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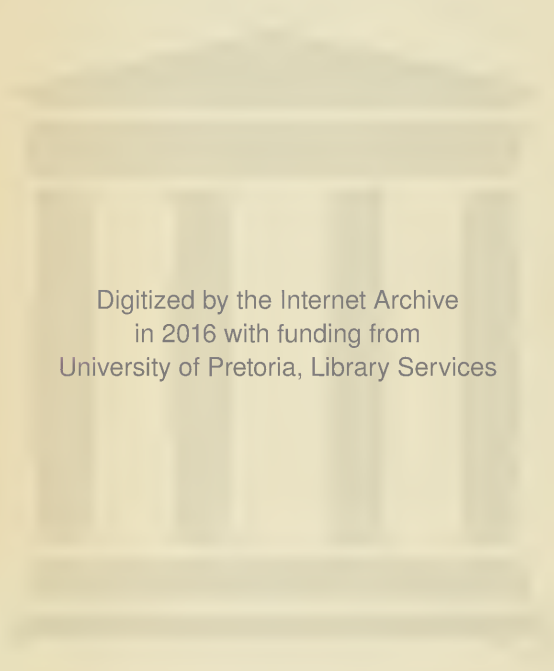
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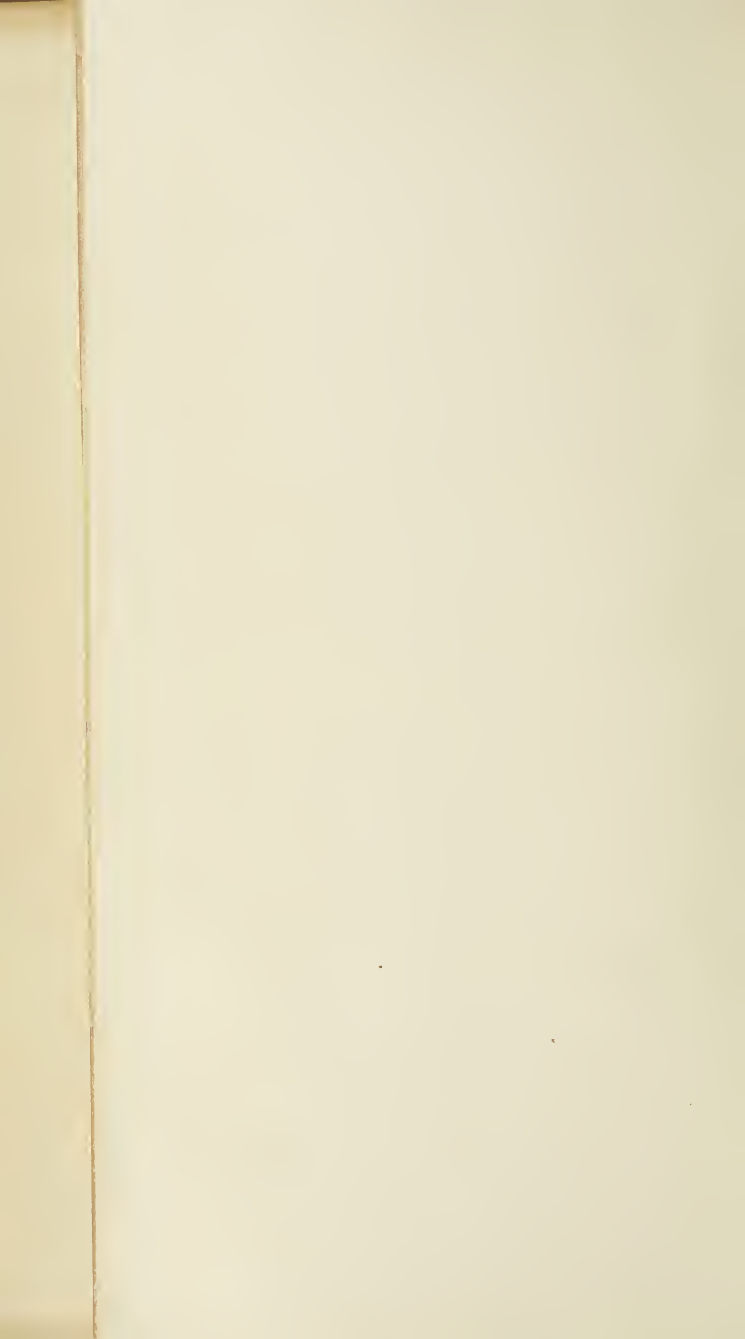
CAPE

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THE  
CAPE MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE.

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VOL. III.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1880.

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CAPE TOWN:—J. C. JUTA.

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LONDON:—TRUBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.  
PARIS:—J. G. FOTHERINGHAM.      BERLIN:—ASHER & CO.  
LEIPZIG:—F. VOLCKMAR.      VIENNA:—GEROLD & CO  
NEW YORK:—INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,  
MELBOURNE:—G. ROBERTSON.

CAPE TOWN:

SAUL SOLOMON AND CO., PRINTERS,

ST. GEORGE'S-STREET.



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THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

ZACHARIAS WAGENAAR

INSTALLED 6 MAY 1662, HELD OFFICE UNTIL 27 SEPT 1666.

No. I.

COMMANDER WAGENAAR was a man whose habits and disposition formed a striking contrast with those of his predecessor. Mr Van Riebeeck was a little man of restless energy and fiery temper, who got into a passion whenever he fancied a slight was offered to his dignity. His contemporaries called him "the little thornback" (de luttel rogh), and the nickname was decidedly appropriate. Mr Wagenaar, on the contrary, was an elderly man of grave demeanour, who never allowed a passion to disturb him. He possessed no ability, either mental or physical, natural or acquired, in any high degree. He was dull, impassive, averse to exertion. If he had ever been ambitious of fame or rank in the Company's service, the feeling had died before he came to South Africa. Long residence in different parts of India had shattered his health, and at times he was laid up for weeks together, unable to do anything beyond attaching his signature to official documents. There was no fear of such a man pushing the settlement forward too rapidly, as some of the Commissioners thought Mr Van Riebeeck had been doing. Rather, he was one under whom it was unlikely that any expense not specially authorized by superior authority would be incurred. The only relatives who accompanied him to the Cape were his wife and a widowed daughter-in-law.

Shortly after his assumption of office, deputations from the various Hottentot clans with which his predecessor had been acquainted

waited upon him to ascertain if the relationship in which the Europeans stood towards them was likely to continue as before. They were received with every mark of kindness, were liberally entertained, and were assured that the Commander desired nothing more than that the firm friendship between the two races should be unbroken. A good supply of merchandize would always be kept on hand, so that when they brought cattle for sale all their wants could be supplied.

The first Council over which Mr Wagenaar presided renewed the regulations forbidding every one from molesting or insulting a Hottentot. The Cape clans were declared to have a perfect right to come and go where and when they chose, the only exception being that within the boundaries of the settlement they were required to keep to the recognized thoroughfares.

When the rainy season was over, the Commander resolved to visit the Cochoquas in person, as by so doing he thought they would be flattered and very likely could be induced to sell cattle more freely. A fleet was then expected for which a large supply was requisite, and as the encampments of Oedasoia and Gonneina were within a day's ride of the fort the enterprise did not seem very formidable. Mr Wagenaar took Eva with him as an interpreter and ten horsemen and twelve foot soldiers as a guard. He was absent from his quarters eight days, and his observations show that these were days of little enjoyment. At the Hottentot kraals he found no one from the chiefs down to the poorest individuals ashamed to beg. From small and great there was an unceasing request for tobacco and brandy as long as he had any to give. It is true, the chiefs made him presents of cattle and sheep and offered abundance of such food as they had, but they looked for ample gifts in return. As for the milk, it was served in such filthy utensils that he could not touch it, and he was therefore in doubt whether he had not offended them. His only satisfaction arose from the fact that his people were getting together a good flock of sheep by barter. For this purpose he remained at each of the kraals a couple of days, but upon the whole his experience of life among the Hottentots left such a disagreeable impression upon him that he never again paid them a visit.

Soon after his return to the fort a party of Hessequas arrived, bringing with them a goodly herd of cattle for sale. These strangers stated that the country in which they fed their flocks was far away to the eastward, beyond a range of lofty mountains, where no European had ever been. It was a district somewhere between the present villages of Caledon and Swellendam, and the mountain range was that which is now crossed by the high road through Sir Lowry's Pass. The Hessequas knew of no other people than pastoral clans like their own in that direction. Mr Wagenaar did not gain much geographical knowledge from these visitors, nor did he question them very closely after he ascertained that they were ignorant of any place which would correspond with *Vigiti Magna*.

To follow up the thread of discovery towards that long sought town thirteen volunteers left the fort on the 21st of October 1662. They were under command of Corporal Pieter Cruythof, with Pieter van Meerhof as assistant. The party followed up the old northern path until they reached an encampment of the Namaquas deep in the wilderness beyond the Elephant River. This should have been their real starting point, for the country through which they had passed was already well known, but the Namaquas would not permit them to go further. The clan was at war with its neighbours, and therefore gave the Europeans only the choice of assisting them or of turning back. They chose the last, and thus the expedition was a failure. It was, however, attended by an occurrence which deserves mention.

One night as the travellers were sleeping round their watchfire a shower of darts\* was poured upon them by an unseen foe, and four of them were severely wounded. The assailants were believed to be bushmen, though who they were could not be positively ascertained, as they fled before the white men recovered from their surprise. Not long after this event the expedition suddenly came upon a

\* NOTE.—There is more than one word in Dutch for this weapon, but the early Eastern navigators for some unknown reason adopted the Portuguese name *azagaya* (Latin *hasta*), which they afterwards converted into *hassagai*. The English colonists in South Africa have taken this word over from the Dutch, and commonly speak of *assagais*, not of *javelins* or *darts*.

bushman encampment in which were some women and children. Corporal Cruythof hereupon gave orders that these should be put to death and that all their effects should be destroyed in revenge for the injuries which the Europeans had sustained. But he met with an indignant and unanimous refusal from the volunteers, who stood by Pieter van Meerhof and replied that they would not shed innocent blood. Cruythof was therefore compelled to abandon his atrocious design. Upon the return of the party to the fort, which they reached on the 1st of February 1663, the Authorities expressed approval of what under other circumstances would have been treated as mutiny, and Cruythof, though he underwent no trial, at once lost favour. Shortly afterwards he committed a trivial offence, of which advantage was taken to degrade him in rank.

Towards the close of the year 1662 another expedition, but of a different nature, left the Cape. A fleet of six large ships and a tender, under command of Admiral Hubert de Lairese, put into Table Bay where the soldiers who had been waiting some months were taken on board, and the fleet then left for the purpose of trying to wrest Mozambique from the Portuguese. All went well until the latitude of Delagoa Bay was reached. Then stormy weather was encountered, with a head wind which blew violently for nearly two months. The crews at length became exhausted, scurvy broke out, and the Admiral was compelled to seek a place of refreshment. The ships were put about, and by the following noon were as far south as they had been five weeks before. They were then close to the coast some distance above Delagoa Bay. Here good holding ground was found in a haven or bight, so they let go their anchors and sent some men ashore to ascertain if any refreshments were to be had.

In a short time it was known that cattle in plenty were to be obtained from the natives in exchange for iron or other articles of merchandize which they had on board. Every one now thought that all would yet be well, for as soon as they were assured of refreshment they considered their troubles as past, and anticipated the time when the monsoon should change and permit them to renew their design against Mozambique. But their joy was of short

duration. The scurvy had not left them when the fever which is endemic on that line of coast suddenly made its appearance, prostrating whole companies at once. One hundred and fourteen men died within a few days, and half the remainder were laid up when the Admiral gave orders to raise the anchors and set sail for Batavia.

At this time another effort was made to open up a trade between the Cape and the Island of Madagascar. By order of the Directors a small vessel was fitted out and sent to the Bay of St Augustine with a trading party and a wooden house ready for putting up, as it was intended to form a permanent establishment there if the prospects should be found at all good. The Directors appointed the Secunde Roelof de Man head of the expedition, but that faithful and deserving officer died on the 5th of March 1663, before the vessel was ready to sail. The Council of Policy then selected Joachim Blank, the ablest clerk on the Cape establishment, for the command. In December Blank returned to the Cape with a report of failure. He stated that there was very little trade to be done either at the Bay of St Augustine or at other places which he had visited, as the inhabitants were impoverished by constant wars which they carried on among themselves. He had only been able to obtain eight or nine tons of rice and seven slaves.

The many failures in the efforts to reach *Vigiti Magna* by a northern route had not yet caused the Cape Authorities to try in another direction. Accordingly, the exploring expedition of 1663 followed the path of those which had preceded it. The leader was Sergeant Jonas de la Guerre, Pieter van Meerhof was second in command, and there were besides these fourteen European volunteers and three Hottentots. Among the volunteers was a soldier named Hieronymus Cruse, who was for many years afterwards a prominent person at the Cape. The instructions given to De la Guerre were that he was to take no part in any native quarrels, but to endeavour to induce the interior clans to make peace with each other and to come to the fort to trade. If the Namaquas should act as they had done towards Cruythof's party, he was first to threaten them with the enmity of the Commander, and if that had no effect he was to march his men forward when if they attacked him he was to

pour a volley of small shot in among them. The sixteen men with firearms in their hands, it was believed, would be more than a match for the Namaqua horde.

They had with them a waggon,\* in which their stores were conveyed as far as the Elephant River, where they took it to pieces and buried it in the ground, together with some provisions. Starting fresh from this point with pack-oxen and having a supply of food in reserve against their return, they had hardly a doubt that they would be able to reach the great river of the map. But the want of water in that arid region destroyed all their hopes. They pushed on bravely, though their sufferings were intense, but at length they were compelled either to turn back or to lie down and die. Fainting with thirst they reached the Elephant River again, and found that during their absence their stores had been discovered and removed. The waggon had been burnt, probably for the sake of the iron work. Still the oxen were left, so that they were in no danger of starvation, but they arrived at the fort after an absence of more than three months in a very different condition from that in which they left it.

Shortly after the establishment of a Residency at the Cape, the East India Company had withdrawn its garrison from Mauritius, as that island was not in a good position for a victualling station and nothing of commercial value except ebony and a small quantity of

\* NOTE.—Most colonists believe that the South African bullock waggon is peculiar to this country, and look upon it with something like pride as an evidence of colonial ingenuity. Yet it is probable that the waggons used by our ancestors on the shores of the North Sea fifteen hundred years ago were made in the same manner. The vehicles that rolled down upon Southern Europe with the Teutonic swarms must have been very similar, or they could not have crossed so many pathless wastes. The Cape tent waggon is nothing more than the waggon in common use in the Low Countries when the first settlers came to South Africa, except that the wheels are somewhat higher. In pictures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries such waggons can be seen on the market places of Flanders and Brabant, exact to the very curve upwards of the after end of the side, with the fore tongues let in between the axles and draaiboards in the same way, with even the front chests in the same position. When the first waggonmakers set to work in this colony, they modelled axle and schamel, draaiboard and tongue, disselboom and longwaggon, precisely as they had done in the Fatherland. The rivers and the sand flats necessitated higher wheels, then long journeys called for enlargement of the vehicle, but the model remained unaltered in all other respects down to the days of iron axles and patent brakes.



ambergris was then procurable there. Before they embarked the Dutch turned loose a number of cows, goats, and pigs, which in a few years multiplied into large herds. Mauritius remained unpeopled from this date until 1664, when the Directors resolved to take possession of it again, more for the purpose of keeping other nations away than for any direct profit which they could draw from it.

Just then the French were making strenuous efforts to form settlements in that part of the world. Their king had taken into his own hands the direction of the factories at Madagascar, and that great island seemed likely under his guidance to become an important colony. Bishop Estienne had at length succeeded in reaching the field upon which his hopes had so long been set, and now with a large staff of ecclesiastics he was engaged in erecting a monastery near Port Dauphin, from which missionaries were to be sent out to convert the natives. The French had also just taken possession of Mascarenhas and placed a small garrison upon the island which they named Bourbon. It was evident therefore that Mauritius must be re-occupied, or the Company would be excluded from a large portion of the Indian Sea. It was not intended, however, to form an expensive establishment there, but merely to keep a few men upon the island, which was to be an outpost of the Cape Residency.

In May 1664 a small party was sent from this place under the leadership of Jacobus van Nieuwland, an officer selected in Holland and sent out for the purpose. On the 26th of June they landed on the island and resumed possession on behalf of the Honourable Company. They had with them a wooden house, a quantity of seeds and tools, and a twelvemonth's supply of provisions. These were put on shore, and then the vessel in which they arrived set sail, leaving the little garrison in loneliness.

For a whole year after this the island remained unvisited. Then a cutter was sent from the Cape with supplies, and in case the garrison had in the mean time met with any disaster, a fresh party of men and a new commandant were sent also. This party found the establishment at Mauritius completely disorganized. Jacobus van Nieuwland was dead, and the soldiers had thrown off all restraint.

Most of them had left the residency as soon as the last keg of spirits was drawn off, and were then leading a half savage life, depending upon the wild goats for food, though the stock of foreign provisions was still ample and the garden only wanted attending to. The new commandant was unable to restore order until three of the chief mutineers were seized and put in irons on board the cutter. They were brought to the Cape, where they were tried and punished, one of them very severely.

From this time matters went on smoothly at the Mauritius, though the growth of the establishment there was very slow. Every year a vessel sailed from Table Bay with supplies, and brought back ebony logs. Sometimes a soldier would request to be discharged there, when he became a burgher just as at the Cape. Once, three families were forcibly deported from Rondebosch to that island by Commander Wagenaar, because their heads were worthless characters, and the Council of Policy thought a change of residence might bring them to their senses. In process of time councils were formed there similar to those in this country, but all of them were subordinate to the Cape Authorities. Thus a man who lost a case in the court of justice at Mauritius could appeal to the court of justice at the Cape. Mauritius, in fact, stood in the same relationship to this country as this country did to Batavia.

The commandant who was sent to that island in 1665 was a man who deserves more than mere passing notice. His name was George Frederick Wreede. A runaway German student, like many others in similar circumstances he enlisted as a soldier, and came to South Africa in 1659. At that time no government in Europe offered such opportunities of advancement to men of merit as did the East India Company of the Netherland Republic. Many of its foremost commanders and governors had risen from the ranks, and the directors were always ready to make use of ability wherever they could find it. Whatever the fault was which caused Wreede to leave Germany, it could not have been connected with want of brain power or distaste of study. He was no sooner in Africa among a strange race of savages, of whose inner life absolutely nothing was known, than he set himself to the task of studying their

characteristics. In a few years he had acquired a thorough knowledge of their language, so that after the death of the old interpreters Harry and Doman the Commander employed him on all important occasions as his messenger to chiefs at a distance. He was at this time utilizing his spare hours by arranging a vocabulary of Dutch and Hottentot words, two copies of which he sent to the Directors, to whom he dedicated it, in November 1663. The Commander, when forwarding the work, requested that it might be printed, and asked that some copies might be sent to the Cape where it would be very useful. What became of these manuscripts cannot be ascertained from any documents now in existence in South Africa. The Directors, though they deemed it more advisable that the natives should learn the language of the Dutch than that the Europeans should learn that of the Hottentots, promised to have the work printed, but whether that promise was carried out appears to be doubtful.

The first Cape author had no reason to complain of his labour not being remunerated. The Directors instructed the Commander to present him in their name with a sum of money equal to twenty pounds sterling, and they ordered him to be promoted to a good situation in any branch of their service that he should select. There was then a design to establish a residency on one of the islands of Martin Vaz, which were believed to be suitable for a victualling station in time of war. A vessel was being fitted out at the Cape for that purpose when the dispatch of the Directors was received, and upon the order being communicated to Wreede he asked for the commandantship of the new station. His request was at once acceded to, but upon arriving with his party at Martin Vaz, he found that his government comprised nothing more than a group of bare and almost inaccessible rocks. It was impossible to form a station there, and as the master of the vessel objected to cruise about in search of a habitable island, he was obliged to return disappointed to the Cape. His journal of the voyage to Martin Vaz and his report to Commander Wagenaar are still to be seen in the colonial archives. Upon his return from this expedition he was sent to the Mauritius, and assumed the command there.

In September 1664 intelligence was received at the Cape of the likelihood of war between England and the Netherlands. The Directors wrote that the government of Charles II seemed bent upon a rupture, though the States were anxiously striving to maintain peace, if that was possible without loss of honour. It would appear that commercial rivalry was at the bottom of this ill feeling, and that the English government could not suppress the war spirit of the people. But though it is usual for historians of all nations to throw the blame of the humiliating war which followed entirely upon the English, there is proof extant that outrages were by no means confined to one side. Piratical acts were committed in distant seas by Dutch and English alike, without the perpetrators being punished. In the colonial archives there is a detailed account of one such act, which was committed by the crew of an Indiaman that put into Table Bay. On the passage out they overhauled two English vessels and searched them for treasure. The officers of one they tortured with burning ropeyarn to make them confess whether they had anything of value on board.

For many months matters remained in a state of suspense. On the 24th of October the Directors wrote that news had been that day received at the Hague of the capitulation of the West India Company's Possessions in North America to an English fleet. The Dutch factories on the coast of Guinea had also been attacked, though war was not yet formally declared. At length, on the 9th of June 1665, tidings reached South Africa that the English had seized a great number of ships in the Channel, that the Dutch were retaliating, and that the two nations were openly at war.

During the period of uncertainty preceding the formal declaration of hostilities, the Directors took into consideration the importance of their Residency at the Cape, as commanding the highway to India, and its defenceless condition in the event of a sudden attack. The old earthen fort was indeed sufficient protection against the largest force that the natives could bring against it, but it could not be held against a European enemy of any strength. Its walls were frequently falling, especially after heavy rains, and the guns mounted upon it were harmless to a ship at the usual anchorage. After much

consideration the Directors resolved to erect in Table Valley a strong stone fortress capable of sustaining heavy guns and sufficiently commodious for the accommodation of a large garrison. With this view they caused plans to be prepared, and having approved of that one which seemed most suitable, they gave the necessary orders for putting their design into execution. Instructions were sent to Commander Wagenaar to detain three hundred soldiers from passing ships, and to employ them in getting materials ready. Pieter Dombaer, an engineer, was appointed to superintend the work. The selection of a site for the new fortress, being a matter of the first importance, was entrusted to the Commissioner Isbrand Goske,\* one of the ablest officers in the Company's service.

A scene of unwonted activity was now presented at the Cape. The three hundred soldiers were landed and were immediately set to work quarrying stone. A party of convicts and slaves was sent to Robben Island to gather shells, and three or four large decked boats were kept busy transporting these shells as well as fuel from Hout Bay for the lime kilns. On the 18th of August Mr Goske arrived in the *Nieuw Middelburg*, and after eight days inspection of the valley, with the approval of a large board consisting of the ordinary Council of Policy and a number of naval and military officers he selected the site of the Castle. The spot chosen was sixty Rhymland roods (two hundred and forty-eight Imperial yards) to the eastward of the old fort.

It was supposed that solid rock would be found near the surface, but upon opening trenches this supposition was proved to be incorrect. At no point could the foundation walls be commenced nearer to the surface than eleven feet, while in some parts excavations more than double that depth were needed. All the waggons in the settlement which were not required for agriculture were engaged in the transport of building material. The farmers were paid at the rate of six shillings and three pence a day for each waggon with oxen and one man whether a hired servant or a slave.

\* NOTE.—Spelt variously in the documents of the period Godsken, Gotsken, Godske, and Goske. The last was his own way of spelling his name.

On Saturday the 2nd of January 1666 the ceremony of laying the first stones took place. The trenches of only one of the five points were completed, for as the foundations were to be twelve feet in thickness the excavation of itself was a work of some magnitude. It was a gala day at the Cape. At an early hour the farmers with their wives and children came in from Rondebosch and Wynberg, the sailors came ashore from the cutters, and all the Company's servants and other residents in Table Valley appeared in their best attire. There were four large hewn stones ready to be lowered to the bottom of the trench where during the two hundred and fourteen years which have since sped away they have supported the walls of the Castle of Good Hope. The first was laid by the Commander Zacharias Wagenaar, the second by the Clergyman Johan van Arckel, the third by the Secunde Abraham Gabbema, and the last by the Fiscal Hendrik Lacus. When they were all laid, a sum of money equal to six pounds sterling was presented by the Commander on behalf of the Company to the master mechanics. This concluded the formal part of the proceedings, and the remainder of the day was devoted to pleasure.

Two oxen and six sheep, the choicest in the Company's herds, were slaughtered for the occasion, and a hundred huge loaves of bread had been specially baked. Eight casks of Cape ale stood ready for tapping. The tables were spread on the levelled ground inside the trenches, and if they were not covered with such delicacies as are essential to a modern public dinner, those who sat round them were probably quite as happy and contented as if the fare had been a feast for kings. A holiday was not properly kept in the opinion of the people of the Netherlands without a recitation of poetry specially composed and containing allusions to the event which was being celebrated. Such a time honoured observance in the Fatherland could not with propriety be omitted in its South African dependency. Accordingly, some lines had been prepared,—by an amateur poet says Commander Wagenaar, without mentioning his name,—which were considered so appropriate that after they were recited a copy was placed for preservation with the records of the colony. Whether they display poetic genius may be questioned,

but that they clearly record the event celebrated is beyond dispute.\* Just a fortnight later there was another gathering of the Cape community on the same ground. In the centre of the area inside the trenches the framework of a wooden building was being put together, part of which was intended for use as a place of worship. To that framework the coffin of the man who laid the second stone of the Castle was borne, and there in the ground beneath the spot where the pulpit was to stand was placed what was mortal of Johan van Arckel. It was a custom of those days to bury persons of note within the walls of churches, so that the minister's was not long the only grave there. Within a few months the wife of Commander Wagenaar found a last resting place in that ground, and soon the walls were studded thickly with the memorial escutcheons† of those who lay beneath.

\* NOTE.—The following are the lines referred to. It will be observed that the poet has taken care to record the date, though in a rather unusual manner:—

**D**en Eersten Steen **V**an't **N**ieuwe **G**astee**L** Goede Hope  
Heeft **V**Vagenaer gelecht **M**et hoop van goede hope.

Ampliatie.

Soo worden voort en voort de rijken uijtgespreijt,  
Soo worden al de swart en geluwen gespreijt.

Soo doet men uijtter aerd een steene wall oprechten,  
Daer't donderend metael seer weijnigh can ophechten.

Voor Hottentosen warent altijts eerde wallen,  
Nu comt men hier met steen voor anderen oock brallen.

Dus maectt men dan een schrich soowel d' Europiaen,  
Als voor den Aes- Ameer- en wilden Africaen.

Dus wort beroemt gemaectt 't geheijligst Christendom,  
Die zetels stellen in het woeste heijddendom.

Wij loven 't groot bestier en seggen met malcander,  
Augustus heerschappij, noch winnend Alexander,  
Noch Caesars groot beleid, zijn noijt daermee geswaerd  
Met 't leggen van een steen op 't eijnde van de Aerd.

† NOTE.—At the head of the funeral procession a small framed board was carried, upon which the coat of arms of the deceased was painted, which board was afterwards hung on the walls of the church. It was often carefully prepared and kept in readiness for years before it was used. It was customary for every notary and every one who rose to the rank of a Merchant to choose a coat of arms for himself. In the upper chamber of the tower of the old Dutch Reformed church in Cape Town a considerable number of these boards may still be seen stacked in a heap. When the building was enlarged they were removed from the walls, and were never replaced upon them.

## The Proposed Art-School.

BY DR. DALE.

