netherlands laden with abundant cargoes for the Port of Table Bay.

The Half-way House. The Cape being the great half-way house to the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English East Indian possessions, works of European Masters may, by the vessels passing to and fro from these parts, occasionally have found their way into the homes of the better classes, especially through friendly expeditions which quartered for a while in Table Bay. But we have no definite knowledge of any such works. And yet if those by Boucher could be so numerous existing among the descendants of the French Refugees, as I have shown they must have been, and Madame de Paton's seems to have been executed between 1740 and 1750, we may fairly assume that other pictures of worth were received.

The
Puzzling Picture.

There is, first, the well-known, long supposed, portrait of the Colony, Van Riebeeck (which is now known to be of someone else) which hangs in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall. Whether it was an official presentation by the Chamber of XVII, or by a Commander or Governor, and when, to the Burgher-Raad, I have not been able to learn. It is a superior half-length oil painting of a belted dignitary, apparently between 30 and 40 years of age, and of a period when it was the custom to wear the hair long, straight, and falling over the forehead and shoulders, under a broad-brimmed, round pot-hat, somewhat peaked. The linen collar is of unusual type—the old, deep, very deep, broad Roundhead kind, cut square. The costume is of dark velvet, slashed at the sleeves and lined with white satin. The right sleeve is rolled back a little, and shows the hand resting on a baton. A sword-belt depends from the right shoulder, and a white satin-lined velvet cape is thrown over the left one. Mr. Froude, the historian, mistook the portrait for that of William the Silent. The style is not of the Prince's time.

Messrs. Liebrandt and
Fairbridge and
Van Riebeeck's Portrait.

The diligent and obliging Keeper of the Colonial Archives, Mr. H. C. V. Leibbrandt, in a letter to me on this subject in 1892, wrote:—"It may be Godski, Simon van der Stell; or any other Governor. No one can tell; but it certainly belongs to the period 1652-1700. This may be taken for granted. In the Public Library is a portrait belonging to the collection of the late Mr. Jerram. I have not, however, been able to discover whether such is the case, but will write to Holland about it. That in the Town House is not that of William the Silent." The late Mr. C. A. Fairbridge, a few months later, wrote:—"The style and costume do not pertain to a poor doctor stuck down in charge of a factory for the collection of meat and vegetables for the outgoing and return fleet, but to a far more dashing character; and, I should say, at least a quarter of a century from Dr. van Riebeeck's time. Nor is the face a bit like that of van Riebeeck, as portrayed in the *Dagvablat*, a journal published in Utrecht, of which I have a copy. The Town-House painting has a long nose—the Utrecht print, a stubby, cock-up one. That feature is reproduced in the likeness of his son, Abraham Riebeeck, the first white male-child born in the Colony (the first of all, a female, was, of course, the Predikant's). Van Riebeeck, junior, died Governor-General of the Dutch Indies and Batavia; and *his* portrait may be found in Valentin. The Town-House picture ought certainly to be sent to Europe for identification. I am engaged in a similar inquiry with a portrait, full length, or rather three-quarter oil, of Commissioner Rhenius. There are very few good and genuine portraits of the Dutch era left. A very good one of the transition era, that of Sir John Truter, perished the other day in the Good Hope Lodge."

The Dassinian
Collection.

From 1736 to 1761 the Orphan Chamber had for its Secretary a gentleman of good class and superior parts, Mr. Joachiin Nicholas van Dassin. He was a careful collector of books and pictures. At his death, in the last-named year, he left his library—consisting of over 3,800 volumes, a number of manuscripts, sundry astronomical and mathematical instruments, and some oil paintings, in trust, with a capital fund of £208 6s. 8d. for the preservation and enlargement of the library, and for the use of the public. The collection was at a later date removed from the old Dutch Church-house to the custody of the

librarian of the S. A. P. Library. And early in 1883, with the consent of the Dassinian trustees, the pictures were transferred to the S. A. Fine Arts Association. What these are, appears in the catalogue of that institution. When removed there they were in a very dilapidated state. Those exhibited were restored and framed by the Association. These are a landscape by Van Goul, an interior by Cornelius Bega (of Haarlem, who was born in 1620 and was snatched away by the Plague, I suppose cholera, in 1664), cattle, a tavern scene, another interior, and St. Luke, all by unknown hands. Besides these, the Association have in their possession, not exhibited, all unknown as to authorship—Christ healing the sick, girl and poultry, game, etc., a head study, and on panel, The Crucifixion. At no time had Schröder convenient opportunities for studying, in the real sense, these paintings.

There was, and may be still, in the large room of the Widow and Orphans Chamber of the Master's office, a good painting which, if my memory serves me rightly, was emblematic of the object of that department. It had somewhere on it the year 1785 plainly visible, and was understood to have been by Mr. Rentenkamp, another secretary to the institution.

The methods of government under the United States of the Netherlands were at all times hard for their settlers at the Cape, and not least when its officials exercised their own powers tyrannically. They were often despots of very severe types. This the young sculptor, Anthon Anrijth, soon discovered in his exchange of his mother country for the Cape, according to the history I had of him from the lips of the memorable man who, in his past prime manhood, had handed over the keys of the Castle to the commanding British Officer at the final taking of the Cape by the English—the grandfather of Chief Justice Kotze and his brother, the Rev. F. Kotze, at Darling—Mr. Johannes Gysbertus Blanckenberg. From him, who was a favourite pupil and a life-long friend of the sculptor, I learned that, when the latter was a student, he chiselled in marble a bust of a powerful sovereign of the day. That on the morning of the general inspection, and when the doors were thrown open to all, it was discovered that during the night someone, believed to be a rival sculptor, had gained access to the hall in which the students' works were displayed, and had struck off the nose from the face of Anrijth's production; that, but for this wilful damage it would have been awarded the first order of merit; that the evil-door was not denounced; but that the unlucky victim of this nefarious act had, momentarily enraged by what had been done, seized a heavy hammer and smashed the marble to irreparable fragments. That was not the end of his disappointment: the authorities, deeply incensed at what Anrijth had done, making no allowance for the wickedness of the perpetrator of the original mischief, and fearing that political evils might be the outcome of the sculptor's act; because the Sovereign original of the bust might construe the smashing act into one of deliberate insult to himself or his country; either had him shipped off to the Cape, or so terrified him by what would happen if he did not leave the country, that he precipitately turned and fled on board the first vessel, then outward bound, and came here. When he landed at Cape Town he must have been at once a marked man by the Government; for he was set to work making statues and other monuments for the parapets of the buildings, long and afterwards, in the Buitengracht (given

over for the Colonial Engineer's works, facing Caledon Square), the entrance to old Slave Lodge Grounds, which were used also as the Company's menagerie, and now is the property of the South African College Trustees, the opposite gateway of what was once used as a paddock, and other parts. The figures on the gateway pillars were not, forty years ago, as they have been since. For, although they were constructed with bricks and cement, they were then marvels of success as couching lions or lionesses, I forget which; but they were frightfully mutilated afterwards, and made hideous by the repairing common bricklayer and plasterer; and for this forced work for the Government, what was his pay? Sixpence per diem. Schröder used to look at these wrecks of works by "a vanished hand," and heave a deep sigh of commiseration with the sculptor and grief at his fate. It was in the Goede Hoop Masonic Temple that he saw, in its completeness, what Anthon Anrijth could do with such ungainly materials as bricks, mortar and plaster in shaping as he did these giant figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity—the three great symbols of the Freemason's creed—to adorn the walls of that more than century-old building, which has been destroyed so recently by fire, and wherein were other specimens of the sculptor's skill with unpromising materials. Many are the hundreds permitted to enter where they were, who, still living, will remember the impressions made upon them for life, by what they first set eyes on in that place.

The Lutheran Church.

Quite other work was that he did for those who, in spite of the prohibiting laws, surreptitiously built a church for the Lutherans in the community. Up to 1780 the Dutch was the only communion allowed to have a place of worship in the Colony. In that year a change for the better was made, and the unique building, known as the Lutheran Church in Strand Street, was opened for Divine worship by the Rev. Mr. Kolver, the minister, who came out specially for the appointment. There Schröder, with me, more than once saw what Anrijth could do with solid mahogany. The pulpit is supported by several figures, which are well finished; and the canopy with its graceful swan, also from this sculptor's chisel, is a specimen of excellent work. But the whole show that their designer and maker needed yet much more training in the higher schools of his Art before he could hope to be deemed a Master in it. Still what he did was well received by those for whom he wrought. What he did was quite as much as they could pay for.

The D. R. Church Pulpit.

Another outcome of his fertile resources may be seen in the great Dutch Reformed Church in Adderley Street. Many are they who have looked upon the chaste pulpit there, and wondered who designed and built it. By the kindness of my old friend (father of the present popular Custom's officer) Mr J. Overbeek, I am able to refer to a note he gave me in 1884 in connection with this matter. According to the minutes of a meeting of the Churchwardens, held in August, 1788, the Rev. Ch. Fleck presiding, a resolution proposed by him was carried, to the effect that, as the old pulpit was unsafe through age and dry-rot for further use, and it would cost too much to repair it efficiently, if it could be done at all, they should, out of the Church funds, build an entirely new one in accordance with a model prepared by the sculptor, Anthon Anrijth, and a design submitted by the reverend chairman, at that gathering. It was likewise decided then to leave the supervision of the work, as well as the arrangements with the

sculptor, carpenter, and other artizans, with the Chairman and the Elder, with the object of having the work performed for the Church on the most favourable terms. On the 1st September these gentlemen reported, as minuted, that they had made contracts with the sculptor, Anthon Anrijth, and the carpenter, Jan Jacob Graaff, on terms advantageous to the Church; the sculptor to receive 900 (£67 10s.) and the cabinet-maker 1100 rix-dollars (£82 10s.) for their labour, etc. On the 7th December of the following year (1789), it is minuted that if the sculptor and carpenter have performed their part of the contract, the Paymaster-Deacon "is authorized to pay the above-named artizans." This was done, and a tablet, which is behind the pulpit, has the following inscription giving the facts that—"This pulpit was built under the supervision of the burgher Elder, John Coenraad Gie, and from it the first sermon was delivered by the senior Minister, the Rev. Jan Petrus Serrurier, on the 29th November, 1789." I have often thought, could that pulpit from which, in the great Church where it stands, "a pin may be heard to drop" in the full and rapt silence of the crowded congregation, which often assembled there, could that pulpit, I say, speak—what a history of learned, of able, of eloquent men it would narrate. The full-toned sounds of the warrior-priest, Philip Faure; the soft speech of his learned gentle brother, Abraham Faure; and the thunder of Dr. Robertson; the learned, quietly, clearly-spoken discourses of Dr. Heyns; the rasping, penetrating, fiery harangues of Burgers; the neat, calm, classic addresses of John Kotze; the sweep of the whole garment of eloquence by the modern John Knox—the Rev. Andrew Murray; the evenly-flowing silvery sounds of his saintlike brother, Professor John Murray; and the rich music of that grand American Missionary from India—whom men, women, and children of all ages and denominations flocked, crowded to hear—the patriarch, the Rev. Dr. Scudder, whose ashes rest with us, would come back to some who are still living, and the varying phases of religious life and strife would be told. That pulpit is a picture—and a history. It revealed much to him of whom this writing is a Memorial. Schröder saw it several times with an interested and critical mind, and on one occasion he made a careful sketch of it for purposes of our own—but we never used it. Besides what I have here mentioned, I remember no other public work of Anthon Anrijth's. Mr. Blanckenberg possessed many outline drawings of his, but these were mostly architectural, to which he seems at last to have turned his attention permanently—sometimes designing also cabinet-ware for different persons. Even as late as 1809 I find him known at 9, Bloem Street, Cape Town, as "Anthon Anreith, Sculptor," and that was how Mr. Blanckenburg spelled the name. Where and when he died I do not know.

Over the Altar, in St. George's Cathedral, a very fine copy of Bramantino's painting of "The Adoration of the Kings" (which hangs in the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square) was placed in 1872. This beautiful work was paid for out of funds raised by voluntary contributions to repay the cost of a new Reredos, which had been designed by Mr. Butterfield.

Schröder was not more fortunate in another direction than he was with the Dessenian Collection. This was, for Cape Town, a remarkable ceiling decoration. It could be seen a very few years ago, and I have no doubt can be seen to-day in the dining—or what used to be the dining-room when the present St.

George's Hotel, at the corner of St. George's Street and Church Street, was a private residence. It was previously the dwelling of Mr. Ewan Christian and his family for many years. If, however, Schröder could not learn from it all he required, he could see there what he would find nowhere else in South Africa—a ceiling with aerial figures of children, such as the Italian and French masters delighted to figure in the domes of churches and chapels, and on the ceilings of the rooms in the palatial residences of the hierarchy, kings, princes, nobles, and the wealthy only. And this work Schröder did again and again look up to with delight. It was a pastime of the clever historical painter, Antonio Chiappini, the founder of the now numerous family bearing his name in different parts of South Africa. He was on his way back from India, in about 1797, where he had been to adorn with paintings the residency of the Governor-General at Calcutta; and, being smitten by one of the handsome daughters of Eve at Cape Town, he resolved on staying there in preference to returning to his beloved Florence and the treasures of sunny Italy. Having so decided, he became a partner of another founder of one of our Colonial families, noted for stalwart members of both sexes and intelligence and culture—Mr. Edward Heugh, the first of the name in the Colony, and at that time representing his native country, Denmark, as its Consul. Mr. Chiappini married Johanna Heugh, a sister, I believe of the Consul. Maria, a younger sister of Mr. Chiappini, I may note in passing, claimed to be the legitimate eldest daughter of the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, and said she had been supposititiously replaced by the latter in 1773, whom her parents, anxious for a male heir, purchased from an innkeeper in Florence. It is from a French copy of her narrative that I have some of these particulars. She was born in the same year as Philippe (1773) and died in 1843, after having been married, first to Lord Newborough, and next, in 1810, to Baron Steinberg. The first died in 1807. What was always thought very remarkable in Cape society, and impressed me very sharply when I first saw her brother at Cape Town, in 1853, was his extremely strong resemblance to the then exiled King of the French. Had he been spared into the period of Schröder's youth he could have been of inestimable value to him for the practical hints he could have given him, and the information he could have imparted, as to how he was to achieve that freedom, faculty, style, and beauty which were so conspicuous in Mr. Chiappini's work.

A Correction.

Since writing the above, which I prefer to leave as it is, I have ascertained that the idea that Mr. Antonio Chiappini was the author of the painting in the House of Mr. Christian, has been a public delusion for more than a lifetime; and that it included some of the best-informed men in Cape Town. I first heard of the supposed fact from Mr. Fairbridge. It was he that afterwards took me to see the admirable work. But I am able, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Henry Bailey Christian, the eldest surviving son of the late venerable founder of the Cape branch of this old Manx family, to dispel the illusion, and add to the text the name of one more contributor to Art in the Colony. Wishing to have some information additional to what I thought correct, I wrote to Mr. Christian, who was good enough to answer by return of post, as under:—"The painting of the ceiling in my father's house in St. George's Street was *not* done by Mr. Antonio Chiappini. I remember seeing a paragraph to that effect some time since, but knew it to be incorrect. The house in question came into possession of a Mr. Martain, many

years before my father bought it; a gentleman of French extraction, I fancy. He had the hall, dining-room, and drawing-room decorated, and put up the screen between the front and back hall, which is still in existence. The walls of the hall were painted, as was the ceiling of the dining-room, by a French artist—who was occupied on the Castle works—many months working, as he did, lying on his back on a raised platform. Mr. Antonio Chiappini was an artist of undoubted merit, and used to live in the house next door to the St. George's Hotel, formerly my father's residence. There hung on the walls of his dining-room two large paintings of considerable merit, his work. I don't know what has become of these paintings. Up to my leaving Cape Town, in 1860, no man had touched the work that had been so effectively done in the days of Mr. Martain; but, I believe, that since the house has become an hotel the painting on the walls of the hall has been spoiled by the handwork of some house-painter. Originally it was painted by an artist, and with pigments unknown to our modern 'cheap and nasty times.' Up to the time of my leaving Cape Town (1860) the colourings of both ceiling in the dining-room and the walls of the hall had in no way faded, but had mellowed with time, and certainly had not been permitted to be touched by the hand of the modern house-painter. I cannot recollect the date when my father bought and took possession of the house. I am now close on 71 years, and I was a small boy, certainly not 10 years old, when my father moved from Wall Street, the house immediately opposite to New Street, to St. George's Street."

Of quite another order is the full length, in oils, of Governor Sir Lowry Cole. It was painted by that English Master, Dyce, one of whose works—a grand historical cartoon—fills one of the panels in the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. Until quite late only, was Schröder able to well study this painting.

To Mr. James Fairbairn, and to the Legislative Council, I am indebted for the information that the portrait of the first Chief Justice and first President of the Legislative Council, Sir John Wylde, which helped to adorn the walls of the old Council Chamber, is by Sir Martin Shee, once President of the Royal Academy. It was bequeathed to the Council by Sir John; and by his executors handed over in 1860. It is not quite a half length, in oils. Another, of the Hon. J. de Wet, LL.D., was from the easel of Mr. William Tasker Smith, who, for some years was connected with the Mixed British and Portuguese Slave Commission, at Cape Town; and was, on leaving the Colony, given, as Mr. Nugent, a Consular appointment in the United States of America. The picture was subscribed for by admirers of the learned advocate as a public memorial of his services in the Legislative Council, of which he was so admirable a member, and was presented to that body, 29th June, 1860.

At the date of Schröder's birth no Cape-born man or woman had done anything in Art to inscribe his or her name on the great scroll of fame, and to incite the youth who came after to win like laurels, or better ones. No one had then gone out from us and made his mark in the world. That musical genius, John de Villiers, was still domiciled at the Paarl, although Sir Harry

Smith had liberally proposed to the boy's parents to send him to England, to have a perfect musical education at His Excellency's expense; and they had refused it. His clever wife, Mrs. John de Villiers, had not yet made a name for herself among the Dutch, as a biographer of her remarkable father, the Rev. Mr. van der Lingen, who, in his first ministerial days, was to have accompanied Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Gutzlaf to China, but came out to the Colony for the London Missionary Society, and for some years laboured for it among the Natives. Olive Schreiner was still to appear above the horizon, and startle the world by the most daring of her written ideas; Greathead, the Graham's Town boy, had to make the fame he has won in the Mother Country as an engineer; and while this country produced very skilful surgeons, like the late Dr. Peter Chiappini, Senr., James Abercrombie, the Biccards (father and sons), and him, who—like Dr. Patrick Oswald Considine—to-day (according to the opinion of one of England's foremost surgeons) unites in his own person the knowledge and the skill of both the late Sir Morell Mackenzie and Lawson Tait in throat and abdominal surgery, it had given us no native-born poet, and no artist like William Howard Schröder. There have been men like Mr. Myburgh, who, in England, has since stood in the front ranks as a maritime and commercial lawyer; General Cloete, who rose to eminence as a soldier long before Schröder was born; and his brilliant nephew, Mr. Antony Oliphant, subsequently as an author. Pringle, Advocate Cole, and Major Longmore, with lyric hand, had often swept the strings of the lyre. But they were not children of the soil. Judge Watermeyer and William Thompson (son of the venerable Missionary), who were earnest men for their calling, could, and did, with masterly hand make rich music when they pleased with their poetic numbers; but, like the author of "The Elegy in a Churchyard" (Thomas Gray), they gave us too little of it—not, because, like Gray, they felt that they could not give more than they did, but because other pursuits pressed so closely upon them as to limit the supply.

Fanning. Of Mr. Fanning's paintings there were none which attracted public attention. He moved through life, and passed away, as he came, unobtrusively.

T. W. Bowler. His superior, Mr. Bowler, was one who loved existence in public. He worked much and he talked much. Pictures from his studio were everywhere. His methods were rapid and clever, and his productions were in accord with the canons of Art. The aerial character of his fleecy clouds, the liveliness and translucence of his waters, and the naturalness of his intermediate lights, lent a charm to his work which was singularly attractive—whether it was a view of Blaauwberg, Camp's Bay, or Table mountain and Cape Town, as viewed from the offing. The "effects" were the same with his illustrations of interesting localities in the Eastern Province and on the Frontiers. And what was so effective in Mr. Bowler's achievements was the remarkable success with which he treated distant objects seen through our fine atmosphere, making them real, neither too sharp, because of their apparent nearness, nor the reverse to enable the observer to judge of their actual distance from him, and their relation to their immediate surroundings. He merited ungrudging praise for the noble fight which he made against very adverse circumstances, and for the masterly success which crowned his energies to be the artist which he truly was. His pictures Schröder could constantly see.

Another whose work was considerable, but was not so well-known then in Cape Town as it was on the Frontiers—and in England—was Thomas Baines, the artist to the Gregory Expedition in Northern Australia, and the Livingstone Expedition to the Zambesi; the genial fellow who later, with Carl Mauch, did so much to inform the world by his pen, his pencil, and his brush, of the wealth of Gold which is now being utilised in the Transvaal and Matabeleland. During the interval between the great expeditions named, he visited this country, Natal, and the Free State, and was at Mooi Riverdorp (Potchefstroom) when, in 1850, Pretorius sheltered Chapman from the Boers, who would have shot him; and assisted McCabe and Baines also (but with their bare lives) to the Free State, to escape from the angry intentions of pursuing Voortrekkers, to whom the word Englishman was then very repugnant. When in Cape Town, and while lodging very humbly, he decorated the walls of the "bar" of the once famous Fountain Hotel, in Hout Street, with, if I recollect rightly, views of different parts of the Thames, including Billingsgate Market, the Customs House, and (I think) St. Dunstan's Church Spire in the background. These were in oils, and stood well for many years. Whether they are there still or not, I do not know. They were such, however, as Schröder would not be likely to see until he was at least well into his young manhood, and was master of his time and movements.

Mr. C. D. Bell.

Mr. Charles D. Bell, the Surveyor-General, and his first assistant (afterwards his successor in office), Mr. Abraham de Smidt, were ardent students at the easel. The former's bent was for the historic on one side, and the comic on the other. With his brush he has recorded on canvas illustrations of the landing of Van Riebeeck in 1642, etc., etc.; and in the playful line, several groups of Hottentots engaged in different ways. Besides these he shaped admirable models (in Cape clay) of the same class of people. It was owing to his artistic talents as a youth that he was selected to accompany Dr. Andrew Smith, the naturalist, on his memorable expedition to the far interior—Moselkatzi's kraal and country (now so well known as the late Lo Bengula's realm)—in 1834. These last pictures and models, from which "casts" were afterwards taken, greatly attracted Schröder's fancy. They amused him immensely, and many a hearty laugh and rush of comment did they draw from him.

Mr. Abraham de Smidt.

Mr. Abraham de Smidt's *forte* lay specially in landscape. He very highly appreciated Mr. Bowler's work, as conveying, in almost every line, a lesson to the students of that subject under our skies. Mr. de Smidt was gifted with a keen sense of the beautiful in almost all that this, his native land, possessed for him—in mountain, valley, forest, stream, lake, and harbours: its sunrises and sunsets, and its rich cloud-lands. The walls of his office, like his drawers, were laden with valuable contributions from his brush, recording, especially, fascinating views between the ocean on the Cape Town side and Simon's Town on the other; and about the Knysna; George, Kaffraria, and the Eastern Province. Their author worthily followed Mr. Bowler in much that he did; but being a gentleman of means, independent of his professional income, he could obtain European models and carefully study the works of the best writers on painting. With him Schröder, in late years, had many an agreeable talk about

his pictures, his methods—their merits and their shortcomings. And very useful they were to the latter. He gathered practical information when and wherever he could. It was a loss to him as far as his studies of landscape painting in water-colours were concerned, when Mr. de Smidt removed to England, that he might there again plunge into the study of the relics which the Great Masters have left us of their powers.

A contemporary of Mr. de Smidt's was Mr. Woodford Pilkington, second son of the late Colonial Engineer—
Mr. Woodford Pilkington. Captain Pilkington. This young gentleman, born in 1831, and educated in the Mother Country, was as genial and generous as he was considerate of others and accomplished. He was blessed with great natural abilities. He had been a class-mate, under Butler Williams, with a particular friend of my wife's, under whom she and I had been students, and the former had made a good name for herself in certain drawing and painting schools in the great metropolis. Although, when we first met, he was only 24 years old, Mr. Pilkington had a large variety of knowledge, for, intellectually, he seemed like a sponge, capable of sucking up useful information on every side, and to have a correspondingly skillful hand, correct eye, sound taste, and a readiness to adapt his acquirements to momentary needs. He had made, and was still making rapid progress in the profession he had chosen (his father's); later he was Assistant Colonial Engineer and Assistant Commissioner of Roads; but had he given the rest of his future to Art only, he would have become permanently known to fame as an addition to the ranks of Master Painters.

Evidence of that may be seen in his picture, which was painted for and adorns the walls of the Parliament House in Cape Town. It is very different, in its details, to the one by Dyce, of General Sir Lowry Cole, to which reference has been made. The one painted by Mr. Pilkington for the House of Assembly is of a far more difficult and severe kind. It is a full length, in oils, of the Lieutenant (and sometime Acting) Governor of the Colony, Mr. Charles Henry Darling, on whom devolved, in 1854, the privilege and the honour of opening the first elective Legislature of the people of the Cape of Good Hope. His Excellency is represented in that great trial to the artist, the (blue) Windsor uniform. He was tall of stature, of large proportions, with heavy features; and in all respects, dressed as he was, far from a good subject for such a picture. There is so little to relieve the mass of solid blue colour—so different to the bright, the gay, and varied Cole by Dyce. But the artist succeeded admirably in his very difficult task. The picture was truthful to nature, and as artistic as it could be in its treatment. Large as the figure is, and broad and free as the technique of the manipulation appears, it is of thoroughly honest work throughout, and much of it will bear microscopic inspection—so painstaking was the painter. In after years, when my plans made it desirable that we should see this painting for designs in connection with *The Zingari*, it made, I remember well, a strange impression on Schröder. For over an hour he examined it most carefully; first from one position, and then from many others. At last, he exclaimed:—"Well! I can't, for the life of me, understand how he succeeded in making the picture he has with such a breadth of the blue, and next to nothing to relieve it; and the Governor so long and so broad!" When Mr. Pilkington, with many others, in

1865, was retrenched and left for England, Schröder was only about 14 years of age, with no daytime opportunities for being away for Art studies anywhere beyond his employer's office. But in after life he frequently went to the House to have a good study of this painting.

Mr. W. Tasker Smith.

Another official, but in the Imperial service, who did good work, was Mr. William Tasker Smith. This gentleman was secretary and registrar to Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioner in an institution, of which passing history is losing sight, but which ought not to be obliterated; for it played, in its time, important parts, and drew to the centre of Cape life men of singular accomplishments and much grace. George, a member of the Frere family; the Chevalier, afterwards Viscount du Prat; Richard Frederick Surtees, a distinguished lawyer of the Durham family, to whom Churchmen in this country owe very much; Viscount Francisco de Valder, of the old ducal family of that name, a considerable writer; and later, several others, including Benjamin Pringle, the United States Judge, with his arbitrator, William L. Avery, who were appointed under the Treaty of 1862, between Great Britain and America for the suppression of the African Slave Trade; nor must one forget the maker of our museum, Edgar Layard (brother of the great Assyrian and Babylonian explorer, Sir H. A. Layard) who was judge and arbitrator in the said Commission. The Commission, fortunately, had so little, of recent years to do, that it gave its members ample time to study Art, Literature, and Science—and well its members did so. Mr. Tasker Smith's studio was a successful one. The work he did was neither much nor great, but it was good, and the little that came from his easel, mostly in oils, found private sale. Besides the painting of the member of the Legislative Council, previously mentioned, I am not aware that there are any other pictures of his now in the Cape. But his work was not in Schröder's way.

Captain
Vignon van Alphen.

Another was Captain Vignon van Alphen, an ex-officer of the military engineers in Holland, a descendant of the celebrated poet, connected with the higher members of the diplomatic service of his native country, of remarkably handsome and intellectual features, polished manners, speaking several modern languages, a good musician, and a good artist—but in his painting an exceedingly idle man. His life-size half-length portrait of the then popular and much-beloved Rev. Dr. Philip E. Faure (father of the present respected Magistrate of Cape Town, Mr. Cambier Faure), first made its painter known to the public for his truthful, skilful, and artistic powers. Then his picture, also in oils, of part of Table Mountain, with the cataract of cloud rolling down and over its precipitous crest, further stamped him as a handler of the brush of no mean qualities in landscape painting, and as a valuable acquisition to the Colony. What became of this picture, and whether Schröder ever saw it, I do not know. But I once made him shiver with delight by laying before him a small octavo set of exquisite caricatures, in outline, pencilled by Captain van Alphen, and the brilliant vignette, in colours, introductory to them and their text, which I possess. The artist had left Cape Town, wandered eastward and settled down in the George district, before Schröder could know him; in fact, long before Mr. Pilkington, with whom he was on intimate terms, and in whose company he used to frequent my house, left for England.

Mr. Fairbridge's
Collection.

In addition to the few things I have spoken of in relation to Art, to which Schröder could have access, I must not omit the treasures—engravings and paintings—which Mr. Fairbridge had collected at odd times during a long and active life. In one of the rooms of his house at Green Point may be seen (1) a portrait of Baron Innhoff who was, as Governor of the Colony, duly installed in the Castle 25th January, 1743; (2) Lord Macartney, "The Old Gentleman," as the Boers called him, whose stay at the Cape as the British Governor was 1797-9; (3) Mr. Barnard, whose clever wife, Lady Anne, one of the Lindsays, wrote the well-known song "Auld Robin Gray," and is supposed to have referred to her husband as that good man; (4) Sir John Cradock, a head and three-quarter length; (5) Lady Cradock. Sir John, afterwards Lord Howden, was Governor in 1811. (6) Sir David Baird, who finally took the Cape, 10th January, 1806; (7) Sir Home Popham, the Admiral, who was lost at Buenos Ayres; (8) Sir Rufane Donkin, the founder of Port Elizabeth, and in whose time the British Settlers arrived there in 1820; (9) Governor Sir Lowry Cole; (10) His Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban, one of the best and most able of our Governors; (11) John Montagu, the Colonial Secretary, who worked the most radical reforms for the country's good, and introduced "hard roads" over the Cape sands; (12) the Hon. W. Porter, the brilliant Irishman, lawyer, and orator, who has interwoven much of his wisdom into the judicial system of the country, and at his death bequeathed to it, for charitable purposes, all he had made; (13) the Hon. Michael van Breda, an admirable specimen of the British institution-loving Dutch gentleman; (14) the hero of Aliwal, Governor Sir Harry Smith, one of the very ablest practical rulers the Colony and the Kafirs have known; (15) Governor Sir Henry Pottinger, who declared the present Residency to be unfit for even a shooting-box, stayed only a short time here, and became Plenipotentiary to China; (16) His Excellency Sir George Grey, the Governor *par excellence*, who guarded the destinies of this Colony, and saved our Indian possessions to the Empire by his wisdom, courage, and noble patriotism. There are two engravings of him: one is of a set of six only that were struck off; (17) is a picture of Sir Bartle Frere, when he was Commissioner of Scinde, and is the only known engraved portrait of him at that time. As our Governor he comes next to Sir George Grey, and, like the latter, was a personal friend of Her Majesty the Queen; (18) an engraving of Vasco de Gama, the original oil painting of which is in the Public Library. This print is one of only half-a-dozen that were taken. Then in the Library are (19) an aquatinto of the Battle of Blaauwberg in 1806, and is a good one; (20) is a portrait, in oils, of Sir Andries Stockenstroum, Lieutenant Governor of the Eastern Province; and (21) Sir John Suckling, the soldier and author [1641]. This is a copy by Gow, and considered superior to the original; (22) a water-colour of the Dutch fleet leaving Table Bay, homeward bound, in 1749. It is artistically and vigorously drawn, and superior in finish. The accuracy of its perspectives, and truthfulness to nature, its modest tones, and its life-like vivid water, are excellent; (23) I forget what this is, but noted at the time its difference in perspective; (24) a picture of Table Bay and Cape Town, with no buildings up the Gardens or along the side of the mountain overlooking the Buitengracht, in 1795, but the Castle and parapet thence along the esplanade to Fort Knokke, while at the corner of Buitengracht and Harrington Streets (where Silberbauer, Porter, Marquard and Co.'s flour mill stood, in 1884) the wheel on which wretched culprits were broken, and the gallows, strongly figure.