I WISH to-day, not to discuss the higher and more fascinating questions which lovers of Art and Art-critics are wont to handle; but to put before the public a plain matter of fact subject; and I bespeak indulgence, whilst explaining how it is purposed to encourage the formation of classes for instruction in the various grades of Art in Cape Town and generally throughout the Colony; and to secure in course of time, to every child, the opportunity of acquiring a reasonable facility, at least in Free-hand Drawing, as an ordinary part of elementary education. This training of the eye and of the hand is of the highest importance in industrial pursuits, and is indispensable to the skilled artisan, the builder, the surveyor, and the engineer.

Most people are probably aware of the causes which led those who had at heart the industrial prosperity of the United Kingdom and the technical instruction of the British artisan, to obtain from the Imperial Parliament an annual vote; which is administered by the Science and Art Department for promoting, especially among the industrial classes of the community, instruction in Drawing, Painting, and Modelling, and Designing for Architecture, Manufactures, and Decoration.

The agencies now in active operation for carrying out the objects are:—

1. The National Art Training School, South Kensington.
2. The Art-Schools.
3. Art-Classes.
4. Teaching of Drawing in the Public Elementary Schools.

It is scarcely necessary to go into the details of each agency; but as an evidence of the value set upon this technical instruction by practical men, I may mention that of the one hundred and forty-nine Art-schools with twenty-seven thousand Students, the most important are at the great commercial centres, London, Glasgow, Birmingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, Belfast.

Let me, however, point out the distinction between the Art-



Schools, and Art-Classes, so that it may be clear how we propose to begin, to compass the wide and varied objects aimed at in a complete course of Art-Instruction.

An Art-School is an institution wholly devoted to Art; where the best examples are always accessible for study and inspection, and where regular instruction is given in all the progressive grades by an Art-Master holding what is officially called the Third-Grade certificate.

An Art-Class is merely a class for instruction in Elementary Drawing, connected with a Public School, or Mechanics' Institute, or other similar institutions, where instruction is given once a week, or oftener by a Second-Grade certificated teacher. The formation of such classes for the popular diffusion of technical knowledge, will be the outcome of the Art-School, when developed; and it is, therefore, to the organization and maintenance of such a school, which we hope to see grow up as a valuable adjunct to our Art-Gallery, that I specially invite attention.

What is this Art-School to do? To train Students, male and female, in the practice of Art, and in the knowledge of its scientific principles, with the view, mainly, of qualifying them as teachers of Art-schools or Art-Classes, and of making them competent to develop the applications of Art to the common uses of life, and to the requirements of trade. (Prospectus, National Art Training School).

It is not to be expected that the courses of instruction will be as high and complete as those carried out in the National Art Training School; but ultimately the following subjects, as there taught, will also be introduced here:—

Free-Hand, Architectural, and Mechanical Drawing.

Practical Geometry and Perspective.

Painting in Oil, Tempera, and Water-Colours.

Modelling, Moulding, and Casting.

The classes for Drawing, Painting, and Modelling would include Architectural and other Ornament, Flowers, Objects of Still-life, &c., the Figure from the Antique and the Life, and the Study of Anatomy, as applicable to Art.

We must look first to the systematic training of those who are likely to go and teach others, but not by any means to the exclusion of other Students who may wish to render themselves proficient in any branch; exceptional advantages might be offered to Pupil-Teachers, Governesses in private Schools or families, and to Public Teachers, generally. At Kensington, Students pay £5 for the term of five months' attendance in Classes studying five whole days a week; for Evening Classes, only, £1 to £2 for the term. An Evening Class for Artisans at three shillings per month is also held, to prepare them in the elementary subjects of the Second-Grade Drawing.

Keeping ever in view the practical objects of the whole plan, it will be necessary to secure an Art-Master, who holds Certificates of competency in those branches, which are more particularly applicable to industrial purposes; and those who are acquainted with the character of the Tests in each of the six Groups of the Third Grade will, I think, be satisfied if an Art-Master is selected who has passed with credit in Groups 1, 2, 3, or in Groups 1 and 4.

To set going the machinery of a Colonial Art-School, it is proposed to co-operate with the Committee of the Fine Arts Association, in introducing an experienced Art-Master, who will be charged with the development of the details of the whole plan. It is intended to give him an annual salary of £200 in consideration of the Training Instruction which he will have to give in connection with the Department of Public Education; and it may confidently be expected, that the Association will guarantee an equal sum, which can be raised chiefly from the fees of general Students.

The best Examples, Models, Casts, &c., such as are recommended by the Authorities at South Kensington, will soon be arranged in the Educational Museum adjoining the Gallery in New-street, for study and inspection. To some, this may appear too modest a beginning, but experience has taught many of us, that it is safer to avoid an ambitious programme. With the active sympathy and support of the well-wishers of the Fine Arts Association, an Institution may soon be developed, which will be eminently useful in City and to the Colony.

## Philology.

ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR GILL. \*

*Continued.*

Now, let us consider what is meant by a "word." We have called it a symbol. But it is more than this. It has a spirit and vivifying power of its own. It is not a mere pellet of breath, jerked from the throat, without sign or substance. It is sounded on an instrument, which imparts to it a certain stamp and flavour of the mind by which that instrument is controlled. It carries a barb, which causes it to cling to the mind receiving it. It is like those wonderful seeds, which are furnished with holdfasts, whereby they secure a place in which to settle and germinate. Briefly, of every verbal form uttered, it may be said that it is spoken with a musical accompaniment—a tone, manner, emphasis, sometimes an added gesture which give to it a peculiar force, kindling, or agitating the recipient, mind according to its value and import. The ordinary counters of speech, it is true, are passed from one to the other with little or no mental disturbance. But each can recall for himself certain pregnant terms, such as "religion," "child," "home," the mere utterance of which awakes a whole orchestra of sensations and ideas. The chords which are struck by these are the truest and most essential part of our nature. They have grown with our growth; interwoven themselves with our most numerous, most abiding, and most cherished experiences. Their sensibility is the cumulative effect of myriad sensations, linked with the hours some even with the moments, of life. If the brain be the subtle receptive organ it is understood to be, the frequent repetition of sounds by which it is most easily and deeply stirred, must surely produce a sensibility proportioned to their use. These again, being subject to closer and more constant criticism, and being perpetually acted on by the formative and corrective agencies of the community, will reflect most truly its characteristics. We are all familiar with

\* This Address has been revised by Professor Gill, and many errors which appeared in the reports first published have been corrected.

the tendency of bodies of men to develop a word-currency of their own. We connect instinctively the *argot* or slang of a great city with its vulgar unlettered classes. A *patois* is assumed at once to be the dialect of men whose mental texture rejects the trammels of grammatical rule. Huntsmen, artists, literary men, university students, evolve terms and phrases which are maintained as watch-words of the class. Dialects spring up, everywhere, in every country and in every language. They are local and separate varieties of the common speech. England could be mapped out with almost as much distinctness by dialects as by the limits of counties. Somehow or other, the people of a district have come to adopt certain variations of the national speech, and by association they maintain them. Here is an instance in which I desire to impress the force of this law of association. The local habit is a bond which is not easily broken. A peasant child, transplanted from Yorkshire or Normandy to a Hottentot kraal, would probably learn to speak the language of the kraal as easily as a Hottentot child. The doctrine of "heredity" would insist, perhaps, on a shade of difference, due to the traditional aptitudes of the vocal apparatus. The difference, however, would be inappreciable, and would not materially affect the argument. Once having learnt its language, whatever it may be, the child having grown to manhood, becomes its slave. He carries its signs, character, and shibboleths, with him to the end. Not only does he find it difficult to assimilate strange forms and modes of articulation; but even more correct forms of the mother speech, as enunciated by his betters, he shows no readiness to adopt. This fact, too familiar to need discussion, has an important bearing on my argument. But we must revert to our word-harvesting, and consider it in another aspect. We have watched the storing up of words by association, and we have noted their reactionary and stimulating influence on the growing mind. We must consider them now from another point of view. Words have their own limits of value, varying from age to age, but fixed for each separate period. These limits represent actual limits in the consciousness of the community. The average association value of a term fixes a point beyond which

the general intelligence does not work freely. So far as its use is concerned, the average value of a term is the hinge on which public apprehension, public opinion, and public sympathy, must be made to turn. By way of illustration, let us consider the different effect of that famous line of Keats', "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," on two different types of intelligence—the artist and the mechanic. All the words are simple enough, and of common usage. But in the word "beauty" we have a difference of association and conception which marks a wide interval of intellectual latitude. It is fire to the one and ice to the other. The recollection of a thousand fair images and cherished scenes is stirred in the former, and he glows and kindles with the sentiment: the latter is puzzled at the meaning, and feels no inner response. Take again the word "infinite," and consider what different force it bears to the unlettered clown and the man familiar with the summation of series or the abstruse calculations of astronomy. We need not multiply examples. It will be readily admitted, I think, that words have for each individual the accumulated meaning which his experience and conception, however developed, have gathered about them. And my contention is that, in a community, the average import of words is the real working force—that which measures the level of apprehension and sympathy—beyond which appeal, exhortation, and argument, are prone to fail. Many terms of a fashionable philosophy of the day are slowly securing for themselves a position in the general apprehension. When the ideas involved in the words "humanitarianism," "altruism," "cosmic emotion," and others of the same school, are fully grasped, so as to be secure of intelligent acceptance from a general audience, we may be sure that the capacity of sympathy has extended in proportion. This relation between symbol and value is, I make bold to assert, a matter of the last importance to those who are called upon to exercise influence over men in masses. The class import of a term is that in which it must be presented to them; for to that and no other is it actively conscious. Nor should we be surprised at the fact, that the symbol holds no more meaning than that which has been required by the particular experience. Necessity, we are told, is the mother of all speech. It governs, also, its

form and growth. This necessity covers the entire area of human life. Mental wants, physical wants, spiritual wants, are all comprised in it. Glance over an English Dictionary, or still better, a Cyclopaedia, and see what infinite wants of body and spirit have been evolved and stereotyped in word-forms. From many languages we have borrowed words to suit special needs. Nearly the whole of our scientific nomenclature we have taken from Greek, and it is being daily increased. Our "paper" smacks of the reedy Nile: our *Government Gazette* recalls the coinage of ancient Venice; our "copper" is associated with an island, which has figured very largely of late in English political harangues. From our own stores we take whatever is handiest, and adapt it to new requirements. We "cable" a message, we "cab" it or "rail" it, we "shoot" Niagara, "do" a continent, and "stethoscope" a patient. Ideas and objects do not wait long for their christening, when once incorporated in current thought. Here, then, we have at once the limit of speech and conception. We have distinct names for varieties of boots; we have none for the odours of flowers. The former is a practical want; the latter is not urged by actual requirement. Possibly we prefer to associate their pleasant perfumes with the cherished names of the flowers themselves. Yet something might be gained to subtlety of conception and discriminating nicety, if these were embodied in suggestive terms. More serious wants than this may be named. The elasticity of the air is so marvellous, that it baffles human conception. We describe this quality by the same term in air and india-rubber. The difference is that between a pin's point and a planet. Had the conception of the larger property been ever so dimly foreshadowed in a special term, I venture to think the telephone would have had an earlier birth. The same may be said of lightning. The effect of thunder on the ear is specialised in the word "hurtle;" and "roar" and "rattle" may, at need, do vicarious service for it. But the effective force of lightning has no distinct term. We have no better word for it in fact, than that which we measure by horses in speaking of steamships. Between power or might and omnipotence there is no intermediate term. The force of lightning accordingly is not rated in common speech. The popular imagination has no presentative term, no spectroscopic word-

lens through which to view approximately and habitually this enormous energy. The Esquimaux sees in the Aurora Borealis the spirits of his forefathers disporting themselves. Their simple minds are thus lifted to a transcendental conception of the phenomenon. We have neither transporting fancy nor adequate word-measure wherewith to associate this tremendous power. Are we not all conscious of the hard mental barrier that has so often delayed the acceptance of modern inventions? How scornfully was the first rudimentary idea of the telegraph received! Even the great Faraday himself suggested a doubt to the enterprising American who first broached the matter to him, as to whether a message could be flashed right across the Atlantic. The doubt lasted but a moment; nevertheless it was expressed. The actual difficulties thrown in the way of the first railway enterprise; the derision with which the idea was scouted; the denunciations of its wicked presumption, by no means confined to the vulgar, must be familiar to all of you. "A vast possibility," says Professor Tyndall, "is a great dynamic power;" and I venture to add, if that possibility be familiarised in accepted symbols, a pathway to general welcome and co-operation is laid for the discoverer.

Of the reactionary value of language as an educating and impelling force, it would be scarcely possible to make too much. Happily the expansive property of the human mind is bounded by no known limits. Happily, too, its power of assimilating and secreting thought, its responsive sensibility to images, verbal or sensuous, is co-extensive with human necessity and aspiration. By virtue of this quality communities are perpetually building up a monument of their intellectual achievements and mental life, each advance being registered in the general consciousness, as the symbols are extended in force and import. Thus poetry is enabled to clothe itself continually with new and goodlier vestments, religion gleams with a clearer light, opinion and ethical habit are moulded to truer and healthier forms. And as the structure grows, new starting-points and new vantage-ground are secured for the advance of conception:

"As the temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal;"

This growth, I contend, is harmonious and progressive; and the thought-gains of one age are the heritage and working capital of the next. Deepening, widening, soaring into higher levels, the chartered and freighted symbol carries forward the national consciousness, and the generations succeed to an ever-increasing estate. So much meaning gathered up in the word, so much thought-material stored up in the brain, each change or increase in meaning reflected in the consciousness of those who use it, the actual thought-content of the current language representing the intellectual wealth of the period, and what is more to my purpose, the measure of its emotional capacity and the reach of its conceptive force—such, I venture to contend, is one of the lessons taught us by the study of language. What promise, what warning, what resources it offers to us, I shall briefly notice by and by.

But we must revert to our child. We have watched it acquiring the current forms of its mother speech; and we left it at the stage at which the current speech has become its master, and the child now grown to manhood, the liege servant, the sworn upholder of all its forms, idioms, and idiosyncrasies. He has become a member of a great speaking confederation. Thousands, it may be, millions of men, having most diverse habits, tastes, experiences, and objects, meeting and knowing each other only in small sections, permanently separated many of them by wide distances, employ for intercommunication a certain set of sounds. Into this arrangement he has entered and accepts it without questioning. But in this unquestioning acceptance he is brought under the dominion of law, as rigid as that which guides the ocean current or the fall of an apple. Every word he utters is made for him, must be pronounced in a certain manner, must be combined with other words on a fixed plan, must not be varied, clipped, or mutilated. The very pitch of his voice, the rhythm and force of his utterance, the sound-measure of each syllable and each word in a sentence, are prescribed for him; and he dares not violate the order. Probably it never yet entered the heart of anyone to do so. A man would be as likely to quarrel with his own skin, as with his mother-speech. With all its conditions he accepts it, and until study has taught him otherwise, he is prone to regard it as among the unchangeable, inviolable things of nature.



But if circumstances lead him to consider the past history of the language, he comes to a knowledge of the fact that it was not always what he finds it, that it has undergone many remarkable changes, and that as it recedes back into the past, it becomes more and more unlike its present form, more and more unrecognisable. He will come at length upon a period in which it can only be understood by him with the help of a dictionary. This language, then, on which he himself would not hope or care to make any impression, has been undergoing variation through all its known past. Our imaginary student will at once ask himself how this constant change is brought about, whether it is controlled by law, and if so, what is the source, whence the motive-power of that law. He is conscious of neither desire nor power in himself to alter the language—to add to it or take from it. He probably feels that any such attempt on his part would be both ludicrous and futile. He believes that all other speakers of the same language—the many millions of the same confederation—are in like position. He knows of no recognised agency, no artificial or conventional force to which this variable character of language can be traced. Yet, in the space of three or four centuries, a mighty change has passed over the face of his mother-tongue. Now if our student reflects on the purpose for which language exists, he will probably assure himself that it is in no respect intended to subserve the purposes of individual man; but of men in the aggregate, of men living, acting, and conversing together. He will recognise it as the creation of social man for social uses. This is the end and measure of its vitality. It has only a corporate existence, and bears a distinct proportion to the variety, fulness, and multiplicity of the social life it is designed to serve. He will recognise this, I say, and it is an important fact to arrive at. The community, as joint-trustees of the language, can alone dispose of its substance. They are the regulators and pilots of its course. They revise and readjust; they reject and renovate; they recast the music and retune the instrument. They do this in their corporate capacity; and herein resides the law—a law resulting from the multiple qualities, physical and mental, of the community. It is a mystery, as deep and complex a phenomenon, as any presented in

human life. But whatever its meaning, whatever its practical application, it is a fact that is placed beyond the reach of controversy. I will not venture to affirm, spite of the emphatic and weighty protest of Professor Max Müller, that individuals can exercise no influence whatever on current speech. The Latinisms of a Johnson, the Gallicisms of a Dryden, may set a fashion and affect the currency for a time. The Euphuism of Lyly undoubtedly influenced the court language of his day, and produced a host of imitators in literature, not confined to his own age. This singular affectation had its counterpart in so many countries, that it points to a generic rather than an individual fancy. It appeared in Spain as the "*cultismo*," in Italy as the "*Marinesco*" style. A similar whimsicality possessed the ladies of Paris towards the close of the 15th century, of whom John Baret says in his dictionary, when speaking of the letter R: "This R is so necessary a letter, that I think no man hath any colour to barke against it. Indeed, some women in France, and especially the fine dames of Paris (belike being the disciples of Persius, who called R *literam caninam*), are so daintie-mouthed, that they cannot abide the jarring sound of R, but alwaies turn it into Y, for *père* and *mère* saying *pèze* and *mèze*." Before a literary standard has been fully developed, or a code of taste established, such tricks and vagaries will probably appear in every language. It needs but a ruling wit or a popular genius to set the fashion, and ambitious imitators will take it up, and the fashion will run its course. The love of the grotesque, the odd, the fanciful, the new, are too permanent elements in human nature to leave us any ground for surprise at this. The spread of culture and the consolidation of taste in accepted literary standards, tend to reduce this mental capriciousness to its proper significance. Among the direct agencies, therefore, that regulate the true growth and development of language, it has no permanent place. But as all eccentric movements tend to reaction, and as we know that, in each of the instances quoted, a very decided reaction followed, these developments or disturbances must be reckoned with in tracing the progress of a language. But beneath all such transient influences flows the deep undercurrent of the informing spirit, the great secret council of the national intellect,

which fits the language to its requirements, changes, prunes, adapts and re-adapts it to its changing and growing necessities. We may usefully glance for a moment at some of the effects of this process in our own tongue.

English has passed gradually from an inflectional to an analytical stage. It has dropped case-endings, retaining only signs of the genitive case and plural number. It has abandoned the dual form of the pronoun. It has got rid of declensions. Many minor grammatical changes have taken place. Its vocabulary has suffered still more. It is computed that 400 words found in the English Bible have lapsed out of use. Shakespeare is said to have employed about 15,000 words in all, yet in spite of the enchantment of his name and works, spite of his enthronement by the first of German critics as the Emperor of Literature, he has left us many phrases that have lost their warrant, and a great many terms that we decline to perpetuate. Most of us require, in the words of Horatio, to be "edified by the margin," when we read of "accomplishing the Knights," of "goodness growing to a plurisy," of a ghost appearing in "questionable shape," of "forefended place," of the "snuffs and packings of dukes," of "exsufficate and blown surmises," of "kissing the jack upon an up-cast," of "dumps merry" and "dumps doeful," of "what the ocean pales or sky inclips," of "mulled peace," and "canelous baits," of "alms-drink" and "foizon," and "garboilts" and "hilding," and many other phrases and terms now discarded and tabooed. The words of a language share the vicissitudes of individual and family life. Some grow to honour, some to shame, some, having powerful connections, disappear from their circle, and leave not a trace behind; some survive their kindred; some lose their place and substance; others gather wealth and honour. Spenser abounds in outcasts, in reduced families, and lost reputations. His "Whilome" and "Whileere," his "weet" and "wot," his "sith" and "eftsoons," his "deemen" and "weenen" and "needen," his "wrathful wreaks," his "sparckles that from the anvile used to fly," his "advisement" and "dreariment" and "avengement" are gone for ever. His "worldly mucke" we repudiate in terms, though we have not ceased to appreciate the reality. His "un-

sweet" and "covetise" and "goodlyhead" have given place to more convenient terms. "His sea of licour cold" has lost caste, and suggests a process of degradation, not unconnected, I fear, with national habits. He reveals a chapter also in the gradual transformation of the French element in the language to suit the changed home and utterance. "Retourne" and "cognisaunce" and "temperaunce" and "daunger" and "apparaunt" and "maistre" (this latter pronunciation still surviving in English dialects) recall the vocal traditions under which they were introduced. A step further back, and the metamorphosis is so complete that the student is lost; the lights and landmarks have disappeared, and he finds himself in a wordy wilderness.

One effect of this constant change and development is an unhappy divorce between English spelling and pronunciation. For two centuries almost continuous efforts have been made to arrest this process, but with little success. Better results have attended similar efforts in Spain and Italy; and many Germans are agitating at the present moment for a like reform in their own language. The subject is again before the English public, and Professor Max Müller and some of our foremost educators have given the weight of their authority to the proposal. The difficulty of the task is a fair measure of the conservative force which contends with the progressive tendency in all languages to prevent a too rapid advance. I cannot refrain from quoting here the argument put to the Oxford Professor, just named, in favour of the existing orthography, or, as Southey would call it, uglyography, by an English clergyman, who maintained it was a buttress of the national faith; "for," said he, "a boy who had once been led to accept the marvels of English spelling would be ready to believe anything." Reckless of all such consequences, renewing, disrating, ostracising, readjusting, the language proceeds, and the equilibrium between mental needs and vocal expression is maintained. The law is general; it has no exceptional application; it is true of every language that is still subject to the changing conditions of those who use it. And what is there in these conditions that does not change? What is there in the England of the present day that is the exact counterpart of its prototype of a century back?

In every aspect of social and individual life, in our arts, commerce, agriculture, education ; in our weapons of war, our means of locomotion, in our favourite pursuits and amusements, there is change. Intercourse has extended, knowledge has spread, sciences have developed. Not only a different set of men and women occupy the land ; but the horizon of their thoughts and experiences has so widened, that a deeper, stronger, and fuller mental life results. The surroundings are not the same ; the tone, character, and impress are different ; the currents of thought have set in new directions ; the brain is more sensitive and quick ; intellectual forces have strengthened and extended ; there is a brisker stir in the pulse, a higher stress, a more complex and varied impulse. The instrument is changed—can it be that the tones should not vary also ? It is not even desirable that the vocal moulding of thought should be fixed in unalterable lineaments. Whilst thought itself is unconfined, living, and progressive, its vesture must be yielding and elastic. And thought itself is ever-changing, decaying here, sprouting into fresh life there. A cultivated people will strive continually to mirror its mental images in the form through which their living substance is to be conveyed to listening ear and inspecting eye alike. In one direction we owe to this tendency those “thoughts in music” termed onomatopœia or sound-words ; in another, the straining after pictorial effect in word-painting. Both are efficient factors in the evolution of language ; both contribute to secure the “survival of the fittest.” I have no doubt myself that, as musical culture extends, and the ear of the language-making, language-shaping community becomes more sensitive and critical, the demand for harmony between sound and conception will increase. The ear has its part, and it seems to me a very important part, in the elaboration of speech-forms ; I cannot consent to regard it as an unconcerned or helpless spectator of processes, of which it is the interpreting medium. I venture on this remark, because, in discussing the phonetic laws of language, physiologists seem to me—I trust I may say it with all becoming modesty—not to give this factor its due weight. Ease of utterance is assumed to be the sole guiding principle in phonetic change. Undoubtedly it is the main element ; but I cannot refuse to the ear

a share in the work. The poet and the word-painter would not allow their trusted ally to be so discredited and put aside. Nor can ease of utterance be altogether independent of aural effect. Poet, orator, and preacher know the value of 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' nor are they inclined to neglect the ear's intercession. Let us try the line of Keats, already quoted, by this test. The word beauty was not always pronounced as it is now. The transition pronunciation—booty—bringing us nearer to its French original, may still be heard amongst the unlettered classes in England. Had the more liquid sound of the first syllable not been adopted in cultivated speech, we may doubt, I think, whether Keats would ever have penned the line. And we may be tolerably certain that, wherever the *Endymion* is read, the now vulgar pronunciation of the word has received its quietus. There are other conditions of the phonetic laws of language which seem to me to point to the same conclusion. Certain processes called alliteration, assimilation, reduplication, differentiation of sound, are common to all languages. In each of these, I should say, the authority of the ear has asserted itself. As an arbiter between speaker and listener, it exacts from the former a reasonable clearness and discrimination of sound. Relief to the ear, as well as the pronouncing organ, is surely sought in the infinite modification of vowel-sounds, and the careful variation of recurring vowels, as in *incapable*, for instance, where *a* occurs twice with different sound; in *irremediable*, where the second *e* is sounded full for variety of effect; as in *proposition*, where to obtain two distinct sounds of *o* the natural division of the word, as in the two previous cases, is set aside]. I regret that time will not allow me to enlarge further on this most interesting branch of linguistic research; but, as more or less relevant to what may be said hereafter, I will ask you to consider, while the subject is before us, what difference of organisation is indicated in the constitution of ear and larynx between the inhabitants of different latitudes. Compare the harsh burr of the people of Northern Europe with the soft and languid articulation of the South; the strong vocalism of the Cumberland miner with the clipped and minced

speech of the London shopboy, the deep organ notes of the Berlin preacher with the more tripping utterance of the Viennese; the strong accentuating energy of the Latin-speaking Frenchman with the "vowelled undersong," as Canon Farrar calls it, of the Latin-speaking Neapolitan; or again, the clicking and castanetting of the Bushman and Koranna with the deep, guttural resonance of the Zulu and Amaxosa, and you will admit that there is abundant room here for theorising and speculating on causes and effects. The phenomena of articulation, as observed in Europe, seem to justify the conclusion that its force varies with climate, the striving after ease of utterance bearing a direct relation to temperature. It is no fancy to say that its lines might be traced coordinately with the isothermal lines of the physical atlas. At least it will follow that ease of utterance is not sought with uniform eagerness.—With these facts before us, we shall be prepared, I think, to accept the dictum of the philologist that the growth of languages is organic; that they have a tendency to individualise themselves; and that they reflect in some mysterious way the characteristics and mental state of those who use them. A question, however, suggests itself in connection with certain new conditions pointed out—in what manner and at what rate, will the changing processes indicated continue henceforth? At what period in the future will Macaulay and Tennyson cease to be in harmony with the current forms of the language? To what extent are we prepared to endorse the melancholy warning of Dean Swift:

"Poets who lasting marble seek  
Must carve in Latin or in Greek;  
We write on sand; our language grows,  
And like the tide our work o'erflows."

Undoubtedly the question derives a new bearing from the altered features of modern life. The millions who never read, and used in their intercourse but a fraction of the language, will be replaced by millions who read and possess a larger stake in the common heritage. The ever-increasing class of readers and students must tend to restrain the erratic tendencies of the language in which their intellectual life is embodied. The conservative forces will be strengthened: the directing spirit will be chastened and intensified; but that the

law will cease to operate, though its mode and rate may be changed, all experience forbids us to expect.—But I must make haste to redeem my promise. I spoke of the greatest discovery of comparative philology as yet to be noticed. The facts are commonplaces already of the school-room. Among the many eminent philologists that Germany has produced, none is of higher note than Jacob Grimm. No truth has been elicited by these researches more pregnant and interesting than that established by him—viz, the unity of the Aryan languages. The study of Sanskrit soon revealed the identity of certain grammatical forms, certain numerals, certain words of household usage, and of many roots in the old classical language of India and the languages of Europe. A key was thus placed in the hands of the philologist, and one after another the secret chambers of the past, in its linguistic development, were opened. The languages of Europe—Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, and Romance—with all their subsidiary dialects, were traced to a common source with the sacred language of the Hindoo. A common mother had given birth to all. The process of differentiation was explained, the laws of interchange formulated, and the title-deeds of the family made out. So far the fact has been established, that at some remote period of the world's history the fair-haired, light-complexioned Saxon, and the swarthy Hindoo were the immediate coheirs of a common language. Many rhetorical rhapsodies have been expended on this fact; whether the belief that in an infinitely remote past the Anglo-Saxon and Hindoo were brothers is matter for exultation, is a question that belongs to the province of sentiment. We may well wonder, however, at the marvellous contrast evolved between them, in respect to intellect and character as well as language. Is it ordained that the former, having in a long course of material striving contracted a somewhat cold mechanical temper and mode of thought, should renew his spiritual fires in a land where imagination runs riot, and the real is the mere handmaid of the ideal? I cannot answer the question, but it will suggest itself in connection with their present intercourse and the more ancient relation. The evidence on which this relation is based is elaborated in Grimm's Law. Like many other results of scientific research, it brings us to a point at which



enquiry is baffled. Why the English replaces German t by d, as in *bed* for *bett*, German d by th as in *dein*, *thine*, German ss or z by t as in *zwei*, *two*; *vergessen*, *forget*; or why the former lets make a thing, while the latter has or gets it made, hears say a thing which the latter hears said, are questions partly physiological, partly metaphysical, which await more light for their solution. The differentiating process has established a still wider gap between modern German and English in the aptitude of the former for combining words in a manner impossible to the latter. The very word which describes the studies on which I am now commenting—*sprachwissenschaft*—an impossible formation in English, is a typical illustration of this difference. The tie of consanguinity, however, remains firmly rooted in the two languages in identity of grammatical structure and a vocabulary common to both, which is the largest and most important element of English. It is foreign to my purpose to enter at length into the details of linguistic development; but it will be proper to remind you here that German has acquired an authoritative standard only in comparatively recent times. Before Luther determined, and the printing-press, through school and pulpit, disseminated its present forms, German was in a quasi-nebulous state, its many dialects leading a separate and uncontrolled existence. Broken into a hundred parts, influenced by local and very varying conditions, having contact at its extreme points with Lithuanian, Slavonic and Latin dialects, it diverged very widely from other members of the Aryan family. Before High German, therefore, was cast in its present mould, Dutch and English, the sister offspring of the Low German branch, had commenced an independent career. Their development accordingly is of older date, and has more significance and a deeper interest for the philologist. In scientific value no branch of the Aryan family surpasses the neo-Latin or Romance languages. The Roman conqueror laid a heavy yoke on his subjects. Not content with political submission, he made them in all things as like himself as possible.—The terms of surrender included the adoption of the conqueror's laws, institutions, and speech. Britain and Germany escaped the full measure of his absorbing energy, but France and

South-western Europe were Romanised. Here the legionaries planted the language, which has developed into French, Portuguese, and Spanish. The Celtic speech of the original inhabitants disappeared almost entirely, and the vernacular of Italy took its place. In each case the original stock of words has been largely recruited from foreign sources. French and Spanish have borrowed from each other; they have drawn something from Germany, more freely still from Italy. Rome has continually repaired and refitted the yoke, originally laid upon them. Ecclesiastical relations have nourished and fed the literary element; while the armies of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francois I., and the close relations with Spain and Italy under Philip II., introduced many additions from the parent country into the common speech of either. Spanish, however, has been more largely infused with foreign elements than French. Its early commercial intercourse with America, the Saracen conquest, and the German associations of Charles V., opened the resources of these countries to its verbal deficiencies. In respect, then, of continuous and homogeneous development, French has an especial value for the philologist. It has a peculiar interest for us also from its immediate connection with a kindred element in our own tongue. The manner in which each has dealt with this element should illustrate the law of individualisation already referred to. We know that the French has analysed the Latin verb, employing three auxiliaries—*être*, *avoir*, *aller*—for the purpose. The English has analysed all its verbs, and with the help of its five Teutonic auxiliaries has carried the analysis a step further than the French. The case-endings of the Latin have been dropped in both; the French, however, makes amends to some extent by inflecting two of its prepositions. The Latin aspirate has disappeared almost entirely from the latter, the English aspirates strongly. The French retains the tonic accent of the original, as in fact do all the Romance languages, more or less faithfully. Content with this acknowledgment of its origin, the French prunes away endings and eliminates consonants so ruthlessly, that frequently mere skeleton representatives of the parent forms remain. The process, however, is controlled by law, a law sufficiently clear

and regular to be of great importance to the schoolmaster. English draws the accent back, and throws it whenever possible on the first syllable. These are differences that distinguish the phonetic and constructive properties of the two peoples. The inexorable limits of time allowed me and a due regard for your patience forbid my pursuing this subject further. The instances given are sufficient to illustrate the position maintained that adaptation presides over the formation of speech. The law is very happily exemplified in the Romance languages, where the same material has, within a measurable space of time, been wrought into such diverse patterns by the separate communities. Each has taken the cloth and cut it to its own measure. The new dress in either case is sufficiently distinct to escape identification from all but trained experts. The people have moulded the language to suit their own idiosyncracies, and the result is four forms of speech (I omit less important descendants of Latin), the speakers of which cannot understand each other, yet to the eye of the philologist having the closest relation and a common origin. The same process, on a wider and grander scale, has filled Europe with languages all sprung from a common stem, yet unintelligible beyond their own limits. I have wholly failed in my argument, and philology is the idle pastime suggested at the commencement of my address, if all this mutation and development are not marked and controlled by law. No alternative theory will explain—at least to the satisfaction of science—the individualising tendency of national forms of speech. The centrifugal forces which produce internal change, checked and governed by a centripetal force, which keeps it ever true to a fixed standard, this standard being the faithful impress of national characteristics—such is the conclusion affirmed by philology, the only one compatible with the evidence adduced. The conclusion, with the reasoning by which it has been arrived at, has wide and important applications. I have spoken of the influence of association in building up the mental structure of a people. Some years ago an experiment was made in America in reforming criminals by solitary confinement. Had the power of association in sustaining mental life been duly understood, I venture to think that experiment would never have been thought of. It was abandoned in haste: too late, however, for many who reaped in blighted reason

the fruits of this empirical folly. Of its bearing on linguistic teaching, I will quote an illustration from Brachet's Dictionary :— By the rude guess-work of the old etymology, the French word  *paresse*  was connected, with a Greek word resembling it in form and meaning. The methods of philology rescued it from this anomalous position. The analogy of  *tristesse* ,  *mollesse* , accounted for its termination, the analogy of  *entier*  and  *noir*  explained the loss of the  *g*  in the Latin original, and established its true paternity. But the relevance of this conclusion to the main object of my address I must no longer delay to notice. Most of the native languages of South Africa belong to the second stage of growth, called agglutinating. The Aryan languages have passed from the first stage through the second, or agglutinating, to the third and highest, called the inflectional. Many of these have entered on a more advanced stage still, the analytical. A complete English dictionary should contain, it is computed, over one hundred thousand words. The Zulu language contains, roughly speaking, about ten thousand. It has a marvellous capacity for modifying the meanings of words by the help of certain suffices and prefixes, but those in actual use do not exceed, I believe, the number given. Ninety thousand then represents the difference in word-wealth between the subjects of Queen Victoria and those of the late King Cetywayo. Add to this the difference in thought value, and what a wide abyss separates the two conditions ! Estimate still further the relative habits of thought and powers of conception implied, and little room is left for comparison. Faculties that have never been exercised in a people may be dormant, but they must be treated as dormant, not as active and available forces. The Kafir or Hottentot can think keenly and precisely. Appleyard tells us the Zulu speaks with remarkable precision. We should infer as much, perhaps, from the specialising tendencies of their language. This tendency is common to the languages of all primitive races. The Hottentot has thirty-five words designating varieties of colour ; but he cannot speak of a rich blue or a delicate pink. The Zulu has three terms for day, one general, another distinguishing day from night, a third defining it as a measure of time. He has many words for man distinguishing him generically, as to sex, and as to condition, natural or accidental. He has four terms

for marriage, one of the man, another of the woman, a third applied to the father who gives away, and a fourth to the priest who performs the ceremony. Many of these terms are modifications of a single root, but they illustrate the discriminating individualising genius of the language. Objects of sense enter largely into the architecture of primitive speech. The sun to the Hottentot is a "warming-pan" or "boiling-pot;" the Kafir speaks of a dependent as a "dog," of a superior as a "father." The Zulu describes something valuable as "umkaunto" or assegai—with splendid irony he speaks of a proud man as "eating himself," and with humorous quaintness he designates a man with whiskers as "one who laughs out of a forest." These are indications of a mental habit, a mode of viewing things, a presentative reaction, which is correlated to their physical life and associations. But the strongest and most impressive contrast lies deeper than this. It consists in the almost entire absence from the one, and the rich abundance in the other, of abstract terms. These are coral islands in the great ocean of language. While the waters flow and change around them, they continually gather fresh substance, and grow in bulk and height. They supply *terra firma* to the wandering imagination; they conserve what is durable and solid in national thought, and it is here that the creative and cumulative forces of the national mind have spent their highest and fullest energy. Here then we should expect to find, as we do find, the boundaries between culture and barbarism most rigidly defined. The kernel of the problem that affects all our relations with primitive man must be looked for in this difference of mental habit. In his sensuous affinities, in his unfamiliarity with abstract conceptions, in his unreadiness to comprehend associated ideas, condensed forms of thought, classified relations and grouped resemblances, he is removed from us by barriers which centuries of energising and accumulating thought have created. We know that the highest form of this conceptual energy is confined to the cultivated classes of civilised communities; but in the close contact and interfusion of the social strata sufficient scope is secured for its activity. In savage life it is an undeveloped factor, an unformed habit. Eighteen centuries of experience, sad, solemn, and chequered, speak to us in the word "Religion." The good spirit's gift of rain and the evil spirit's

influence in drought, are all that Bushman and Namaqua can offer as equivalent. The solitary camel-thorn and the deep primeval forest represent the difference in thought-endowment between the dweller in cities and the dweller in huts. The aspects in which our civilization is presented to the latter are not always attractive; but its best features are the result of a long, gradual, and consistent evolution, no part of which is paralleled in his own experience. At a hundred geographical points the Queen of England is neighbouring chief to a man to whom the whole structure of our civilization is an inscrutable mystery, and whose attitude towards these is perhaps as little understood by us. Again, Christianity is being preached in various parts of the world to races whose mental furniture and range of conception are of the meanest and most limited kind. Is it always remembered how wide is the difference between learner and teacher; by what ages of slow elaboration and continuous progress they are divided; how special to the Christian-bred man are such terms as "brotherhood," "mercy," "holiness," "duty;" how large the meaning they convey, and the emotional capacity which they have assisted to develop? Trees will not bear the grafting of alien buds; and human nature is receptive only of that for which it is prepared. I deduce from this no lesson but one of caution; certainly no warrant for despair. Philology, that has accomplished so much, will not shrink from attempting more; nor will it fail, I hope, to discover clues to mental action and aids to its control, which will not only speed the missionary's labour, but furnish new methods of influence in many directions. The facts of linguistic phenomena are partly metaphysical facts: if ever a science of social metaphysics is developed--and social science will walk on crutches until it has such scientific support--the discoveries of philology will be among its most important data.

Science works blindfold to an unseen goal; the glory and chivalry of its labours would be less if its objects were defined and visible. Hope, and not certainty, is the mainspring of its energy. The horizon is bright before it, but with the reflected hues of past achievement, and a golden haze of possibility. In the words of the German Heine it recognises its appropriate motto—"I see clearly the wonder of the past: A veil is spread over the future, but it is a

rose-coloured one, and through it gleam goldencolumns and glittering gems, and sweet sounds fall upon the ear." Surely the teaching of the time is not with those who question the value of any form of research.

With these remarks, sketchy, superficial, and, I fear, somewhat incoherent, I must leave you to consider whether the case submitted did not deserve a more effective advocacy. I shall be well content with such a verdict. I have trespassed long on your time and patience, but the theme was a tempting one; and, indeed, in so wide a subject, the difficulty was to know not what to say, but what to leave unsaid. The vast interests committed to us, in respect to our coloured brethren, may well prompt the feeling, that whatever is to be known in directions through which they may be influenced, we should spare no pains to learn. A vote of the Cape Parliament has provided for the continuance of the labours so ably begun by the late Dr. Bleek. The devoted services of the lady who has continued his work with such loving zeal have been fairly seconded. But, if I may be permitted the remark, the machinery by which the missionary or future resident may be helped to a fair start in their career, is still wanting. No blessing is promised to work that ignores its special conditions, or neglects available means. And I cannot think that the work of elevating races so unlike ourselves in mental texture and habit can be successfully undertaken, without a full and conscious appreciation of the differences that divide us. In a more extended and searching study of those differences lies our best hope of a prosperous and honourable fulfilment of our responsibilities.

A solid foundation has been laid for the work to be undertaken. No one, I believe, takes a more hearty interest in the cause than His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere, and there can be no better augury for its advancement. One sure result of the studies indicated we may safely anticipate; they will give to native questions an interest very unlike the undisciplined feeling through which they are too commonly regarded. Under such conditions and with such aims, philology appeals for support. Deeply convinced as I am of the soundness of its claims, I feel no less assured, that in respect to what has been submitted to you, the fault will be mine, and mine only, if the appeal is made in vain.

## Cape Dutch.

## II.

IN my *last* paper, in which I directed attention to certain fallacious arguments, prevalent with reference to Cape Dutch, I attempted to shew that so far from being an improvement upon High Dutch and a richer language than the latter, as has too often been recklessly asserted, it is not only infinitely poorer on account of its defective vocabulary, but, whilst being ill-adapted to literary pursuits, is no more than a Dutch dialect, or, to use a word that has proved highly objectionable to many, a Dutch *patois*. I then said that its origin was to be sought for not merely in the Dutch as spoken and written in the seventeenth century, but also among the lower classes of Amsterdam, as they were two hundred years ago. It will be my endeavour, in this paper, to make good that statement, and, if I fail to do so as perfectly as might be wished, it will simply be because the limited nature of a Magazine article affords no scope for an undertaking which can only be satisfactorily carried out by dint of long and persevering study, and would demand the compilation of a whole treatise. For this I have not, at present, sufficient leisure; but I hope some day to continue my investigations more thoroughly, and to be able to submit them in a more comprehensive form to the judgment of the public. For the present I shall content myself with pointing out the direction in which, I apprehend, this study can be most successfully carried on, and shall find myself amply repaid for my efforts, if some abler pen than mine will devote itself to the cause of dissipating the obscure notions which have hitherto been held with regard to the subject of this essay.

Before instituting our projected enquiry, however, it would be as well to bestow a cursory glance on the circumstances which ultimately led to the introduction of the Dutch language into this country.

The primary cause of the voyages undertaken by the Dutch in the 17th century, which preceded the establishment of a colony on the southern shores of Africa, can with good reason be ascribed to the prohibition imposed by Philip II.\* on the commercial intercourse, then subsisting between the Portuguese, who had lately become his subjects, and his deadly enemies, the States of Holland.

\* In 1584, *Vide* van Kampen's *Geschiedenis der Nederlanders buiten Europa* I. 25:



Hitherto the Dutch, in their capacity as the carriers of Europe, had had free access to the port of Lisbon, whence they obtained all manner of eastern commodities for the purpose of selling them again with ample profit, but, being now driven to seek some other means of acquiring these wares, they gladly accepted the proposals of Cornelius Houtman who, in return for the debt of gratitude he owed to the Merchants of Amsterdam in having released him from a Portuguese prison, offered to point out a mode of retrieving their position, and was by them entrusted with the command of four vessels, in which he set out in 1595, with the object of reaching India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope.\*

In the meanwhile the merchants who were aiding the enterprise had formed an association under the name of the Company *van Verre* (of Distant Countries) and the expedition having proved moderately successful, from that time forward similar voyages were undertaken. The scheme appeared so profitable, that a whole band of separate companies started into existence, but were on the point of ruining one another by excessive competition, when the States-General in 1602 † combined all these various bodies together under the name of the "General and Exclusive East India Company."

This Mercantile Association ‡ had the right of making peace and war in the East, of building forts, of selecting Governors, of maintaining garrisons, and of appointing civil and judicial officers, in the name of the States-General or Supreme Authority of the Netherlands.

No sooner had the Charter been granted than a fleet was dispatched under Admiral Wybrand van Waerwyck, who established a fortified trading station in Java, and formed alliances with several Oriental States. A constant and lucrative trade was soon carried on between the Netherlands and the East Indies, the monotony of which was occasionally varied by fierce combats with the Spaniards, Portuguese, and English, besides almost uninterrupted hostilities with the natives of the various places in which the Dutch gradually obtained a firm footing.

\* *Vide* van Kampen, *Ibid* p. 62, also Raynal, *Histoire des deux Indes* I. 200.

† Raynal I. 202. Van Kampen I. 129.

‡ It consisted of six Boards (Kamers) with the following shares: Amsterdam  $\frac{1}{2}$ , Zeeland  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Delft and Rotterdam (called the Board of the Maas), together  $\frac{1}{8}$ , and the two Boards of the North, Hoorn and Enckhuizen  $\frac{1}{8}$ . All these were under the general direction of seventeen persons, afterwards known as the Board of Seventeen, of which eight were chosen by Amsterdam, four by Zeeland, two by the Maas, and two by the Northern Board, the seventeenth man being appointed by one or other of the last two of these in turn.

The Eastern Commerce grew rapidly to such an extent, and the voyage being of great length, the crews almost invariably suffered so terribly from scurvy, and other diseases incidental to a long sea voyage, that it was found necessary to establish some intermediate station where fresh meat and vegetables could be obtained when required.

It was only in 1651, however, that in consequence of the representations of two men\* who had been wrecked at the Cape of Good Hope in the *Haarlem*, and of Jan Anthonie van Riebeeck, a surgeon, who had been greatly struck with the remarkable fertility of the country, and the natural advantages which it offered as a victualling station, that the Dutch East India Company dispatched a number of colonists, in three ships, under command of Van Riebeeck, to Table Bay, where they landed on the 6th April, 1652. The Company had no doubt been partly urged to take this step in consequence of a report of Hagenaar (who visited the Cape in 1638), in which he stated that some of the natives had addressed him in *English*, since they feared lest that nation should forestall them by planting a Colony in South Africa, and so prevent them from landing here on their way to and from their eastern possessions.

The first colonists were for the most part Dutchmen of an inferior type, as appears not only from the fact that nearly all the documents embodied in Van Riebeeck's Journal bear marks or crosses, thus clearly shewing that their signatories were illiterate men, but the leader of the expedition himself, in one portion of his journal, gives a classified list of the men who were under his command on the 11th December, 1652.† These comprised, on that day, thirty soldiers, twenty-four sailors, seven carpenters and assistants, nine masons, eight gardeners, two cowherds, two shepherds, one swineherd, four cooks and scullions, one master (cook?) and assistant, one constable, one hospital warder, one provost, one sick comforter, one assistant, one butler with coopers, and two workmen, besides twenty-five women and children; in all one hundred and twenty-four "men in pay, of which number some were constantly sick in bed, and many lazy skulkers from whom little work was to be had, and whom it were better to have discharged."‡

That many of these were of a very low class indeed is proved by the

\* *Vide* Moodie's Records p. 1-8. † *Vide* Z. A. Tydschrift, Vol. II., p. 255.

‡ These are Van Riebeeck's own words: Compare Martin's British Colonies, Div. VII., p. 6. "Among these, we learn from later despatches, were included some soldiers, several convicts and probably a few slaves; the remainder were chiefly a low class of peasants."

frequent thefts which were committed during the earlier years of the Colony, and by the ignominious punishments to which they were constantly subjected for all manner of offences, until in 1655, when a short sojourn having already given the adventurers a certain interest in the soil, a few of the most respectable of the Company's servants were permitted to make small gardens, and to sell the products thus obtained for their own advantage. These "were mostly petty officers with families, who drew a sum of money instead of rations, and who could derive a portion of their food from their gardens, as well as make a trifle occasionally by the sale of vegetables."\*

The Dutch East India Company, "hoping to diminish their expenses," not only confirmed this permission, but sanctioned the release from their engagements of such of their servants as were willing to submit to certain onerous restrictions, but only on condition that they would agree to remain in South Africa for twenty years, and were married men of good character, of Dutch or German origin. Among those who first took advantage of these terms are mentioned millers, gardeners, hunters, carpenters, tailors, farmers and farm servants, wagon makers, and sawyers. †

That the greater part of the original colonists were of Dutch origin is manifest from the subscriptions to the various documents quoted by Van Riebeeck, as well as from the names continually mentioned by him in his journal. The vessels in which the first batch had come started from the harbour of Amsterdam, and there is consequently strong presumption that that city had furnished, if not the whole, at all events a considerable quota of the original contingent. ‡ It is, therefore, but natural that the earlier settlers should not only have taught the Hottentots, with whom they came into contact, the language which they had spoken in the Fatherland, || but should also have imparted the knowledge of their

\* Theal. *Cape Monthly Magazine*, New Series, Vol. II., p. 3.

† But most of these had come out as soldiers, sailors and common labourers ; for a long time afterwards the colonists were of a similar type, *vide* Watermeyer's Writings, p. 61. et seq.

‡ The author of *l'Afrique Hollandaise*, though guilty of gross blunders in the earlier portion of his work, whilst stating that the earlier colonists consisted of Dutch, German, French and other adventurers, admits that *the greater portion were levied in the Netherlands*. *Vide* also Theal, p. 324 of the *C. M. M.*, Vol. I., who says that "the lower ranks of the service were very largely recruited from foreign sources."

|| Theal, *ibid*, vol. II., p. 204.

native tongue to such foreigners as may from time to time have been induced, by desire for gain, to make a permanent residence of the Colony.

But besides the Dutch language Portuguese, which was at that time frequently spoken in the East, was not altogether unknown at the Cape, for it is stated that, among others, Van Riebeeck himself, as well as one of his Hottentot servants, was freely conversant with that tongue.\* Nor was Malay or any of the other eastern dialects as strange to their ears as it is to ours, seeing that not only had some of the colonists themselves resided for a long time in the Indies, but every vessel that touched here on its way from Batavia brought men who were intimately acquainted with those languages, from which they borrowed the names of particular spices and condiments, as well as articles of eastern clothing, and varieties of eastern food. It is, therefore, by no means necessary to ascribe the introduction of such words of eastern origin as Cape Dutch contains to the influx of Malay and Indian slaves, or to such slaves having been exclusively employed for culinary purposes. † The slaves who were imported since the year 1658, as well Negroes, from the Portuguese settlements, as Asiatics from various portions of India and the Malay Archipelago, were compelled to learn the Dutch language, strict care ‡ being taken to insure their doing so, and Kolbe, who travelled in this country in 1706 confesses that many of the Hottentots could converse fluently in Dutch. ||

In a short time the Colony thrived exceedingly well, but there was great want of women. A number of these was supplied from the orphanage at Amsterdam, § as well as from other places, and the population increased with rapid strides. Families of ten, or even fifteen, children were a common occurrence, and every countenance was the picture of health. ¶ With the prosperity of the Colony, there came a large influx of foreigners, among whom was a considerable number of French refugees, but a knowledge of the Dutch language was imperative, and the strangers who came here were compelled to make use of the ordinary medium of conversation, if they wished to be understood. "They only knew that the Cape belonged to a company of merchants in Amsterdam,

\* Theal, *ibid*, p. 199.

† For proof that they were not chiefly cooks as Mr. Reitz, asserts, *vide* Thunberg's Travels. Pinkerton XVI. 3.

‡ Theal, *ibid*, II. 10. || Vol. I. p. 438. § Van Kampen II. 33.

¶ Kolbe I. 62.. also De Jong's Reizen naar de Kaap de Goede Hoop I. 129.

whose especial desire it was that their native tongue should be spoken and taught, to the exclusion of any other, and that the Dutch laws and customs should in all points be steadily enforced. So completely did the language prevail, that the slaves and Hottentots soon acquired it sufficiently to speak it even among themselves, as did also the French immigrants, whose very names lost their nationality.”\*

Even late in the 18th century the colonists at the Cape were subjected to such stringent regulations, and so curtailed in their liberties, that they were then emphatically designated as slaves.† Their religion was rigidly prescribed for them, and the use of all books was strictly prohibited, except such as it pleased their good masters the East India Company to sanction.‡

Under these circumstances, and oppressed as they were by a system of unbending tyranny, it can easily be understood that the inhabitants of the Cape stagnated in their manners, their ideas, and their language. The apathy which characterises many of their descendants to the present day, || was frequently remarked by casual visitors, and it is but natural that the monotony of their habits, feelings, and customs should have exercised a remarkable influence over their language; should have stereotyped it, as it were, to such a degree that, with very slight modifications, it is spoken at the present day very nearly, if not quite, in the same manner as by Van Riebeeck and his humble followers, two hundred years ago. Add to this that the schoolmasters of this country were generally disbanded soldiers, a fact to which several persons can still testify from their own experience, § and I ask whether it is to be at all wondered at if, from a highly inflectional and synthetic language, the Dutch imported into this Colony had gradually and imperceptibly lost its inflections, and become a purely analytic tongue, even when we discard all influences of a foreign nature.

That a language can, under certain conditions, retain for a great length

\* Martin p. 19. †L’Afrique Hollandaise p. 59. Compare Watermeyer p. 79 et seq.

‡ N Appendix I. No. 375 to Cape Ordinances

|| See Bernardin de St. Pierre—Voyage à l’île de France 1773, “chaque jour ramène les mêmes plaisirs et les mêmes affaires . . . . . aussi on y parle peu. Ce sont des gens mélancoliques qui aiment mieux sentir que raisonner. Ils n’appellent la Hollande que la patrie; des étrangers même à leur service n’en parlent jamais autrement.”

§ See also Thunberg’s Travels in Pinkerton vol. XVI. p. 5, and De Jong’s Reizen naar de Kaap de Goede Hoop I. 133.

of time any given peculiarities, is a fact well known to philologists, and although it may not be possible to give an exact account of the various causes which tend to produce such a result, we have proof enough that an isolated position and oppressive monopolies are very favourable to the stagnation of the manners and language of a country, besides directly inducing listlessness and want of energy in the character of a whole race. A notable instance of this kind is to be found in Iceland where, up to a very recent period, the visits paid by strangers were few and far between, and where the intercourse between the inhabitants of the island and the mainland was not only very limited, but for the most part controlled by a few mercantile houses that carried on a monopoly at Reykiavik. To use the words of a writer who traversed a considerable portion of Iceland and is, therefore, quite competent to judge :—"Previous to this period," (1788), "the natives were in a state of absolute slavery to foreign merchants. They were prohibited under pain of whipping and slavery from repairing to any other mercantile station than that in the district to which they belonged, and if they chanced to come there after the ship had completed her cargo, they were obliged to sell their goods for a mere trifle. . . . It is chiefly to these circumstances that we are to ascribe the comparative want of spirit, inactivity, and poverty which characterise the present race of Icelanders. Under the iron yoke of oppression the nobler features of the human mind contract and decay ; the spirit of enterprise is damped ; and a degree of constitutional apathy and indolence necessarily ensues."\*

Now, I do not pretend to carry the comparison between that country and this to such a length as to insinuate that the cases are in every respect parallel to one another, but the similarity in certain instances is so striking, that one cannot help noticing it. There, as here, the inhabitants were for a long time cut off from the world, and depended altogether on the casual visits of seafaring men for their information from abroad ; and there, as here, they were under the control, and subject to the sway of a licensed company, who exercised a species of despotism over them, which could not fail to damp their ardour, and initiate a state of things highly conducive to the acquirement of listless habits, and the limitation of natural energy, which, in our case, is moreover heightened by the depressing effects of an almost tropical climate.