Mr. Fairbridge's
S.A. Knowledge of Art

Although Mr. Fairbridge had this valuable collection, he did not pretend to any subtle knowledge of paintings. This was plainly shown, too, in the following case:—"A Mr. Behrens, who came to the Cape late in the Sixties or early in the Seventies, and had a proper knowledge of such things, discovered a picture which he urged my friend to buy. He did so—giving £8 or £10, I forget which, for it. Not caring much for his purchase, he afterwards sold it for £15. It subsequently went, at an open sale, for £2 10s. The purchaser took it to England. Ruskin pronounced it a genuine Turner, and worth £500."

To what extent, after I went to England in 1874, this collection was used by Schröder I do not know; but at no time afterwards did he mention to me that he had availed himself of its resources.

The Public Library
Collection.

He had one, however, more accessible, because close at hand, by day. This was in the South African Public Library. Until the present Houses of Parliament were built and opened, Winterhalter's beautiful full-length, in oils, of H.M. the Queen, in the prime loveliness of her young womanhood, arrayed in her royal robes and with tiara, filled a conspicuous place in the former institution. On its removal to the House of Assembly, that of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, also in oils, and by a German artist, took its place. Like that of Her Majesty, it was a present by the Sovereign to the Colony. It commemorates the visit to the Colony of her son, Prince Alfred, as a little middy on board the frigate *Euryalus*, Captain Tarleton, to tilt the first stone of the Breakwater and Docks, and to open the South African Public Library in Her name, as the first two public acts of his life—while his eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, was doing similar duty in Canada. Over the entrance is the painting representing Van Riebeeck and his family landing at the Cape, painted and presented to the institution by the late Surveyor-General, Mr. Charles Bell. On the pillars, under the gallery, are suspended oil paintings on marble, the gift of Mr. E. J. Jerran, at one time a member of the firm of McDonald, Busk & Co. There are also a few excellent engravings of Mr. Jardine, on the poet Lord Lytton, the Earl of Caledon, and Tennyson; and what is of far more consequence to the Art student, some casts from antique cameos, engraved rings, and celebrated sculptures. They are preserved in glazed frames. They were the gift of Dr. W. H. Ross a good many years ago, and are a valuable possession. This gentleman has been one of the few in our midst who has ever taken a lively interest in matters of Art, and helped, with a good judgment, to promote it in this, his native land. In the vestibule, between the Library and the Museum, there used to be a fine counterfoil of Bailey's celebrated sculpture, life size, of Eve at the Fountain.

The "Holy Family" at
Graham's Town.

There was one more painting which Schröder was able to see, but only for a short time, not for a study. This was the beautiful altar-piece in the Cathedral at Graham's Town, a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Holy Family," which was presented to St. George's by Mr. Beresford Hope on behalf of the University of Cambridge, and the original of which is in the Earl of Dudley's gallery. This latter is valued at £10,000, for it must be of very considerable age, as the painter was born in 1445 and died in 1520. Assuming that

the picture was the work of his prime, say 45 years of age, it would be now more than four centuries old. The figures are those of the infant Christ, and His mother, the babe John the Baptist, and an angel. In the background, oxen and what appears to be the entrance to a cave, are seen, over which is streaming the heavenly light. The Baptist is in the act of adoring the Christ, who is enveloped in the arms of His mother. On his outspread hands the Baptist has a scroll bearing the words: "Ecce, Agnus Dei!" (Behold, the Lamb of God). Flowers cover the foreground, and the cross carried by the Baptist has slipped from him and fallen amongst them. To make sure of seeing this altar-piece, of which he had heard a good deal, Schröder left the party he was with at Port Elizabeth, where he was making a brief visit, and hurried off to Graham's Town. When he came back, he told me it had made such an impression upon him that he thought he could draw a fair outline of it all without having made a single note on the spot. He greatly regretted that it was not in Cape Town, or one like it, which he might see very often.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Departure.

According to the orthodox rules of writing biographies I ought, I suppose, to have made this the initial chapter to the Memorial of my young friend. But on the present occasion, I hold other ideas on the subject; and I hope that the reader's interest will not, in even the slightest degree, be lessened in that Life Sketch by the course I am taking. It is often a relief to the stroller into the country to strike out from a hard-beaten road and suddenly find himself in green fields, and following winding paths through them, and getting over stiles (we have none in this country), or clambering over gates, so make, possibly, some short cuts out into the main road again, on the way home. Many a one will admit that this is often more entertaining than trudging along the ordinary highway, hemmed in by hedges which shut out the views of broad pastures, fields of waving golden grain, and breadths of orchard and scented gardens. And how many of us also dodge the novel at first—skip parts, and make short cuts into it here and there, for matters of interest; not failing, sometimes, to peep at the end to see what becomes of the hero or the heroine—and then settle down, in jog-trot fashion, to travel steadily on to the journey's end. May the reader be as patient with me, and as forgiving, for my departure from the hard and fast lines in these pages.

The grandparents of Schröder, on the father's side, with their sons and daughters, were well-known to me. When Schröder's Grand Parents. I first saw them, in the latter part of 1853, the former were already an aged couple. All their children, except the two youngest—a lad of about 13 or 14 years old, and a girl of about 16—were grown

up and maintaining themselves. Most of them were married. The parents were of the old serving class, and had evidently benefited by a kindly bringing up in their different spheres of life. On Mr. Schröder's maternal side, and on one or other of his wife's, there was undoubtedly a strain of other than German blood, but it was of very light colour. Neither his nor Mrs. Schröder's complexion was darker than, or so dark as that of thousands of people of Portugal, Spain, and the Southern parts of Europe whom I have seen; nor anything like what I have met in many of the middle class of the Colony. The father's surname clearly enough intimates that he was of Teutonic descent on *his* father's side. And although he and his venerable partner were in humble circumstances (he was by trade a shoemaker) when I knew them, their manners and general bearing were those of a distinctly superior class. They were gentle, courteous, self-respecting, and deferent without servility; clean, industrious, sober, honest, frugal, painstaking; and greatly respected by all who spoke of them. Their children reflected their characteristics, and like them they stood well in the regard of those amongst whom they lived. The grown-up sons and daughters were all doing well, and thriving in their several vocations. The sons were mostly cab-owners, carriers, butchers, dealers in horses, forage, and in whatever else of agricultural and pastoral produce they could trade, in a modest degree. Their trustworthiness in every way secured them good connections for their businesses. Still, in those days, when there were no rich working people, nor fortunes to be made in any calling at the Cape, they all lived as it were from hand to mouth, but did their best for their children—as their parents had done for them; for they all had the benefits of the schools of the time—and they were good. But neither of them was well off enough to give his children more than an elementary training up to a date when each would have to join the army of juvenile bread-winners, to help the rest of the family. Some of the Schröder's were not strong men; but all, like their father (who was 6 ft. in height) and mother, were above the middle stature; two of the elder sons being even taller than their father.

The father of our artist was John Schröder, a good and exemplary man, kind of heart, calm in manner, gentle in speech, and fond of his home, his wife, and his children, to whom by his words, and his actions he set a manly example, repaid by a filial reverence and love. He died of dropsy in 1872, and through life was a strict abstainer from tobacco and spirits.

It is of interest to know that our artist came of a stock excellent for brains and virtue, on his mother's side also. Her father was a Scotsman, and her mother a German Jewess. Her children were four sons, and six daughters, who all rightly loved her with the devotion she deserved; for a better wife and mother for the Schröder household could not have been found.

The subject of our memoir was the eldest of the family, and upon him devolved on the death of his father, a responsible position with regard to his brothers and sisters, to whom he always acted as a noble friend and faithful adviser. He stood by his mother at all times, shared her sorrows, and tried all he could to lighten her burdens. The sunset of her life was passed, as all her days had been, since his birth, with him near her, day and night, solicitous for her peace, her comfort and her happiness; and when the end came, she died, where of all places on earth she would prefer to pass away, in that son's home, with his wife and children about her.

"Willie" as a Child. "Willie," as he was always affectionately called by his family and those who knew him intimately, far into his manhood, was never a strong boy. It was not surprising, therefore, that as he very early gave evidence of his taste for books and his artist nature, he should, as he told me he did, often withdraw from the games of robust children, for the delights of a book or the charms of a cedar pencil and paper; or, failing these, a slate and pencil to match.

The "Tot Nut van 't Algemeen Institute." Chief Justice Kotzé, of the Transvaal, and Mr. Charles Serrurier, of Johannesburg, tell me that they were at the "Tot Nut van 't Algemeen Institution," in New Street, when Schröder was there. For many years this had been the best of its kind in the Colony. It was founded in 1802, when the South African College had no place in the minds of men, and the buildings in the grounds were a Government compound for slaves. The "Tot Nut," as it was briefly called, was established for children of all nationalities. It was presided over by scholars, divines of different denominations, and professional men of eminence, to see that it was deftly managed. The course of study included the modern and ancient languages and literature, mathematics, drawing and vocal music, and the usual items. And as a preparatory department, it had an infant school. As I am writing without the opportunity to refer to those who could have given me the information, and I have forgotten what I once knew of where he was at school before we hear of him at this establishment, I can make that the only reliable starting place.

His Chivalrous Character there. From the two gentlemen I have mentioned, I also learn that he was always of a quiet, gentle disposition, and a great favourite. One of them says that Schröder was conspicuous for taking the part of the weak against the strong, and protecting others from being bullied; and that he always acted as the peacemaker among the quarrelers.

His Ruling Passion. What they particularly noticed was, that in school he was at all odd times found making sketches, mostly meant to be humorous caricatures of some one or other in their midst; or seriously making a drawing of some ideal he had in his thoughts.

His First Teacher—Charles Fanning. It was from Mr. Charles Fanning, the Art teacher at this and several other schools, that he received his first lessons with the pencil. This gentleman, like his apt pupil, was of a very modest and retiring habit, devoted to his Art, pursuing it with steadiness, and set a good example to his classes. He was a sound teacher, and an accurate sketcher from Nature. He dreaded collisions of every kind, so avoided making pictures for sale, that he might not excite the jealousy of his compeers. And many there are to-day who look back upon him as their initiator and guide in drawing and painting, with grateful recollections of his patient attention to their first tottering efforts with the pencil and the brush.

He leaves School. His parents could not afford to keep Schröder long at this institution. A large family of small children was rapidly appearing in the house. This meant diminishing means to educate the first-born. Still his parents did their best for him. He had scarcely reached his fourteenth year when he began to earn his own living.

His First Employer. A Mr. Lowe, then a colourer of photographs, and a very good one too, but having an unique idea of how to paint portraits in oils, was in want of an errand-boy pupil. Schröder went to him. There he was introduced to that Art in which he afterwards became such a master—a toucher and colourer of photographs. How long he was in this situation I do not remember. But one may gather something of what he was from the following description:—

Mr. Barnard's account of him. In a memorandum with which Mr. S. B. Barnard has been good enough to aid me, he says:—"My first recollection of William Schröder dates back to the year 1866, when as a lad of 14 or 15, and a very small lad too, he used to come to my studio with work from his employer, Mr. Lowe. The boy's first work in Art was in helping his master in painting photographs. But it must have been in the same year that Lowe left Cape Town that Schröder came permanently to my studio, and stayed with me for twelve years. And there are many all over the Colony who frequented the studio in those early days, who will remember Willie Schröder as a lad of very shy manners, but able to show them very clever little things from his pencil."

Mr. W. Foster founds the Art School. Fortunately for the boy, the School of Art, later known and very widely and popularly as the Educational Institute, was opened in 1861. Subsequently, Mr. William Foster who, in delicate health, had retired from the Secretaryship of King's College Hospital, London, and settled at the Cape, founded the Roeland Street School of Art and Evening Classes, in 1864. This was a boon indeed to more than the youth of Cape Town: it was a benefaction to South Africa. It supplied a want which the Mechanics' Institute did not satisfy, and no other institution provided for. Mr. Foster was himself, in his nature, eminently artistic. He had lived in the midst of those who loved, studied, and promoted Art. He did more: he had co-operated, at Home, with those who gave of their time, their thought, their labour, and their means to meet the needs of the humbler classes. The same spirit which animated him there, inspired him here to "go and do likewise." His first efforts were with Dr. Gray, Bishop of Cape Town, to devise a scheme in which he could so be useful with his Lordship. A short experience enabled him to know that he must be entirely free-handed if he would have any design of his own success. He, therefore, planned the Art School, and got out from England, Mr. Thomas Mitchner Lindsay, as Principal. This gentleman had been a distinguished pupil at the South Kensington School. He had been one of the Assistant Masters in another School, a branch of that invaluable establishment, which was in the midst of a literally hard-working community. To us he came full of strength, devotion to duty, and

**Thomas M. Lindsay,
First Principal.**

enthusiasm in his vocation. Publication of his antecedents, the merits of Mr. Foster's scheme, and the convenient situation of the Institution very quickly caused the latter to be crowded with students.

Amongst the first were Schröder, and a little boy from the Orphan House, John Brown, whose misfortune it was to be dumb, though possessed of an artist's soul. Mr. Lindsay's heart went out to this poor child, and he set himself the novel task of so teaching him as to place a profession in his hands, that he might thereby find the means by which to rescue himself from the forlorn condition in which Mr. Lindsay had found him, and go on his way rejoicing in the delights of life. To that child he appeared as one of God's special messengers of good service; and that good man never ceased until he saw the lad where he was proud to leave him, in further training in an Institution at Liverpool, where Brown afterwards became one of the Masters,—Mr. Lindsay continuing to be his increasingly encouraging friend.

Mr. Lindsay was afterwards appointed Head Master of the Government School of Art, at Belfast. There his abilities were soon recognised; the fame of the School revived, the number of students vastly increased, the staff was added to, and it rose to be one of the most successful in every way of all such establishments in the United Kingdom, and, without exception, the best in Ireland. For, in the first three successive years that Mr. Lindsay was at the direction of the work the pupils doubled, more than doubled, the awards at the London Competitions.

From this flourishing centre Mr. Lindsay was afterwards promoted to the Curatorship of the Art Gallery, at Rugby. I mention these facts to show the class of men we lost, when illness compelled this unflagging, devoted, and large-hearted, able teacher and artist to go out from us. His place at Roeland Street was taken by Mr. William Murdoch McGill, also a South Kensington student, and at the date of his selection for the school, one of the Assistant Masters at the Government School of Design, Lambeth. He was as a man, in all respects of a different mould to his predecessor. But he had marked abilities as an artist, and he largely influenced Schröder in many ways. He stimulated his love of superior poetry, often reciting for him fine passages from the best poets of the day, and pointing out their beauties to the lad's keen delight, lessons which were never forgotten. He led him also to a lively appreciation of the best prose writers, and the choicest art literature, and a just admiration of the highest in art.

Mr. McGill could talk well, and he fascinated his youthful friend who, to a great extent, became his companion. He found the boy eager to learn, and one who drank in every intellectual draught, night after night, where they would meet, revelling in the enjoyment of such discussions, on particular lines, as my wife was wont to provoke, in order that the boy might learn all he could of what was to be, to him, a possession of which no one thereafter could rob him.

Leading him on, Mr. McGill pressed upon him the necessity of doing his best, at first with landscape and water-colours. It would have been better if he had kept him rigidly down to the routine at which he had stopped short with Mr. Lindsay, and have led him steadily up through the Kensington courses, with the round, the living model, and composition. Still he did well. But when Mr. McGill left Cape Town, as he did at last, for Kimberley, and subsequently for England, there was no one to continue the work of tuition such as he needed.

Mr. McGill's teaching.

While Mr. McGill was in town, he had one opportunity to satisfy Schröder's longings, and to show him the works of a Master's hand. This was in a collection of the painter Lee, who, with some of his grandsons, making a yachting voyage to the Colonies, touched at the Cape, and while resting here, allowed some of the products of his brush to be exhibited. Here, with Mr. McGill for his guide, Schröder came upon some revelations in landscape painting. For before him were, in more than one picture, the combined handiwork of both Lee and Landseer, the latter contributing the figures. The water in these paintings seemed to flow, the clouds to be floating away, the grass to bend to the breeze, and the view into parallel ranges of mountains, with their lakes between, to be endless, and the ways beyond shrouded in mist of mystery.

Lee, the Painter.

Under Lindsay and McGill, Schröder was a pupil for a continuous term of six years. In later times, when Mr. Donallier had greatly advanced the Institute to the foremost place among the private educational establishments in South Africa,—he himself became the art master, a position that was a mutually happy one, both for teacher and students. Mr. Donallier writing me of him says:—"I can only speak of him as of one who was singularly gifted, most faithful in the discharge of his duties, patient, painstaking, and thoroughly sympathetic in his intercourse with his pupils."

Schröder as a Teacher.

In the memorandum from Mr. Barnard, he says that Mr. McGill had great influence on Schröder's work. And he adds what I had forgotten, that "later on, in the early seventies, Schröder got considerable help from Mr. W. Herman, who, at that time, was painting a series of fine pictures for the late Mr. T. B. Bayley. Herman's pictures," Mr. Barnard continues, "especially his water-colour work, full as it was of a true artist, was a distinct revelation to the young pupil; and he learned very much from the method and manipulation of the trained German artist. This, then, was the teaching and training of young Schröder, carried on almost entirely at night classes, while his days were occupied in putting into practice what he learned, in my studio."

Mr. W. Herman helps Schröder.

"But there was a good deal of outside influence and a good deal of self-training going on all the time. The late Mr. Fairbridge, always a good friend to Schröder, Dr. W. H. Ross, Mr. Fuller, and others, lent him books and drawings; and he spent all his spare money in the engraved examples of Doré's, Cruickshank's, and Tenniel's work. Before he published anything, he had filled books with pen or pencil drawings of eccentric types of character. These were

Outside Influence.

carefully finished drawings, though perhaps the caricature was too pronounced, and the influence of the genius of Doré, as expressed in the great master's illustrations to the Pilgrim's Progress, was plainly very strong upon him. Speaking of the influence of the great modern artists on Schröder, and thinking of his later caricature work in Cape Town and Pretoria, one recognises ultimately the classic grace of Tenniel, the grotesqueness of Harry Furniss, or the powerful character drawing of Doré. The gentle Leech, in his beautiful and natural drawings of English maidens and English children, did not influence Schröder's pencil.

Art received a great impulse from Photography about 1855 or '56. Mr. F. A. Y. York, from England, may be said to have led the way. There had been several others, intermittent practitioners. They came for a short while and then left. Mr. York settled down. He was a man in delicate health. Residence in such a mild climate as ours was necessary. He was a painstaking operator. His connection extended and he did well. Mr. Joseph Kirkman followed in about 1858 or '59. These gentlemen may be said to have had the business to themselves for a number of years, and to have had more than they could do. Both made competencies. The first at last sold out his interest to Mr. Bruton, and established himself in London; but not before their master in the profession, Mr. S. B. Barnard, in 186—? had arrived, opened his studio and had shown to the public what Art in Photography really meant, what could be effected by the process, and what a high degree of excellence could be attained in it by one who was not only learned in the science, but possessed the subtleties of the artist's nature, as did Mr. Barnard. He had stepped out of the everyday life of artists in the great metropolis, saturated with ideas of all that was best, all that was real, all that was valuable in the aesthetics of Art, and therefore sought to observe these carefully from the beginning, in the new sphere of action which he had entered, where there was so much to learn on the public side, and so few to teach it.

So many of the old photographs were blotches of light and smudges of shadow; and the daubs of colour on them made them scarcely less repulsive to look at. By contrasting with these better work such as the three men I have mentioned produced, the public saw how poor were past methods, and what strides had been made with more information and later modes of treatment, as exhibited in the pictures taken by the newcomers. Men saw then that photography was really an Art, to the full development of which Science was largely contributing its means.

Mr. Barnard's presence inspired the established operators, and competition compelled all to rise to the occasion, that more than their laurels, their connections, might not be snatched from them.

The demand for photographic portraits, and open-air subjects was greatly promoted by the example which the Government and the Harbour Board set in employing, first, in 1860, the photographers York and Kirkman to take pictures of the tilting of the first truck-load of stone off the Breakwater at Cape Town secondly, when in 1867 H.R.H. Prince Alfred was again at the Cape, and

Mr. Barnard was added to the corps of operators who took views of H.R.H. in the act of laying the foundation-stone of the Graving Dock; and, thirdly, when in 1870 H.R.H. was once more with us, and put the finishing stroke to the great work which he had inaugurated ten years previously, by now being present at the ceremony, and declaring the Alfred Docks open to the maritime commerce of the world.

Other and more direct incidents affected the growth of photography as an Art. This was the taking of pictures of H. R. H. by Mr. Barnard, and by the expression of Her Majesty the Queen's great appreciation of them, as art products, as well as truthful and happy likenesses; and yet more, by Her Majesty thereupon appointing Mr. Barnard one of Her photographers. These proceedings exalted photography, and its practice in this Colony. In every direction it rose in the people's esteem, and demands for its products increased, while a more and yet more critical disposition was shown for good pictures.

Mr. Barnard appointed a photographer to the Queen.

His Studio and its Visitors.

Mr. Barnard's studio was more than a collection of its own admirable fruits of the camera. It was a gallery of Art objects, by many hands in the Mother Country, and other parts of the northern hemisphere. Here was an atmosphere that was as the breath of Schröder's nostrils. It was life, intellectual, artistic life—the most pure, penetrating, refining, fructifying. The conversation with a worthy chief was ever in the right direction—guiding, modifying, raising, toning all about him in this small realm of the chaste and the charming. A number of Mr. Barnard's intimates frequented the studio for a quiet look round, pleasant gossip about the pictures there, work in hand or finished, new works received or expected, and friendly criticism. The best of society, the best educated men and women in the country, distinguished visitors and strangers from all parts of the globe, there gathered from time to time.

Their Action on Schröder.

In this manner a portion of Schröder's education was being carried on unconsciously. His duties placed him in contact with nearly everyone who entered the studio, and while manipulating the photographs at his desk, he was within hearing of almost everything that was said. Visitors saw work progressing under his hands, and would stand by and make comments of all kinds upon it, either to one another or to the artist himself. By these means he was, day by day, learning from living founts instead of from books, and by this course he also found the method of expressing himself in language, at once choice and apposite, and became at last—as one said of him—quite courtly in his manners.

The Gentleman.

His delicate disposition was in its right element. He saw that courtesy in bearing, simplicity of manners, gentleness in speech, and patience, were the characteristics of men and women who were well-bred, as well as of those, in whom—like himself, his parents, and his grandparents, such were innate. It was, therefore, highly congenial to him on these grounds, if for no other (and I have shown that there were others), that he should be where he was at this time. In a word, it was one of the most beneficial events in his young life, at so early an age, to be placed with Mr. Barnard. His politeness made him a general favourite, and this, combined with his cleverness, won him many friends.

Not the least of these was Mr. Thomas Butterworth Bayley. He had retired from the East India Civil Service many years previous to the days of which we are speaking; and, through delicate health, settled at the Cape. His wealth was considerable, his culture great, and his tastes refined. He was deeply read in literature, kept abreast of the political waves of the day, adorned his home with choice pictures, and ardently promoted the breeding of good horses. The number of his immediate friends was very small, but the kindness of his heart knew no limits, for he was as generous as he was modest and retiring, and as careful not to let his left-hand know what his right hand did with his benefactions, as he was consistently Conservative and passionately loyal to the Crown, and patriotic as an Englishman. He became Schröder's friend.

Seeing the boy's need, he offered to bear the cost of sending him to Europe, and of his education there, that he might reach the object of his ambition—become an accomplished artist. Then Schröder showed plainly the heart that was in him: he was grateful to the man who had given him his present situation, and had treated him well, and saw, he thought, in Mr. Bayley's generosity that which might cause Mr. Barnard to suffer. And I trust I may be excused for using here what I wrote when I heard of my young friend's death:—Fearing that his removal would irreparably injure his employer, he promptly declined the generous offer. When Mr. Barnard heard of what had taken place, he hastened to remedy the mistake; but before Schröder could again see his would-be benefactor, the latter had died from asthma, and the opportunity, which had been heartily made, was lost to the young genius for ever. And henceforward he manfully, with great bravery and devotion, struggled on through serious difficulties.

In his essay on Wordsworth and his poetry, Matthew Arnold says:—"The greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, to the question 'How to live?'" I quote these lines because they give the view which Schröder took of his vocation as a caricaturist, from the day that he first drew a cartoon for the Press. It was happily a part of his nature, and therefore it was in perfect harmony with that nature. He realised its significance in the small picture to which reference will be made farther on. It was then he saw and felt how well it might be to hold it high before his vision, for it could be made to affect matters of the greatest importance to individuals, and consequently to the people; and he accentuated the idea, in the very last that he drew.

As the chief points of a composition to be worked out were being detailed to him, and the dominant note of the whole, his boyish frame used to thrill with excitement, and his face light up with a pleasure, and an intelligence all its own. With such a spirit it was always a delight to labour. For he was not only thoroughly right-minded, and right-hearted, and simply appreciative, but often quickly anticipative of what was wanted. Later, when thrown on his own resources, he continued to apply his ideas to the duties of life about us. Simply catching the

leading thought which was to be seized through fogs of discussion, he gave it that roundness of shape and vividness of actuality which expressed, in a con-creted form for the public mind, the object arrived at, the lesson to be taught, or the moral to be remembered.

**The purity of his
Caricatures.**

His designs were as pure in tone as they were large-hearted in sentiment. In them there was no taint of meanness or of pettiness, on the part of their creator. They were equally free from what could suggest ideas of such a kind, or as pertaining to himself; nor was there an attempt to obtrude himself, as the artist, into a picture. The public, not William Howard Schröder, was the object of his consideration in such matters.

**The plainness of
intention.**

In him, the love of caricature was a passion. He had the good sense at an early date to perceive that, in so sparse a community as ours was then, it would be dangerous to give the rein to that passion. It was impressed on him that, as the bulk of the people had to be educated to a right appreciation of incidents, and of individuals cartooned, especially where the greater number were of the unlaughing, phlegmatic, deeply-dense, and grave sort, it would be quite enough, for some time, to be nothing more than humorous to the degree of easy perception of the object of a caricature, and not to run the risk of the comicality of a really funny picture, being taken as seriously as a grace before meat. For the majority had been accustomed, in the country at least, to take their fun either too grossly or too seriously. They could hardly see that a caricature-cartoon was a pure-thoughted parable in humorous or other artistic drawing, instead of being a parable in words.

**How he
restrained his hand.**

The caricature passion, however, was so strong in him that a vigilant watch had to be kept over it for a long while, to prevent it from carrying him away into dangerous regions. This was done by working out with me every design, and almost every detail, before they were put to paper; then, of submitting the complete drawings to me; and, lastly, the stones with them on, so as to allow nothing to pass which I thought should not be there, and to add or alter whatever might be expedient, before passing the stone to the machine. There was a notable occasion when the whole edition of the cartoon had to be destroyed. Absence from town had prevented me from seeing the drawings and the stone, before they were sent to the printers. At midnight I returned and went direct to them. The printing of the cartoon, was all but finished. A moment's glance at the sheets, as they were being passed off, told me there was something wrong. The rules I had laid down, to be rigidly followed, with particular reference to the principal person in the cartoon, had been widely departed from. It was not allowed to pass, but was burnt at once. It was only when we discussed the subject on the following morning that Schröder, who had not had written instructions on this occasion as to what to do, but was left to himself entirely, saw what pain would have been caused unnecessarily to the central person in the cartoon, and to his friends; and that, although that gentleman's opponents might have chuckled over it, the public would have been justly offended by the constructableness of the cartoon into a violation of sound taste, and an expression of ill-nature where none was intended, either by the artist, or any one associated with him in the design. Schröder, however, was but a lad, brimful of innocent mirth, at that date.

Rarely has a people's publication seen the light under more singular circumstances than those which marked the birth of *The Zingari*. It was funny and daring. It was funny, because it was as Quixotic in one sense, as it was bold in another. Two men in dire poverty, without a spare shilling between them, resolved on starting an illustrated comic paper; men without credit, and where there was no spirit in the people. The season of 1870 was a hard, a very hard one in the Colony. Penury ruled everywhere. Families were at their wits' end to know how to live. Most tried to put a decent face on their poverty. To place their children, so as to enable them to do well for themselves in the future, puzzled many a parent. Trades, professions, and commerce were alike at a standstill. There was no outlook for them. An impenetrable, dark cloud seemed to close Time's vista to us all; and there was, I repeat, no heart in the populace. The Diamond Fields were not yet a place easy to be got at, nor were they in a condition for poor men or rich to try to flock to, owing to their unsettled state. At such a moment, *The Zingari* was projected, and appeared. . . But how?

A scene-painter and house decorator, a "Lancashire lad" who went by the name of "Smith," of very good family, education, and superior manners, was struggling with a wife and family to make ends meet. The wife toiled like an ox at the plough. She tried to do the miraculous, to repeat the Zarephath widow's experience, make the handful of meal and the little oil in the cruse go farther than was then known by any ordinary human contrivances for her five children, her husband, and herself. House-rent and painting-room rent had to come from somewhere. The source has not been discovered.

"Smith" had a friend named Schonegevel. That man, with his household, was in the grip of consequences which follow "no work." He was an older man, a printer by trade, as staid as a church stone-buttress, and about as humorous. "Smith" had some spice in his composition. He looked comic with his naturally long thin face, curved eyebrows, straight hair, short and pointed beard *a la* Don Quixote, playful, sparkling blue eyes, genuinely merry soul, and calm, happy-go-lucky, semi-contented air. He was a foil to his friend. The latter was tall, very tall, "well nourished," as doctors say of one "in good condition." His hair was black, his eyes dark, his appearance generally, funereal.

One afternoon in October, these two seedy-looking, but in disposition really good fellows, came together to my office to see me. After a few minutes desultory talk, "Smith," whom I knew well, the other not intimately, opened the ball with a few preliminaries, and then the following colloquy took place:—

SMITH: We've made up our minds, Mr. Schonegevel and I, to start a comic paper, and I thought we'd ask if you would mind just looking over the copy for us, to see it is all right. I shall do the drawing, and he will do the printing, and lithographing.

MYSELF: Yes, but where is the copy to come from. (Now I shall shorten the personals).

HE: We meant to ask *you* to do that.

I: And the publishing?

HE: If you wouldn't mind, perhaps *you* might at your office.

I: How often?

HE: Once-a-week.

I: Who finds the money for wages, paper, &c.?

HE: The paper won't cost much. The sales will cover that, and give us a little, perhaps, besides.

I: Have you made arrangements to get ads? [advertisements.]

HE: No, there'll be no place for them yet.

I: Now, how are you going to work the paper, to bring it out?

HE: I shall do the drawings; Schonegevel is a litho, and has the old Government press, which was used in the Lombard Bank office by his father. He will also set the "matter," and litho the whole, with the illustrations.