\* Henderson's *Iceland* p. 401.

In one particular, however, there is a vast difference between us ; and that very instance would in some measure appear to confirm the truth of the comparison ; for, whereas in our case the education of our countrymen has been grievously neglected, or intrusted to the care of such as were utterly incapable of giving it a proper direction, *they* have invariably striven to render even the very lowest of their race thoroughly competent to understand and appreciate the records of their forefathers by dint of persevering home tuition, to such an extent, that it has been repeated over and over again by those who have travelled in their midst, that "It is exceedingly rare to meet with a boy or girl who has attained the age of nine or ten years, that cannot read or write with ease ;" \* and further that "not only the clergy of Iceland, but numbers of the peasantry, are well versed in the classics, particularly in Latin, which they write with fluency ;" † and, "as a mass, the Icelanders are without doubt the best educated people in the world." ‡ Whilst isolation and oppression, therefore, have had a similar result in both countries, persistent education and the cultivation of the intellectual faculties have tended to preserve the ancient Scandinavian dialect in its pristine form. Whereas defective education and promiscuous intercourse with slaves and barbarous Hottentots have, in our case, gradually conducted to the modification of the Dutch language in South Africa, and to the loss of its inflectional system.

That this want of inflection is limited, (in the higher classes at all events), to an indiscriminate use of the article in one form to denote every case and gender, no one will deny ; and it is only in the lower, I might almost say the lowest, the altogether uneducated classes, that the loss of inflection becomes generally perceptible in the verb.

In an able article on English and Cape Dutch, which appeared in 1872, in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, and which can on good authority be ascribed to one of Mr. Reitz' brother judges, the author points out, that the disintegration of the Dutch inflectional system, is mainly due to the introduction of a comparatively large body of French refugees into this Colony, towards the close of the 17th century, but, although, in the absence of positive evidence as to the actual speech of the colonists at that period (for even at the present day the Dutch *written* by our

\* Henderson's Iceland, p. 25. † Barrow's visit p. 231.

‡ Symington's Pen and Pencil Sketches in Faroe and Iceland, p. 62.

farmers, differs remarkably from that which they *speak*), I am willing to accept this theory provisionally, yet I cannot help thinking that the influence these refugees actually exercised over the language, must have been very slight, if we take into consideration that they were but one hundred and fifty in all,\* and that at the period of their arrival, the earlier colonists had not only increased considerably in number, but had already imparted their language to their slaves and the aborigines with whom they had come into immediate contact.

The change to which we have referred can, perhaps, with more truth be looked upon as originating in the defective education of the white population, which seems to have been so glaring as to have called forth the bitter invectives of a Dutch officer, as late as the end of the last century, † in the fact of the colonists having been for the most part descendants of mechanics, artizans, and common labourers, as well as broken-down soldiers and runaway sailors, whose wives were supplied from among the paupers of Amsterdam, and who frequently allied themselves to Hottentots, ‡ and lastly, in these colonists having entrusted the home education of their children to illiterate soldiers and drunken ruffians, from whom no other than a highly imperfect language was to be learnt. Such were more likely the causes immediately effecting the inflectional changes which Dutch underwent in this Colony ; and the marvel is that, notwithstanding all these adverse forces, it should have survived to the present day in a state of almost pristine vigour, and that it should steadily, but surely, have obliterated nearly every trace of the various tongues imported from time to time into its stronghold.

English, it is true, but English *only*, is gradually gaining ground, and sanguine writers have expressed a hope that, at some distant day, "it will eventually prevail over Cape Dutch, and that, having obtained our full share of liberty, and the privilege of conducting our own government, we shall form but one race, and have but one language."

\* Noble's South Africa p. 10. Martin p. 18. † De Jong I. 133. ‡ *Ibid* p. 127.



## The Character of Polonius in *Hamlet*.

BY ANGUS MACPHAIL, M.A., (EDINB).

THE profound perturbations of the master-spirit in the play of *Hamlet*, with its supreme resolutions, oft repeated and consecrated by oaths of heaven and hell, and with its tumultuous inactivity, do not fall within the scope of this paper, except in so far as they tend to influence, directly or indirectly, the character of Polonius. It is true that in every uniformly conceived drama in which the passions and emotions of our nature are marshalled, discriminated, and exhibited, as well as in the crass and tangible actualities of common-day life, there is a central figure round which the minor characters play their part, a sun towards which its revolving satellites gravitate, a current fed by many rills, and increasing in amplitude till it glides calmly into the ocean, or dashes its watery volume over the edge of a stupendous cliff.

All the characters in *Hamlet* are bound with an indissoluble golden chain round the feet of the royal Dane. They tax their brains and rack them as carded wool, and yet they cannot solve the riddle of the moody Titan. They see Atlas convulsed and trembling to its very roots, and yet they cannot divine the cause of the commotion, but they keep at a distance from its frowning rocks, lest their fall might sweep them to ruin. This universal, bewildering perplexity is the occasion of Polonius. He is the well-known, obtrusive character who intimates his exaggerated significance by the familiar nod, professes to have the key to the mystery, and increases our wonder by a compassionate and knowing smile in the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties. Such men are dangerous. Servility and base sycophancy clothe themselves in the garb of blunt fidelity and unwavering loyalty. Such men are always unsafe; but more especially when their vehement protestations of allegiance are combined with a critical observation of men, deep insight into ruling motives, and most of all, a conscious reflection of fawning obsequiousness, breeding a concealed scorn of themselves and the part they play. A partial incapacity of independent judgment, absence of a

strong determination of will, and a material dependence, are, on their part, the conditions on which trust should be reposed in them; and, on the part of him who reposes it, reserve, wariness, acknowledgment of any real services, and a benevolent indulgence to a boastful impertinence. "Spare Cassius" with the lean and hungry look is too meditative, ambitious, and revolutionary for a courtier; but take from Iago his insatiable stomach for unadulterated mischief, and callous, pernicious devilry, and he might then play the *role* of Polonius. Strip him of his venom and vituperative slander, and he is akin to the eaves dropper; but then he would not be Iago. Still, there is a family likeness, though the palpable, unscrupulous lies, and slim, pasteboard craftiness of Polonius are to the consummate dissimulation and exquisite artifice of the super-subtle "Venetian," like a rude cairn to the pyramid. Polonius trusts in his self-confidence, vaunted wisdom, and discretion: Iago summons to his aid "the tribes of hell." Among the creations of Shakspeare, Iago and Edmund the Bastard are unique in cruel villainy, though the latter wants the skill and cunning of the former.

The character of Gonzalo approaches more nearly that of Polonius. Like a thorough bred courtier, a carpet-knight "perfumed like a milliner," when he finds himself wrestling with the element of Neptune, he "would fain die a dry death, and give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of dry ground." He, like the popinjay that came to demand his prisoners of Harry Percy, would be a sailor, if not for these vile storms. This Gonzalo has the courtly accomplishments of "prating amply and unnecessarily," but he is suspected by the usurping duke of loyalty to the rightful monarch.

Polonius was, *ab ovo*, of an effeminate and fickle nature, "void and incapable of any drachm" of magnanimity; yet he was, by no means, a man to be always distrusted. He was born to fawn and cringe, and required some nature stouter and nobler than his own on which to fasten; some substantial wall on which he, the clinging ivy, might grow. An officious show of trusted authority, a professed innocence of any suspicion of selfish motive, but at the same time a modest calculation of self regard, and a complacently assumed consciousness of the identification of his own with his master's interests,

formed the *summum bonum* of his existence. The self gratification which his little soul extracted from his vaunted familiarity with Danish majesty, and the moral compulsion under which the responsibilities of his office of "assistant to the state" laid him to shape his words and actions, at least free from any taint of treachery, became a sort of second nature to him, so that he acted on mechanical lines, regulated by saws of wisdom much the worse of wear at court; maxims of politic and judicious conduct, which still kept their exterior form, the outward limbs and flourishes, but commanded only the easy and labourless wagging of the tongue, and not the stern duty and obeisance of the heart.

Polonius, the good old man, had grown grey in the service of the state of Denmark, ere flesh-shaking meditations and thoughts too whirling and deep for utterance, had swept like a foaming Hellespont through the mind of the young Hamlet. His character was formed and ratified long before his alleged discovery of the ill-omened love of the Lord Hamlet and Ophelia; but the methodical madness and the high moral significance of the sayings of Hamlet, "the man of strange words,"

"Whose spirit walked not with the souls of men,  
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;"

are phenomena alien to his tableted experience, and inexplicable to his judgment. He now begins to think and to compare his own crude ideas with the frenzied wisdom of the young prince, and his gilded Prospero-ropes fall from him like the enchanted ornaments of a dream, to find himself a forlorn skeleton, a witless serving-man. Who was this Hamlet that juggled the spirit of hypocrisy and servility out of this "foolish prating knave," who preferred a "jig or a tale of bawdry" to a high moral, purifying tragedy? This is Hamlet the Dane, he who had felt untold horrors, and whose inward faculties were in a state of chaotic revolution; to whom this fair world with its material garniture, at best a kaleidoscopic Komos, a panoramic succession of ideas of decay and evanescence, seems through a veil of red tears and unconsolable sorrow, but a "foul and pestilent congregation of vapours;" he, who, on the verge of a precipitous foam-lashed cliff, the wail of whose weltering waters, mingled with

the howl of the hollow wind, spoke fearful accents to the shadowy figure of buried Majesty "revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon;" he whose melancholy spirit dwelt amidst the tombs, the glooms, and the silences of life, and sought relief for his woes in parlance with the nightly shade, with frowning mountains, or anything unlovely of aspect suiting the sable complexion of his murderous thoughts; with his own soul and the hopeless struggles to which a cruel destiny had doomed him; and with the old sweet love of Ophelia, bleeding from a self inflicted wound, the keenest of all, with the sacredness of his oath of fealty to his injured father and tender mercy to his mother, and with a pigeon-livered conscience; a Prometheus at large, a shorn Samson; Olympus in a conflagration; this is Hamlet the Dane; look at him full in the face, Polonius, if thou canst. Polonius, subdued by the invincible dominion of that mysterious spirit over him, loses even the show of independent opinion. In the hands of Hamlet, he is light as any feather, and yielding as a weathercock swayed by every gust that blows:—

*Hamlet.*—Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Polonius.*—By the mass, and 'tis a camel indeed.

*Hamlet.*—Methinks it's like a weasel.

*Polonius.*—It is backed like a weasel.

*Hamlet.*—Or like a whale.

*Polonius.*—Very like a whale.

Polonius may have been influenced by the fear of contradicting the mad youth, as he thought, and thus driving him into a paroxysm of extreme fury, but this supposition, taken along with his eager and authoritative injunctions to the queen to be "round with him" only throws into strong relief the consistency of the character of Polonius as drawn by the great high priest of all the Muses.

A possible concatenation of circumstances might have shaped a Sir Giles Overreach out of Polonius, but the ways of court and the subtle intricacies of government led him to seek the favour of the great, as the one indispensable unction to his soul. He acted on the Horatian maxim, "Rem.

Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem," or perhaps his ruling principle might be better represented by a slight modification

of Horace, "Virtus atque nummus post adulationem at potentium laudem."

Shakspeare had an unerring faculty of looking "quite through the deeds of men," and for drawing Shallows of the stamp of Polonius; and in almost all cases he gives them the credit of having played the revelling Corinthian in the spring-time of life.

It is remarkable that men who have given in youth unbridled reins to their passions, who have excelled in all manner of vice, and eschewed all deeds with a "relish of salvation in them," should, on the first qualm of conscience, rebound to the opposite extreme. They are often largely indulgent to the profligate tendencies of their sons, but are keenly sensitive guardians of the virgin purity of their daughters, and generally doubtful of the efficacy of maiden modesty and untried virtue in repelling the insinuating blandishments of an alluring tempter, schooled in the minutiae of his artifice; a gallant who has got the "foreign air and the Italian softness," and whose wit, deportment, and assurance, travel has polished and success confirmed.

Shakspeare, himself entrapped into an early marriage, and having shown during a long series of years no extraordinary desire for the society of his wife, to whom, in his will he bequeaths his "second best bed," may be pardoned if he had become a little cynical on the subject of female virtue, though the alleged relations of the godfather of Sir William Davenant to the pretty hostess of the Crown Inn at Oxford, may be considered as the now-washed-out slime of the viper that draws its scaly folds across the path of genius. Can we remember, on the other hand, the passionate outbursts of genuine passion in Macduff,

"He has no children; all my pretty ones!

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?"

"I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me;"

and such similar passages, without pronouncing Shakspeare the most dutiful and affectionate of husbands and fathers! It is no extra-

gant flight of fancy to imagine that Polonius had in his youth "sounded the very base string of humility;" had been sworn brother to tapsters, swingebacklers, "pampered jades," and sharpers in embroidery, for he allows such licentious conduct on the part of his son, and palliates it on the score of "unreclaimed blood." He had "heard the chimes at midnight," and "knew where the bonarobas were." He in his own fashion, suffered "much extremity for love;" very near the hopeless insanity of Hamlet whom he thought "far gone, far gone."

Having never been able to rise above the dicta of a sordid Epicurean philosophy, he has a strong sympathetic leaning to the peccadilloes of his son. He is not one of those "precise, old, gouty fellows that would debar their children every pleasure that they themselves are past the sense of." He would not muddy the water and spoil the sport of Laertes because he himself could not fish in it. He would have him be an adept in the most common and degrading vices, with the exception of theft and murder, and yet he would insist on the most stringent practice of the cardinal virtues!

Polonius, after the days of his revelry were over, and the voice of wisdom called for more serious contemplation, entered the service of the king. He had not the ability that would ever raise him to an office of supreme command. He wanted the intelligence, tact, and energy requisite for an honourable and dangerous enterprise of war; neither had he the adroit acuteness and dexterity of a diplomatist. He was an *avis domestica*, a swaggerer at home, a knight of the palace, a household chamberlain, and yet for that part of it a Danish courtier "might be wise and never see the Louvre." He knew the wiles of court, and the ways by which one man builds on the ruin of another. He "had trod a measure;" he had "flattered a lady;" he had been "politic with his friend, and smooth with his enemy." The ruling maxim of his conduct was "counterfeit," and his son Laertes seems to have profited by his tuition. Cato could hardly tender a better advice to his daughter than Laertes gives Ophelia, but the pique and pertinent point of the answer given by the guileless lady nurtured under the eyes of the wary old courtier, and passing

her time "sewing in her chamber," reveals her discovery of a patent incongruity between the behaviour of Laertes and the safe rules of guidance he had just delivered to her :—

" But good my brother,  
Do not as some ungracious pastors do,  
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
Whil'st like a puffed and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own rede."

Polonius had already initiated Laertes into the mysteries of his craft. We are not told what the precise duties of Polonius were. Claudius, with the profuse grace of new authority, professes himself and the sovereignty which he holds knit to Polonius, "with cables of perdurable toughness."

" The head is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throne of Denmark,"

to the good simple vizier. He was marshal of the king's apartments. No doubt he exercised a kind of harmless tyranny over the inferior officers of the court. The inmates of the household, from the lady-in-waiting to the cook, would have stood in awe of him, and courted his favour and good graces with assiduity, as a person of some authority with the king. He would have professed himself a judge of things in general, from a dish of the daintiest fish in Elsinore, to the "vile phrase" in Hamlet's letter to Ophelia, or to the latest heroically-sounding tragedy presented by the strolling players. Like Fadladeen, the master of the harem to the mighty Aurungzebe, he would readily comply with the line of Sadi :—"Should the prince at noonday say it is night; declare that you behold the moon and stars." He changed his opinion with the times, and took the tide at the flood.

Censures, gross ridicules, and offensive epithets are showered on him, but he does not affect to notice them, though it would be doing an insult to the intelligence displayed on other occasions to assert that he did not observe them. His levity and silly babbling were reflected back on himself, yet there it made no visible impression.

He took true note of the temperament, social rank and dignity, of his hearer, and shaped his speech accordingly. He knew when to speak, and when to be silent, and keenly watched his opportunity. He had "an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand," and a "good nose to smell out work for the other senses." He was not essentially a fool, though Hamlet calls him so even in the presence of his loved Ophelia, and advises the players not mock him. There can be no doubt that Hamlet, originally of a melancholy disposition, for we find him contemplating suicide before the ghost appears, had by this time fallen into a chronic state of semi-madness, or at least into that incoherent and intermittent delirium so closely allied to the condition of great minds when in a state of utmost tension. It is true that Polonius often talks and acts foolishly, but gives most sensible advice to his children. There is no inconsistency in this. In the one case he acts as a courtier; in the other as a father. Tender solicitude for the welfare of his offspring was not denied him, and the experience of years had supplied him with a volume of stock phrases of the most excellent and virtuous description. There is no such consistency in human nature as is often demanded of dramatists. From the most brilliant and meteoric genius that walks, after its imperial prerogative, in "maiden meditation, fancy free," and spurns the government of imposed restrictions, to the dullest and grossest spirit that "bears up for a little this corpse which is man," there are innumerable contradictions, nebulous aberrations, a rounded deformity. The nobler the mind, the more ardently does it despise this constant monotony, this beaten foot-path round which narrower capacities circulated as city watchmen within prescribed limits. There is, certainly, in the actions of great men, a sort of splendid and negligent order; but it is the outcome of an instinctive selection of the grand and exalted, rather than the product of rule and precedent; and, though Polonius was not a great man in any sense of the term, yet, only a shallow criticism would refuse him liberty within his own sphere. Though we have a pretty accurate knowledge of how he would act in given circumstances, it would be unwise and illiberal to insist on a severe mathematical symmetry in all his conduct.

Polonius, on all occasions, advises the king as a disinterested



courtier, professing the most loyal attachment, but all his actions beyond the circle of his family smack of a wise hypocrisy that overleaps itself under the garb of semi-idiotic simplicity; yet I would fain hesitate before venturing the assertion that Polonius is to be accepted as the concrete impersonation of Shakspeare's abstract ideal of a courtier. A little additional spice of the devil: a little more of the "innocent flower with the serpent under it," and a more polished and designing knavery, would be required to complete the picture of a courtier, to be gathered from numerous suggestive passages in his other plays:—Hamlet's conception of a courtier was one who should say, "Good morrow, sweet lord, how dost thou good lord?" and he makes the "water-fly," Osrick, play the puppet at his piping. Jachimo protested to Posthumus that a "thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier," would hazard the winning both of "first and last," to wit, the ring of Posthumus and the virtue of Imogen. The idea of the superfine courtier was not much developed by Shakspeare, though he laid the foundation of the crafty rogues round whom has centered the interest of many a play and novel since his day. "Thou wouldst make an able courtier;" "our courtiers say all's savage but at the court:" "Wert ever at court, shepherd? . . . then thou art damned;" there are many species of the genus courtier. In other passages Shakspeare makes the requisite of a courtier consist in elegance of diction, ludicrously polished breeding, semi-regal authority, and the license of cavalierly exacting humble service from inferiors. Autolycus thus addresses the clown, in the *Winter Tale*: "Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? Receives not thy nose court-odour from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt?" Shakspeare's tragic characters of comedy and characters of history are widely diversified, nor does he deny his courtiers the peculiarities that circumstances are fitted to produce. The wise precepts of which Polonius delivers himself on his first appearance in *Hamlet* are creditable to his judgment, but highly characteristic of the man. His reputation would have gained immensely had he not appeared again. His monument then would have been the laudable

desire left with us to know more of the man who so shrewdly called from his repository of wisdom excellent rules of guidance for his son Laertes.

English poets, from Chaucer to Pope, did not consider translation and adaptation beneath the dignity of their art. This was specially the case with the contemporaries of Shakspeare. Jonson, on several occasions, introducing entire and long passages from Ovid in professedly original plays; and though Shakspeare, of all poets, may be said least to have relished an apple that grew in his neighbour's garden, yet it is possible that in penning the counsel of Polonius to Laertes, some faint traces of Old Knowell in *Every Man in his Humour* may have been lingering about him. If such was the case, Shakspeare, in uttering ideas somewhat similar, but how much nobler the language and the sentiment! was in reality paying a high compliment to Jonson. The underlying idea in the passages quoted below may be compared.

“ And not to spend  
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,”  
“ Nor would I you should melt yourself away  
In flashing bravery!”  
“ I'd have you sober and contain yourself,  
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat,  
Not thrust yourself on all societies.”

*Jonson.*

“ Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy, rich not gaudy,”  
“ Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.”

*Shakspeare.*

Yet what needs the “myriad-minded” Shakspeare aids from the thoughts of another? One is almost ashamed to think the thought. Few men can lay a claim to a single brick in the pyramid of his fame. The great eternal truths which he grasped with the clearness of a demigod after which all men strive, and to which few attain, and which are the ultimate elements of man's finite knowledge in this world, are not presented in one unvarying aspect. Built on a rock, against which no power can prevail, they flash out on the unthinking mass of mankind like the many-hued reflector that casts a quivering

stream of light over the unruly ocean, and guides the mariner to his desired repose. What flight of fancy and clear eagle vision! His eye is continually rolling "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," and always looking out for essentials. He can 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.'" He is ever abroad in the spirit, and returns like a rich freighted argosy laden with spoils from afar. For converting pebbles, rough rock iron, shell-fish, or trees, at one single touch to the gold of Ind, he is your only alchemist. His is the true stuff; none of your Frankfort or Neapolitan counterfeits, but the undisguised ore of Ophir. Round his neck he wore the fairy amulet, the philosopher's stone, and when his pyramid, unmade of hands, was completed to its topmost round, and the circle of his glory in its fullest orb, he buried the magic stone in mid-sea, "deeper than did ever plummet sound;" and forth from this "morsel of dead royalty," of Nature's own make and patent, the divinest soul of England fled to heaven when William Shakspeare breathed his last.

Polonius' advice to Laertes is the only redeeming feature in his character. It is the sole sound pillar in a rotten building. For the nonce, he casts aside the long trailing weeds of sycophancy, and appears like a grave bishop, "close buttoned to the chin," pronouncing a benediction. Though many cunning touches mark this deservedly famous passage as the characteristic product of Polonius' own mind, yet elsewhere in his works he himself speaks in similar circumstances. The incident of a son leaving home must of necessity have often occurred in the wide sweep of all possible situations in which men are found, and all of which have been touched by the great master's hand. The few words of admonition of the Countess Rousillon to her young son Bertram when leaving home for the service of His Majesty of France, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, may be not inappropriately given here.

"Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key; be checked for silence,  
But never taxed for speech."

Here are the plain vestiges of the author of *Hamlet*. His footprint is unique. His shoe, like the shield of Achilles, is the gift of the gods, and the whole earth possesses not its fellow. But the weak flight of Polonius' wings is not equal to the lofty pinnacle on which he has momentarily stood and spoken like an oracle. It was an effort, and he must descend. The air is too rarified, and he cannot live. Crooked ways and secret whisperings are his elements. He is a fish bred in ponds and cannot breast the swift current of the stream.

No sooner has he dispatched Laertes with a burden of wise saws, than, inspired by a vain-glorious desire of showing his own shrewdness, he confides his most private thoughts about the conduct of his son to a servant of his household.

“Thou shalt do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,  
Before you visit him to make enquiry  
Of his behaviour.”

What a volume of wise-acre craftiness and artful circumvention in the phrase “marvellous wisely !” It bespeaks the man ; politic, unscrupulous, and subtly cunning ; a man of reynard-archness and insincere sincerity. Then he runs over the catalogue of allowable (?) vices, and in the garden where the virtues grow not, he scarcely finds a forbidden fruit. The flattery of the master breeds flattery in the servant : “ My Lord I did intend it,” replies Reynaldo, no doubt with a naked untruth and unblushing effrontery.

Falstaff, at times a rare noter of the oddities and humours of men, thus soliloquises after he has seen to the bottom of Master Robert Shallow :—“ It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his ; they by observing him, ‘ do bear themselves like foolish justices, and he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-liked serving man.” It is “ certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another.” His servants had noted his peculiarity and aimed at humouring him. Polonius is a man who obeys the last impulse of his nature. He has a poor power of reckoning possibilities, and is thrown off his balance by unexpected events. When the love of

Hamlet and Ophelia is first made known to him, he rails with bitter and supercilious sarcasm against them both; tells his daughter to think herself "a baby," "a green girl," and denounces the "tenders" in "honourable fashion" of the Lord Hamlet's love, and his vows, as "mere implorators of unholy suits." But when Ophelia gives him that spirited and spontaneous account of the wild and sudden appearance and vanishing of her lover, he is dumb and instantly beshrews his jealousy. He repents of his strict injunctions to his daughter, in whom he has little confidence, and with whom he feared Hamlet had been trifling. The most untainted chastity *he* had known in his days seems not to have been "clad in complete steel," so he fears his daughter will "tender" him "a fool."

Perhaps the scene so vividly described by Ophelia was never acted in more terrible earnest in real life than in that short interview between Swift and Vanessa at Marley Abbey, the residence of the unfortunate, infatuated lady. The cruel, stony-hearted Dean, with his countenance lit up with a choleric passion, which it was well framed to convey, and which quite paralysed the tongue of the affrighted girl, strides in, throws a letter on the table, and stalks out again. It was, at once, her own fatal letter to Stella, and her death-warrant. Polonius is careful not to suffer the least breath of censure to taint his loyalty. He indignantly repudiates any suspicion in that way, even from the king himself.

*King.* "But how hath she  
Received his love?"

*Polonius.* What do you think of me?"

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.

*Polonius.* I would fain prove so. But what might you think  
When I had seen this hot love on the wing  
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me). What might you,  
Or my dear Majesty, your Queen, here, think  
If I had played the desk or table-book?"

When guilt finds it necessary or prudent to assume the cloak of innocence, it fences with the weapons of Polonius. "What do you take me for? Do you know who I am, sir? A person of my quality to be treated at this rate?" How glibly here the lie trickled

off his tongue; and all to preserve his reputation for a quick and penetrative judgment. He must pose as the knowing one should the world go crack. In this affair of Hamlet, he *must* sustain the *role* of the omniscient Indispensable, and prate excessively of his fine organs of scent.

“ And I do think (or else this brain of mine  
Haunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it was wont to do) that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet’s lunacy.

When asked to pour his welcome tidings into the greedy ears of the King and Queen, he puts it off with a true instinct which a self constituted counsellor never lacks. The ambassadors had just arrived from Norway and to make the relish of the King and Queen keener for his tidings, he promises it shall come as a fruit to the “great feast” expected from the ambassadors. Polonius is meantime bracing his energies for one of his rare occasions. His star is now in the ascendant, and it lies before him either to mar his established reputation by an ill-considered judgment, or, by a stroke of discerning genius, to engraft himself more firmly in the King’s favour, and unravel the mystery that enshrouds the unaccountable conduct of the prince. Men of his kind, on such occasions, taking advantage of their supposed exclusiveness of knowledge are dogmatic and even inclined to use extreme language: “your noble son is mad; mad call I it” he cannot proceed to unfold the knowledge he possesses without running into definitions of “majesty” and “duty,” deferring his discovery as long as possible. It is a false policy to raise expectations which the matter to be communicated will fail to satisfy. Polonius overdid it, and the impatient Queen reminds him that his speech is a “great cry and no wool.” They got him with difficulty to proceed and give his version of the madness of Hamlet. He narrowly watches for the effect. If the King and Queen waver in their judgment, or show any leanings to his views, then comes his time to modify his conclusion, or cap it with a supremely oracular and positive assertion, an irresistible vindication of his foresight by appealing to the register of past instances of intellectual keenness.

*King.*     Do you think 'tis this?  
*Queen*     It may be very likely.

Like a warrior that sees the weak point in his enemy's armour and thither directs his spear, Polonius observes the uncertainty in which he has left their Majesties, and gathers himself for a triumph.

*Polonius.* Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that),  
That I have positively said "'Tis so"  
When it proved otherwise ?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Polonius.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise :  
(*Pointing to his head and shoulder*).  
If circumstances lead me I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre."

This is splendid. Polonius here stands on the sublimest height of state-craft. "Honest Iago" could scarcely have done it better. Before he leaves the Queen he contrives a plan by which his daughter is to meet Hamlet and the madness question to be put to the test, and the victory made secure for himself. He encounters Hamlet reading, and is thoroughly crestfallen. The prince probably knew what was on foot between Polonius and the Queen, and is resolved to defeat the purpose of drawing him into any secrets toils. Hamlet falls into one of his customary moralising moods, and bright scintillations of thought from his speech pierce even the thick-coated brain of Polonius. He had concluded that the youth was mad, but he sees this madness is unlike all others. "If this be madness there is method in it." So Polonius, still hoping matters will redound to the glory of his ingenuity places himself behind the arras where he meets his fate.

Man generally values himself at his proper rate. There are in this world little souls and great souls, and the little soul must by the law of his nature bow before the great. It seldom oversteps its proper limits without consciousness of it, nor can man fall so low as to lose the recognition of a superior soul as Hamlet's is to Polonius's.

## A Letter on Frontier and Natal Travelling.

BY VICTOR SAMPSON.

(Continued.)


I SUPPOSE one of Natal's greatest attractions in point of curiosity to travellers is Dr. Colenso. I had the honour of travelling with the Bishop all the way to Maritzburg. Time is beginning to tell upon that fine form. There was a look of weariness in his face, and that expression of mental fatigue common to an overworked brain, but in the Bishop's case peculiar to the life-long worker. His hat appeared to oppress him, and it seemed to relieve him when he could hold it in his hand. The breeze through the carriage window soothed him, and in time he closed his eyes and dozed quietly. As the white hair blew about his large forehead, I could not help observing more closely the expression of his fine features. The face seemed but the shell of the spirit within, and spoke of the habitation of strong will and commanding power. It was lined with the tale of long struggle and deep thought, and recalled the scene of the past career as the blood-stained garments of a sleeping soldier might lift the veil of the day's battle. I acknowledge to a feeling akin to reverence in the presence of the witnesses of a life labour, however much its object may be at variance with my own sentiments; and I stole many a glance of respect at those relaxed features before me. Along the line to Botha's Hill there is much that is beautiful in the scenery, but to my mind the grandest view of all on the road to Maritzburg is when, seated on the coach, one looks down upon the rugged valley of the Inchanga with its jagged hills and mountains clad in purple and blue. It is truly magnificent. I love such scenery and cannot help chronicling it. But here is the first hill we have to climb on foot. Over and over again before I reached Kokstad was this programme repeated. "Please gentlemen, it is too heavy for the horses, you must get out and walk," is the oft-repeated request one must early accustom himself to—at last we arrive at Maritzburg. Descending the hill to it, one obtains a good view of the town and its surroundings. It is built on a long tongue-shaped



eminence running parallel to a high range of mountains about a mile distant in the background. Gum trees predominate in the immediate vicinity, but in the town itself are many rather fine oak-trees, certainly the finest I have seen out of the districts about Cape Town, those at Shiloh in Queen's Town alone excepted. There is, however, a great deal about Maritzburg to remind one of the western districts of the Cape Colony. The town is built in the Dutch rectangular style, with the streets at right angles and parallel to one another. The main street with its canvas or colonnade verandahs stretching across the pavement, its saddler's shops, small jewellers, cave-like draper's establishments, and at the top of the street private houses with trees lining the stoeps, reminds one vividly of Plein-street. There were still signs of the Zulu campaign remaining in the few troops and military officers about, but the place was otherwise quiet enough. The largest hotels were almost empty; and men of business have to look to sterner times. It is in Maritzburg that one begins to see more of the refugee Zulu. To me it was strange to meet him armed with kerrie, stick and assegai. On the Cape Frontier a Kafir dare not walk in the streets with a knobkerrie of the smallest pretensions. I could not help thinking of the state society would be in, if gentlemen in Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, or D'Urban, were permitted to walk about armed with loaded revolvers and bowie knives; and I should very much like to have seen the police reports of Maritzburg as to the consequences of the liberty allowed the Zulus. However, there was not much time to spend in Maritzburg. The next morning early I was again seated on a post-cart. A long journey now lay before me, not improved by the fearful account of the roads. However, it seemed hardly possible that they could be worse than those which I had lately travelled over. The event showed. Twelve pounds luggage is all that is allowed a passenger on the Natal roads. Between Maritzburg and the Umzimkulu no less than a shilling is charged on every pound extra, and between the Umzimkulu and Kokstad another sixpence is levied on the same article. Add to this £6 for passage money, and the journey with a small portmanteau is not so inexpensive as might be imagined. The first place we now arrived at

was Richmond, a pretty village half surrounded by a crescent of hills covered to their summits with grass. At various points up these hills grow clumps of immensely tall gum trees. The light and shade under the blue haze which hangs on every Natal hill, gives the whole scene a very soft and beautiful appearance. Hitherto, we had been travelling with six horses; four only were now to face the most difficult part of the road. There were six passengers, and these with the heavy mails made no light load. We were soon climbing hills, whose gradient was one in five, and sometimes even steeper than that.

*(To be continued.)*



THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

ZACHARIAS WAGENAAR,

INSTALLED 6 MAY 1662, HELD OFFICE UNTIL 27 SEPT 1666.

No. II.

IN the afternoon of the 20th September 1665 an Indiaman with the red flag of England floating at her mizen peak stood into Table Bay and dropped an anchor without furling her sails. The *Loosduynen*, a clumsily rigged, slow sailing flute, just in port after a long passage from the Texel, was the only vessel lying in the roadstead at the time. The stranger sent ashore a small boat with a petty officer, who informed the Commander that the ship was the *Royal Charles*, of thirty-six guns, bound homewards from Surat with a cargo of pepper and calico. The captain, James Barker by name, requested permission to take in a supply of water and to purchase some fresh provisions. The English had not the faintest suspicion that their country was at war with the Netherlands, and as soon as Commander Wagenaar became aware of this he determined to take advantage of their ignorance and get possession of their ship by strategy. The four men who had come on shore were therefore hospitably entertained, their request was apparently acceded to, and when they returned to their ship a present of fruit and wine was sent to Captain Barker. The object in this was to induce the captain to visit the fort, so that he could be detained as a prisoner without any trouble or danger.

The scheme was nearly thwarted by a drunken mate of the *Loosduynen*, who happened to be coming on shore with a strong crew as the English were going off. He pulled alongside of them, too

their boat in tow, and forced them to return to the fort. There he was instantly committed to prison for his trouble, and many apologies were offered to the Englishmen for the rudeness and violence to which they had been subjected.

During the night arrangements were made to carry the *Roya Charles* by surprise as soon as the captain should land. About two hundred and fifty men were armed and distributed in the *Loosduynen* and the large decked boats which were employed to bring shells from Robben Island. It was intended that these should approach as if by chance, and suddenly board the unsuspecting stranger.

At daybreak next morning the *Royal Charles* sent her empty watercasks ashore in the longboat with the captain's brother and ten seamen, who took a present of some value for the Commander in return for his courtesy of the preceding evening. The Englishmen were invited into the courtyard of the fort, when to their astonishment the gate was closed upon them and they were informed that they were prisoners of war.

Meantime all the non-combatants of the settlement, male and female, betook themselves to the side of the Lion's Rump to witness the capture of the Indiaman. About seven in the morning Captain Barker became suddenly aware that something was wrong. There was no sign of the return of his longboat, a couple of cutters were evidently creeping alongside, the *Loosduynen* was shaking out her canvas, and two or three shallops full of men were seen at different points along the shore. The sails of the *Royal Charles* were still hanging loose from her yards, and a light breeze from the northwest was rippling the surface of the bay. There was not a moment to be lost. In a few seconds the topsails were sheeted home, the hempen cable was severed by a couple of strokes from an axe, and the Indiaman, gathering way as her canvas was spread to the breeze, was soon standing over towards the Blueberg shore. All hope of carrying her by surprise being now dispelled, the *Loosduynen* and the cutters hoisted their colours and followed in pursuit, keeping close together. Then commenced a chase which may have seemed exciting to the onlookers from the Lion's Rump, but the story of which is calculated only to create mirth at the present day. The *Royal Charles* had the weather gauge and was the fastest sailer, but she

could not beat out of the bay, and so she kept tacking about for three or four hours, the pursuers in vain attempting to get alongside. About eleven o'clock the breeze died away, and then she let go an anchor and fired several shots of defiance. There were not enough rowing boats in the bay to attack her with, so she was safe as long as the calm should last.

At noon Captain Barker waved a white flag as a signal that he would like to communicate with his pursuers. A boat was sent alongside, when he demanded to know the cause of all the commotion and why his men were detained on shore. He was informed that he would learn all particulars if he would go on board the *Loosduynen*, and he was then requested to strike his flag. To this request his reply was more emphatic than polite. It was to the effect that he had no intention of doing anything of the kind. He was so obliging, however, as to throw to the boat a package of letters he had brought from Surat, but added to them a scornful message for the Commander.

Towards evening the breeze sprang up again, and the chase began once more. After a couple of tacks, however, the *Royal Charles* was fortunate enough to weather Green Point, passing close to the hostile squadron as she did so. The pursuers and the pursued had not been within range of each other during the whole day, but at last there was a chance for a shot. It was getting dusk when the *Loosduynen* fired a broadside, to which the *Royal Charles* replied with her four stern guns. Nobody was hurt on either side, and before the culverins could be loaded again the Englishman had disappeared in the darkness.

Commander Wagenaar was disappointed, but he made the most of what had fallen to him. That evening he calculated to a gulden the value of the longboat and the water casks, the present that the captives had brought ashore with them, and the two anchors and cables in the bay, allowing, of course, a margin for finding these last and fishing them up when found.

The prisoners offered to work without payment if the Commander would promise to send them to Europe with the first return fleet. This offer was declined, and they were sent to Batavia, after having been provided with a very scanty outfit.

For thirteen years after its foundation the settlement was considered too small to demand the services of a resident clergyman. A sermon and prayers were read regularly every Sunday, and on special occasions by the Sick Comforter, and the other rites of the church were performed occasionally by ships' chaplains. Marriages were usually celebrated before the Secretary of the Council. The first Sick Comforter, Willem Barents Wyland, and his successor, Pieter van der Stael, have already been mentioned. Van der Stael left the Cape for Batavia in September 1663, when Ernestus Back, who had previously held the same office on board a ship, was appointed to the vacant place.

This man was so addicted to intemperance that at times he was unfit to perform his duties. He was repeatedly suspended, on which occasions the Fiscal conducted the services, but punishment and disgrace seemed only to harden him. The Commander was fearful that his conduct would bring down divine vengeance upon the community, all the members of which by some method of reasoning were considered subject to the consequences of his guilt. Mr Wagenaar's alarm was increased by the appearance of a comet, which for two months was seen nightly in the sky. He and his Council did not doubt that the terrible star with a tail was put there by God as a threat of righteous punishment, and therefore they concluded that it was high time to get rid of the chief offender.\* A yacht was lying in the bay ready to sail for Batavia. Back and his family were unceremoniously hurried on board, and the office was once more vacant. A fortnight later it was filled by the transfer of a Sick Comforter named Jan Joris Graa from a ship that called. This man was giving every promise of a useful and honourable career, when he was removed by death in June 1665. Thus there

\* "omdat ons Godt alreede met sijn rechtvaerdige straff over onse vuijll en sondich bedrijff nu wel twee maenden alle nachten achter een door een ijzelicken steert sterre aen den hemel is comen te dreijgen, weswegen dan nu oock hooch noodich geacht hebben ons de gemelte onwaerdige leeraer quijt te maken en de selve nevens sijn familie per dit jacht mede na Batavia vertrecken te laten."—Despatch of the Cape Council to Governor-General Joan Maetsuijker and the Councillors of India, of date 7th February 1665. Stringent regulations against sabbath breaking also followed the appearance of this comet, and were attributable to it.—Proclamation of the 15th January 1665.

had always been some one whose special duty it was to represent the church, though in a very humble capacity.

But when it was decided to replace the old earthen fort with a substantial stone castle, it was also decided to provide a resident clergyman who should attend to the spiritual instruction of the constantly growing congregation. The Rev Johan van Arckel, who received the appointment, arrived in South Africa in the ship *Nieuw Middelburg*, which cast anchor in Table Bay on the 18th of August 1665. A few days later an ecclesiastical court was established, the constitution of which shows the intimate relationship which existed at that time between the Church and the State. The court consisted of a member of the Council of Policy, who was termed the Political Commissioner (*Commissaris Politicque*), the Clergyman, who was a servant of the Company, the Deacons, who were selected by the Council of Policy from a double list of names furnished yearly by the court itself, and the Elders, who were indeed elected representatives of the congregation, but who could perform no duties until the elections were confirmed by the temporal authorities.

Such was the constitution of the Ecclesiastical Court, which had primary control of all purely religious observances and the direction in the first instance of all educational institutions during the whole period of the East India Company's government of this colony. It was in one sense merely an engine of the State, and it was always and in every case subordinate to the Council of Policy. In practice it was guided by the decrees of the Synod of Dort and by precedents of the courts of the Fatherland, which were never disputed, and its decisions appear generally to have been in accord with public opinion.

Not long before this time a fierce dispute had arisen among the clergy of the Reformed Church in India, and the strife was hotly carried on in every congregation and often in the very households of the laity. The question debated was whether the children of unbelieving parents should be baptized or not. At the Cape the custom had been for the ships' chaplains to baptize all slave children that were brought to them for that purpose, at the same time admonishing the owners that it was their duty to have such children educated in Christian principles. Many of these children were half breeds and on that account entitled by law to freedom, but even in

the case of pure blacks baptism and a profession of Christianity were always at this time considered substantial grounds for claiming emancipation. Yet it does not seem to have been a mercenary spirit so much as a genuine conviction that the act was not in accordance with the teaching of the bible which induced many persons even here at the Cape to object to such baptisms. The members of the Council of Policy as well as the burghers were divided in opinion, and as no agreement could be come to here, reference was made to Batavia.

A reply was received from the Governor General and Council of India (dated 25th of January 1664) in which the Authorities at the Cape were informed that the Ecclesiastical Court at Batavia in conjunction with the Classis of Amsterdam had decided that the children of unbelieving slaves ought to be baptized, provided that those with whom they lived bound themselves to have such children educated in the Christian religion. They had arrived at this opinion, it was stated, from the precedent furnished by the Patriarch Abraham, all the males of whose household had been circumcised on account of their master's faith. In conformity with this decision, the Honourable Company had established a school at Batavia for the education of the children of its own slaves, all of whom were baptized in infancy, and the Cape Government was directed to act in the same manner.

In some of the Company's possessions, however, the burning question could not be set at rest even by all the authority of the Indian Government and the Amsterdam Classis, supported by the precedent of the Hebrew Patriarch. Many clergymen took a different view of that precedent. The laity continued to be divided, so much so that not a few congregations were rent asunder and were ranged anew in hostile order. The strife even extended into families and created bitterness between the nearest relatives.

Mr Van Arckel embraced the views held by the Classis, and baptized all the children that were brought to him, whether they were of believing or unbelieving parents. The Company's own slave children were sent to school, where they were taught to say their prayers and to repeat the Heidelberg Catechism. For a time all strife ceased in matters ecclesiastical, for the clergyman had won



the affection of the people by his gentleness and piety. But he had hardly time to do more than take his work well in hand when on the 12th of January 1666, less than six months from the date of his arrival, he died after a very brief illness. To supply his place temporarily the Council detained the chaplain of the next ship that called, pending the appointment of a permanent successor by the Supreme Authorities. The chaplain so detained, Johannes de Voocht\* by name, remained at the Cape for several months, during which time he followed the same course as Mr Van Arckel. The burning question of the day was nearly forgotten, when an incident occurred which revived it for a moment.

On the afternoon of Sunday the 21st of March 1666 the congregation was assembled for worship in the great hall of the Commander's house in the old fort. The room did not much resemble the interior of a church in its fittings, but as yet the building which was to be specially set apart for religious services was not completed, and this apartment had always been used for the purpose. Round the walls hung various trophies of the chase, chiefly skins of slaughtered lions and leopards, and over the end windows and the doors which on each side opened into smaller rooms were polished horns of some of the larger antelopes. At the end opposite the entrance usually stood the figure of a zebra made by stuffing the hide of one of those animals with straw, but this was removed before the service commenced. When Commander Wagenaar came to the colony the windows of the hall like those of the private rooms were unglazed, Mr Van Riebeeck having been satisfied with calico screens, but this defect had been remedied, and now the congregation had plenty of light to read their bibles and psalm books.

The preacher was the Rev Johannes de Voocht. Occupying an elevated seat just in front of the little platform which served for a pulpit was the Commander, behind whom sat the Secunde and the Fiscal. The Elders and the Deacons had stools to themselves on one side of the platform, and on the other side sat the Rev. Philippus Baldeus, chaplain of the ship *Venenburg*. The body of the hall was filled with people of less note. After the sermon a child of European parentage was brought forward and baptized. Then a

\* NOTE.—Spelt variously in the documents of that date Voocht, Vooght, and Voogt.

slave woman went up to the platform with her infant in her arms, but before Mr De Voocht could dip his fingers in the water up rose the Rev Mr Baldeus and protested against the performance of the rite. The Commander was astonished at the audacity of the man who dared in such a manner to interfere with a service conducted with the approval of the Indian Authorities in one of their own forts, but he chose to remain silent. The Rev Mr Baldeus went on to say that he was better informed in such matters than any one here, and that the practice in vogue was decidedly wrong. Upon this interruption, the officiating clergyman desisted from performing the baptism, and the service was abruptly terminated.

Next morning the Council met and went over in debate the whole history of the dispute. It was then unanimously resolved that the orders received be implicitly obeyed, so as to preserve harmony and peace in religious as well as in political matters, and that therefore the Rev Mr De Voocht be instructed to baptize the slave child on the following Sunday, together with any others brought to him for that purpose. This settled the question for a time at the Cape, but some years subsequently it came to the surface again, and down to a recent date continued to cause disruptions, happily however not attended by the violent animosities of a bygone age.

Subsidiary to the church was the school of that period, in which the children were taught to read and write, to cast up accounts in gulden and stivers, and to repeat the catechism and sundry prayers. The first school at the Cape was that opened by Pieter van der Stael for the instruction of the slave children from the West Coast. It was closed after a few weeks, owing to events that have been related. Towards the close of 1663 a school was again opened, with Ernestus Back as teacher. The fees were at first fixed at two shillings a month for each child of a burgher, but this charge was shortly reduced to one half. Slave and Hottentot children were to be taught without charge,—for God (*pro Deo*) as stated in the regulations. The school was commenced with seventeen pupils, four being slave children, one a youthful Hottentot, and the remaining twelve Europeans. Back's misconduct, however, soon necessitated his suspension as a teacher of youth, when a steady well-behaved

soldier named Daniel Engelgraeff was appointed schoolmaster. Under his care the pupils increased in number, and nothing occurred until his death to interrupt his work. The early settlers at the Cape showed even by their school regulations how thoroughly practical a people they were. Thus, there was no fixed time for holidays, because the loft in which the school was kept was needed for the accommodation of visitors whenever a fleet was in the bay, during which period the children were of necessity released.

During the period of Mr Wagenaar's government of the settlement the Europeans and Hottentots lived generally on the best of terms with each other. Once only an event occurred which caused a little unpleasantness. A party of Cochoquas with cattle for sale encamped one evening close to the watchhouse Keert de Koe, where the gate was through which they must pass to enter the Company's territory. There a soldier on guard detected some of them in the act of breaking down the fence to make a fire, and upon his ordering them off they belaboured him severely with their sticks.\* Next morning they came on to the fort as if nothing had happened, but the soldier was there before them, and upon making his complaint two of them were arrested and placed in confinement. The others were informed that upon their producing the actual assailants the prisoners would be released, but not until then. Thereupon they returned to their clan to arrange as to what should be done, and after a short delay ten good oxen and as many sheep were sent to the Commander as a recompense for what had occurred. Mr Wagenaar accepted the cattle instead of the hostages, with a promise on his part that they would be returned at any time upon the production of the disturbers of the peace. These never were produced, and so after waiting some months a pecuniary award was made to the soldier and the cattle were slaughtered for the benefit of the Company.

\* NOTE.—The word *kerie*, by which this weapon is now generally known to Dutch and English alike in South Africa, had not yet come into general use. I am informed by a gentleman who speaks the Hottentot language that this word closely resembles in sound the native name for a short stick with a jackal's tail attached to it, used for brushing away flies and other purposes, and which the Hottentot men carried about with them just as the Bechuanas do now. There being no Dutch name for either this or the fighting stick with a clubbed head, the latter may easily have had the native name of the former given to it.

The Cochoquas and Chainouquas\* were by this time so well supplied with copper and trinkets that they seldom brought cattle for sale except when they were in want of tobacco, but from the Hessequas large herds were frequently bartered. All were anxious to procure iron, and the Commander could at any time have obtained from the nearest Cape clans as many oxen as he required in exchange for the much-coveted article, had he chosen to supply it. But under no circumstances would he part with as much iron as would make an assagai, for fear of the ultimate consequences to the Europeans. Some of the natives understood how to smelt this metal for themselves, but the quantity in general use was very small.

In the disputes between the clans the policy of Mr Wagenaar was that of strict neutrality whenever he could not mediate so as to preserve peace. In 1664 the Cochoquas and the Hessequas were at war with each other, when Oedasoa offered to pay six hundred head of good cattle in advance for military assistance, and as many more after the return of an expedition which he was planning, if it should succeed in crushing his enemy. The offer was declined without hesitation, and Oedasoa was informed that the Dutch were determined to quarrel with no one unless they were compelled in defence to do so.

In the following year the Hottentots suffered very severely from a disease which broke out among them. What its nature was is not stated, but as the Europeans were not attacked by it, it is not probable that it was introduced by them. It was certainly not small pox. Mr Wagenaar computed the loss of the Goringhaiquas and Gorachouquas at one fifth of their original number, so that they were left with only about eight hundred fighting men. The Cochoquas suffered even more. In the words of the Commander, they melted away. Whether other clans were affected is not mentioned, but the disease, whatever it was, can hardly have been confined only to those nearest the Cape.

\* About this time the Chainouquas began to be called Soeswas by the Europeans, though the old chief Sousoa, from whom the new name was derived, died in 1664. In the same manner, one branch of the Cochoquas had now the name of Gonnemas given to it.

The number of Hottentots residing permanently in Table Valley increased during Mr Wagenaar's administration to about eighty souls. This increase was owing to an influx of some of the most worthless individuals from the pastoral clans. They had a kraal of their own on the slope under the Lion's Head, where after Harry's death in 1663 they were nominally under the government of Jan Cou. The Commander never interfered in any quarrels among themselves, but he gave them notice that if any of them were caught stealing from Europeans he would have them soundly flogged. They lived, according to Mr Wagenaar, by sending their women to collect firewood for sale, placing their little daughters in service, and further by fishing occasionally and begging constantly. The men could seldom be induced to do any other work than tend cattle, and that only in return for spirits and tobacco. They could all understand Dutch so well that an interpreter was no longer needed.

Eva, who had been brought up in Mr Van Riebeeck's house, was baptized soon after the arrival of Mr Wagenaar, and two years later was married to that sturdy explorer Pieter van Meerhof. The Commander and Council believed that this union would tend to promote good will between the two races, and they resolved to show their approbation of it in a substantial manner. Eva was considered a child of the Company, having served as an interpreter for many years without other payment than food and clothing. A bridal feast was therefore prepared for her at the Company's expense in the Commander's house, and a wedding present of ten pounds in money was made to her. The bridegroom was promoted to the full rank of a surgeon, with pay at the rate of three pounds a month. In the following year he was further advanced to the office of overseer on Robben Island, where in addition to the old establishment a party of men was placed to collect shells and dress stones for particular work in the castle.

The prices paid by the Company for grain were raised at this time, as the burghers complained that the old rates allowed them no profit. Wheat was raised to eleven shillings and eight pence, rye and barley to nine shillings and two pence, and oats to six shillings and eight pence the muid. The farmers were paying from sixteen shillings and eight pence to twenty-five shillings a month to European men

servants as wages. The Javanese horses had increased so greatly in number that the Company began now to supply the farmers with them. In 1665 the first troop of sixteen were sold by public auction, and brought on an average four pounds five shillings each.\*

In 1666 there were sixteen free families living in Table Valley. Of these, four kept canteens, one had a retail grocery, one was a baker, and the remainder were mechanics. The government fixed the price of everything that was sold. An officer went round periodically to test all weights and measures. Such as were correct were stamped by him, and such as were not according to the Amsterdam standard were destroyed.

Commander Wagenaar had not been two years in South Africa when he requested the Directors to relieve him of the cares of government, owing to his ill health. In December 1664 his request was so far complied with that he was informed of the appointment of a successor in the person of Cornelis van Quaelberg, who, however, was unable to leave Europe just then. It was intended that the Commissioner Isbrand Goske should remain here until Mr Van Quaelberg's arrival, but when he reached the colony the Commander's health was so improved that it was unnecessary for him to stay after the site of the castle was fixed.

Mr Van Quaelberg left Holland in the ship *Dordrecht* on the 19th December 1665, but did not reach South Africa until the 25th August 1666. During the war ships sailing from the Netherlands for the Indies did not attempt to pass through the English Channel, but stood away to the northwest and rounded the British Islands. In midwinter the *Dordrecht* was so battered and tossed about in the stormy North Sea that she was compelled to put into

\* NOTE.—It was the custom to post up copies of proclamations and notices in a public place, where every one could see them. The wording of the notice of the first sale of horses in the colony may amuse some readers:—Men advertteert en laat een ijgellyck mits desen weten dat den commandeur en Raedt van't fort de goede hoop: voornemen is eenige Jonge paerden die hier te lande voortgeteelt zijn soo hengsten als merrijen aen meestbiedende off vilt de hant te vercoopen, die daer gadinge in heeft die come op woensdagh aenstaende des achtermiddaegs te drie uijren zijnde den 25en deser in des E Comps Paerdestal en doe goet coop.

In't fort de goede Hoope adij 21en Februarij 1665.

the Faroe Isles, where she lay for nine weeks. After leaving those isles she lost by death one hundred and ten sailors and soldiers, and when she at last entered Table Bay hands had to be sent from shore to drop her anchors and furl her sails, for there was not a single person in sound health on board. Mr Van Quaelberg landed at once with his family, but he did not take over the government until the 27th of September. On that day a ceremony took place similar to that with which Mr Wagenaar assumed office. Four years and a half had not gone by since then, but only one of the old members of the government was present on this occasion. Roelof de Man and Pieter Everaert had died in that interval. Abraham Gabbema, who followed the first named of these as Secunde, had left for Batavia high in favour with the Directors only a few months before. Hendrik Lacus, Secretary when Mr Van Riebeeck left, was now Secunde, and beneath him at the Council Board sat the Lieutenant Abraham Schut, the Fiscal Cornelis de Cretzer, the Ensign Johannes Coon; and the Chief Surgeon Pieter van Clinkenberg.