Looking just then at "Smith," I thought I saw a peculiar smile creeping over the mouth that was moving that peculiar beard of his and his long-pointed moustachios. I mistook it for one of satisfaction, but had reason, later, to believe it to be a grim smile of satisfaction at what was in store for myself. Resuming:

I: Supposing all the points we have talked over so far settled satisfactorily, what money can you command for the first few weeks, to be sure of running the paper successfully? You have, of course, your Editor, and at least some contributors to provide for.

HE: Well, (and "Smith's" eyes, twinkled, and he smiled right merrily), Schonegevel has no money and I've no money—and we can't get tick for *anything*; so we shan't be able to pay those gentlemen just *yet*. They must wait a bit, till the paper is on its legs. Both of us have rents still to pay.

I: What title have you made up your minds to?

HE: We leave it to you. You'll do that.

I: The paper, you say, is to be a comic one. Will it start by telling the people the story of its creation? I think it ought, as you propose to find wondrously little of Attic salt for your readers, and less oatmeal for your own porridge as their purveyors. And does it not occur to you that the whole of the British Empire can find pabulum for only one weekly comic throughout the year, and *Punch* is half serious in its contents, how, then, do you expect to make the Cape an exception, and prove that it can have its own weekly comic paper?

HE: Oh, *you'll* do it.

I: Thank you! I appreciate the sarcasm, but can't help laughing at the oddity of the whole affair; especially, that you come to a serious man, to look after a comic paper. *That* I consider the funniest part of the matter. I don't consider all the rest comes near that proposal. You wish me to provide week by week, the literary matter, edit the paper, publish it, give you my services, those of my office helps, and the use of the office—and for what? Nothing.

HE: Well, it's just this (and he was now serious indeed—and emphasizing strongly some of the words, he said): We must make something to do for our families, and we thought you would give us a helping hand, to make a start with something of the kind which we have been talking about, and leave payment to yourself till we can turn the corner, and make something out of the paper. You can manage it as you please, without hint or help from us, but please don't say *no* this time!

I looked straight at his earnest face, and felt a cold shiver run through me. After reflecting a few moments, I told him I would think of the subjects and give him my answer at the end of the week. The two men left. Before they returned at that time I had found out how painfully hard up they were.

and decided to help their scheme if I could, and told them so. In an early number of *The Zingari* "Smith" depicted the condition of an artist's family depending only on his brush: it was starvation.

During the next few days "Smith" and I thought out and planned the first issue. I had already, with the aid of my wife, hit upon a title for it, namely, *The Zingari*. This was chosen because of its representative character of the Bohemian set attending its genesis; the neutral tint it would throw over the contents of the pages; and because it would bind us to no strict line of business. That settled, with its corresponding illustrative part of the frontispiece or title-page, the next was to make the latter as indicative as possible of what would be gathered into each week's wallet by the tribe. And I may justly say that the original drawings were very happy efforts at telling this story. Then we had to look out for "what was in the air," as the French say, for the Motley to hit at with his bauble and shake his bells over; as well as public items to be brought within ken and to deal out again in our own way to make a start. The time was a ticklish one—with the Colony, the Free State, Waterboer, and others as claimants of the Diamond Fields. We selected that as a subject for the first cartoon.

The initial number was to appear on Friday, 14th Nov., 1870. During the afternoon before publication "Smith" came in. His eyes, as usual, merrily twinkled, and his mouth was pursed up. He bade us good morning as he came in, and then with his usual military stiffness and precision he posed, putting the index finger of his left hand on his imperial, and began: -

HE: You've seen the proofs?

I: Yes.

HE: And all's ready to go to Press?

I: At what time will it suit you?

HE: I can't say.

I: Why?

HE: Well, we haven't bought the paper yet.

I: No! (in a tone of surprise). Why leave it so late?

All this while "Smith" continued in the one attitude, but now raising his shaggy eyebrows, looking me steadily in the eyes, and smiling curiously, his long narrow face, short, stubby, unkempt hair, and general appearance were Quixotically comic in the extreme. Had there been the least spice of evil in his thin features, he would have at that moment been a superb Mephistopheles in externals.

Continuing, I asked him why they had left it so late to buy the paper, and, replying, said:

HE: Because we haven't the money, and we can't get it on tick.

I: Then what will you do?

HE: (With evidently increasing mirth at the absurdity of the whole business, and some emphasis: Ask you to do that!

Well, I thought, did mortals ever hear of two men of mature years and honourable character, in such a plight as these men are in, daring to attempt to start a paper in like circumstances? Only that I felt keenly for them, I should have acted on my first promptings and have nipped the idea in the bud. Since then I have been glad that I did not. The money was given for the paper—or as "Smith" would have said "You'll do that," and *The Zingari* appeared, as

arranged, on the day before Guy Fawke's Day, and became the means of introducing Schröder to the public. Three hundred copies were worked off. Boys sold sixty. It had not been pre-announced by wall poster, hand-bill, newspaper advertisement, sandwich men, nor town-crier. It contained no business men's notices to give it a mercantile attraction. Then there were not the multitudes at the railway stations and the docks, nor in the streets, which there are now, to buy papers and make them "spin." Twenty-four years ago Capetown was almost as animated as a graveyard, and as affluent as a St. George's congregation would then be adjudged to be, if gauged by the amount of its ticky collections.

Not
the whole story.

There is a good deal to be told of incidents attending the preparation of the first number. It would take more space than we can afford here. I may mention that with the appearance of the next issue Schröder, amongst others, came to the office and asked for a copy, put down his money—4d., and looking up at the clerk who handed it to him, said—and I thought he looked amused—"I hope this will be a big success. I wish it a very good fortune;" and bidding me "Good morning," he left. Schröder little thought then that, before three months were passed, he would himself be contributing towards the "big success" which he wished the venture. Nor did I. Before the fourth number was ready I had arranged with Mr. McGill for a cartoon (after Flaxman's Otus and Ephialtes, with Mars captive) representing Kaiser William and Bismark holding Paris, prone and in chains, at their feet. This was a great step forward. The continued difficulties with poor Schonegevel, in getting the work out, being more than I could endure, or a man like McGill would consent to, in the treatment of his pictures, I made terms with Messrs. Saul Solomon & Co. to take on the next (No 5). Then we brought out a very striking cartoon: "Is it Peace?" It represented the Revs. Messrs. Burgers (afterwards President of the Transvaal), and John Kotze, in the Chariot of Schism, the former holding the horses, Supreme Court and Privy Council, the latter, as Jehu, addressing the Messenger from the Dutch Reformed Church, the Moderator, Rev Andrew Murray. The latter is on foot, retreating from these men through the dust of "Division," which their horses and chariot have raised; and having, as Joram's messenger did of Jehu, asked the question: "Is it Peace?" is being answered, with apparent contempt: "What hast thou to do with peace? Get thee behind me!" While Burgers, as the other occupant, has work enough in holding up the horses. The moment was one of a marked crisis in the Dutch Reformed Church. The picture was an excellent adaptation from a beautiful (Bible) illustration of an ancient Syrian war chariot and pair of horses, with their rich caparisons. The likenesses of the three men were distinct. The cartoon was altogether "telling." The paper with it sold well, and the circulation widened. Such pictures as that, and many which followed in regular succession, had not been seen before in Capetown, in connection with any local press publications.

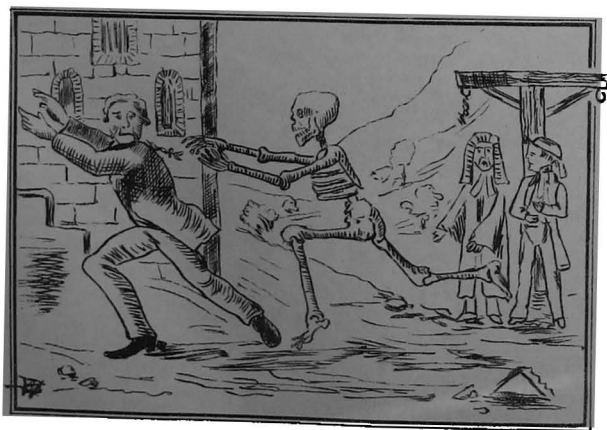
Schröder's
First Picture.

During the next few weeks, I drew Schröder into lively interest in the success of the paper. With No. 13 I gave another happy "hit," drawn by Mr. McGill,—“A Consultation.” The time is historic in the life of the Supreme Court, and the relations between it and the gentleman who, as Attorney-General, had succeeded that grand man, (the Hon. William Porter), in that office. The Honourable John Barry, M L.C., a very highly-esteemed colonist and member of

a wide family of that name, died in January, 1871. I induced Schröder to try his hand at a portrait of that gentleman, for *The Zingari*. He succeeded, fairly well, for a first attempt. The portrait was printed on the back page of No. 13, of January 27, 1871, and thus introduced the young artist to the world, when he was still under twenty-one years of age. His success surprised and gratified him.

Caught by the fascination which he found in working on the stone, and greatly encouraged by the results of his initial attempt, he cheerfully agreed to draw, in conjunction with Mr. McGill, the next cartoon; he, to do the portrait of the then just deceased Roman Catholic Bishop Grimley; and his coadjutor, the setting. The result was eminently gratifying to all concerned, and the likeness was pronounced by Dr. Grimley's friends a good one.

The administration of Law and of Justice in the Western and the Eastern Provinces was in a sad state in the High Courts. Both had, unfortunately, earned the contempt, if not the pity, of the legal profession. The then new Attorney-General was looked upon as, mainly, the cause at Capetown. An unlucky farmer, named Tyaart, in Clanwilliam, had, I think, shot a native. The Attorney-General had him arrested, and taken to Capetown for trial. He did not succeed



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**His Second Attempt:
Bishop Grimley.**

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**His First
Humorous Sketch.**

The administration of Law and of Justice in the Western and the Eastern Provinces was in a sad state in the High Courts. Both had, unfortunately, earned the contempt, if not the pity, of the legal profession. The then new Attorney-General was looked upon as, mainly, the cause at Capetown. An unlucky farmer, named Tyaart, in Clanwilliam, had, I think, shot a native. The Attorney-General had him arrested, and taken to Capetown for trial. He did not succeed



in getting a hanging verdict. The man escaped, through the course taken by Sir Sidney S. Bell. The Attorney-General was highly indignant, and determined to have Tyaart again arrested, if possible, and tried on a fresh indictment. He was defeated. The facts brought to my mind some of the pictures in Holbein's "Dance of Death." After much persuasion I got Schröder to attempt a satirical caricature of the incidents. The picture is given here, in facsimile. The exact size of the original was not larger than an ordinary post card. It appears on the back page of No. 15, February 10, 1871. The Attorney-General and the Chief Justice are shown as standing under a T-shaped gallows outside the prison walls, and the slope of a mountain in the right-hand back ground is seen, indicating the nature of the country of Tyaart. The two lawyers are watching Tyaart, who is in the foreground, running away with a broken halter about his neck, in a great fright, lest his pursuer, Death, should capture him. But he did not; and Tyaart went home a sadder and a wiser man than he was before. He was taught by this severe lesson, that he could not, nor could his class of people, do as he liked with the native.

The picture confirms the statement that it would have been better for him who drew it, if Mr. McGill had continued the course which Mr. Lindsay had taken with him. For he was at an age, now nearly twenty-one, when with his quick perceptions, his strong imitative ability with the pencil, and his deeply earnest desire to progress, he would have rapidly advanced in figure-drawing, and from the round. As it was, he did by sheer hard study and practice succeed beyond his expectations, or rather what others might have reasonably anticipated. This was manifest in the subsequent four years of his continuous work with me on *The Zingari*, which was interrupted only by my leaving Capetown, to settle in Port Elizabeth, in the middle of 1875.

His next was a copy of Tenniel's picture "The Beef
 Gras for Paris," which contains a statuesque figure of
 Peace, in the pure Greek style. Schröder's monogram may
 be found in the left-hand corner, as Tenniel's is in the
 right. This was the first cartoon of so delicate a nature which had appeared in that paper, and was taken from a Home one. Referring to Mr. Barnard's remark, previously given, that "the gentle Leech, in his beautiful and natural drawings of English maidens and English children, did not influence Schröder's pencil," I have the best reason to know that he, nevertheless, very carefully studied them, again and again, with a feeling almost approaching to reverence.

The publication of *The Zingari* having ceased, as already
 mentioned, in the middle of 1875, our young artist had
 more leisure to give to portrait enlarging, portrait painting,
 and private teaching; as well as to press forward prepara-
 tions for the most important event of his life. For he was at this time engaged to Miss Turner, a young English lady, who had been for a long while an assistant in Mr. Barnard's studio, and there doing the same class of work. In 1876, the young couple were married. The change in his relations of life soon taught him the need to provide for additional claims on his purse. Happily for him, with them came fresh means of meeting them, in the shape of abundance of congenial work in the several walks of his profession.

The "Lantern,"
1877.

In the following year, that is 1877, Mr. Alfred Augusti Geary started *The Lantern*, with himself as Editor, Mr. Hugh Fisher ("Skitt") as artist, and Mr. William M. Webster as business manager. This was an eminently caustic publication. In every respect it went on lines which *The Zingari* did not take. But the time had arrived when the public could appreciate something stronger in the way of sarcasm, satire, and even ridicule, than it could in 1876. The population was much larger, the facilities of inter-communication were greater, and there was altogether far more scope and likelihood of support for such a paper, than there would have been much earlier. Resources, literary and artistic, were also more available. In seven years the Colony had been wonderfully transformed by the discovery and working of the Diamond Fields, and money became plentiful. The export trade (exclusive of diamonds, which went through the Post Office and did not figure in the Customs returns), was in 1870 £2,669,769, and in 1877 £3,634,073; while the imports were respectively £2,352,043 and £5,158,384, corresponding to the gross exports. Then men could readily offer 6d. for a weekly paper, and business men found it expedient to advertise freely, and so give it ample support. Thus *The Lantern* could go merrily along. "Skitt" was up to the times with his pencil, and Mr. Geary and his staff were equal, to and often ahead of them. In addition to Mr. Fisher's cartoons, Schröder from the beginning supplied portraits of leading men from time to time; and when the former wedded the actress, Miss Ada Ward, and left for Australia, our South African took his place with the cartoons, except the few drawn by Mr. Sutton Vane Bennett.

Mr. Geary Dies.

In 1880, after a protracted and severe illness, Mr. Geary passed away on the 14th February, aged only forty years and a half, having been born on the 28th September, 1859. The copyright of the paper was then sold by the only remaining proprietor, Mr. W. M. Webster, to the ill-fated Thomas McCombie, and he arranged with Schröder for the retention of his services as the chief artist to the publication. The original proprietors and contributors to *The Lantern*, forty-two in number, once sat down to dinner together at St. George's Hotel. To-day only three of them are alive: the merchant who suggested the motto of the paper; a lawyer, and Mr. Webster, even the printer being dead. In memory of his chief, Schröder executed a good portrait of him for the paper which announced his demise.

Schröder
and other Papers.

Excalibur, and *The Knobkerrie*—the latter his own paper—followed. The former was superior to *The Lantern* in its letter-press matter. The artist's work Schröder supplied. The other paper was more in the form of *Punch*, and besides drawing most of the illustrations for it, he also used his pen for its pages. *The Cape Punch* was its successor. This was a joint venture with two other men. For it, as for *The Knobkerrie*, Schröder wielded both pen and pencil. It failed through the dishonesty of one of the men connected with it. But for that, Schröder told me, it would have become a valuable property.

He leaves Mr. Barnard—
1878.

Two years of his new life had run, bringing with it felicities and dreams and hopes fresh, bright, and exalting to his nature; and therewith radical changes in his circumstances generally. His home was a small realm of bliss, the realisation of "Love's Young Dream." That he might be more in it than he

could be under the conditions in which he had worked for the twelve years past—“Our Companionship,” writes Mr. Barnard, who greatly regarded him, “which had been a very pleasant one, ceased in 1878, and henceforth he devoted his whole time to his cartoon and portrait work.”

Mr. Barnard writes me, very truly:—“While Schröder was undoubtedly best known as a caricaturist, and in that form of Art, I think, perhaps his genius best expressed itself, he had ambitions which led him into other fields. Many of his portraits in oil exhibit considerable power, and many of his landscape paintings showed fine feeling after rare effects in nature, but it was in work like this that Schröder missed the study and training of the great European schools. Amongst his portraits, some of which were painted for me, I recall that of the Hon. William Porter, (since purchased for the Cape University), of Mr. J. B. Ebdon, (painted for the Cape of Good Hope Bank), of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Hiddingh, Mr. Saul Solomon, (painted for Mr. Irvine), of President Kruger, (now hanging in the Raadzaal at Pretoria), and many others.”

I have no means at hand by which to see how long these several ventures lasted. But for one and another, including the *Cape Argus* weekly, I know he continued to work from the date of Mr. Geary's death until Mrs. Schröder, with her children, I believe in 1889, went to England, for the latter's education: their father intended to follow them as soon as possible. He had, during those years, given very much time to portrait painting in oils, and had been well encouraged by his successes.

His wife and children being in England, and his hopes in a new quarter, he fell in with proposals by Mr. McCombie to join him in a Transvaal edition of *The Lantern* and (to which was to be added) *Transvaal Truth*. For that purpose he left Cape Town and removed to Johannesburg, where we met again shortly after his arrival. He then told me his ideas for the future, and his eager desire especially, to make money enough to rejoin his family in London, and there devote himself for awhile to those branches of study which he felt he so greatly needed, to enable him to take his place in the ranks of trained schoolmen with the brush and palette. He was quite confident then of being able to make a position there for himself and his children.

His advent on the Rand was not under favourable auspices in relation, at least, to Mr. McCombie. The latter found it difficult to keep his financial engagements, and with Schröder to such a degree as to strain their connection very severely. It was more than once in jeopardy. Nothing but his own generous heart prevented the snap. With all Mr. McCombie's waywardness, wildness if you will, his artist admired his indomitable pluck, mental and physical, and his battles with men and unpropitious circumstances; and he strove not to add to the initial perplexities on the Gold Fields, with which his comrade had to fight. For McCombie not only owed money, but he could not have his paper and his cartoons printed, with the facilities Cape Town had offered. These were coaching, not railway, times between what are now the two great termini.

The early days of Schröder's residence across the Vaal were not those of comfort or of ease. To him, all there was matter of astonishment. The country, with its grand rolling plains, its vast up-heaved hills, its abundant wood and streams, its lovely cloud-realms, its beautiful climate, wide pastures, and its many and large herds of cattle, was delicious to his eye, refreshing to his fancy, gratifying to his artistic spirit. The active life along the roads, the "rattling teams" that dashed about in all directions, and the signs of a new kind of bustling existence, concentrated at one spot, was a revelation in life, of which he could not have dreamed: it was something to be seen, to be realised. Men and women were before him in newer aspects; life was being fought for in forms fresh to him. The mode of living and the occupations were from an improvised drama, or tragedy rather, and the scenes were as attractive, as they were vigorous and absorbing. And while "the cursed greed for gold" was everywhere, the picturesque was beside it, as well as the vice and the crime, which have ever set their foul blots upon the infant years of a new gold-exploring community. The extravagance of wealth, and the squalor of grinding poverty, were tumbled up together in mad chaos. In this it was hard for him to find a haven of rest for the body, and much more so for the mind. His eyes had to become accustomed to the confusion, and his ears to the din, in which he found himself. But for the entrancing influence of his Art, his original desire to help Mr. McCombie, and his curiosity to gaze upon and study the new and strange world in which he found himself, he would have hastened back to the dull routine of the mill-horse existence at Cape Town. Happily he had still work to do for that place; and, living at Willow Grove (a few miles out), until he could accustom his senses to the disorder around him in Johannesburg, he laboured assiduously at it, occasionally making shots, with his pencil, at folly as it winged about him, and acquiring knowledge of men, measures, and matters on the Gold Fields for future use.

Mr. McCombie's venture ran a fitful, painful, brief career, and collapsed. In the meantime his artist had been advancing in public esteem, and securing as much of a remunerative nature, as he could do, with his pencil and his brush. He was also becoming known personally to many who before had only heard of him, and intimate with others new to South Africa.

In March, 1891, he became one of the permanent staff of *The Press*, at Pretoria. There, week by week he turned out continuously new work, and week by week it was eagerly looked out for by the public. With the resources of a well-equipped photo-litho and chromo-lithographic establishment to fall back upon, he could produce work which he had not ventured upon before. It widened his field of experiment and success. He showed by it also, that the public could have, in the Capital of the South African Republic, work produced, equal in style to that of the best offices in the United Kingdom. For Schröder now drew novelties which were excellent in kind, and in printing admirable—as *The Press* and *The Moon* Annuals, and very many other productions from the establishment which Messrs. Leo Weinthal and William Bruce direct, now continuously demonstrate.

His Work at Pretoria. For the original coloured pictures of some persons, Schröder was offered liberal sums. Their counterfoils adorned the pages of *The Weekly Press*. He was now resident in Pretoria; and his skill, his disposition and his manner drew more work to him than he could overtake. For all who approached him, though not knowing him before, were caught by his winsome graciousness, his animated conversation, and his attractiveness as an Artist. He was rising with the full tide of success, and would soon have needed to be a very Briareus, to meet all the calls on his time and his strength.

His Chief Painting. Amongst the orders was one that was to be the crowning work of his too-busy life—the full length, in oils, of the President of the Republic. For this he was a frequent guest at the Presidential residence. There he was ever welcome, and a favourite. He made a careful study of the man he was to depict. At all times, under all circumstances, he saw His Honour. For he was nervously anxious to make this picture the best yet done by him. His heart was in it most thoroughly, and he was determined that nothing should be wanting, on his part, to achieve his object, and he did his best in painting it. I have studied it from every point of view from where it hangs, but I prefer that another should tell you what he thinks of that which, as matters now stand, we must accept as Schröder's last, best, and permanent work. Strangely enough, it will ever link his name and his reputation with the two great Capitals of South Africa—Cape Town and Pretoria—in both of whose Houses of Parliament his work conspicuously adorns the walls. His genius, we may say, stands between the two countries, and as one spirit unites them together.

The President's Portrait. Desirous of having an authoritative opinion of the painting of His Honour, President Kruger, which adorns the Raadzaal of the First Chamber, at Pretoria, I wrote to the one person there capable of giving an accurate judgment upon it, Dr. James William Stroud, an English physician who (for his own health's sake) has sometime abandoned that practice for the day-occupation of dentistry. He is not simply an accomplished man in his profession, but in literature, the sciences, and in the arts. He is as facile and artistic with his pen and the brush as he is clear and swift at seeing the points in argument, and dealing with them from all positions. His æsthetic side is not the least: he has strong sympathies with all that is refined, pure, and elevated in Art in every form, painting, music, and the drama. But he hides his light under a bushel. He is lost,—out of his element where he is,—and his supreme modesty forces him continually back from where he could be so useful, and an ornament to his surroundings. I mention these facts to justify my application to him, and to enable you to estimate aright the deference which characterises his reply:—"Only on Monday last (June 28, 1894) did I find it convenient to go to the Raadzaal and observe well the portrait to which your note pointedly refers. Be pleased to take what I say, crude as it is, though candid, as the expression of one who, though a sincere lover of Art, has no claim whatever on the possession of the exalted faculty of Art criticism. I may premise, that while I am fully satisfied that in every real artist, whether in painting, music or poesy, there must exist strong inborn tendencies which impel him to create, yet it is only by years of close application and of anxious thought

that he is enabled fully to develop his creative power, and communicate to his work those high and rare qualities which constitute real Art. Niceties of execution may be mainly mechanical, yet the power of giving life to the canvas, in the case of the painter, is purely an inborn, intellectual gift. Such qualities as I have referred to are, I think, made manifest in no ordinary degree in the portrait of the President of the South African Republic that hangs in the First Chamber of the Raad, Pretoria. From whatever point of view observed, the picture strikes the beholder as in every respect a finished work, possessing just enough of detail to mark the artist's refinement of feeling, and his subject's habit of mind, without departing from the breadth and life-like character of the harmonious whole. The leading points of feature, distinctive personal conformation, and general aspect of the sitter are so well portrayed, that they alone would have been sufficient to clearly indicate the subject of the picture, and the limner's skill; while the singular expression of firmness, courage, and depth of insight with which the face is endowed, identify and at once individuate President Kruger, and this with scrupulous fidelity. The many evidences of genuine art which pervade the picture, rendered more conspicuous, and heightened perhaps, by close proximity to certain abortive essays which hang close by, stamp the painter as one who, born with special proclivities to Art, was by industry, patience and honest work, clearly travelling the high road to the Temple of Fame."

It happens occasionally that when we have had before us for any length of time, only the public side of a man's life, we have formed an estimate of his whole nature and character, to the detriment of our judgment. He has been quite an illusion to us. In his case, we have seen only veneer and varnish. In another, the solid, sound material, rough and gnarled of surface, may have been repellant for his want of polish. Seeing the other side of both men, contempt has arisen for the one, affection for the other. Some again have in them the ring of the true metal throughout, men who are what they seem to be. Such were John Fairbairn, Robert Godlonton, William Porter, Saul Solomon, John Paterson, Charles Fairbridge, and William Howard Schröder. In him as in them, there was neither veneer nor varnish, rough material, nor base metal. The surface would bear scraping; the substance, like the ingot of refined gold, cutting through. Thus far we have had before us only the face which the public looked upon, with occasional glimpses at his inner self. That inner man will bear close scrutiny. For he had no occasion to say, like Alcibiades, that he would rather (because of his vices) that the people talked about his dog, than of himself.

Schröder was the product of a peculiar congeries of human forces. Out of the least expected, he was compounded of a nature equal to the best of our race; and given to him the opportunities they have had, his works show, with his character, that he would have become a master in the Arts, and have achieved greatness in at least one of them. There was in him not a particle of the *nil admirari* indifference to all around him, so common in this country; but the reverse.

Those who knew Schröder in later years will not want a description of his appearance in manhood. But there are many who, not knowing what he was like, have formed their own ideals, and will be glad to see him as he really was. As a child he was *petit*. In his youth, and he grew slowly, he was still undersized, with a slight tendency to contract at the shoulders. This impressed

Schröder's Personal
Appearance.

one with the idea, when the lad's thin and rather pinched cheeks were seen, that he was pre-disposed to be consumptive. As he attained to maturity his frame expanded, he became stronger in health, and stood erect, fairly well-set and as well-proportioned. But he remained below the middle height for men. Had he been like his sister Augusta in feature and complexion, he would have been a very handsome youth. Although he was not, his presence at once impressed one favourably, and disarmed possible rudeness to him. His skin was slightly sallow, his head well set and square, from the base of the jaw upward. A covering of neatly cut, carefully brushed Indian-black hair set off a well-formed forehead, whose orbits were curved with brows like his hair, which matched his eye-lashes and dream of a moustache. From within those lashes beamed out, on either side of an almost Grecian nose, really laughing, bright eyes, to which a delicately curved pair of thin lips below them seemed to unite the rarely absent shadow of a smile, while they protected two rows of white and regular teeth. There was also ever in his eyes an appearance of reflection, somewhat of reverie, as if, rather, he were querying or trying to divine your thoughts. His face, as a whole, was intellectual, agreeable, attractive, firm, and refined. His voice was soft, his utterances clear, accurate, and a little measured. He always dressed neatly, to the verge of elegance. This was in accord with his inherent good taste. And as he had none of the weaknesses of mind which make men affected in their manners, he was neither subservient nor obtrusive, but deliberate, somewhat staid, polite, and even courtly in his bearing and his movements. He was therefore acceptable to the gentle sex, and pleasing to men.

Some Mistook Him.

Because, while most courteous in manner, he was an undoubtedly independent fellow, it has been asked whether he was not very egotistic. I feel warranted in saying that he was not, and those who have known him many years intimately, will, I believe, agree with this statement. His nature, one of modest reserve, was, no doubt, and not in his case alone, mistaken for pride. He had too much self-respect and knowledge of himself to be proud, in the sense commonly accepted. While deferent, he was not diffident. He had no mistrust of himself, whatever he might have of others. No one that I have known has told me of an instance, nor have I otherwise heard of one, where he attempted too much, or failed in what he attempted, through over confidence or conceit. That he did not succeed at times in his ordinary work, is a failing common to us all. But he would, in the case of strangers meeting him, consider how his advances would be met, and hold himself in accordingly. His precaution did not arise from any fear; it was from a just doubt of the issue. His self-reliance was great. He had no reason to be egotistic, and he was not.

His Genius.

The genuineness and the depth of his genius were undoubted. He had an active imagination, love for poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and in all things, a refined taste. In him there was no meanness, no vice, and no tendency to consort or feel sympathy with the vicious. Business at times placed him in the society of such men. It was Art which took them to him. With that only, and their legitimate wants in connection with it, was he concerned. By intercourse on such matters, he was in no way injured. They went their way, he went his. When gone, they no longer had position in his thoughts. He held great respect

for his seniors. His reverence for things sacred was deeply-rooted. The electrou light of the divinity within him, permeated his very nature, his every high emotion. It will, therefore, be easily understood that the attraction in him was ever to the Right, and the Real, with a lofty Ideal leading the way. It may be truly said of him that this, added to delicacy, was the *vis vite* of his whole consciousness.

Little wonder then, that the bent of his nature and the force of events made him, almost in spite of himself, the artist he was, in the particular direction which he took. Had training and opportunity been his, to study Nature in her many forms, he would have revelled in the delights of her charms; and her subtle influences upon his soul would have been great. The sensitiveness of his constitution would have answered to them with electric swiftness and reprinting power. For by the memory's retention of her lights and shadows, the flashing tints and the deep tones of her colours would have found expression by him upon the canvas, as definitely as the lightning current, at times, prints on interrupting objects, the impressions and outlines of what it sweeps over in passing. His affection for the beautiful and the grand was intense; and so sharply cut into his brain would these pictures have been, that the hand would have been eager to give them their pictured forms, where they might, as it were, be made, if I may use the expression, tangible memorials of what the eye had seen, and the mind would like to look upon again and again.

To him Art was truly divine. She entranced him, and made him her living devotee. He gave himself wholly to her; not because necessity was her mistress, but because she was herself omnipotent, and would provide. And she did. It would astonish most men, if they knew the diligence with which he worked, and the amount of work that he did. Yet there was no toil in it, in the sense of irksomeness. It was at all times a pleasant something to him, and he was industrious, because he felt aright in whatever he did for Art.

He was diligent, for he knew that procrastination leads to poverty; industry, conscientiously directed, to material independence. He was consistent and constant. Honest he was, not because it is a virtue to be respected, but because of every man in his right mind it is as naturally expected as that he should breathe freely. It was not, in his eyes, a merit, any more than it was to be truthful; for lying and cheating, and thieving all go together. And no one ever had cause to view his words or his deeds with suspicion. No; not even where, in the last three years of his life, he might not have been looked at with a stare and a shrug of the shoulders, if he had attempted (in the Transvaal) to be in his charges, what in the Colony we might say, extortionate. He was no money-grasper, and no prodigal. He was thrifty, yet generous; and lost much through his tenderness of heart. Keenly sensible of the kindness of others to himself, he knew how to be grateful, not in the sense of favours to come, but deep thankfulness for those received. He never forgot them. We have proof enough in the one incident connected with Mr. T. B. Bayley's proposal, when thoughts of his employer's consistent kindness to him made him act without hesitation, and to his own irreparable injury.