On the 1st of October Mr Wagenaar with his daughter in law sailed in the *Dordrecht* for Batavia. He knew, when he left, very little more of the country and its people than what his predecessor had taught him. After the return of the party under Sergeant Jonas de la Guerre, he sent out no more exploring expeditions, and no new clans except the Hessequas had visited the fort during his government. The boundary of the settlement remained exactly where Mr Van Riebeeck had left it. Two of the old watch houses, Houdt den Bul and Koren Hoop, had been broken down, the other three, Duynhoop, Keert de Koe, and Kyck uyt, were kept in good repair. The number of men to whom free papers were given during this period was very small indeed. A few women, either wives of or betrothed to men already in the colony, and a couple of families from the Netherlands constituted the additions to the settled population. Mr Wagenaar's opinion was unfavourable to colonization of this country by Europeans. He seems to have been prejudiced against the free burghers, for the statistics which he was obliged to furnish show that they were far from being as idle as on more than one occasion he pronounced them

to be. In the last official document which bears his name he wrote that in his opinion twenty-five industrious Chinese families would be of as much service to the Company as fifty families of such Europeans as were established here, and regretted that they could not be obtained. The poor opinion which he entertained of his countrymen was probably a reflection of their feelings regarding him, for there is no trace of the slightest sign of regret shown by any one on his departure.

Two years later Mr Wagenaar's name occurs again in the colonial archives. He was Vice Admiral of the return fleet of 1668, and in that capacity spent a few days in the settlement.





## “The Ascent of the Matterhorn.” \*

I SUPPOSE that few of those who leave this Colony to spend a month or two in Europe fail to visit Switzerland. I suppose, too, that few of those who thus visit Switzerland fail, sooner or later, to find their way into the Rhone valley, and thence up the Visp-thal! And who that has tramped up the stretch of valley from S. Nicholas to Zermatt, can forget the effect that was produced upon him, when a sudden turn of the road brought him into full view of the giant obelisk of the Matterhorn? It matters not how many pictures of the mountain he may have seen; it matters not how often he may have read of the steep rock faces and grand precipices; when once face to face with the mountain itself, he cannot suppress a cry of wonder, of astonishment, almost of awe.

But it is not its striking appearance alone which fascinates the traveller as he looks up at the grim pyramid. Its history tells us of daring and determination, of disaster and death. For years the mountain was attacked again and again by more than one sturdy cragsman; for years those who dwelt at its base “spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt;” for years even the hardiest and ablest guides—all save one—believed that that summit was inaccessible. And when at last defeat was changed to victory, when perseverance was rewarded with success, the exultation of the conquerors was cut short by death and by mourning.

The kindness of a friend, who was good enough to lend me the volume, has enabled me to renew my acquaintance with the book in which Mr. Whymper, the hero of the Matterhorn, has recorded his Alpine experiences; and finding myself as much charmed with the “Ascent of the Matterhorn,” as the volume is now entitled, as I was some years ago with its former self, the “Scrambles among the Alps,” I have asked the Editor of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* to allow me to draw attention to the book in these pages.

When I first read the “Scrambles” I had but an imperfect acquaintance with Switzerland, and none, if I remember rightly, with the mountain of which so many of its chapters treat. Since that time I

\* “THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.” By Edward Whymper, London. John Murray, 188c.

have learned to look upon the Matterhorn as that piece of inanimate nature which I regard with most reverence. Not the angry wave-crests of a storm-tossed sea ; not the thunder of Niagara ; not the view from the Corcovado over the peaceful Bay of Rio, backed by the Organ Mountains, has impressed me so deeply as the silent grandeur of the Matterhorn. And now that I read again Mr. Whymper's account of the Ascent of the Matterhorn, I say that the book is worthy of the mountain, and I can give it no higher praise.

Mr. Whymper's volume has indeed a unity of plan which is not usual in books of this nature. In the third chapter we have an account of the author's first scramble on the Matterhorn ; then follow descriptions of many attempts and many failures ; and the last two chapters tell of the final success and the terrible revenge of the conquered " spirit " of the mountain. Thus, apart from the interest of individual parts of the work—an interest which makes one acquainted with the Alps hold his breath—there is a special and increasing interest in the work as a whole. It is perhaps the unity of plan which gives the impression that the book has *grown* in the hands of the author, and has not been made with elaborate care. It is perfectly easy and natural ; there is no trace of book-making

Of hair-breadth escapes, Mr. Whymper had not a few ; and this fact will, no doubt, give the book a charm to some readers. But no one who is without experience of mountaineering in Switzerland, can either form a true estimate of the difficulties and dangers which were undergone, or enter into the feelings which prompt the mountaineer to face all reasonable risks to attain his object. To those who continually ask : " What is the good of all this mountain-scrambling ? " let Mr. Whymper answer :

" We who go mountain-scrambling have constantly set before us the superiority of fixed purpose or perseverance to brute force. We know that each height, each step, must be gained by patient, laborious toil, and that wishing cannot take the place of working ; we know the benefits of mutual aid ; that many a difficulty must be encountered, and many an obstacle must be grappled with or turned, but we know that where there's a will there's a way : and we come back to our daily occupations better fitted to fight the battle of life, and to overcome the impediments which obstruct our paths, strengthened and cheered by the recollection of past labours, and by the memories of victories gained in other fields." P. 296.

To this, however, it may be that the retort will be made, “Yes, yes, this to the world in print. But in your secret thoughts, is it not in part at least to revel in the pride of having done it?” Of course it is. Of course the mountaineer is proud of doing that which many, perhaps most, of his fellows have not the pluck or energy to do. But those who thus sneer at the mountaineer, having probably never done anything that they can be reasonably proud of, are unable to enter into his feelings. To have done a piece of work well, no matter what work it is, is a thing which anyone may lawfully be proud of; and when a man feels that his holiday climbers among the mountains have made him a better man than he was before, he is proof against the sneers of those whose muscular and moral fibre are often equally flabby.

Some people again cannot get free from the idea that a mountain is ascended solely for the view obtained from the summit. And they say, “Why climb the Matterhorn when you can get an equally fine view—in some respects finer, for the Matterhorn itself is an object in the panorama—from the Breithorn, the walk up which is neither difficult nor dangerous?” But no one who has actually been among mountain crags and glacier seracs, imagines that Alpine peaks are climbed merely for the sake of the view from the summit, which can often be only enjoyed for a few minutes, and under considerable difficulties. Every fresh point gained opens out a fresh scene; the whole climb is a series of grand and ever-changing views. And who can tell from a distance what scenes are opened out when crags and glens, and precipices, are seen face to face. Who, for instance, that has only viewed the Waterfall Kloof, above Rondebosch, from the village below, can form any conception of the scenic beauty—within the reach of every able-bodied man whose sojourn in South Africa has not sapped his energy—which opens out as you ascend that ravine to the neck or pass which separates the great and little Devil’s Peak? Those who imagine that they have any idea what the Alps are like, from a tour through Geneva, Lausanne, Thun, Interlaken, and Lucerne, with perhaps an ascent of the Righi by rail, are not a little mistaken.

But, to revert to the question of the dangers of mountaineering, the picture of Mr. Whymper’s fall down a snow *coulair* on the

Matterhorn, may well give some excuse to those who would magnify the risks of Alpine climbing. The fall was a sufficiently awkward one; but it was one which would never happen in the ordinary course of mountaineering, where a party, three or four strong, are all roped together. And I confess that it would seem as if, in his solitary scrambles on the Matterhorn, Mr. Whymper was tempted from the course of wisdom by the traditional Devil of the Mountain. To the man who clambers alone, a badly sprained ankle may be death, a broken arm or a stunning blow from a falling stone may be destruction. Isolated among the mountain precipices, powerless to descend over comparatively easy rocks, he may suddenly see death by starvation or frost, staring him in the face; a fate far more terrible than that which a headlong fall would entail. For Mr. Whymper's experiences during his fall seem to show that death from the latter cause may be almost painless.

"I was perfectly conscious," he writes, "of what was happening, and felt each blow; but like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was, naturally, more severe than that which preceded it, and I distinctly remember thinking, 'well, if the next is harder still that will be the end!' And, more remarkable, this bounding through space did not feel disagreeable. But I think that in no very great distance more, consciousness as well as sensation would have been lost, and upon that I base my belief, improbable as it seems, that death by a fall from a great height is as painless an end as can be experienced." (p 79, Note).

The descriptions of scenery, which abound in the book, are particularly happy; and this, I imagine, in part at least, because Mr. Whymper is an artist. It is no easy thing to describe the view from a Swiss snow-peak. In the hands of a careless writer it becomes a mere catalogue of names. But to the eye and mind of the true artist, the parts are duly subordinated to each other; the prominent features are caught; of these alone the details are apparent, but not obtrusive; while the minor features blend into a background, which is rather felt to be there than actually seen. Take as a sample of Mr. Whymper's word-painting, the following passage. The time is daybreak; the place, the S.W. ridge of the Matterhorn:—

"Turn to the east and watch the sun's slanting rays coming across the Monte Rosa snow-fields. Look at the shadowed parts and see how they, radiant with reflected light, are more brilliant than man knows how to depict. See how, even

there, the gentle undulations give shadows within shadows; and how, yet again, where falling stones or ice have left a track there are shadows upon shadows, each with a light and a dark side, with infinite gradations of matchless tenderness. Then note the sunlight, as it steals noiselessly along, and reveals countless unsuspected forms—the delicate ripple-lines which mark the concealed crevasse, and the waves of drifted snow, producing each moment more lights and fresh shadows, sparkling on the edges and glittering on the ends of the icicles, shining on the heights and illuminating the depths until all is aglow, and the dazzled eye returns for relief to the sombre crags.”—(pp. 55-56).

Nor is Mr. Whymper less happy in his vein of humour than in his vein of description. The wit is never forced, is never out of place. And following as it often does descriptions of difficulty and danger, which charm from their manly modesty, and perfect freedom from egotism, it is in the very position to tell. For the opposite reason the following extracts, isolated as they must be here, lose much of their force:—

“Each one selected his nook, and we then joined round a grand fire made by our men. Fortnum and Mason’s portable soup was sliced up and brewed, and was excellent; but it should be said that before it *was* excellent three times the quantity named in the directions had to be used. Art is required in drinking as in making this soup, and one point is this:—always let your friends drink first; not only because it is more polite, but because the soup has a tendency to burn the mouth if taken too hot, and one drink of the bottom is worth two of the top, as all the goodness settles.”

“The night passed over without anything worth mention, but we had occasion to observe in the morning an instance of the curious evaporation that is frequently noticeable in the High Alps. On the previous night we had hung up on a knob of rock our mackintosh bag, containing five bottles of Rodier’s bad wine. In the morning, although the stopper appeared to have been in all night, about four-fifths had evaporated. It was strange; my friends had not taken any, neither had I, and the guides each declared that they had not seen anyone touch it. In fact, it was clear that there was no explanation of the phenomenon, but in the dryness of the air. Still it is remarkable, that the dryness of the air (or the evaporation of wine) is always greatest when a stranger is in one’s party—the dryness caused by the presence of even a single Chamounix porter is sometimes so great, that not four-fifths but the entire quantity disappears. For a time I found difficulty in combating this phenomenon, but at last discovered that if I used the wine flask as a pillow during the night the evaporation completely stopped.”—(pp. 147-148.)

And again: “Guide-books recommend mountain-walkers to suck pebbles, to prevent their throats from becoming parched. There is not much goodness to be got out of the pebbles; but you cannot suck them and keep the mouth open

at the same time, and hence the throat does not become dry. It answers just as well to keep the mouth shut, without any pebbles inside—indeed, I think better; for if you have occasion to open your mouth, you can do so without swallowing any pebbles"—(pp. 250-251).

Here and there, throughout the "Ascent of the Matterhorn," are scattered valuable observations on the rate of degradation of the mountain, which will be of interest not only to the geologist, but to everyone to whom the sight of the phenomena of this world suggests the question, How?

"It is natural," we read, "that the great ridges should present the wildest forms; not on account of their dimensions, but by reason of their positions. They are exposed to the fiercest heat of the sun, and are seldom in shadow as long as it is above the horizon. They are entirely unprotected, and are attacked by the strongest blasts and by the most intense cold. The most durable rocks are not proof against such assaults. These grand, apparently solid—eternal—mountains, seeming so firm, so immutable, are yet ever changing and crumbling into dust. These shattered ridges are evidence of their sufferings. Let me repeat that every principal ridge of every great peak in the Alps amongst those I have seen, has been shattered in this way; and that every summit amongst the rock summits on which I have stood, has been nothing but a piled up heap of fragments."—(pp 210-211).

There are few mountaineers, I imagine, who cannot corroborate these remarks.

On the meteorology of the mountain, too, Mr. Whymper has some remarks which are worthy of attentive consideration. One of the main obstacles in the path of the mountaineer is bad weather. And it may almost be said that each peak has its special weather. Nor does the weather in the valleys afford much clue to the weather on any of the higher mountains in their neighbourhood. During his sixth attempt to scale the Matterhorn, Mr. Whymper underwent experiences which serve to exemplify these facts. His party were ascending towards "the shoulder" in superb weather, when suddenly a rush of cold air came upon them, it was difficult to say whence, but apparently from above, "like the water of a shower-bath."

"All became tranquil again; the atmosphere showed no signs of disturbance; there was a dead calm, and not a speck of cloud to be seen anywhere. But we did not remain very long in this state. The cold air came again, and this time it was difficult to say where it did not come from. We jammed down our hats as it beat against the ridge and screamed amongst the crags. Before we got to the foot of the tower, mists had been formed above and below. They appeared

at first in small, isolated patches (in several places at the same time), which danced and jerked and were torn into shreds by the wind, but grew larger under the process. They were united together and rent again, showing us the blue sky for a moment, and blotting it out the next, and augmented incessantly, until the whole heavens were filled with whirling, boiling clouds. Before we could take off our packs and get under any kind of shelter, a hurricane of snow burst upon us from the east”—(p. 116).

Soon they were in the focus of a thunderstorm, which lasted during the night, and forced them to retreat on the following day.

“We returned to Breil in the course of the afternoon. It was quite fine there and the tenants of the inn received our statement with evident scepticism. They were astonished to learn that we had been exposed to a snowstorm of twenty-six hours’ duration. ‘Why,’ said Favre, the innkeeper, ‘we have had no snow; it has been fine all the time you have been absent, and there has only been that small cloud upon the mountain.’ Ah! that small cloud! None except those who have had experience of it can tell what a formidable obstacle it is.”—(p. 121).

The theory which Mr. Whymper offers to explain this phenomenon is probably not far from the truth.

But enough has now been said to show the aim and scope of the book, the title of which is placed at the head of this paper. It might almost be said to be a monograph of the Matterhorn; and the admirable illustrations more than double its value. No words, for example, could give such an idea of the cabane in which those who ascend the mountain from Zermatt pass the night—I will not say sleep—as a single glance at the plate which faces page 99.

I suppose there are few with earnest work to do who have not felt that the earnest work of another well done in a different field is an incentive to renewed labour. Mr. Whymper’s holiday work has essentially been well done. And I for one have gained by the perusal of his book pleasure—much pleasure—but something more than pleasure, strength.

C. LLOYD MORGAN.

Rondebosch.



## Cape Dutch.

## III.

THE principal features whereby the Cape dialect is distinguished from High Dutch, are—1. Differences of signification. 2. The elision of final consonants. 3. The repetition of the negative. 4. Peculiarities of pronunciation. 5. Its want of inflection. And 6. The incorporation of a comparatively small number of foreign words.

In the following slight sketch, I can do no more than barely call attention to a few of the more salient characteristics, as it would require not only abundant leisure and careful study to bring forward any well-digested scheme, but also thorough knowledge of the various Dutch dialects still in vogue.

1. With reference to the first of the peculiarities which I have noted as existing in Cape Dutch, the author of the paper in the Cape Monthly of 1872 more particularly notices four words which he alleges to have entirely changed in meaning, but I cannot help thinking that he has been rather unfortunate in his choice, for, of these, three at least will frequently be found in the older writers, with identically the same signification attached to them as that which we give to them at the Cape. These words are “*aardig*” meaning in Holland “facetious,” at the Cape, nasty; *schoon* beautiful, which here “comes to mean clean; *wys* wise, which becomes insolent; *slim* clever in a bad sense,” which here “acquires a good meaning.” Now, the first of these *aardig* does not signify facetious in modern Dutch; but (1) pretty, agreeable; or (2) curious, odd; and the latter are also the senses in which the word is used here. Daniel Jonktys (1600-1654) employs it in this sense in a lovely little lyric “*Roselyns Oechjens*,” and Bilderdyk accepts this as its true meaning whilst he rejects the other as a Germanism. Nasty at the Cape is not expressed by *aardig* but by *vuil*, *morsig* or even *naar*. *Schoon*, again, although usually it means comely or beautiful in Holland, is just as often employed for clean, as, *schoone handen*, *een schoon bemd*, &c.; but although the verb *schoon maken* is also used in Holland, yet its equivalents *reinigen*, *zuiveren*, are more frequently heard, whilst here they are never made use of. But *schoon maken* was common among our early settlers; for, to quote one example, Fredrik Verburg in his Journal (2 Dec. 1652) uses it in this sense. *Wys* as denoting insolence is, indeed, strange to Holland, but it appears to me to be merely a contraction for *wysneuzig*, as people who are



*wysneuzig* are usually insolent at the same time.\* *Slim* again was often used in a bad sense by the older writers, but frequently also in a good one; and at present there is no actual difference in this respect between High and Cape Dutch except that here, owing to the poverty of our language, it is never used colloquially for bad, but always for cunning, sly, and very often for clever, a sense which Van Lennep also applies to it, in some cases making it equivalent to *schrand*. I wish to direct attention, however, to one or two more decided instances:—In High Dutch the word *oolyk* is usually taken to signify subtle, sly; but with us it means deprived of innate value, good for nothing, as *een oolyke vent*. In this sense, again, it is found in most of the older writers. Huyghens says, 't was noch yet oolickers, 't was een onkundigh fier. Some fifty years ago it was still used in Overyssel for sickly, a meaning which somewhat approaches our own; and with Cats it denotes *ondeugend, iets dat niet deugt*. Similarly, we say *een toe deur* which should properly be *eene geslotene deur*, the word *toe* being never an adjective, and yet in former times Huyghens now and then used the word in the same way as we do. So again, our farmers have a habit of calling every one a *neef* or a *nicht*, terms which are in High Dutch only applied to relatives, but the habit appears to have been common in Amsterdam (*vide* Bilderdyk, *Aanteekeningen* of Huyghens II. 131). To say *als* after a comparative would now be highly improper, but we do so at the Cape, and it is found on almost every page of the writers of the 17th century. Even the orthoepist Vondel uses it in this manner. The word *kop* is chiefly applied to the head of one of the lower animals, and seldom to persons, except those for whom we have little respect, but the older writers employed it instead of *hoofd* without the slightest compunction, and we follow their example. The Dutch word denoting bed is *bed*, but here we speak of *kooi*, a ship's term for hammock, and Van Riebeeck invariably uses *kooi* when he refers to a bed. Huyghens employs the same word, and, moreover, another, which with us is always used when we should say *keuken*. I allude to *combuis*, a ship's term which is to be found in Van Riebeeck's Journal. Again the word *daarom* is frequently adapted by us to such sentences as *al ben ik zwart, ik ben daarom toch goed*, which, I believe, is still an idiom peculiar to Amsterdam, but was certainly one when Hooft wrote his *Warenar*. A Dutchman when speaking of a bottle will almost invariably call it a *flesch*, but Simon Turver in his Journal has the word *botteltjes* which is

\* Changuion's suggestion that it is derived from *wijs* a form of *wies* seems too far-fetched. *Vide* his *Nederduitsche Taal* in Z. A. Hersteld, p. 139.

still found in Cape Dutch. *Snater* is considered a vulgarity in Holland, but here it is frequently used and little thought of. The word is likewise found with an innocent signification in Huyghens. A curious instance of a word changing its meaning completely is to be found in *oorlam* which strictly meant a dram (of gin) and then, figuratively, an experienced sailor, so that for a long time it was employed by us in the sense of clever, cunning, but now most people apply it to a person who can work, but pretends not to be able to do so, evidently associating it with *oor*, over, and *lam* lame. The word *aanzienlyk* when speaking of a person usually denotes portly, stately, distinguished, but we often use it for good looking. So again *afnemen* with us means to take a portrait, but in Holland it signifies to take down, or away, and instead of this, which is a good Dutch word, they borrow from the French the term *portretteren*. *Beginsel* which is here frequently used for *begin* strictly means principle, but is an old Dutch word, and was formerly used in the same way as we do. So *blyven* in the expression *waar blij jij*, where are you living, is no longer used in High Dutch, for a Hollander would say *waar is uwe verblyfplaats*, *verblyven* having the same signification in Holland that we sometimes attach to *blyven*. *Braaf* used in the sense of very, is never met with in modern High Dutch. The expression *dood maken* is in Holland exclusively applied to killing, but here we use it for snuffing (a candle), quenching (a fire). *Iets te keer gaan* in Holland means to prevent anything, but here we sometimes use the words *te keer gaan* for making a row. We speak of *kuijeren* in some instances when we go for days from home, in Holland only when we go for a walk; *schoon* in the sense of altogether is an Anglicism, but as such constructions are frequently found in Cats and Huyghens, there is no necessity to assume that it was only introduced after the English occupation, nor can it be ascribed to German influence here (for *rein* is used in the same way), for the works of the older Dutch writers teem with German idioms. Once more, *uitwaayen* in High Dutch means to blow out, to flutter, but we very often use it in the expression *wat het ik met jou uit te waai*, what have I to do with you. With us the word *vermaken* means to outdo, as in the phrase *Ik laat my nie van jou vermaak nie*, although in High Dutch it means to please. In the sense of bequeathing, however, it is still used here as well as in Holland.

For some of the above examples I am indebted to Changuion's *Nederduitsche Taal in Zuid Afrika Hersteld*, a book which Mulder in his *Beknopte Geschiedenis der Nederlandsche Letterkunde* considers

equal to anything of the kind that had appeared in Holland up to 1845, but which, having been written and published here, is either looked upon by our countrymen as utterly beneath their notice, or what is worse, of which they have never heard. At the same time I must confess that in quoting Cape Dutch he points to certain expressions as being peculiar to us which are to be found in most Dictionaries coming from Holland, but are, as a rule, therein marked as vulgarities. On the other hand he gives instances of faulty pronunciation which seldom occur, and distorted phrases which are never met with.

2. The elision of final consonants is a characteristic feature of many Dutch dialects, and notably of the Amsterdam and Rotterdam *patois*. Thus *loopen* becomes *loope*, *werken*, *werke*, and *neen*, *nee*; and where there are any phonetically superfluous consonants they are quietly lopped off in conversation thus, *bosch* becomes *bos*, *visch*, *vis*; *borsch*, *bors* and *nagt*, *nag*; *naar*, towards, also becomes *nae*.\* This phonetic spelling I have often met with in Van Riebeeck's Journal, and I have been informed by good authority that it occurs frequently throughout our records. I have myself seen it in Hooft, Huyghens, Cats, and many other old poets.

3. The author of the paper in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, 1872, suggests that the repetition of the negative in Cape Dutch may be in imitation of the French idiom, and would seem to hold that it was introduced into this country by the French refugees; but adds, however, that it might be a relic of the old Dutch double negative (*ik en kan niet gaan*). Neither of these suggestions is correct, for it is a genuine relic of the Amsterdam dialect which, as I contend, some at least of our predecessors brought here. (*Vide* Hooft's *Warenar* IV. 1. *daer is niemana niet*, or Bredero's *Spaanshe Brabander ach dit denkt niemant niet* Huyghens also uses this double negative now and then.)†

4. As to peculiarities of pronunciation, I find numerous examples of the old Amsterdam dialect, which correspond with Cape Dutch, but shall content myself with quoting a few of the most glaring similarities: thus we have *noyen* to invite, *wewenaer* a widower, *braeyen* to roast, *hunluy*

\* The expression "alle beyde syn dood geraak," instead of *geraakt*, I find in a letter written by Jan Symonsz, dated 3rd January, 1655, which occurs in Van Riebeeck's Journal.