**One's Influence on
the Age.**

Every vigorous, intellectually healthy man affects the age in which he lives. He leaves the world improved by having been in it. Besides those named in preceding pages, Governors Durban, Smith, Grey, and Frere, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes have to be mentioned. By their actions in this part of our planet, they have incised upon the Age marks that will be permanent for all time, and the benefit of the nations for whom they have existed and worked. The force of their characters will have imparted to our lives a stronger impulse than they had before, to move along right planes towards a higher civilisation than they found under our skies. And through them, the Empire and the world are benefited. But there are other useful moral forces. Schröder was one. His was the force of a gentle spirit, calmly assertive, and certain in its effects. "Two things make their own channels, the strong man and the waterfall." Of these he was one. Like the exerting element in the hydraulic press, Schröder was a powerful lever to lift South African society to a higher level than he found it. He dealt with important factors: corporations, legislatures, Governments. Having the faculty of steadfastness or patient perseverance, he never faltered, but pressed straightforward to his object. The result was widely effective success. He learned to know his power by its effects. They were beneficial to the individual, and to the mass. For his strength was bent to the directing and improving of Public Opinion—society's and governments' and individuals' most powerful agent—in arresting wrong and advancing right. He knew the gravity of his responsibility, and the wisdom with which he controlled his power will ever stand on record to his honour. He held Duty to Self as a sacred thing: Duty to Society was not less. His inner life responded entirely to that view. His existence, therefore, taken as a whole, was one continuous undulation of joyousness, so in tune was he with what the outer world would have him keep in touch. This he did, for the commonwealth, and with lasting good.

An Epoch in Art.

The advent of *The Zingari* and Schröder may be looked upon as one. For they were, from first to last, so bound up in each other as to make their history inseparable. And their appearance may justly be taken as marking an Art epoch in this country,—and South Africa. For then began that union of the Press and pencil in our journalism which is now so prominent a feature, and familiar to us all in the portraits and cartoons, especially in the weeklies. The influence of that union in our latitudes has been useful in many ways. This is neither the place nor the time to dwell fully on that aspect of the subject, or it could be shown what a quickening of the Art spirit took place while *The Zingari* was alive, and what evidence it drew to the office that the time had come for drawing out the taste of the people, and guiding it, to the common weal. It awoke many fancies, and set pencils agoing in all directions, and stimulated many to write where there was before only dullness. That influence, it may, however, be pointed out, has been gradually, though slowly, effecting the main object before me, when I decided to accept the entire responsibility of the paper, namely, the laying of the foundation of locally illustrated periodical and other literature, in and for the Colony. I had long felt the great need there was for it. Years previously, I had tried hard to induce the Rev. M. van der Lingden, in conjunction with the Rev. Andrew Murray, Prof. John Murray, Prof. Hofmeyr, and a few others, to attempt such a course. They, at that time, were directing

the publication of several religious sheets, &c., amongst the members of their church, near and far. I also urged their publishing, for their widely-scattered people, a weekly, bi-lingual periodical, on the lines of Cassell's Popular Educator, copiously illustrated, to promote education in their isolated homes. I was not successful. *The Zingari* and Schröder gave a new interest to the life of the community, fresh taste was created, an appetite formed, and ever since it has had to be satisfied. *The Lantern*, *The Argus Weekly*, the *Knobkerrie*, the *Cape Times Weekly* (I am not attempting to state them in the sequence of their taking up with pictures in those publications, but as they occur to me), *Excalibur*, *The Cape Punch*, the *Lantern and Transvaal Truth*, the *Star*, *The Press*, *The Press Weekly*, *The Moon*, and sundry others have, more or less, followed in the wake of *The Zingari*, and the feeling is for yet more illustrations. The labours of the Fine Arts Association have tended to further that disposition, and within another ten years, the course taken by the new Superintendent-General of Education will bear fruits, just when the population, and railway, and postal, and telegraphic facilities will have so increased as to utilise and assimilate those fruits, for the benefit of the intellectual and the æsthetic part of our humanity.

If we consider his place in Art, we must not look upon him as phenomenal, so much because of whence he came and what his early status in life was, as that under his needs and in a place so sterile of Art and competent schools for its study as the Cape, he did so well as he did, and rose so superior to the situation as to have earned, honestly, the distinction of being an artist truly, and of the soil, and never from under South Africa's skies, and yet one whose works have been deemed worthy of reproduction, in one of the widest-published literary journals of the United Kingdom. Nor does it in any respect detract from his merits, that looking abroad, and connoting what there is in the continents on both sides of the North Atlantic, there were men who, on his lines, were as clever, and possibly more expert than he was. That does not prejudice the question as to the genius that was in him. The facts and conclusions to be drawn from them point in the opposite direction. All these men, from their toddling days, underwent an unconscious education in relation to Art, until they were old enough to look at it seriously, and study it technically, as well as in theory. From their childhood they were, through their several senses, taking impressions which influenced their thoughts, their speech, their conduct, their occupations. Supplementary and complementary to that existence, they had at hand every facility to accentuate those impressions and influences, and turn them to practical uses, as painters, sculptors, engravers.

Although Claude of Lorraine was apprenticed to a pastrycook, he, like his predecessor, Salvator Rosa, and others of our own day, was not alone a deep student of Nature out-of-doors, but like his brother painters of France, and the great painters of Italy then, and of Old England to-day, was surrounded by the active agencies of Art: each and all passing through a thorough grounding in the details of those studies, which were, in spite of all the genius which possessed them, imperatively necessary to their acquiring the powers to be mechanically facile, and correct in manipulation, and true in the use and harmonising of their colours on the canvas. We have seen what time he was

with Mr. Lindsay, and his association with later men. His early colleagues on the *Zingari* were men of Home birth, and had acquired their knowledge and skill on the other side of the Equator. Hugh Fisher, of the *Lantern*, and Barber, of the *Observer*, were in precisely the same circumstances. And yet Schröder, without the indirect and the direct education in Art which those men had obtained, was unquestionably their superior, and very much so, in the sphere which he made his own. After singularly little practice at the Cartoon, whatever he might there have lacked in executive skill, he told his story with the fewest accessories and the least number of lines. That he was, from the beginning, usually on the side of common-sense also, was proved by the readiness with which the public felt the appositeness of his pictures to the subjects uppermost in their minds when they appeared. This was as strongly marked when he was using only his own and not another's ideas for the cartoon, as in the early days.

It is only fair to him to measure our appreciation of his work, partly by comparison. I am surprised when I now look over his earliest published drawings, to find them superior to the illustrations in Quarles' Emblems, and to many of Holbein's, in his "Dance of Death," and those of both the Old and the New Testament. His pictures went direct to the object, and were not such travesties of the real as to be obscurely grotesque; whereas in Holbein many of the famous sets are painfully grotesque caricatures of themes sacred. They are not only faulty in drawing, but are so beside the texts which accompany them, and which they were intended to illuminate, as, without the latter, to be as unintelligible as are the Aztec Monuments to most of us to-day. Some, indeed, are so comic as to excite laughter, where there should be only profound reverence.

It was very different with the pictures by Hogarth, Gillray, Cruikshank, Hablot K. Brown, Thackeray, Leech, and the man of to-day, Harry Furniss: each has gone so direct to his object, that there can be no fear of mistaking it. And so it was with Schröder. It is not, in Holbein's case, that the engraver has spoilt the original drawings. These must be either what we now look at as his, or they are frauds. Had the artist's fame rested upon these alone, Holbein would not have been heard of outside of his own town.

From these we may turn to something nearer and more familiar: *Punch*. In its early days, Schröder's work stands well by the side of what we look upon here. If the first volume be examined, it will be noticed that John Leech's name is to be seen there on only two occasions. With these two exceptions, there is not one of "Punch's Pencilings," as the cartoons in that vol. (No. 1, 1841), are headed, with which any of Schröder's would not more than favourably compare, even those he first drew for the *Zingari*.

But, it did not satisfy him that these productions were not equal to what he did or could do. His aim was for the attainment of power to produce the best, according to the highest standards of Art in the Mother Country. And I venture to think that, could he have visited England, he would have found

himself already naturalised in its Art circles, have been warmly welcomed there, and quickly have made great strides in what they would have helped him to learn.

The last.

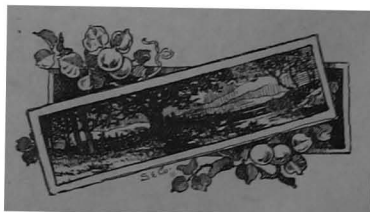
With the last touches to the President's portrait, Schröder began to look askance at work awaiting his attention. His thoughts were fondly turned to the dear ones at home. He was anxious to be with them again. The full cup of his joy he believed to be nearing his lips. And those on the other side of the globe, to whom he was so precious, were equally eager for their reunion with him. He, therefore, did not wish for more employment to flow in upon him than he could satisfy, while he would be awaiting payment for the balance due for this picture, and clearing up affairs to leave Pretoria for England. But he had to stay there longer than he expected. The matter chained him to where "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" was abroad, mercilessly smiling right and left, and extinguishing valuable lives day and night. He did not escape. Hitherto he had enjoyed fair health. After he had finished *The Press* cartoon, on Friday, 30th July, he complained of indisposition, and took to his bed. That which at first was believed and hoped to be only something trivial, was at last seen to be congestion and inflammation of the lungs. The ravages of the disease were swift and severe. In spite of the best medical aid and all that devoted friends could do, it baffled their knowledge and skill, until midnight of August 4th, 1892, when in the midst of closely attached and heart-stricken friends he passed away. He had many friends, but not an enemy. And as the former had dealt with him living, so in his death, they did not desert him; but in loving memory paid him the last honours which the grave allows: and they have since marked the spot where rests the all that was mortal of one—William Howard Schröder—whom to know was to admire, and than who, there was not a more true, a more genuine man.

In every respect was he endowed with the spirit of the real artist. Although he accomplished no work of greatness, and all his large portraits were not successes, he did work enough to prove the Art divinity that was in him; and that the potentialities of his genius were only awaiting their fitting culture and their scope. He was not an artist in pencil and brush mechanically applied, but in the affinity and tenderness of his nature, the delicacy of his sensibilities, his poetic temperament, his exuberant fancy, his quickness to conceive, and his conscientiousness in accomplishing whatever he set himself to do. Taken as we knew him, he was, to use the words which Matthew Arnold borrows from M. Vitet, in his description of the chief features of the genuine epic—a conception, marked by the constant union of simplicity with greatness.

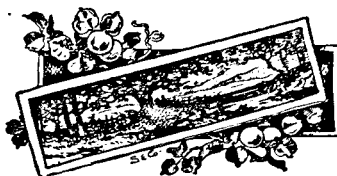
Vale

In such a life as his there were not, as in that of the sailor, the soldier, the big-game hunter, and the explorer, startling events, great accidents, nor "marvellous escapes by flood and field," to narrate. His life was like the modest stream which wends its way from the fountain-head, and, but little disturbed on its course, merges into the broad ocean. It was pellucid, and rippled gently

along, lively with its own softly-sounding, gurgling music, and gay with the bright colours of the roots and plants, and the pebbles on its bed, which could be seen there, as through a body of crystal. Such a rivulet has caught the eye, and charmed the ear, and captivated the spirit of many of us in our rambles. We have paused, looked, listened, and admired that which we have seen, and heard; and, passing on, have felt better for what the Creative Hand, by Its perfect Power, had provided for us in that peaceful, flowing symbol of our lives. The stream is yet alive: it still flows on. It will continue to please, fascinate, and instruct, and many another face besides ours, and besides his, will it, like *his* life, reflect, as it onward glides, as he has,—into the Unfathomable—the Infinite.



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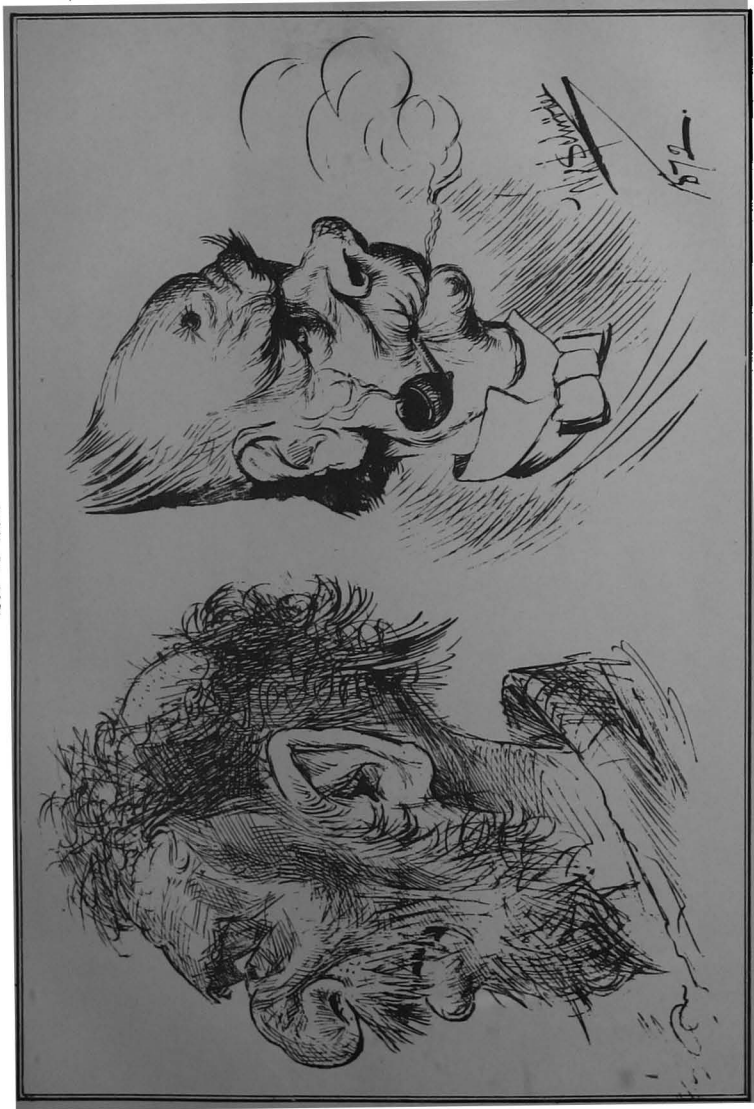
REQUIESCAT IN PACE

IN
LOVING MEMORY
OF
SOUTH AFRICAN ARTIST
WILLIAM HOWARD SCHRODER
BORN AT LONDON
DIED AT PRETORIA 24th
MAY 1902
AGED 61 YEARS
BY HIS
SISTER MRS
MARGARET SCHRODER

Pretoria
Empire

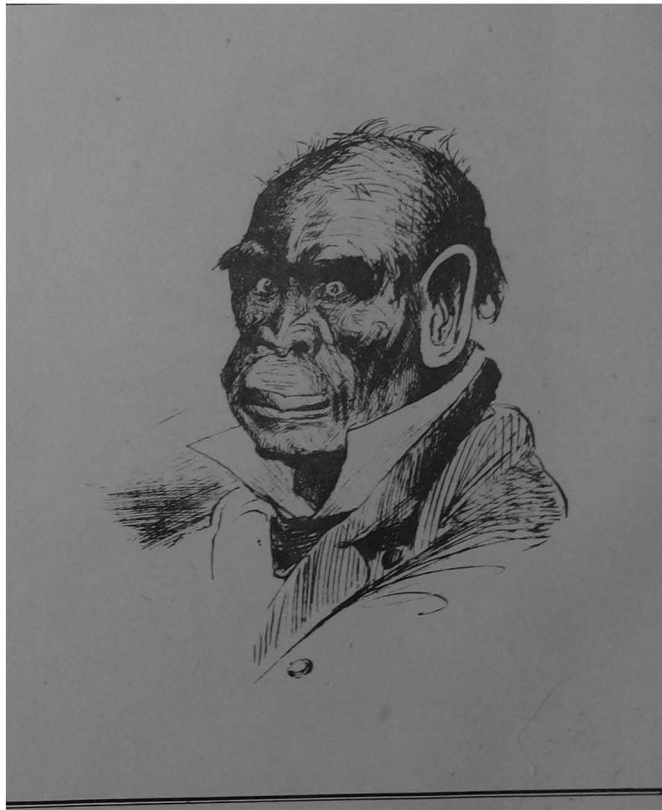
W. W. W.

ORIGINAL STUDIES FROM OLD SKETCH BOOKS.
1868 TO 1872.



QUEER CHARACTERS.

ORIGINAL STUDIES FROM OLD SKETCH BOOKS.
1869 TO 1872.



QUEER CHARACTERS.

ORIGINAL STUDIES FROM OLD SKETCH BOOKS.



His Excellency's
Sir Heinrich Bartholomäus Poldy Frey

Hearing of Isandlwana! By

by Jung

ORIGINAL STUDIES FROM OLD SKETCH BOOKS.
1869 TO 1872.



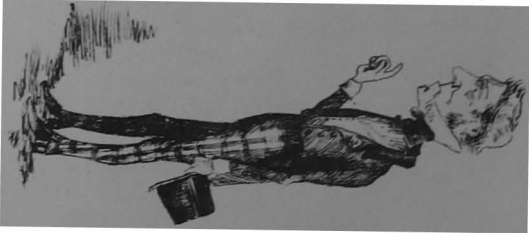
QUEER CHARACTERS.

ORIGINAL STUDIES FROM OLD SKETCH BOOKS.



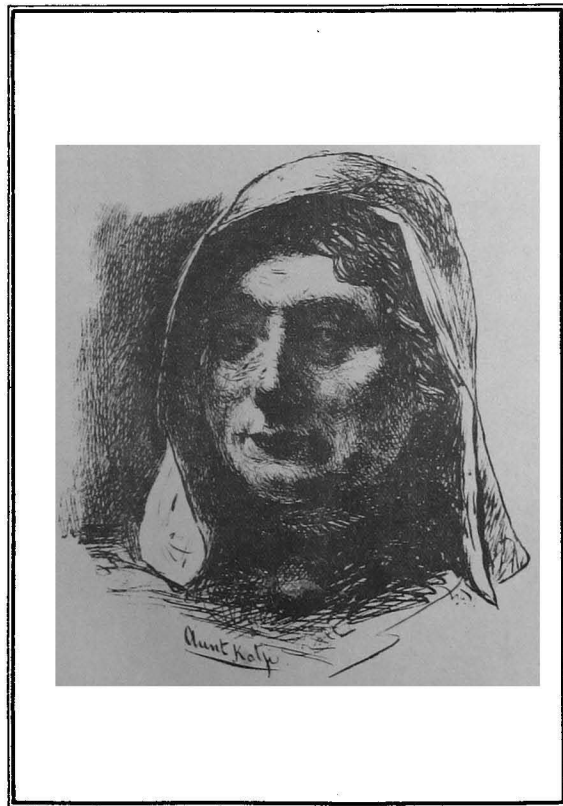
PRISON FACES.

ORIGINAL STUDIES FROM OLD SKETCH BOOKS.
1838 TO 1872.



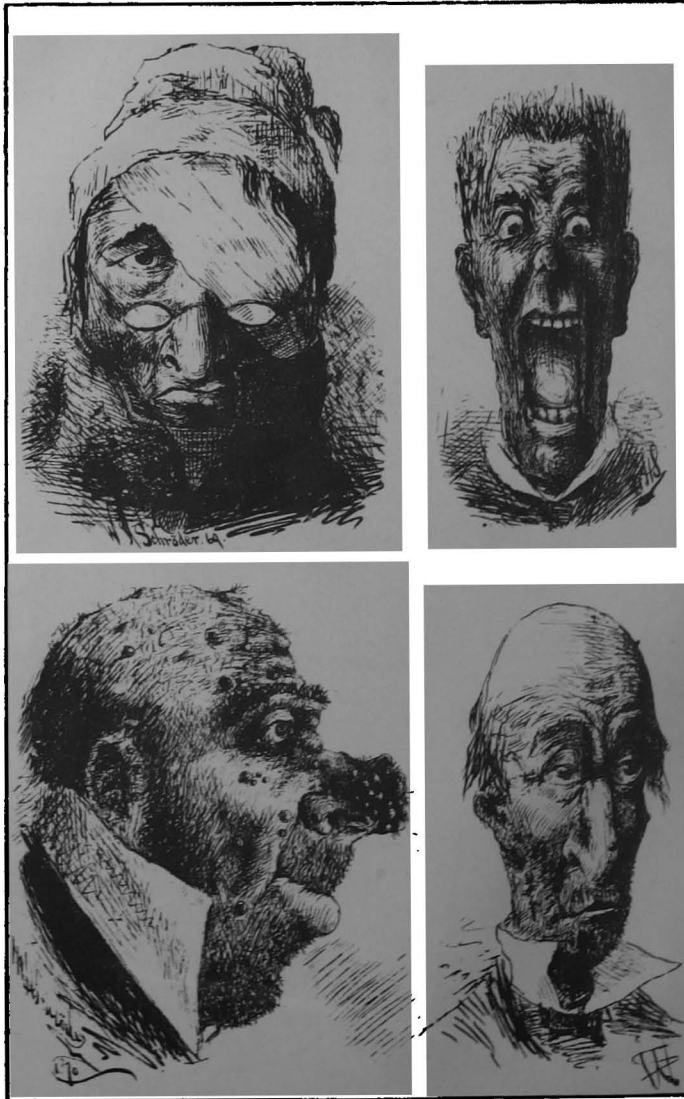
QUEER CHARACTERS.

ORIGINAL STUDIES FROM OLD SKETCH BOOKS.
1869 TO 1872.



QUEER CHARACTERS.

ORIGINAL STUDIES FROM OLD SKETCH BOOKS.
1869 TO 1872.



QUEER CHARACTERS.

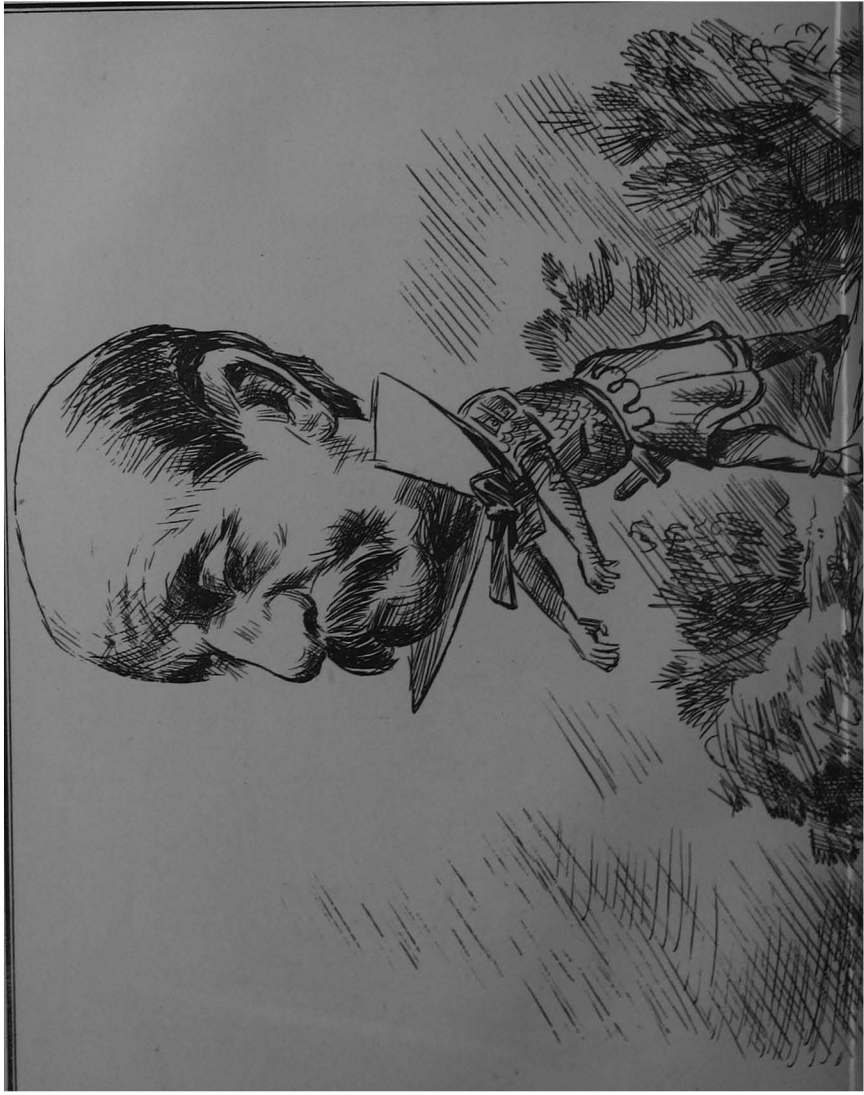
THE MINISTERIAL DOCTOR
AND HIS PILLS.







FROM THE ZIEGLER, Copestown, 1874.





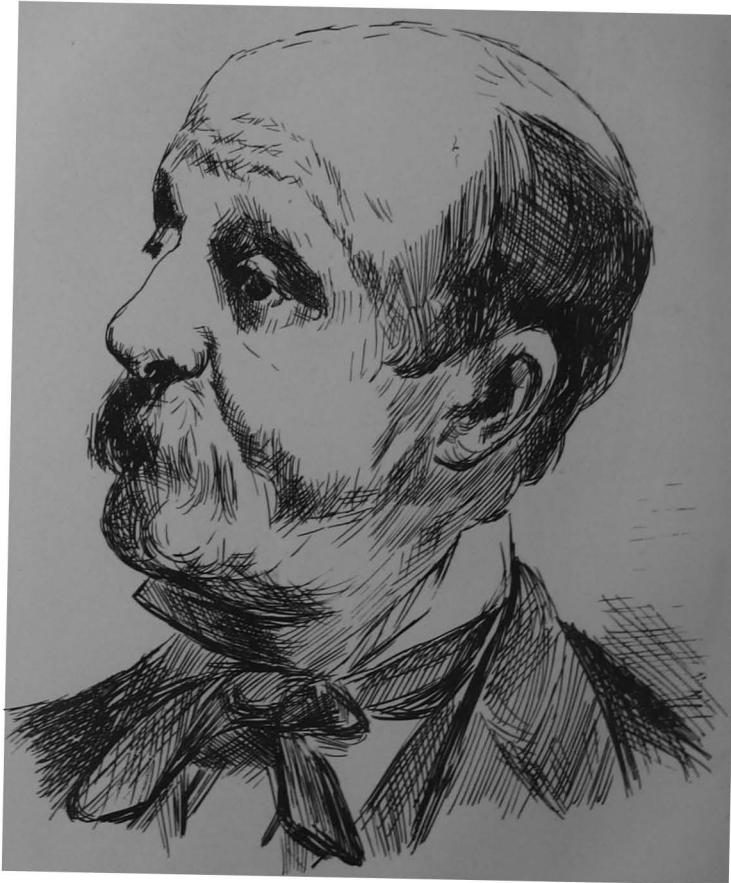
June, 1874.

EASTERN DISTRICTS GRIEVANCES.
An old story modernized.

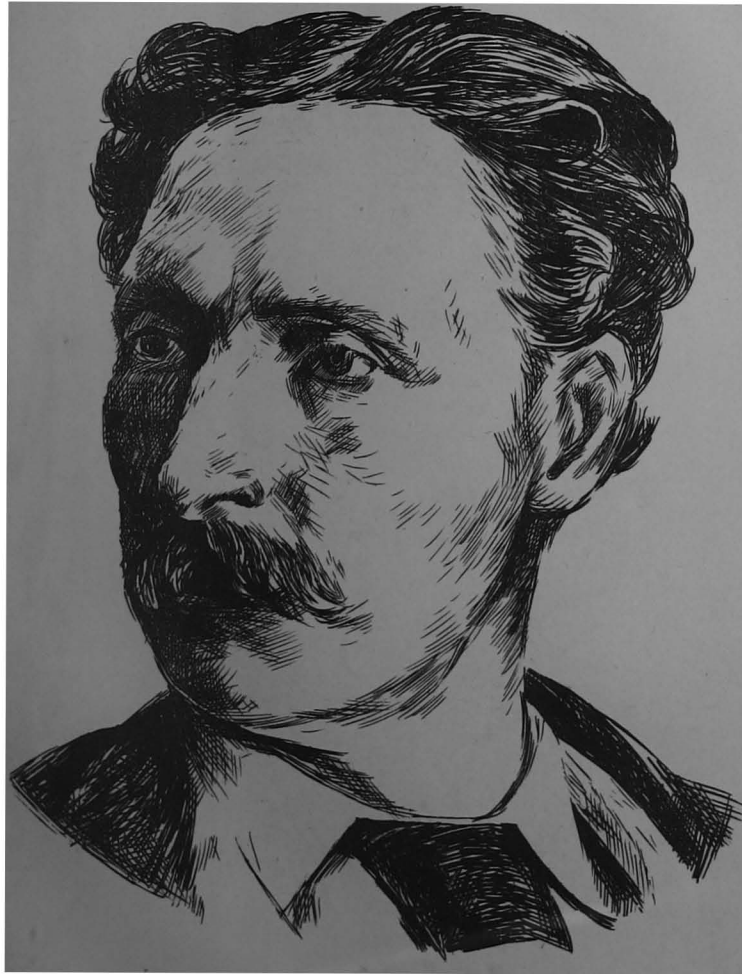




THE FLOORS.
AFTER THIS, THE DELUGE!



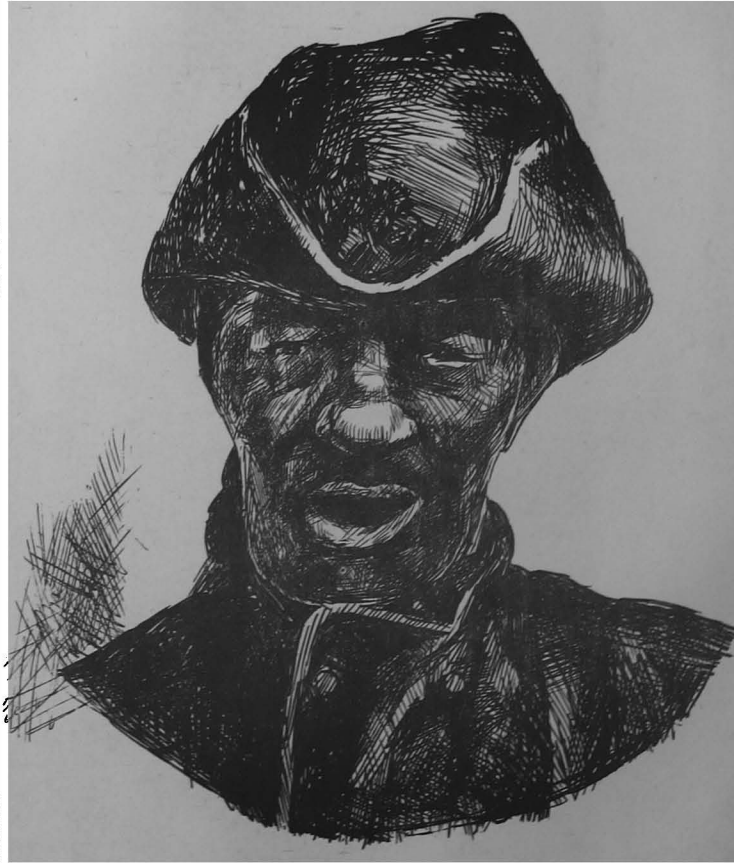
Mr. H. C. JOHNSON, M.L.A. for Grahamstown.



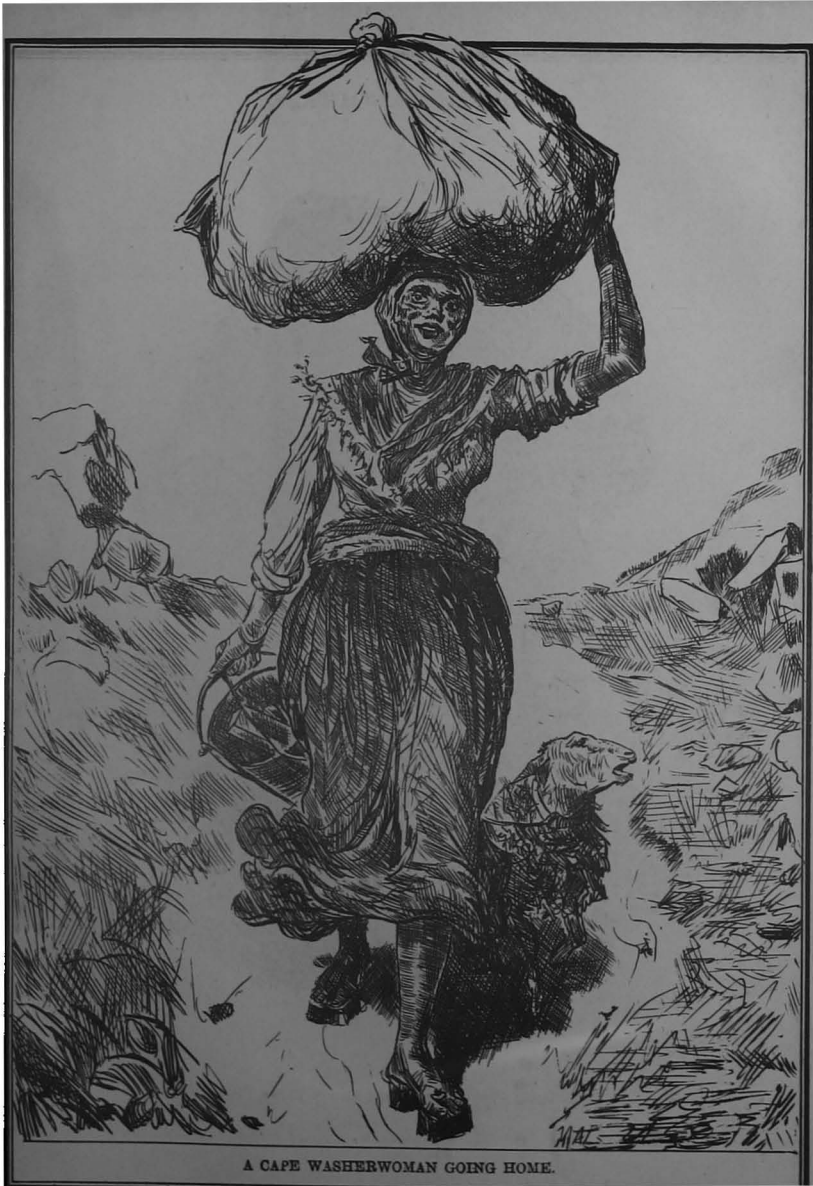
CAPTAIN DISNEY ROEBUCK,

CAPE TOWN.
February, 1874.

AFRICAN CHARACTERS.



LANGIBALELE, AN INSURGENT KAPPA CHIEF. 1874.

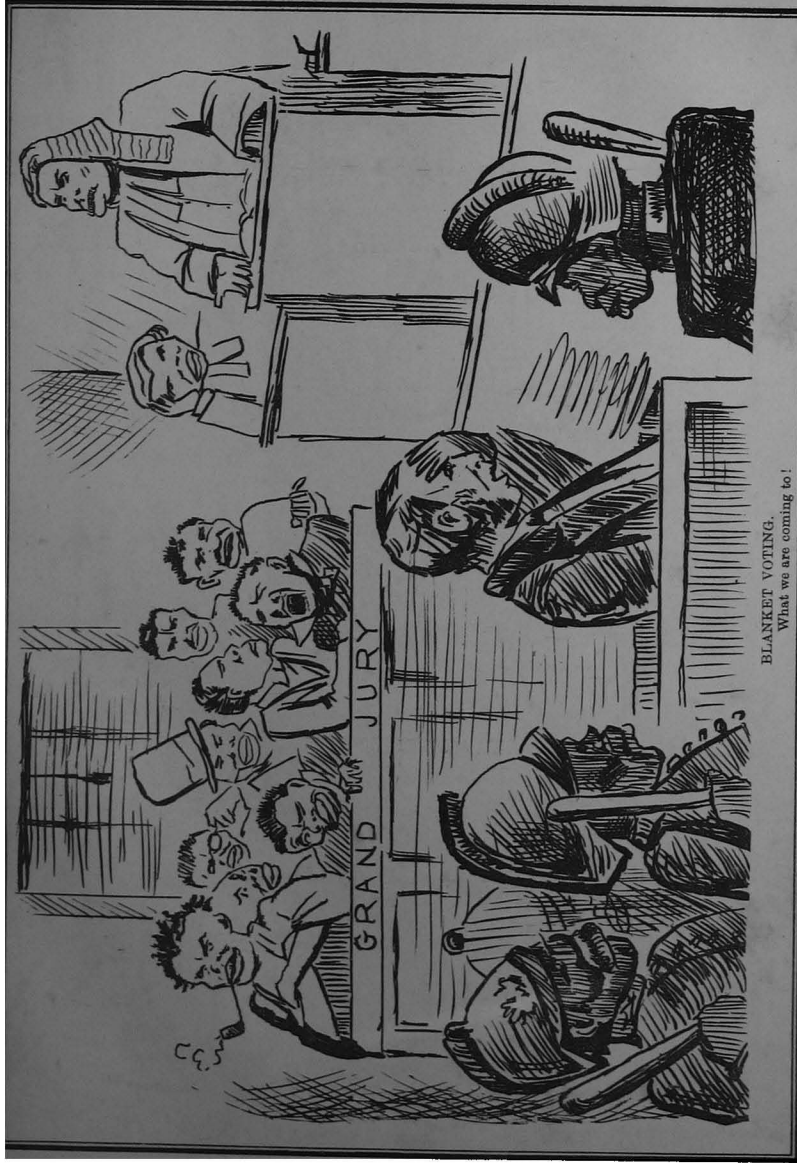


A CAPE WASHERWOMAN GOING HOME.



THE NEW PILGRIM.
(A long way after Bunyan.)

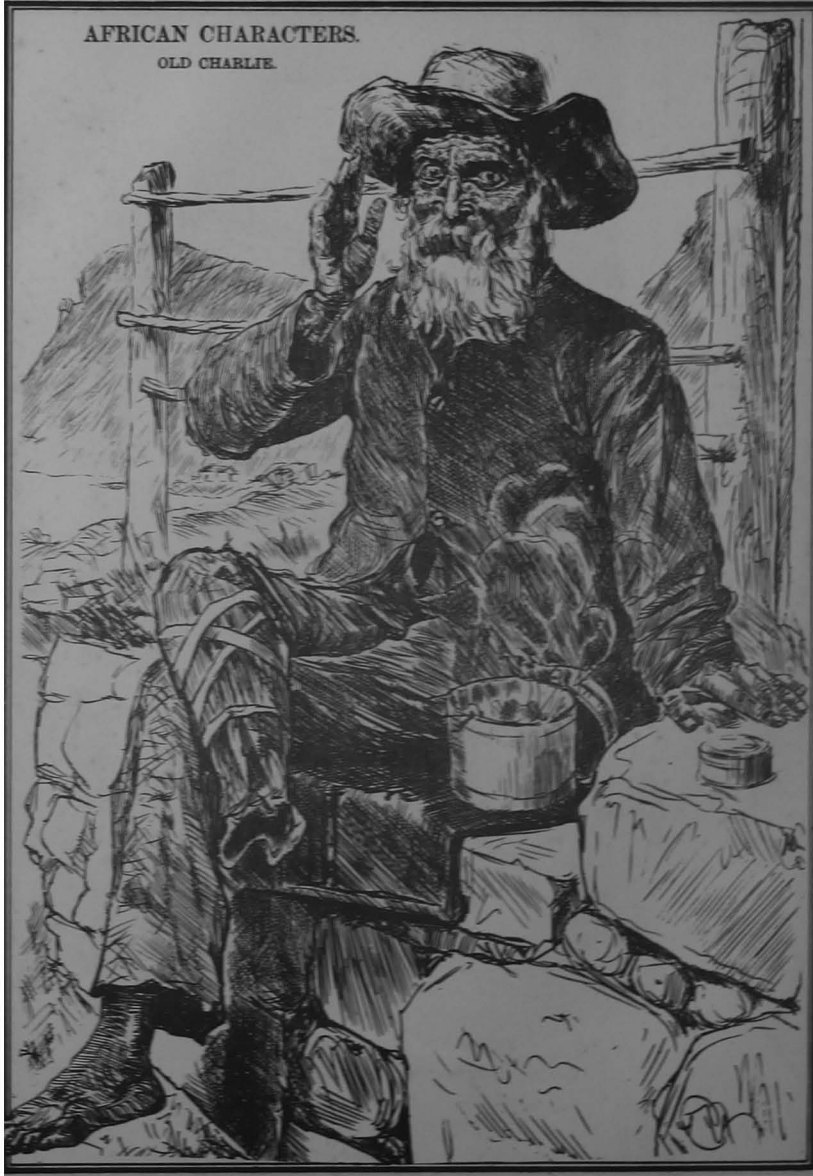
January 16th, 1874.



BLANKET VOTING.
What we are coming to!

AFRICAN CHARACTERS.

OLD CHARLIE.

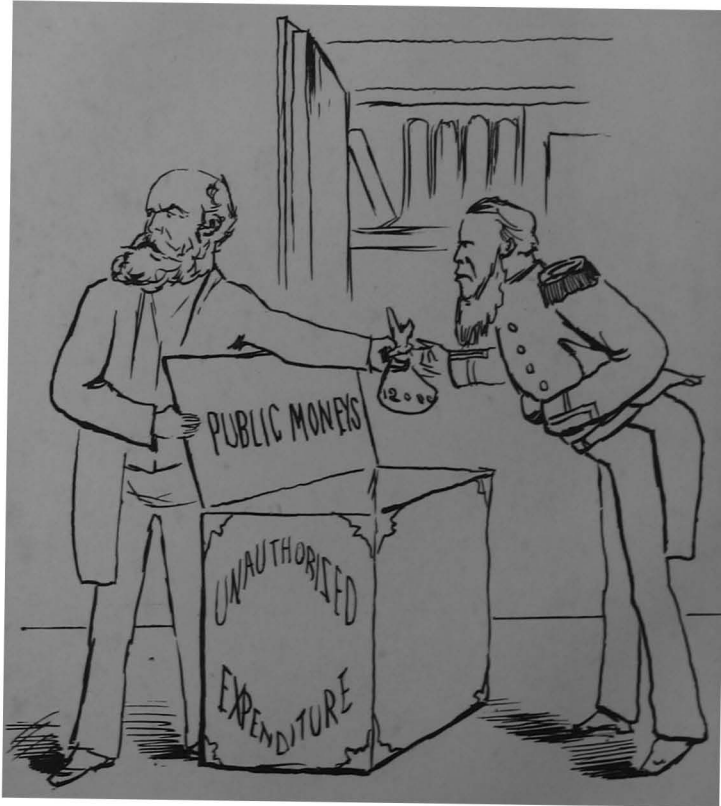


-AFRICAN CHARACTERS.



A STUDY IN CAPE HISTORY.

FROM THE REVENGE OF GOVERNOR VAN NOODT.

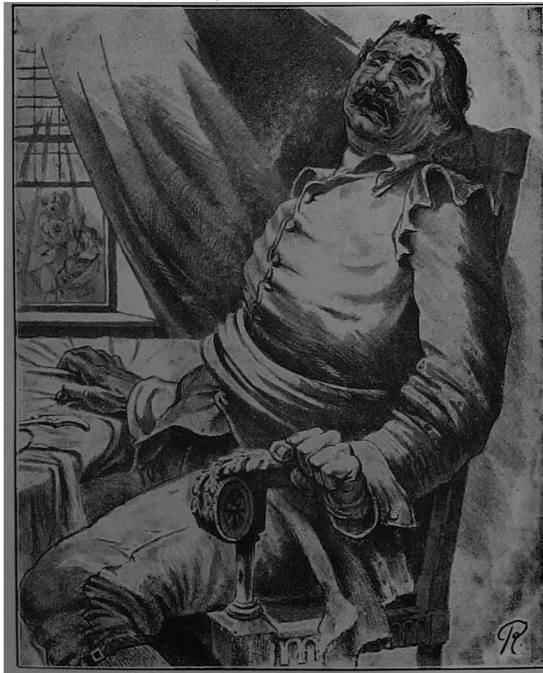


THE "RAIL" SURPRISE.

January, 1874.

1880.

"The Lantern."

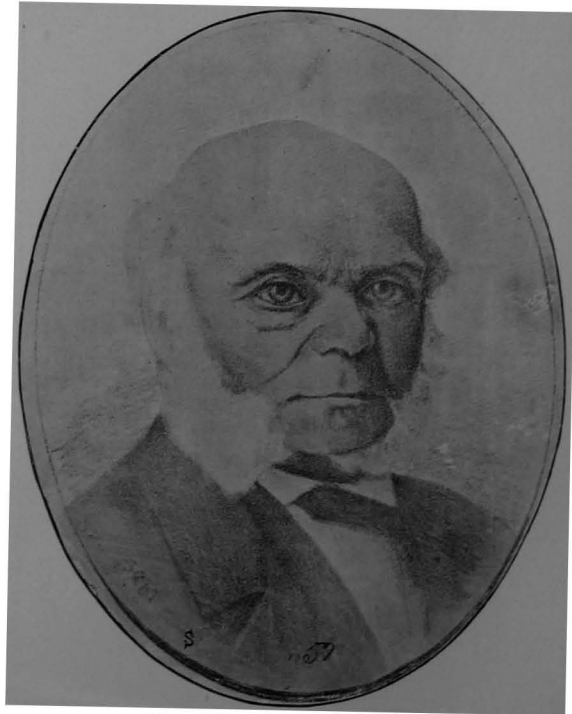


THE DEATH OF GOVERNOR VAN NOODT.

A Sketch for an Oil Painting.

1881.

"The Lantern,"



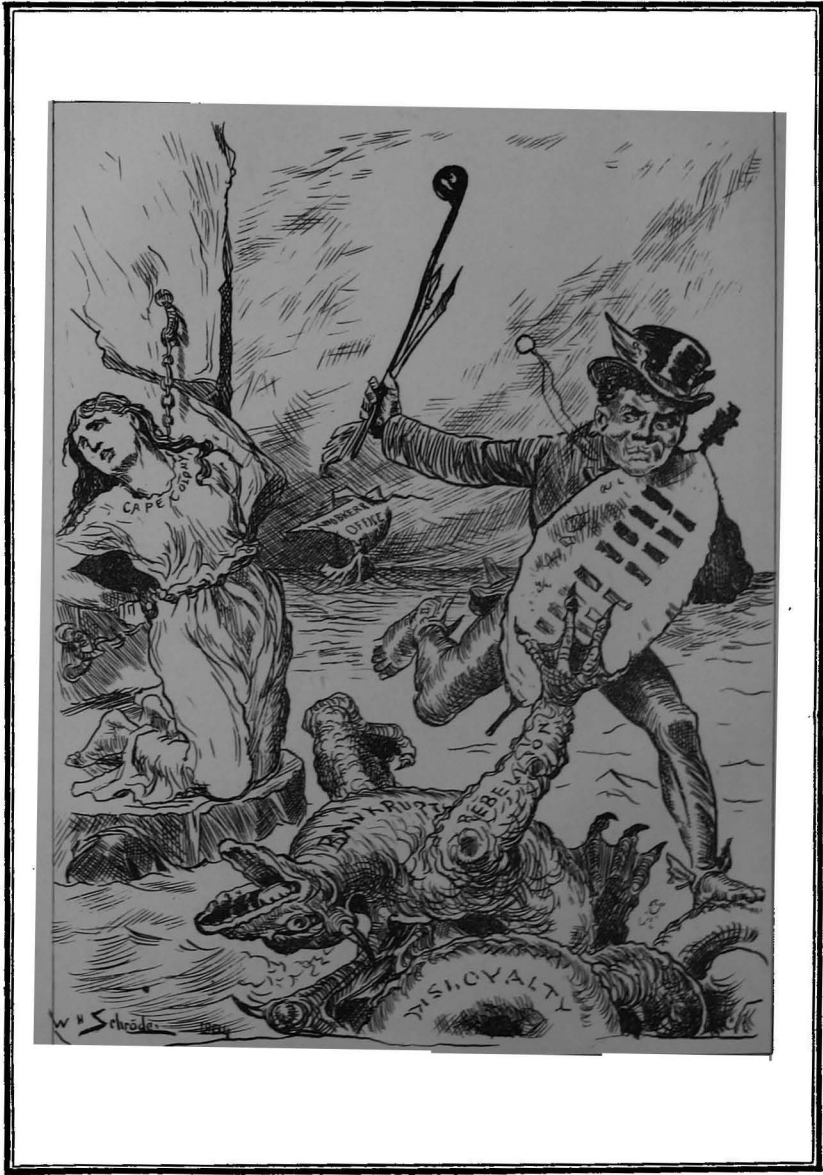
MR. SAUL SOLOMON, M.L.A.

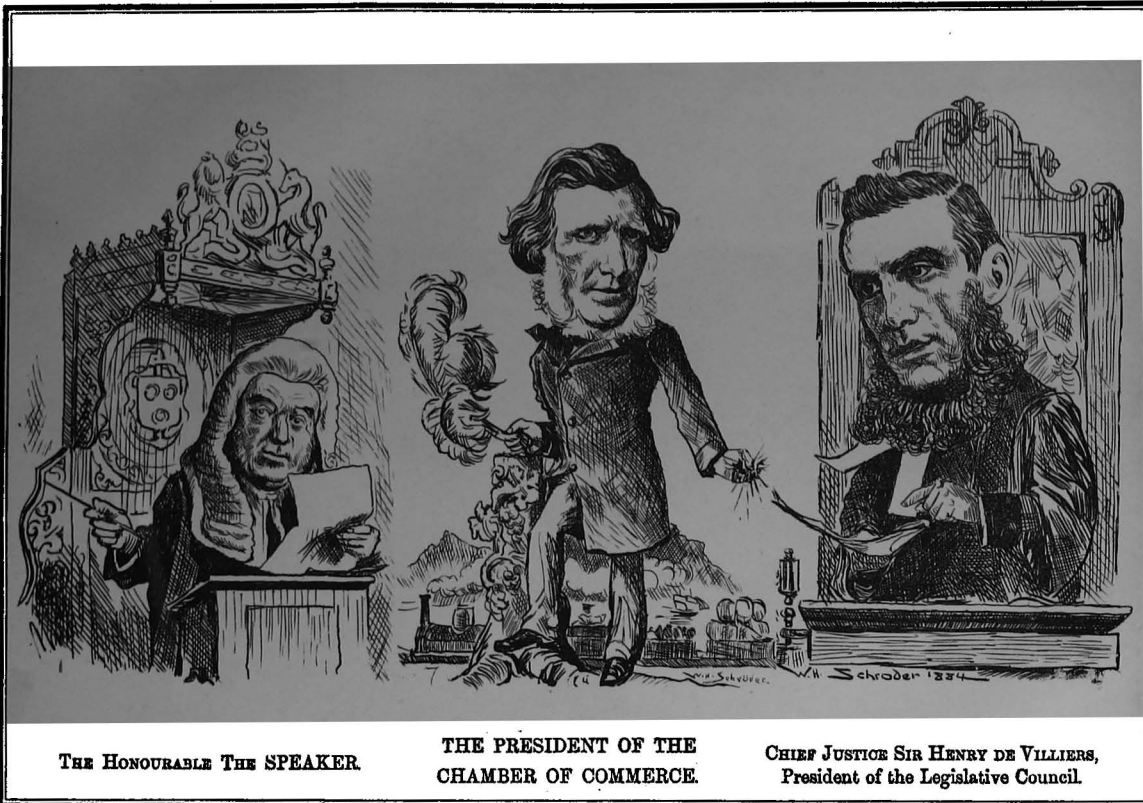
FROM

“THE KNOBKERRIE.”

1884

AT CAPE TOWN.





THE HONOURABLE THE SPEAKER.

**THE PRESIDENT OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.**

**CHIEF JUSTICE SIR HENRY DE VILLIERS,
President of the Legislative Council.**



The very model Agent-General,
Sir CHARLES MILLS.



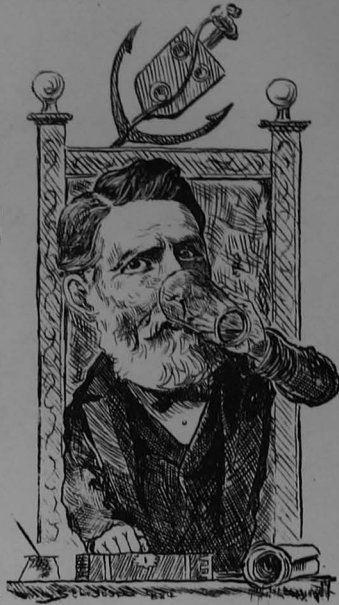
HON. RICHARD SOUTHEY, C.M.G.



The Hon. J. W. LEONARD, Q.C.
When he was member for
Oudtshoorn.



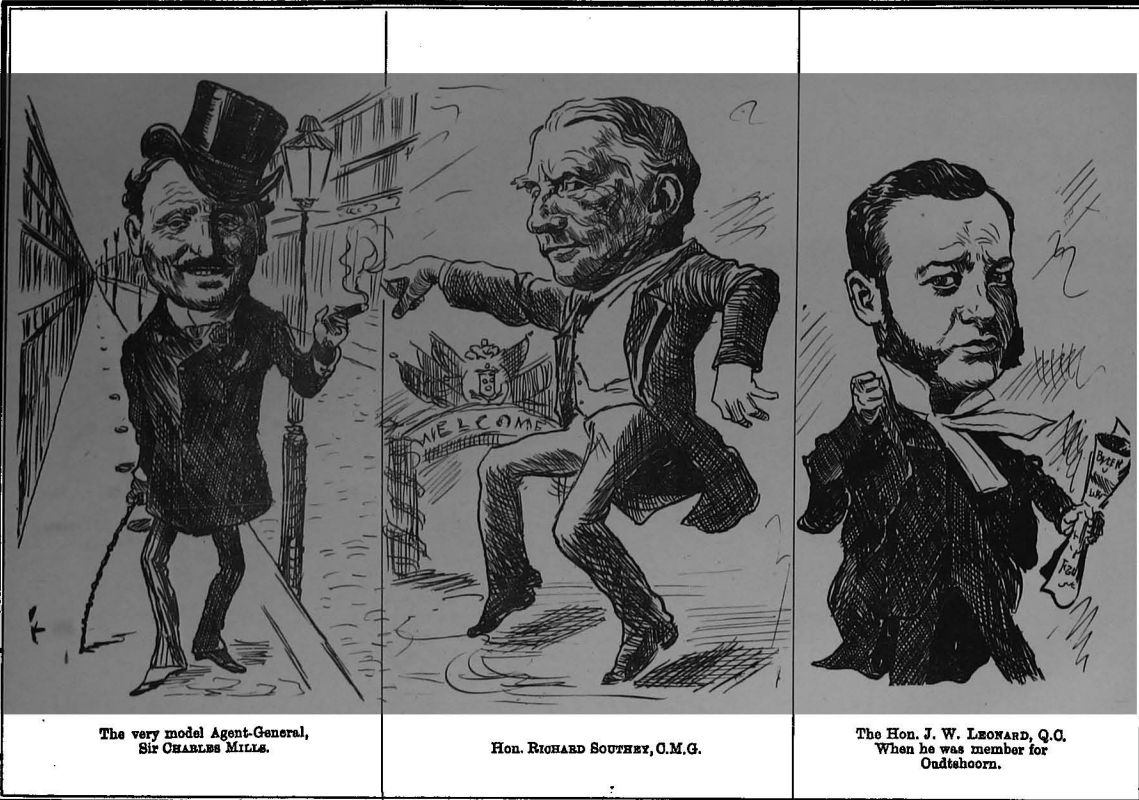
THE SUPERINTENDENT OF FIRE
BRIGADE.



THE GOOD TEMPLAR MAYOR.



C. A. FAIRBRIDGE, Esq.



The very model Agent-General,
Sir CHARLES MILLS.

Hon. RICHARD SOUTHEY, C.M.G.

The Hon. J. W. LEONARD, Q.C.
When he was member for
Oudtshoorn.



Sir JOHN BRAND,
President of the O.F.S



The Premature Criticiser—the
Artist, and THOS. McCOMBIE, Esq.



VOORUITGANG OP SCHOOL.

Vader: Wel, mijn zoon, wat heb jij van dag op school geleerd?
Zoon: Meester heeft ons gezegd dat wij van aspies aftomtig is!
Vader (kort af): Dat mach wel met jou zoo wees, maar niet
met mij!

African Characters.



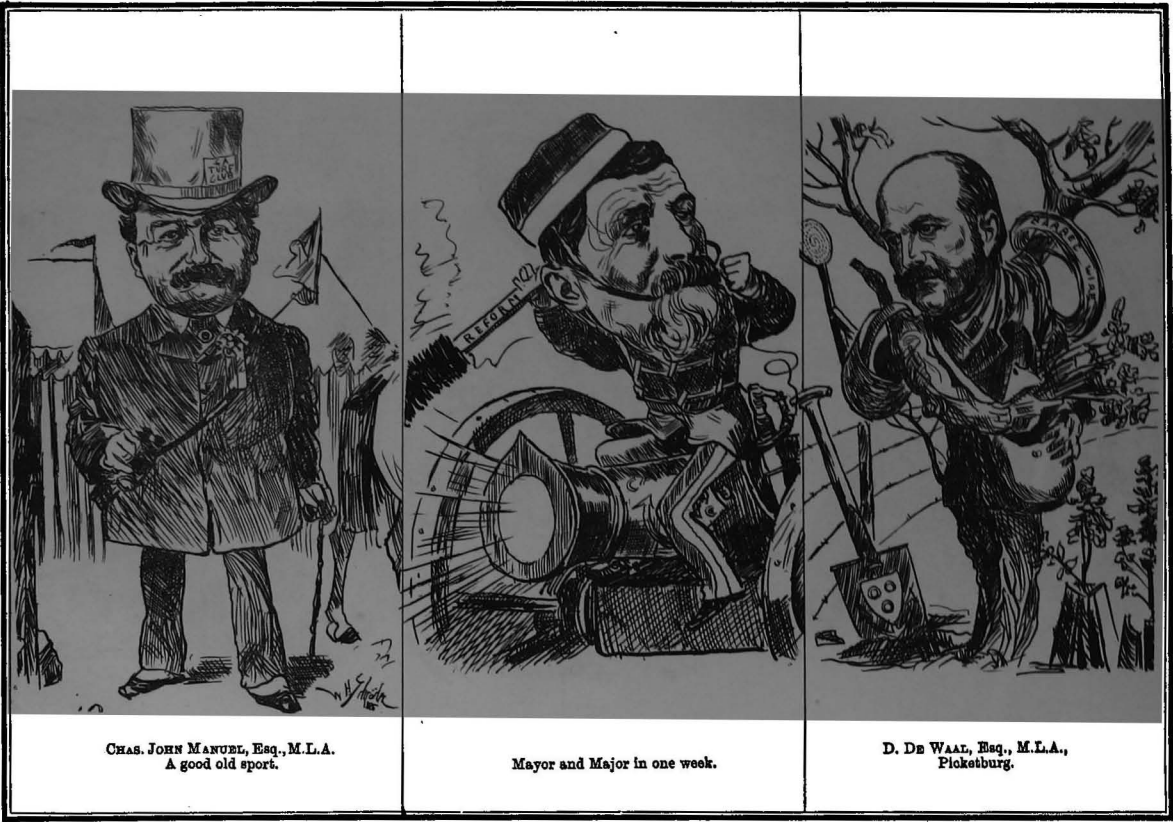
PERSONEEL.

Oom Kotji: Maar hoor Neef! jij maak ook een akoorsteen van jon mond, he?
Neef Jan: Ja, Oom Kotji, dit is toch beter dan om een wijnvat rond te loop!



HOT OF HAAR?

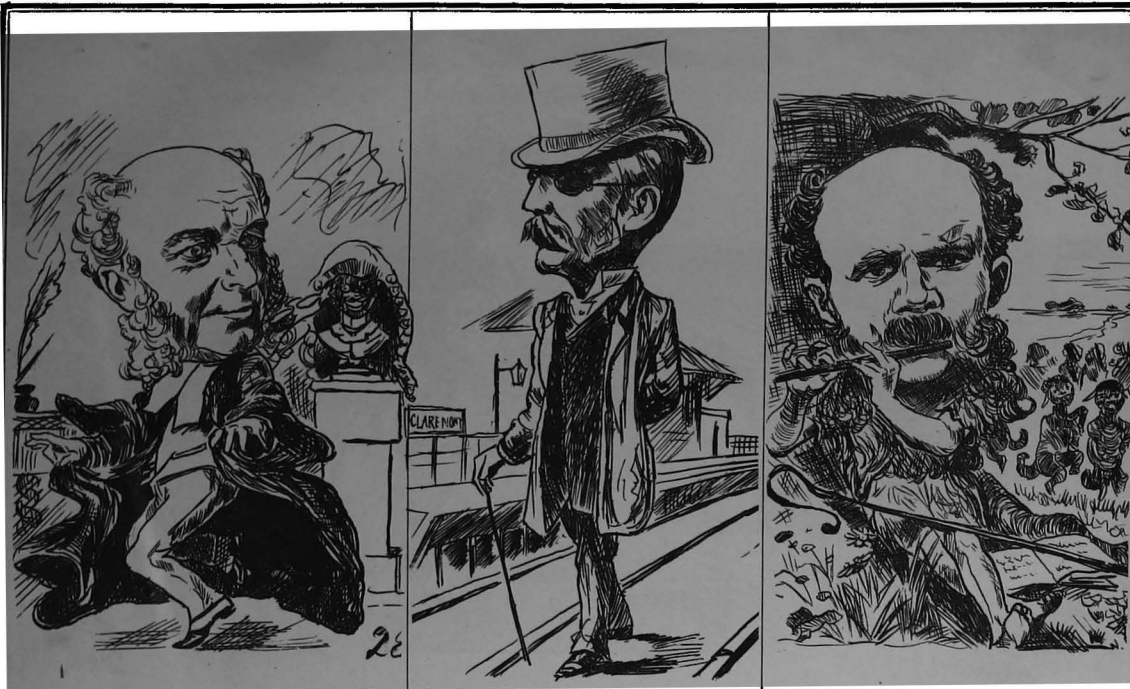
Ou Boer: Hierij, you kleins vagabond, will jij uit die pad gaan?
Kleinjong: Astakka, maar ou Baas, hos moet ik dan om loop, he?



CHAS. JOHN MANUEL, Esq., M.L.A.
A good old sport.

Mayor and Major in one week.

D. DE WAAL, Esq., M.L.A.,
Picketburg.



JUDGE COLE, Q.C.

LIEUT.-GEN. SMYTH, C.B.

The gentle "SHIPPARD" of
Bechuana plains.



The Hon. J. MURISON, M.L.C.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, à la "Knobkerrie."



THE JUDGE PRESIDENT
On a well-earned holiday.



Sir JACOB DIRK BEER,
Judge President.