† Bilderdyk in a note on Huyghens says, that they always spoke in this manner in the 17th century whenever they suppressed the negative particle *en* as in *ik en kan niet gaan*, which if the *en* were suppressed would then have been *ik kan niet gaan niet*. I have also been informed that one of our earliest Governors, Wagenaar, used the double negative in his letters.

which when uttered rapidly would be *buluy* corresponding with our *bullie*, their. That this word *buluy* was sometimes if not always pronounced *bullie*, as with us, is proved by the use of a kindred word *baarlie*, which is also Cape. The first of these words occurs in Huyghens, Korenbloemen, and the last in Hooft's Mengeldichten and Byschriften. Another instance of similarity is found in the words *jy, jou, jouwent* (as in *om jouwent wil*) which are both in the Cape and Amsterdam dialects. The High Dutch word *rupse* again is pronounced *rispe* in Cape Dutch as well as in the dialect of Amsterdam. An expression which occurs in Hooft's Warenar, recalls to mind the language one now and then hears in Cape Town streets "*tooveres met jou magere bek.*"

The question *Raeje't myn?* instead of *raadt gy het my aan*, finds its parallel in our tongue, and *waar loopje nae toe?* is by no means a stranger to it. *Lout ruiken* for suspecting was used there as well as here, and *nuwe jaer* is what we also say instead of *nieuwe jaar*. We never say *snyders* or *schenkels*; nor did the Amsterdammers—they spoke of *snyers* and *schinkels* as we would. Whenever we wish to make use of the preposition through we do not employ *door* but *deur*; so did they. We usually say *mit* for *met*, and they did likewise. *Altemet, bykans, alleenig* and *bakkies, bobay, rusie*, are words we use, and they employed them frequently. We never say *nu* but always *nou*, and what did they do? The same. *Bloeden, slaatgy, <sup>s</sup>pecit, zoon, als, ryden, lyden, spoeden, speel, veel, vleesch* and *aan* were all strangers to them; for they said as we do *bloeyen, slaey* or *slaeye, speult, zeuk* as *ryen, leyen, spoeyen, speul, veul, vleis* and *an*; and when we wish to speak what we fancy is High Dutch we do not say *ingebracht, dacht, &c.*, but we imitate them and speak of *ingebrocht, docht, &c.* We never say *drempele* always *drumpel* as they did, and even *bouden* we alter into *houwen* as was customary with them, and their *ouwe baes* is still ours. Nay *sieur* which is essentially French, and could perhaps have been looked upon as an importation of the refugees, even *that* is theirs, and may be seen in Hooft's Warenar. A spider's web is still *spinnerach*, although Hollanders usually say *spinneweb*, and *menigeen* was always *mennigen* as it still is at the Cape. *Voorby* is a word we never use except when we speak to the educated classes; it is always *verby* with the others, and strange to say the Amsterdammers of the 17th century preceded us in this habit. *Onze lieve Heer* and *nae binnen toe!* are often heard at the Cape—just so, they were heard in Amsterdam. *Houw op! een spul, ouw broer, gekriezel, veinsters* or *vaynsters* (instead of *vensters*), *daelders, oortgens, stueren* (for *zenden*) were all in common use with them, and are not quite unknown so us. Even

ing they altered into *jonk* as we do, and the expression *sonder jocken* we are well acquainted with. A *blaasbalck* is still used by us not a *blaasbalg* as the upper ten in Holland have called it. *Een gouwe staf, barssens, kunkkel* (in *een kunkkel in dekabel*), *kneukel* (for *knokket*), *een klap om de ooren, voer* (for *voeder*) are common expressions with us, as they were with them. If we should say in the dialect of Amsterdam "as jy dit nie doet nie dan zel ik jou slaan," any Africander would very soon know what is meant. "Ik ken hem op een prik," "op een haer," "op een duy," are all well known phrases here, and find their prototypes in Hooft and Huyghens. We never say *moerbezie, aardbezie* as we should if we spoke genuine High Dutch, but always *moerbey, aar(d)bey* and similarly *vrienden* we alter into *vrinden, alles* into *als, mest* into *mis, weiden* into *weyen, staelen byl* into *staelebyl, buitenkant* into *buitekant, musenissen* into *muysenesten* (in the expression "daar is muysenesten in zyn kop,") *leenwerik* into *leenwerck, dubbele* into *dubbelde*, all changes which find their parallels in the writers I have cited, and in those same works we frequently meet with such phrases as "myn vader is stock out," "ik ben boeglam," "ik zeg me jae is me jae en me nee is me nee," "men slaet twee vliegen mit ien(k)lap, krygt ze de snof van de pot mit gelt in de neus," "als is aan flenters," "leelyke rackers," "aepekleuters," "goets moets," "gansch en gaer," "askacx," "hy is cen askat," "een fluckse krel," "katje van de baan," "achterbax," "sus of soo," "hy het my kwaad gedaan," "ik zel jou een staeltje vertellen," "jy zel myn nie verlakken nie," "kom, laat ons aan tafel gaan," "ik zel dit straks doen," "deur de bank," "mit een mes as een vliem," "jy maakt dit te bont," "ik zie jou nie ver vol aan nie," "ik doe dit op myn eigen hontje," "hy is weer op de been." Such words again as *sapperloot, stop* (as used in English) *kackerlack, kalendar, servet, hart* (for *moeyelyk*), *mot-regen* (for *stofregen*), *wincken* (for *wenken*), *sargiant* (for *sergeant*), *steuren* (for *storen*), are by no means seldom met with, and even our peculiar contractions have their precedents as *waffer vis, watten boel, zukken taayen vel*. At the Cape the word *liggen* is never used for "to lie down" always *leggen*, and at Amsterdam it was the same, as can be seen from the expressions "ik legh te laagh," "legg en zucht," "legh en speul," which are all to be found in Hooft. Again, the contraction "albei" is only another form of "alle bey" (alle beide) used instead of the simple *beide*, "both," and can be found in Hooft's Achilles and Polyxena.\* A few peculiarities of pronunciation which we

\* "Alle beyde" was in common use here. See letter of Jan. Symonsz, 3rd January, 1655.

have retained are found in Van Riebeeck's Journal ; for instance, *ossies* for *osjes*, *marseerden* for *marcheerden*, *waterlemoenen* for *watermeloenen*, *pampieren* for *papieren*,\* *vergangen nacht* for *gisternacht*, *patattissen* for *pataten*, *verby* for *voorby*, *altemalen* which we have altered into *heeltemaal*, *verscheide* for *verscheidene*, which we following the Amsterdam rule have contracted into *verscheye* just as they altered *weiden* into *weyen*, or *leiden* into *leyen* ; and many words which we use are also to be met with in the same Journal, as *tracteren*, *lamsboutje*, *spanderen*, *discours*, *attraperen*, *negotie*, *risico*, *bykans*, *stilletjes paayen*, *voeteren*, *roer* for a gun (still common among our farmers), *koebeest*, *manqueeren*, *snaphaen*, *deurgaen*, &c.† There is one singular contraction, however, that is very apt to puzzle an investigator, and that is the change of *zeg*, *leg*, &c., into *zeb*, *leb*, or *zeggen*, *leggen* in *zêhe*, *lêhe*, but it will appear less strange if we reflect that there has always been a tendency to give a hard sound to a *g*, when being in the middle of a word, it happens to precede *en* as *morgen*, *dagen*, which many of us pronounce as if the *g* were not guttural, and the majority as if it were altogether absent, thus :—*môre*, *dâe*, the elision of the *n* being a common occurrence as I have shown before. I have read that this hard sound is still given to the *g* by the Frisians, but am unable to say for certain whether this is so, and would be inclined to believe that it is a consequence of a large influx of German immigrants during the earlier years of the settlement (for the Germans display the same tendency of eliminating the *g* in the middle of a word), were it not that the *g* when it forms the initial letter of a word, or when it precedes an *a*, *o*, *i*, or *u* is always heard as guttural, a phenomenon which never occurs in German. I must, therefore, frankly confess that without further information I am unable to give a conclusive answer to this question. Another feature in Cape Dutch which would seem to be unknown in Holland, is its aptitude for contraction, but even here we can point to similar instances. We very often use the word *boo* for *boogh*, *oor* for *over*, and in Meyer's *Woordenschat*, which was published in the middle of the 17th century, these contractions are also found. Again, *bruid* is very often pronounced *breyd*, and *is*, *es* among us, and Meyer quotes this pronunciation as once existing in Holland. *Library* and *parmantig*, are found in the same book as frequently used by us, and we sometimes hear of "Ik *citter* van die kou," and this mode of pronouncing the word *sidder* has also its precedent.

\* "Pampier" is also found in Hooft's *Warenar*, III. 5.

† Even the contractions "dit *hoort* niet," "ik *hoef* niet," are found in the old Dutch writers for "dit *behoort* niet," "ik *behoef* niet."

5. The want of inflection displayed in Cape Dutch is remarked more particularly, as I have said, in all disregard of gender and ease, and, among the lower classes, in the absence of a definite conjugation in the verb. I have also expressed an opinion as to the probable causes of this deterioration, and have suggested that it is to be for the most part ascribed to the defective education, which has for a long time prevailed at the Cape, and to the fact of children having from an early age been left to the tender mercies of slaves and Hottentot nurses. This, of course, hardly holds good, in the towns at least, at the present day, but as it is nevertheless absolutely true, that the rising generation in our cities and villages speak Dutch infinitely worse than their parents and immediate predecessors, some other cause must be sought for to account for the phenomena which we observe among our contemporaries, and on careful consideration of the facts, I cannot help thinking that the attention of schoolmasters and parents being more closely directed to the tuition of English, than of Dutch, will, in a great measure, account for the deterioration to which I allude. However that may be, some of the peculiar changes of inflection can, at all events, be traced to a very early period. It is well known that we have a habit of using the word *die* in almost every case for *de* or even *het*. Thus we say *die man, die vrouw, die peert*. Now this was universally prevalent in the Netherlands during the 15th and 16th centuries, for specimens of such usage can be seen in Jonekbloets, *Geschiedenis der Nederlandse Letterkunde* I. 276, 280, and Linshoten's *Travels* bear witness to the same peculiarity. The use of *die* for *het*, however, as well as for *den*, is essentially Cape. In Van Riebeeck's *Journal* there is a letter written by Corporal Marcus Robbeljaert, in which he speaks of *die thuyne, die gele wortelen, die tarwe, die Heer, die raven*, where in good Dutch we would use *de*. Another curious feature in Cape Dutch is that we do not use the genitive case, and say *des mans boed*, but *die man zyn boed*, or similarly *des schouts deur* but *die schout zyn deur*, and for this also we find a precedent in the old writers, for Hooft in his *Granida* uses the expression "In Dwingeland *zyn stoel*," and in his *Mengeldichten*, *verby den schout zyn deur*. Again, we never say "ik *ben* geweest," as we should, but usually (among the lower classes, at all events), ik *heb* geweest, or ik *het* geweest, an expression which is also to be found in Huyghens. And further, we always say "hy *bet*," instead of "hy *heeft*," a peculiarity which many would be inclined to regard as indicating foreign influence, but, so far from this being the case, we find in Bredero's *Spaansche Brabander*,

and in Hooft's Warenar "hy *het*," as belonging to the Amsterdam dialect of the period.

"Wie sou eens dencken dat syn bulster of syn bedt,  
Geen daelder waert en is, met alles wat hy het?"

or again,

"Hy weet wel, dat hy niet en het,  
Dan een gebroken pot."

But not only do we use the word *het* for the third person singular, but, as a rule, we employ it for every person in the present tense of the indicative mood, just as many of us do with the word *is*, and this use constitutes the chief proof as to our want of inflection, for although the better and more educated classes seldom fall into this error, it is a lamentable fact, which cannot be concealed, that among the lower classes, at all events, this usage is gaining ground more and more rapidly. But, instead of endeavouring to gloss over this peculiarity with such phrases as "Phonetic Decay," and "Dialectic Regeneration," which in our case is simply a ludicrous application of hardly intelligible terms, we should rather seek for the origin of the mischief in the quarters to which I have pointed, and should endeavour to remedy the evil by every means in our power.

6. The batch of labourers who first formed a settlement upon these shores brought with them no literature, no strict grammatical rules. They had at their disposal a number of words sufficient for their daily wants and daily intercourse, and such articles as were strange to their eyes, or natives of an eastern soil, they designated by such terms as were applied to them in the countries whence they came. It is for this reason, also, that the skin coverings used by the Hottentots are called *karosses*, and that *karroo*, *dagga*, *gouph*, and the names of peculiar indigenous shrubs, as well as of certain localities, have been retained in their original form. "Cape Dutch has derived few words from the native inhabitants of this country . . . . It is, therefore, as wrong to call the Cape *patois* Hottentot Dutch, as it would be to speak of English as Celto-Saxon."\*

To this we may add that such words as are evidently derived from the Malay or other Oriental languages, are for the most part applied to a few specific articles peculiar to the East, and illustrating the habits, customs, dress, or cookery of those regions. There is, however, no actual necessity

\* *Cape Monthly Magazine*, 1872.



for assuming that these words were introduced by the slaves imported into this Colony, as they must have been in constant use among the Portuguese and Dutch traders, and might just as well have been brought here by some of the first settlers who landed on these shores. Of these I may mention *pierinkie* (from Mal. *piring*, a saucer, or tray), *sjambok* (from *sjaboot*, or *sjabok*, a whip), *soesati* (probably from *soesatoe*, one by one, as the pieces of meat are taken up one by one, and strung on a bamboo spit), *boeboti* (perhaps from *boemboe*, a sort of prepared curry powder), *toedoeng* (a sort of hat from a similar word signifying to cover), *pondok*, a small hut, and *sambillee* (to kill any living creature by cutting the throat after the Mohammedan fashion). Whether *kaparrang*, a species of sandal worn by Malays, and *blatcbang*, a sort of pungent condiment, are derived from the same language, I shall not pretend to say, as I have not been able to trace them to their source, but their form would seem to justify us in referring them to a similar origin. Nor, indeed, am I in a position to trace the etymology of the word *atchar*, which, however, is to be found in most Portuguese dictionaries, and was certainly in common use among our earliest settlers, for I have been informed, on excellent authority, that it is frequently met with in the records. The word *ayab*, too, which is in all likelihood Hindustani, is met with in the Portuguese language, and must have been constantly employed by those who traded in the East. Beyond these, I do not now recollect any other words in Cape Dutch of distinct Malay origin, except *ampir*, nearly, almost, which is still used by us in the same sense, *bajang*, or rather *banja* (referred by some to the French *bien* in the sense of very, but more likely the Malay *banjak*, many), *bakkeleyen*, or *bakkeleislag* (from *bukelibee*, a duel), and lastly *choerang*, or *tjoerang* (from *choeran*, to cheat in play). Whether *cbakki-chakki*, *fakamma*, and *casta*, all denoting pretence, are to be ascribed to a similar origin, or whether they are Negro or Hottentot expressions, I leave to more competent judges to decide. *Sies!* (fie!) and *tjoep!* (*bist!*) are evidently onomatopoeic; at all events I cannot definitely point out their derivation. *Arri*, an exclamation of surprise, may be Hottentot, but as such interjections can be multiplied indefinitely and at will, they can hardly be taken into account as affecting a language. *Allab!* the Arabic name of the divinity, *alle mensig!* denoting surprise, and probably also of Arabic origin, *mijn gunne!* a perversion of the Dutch name of the Supreme Power, are all exclamations in constant use. One or two words we have, indeed, borrowed from the Portuguese language, but if we recollected that the general intercourse of eastern traders was carried on in

that tongue, as I have already mentioned, the existence of these words in Cape Dutch can hardly be looked upon as due to the negro slaves from Mozambique or Benguela. Thus we have *basta!* (hold! enough!) *baljaren*, to romp (a simple transposition of the *i* and *l* in *bailar*, to dance), *sambreel*, from *sombreir* and *tamaaio* (*tamanbo*, so great). *Krabbetjes*, earrings, may be from *carabe*, an amber ornament, a word found in most Portuguese Dictionaries, but of which I have not been able as yet to fix the exact etymology. English, too, has lent, and is continually lending, words to Cape Dutch, but these borrowed terms are for the most part of recent date. Thus we have *bill*, a skeleton Act of Parliament, to *enter* (an item), *convict*, *dandy*, *fair*, *hint*, *honeymoon*, *meeting*, *pony*, *trunk* (evidently from *trunk*, a coffer), *set*, *truck*, *ticket*, *temple*, *tender*, &c., and the less we study High Dutch, the more prone will we be to multiply these terms, owing to our ignorance of the proper equivalents. *Bolderen* and *boldermakiesie* are evidently from the German *bollern*, to roll, and *werskaft*, is only another way of pronouncing *wirtschaft*, whilst *uitpietsen* is the Dutch form for *anspeitschen*, to scourge. These words were, however, most likely used in Holland before the first batch of colonists sailed from Texel, as Germanisms are frequently observed in the Dutch writers of that period.

The above form a nearly, if not quite, complete list of all the direct foreign importations into Cape Dutch, upon which so much stress has been laid, and although it would be rather rash on my part to affirm that no other words derived from extraneous sources are made use of by our countrymen, yet I am hardly conscious of temerity in venturing to state that, with few exceptions, these are the only terms in common use wherever the Cape patois is heard. By dint of careful scrutiny, it may be possible to pick out a few more terms, but such additions will scarcely contribute to swell the list to any material extent. Some words there are, indeed, which would at first sight appear to demand a place among the foreign terms, but on closer inspection they turn out to be either old Dutch, or peculiar contractions, or genuine Dutch words, but with a different signification to that now applied to them in Holland. Of this nature are *droster*, *karkatje* (a euphonious form of the synonym for the word still used in Holland to denote a sty), *mangels* and *pampoentjes* (names given to mumps on account of the shape of the glands), *pappellekoorts*, *pappe*, *lel*, *koorts*, a fever, a symptom of which is the relaxation of the uvula), *maskie* (another form of *misschien*, or perhaps a contraction for *het mag geschiên*) 'mos or 'mes (a contraction for *immers*), and *tata* (the

old Dutch *ate* or *tate*, meaning a father. *Tammeletje*, however, would seem to be from the French *tablette*, and *jilletje* is certainly the diminutive of *gille*, a clown or fool. *Ouwelap* would appear to be a jocular term for a penny, whilst *noy*, a young lady, is a word which I have not been able to trace to any particular language (perhaps it is a form of the Portuguese *noiva*, a bride). The so-called bastard words, or those derived from the French, and now seldom used in Holland, were in constant use during the seventeenth century, and are still frequently heard here, particularly among members of the former generations. Of this class are *attraperen*, *spanderen*, *taxeren*, &c., all of which can be seen in Meyer's *Woordenschat* where also are found examples of our own peculiar pronunciation, as in *kornel*, a colonel, *apteker*, an apothecary, &c.

But I feel that the reader's patience has been sufficiently taxed, and yet if I have succeeded in showing the direction in which a profitable study can be carried on, I shall rest abundantly satisfied, and content myself with leaving such pursuits, for the present, to better hands. At the same time I may be allowed to express a hope that earnest inquiry into the origin and development of Cape Dutch will by no means be abandoned, but, progressing with our knowledge, will serve as a guidance for future generations, when its use shall have become universal over the whole country, or when, which is far more likely, having been stamped out of existence, it shall be known to few but antiquaries and philologists.

## A Letter on Frontier and Natal Travelling.

BY VICTOR SIMPSON.

*Continued.*

SOON after leaving Richmond, a most beautiful piece of scenery gradually began to unfold itself. To the left of the road rose a grass covered hill some thousand feet high, crowned at its summit with a solitary clump of tall gums. The gradient on the Richmond side was easy; but a turn of the road suddenly changed the view. The great hill broke into a precipice descending sheer down upon a deep valley, with the great blue gum trees stationed like immense sentinels above the winding path. It was very impressive. On the opposite hill we passed a very pretty farm with its mealie fields hedged in by the luxuriant Mauritius thorn. Immediately after, we found this to be the summit of an immense hill; and that a descent of eight or nine hundred feet lay before us on the other side. Down into the steep valley went the cart, stumbling over boulders of rock in the rough wagon track,—it was the only hill in Natal which reminded me of Barkly,—through a drift and up another wild looking mountain. The country here became very wooded, and the glimpses of long valleys and blue mountains on all sides very grand. Hill after hill was surmounted until we came upon the Umkomaze river. The descent to it was extremely steep and the road worse; we endeavoured to descend as cautiously as possible; but it was of no avail, we had not even reached the spot where the driver indicated we should have to walk down, when, the wheels catching in a deep rut, the cart capsized. Seeing the rut and feeling the wheel tilt, I sprang out some distance sideways, in order to give the cart room to pass should it roll down the hill. I was on my feet in time to see the other passengers shot out. Had the cart rolled over, two or three would certainly have been killed. An elderly lady and a young child fell immediately in the way of the heavy vehicle; so did the driver. A gentleman was shot down the hill and stunned. Fortunately the depth of the rut prevented the cart from more than merely turning on its side, and beyond a few bruises and a rough shaking no real damage was done. At the river a clumsy pont took passengers and cart across,—a very dangerous experiment it seemed to me should the river be at all full. After changing horses we at once

commenced the ascent of other hills, with one or two very narrow escapes, until we reached the summit of the group. Here we looked down upon the whole Umkomaze valley with the broad river gliding like a silver serpent at the bottom. The view was well worth the capsize. The lovely tints, the bold mountain heights, here and there a solitary Zulu stationed on some tall pinnacle of rock, a herd of cattle grazing on the steep slope beneath him, and the broad river running below, formed a picture not easily forgotten. We had reached the climax of the scenery along the road. An hour or two further, and we rested for the night. Our sleep was that of the weary; but at four o'clock in the morning we were roused by the inexorable bugle call of the driver. To grope about in the dark, dress by candle-light, swallow hot coffee, and start in the grey dawn, was the work of travellers with eyes still heavy. In the chill morning air, however, we were soon braced up, and really enjoyed the early drive. Hill walking did not commence until after sunrise. Here and there we passed lovely flowers and bulbs, but it was still the never ending grass on all sides. In Natal the grass is four or five feet deep. Sugar grows well near the coast, but beyond that I saw nothing but mealies and cattle along the whole road. Mealies are used as food both for man and beast, and for the purposes of internal trade constitute the staple product of the land. Grain may be grown in the districts more inland, but what has been said of the coast veld is true of Natal, certainly, as far as Maritzburg. Snakes abound in the country we were now passing through. Puffadder kloof is worthy of its name, judging by the fine fellow I saw lying across the road recently killed. The preceding afternoon I had been shown the skins of some immense pythons killed on the farm. They are easily discovered by the nauseous odour they emit, which I was told would betray the presence of the reptile a hundred yards before reaching him. The skins I saw were from ten to twenty feet long.

Our experiences were now rapidly coming to a close. To reach Griqualand East territory, across the swift flowing Umzimkulu; to change horses at a Griqua Town, where neither biscuit nor beer could be obtained for love or money; to walk hill after hill in a broiling noonday sun, and at last as the shades of evening fell, suddenly to discover the tall peak of Mount Currie rising like a great steeple

two thousand feet or more through the grey mist above us, was the work of several uninteresting hours. After passing the Zuurberg, some three hours distance from Kokstad, the grass suddenly becomes short and crisp. This again proclaimed the grain country. Rust is not known in East Griqualand, and many a productive farm might nestle among its now unoccupied valleys. Kokstad at last appeared in sight. It is built on a slight eminence two or three miles distant from Mount Currie. Until recently, owing to the scarcity of fuel, very few houses have been built of burnt brick. Every erf in the town is surrounded, moreover, with walls built of sods, cut out in squares from the grass lawn, which gives the town a very primitive and dopper appearance. The sod blocks are, however, wonderfully tenacious, and except as regards looks fully perform the duty required of them. Many of the Griqua houses are built entirely of them. Kokstad is composed of some three hundred and fifty houses, situated in respect to Mount Currie very much as Papendorp is to the lower spur of the Devil's Peak. The place is remarkably well watered. As a rule the water in country districts is bad. Here it is of almost marvellous purity and transparency. It is the only place I know of where the water can compare favourably with that of the sweet springs of Newlands. A great deal of misapprehension exists with regard to the town generally. It is not at all so uncivilized, or so undesirable a residence as is pretty widely imagined. Three times the size of Dordrecht, it possesses plenty of life, has pleasant society, and in no long time will become as thoroughly enjoyable as any town on the frontier. When the port at St. John's River is farly established, Kokstad will commence to take up the position to the Transkei generally which Maritzburg occupies at present in regard to Natal. Taken in regard to its climate, the productiveness of its soil, and the abundance of its water supply, Kokstad and East Griqualand generally should occupy no mean position in the future of South Africa.

My journey now closed; but before finishing my tale, I would make a few general remarks. The picture which I have attempted to draw, from memory alone, of the state of a large and important section of the country in respect to its rivers and mountains, will, I trust, suggest to many a reason for the slow progression of South Africa. Fertile in all its parts, capable of indefinite agricultural

development, it has yet made little advancement by the side of Australia or Canada. The unbridged rivers, the pathless mountains, the want of proper reservoirs, and the scarcity of labour, will explain the gross anomaly of a fine country almost totally neglected. There should not be a single bag of grain imported into this Colony. On the contrary, millions should be sent from it. To bring about this result, facilities of transport and a large population are needed. Immigrants should not, however, be located on isolated farms of their own. The Germans have succeeded around King William's Town, as the coloured people have done about Wynberg and Diep River, by reason of having a market close at hand for the disposal of their goods. Cabbages are a marketable commodity in the precincts of a large town; but carried any distance over country such as I have described even wheat and wool fail to secure a profitable return. Farms should rather be given gratis to colonial capitalists under a non-occupation tax, and immigrants located upon, or near to, each estate. Along the road to Kalk Bay may be seen a row of huts, the inhabitants of which have been given homes free, with a plot of ground for their own cultivation, co-extensive with their requirements, upon condition of rendering three days' labour a week to the landlord, and receiving a fixed rate of wages for any other day they may be so employed. This principle, it seems to me, should be applied to immigrants of no capital. To succeed, these men want a convenient market for their produce; but in addition to this, they require in times of drought, disease, or failure of crops, the means of supplementing their earnings by the sweat of their brow and the strength of their arm. They require a market for their labour, as well as their produce. The means of obtaining this, far away from populated neighbourhoods, would be the employer's gain, no less than that of the tenants'. How often has it not happened in the experience of colonial farmers, that crops have lacked men to reap them, sheep have gone without hands to shear them, and magnificent acres have stood without arms to till them. It is not alone the want of farmers which the country suffers from. It is the lack of labour supply as well, and that co-operation between the two, which to the immigrant under the system I have described, would be as the shelter of kindly hands to the plant which is yet unable to bear the severity of winter with its own strength.

### Apart.

The summer sun shone bright,  
 The sweet caressing air  
 Seemed fragrant with delight,  
 And all the earth was fair.

A sudden shaft of woe  
 Was borne into my heart,  
 I knew,—yet would not know,  
 Our hour had come to part.

Ah! mystic power which knit  
 Our souls ere scarce we'd met!  
 Ah! wondrous love which lit  
 This passionate regret.

Ah! true and tender eyes,  
 Which tears e'en now eclipse!  
 Ah! gently pleading sighs,  
 Which part those silent lips.

My hand is laid in thine—  
 "Farewell!" is lightly said.  
 Now mourn, oh heart of mine!  
 Thy joy and light have fled.

Now hide thy face, oh sun!  
 Beat down, thou cruel rain!  
 For my fair joy is gone,  
 Never to come again.

My soul, all tempest-tost,  
 Cries through the rain's fierce fall—  
 "Sweet love, thou'rt better lost  
 Than never loved at all."



## Preservation of Forests.

### III.

NOTE.—We have kept back this paper for some time in the hope of receiving Parts I and II. We fear now that our correspondent must have forwarded these by the *American*, and that with other articles expected by that unfortunate vessel, they form part of the mail which has not yet been heard of.

ED. C.M.M.

HAVING thus far shown that forests neither have been nor can, except under most exceptional circumstances, be preserved after their alienation to private owners, it remains for us to consider whether they ought not specially and peculiarly to come under the administration of the State, and what are the limits within which their working by the State should be confined.

In the first place, I propose to show why from their very nature forests are best tended by the State, and the confirmation of that assertion by the condition of those, which have been thus cared for, as compared with those that have been alienated; I propose further to show what measures have been adopted by different States, and the results which should be aimed at by a good administration.

I have already pointed out that forests are divided into two principal groups, of which the *Futaie* or, forest proper, presupposes that the constituents of the forest attain their complete maturity. This naturally varies according to the vegetation, soil, climate, and species in each forest, and their conditions often differ in a striking manner in separate clumps of the same forest; hence the number of years required for the working, and for the successive reproduction of all the varieties of a forest, depend not merely on the system adopted, but also upon the difference in these conditions.

This is termed the *revolution* of a forest. For oaks this is comprised between one hundred and fifty and two hundred years, and for the beech, the Scotch fir, the spruce and the silver fir, between one hundred and twenty, and one hundred and eighty years. I am not aware that the revolution for any of our Colonial trees has been determined, but for the yellow wood it would probably not be less than for the last named trees, taking into account the warmth of our climate as facilitating the growth; and in the case of some of

our hard woods, stink wood, sneeze wood and olive, probably longer. The yellow woods require moisture and shelter, especially the former. The best artificially raised specimens that I have seen were planted near a water-furrow in front of a hotel in Bedford, and grew remarkably well notwithstanding their position.

The following is a *resumé* from the already quoted work of Mr. Broilliard:—

The system of *Futaies* is essentially favourable to long-lived species of trees, and in some cases, as in the coniferæ, the sole one applicable. The action of forests on the soil which they cover arises principally from the covert, and from their fertilizing properties. The covert resulting in part from the living foliage, and partly from the dead leaves, which when shed maintain the soil fresh and loose. The fertilization due to the organic *debris* mixed with the soil in the forests, modifies its condition in a manner the most favourable to the vegetation, by enriching it with the most useful elements. In *Futaies* the covert remains complete, and the fertilization is carried to its maximum. In the coppice the covert disappears periodically at close intervals.

In a fertile and fresh soil, the difference between *futaie* and coppice may be slight, *in a dry and poor soil, it is without limits*, since the system of coppice in certain soils suffices to ruin a forest by leaving the naked sand abandoned to heath.

The influence of the system on climatic actions is sometimes very striking. Whatever the kind of coppice, its general influence is very similar, and always retains its essential faults, that of leaving the soil exposed, and favouring inferior growths.