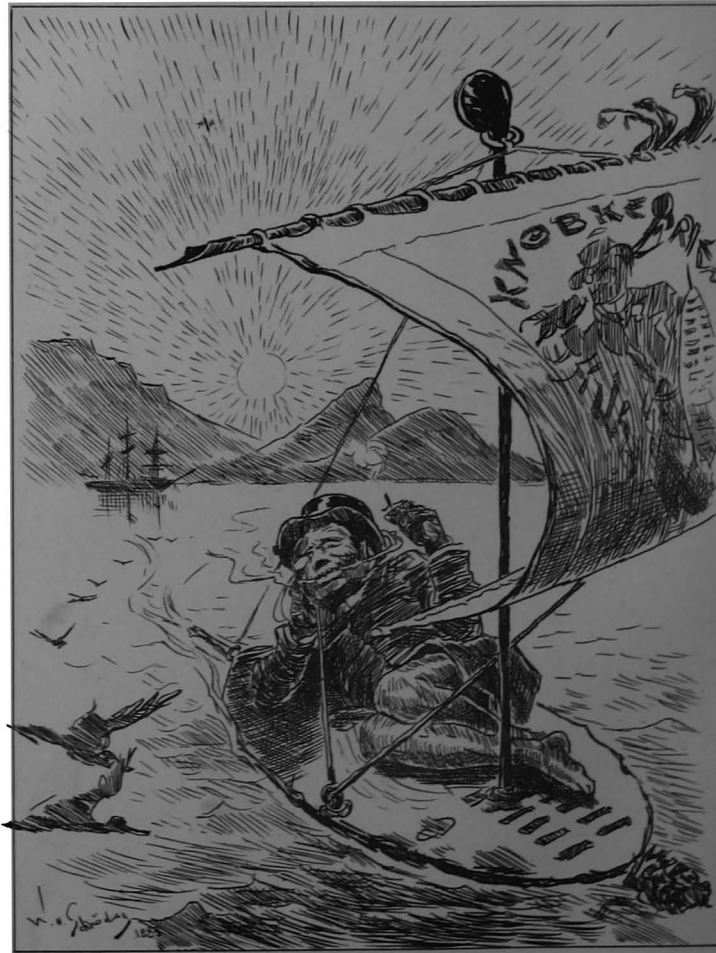
African Characters.

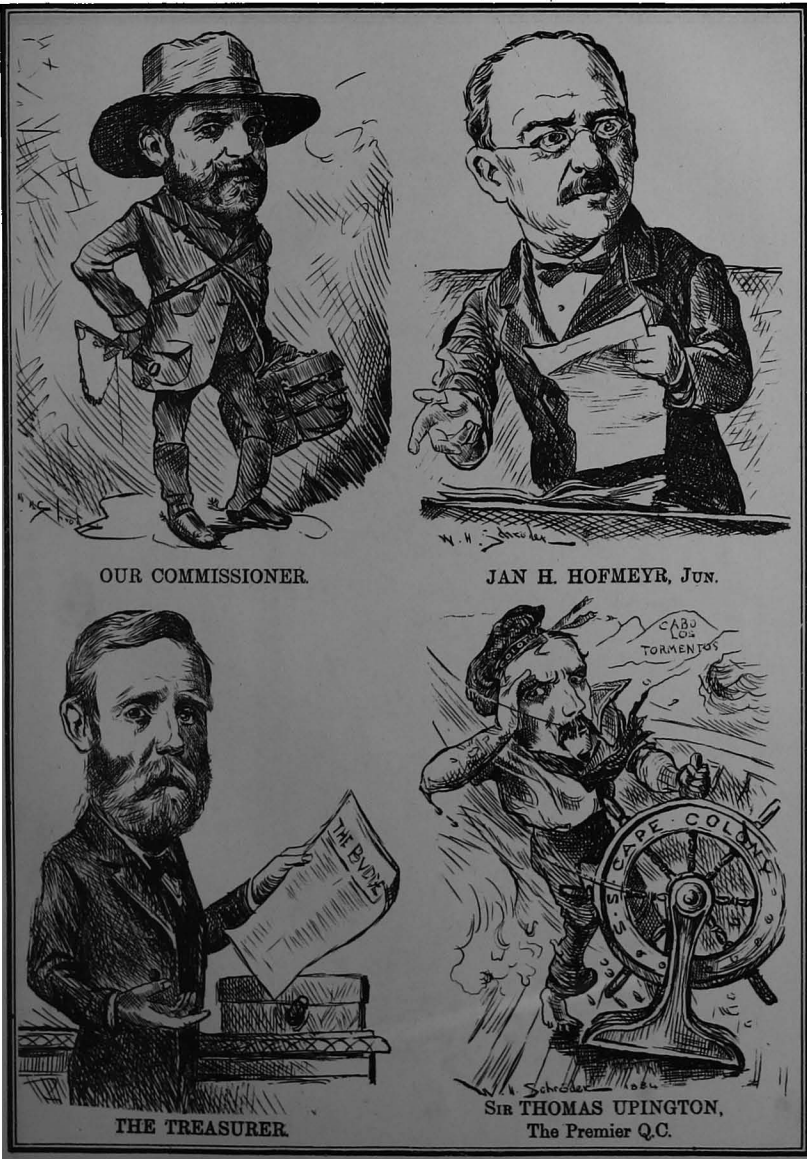


OOM PAUL IN PARIS.

OOM PAUL.—I think you will say I am badly dressed?
PARISIAN TAILOR.—Dressed, m—sieur! pardonnez moi, so are not dressed at all, so are simply covered!

AFTER THE CRICKET MATCH, (Port Elizabeth vs. Cape Town.)
LITTLE BESS: "For those Westerns I don't care a draf.
At any rate I have got the bat!"



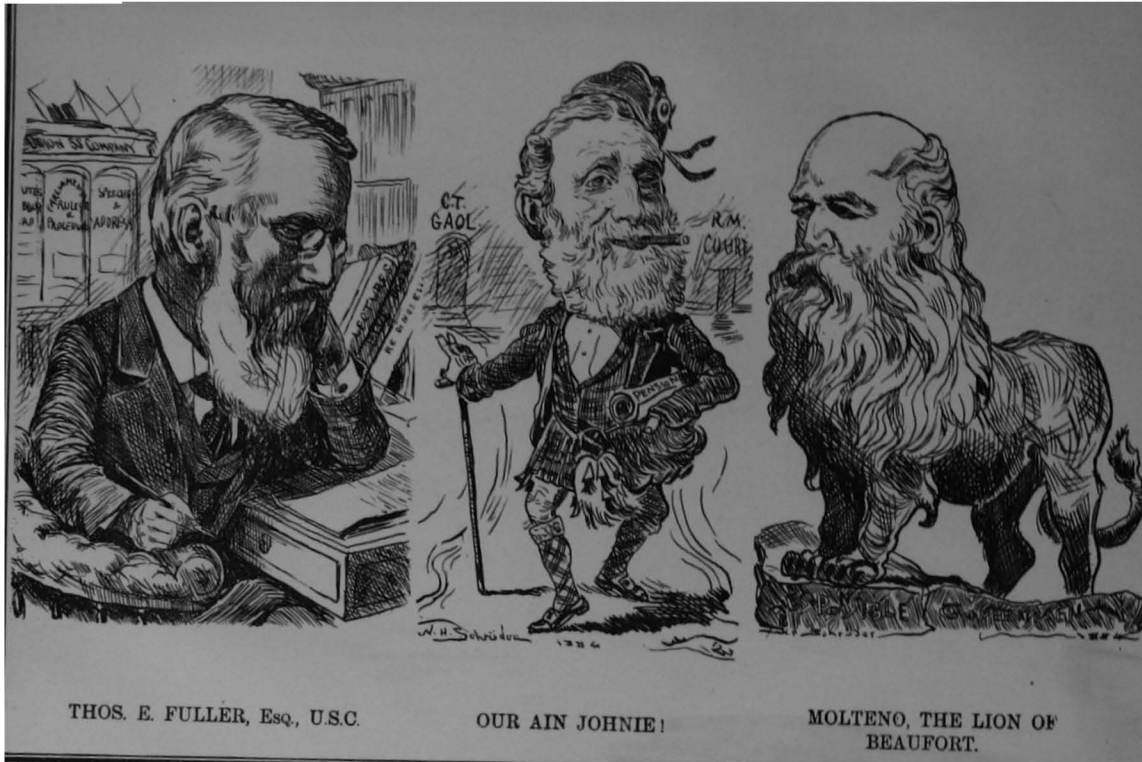


OUR COMMISSIONER.

JAN H. HOFMEYR, JUN.

THE TREASURER.

SIR THOMAS UPINGTON,
The Premier Q.C.



THOS. E. FULLER, Esq., U.S.C.

OUR AIN JOHNIE!

MOLTENO, THE LION OF BEAUFORT.



THE PORT CAPTAIN.



SIR CHAS. WARREN, R.E., R.C.M.G.



THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



SIR HERCULES ROBINSON,
High Commissioner.



COLONEL SCHERMBUCKER.



THE REV. CANON LIGHTFOOT.



President of the S.A. Press Congress.



Captain Jony Arr,
S. A. Wimbledon.



W. E. Moore, Esq.,
Mayor of Woodstock.



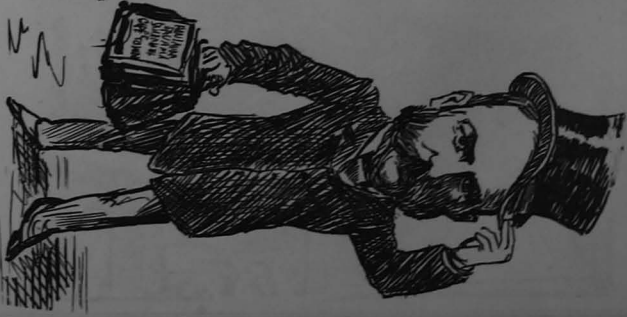
Hon. COMBINE, Esq., M.L.A.



Mr. J. De Witt
"Chief" of Native Affairs.



W. H. Ross, M.D.,
"I'm monarch of all I survey."



Hon. J. W. Sawyer, M.L.A.



Sir THOMAS SCANLAN, K.C.M.G.
By care and prudence I made
such a mark. They made me
the Captain of the Govern-
ment ba-que!

CAPT. BRABANT, M.L.A.,
for East London.

Dr. EDDEN.



LAMMERIES OF RAMMERIES.

Méme : Kijk maar daar Rammodien, lijkt de kinders niet net zoos
 Jammelijes, is, eh?
 Take (lachen): 's is ikke, Foh! Ramen, ale hulle dan jammelijes
 is, wat is ikke dan, heb?



Abdol : Rajap, jif is mos zoo slim neh, maar kan jif ver mij eoh in
 vokter maand van die jaar een vrouw die minde praat?
 Rajap : Asakke, wie kan dit toeh nie ! In die winter mos tot.
 Abdol : jif kan verdom slech raai, hor. In die maand Februar,
 want dit is mos die kortste maand.



Mr. JOHN FAOR, C.M.G.,
Queenskown.

The British Resident in
Basutoland.

A. W. HOWELL,
C.G.R.



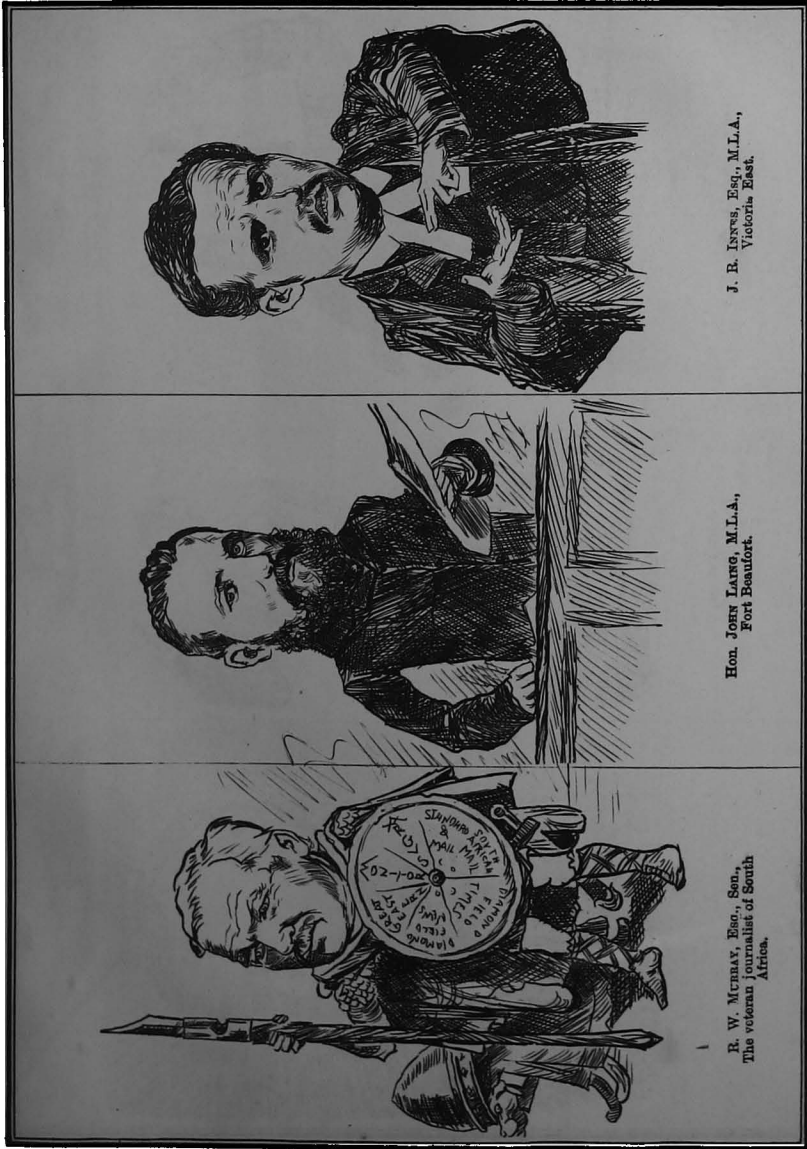
ARTHUR DOUGLAS, Esq., M.L.A.,
Granville's Town.



JOHN TAYLOR,
Razale Duasle Co.
"When Gabriel blows his trumpet
I'll be dead."



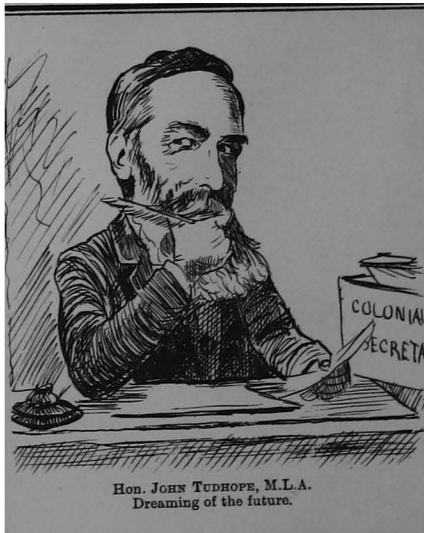
Rev. Dr. LEONARD.



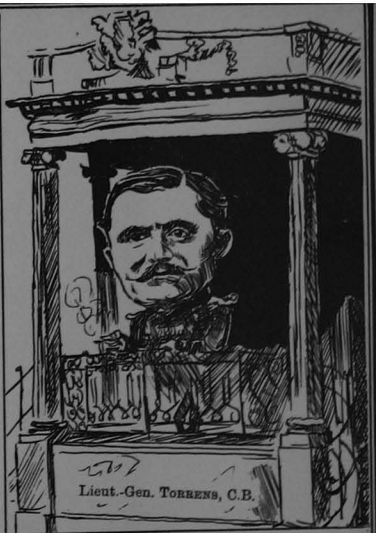
J. R. Innes, Esq., M.L.A.,
Victoria East.

Hon. John Lang, M.L.A.,
Fort Beaufort.

R. W. Murray, Esq., Son.,
The veteran journalist of South
Africa.



Hon. JOHN TUDHOPE, M.L.A.
Dreaming of the future.



Lieut.-Gen. TORRENS, C.B.

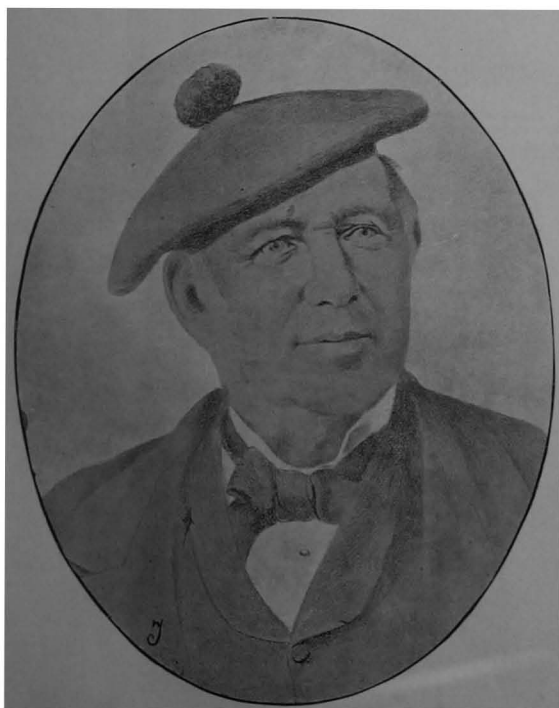


AL TO HAARIG!

Nef (die pas van Europa gekom is): Wel, ou, hoe lijkt ik noe
wat zig jij van mijn snon?
Ou Nef (grinnende): Reg, Lammert, jij lijkt nets, op jij een jakals
in gealuk het, en zijn steert nog bij you mond uidsteek!

1885.

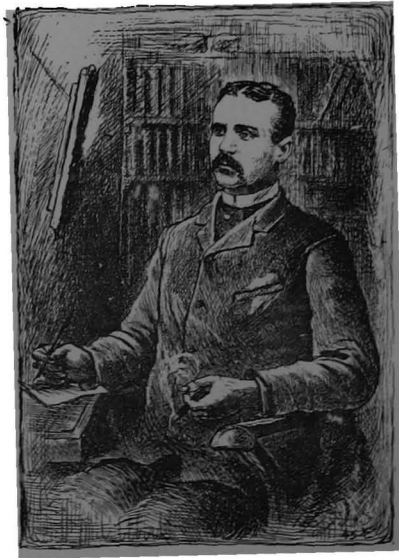
"The Lantern."



THE HON. JAMES MURISON, M.L.C.

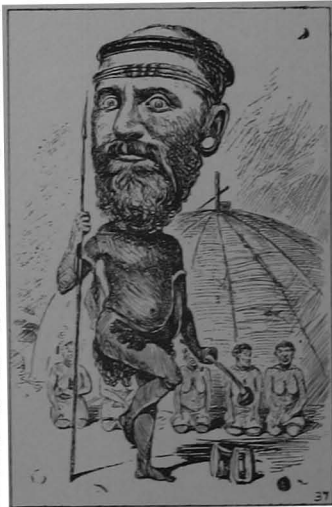
Died September 25th, 1885, at Capelown.

"The Lantern."



MR. THOMAS McCOMBIE,
Editor "The Lantern."

South African Characters.



MR. JOHN DUNN.
The White Zulu Chief.



A MALAY TAILOR.
(Sketched from Life).

1879.

The Mosquito.



S. A. CONFEDERATION.

A very hot Potato.

The Zulu War.



THE EMPRESS.

The Zulu War.

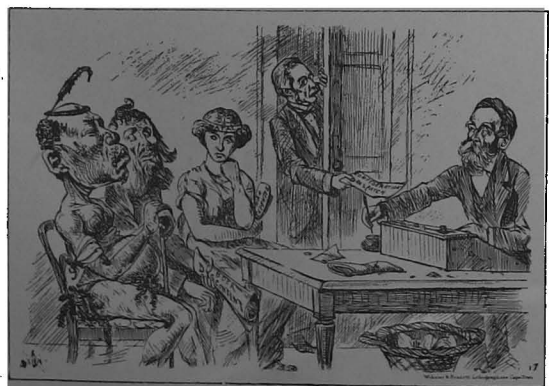


THE
"CAPE LANTERN,"
JUNE-JULY, 1878.

THE NEW COACHMAN.

GARNET (*leg.*):—"I didn't want to take your place, CHELMSFORD, but our old Missis says as how you don't drive fast enough."

Cape
Politics.



A PRESSING DEMAND.

Consideration Proposals had necessarily to be deferred to South African Internal Questions.
Sir B—F—: "Can you attend, if you please, to this little matter? It is rather pressing—"
Mr. S—G: "Presently, my dear, Sir; but I must first finish my business with these gentlemen."

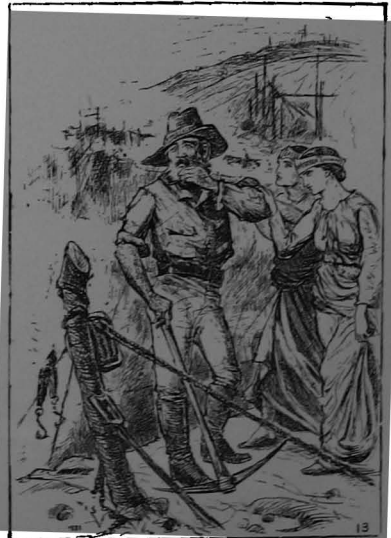
Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," OCTOBER-JANUARY, 1881-82.



DISREGARD OF FIRST TRANSVAAL CONVENTION BY THE BOERS.
Nobody's Baby: or, Mr. Gladstone doesn't care.



THE RAILWAY FOR KIMBERLEY. HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!

Cape Politics.



THE
"CAPE LANTERN,"
JANUARY-APRIL, 1882.

**EX MALIS MORIBUS BONAE LEGES,
AN OLD FABLE IN A NEW DRESS.**

Established mainly by the Efforts of Sir FRANCIS ROBINSON and Sir THOMAS URWATER of the South African Jockey Club.



"A DEAD LOCK." CAN THEY OPEN IT?

Col. Scherbrucker's great attack on Mr. Sauer, over the Basuto Policy.

The Zulu War.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," JULY 1882



CETEWAYO IN LONDON.

The Zulu War.



THE NATIONAL SORROW.

1887.

Sketches by "Cynicus."



TRANSVAAL JUSTICE.



THE COLONEL BLOWS HIS
OWN TRUMPET.

1887.

Sketches by "Cynicus."



THE CASTLE CO.'S "BAAS."



THE UNION S. S. CO.

Cape Politics.

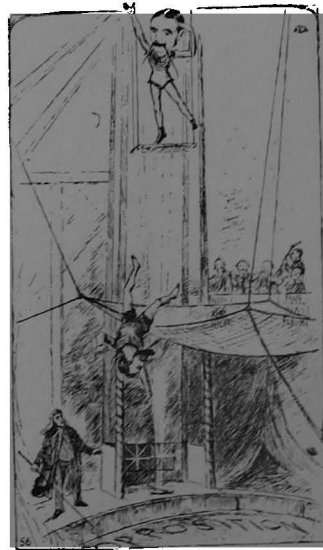


THE "CAPE LANTERN," MAY, 1884.



THE NEW POLITICAL MARRIAGE.

Free Trade and Protection.

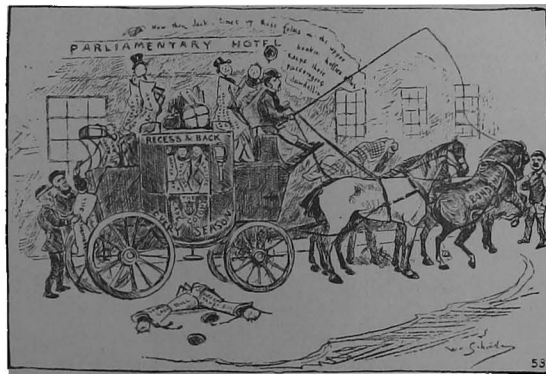


FLIGHT.

The Upington Ministry succeeds the Scamlen Administration.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," JUNE, 1884.



LATE PASSENGERS.

The Slaughter of the Innocents.



NOT AN UNPROBABLE ALLIANCE.

The English Combination versus The Africander Party.

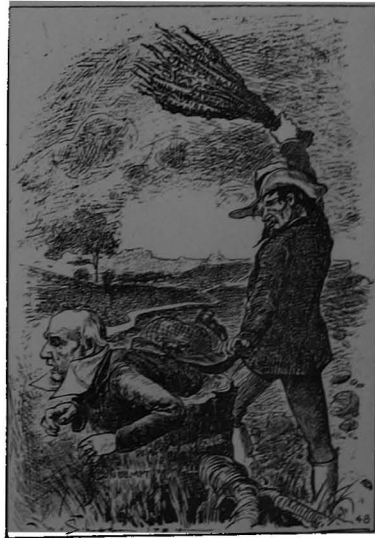


THE "CAPE LANTERN," AUGUST, 1884.



RETRENCHING THE CAPE CIVIL SERVICE.

Two Sides of a Question.

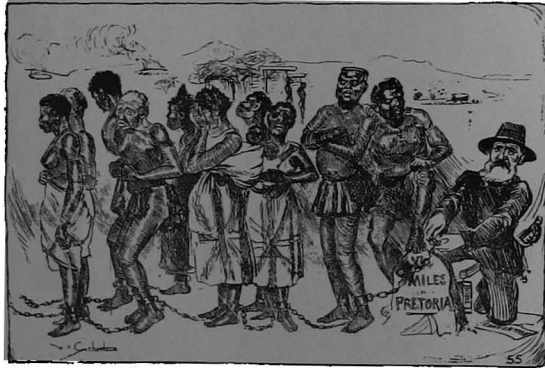


SJAMBOKED OUT OF ZULULAND.

Formation of the New Republic by the Boers.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1884.



MONTSIA SUBMITS TO BOER PROTECTION.
The Stellaland-Goschen Embroglio.



CANADA OFFERS ASSISTANCE.
If she did say it, she meant it!

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," NOVEMBER, 1884.



THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

Mr. L.—d, Q.C., can't get anyone to tread on the tail of his Coat.



THE MOUNT FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN STAKES.

JOHN BULL:—Now, then, Gladstone, are you to ride or not for this Race? I'll get another Jockey if—"

JOCKEY GLADSTONE:—"Well, I suppose I *must*; but I don't like the mount."

STABLE BOY RANDY:—"Please, Sir, I am not afraid to ride him, if you like!"

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," NOVEMBER, 1884.



THE STELLALAND-GOSCHEN EMBROGLIO.

Cave Leonem! Will they take the Council.

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," MAY, 1885.



THE OPPOSITION'S OWN DIRT THROWER.

Sir Thomas Upington assailed by the "Cape Argus" (Edited by Mr. Dormer) and Messrs. Leonard, Q.C., and Merriman.

"Destroy his web of sophistry—in vain,
The Creature's at his Dirty Work again!"

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," OCTOBER, 1885.



PEACE AND PROTECTION.

*Unveiled by Sir Hercules Robinson, G. C. M. G.,
30th September, 1885.*

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1886.



THE NORTHERN LIGHTS EXTINGUISHED!

Putting down Filibustering in the Northern Territories.



WATCHING AND PRAYING.

"Greater Britain, the vast Colonies and Dependencies over seas have their fate, too, hanging on the decision of the Constituencies: afar off they watch you and pray—how anxiously, they only know."—Election Address.

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," FEBRUARY, 1886.



WILL SHE SAVE HER?

The Unification of the Diamond Mines.

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," MARCH, 1888.



NATAL SHELTERING I.D.B.'S

IN SANCTUARY.

ELDER SISTER :—" So, Natalie, you persist in sheltering that scoundrel ! "

YOUNGER do. :—" You dear old Cape ! of course I do. He's not so bad looking—and he pays well. Perhaps you, *ma chère*, want him back ! There, don't look so virtuous ! "

Cape Politics.



THE
"CAPE LANTERN,"
MAY-OCTOBER,
1886.

BRITONS! HOLD YOUR OWN, AND GOD GUARD ALL!
(The War Scare).



THE EUROPEAN WAR SCARE.

The dear old Mater need not fear the Bullies while her Children are near.



TOM AND JAN, OR DOING A LEVEE IN LONDON.

Mr. Hofmeyer and Sir Thomas Uppington, as Delegates to the Colonial Conference, presented at Court.

TOM:—"It is worth while belonging to an Empire after all—eh, Master Jan?"
JAN:—"H' M.?"



MESSRS. SAUER AND SCANLEN CALLED TO ACCOUNT BY PARLIAMENT FOR PLATFORM UTTERANCES DURING THE RECESS.



THE
CAPE LANTERN,
MARCH-APRIL,
1887.

WHOSE FRIEND?

The Rev. St—y—r as representing Sectarian Sabattarianism.



MOTHER (BOND) SAYS I MUSN'T.
Mr. Hofmeyr's refusal of the K.C.M.G.

Cape Politics.



THE
"CAPE LANTERN,"
JULY, 1887.

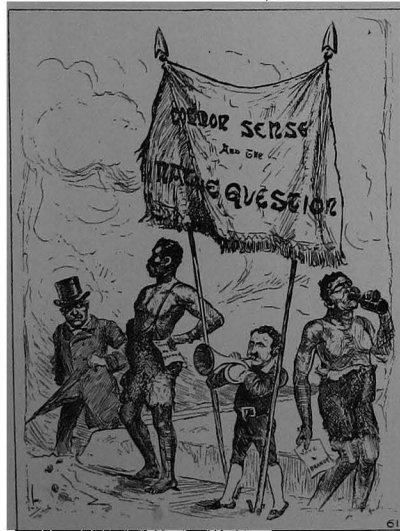
THE SOUTH AFRICAN BUDGET STAKES!

1. { REVENUE
EXPENDITURE. } DEAD HEAT.

Trainer, Sir Gordon SPRIGG, Treasurer:—"I always thought I would train that *Expenditure* down to even weights; but next Meeting I'll have to get *Revenue* to give her pounds, and a beating. H'm!"



CLEANSING THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF THE COLONY.



HOFMEYR-RHODES COMBINATION.

On the Native Question.

Cape Politics.



THE
"CAPE LANTERN,"
AUGUST, 1887.

THE PROPOSED RAILWAY EXTENSION FROM KIMBERLEY TO PRETORIA.

A COLONIAL LANGWORTHY CASE!

Mr. K. (Oom Paul), brutally:—"No, no, Miss CAPE COLONY, I was never properly married to you, and want nothing to do with you either."

Mrs. K. (née Miss CAPE COLONY):—"But won't you even look at my Child, our own Kimberley-Pretoria line, little Darling! Can you have the heart to desert her!"
(Exit the Brute, whistling "Delagoa is my Charmer.")



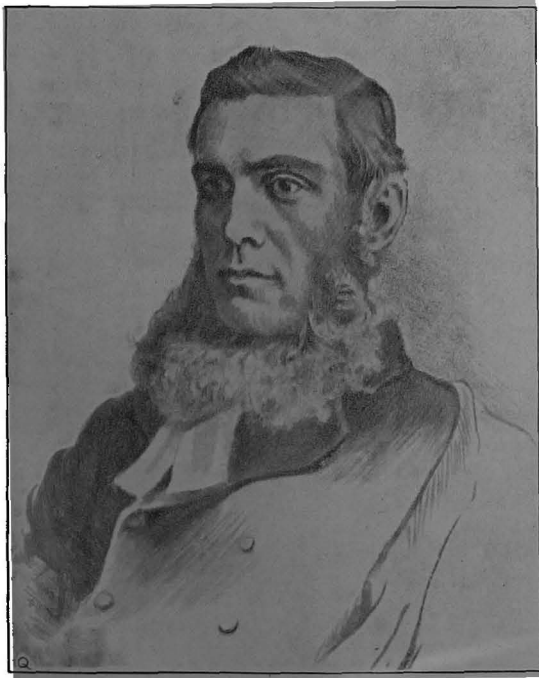
WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. 1.]



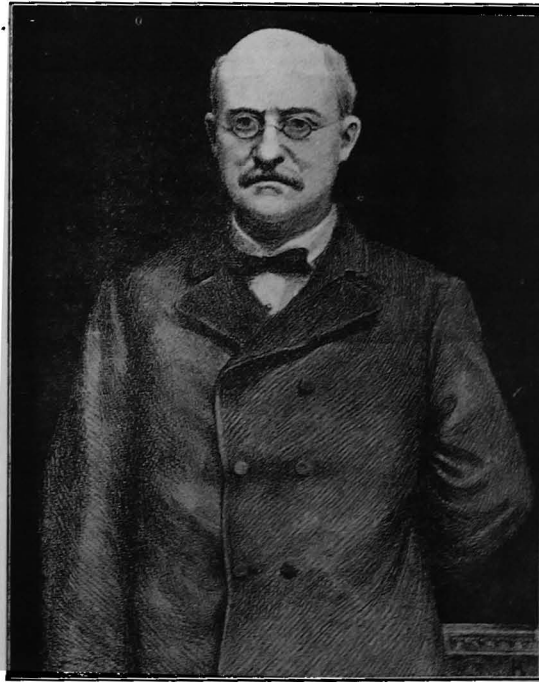
SIR J. HENRY DE VILLIERS, K.C.M.G.
Chief Justice of the Cape Colony.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. II.



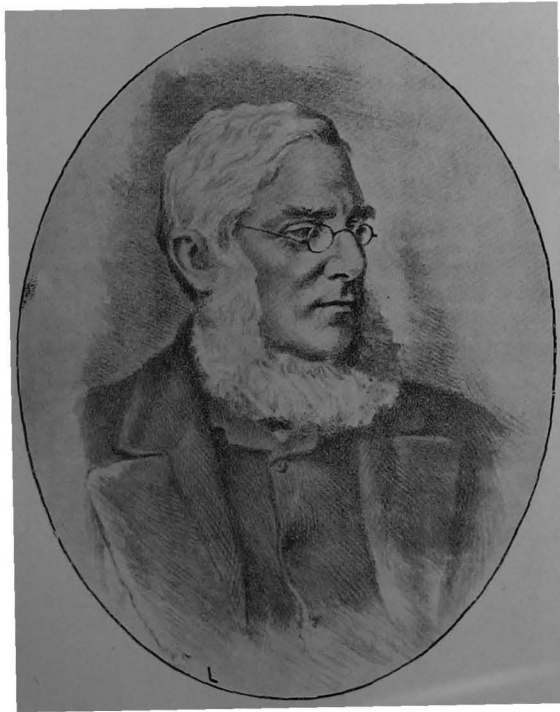
THE HON. JAN HENDRIK HOFMEYR. M.L.A.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. III]



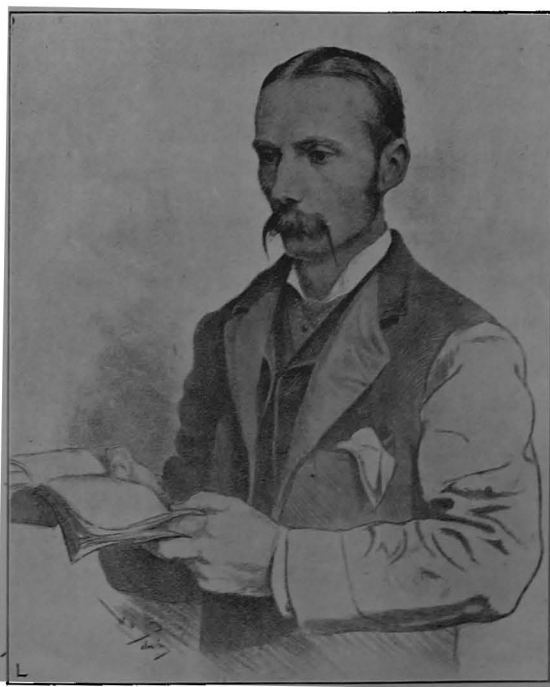
MR. CHARLES AIKEN FAIRBRIDGE.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. IV. 1



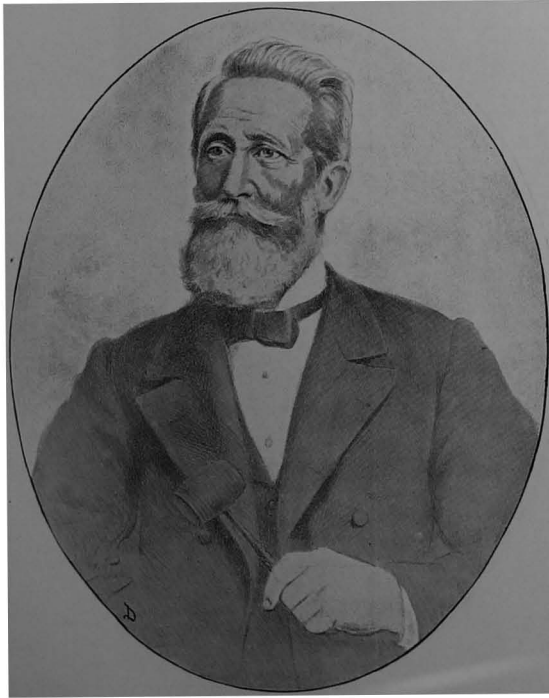
SIR THOMAS UPINGTON, K.C.M.G.
Attorney General.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



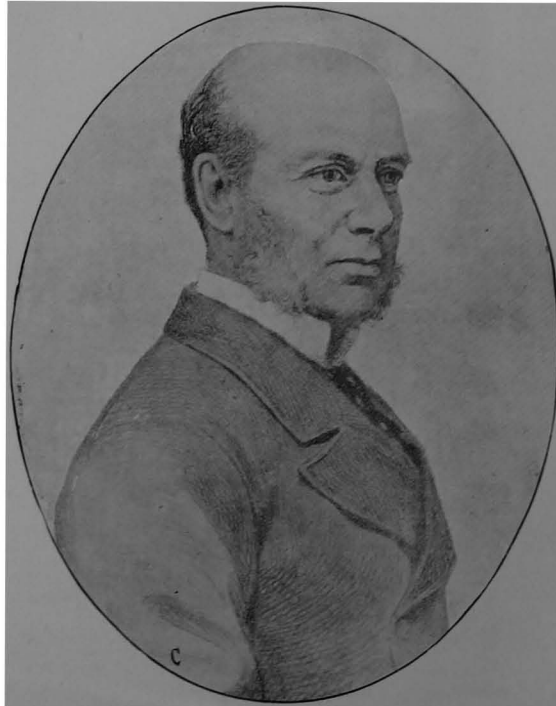
No. IX.]



MR. WOODHEAD.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.

No x.]

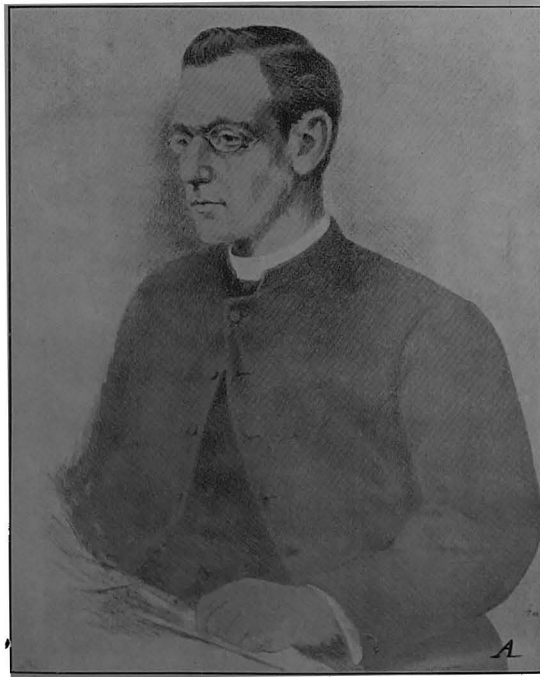


THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, P.C., G.C.M.G.
Governor of Cape Colony and H. M. High Commissioner to South Africa.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



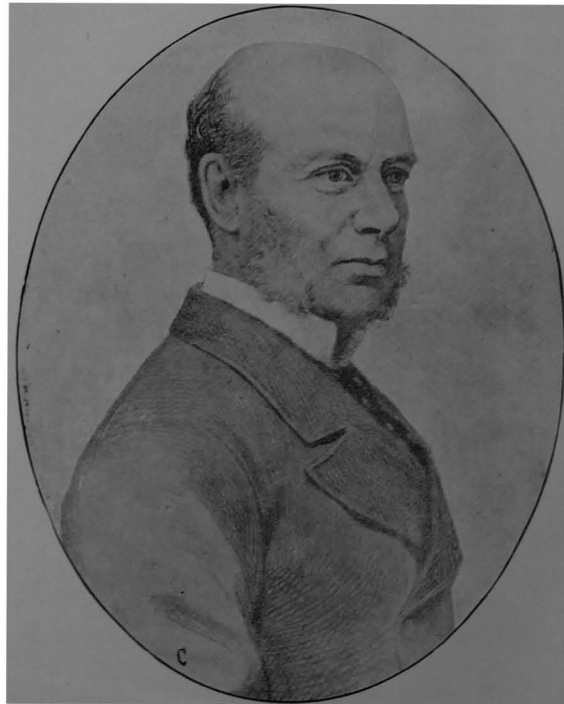
No. XI.]



THE REV. FRED. C. KOLBE, D.D.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.

No x.]

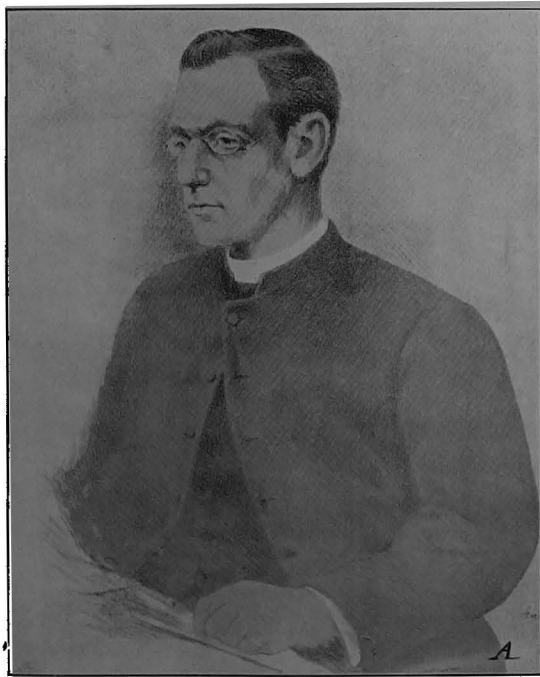


THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, P.C., G.C.M.G.
Governor of Cape Colony and H. M. High Commissioner to South Africa.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. XI.]



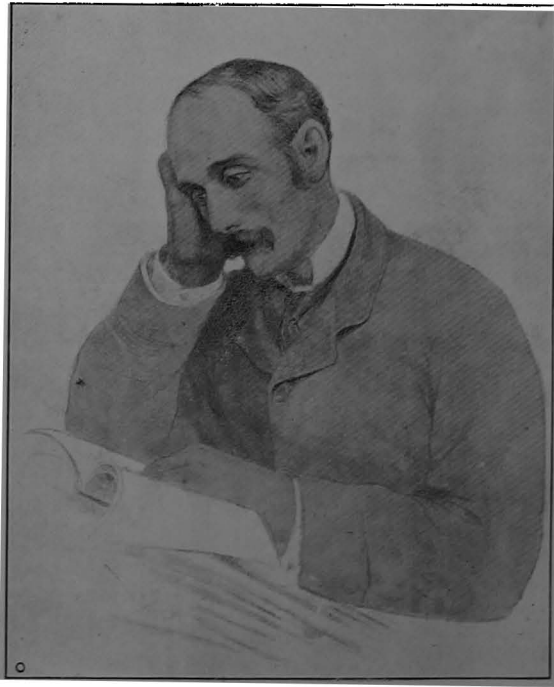
THE REV. FRED. C. KOLBE, D.D.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No XII.]



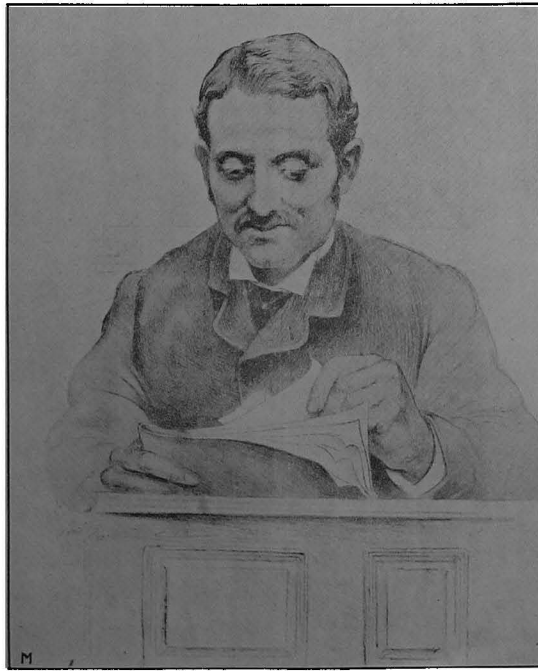
MR. JOHN X. MERRIMAN, M.L.A.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. XIII.]

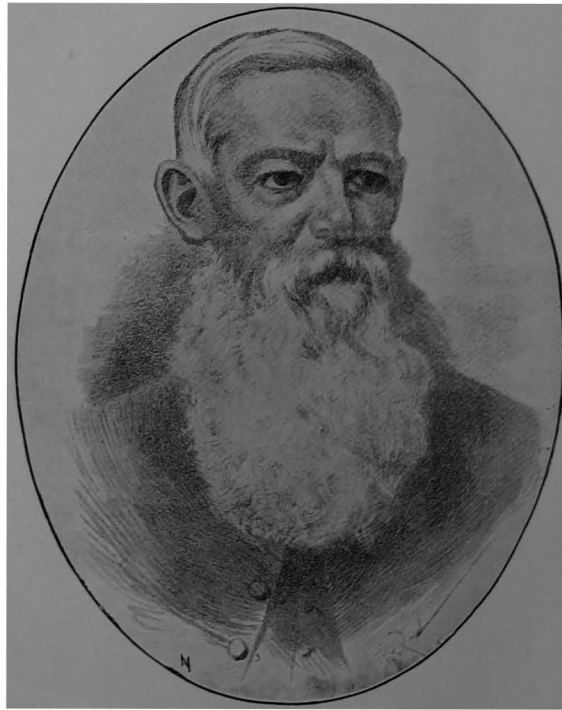


THE HON. CECIL JOHN RHODES, M.L.A. (BARKLY.)

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. XIV.



SIR JOHN BRAND, K.C.M.G.

President of the Orange Free State.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.




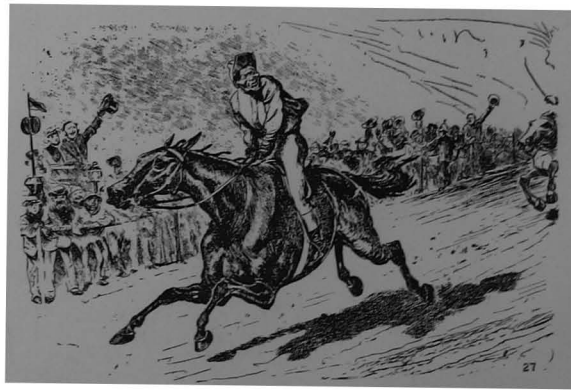
No. xv.]



LIEUT. GEN. SIR HENRY D. TORRENS, K.C.B.

1885.

From the "Cape Times," Weekly Edition. 



THE TRIUMPH OF "PLAATJE."

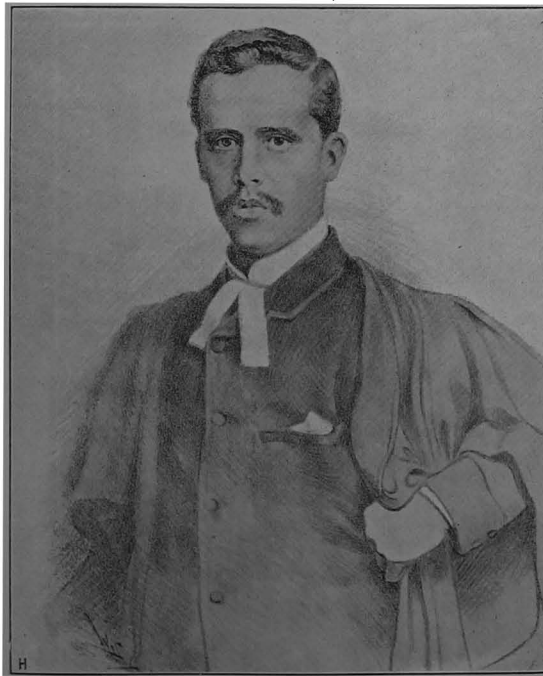
"Ariel" winning the Metropolitan Handicap.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. V.]



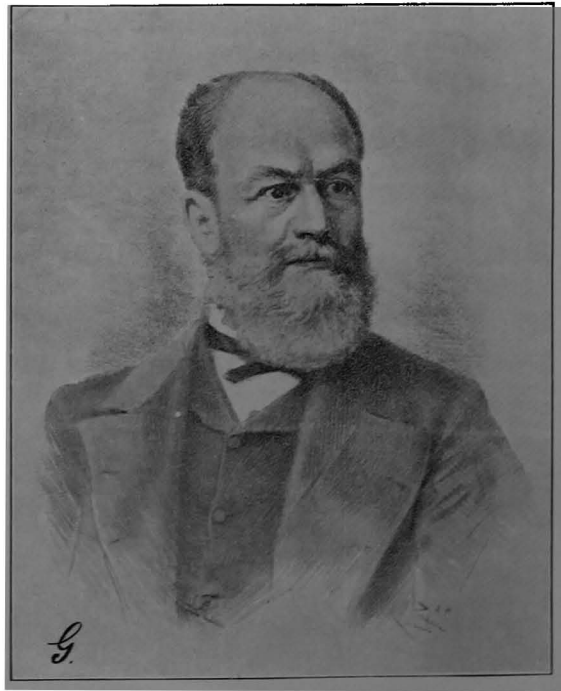
ADVOCATE JAMES ROSE-INNES, M.L.A. (VICTORIA EAST.)

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. VI.]



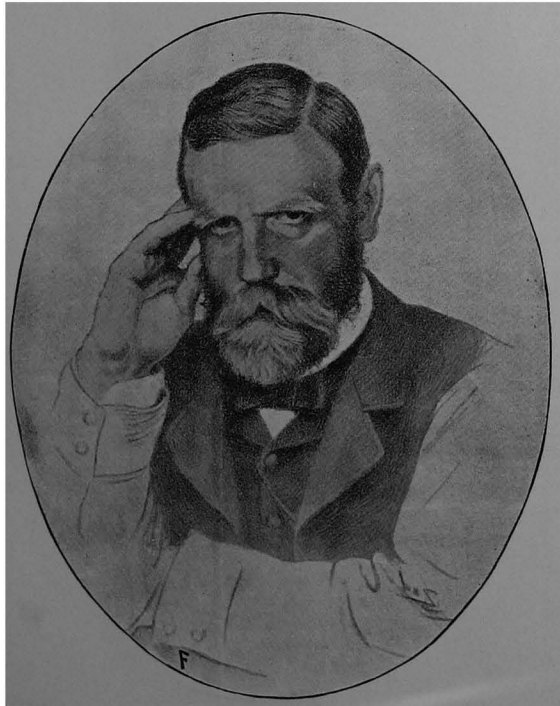
MR. J. A. DE WET,
Secretary for Native Affairs.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery



No. VII.]



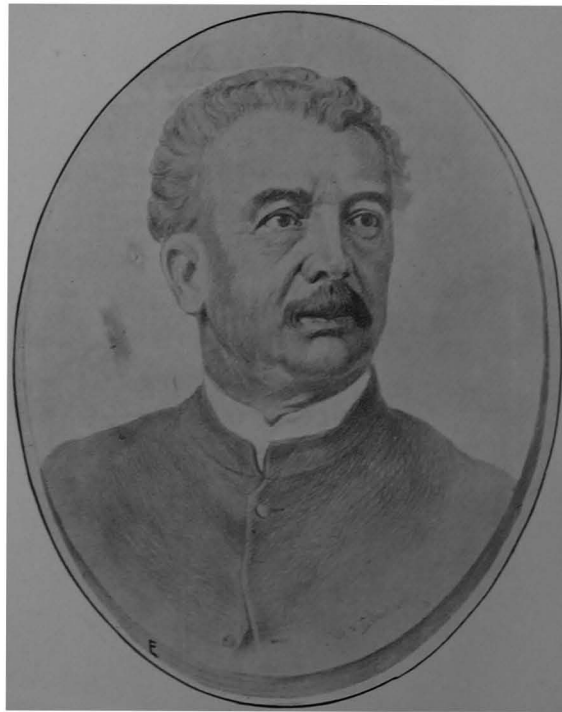
SIR GORDON SPRIGG, K.O.M.G.

1887.

The Excalibur Portrait Gallery.



No. VIII.



COLONEL SCHERMBRUCKER.



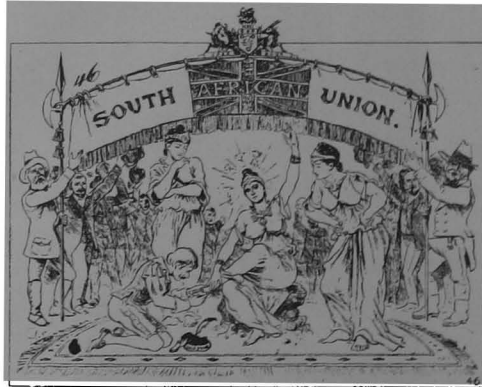
SUN SET.
A Study of Oom Paul.



THE LION'S HEAD SPHINX.
A Gold Mining Fiasco at Capetown.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," DECEMBER-JANUARY, 1887-88.



THE GOLDEN BOND OF 1888!

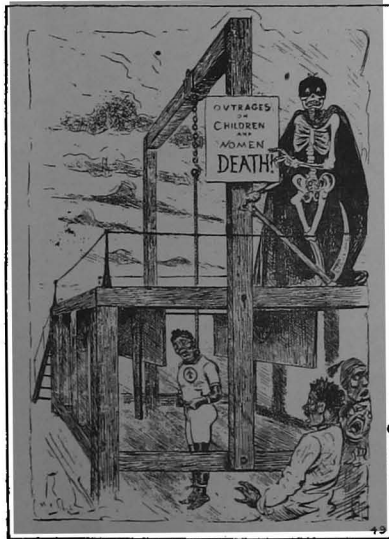


NORTHERN RAILWAY EXTENSION.

A Mad Bull on the Track.

Cape Politics.

THE "CAPE LANTERN," JANUARY, 1888.



THE SOCIAL PEST.

A horrible necessity. (Our women's only protection).

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN," FEBRUARY, 1888.



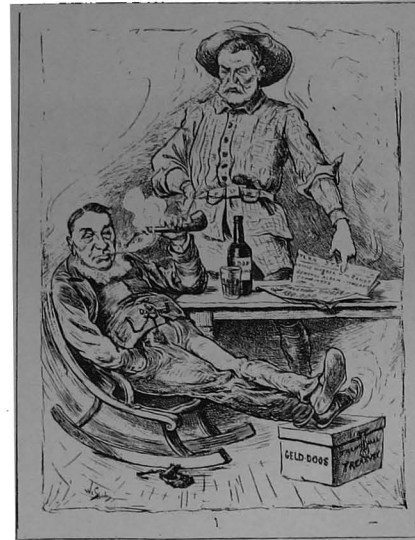
A PAGE FROM TOM McCOMBIE'S PAPER.



THE CUSTOMS CONFERENCE.

Sir G—S—g.—"What is the Dutch for 'In Camera?'"

Sir Gordon Sprigg and Mr. Hofmeyr were two of the Delegates to the Conference held at Bloemfontein when the first Customs Union was arranged.



OOM PAUL AND THE RAND.

Cape Politics.

THE "CAPE LANTERN," FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1888.



HAVEN'T I DONE THEM ALL?

Sir Donald Currie leaning South Africa after his first visit.



SOUTH AFRICAN CUSTOMS UNION.

Oom Fout won't attend the Conference.



36

PREPARED.

[CAPE:—"A memorandum issued by Mr. STAMHOF, Secretary for War, says everything is prepared for sudden mobilization."]

CAPE COLONY:—"Do not leave me unprotected!"



50

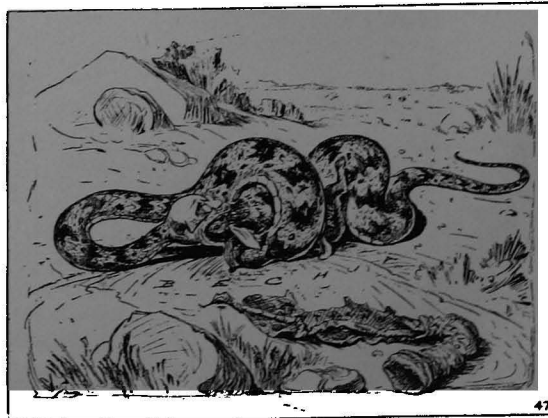
RAILWAY EXTENSION!

STATION MASTER (S—P—G):—"Can you give me the money to carry out Railway Extension, Sir?"
GENERAL MANAGER (H—M—A):—"Umph! I'll use my influence, provided they are not constructed on personal grounds, but for the true interests of the Colony!!"

Mr. Hofmeyr, leader of the Afrikaner Bond, and Sir Gordon Sprigg, Premier of Cape Colony.



REQUIESCAT.



PAST AND PRESENT!

The wily Zuid Afrikaan changes his skin over the Question of Bechuanaland.

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN" AND "TRANSVAAL TRUTH," FEBRUARY, 1889.



WORTH THE PAPER THEY ARE WRITTEN ON?

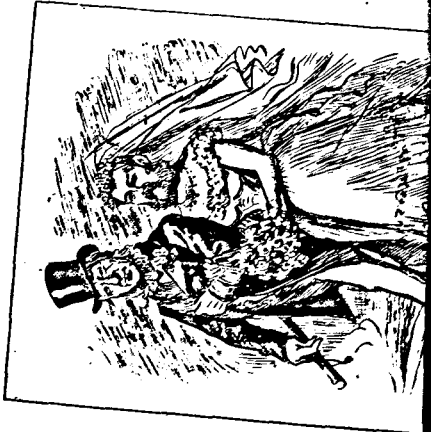
(Lobengula's Concessions.)

Cape



Cape Politics.

THE "CAPE LANTERN" AND "TRANSVAAL TRUTH," MARCH, 1888.



Cape Politics.



THE "C," CAPE LANTERN" AND "TRANSVAAL TRUTH," JUNE, 1889.



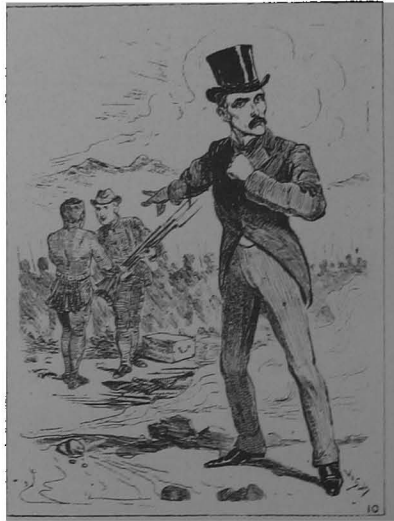
A SLAP ON THE FACE!

Miss NATAL refuses to join the Customs Union.

Cape Politics.



THE "CAPE LANTERN" AND "TRANSVAAL TRUTH," AUGUST, 1889.



MR. JOHN X. IN HIS LATEST ROLL.

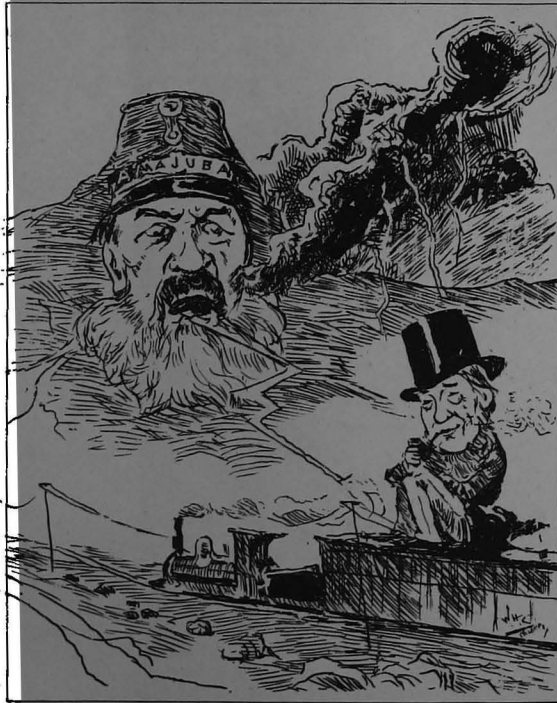
*Arm the Matabele! perhaps against my friend Oom Paul! Sir,
'tis infamy—unless hm! I am in it!*

Referring to a violent speech against Mr. BONDERS made by Mr. MERRIMAN in
the Cape House of Assembly at the end of the 1888 Session.

IN THE TRANSVAAL, AT PRETORIA.

From "The Press," 1891.

THE PROPOSED CHARLESTOWN EXTENSION.

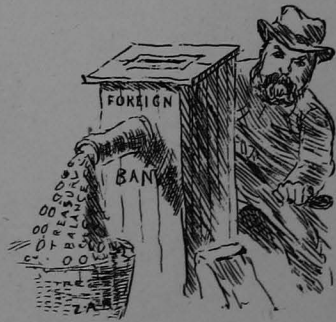


Oom Paul is off to Charlestown to meet the Governor of Natal.





Peace as long as I please.



Pumping the State balance into the National bucket.

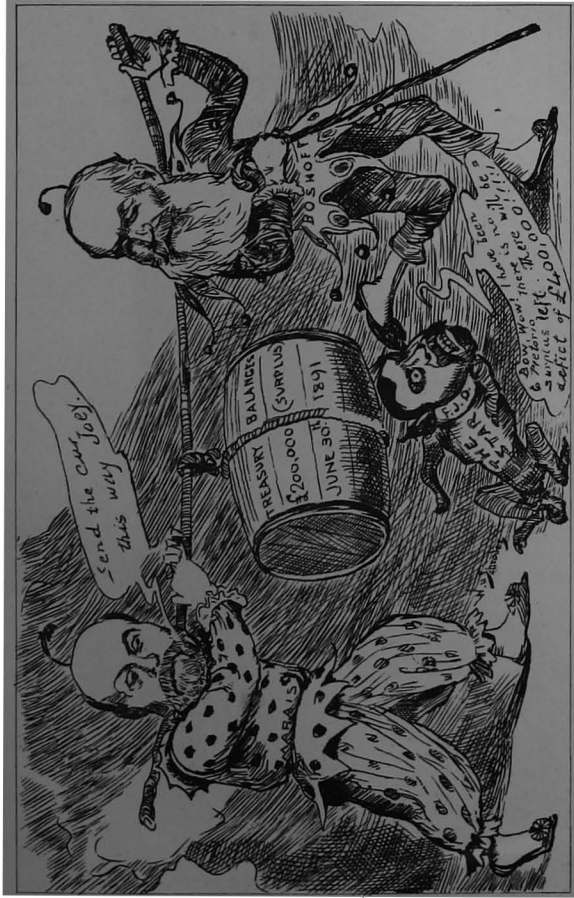


Oom Paul, the flirt: "Our baby, sweet Natalie, shall have a brilliant career."



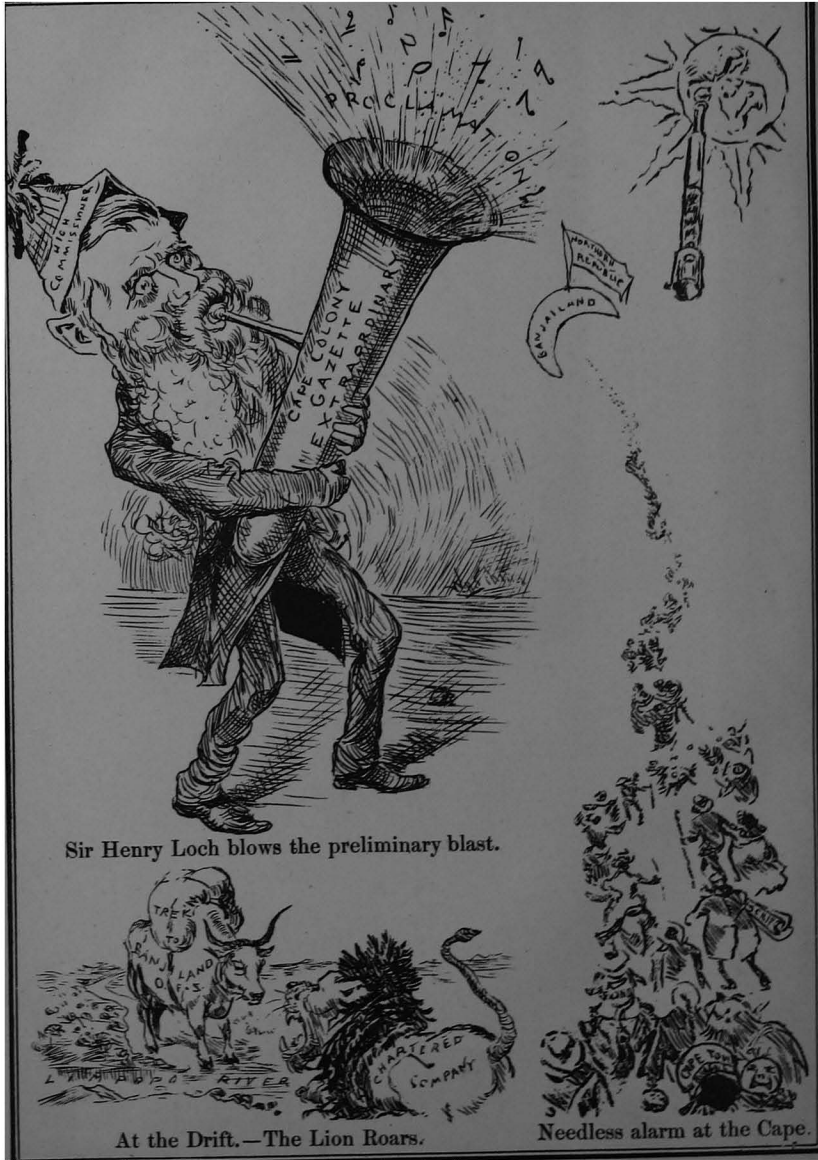
Lord Randolph Churchill preparing to attack the lions of Mashonaland.

The Star wails about our alleged bankruptcy.



For Mr. Dormer gets kinks all round.

THE ALLEGED TREK INTO BANJAILAND.

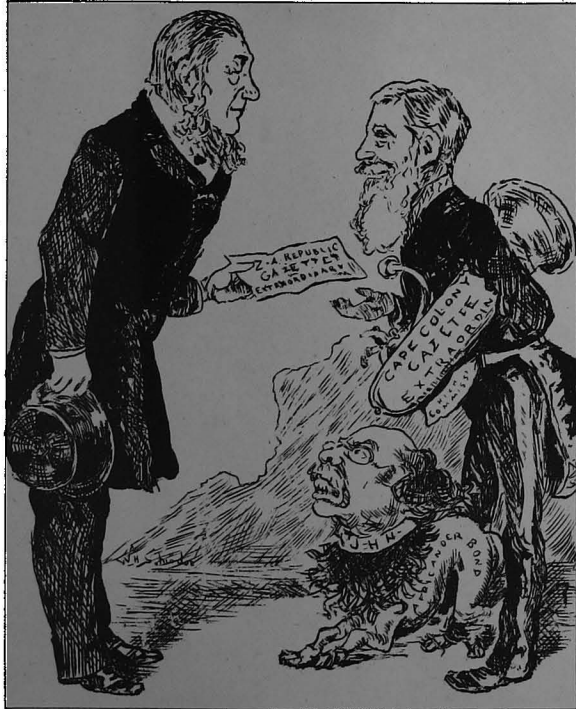


Sir Henry Loch blows the preliminary blast.

At the Drift.—The Lion Roars.

Needless alarm at the Cape.

THE BANJAILAND TREK.



THE EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

President and Governor are dreadfully polite.



Mr. Dormer is let in for being too candid in his opinions about the High Court.



Peace for the present.

**THE CHARTERED COMPANY MINUS LAND RIGHTS,
OR CECIL RHODES VERSUS E. LIPPERT.**



**The fight in its first phase; who will draw first blood?
(With apologies to Police Gazette.)**

THE CHARTERED COMPANY PLUS ITS LAND RIGHTS.

LIPPERT versus RHODES.



St. HENRY LOCH: Peace, children, you must love each other.
They loved each other under the table.

THE BANJAILAND TREK.

Manufactured Wires have produced mischief.



“ Now then, Sir Henry, leave us alone will you ? ”



GOOD OLD PILOT.

OOM PAUL, in spite of mischievous intrigues, deliberate untruths—spread by interested parties—Church dissensions and difficulties, and internal traitors of the Republic, with shrewd political foresight still keeps the ship of the State well up to the wind, a faithful lighthouse in the distance, indicating forcibly and clearly the way to immediate prosperity.



General SMIT, Vice-President.



Chief Justice KOTZE.



HENNING PRETORIUS,
Commandant State Artillery.



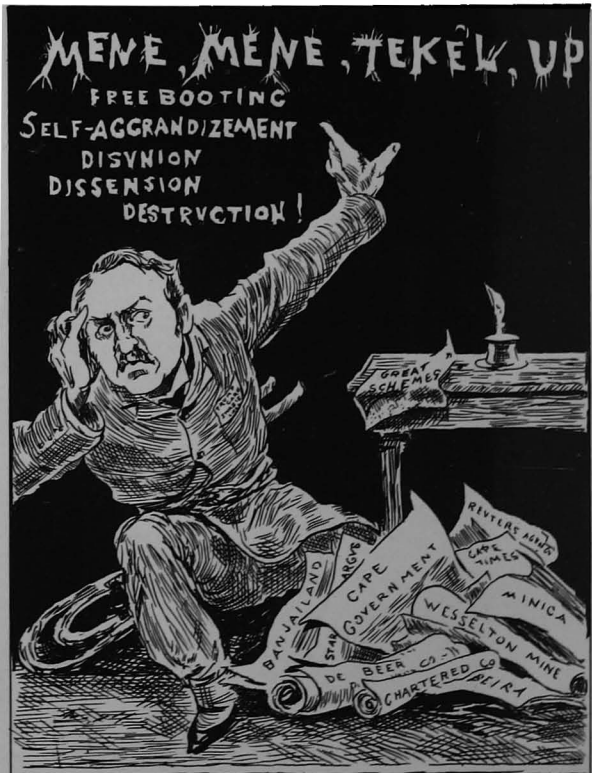
A Study on Horseback—The Volkstem.



Professor COUPER, Author and Pugilist.



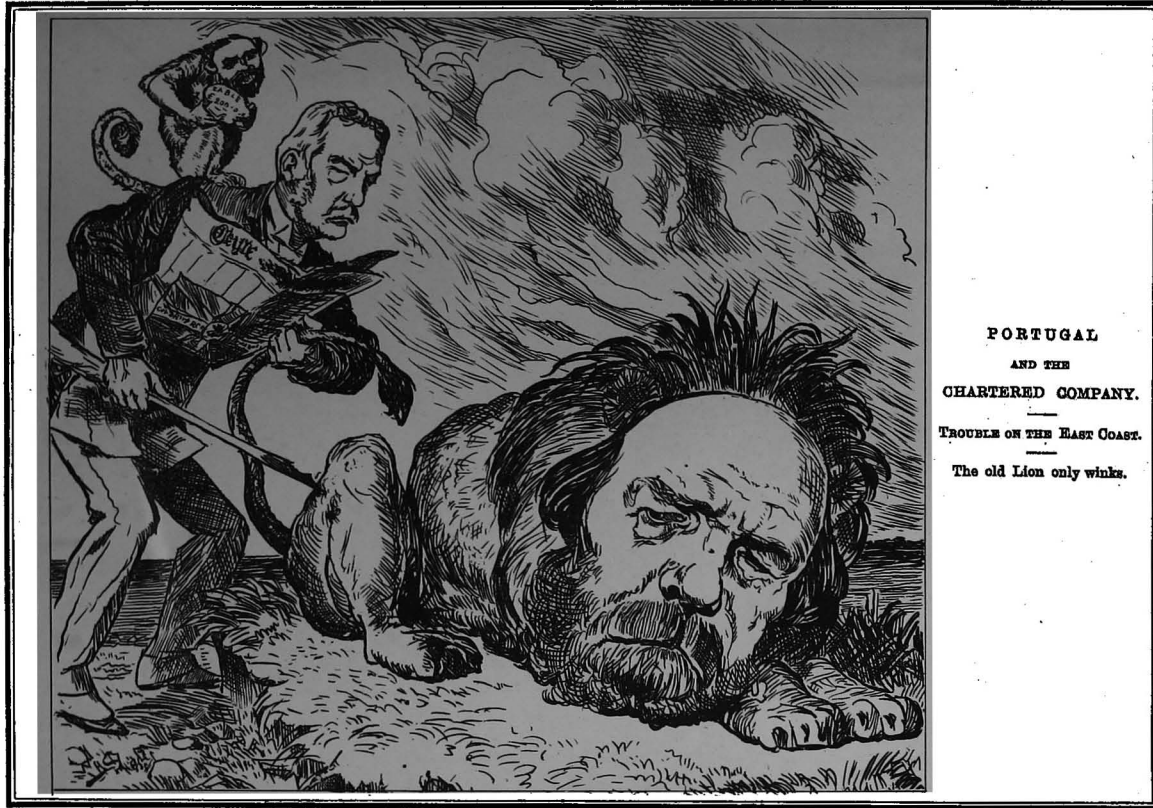
Professor M. MANSVELT.



KING - CECIL - OF - SOUTH AFRICA



A Prophecy which didn't come off!



PORTUGAL
AND THE
CHARTERED COMPANY.
—
TROUBLE ON THE EAST COAST.
—
The old Lion only winks.



**"THERE'S NO CHARGE FOR DELIVERY—"
A TELEGRAPHIC CHARACTER**



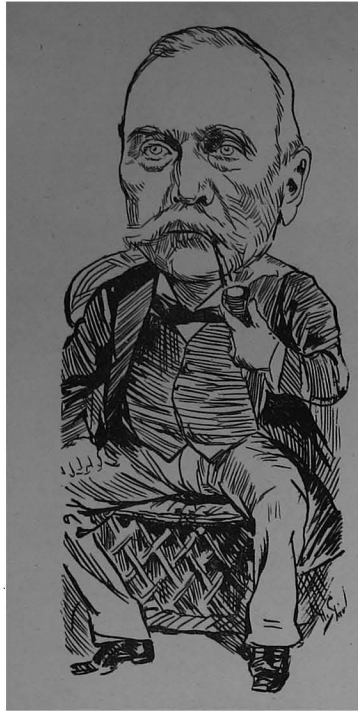
**PIET JOUBERT.
Commandant-General**



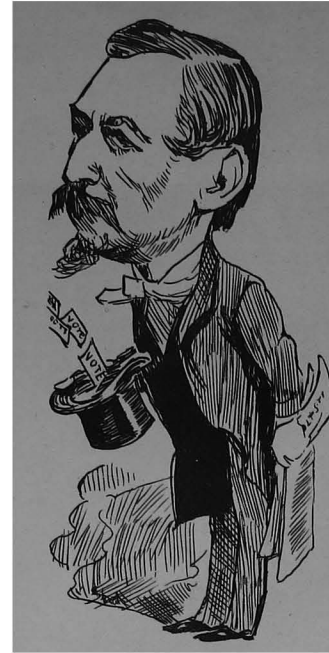
**CHRISTIAN JOUBERT,
Minister of Mines**



Sir JACOBUS DE WET, British Agent.



Ex-President M. W. PRETORIUS.

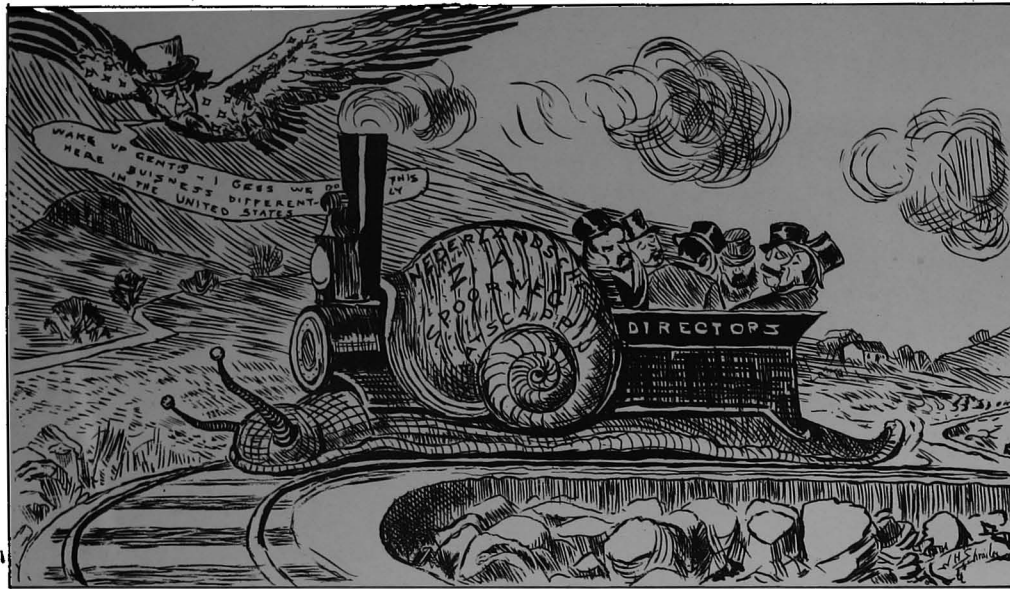


JAN CELLIERS,
Member for Johannesburg.

LORD RANDOLPH LEAVES THE TRANSVAAL.



OOM PAUL: Why don't you come round our way, my lord, to receive the acknowledgment due to your work!



THE NETHERLANDS RAILWAY.

More a snail-way than a railway, and requires frequent boxing up.

OPENING THE VOLKSRAAD, 1891.



THE PARLIAMENTARY PIE.—May 4, 1891.
 "When the pie was opened the birds began to sing."—and they certainly sang with a vengeance during the past session (1891).

Heiho! Ewald.



ANTI GOVERNMENT SPEECH AT POTCHEFSROOM

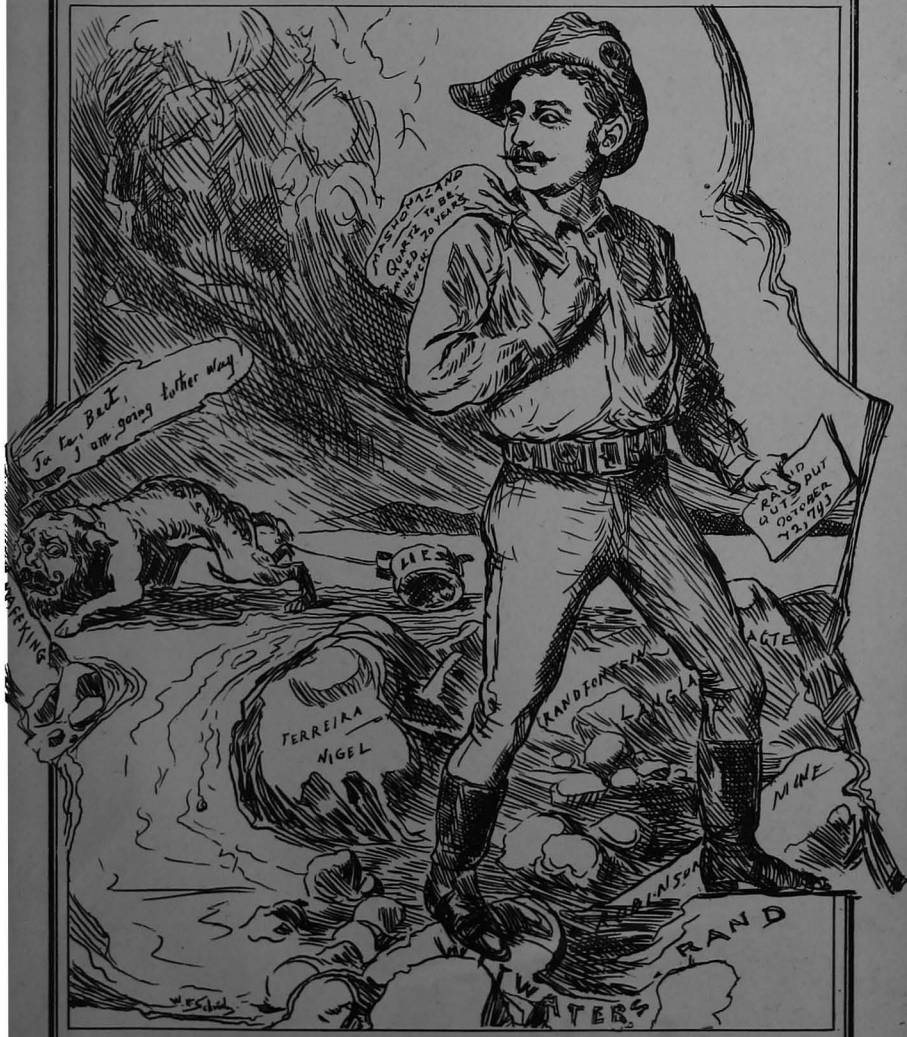


I can't stand those bally Boers an any account.



The Raad in Session.

RANDOLPH, THE ROVER. BACK FROM MASHONALAND.



Alfred Beit returns to the Rand, Witwatersrand. With all thy faults I love thee still!
Randolph returns the other way.

ATTACKING THE TITLES OF THE ROBINSON G. M. CO.



J. E. R. on the job, and disposes of blackmailers.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN SOUTH AFRICA.



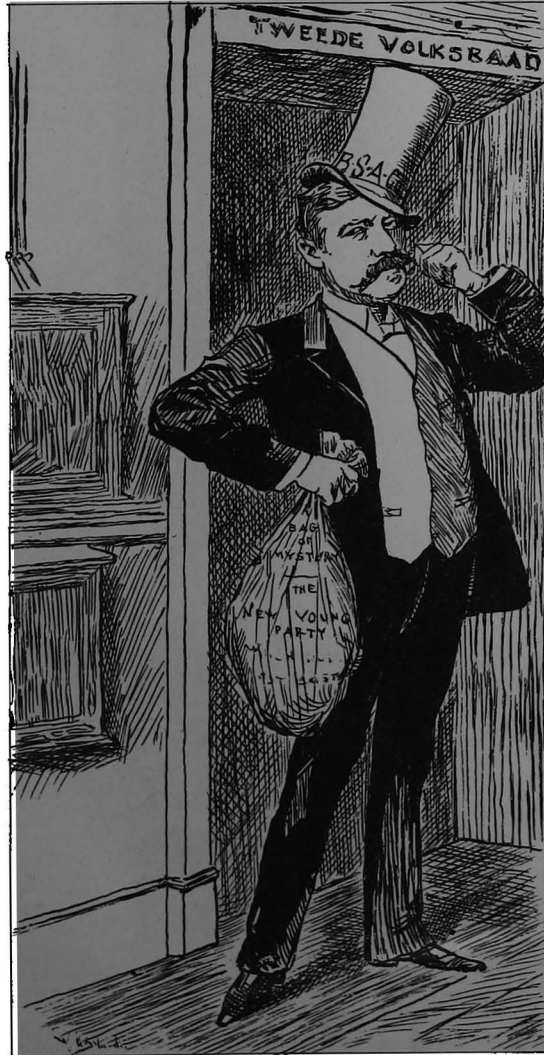
After those letters in the *Daily Graphic* you could not expect anything else, my lord.

THE CHURCH SQUABBLE AMONGST THE BOXERS.



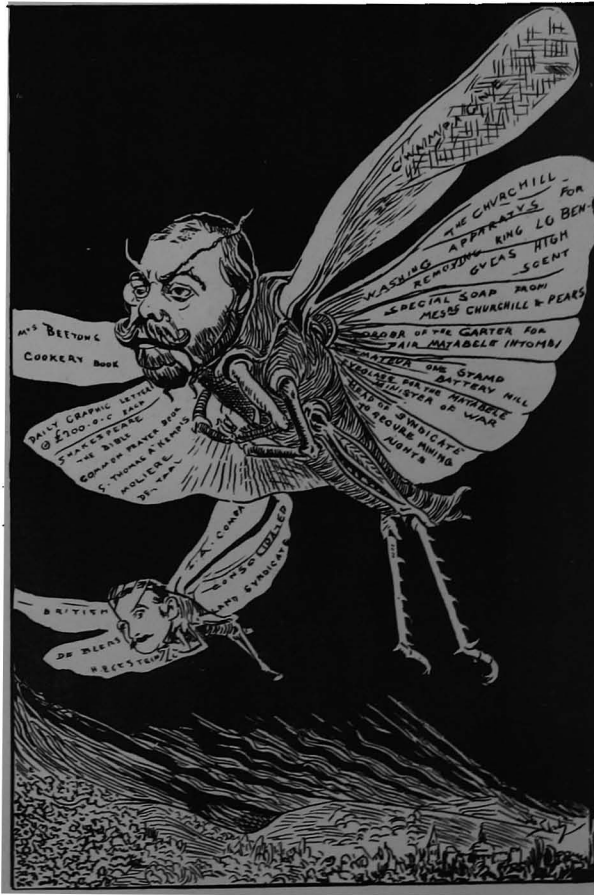
What is sauce for the geese is sauce for the gander.

MR. EWALD ESSELEN AT HOME.



By jove! I'll wake them up in a year or two!

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN SOUTH AFRICA.



He came with the locusts and departed with them, a sadder—if not wiser—man.

"THE PRESS," 1892.



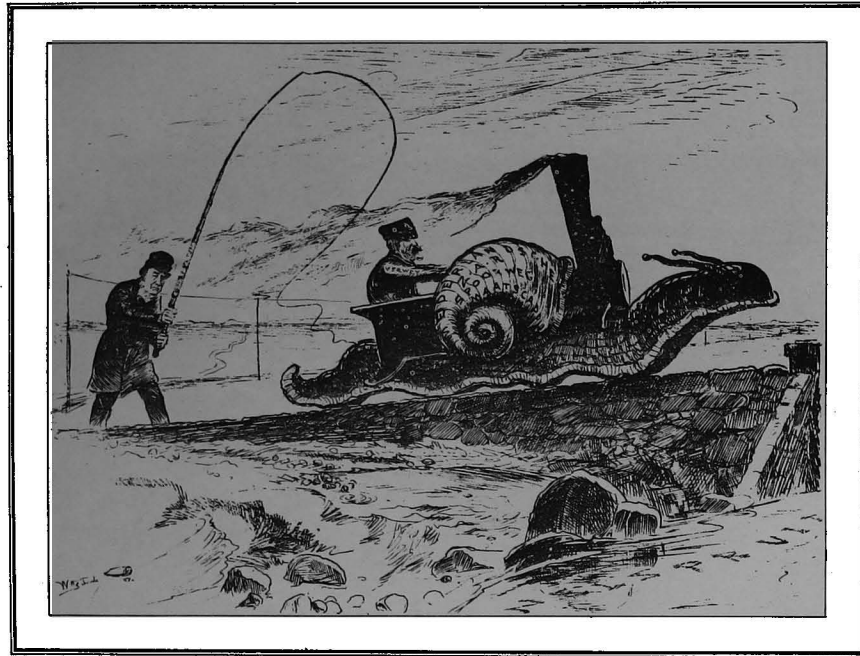
The Meeting of the Two Presidents at Viljoen's Drift on State Business.

"THE PRESS," 1892.



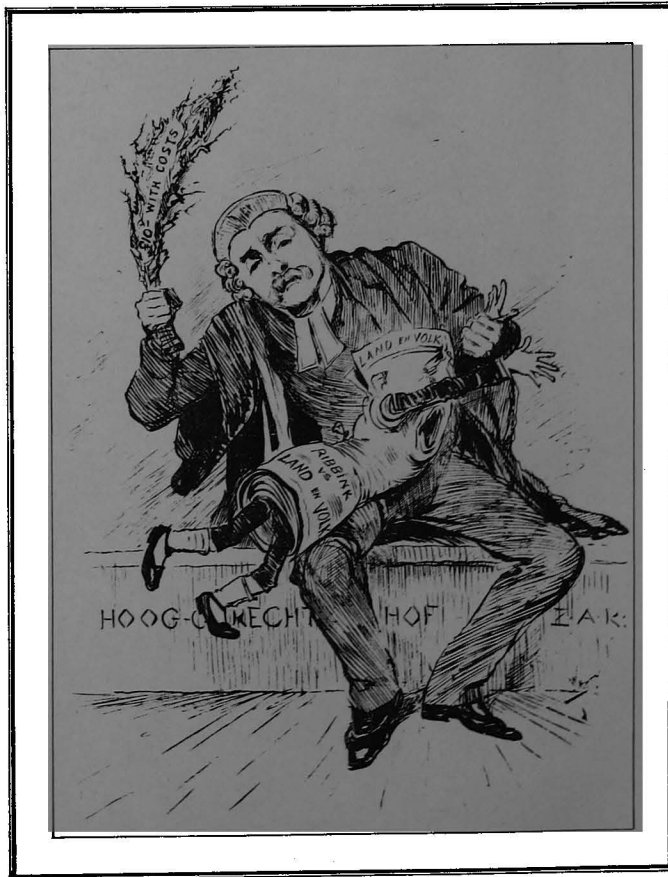
THE JOHANNESBURG MOB FRIGHTENS MR. DORMER.
[A determined attack took place on the Johannesburg *Star* Office on account of a scurrilous article on the death of the Duke of Clarence.]

"THE PRESS," 1892.



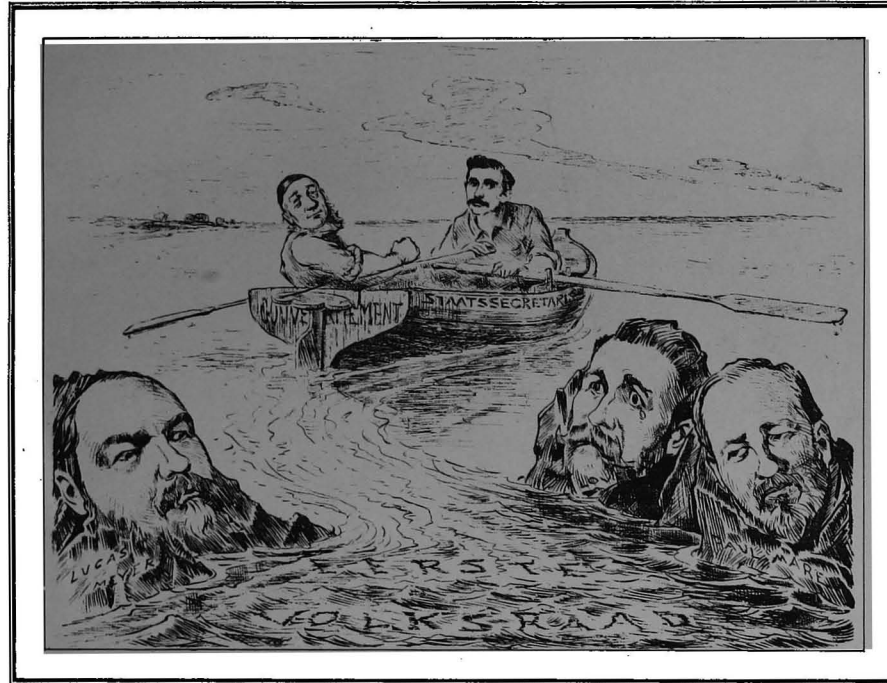
BOSSING UP THAT RAILWAY SNAIL.

"THE PRESS," 1892.



WELL-DESERVED PUNISHMENT.

"THE PRESS," 1892.



DR. LEYDS'S RE-ELECTION BY A MAJORITY OF 21 TO 3 IN
THE VOLKSRAAD.
The Unfortunate Trio.

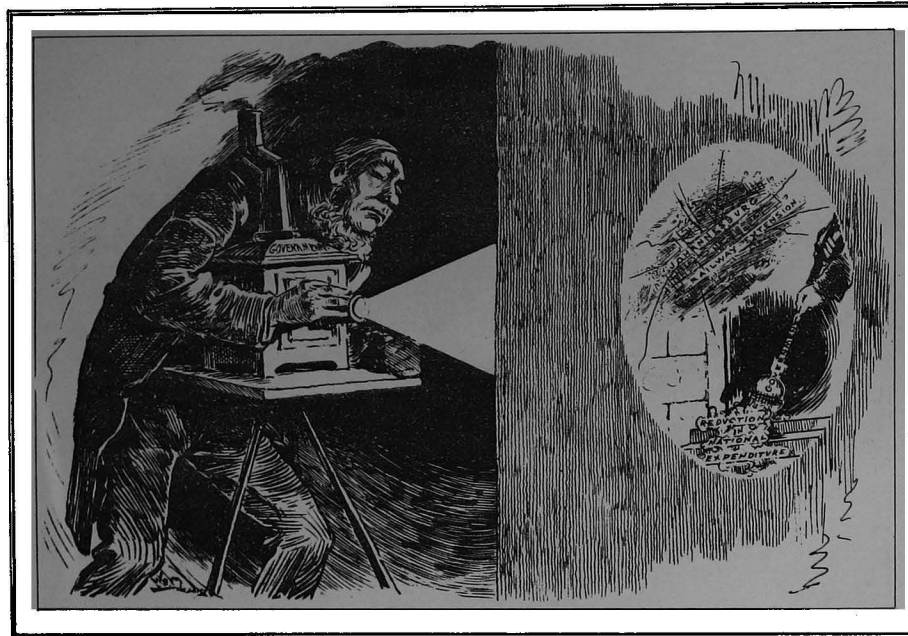
"THE PRESS," 1892.



THE PLAKKERS WET.

The Commandant-General and Native Commissioner frightens the Natives at Lydenburg.

"THE PRESS," 1892.



**SHOWMAN PAUL SHOWS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE SLIDE:
HOW THE REPUBLIC IS TO BE.**

"THE PRESS," 1892.

W. H. SCHRÖDER'S LAST CARTOON.



The Race for the Presidential Cup of the South African Republic, 1892.