Besides these cultural considerations, those relating to the economic side of the question are not less strikingly in favour of the system of *futaies*. Thus, under average conditions of fertility, an acre of hard wood trees will give 28·25 cubic feet of full sized wood, of best quality, and 14·125 cubic feet of inferior kinds per annum; while coppice under *futaie* will seldom yield five cubic feet of best quality. Not merely is this the case, but the trunks of trees grown amongst coppice are seldom perfect, and the quantity is generally inferior. In fact, the conditions under which a tree is grown materially affect the character of its timber, and the uses to which

it can be applied. Thus, oaks grown isolated from each other, have their annual layers thick, while in a clump these are thin. The wood in each case differs too in quality, being solid, durable and nervous in the first; while in the latter it is tender, works up easily, and neither shrinks much nor warps.

We have already seen that the absolute revenue of the *futaie* is considerably larger than that of coppice.

Just then, as the *futaie* includes a duration of time far beyond the life of an individual for its perfection, and inasmuch as its general beneficial effects are greater than those of coppice, so is it exclusively fitted to be administered by a body that surpasses its duration in time, and like it maintains a continuity of existence coeval with the society which is benefited by its cultivation. Moreover, the nature of forests is such, that the cares expended on them spring peculiarly from the functions of the State, and of themselves constitute the primary conditions, which give rise to a Government, *namely, defence.*

I cannot do better than quote here the exact words of Mr. Broilliard himself:--

“States form the highest expression of the human society. A great state-like society itself may be regarded as persistent, Imperishable, or having at least an indefinite duration, the State can raise *futaies* and wait for their products. It has, or can have, that indispensable spirit of continuing a work so necessary for results, which can only be anticipated, at the end of a century or two. A moral being it is little prone to speculation. The most precious advantages of forest property are reserved for it:—a considerable revenue increasing of itself with time, and with the progressive scarcity of choice timber—returns sure, and without difficulty by means of a great administration—development of the general wealth, by producing materials useful to all the arts—poor soils rendered valuable—mountain slopes preserved from denudation—climates ameliorated—the country naturally made more picturesque—all of which are precious to the State, often apparently to it alone in those forests necessary to the wants of a country.

“Deprived of mercantile activity, by rights the State should not speculate with forests, for these enterprises seldom answer. For

this reason it is often described as a bad producer. This is especially the case, when it meddles with other industries, but the woods form a peculiar exception. What a forest especially stands in need of are *Defence and Protection*. The little work expended on it is devoted to the superintendence of the harvest of its products. In a good management the working is simply directed to the development and production of timber conformable to the requirements of the country. Just as the state is unfitted to engage in commerce, agriculture, or manufacture, and as it is strong and powerful for defence, so is it an excellent proprietor of forests. The proof is written in the woods it possesses, better preserved, richer in capital and revenue, yielding larger and more useful products than those of others.

“As the representative of Society, so in that very responsibility the state perceives the essential reason why it should possess forests, and the rule by which they should be worked. Through the State alone can Society await the production of such full-sized and perfect timber such as it stands in need of. *In certain barbarous countries we find perhaps patches of wood, but they do not reproduce themselves; they are used up and disappear, and though they may be a precious resource to the people, it is but temporary, and lasts but a short time.*”

The system of *Futaies* is especially that towards which our forests should be adapted. Our climatic conditions imperatively demand it, as may be seen in every forest injudiciously worked. The seedlings of our forest-trees spring up with the rains, but they only grow for a short time and then perish. The first hot wind nips them as fatally as would a severe frost in colder climes, and what life remains is choked out by the tangled growth of hardy scrub, which takes the place of but is never found within the virgin forests, although there an under-growth of a different kind is more abundant than in European forests. Any observer of forests knows how little influence our dwarf scrub, however useful it may be as a producer of firewood, has on the humidity of the soil, and how easily in dry seasons fire runs through it. Its influence is very similar to coppice, especially to that of the evergreen oak in the South of France. As a rule it may be said that bush-covered, country preserving as it does the soil from erosion, has nevertheless a tendency to dry the soil. For the extraction of the moisture from the soil necessary to

the maintenance of our coriaceous and succulent foliaged shrubs is not compensated by a covert sufficiently dense to preserve it from evaporation, nor by any appreciable preservation of the moisture transpired by the foliage. Moreover, our hot winds search bush through and through. Hence, this kind of vegetation usually clothes slopes facing the sun.

In the primeval forest the case is altogether different, though even that under a proper system of working might be made vastly more productive, as well as more effective, for climatic purposes.

In a forest as yet unruined, the true forester takes nature for his guide, and follows her humbly, helping instead of forcing her recuperative forces. Hence, the recognized system of peopling an injured forest in France, is that of "*re-ensemencement naturel*." Unless a forest be utterly ruined a system of enforced protection will reveal unanticipated riches, ready to grow and repopulate the vacant spaces. *Protection and thinning* will alone suffice to re-establish the native growths. Keep off the goat, the sheep, and fire, and help the saplings, by preserving to them shelter, and by affording them space, and when once they are established be careful to maintain a due balance of species, and an area adequate to their respective development. These conditions, it is needless to state, vary according to altitude, position, soil, climate, and mode of growth. Each of these requires special study, and upon it will depend the future success. If we wish our forests to be preserved, the State must hold them with a strong hand, and enforce a rigid system of protection with a staff not only strong in numbers but in character, intellectual as well as moral. If once the door be opened, by selling subject to surveillance, depend upon it that in this country they are doomed.

As soon as they present a tolerably flourishing condition, some shrewd man of business will raise an outcry against their unprofitableness as worked by the State, and he will always find a sufficient following, in a country where timber is scarce, of fools and knaves sufficiently strong to thwart the conservancy. If it is thought expedient, grant lands on the condition that a certain area shall be planted with forest and worked under the surveillance of the conservancy, but the experience of bush lands let under condition of

their preservation and of land sold on military tenure, ought to be a sufficient warning, that no legal restrictions will prevent covetous proprietors from circumventing the State, and reducing the forest to such a condition as will result in its eventual loss. Just in those very spots where from a climatal point of view the forest is indispensable, viz.:—steep kloofs, or mountain gorges, by the banks of streams, or around their sources the practical man will discover that it only cumpers the soil, and yields no money value.

“The forests,” writes a French journalist, “formerly covered the soil of France. As civilization replaced barbarism, cultivation gradually took the place of the woods. Unfortunately this change was carried too far. There exists between the productive forces of a country an equilibrium which one does not break with impunity. The tide of agricultural advance surpassed the bounds it should have kept; it ebbed, but in retiring it left behind it an exhausted and sterile region. In France (1862) there are not less than 20,000,000 acres of pastures, landes and moors. This immense extent of waste land spread over mountains coast, and plains, consists almost entirely of ancient forests recklessly cleared of their wood. It is in vain that here and there cultivation has been attempted. Corn has been sown, but only weeds have been produced. To what extent will not this desert be increased if the Chambers permit the projected alienation of one or two hundred thousand hectares of forests? The ruins bequeathed to us by the short-sighted policy of the past reply to this question with a sad eloquence!”

Writing of the institution of a new forest organization in Austria, the “Allgemeine Forst und Jagd-Zeitung,” 1877, says:—

“Without doubt it is a matter for deep regret that the true state of affairs was not before known; that this necessary reform did not take place sooner; that so many rich domains can no longer be rescued from the gulf to which they have been consigned by senseless alienation. The new organization unfortunately does not include in its operations the forests belonging to the communes or public establishments (mines, companies, ecclesiastical proprietors, &c.) We believe that a forest administration ought not to confine itself to the State property solely, it ought to deal with every kind

of forest question which in anyway concerns the interest of the nation.

“The control of all communal and public forests attached to establishments ought to be included in its sphere of action. According as these are well or badly worked will follow the future condition of vast provinces, and the timber supply of future generations. If the State does not interfere and insist on the most thorough and perfect system being applied to them, the selfishness of this generation having no check placed on it, the future will very soon be sacrificed to the present greed. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse have not hesitated to transfer to the forest-agents of the State the administration of communal forests, and that *to the benefit of the communes themselves*.\* The sale of their products is alone left to the municipal authorities. Indeed, in some of these States, private forests come under the control of the forest officers. We are firmly convinced that the self-government of the communes, if it includes forests, leads to their annihilation. We have not, indeed, forgotten that at one time the Government encouraged the division of communal forests amongst the inhabitants, under the mistaken notion that individuals would manage them better than the community; to this fact alone a number of forests owe not merely their ruin, *but their utter destruction*.”

The same causes as during and after the revolution tended to the destruction of the French forests by the peasantry, have produced similar effects in Russia. The private proprietor seeks an immediate profit. The following table compiled in 1862 shows what kinds of wood are produced under different treatments :

		Firewood.	Timber.	Total.
Communal Woods.	{	Simple coppice ... ..	1'96 steres	0'00 1 96.
		Coppice under forest proper	4 50 ,,	0 57 5'07.
		Forest proper without coppice	1'17 ,,	1.94 3 71.
State Forests.	{	Simple coppice ... ..	2'88 ,,	0 60 2 88.
		Simple under forest ... ..	5 17 ,,	0 73 5'90.
		Forest proper ... ..	2'64 ,,	2 45 5'09.

\* Some few years ago I brought to the notice of a town clerk some evidence I had collected with reference to the burning of a forest on the commonage. This person asked me as a favour to prosecute, as then he would be able to earn an honest fee in defending the natives.

This return is per hectare, the hectare about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres, and the stère 1·31 cubic yards.

In Algeria, larger as is the proportion of forest to the area of the Colony, and different as is the Flora, we find a striking similarity to the Cape in the disposition of the forests along the mountain ridges parallel to the sea-board, and in their invariably clothing those slopes which face the sea.

The treatment too they received until some few years ago resembled that of ours, and they still suffer from those ills, which invariably coexist with a barbarous population.

“The forests are all more or less devastated,” writes M. Rousset, Inspector of forests, “either by fire, cultivation, pasturage, or the chopping of the natives. These wandering tribes encamp in the midst of the woods, where they chop down whole trees to make a few wooden platters, and in order not to fatigue themselves too much cut them about a yard from the ground. Their women select young saplings for tent-poles, and cover in cold weather their tents with branches. They cultivate the open glades and clearings, while their flocks pasture even in the most wooded portions, and thus prevent any seedlings from growing. This is unfortunately an exact description of their present condition (1864), and proves that for the most part they must be allowed to re-establish themselves. To do this it will be necessary to remove all the natives and place them in locations, while the forest itself must be carefully opened up and parcelled out under a proper forest management.”

“Unfortunately funds are wanting, and although wood is dear, yet owing to the clearings of the colonists and the plundering of the natives, the Government sales are attended by few purchasers, who combine together to bid a miserable price.

“Lastly, although the strips of forest are very narrow and straggling, there still exists a sufficiency for the renewal of them by natural sowings and off sets, and under a regular system of working by the forest administration, there can be no doubt that in a few years all the forest might be restored to prosperity.

“One cannot compare a forest in Africa to one in France, when reduced to the same condition. The vegetation is so much more rapid, the seed-yielding seasons so much more frequent, that if only



the forests be protected nature herself repairs all the ill-treatment they have suffered from man ; whereas in France in the same condition the trees require a constant nursing and intelligent supervision, as it were one by one."

Although Algeria, like the Cape, contains no navigable rivers by which the timber may be floated, our author points out that the native timber, though often spoken of with contempt, owes its bad esteem less to its actual qualities than to the method in which it is worked and treated. These remarks were fully justified by the fine specimens exhibited in 1878.

To regenerate these forests *three* essential things are requisite :—

1. A good and sufficient staff.
2. A legislation which will allow of a quick, certain, and severe repression of every kind of abuse.
3. The necessary credits for the creation of proper roads, to carry out the proper working, and for the replanting of the forests.

At that time the Forest Code had not been promulgated in Algeria, and, consequently, the service found itself powerless to repress the depredations committed by the natives, the colonists, and those licensed sawyers, whose conditions and regulations are too often a dead letter.

A reference to the "Report on the Forests of Roumania," by M. Bouquet de la Grye, will show a similar list of recommendations under somewhat similar circumstances.

The quotation made from M. Broilliard's work marks distinctly the limits of Government interference, and in a manner the more remarkable, as Englishmen are disposed to believe that State control is usually carried too far in France. In fact, the preservation and amelioration of the forests and the creation of new ones are alone comprised in the duties of the department. The timber is cut by the purchaser under superintendence and according to the conditions of sale, the lot being sold by auction as it stands. Still less is any system of manufacture undertaken, a point strikingly opposed to that in practice in Germany, where the timber is sawn and sorted in lots.

The reasons against such a practice are the very opposite to those adduced in favour of the administration of forests by the State,

namely, that it is a bad speculator and is likely to be a loser, when it competes with private industry in such undertakings—reasons which are well and clearly put in the following quotation from M. Clave's Essays:—"The sales of timber can be effected in two ways: either the proprietor can himself work at his own expense the wood comprised in the felling, and after selling it in lots, deliver it to the consumer; or, still better, leaving the trees standing, sell them by auction to the highest bidder, relinquishing to him the business of felling and of making the best bargain of the timber by retail. The purchaser, who is usually a timber merchant, buys on his own account, and acts as a middleman between the proprietor and the public. At first sight the first of these methods appears to be the most advantageous, since the proprietor addressing himself at first hand to the consumer, derives all the profit without any middleman. It is not the case, however, still less so in public forests, where the sale of standing timber is in every way preferable.

"This is easy to understand.

"In a section to be felled, one meets with trees of different species and variable dimensions, fitted for most different uses; and in order that the section may attain its full value, it is requisite that the timber should be sold in the manner the most advantageous with respect to the state of the market. An oak, for example, which indifferently may yield planks, quartering, beams, boards, lathes, sleepers, or staves for coopering, will not return the same value, whatever the description of timber it is turned to. But to be well up in these requirements and to follow the variations of the market, one must be directly interested in it, and for this the State possesses none of the requisite qualities.

"The timber merchant, on the contrary, whose fortune depends on it, is on the constant look-out for information as to the best market, and manipulates his timber so as to retail at the highest rate.

"Moreover he has his timber yard in which he can preserve it until sold. While the State, when once the wood has been felled and fashioned, must sell it then and there, whatever the price.

"Besides the State, when it meddles in commercial and industrial speculations, abandons altogether its true functions. But if as we have before proved, the only and indispensable necessity of the State

being a proprietor of forests arises from the climatic influence they exert, as well as from the guarantee it gives to society, of a continuous provision of woody products, *its action must be limited to assuring their preservation and to bringing their production in bulk to the highest possible point.* So far as the sale and retail of wood that is the affair of the private merchant, who knowing exactly how to turn it to account, will pay for it exactly what it is worth."

From a discussion which took place in the Legislative Assembly last session, it would seem that there had been some project not merely of cutting sleepers for the railways (a perfectly legitimate project if based on sure data and carried out by a competent staff), but of creating a State manufactory of furniture. I cannot but regard such a project as most unfitted for any forest administration, and as sure to lead to economical fallacies of the worst kind.

If once established the undertaking would be compelled to pay; and to make it, I should be much surprised if the Government did not raise that most fatal cry of Protection to Native Industries, a cry which, to judge by what has taken place in other colonies, would be only too likely to be supported by a certain class of the community.

The limits of these essays will only admit of a hasty review of the systems pursued in those countries which maintain a forest administration.

In France there were in

1847.	1850.	1873.	
32	30	33	Conservators.
161	136	163	Inspectors.

The total of forest guards in all ranks varies about 4,000.

In 1847 the conservators and inspectors cost 939,000f. (£37,560); in 1873, 1,057,000f. (£42,280).

In 1873 the gross returns were valued at	...	...	40,806,880 frcs.
Expenses of service in departments	...	...	12,204,997
Do. of central administration	...	...	230,000
Net value of forest service	...	...	28,371,883

The approximate area of the State forests was 3,443 square miles, shewing a return of £1,134,835, or about 3½ per cent., if the mean value of an acre be taken at £16 (1,000f.) per hectare.

In Algeria in 1874 the staff amounted to one conservator, six inspectors, eleven sub-inspectors, fifteen gardes généraux, eight brigadiers actifs, 105 gardes actifs. The credit voted amounted to 684,482*f.*, or £27,379. The approximate total area under forest is about 7,690 square miles, but only a portion of the forests are being properly worked by the State.

The following table gives an approximate ratio between the surface under forest and the total of different countries. The data are of a somewhat distant date, 1844, and I have added an approximate estimate for the Cape Colony. Another table made from statistics, a year or two old, will show but a slight difference :—

Sweden and Norway	...	...	...	...	...	0'67
Russia	...	...	...	...	...	0'38
Austria	...	...	...	...	...	0'29
Poland	...	...	...	...	...	0'28
Prussia	...	...	...	...	...	0'24
Turkey	...	...	...	...	...	0'24
German Confederation	...	...	...	...	...	0'22
Switzerland	...	...	...	...	...	0'16
France	...	...	...	...	...	0'16
Greece	...	...	...	...	...	0'14
Italy	...	...	...	...	...	0'09
Holland	...	...	...	...	...	0'07
Belguim	...	...	...	...	...	0'07
Spain	...	...	...	...	...	0'07
Denmark	...	...	...	...	...	0'06
Portugal	...	...	...	...	...	0'05
Great Britain	...	...	...	...	...	0'04
Cape of Good Hope	...	...	...	...	...	0'02

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Approximate area of France in square miles	...	197,061
"    "    "    under forest	...	38,748
"    "    Algeria in square miles	...	115,446
"    "    "    under forest	...	7,690
"    "    Prussia in square miles	...	137,070
"    "    "    under forest	...	32,304
"    "    Bavaria in square miles	...	29,620
"    "    "    under forest	...	10,026

Approximate area of Cape Colony, exclusive of Transkei and Basutoland, 201,000, under forest (?) 5,000.

*Statistics of Forest Surface and Revenue of the States of the German Empire.*

Prussia	...	...	...	...	...	8,366,947	hectares.
Bavaria	...	...	...	...	...	2,596,894	"
Saxony	...	..	...	...	...	472,419	"
Wurtemberg	...	...	...	...	...	595,102	"
Baden	...	...	...	...	...	510,924	"
States between the Rhine and Elbe				...	...	497,479	"
Do. of Thuringia	...	...	...	...	...	393,059	"
Do. of Baltic	...	...	...	...	...	270,201	"
Alsace Lorraine	...	...	...	...	...	451,337	"
						Total	14,151,362 "

Or, say, 35,378,405 acres.

*Gross Annual Revenue.*

	Per hectare.
158,224,548 frcs.	18.75 frcs.
73,894,970 "	28.75 "
15,944,141 "	33.75 "
16,603,060 "	30.00 "
15,347,720 "	30.00 "
14,058,823 "	28.75 "
13,265,741 "	33.75 "
7,092,776 "	26.25 "
17,602,144 "	38.75 "
332,288,925 frcs.	23.50 frcs.
or, £13,291,557.	or, 7s. 10d. per acre.

If we compare this with the rate in France for the Crown forest, according to M. Clavé, over 9s. per acre net, and in England for the new forest only 1s. per acre net. This however refers to 1865.

Compared with the Cape, we find a gross revenue of about £3,600, with a net one of a little over a thousand, and a return per acre absolutely less than nothing if we enquire into the extent to which the Crown forests are pillaged. The different German Governments have published various tables of the average production by volume of their forests, but it is extremely difficult to arrive at a

mean, or to express adequately the respective values in a tabular form. This is evident when we bear in mind the variety of conditions which enter into the production of timber.

In Austria, the conservators have under their charge a tract of forest varying from 140,000 to 18,000 acres; these tracts are divided into sections and placed each under a separate inspector, hence the number of inspectors varies from fifty to four, according to the number and size of sections, whose mean surface is about 10,000 acres.

In all those countries which have a forest administration, regular instruction in the art is furnished by State schools, not merely to the officers of the department, but also to any persons whose acquirements and age permit of their admission according to the regulations.

Thus in France are the schools of Nancy, Barres, Vilmorin, Villers-Cotterets, Epinal, Grenoble, and Toulouse; in Prussia of Neustadt-Eberswald; in Hanover of Münden; in Saxony, of Tharand; in Bavaria of Aschaffenburg; and of Hohenheim in Wurtemberg.

The Swiss have a forest school at Zurich, and an experimental forest near Lucerne.

In some parts of Germany this study even enters into the ordinary school education. In every country the attainments of the candidates for entry must be of a high order, and are tested by examination.

The following are the subjects of examination and the conditions to be complied with by candidates for admission to Nancy:—

*Oral Examination.*

							NO OF MARKS.
Analytic Sciences.							
Arithmetic	}	...	...	...	...	...	20
Algebra		...	...	...	...	...	
Geometry	...	...	...	...	...	...	20
Physics and Chemistry	...	...	...	...	...	...	20
Mechanics	}	...	...	...	...	...	20
Cosmography		...	...	...	...	...	
History and Geography	...	...	...	...	...	...	15
Botany and Vegetable Physiology	...	...	...	...	...	...	15
German	...	...	...	...	...	...	10
Total							<hr/> 120

	NO. OF MARKS.
<i>Written Examination.</i>	
Mathematics ... ..	15
Essay in French ... ..	15
Trigonometry and Logarithms ... ..	10
French Dictation ... ..	8
Drawing. Linear, and in Indian Ink ... ..	10
Freehand Drawing ... ..	6
Total... ..	64

The candidates must be between the ages of 18 and 21, and must have taken the degree of Bachelor of Science. After two years study the students enter upon their duties as *gardes generaux*, the lowest grade of the forest staff.

The following table shows the course of study pursued at the school of Neustadt-Eberswald, in Prussia:—

Programme of fundamental Instruction:—

*Natural Sciences.*

	TOTAL NO. OF HOURS.
Chemistry, general and theoretic .. ..	32
"    inorganic, organic and applied .. ..	80
Physics and Meteorology ... ..	80
Mineralogy and Geognosy ... ..	60
Determination of minerals and rocks ... ..	20
Repetition of lessons in the inorganic sciences ... ..	16
Botany, general and applied to forests ... ..	64
Anatomy, physiology and pathology of plants .. ..	60
Use of the microscope ... ..	20
Repetition of lessons in botany ... ..	20
Herborising for 2½ hours at a time ... ..	80
General zoology ... ..	16
Vertebrate animals ... ..	80
Invertebrate, including entomology applied to forests... ..	80
Zoological preparations ... ..	16
Repetition of lessons in zoology ... ..	20
Zoological excursions for collecting. 3 hours each ... ..	96
Total for Natural Sciences ... ..	840

*Mathematical Science.*

Geodesy - ... ..	72
Calculation of interests and revenues ... ..	20

	TOTAL NO. OF HOURS.
Use of the dendrometer for cubage ... ..	20
Repetition and exercises ... ..	56
Surveying and levelling, 4 hours each ... ..	192
Drawing of plans, 2½ hours ... ..	80
	<hr/>
	440
Political and financial economy ... ..	48
	<hr/>
Total of fundamental instructions ... ..	1,328

Programme of Special Instruction :—

Culture of woods ... ..	80
Use of forest tools ... ..	20
Botanical geography of forests ... ..	48
Maintenance of forests ... ..	32
Working of forests, Technology ... ..	80
Forest surveying ... ..	20
Management of forest ... ..	80
Statistics of value and revenue ... ..	32
Administration of the forests ... ..	48
Redemption of rights of usage ... ..	32
History of the German forests ... ..	40
Forest statistics ... ..	20
Revision of lectures and lessons ... ..	56
Examinations ... ..	40
Forest excursions of 4 hours each ... ..	352
	<hr/>
Total of Special Instruction ... ..	980

Programme of Supplementary Instruction :—

Civil jurisprudence ... ..	72
Criminal ... ..	32
Civil and criminal processes ... ..	40
General jurisprudence ... ..	36
	<hr/>
	180
Forest constructions ... ..	32
Hunting regulations ... ..	32
Use of firearms and drilling ... ..	96
	<hr/>
	340



In all 2,648 hours per annum, or about five hours' instruction per day during term time.

These tables I have inserted, because I trust that their perusal will more than any words I could use convey to the Cape public the value attached to forests by people of other lands.

In the institute of Hohenheim, Wurtemberg, both agriculture and forestry are combined, and the system is is one well worthy of the attention of those who are inclined to approve of Dr. Dale's excellent suggestion for an Agricultural College at the Cape. A good description of the institute and its work will be found in the "Journal of Forestry and Estates management."

Placed in a vicinity which enables the professors by frequent visits to the adjacent forests to practically demonstrate the principles learnt in the lecture-room, all these public schools have besides large grounds attached to them for research and experiment. In addition during the summer and autumn months the pupils visit the different State forests, and practically become acquainted with the systems of road making, surveying and working of forests of different growths and characters. Nor is the proper training of the staff of the conservancy only cared for, the inferior grades have also their schools, which offer to intelligent men the means of raising themselves to a higher capacity. Such is the forest school of Barres-Vilmorin, near Orleans, consisting of an estate purchased a few years ago from the head of the eminent seed-firm in Paris, in which are extensive nurseries, where the various introduced or native trees are propagated and experimented on, and forms the great seed emporium of the State.

In Germany and Switzerland regular congresses are annually held by the forest officers for an interchange of ideas and discussions, while the administration takes care to purchase all the new works on forestry and circulates them through the whole department, after which they form libraries of reference at the central office of each forest province.

I have thus—perhaps at too great length—arrived at the conclusion of our examination of the three questions proposed at the commencement of this essay.

I trust that the amount of evidence given will be sufficient to convince the Colony that its public forests ought to be jealously preserved.

The requisite reforms in our forest administration comprise :—

I. The framing and enforcement of a forest code adequate to the peculiar conditions of the country.

II. The clear definition of what forests are worth improving and are absolutely necessary to the country

III. The formation of a proper staff, sufficiently numerous for the duties required of them, and paid according to the onerous character of the work demanded from them.

It is now more than a year ago that I drew attention in these pages to the important position forestry had occupied in the Paris Exhibition. Every day, even in the well-wooded countries, it assumes a more prominent character, and seriously engages the attention of nations whom we are apt to regard in the background of civilization.

This is a comparatively young country with a sparse population compared to its immense area, and having irregular strips of forest remarkably small when contrasted with the vast tracts of bare soil and rock not merely in the Colony itself, but extending far away beyond its western and northern boundaries. The actual number of acres under real forest must be reviewed only in reference to the mileage of land without a tree or even a bush. What is the condition of this forest land? With the exception of one large tract at the Knysna and Zitzikamma, it consists for the most part of forests more or less illtreated by being worked on a system condemned everywhere where forestry has been studied. On all sides it is being robbed for want of a sufficient staff of men interested in the work of its protection and armed with a legislation sufficiently powerful to support their endeavours. Even those conservators who endeavour to prevent these malpractices, complain of their inability to prevent the abuse.

In the face of these difficulties, again and again the proposition crops up of selling them. An intelligent people will hesitate ere they endorse such a bill, but to leave them as they are, maltreated and plundered, is as great a dereliction of public duty.

The test of a good conservancy is not the actual annual revenue the forests return, so much as the condition of the forests themselves; but as at present managed not merely is the revenue altogether dis-

proportionately small, but the loss by plunder and ill treatment incalculable.

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NOTE.—Since these pages were written, a “ Report on the Perie Bush ” by Mr. Dumbleton, has appeared in the *Cape Mercury*. Mr. Dumbleton recommends the sale of the Crown forests in that neighbourhood, with the condition attached to them, that they should be under the surveillance of the conservators; and he goes on to show that the portion of these forests belonging to private persons is in a flourishing condition compared to that still in the possession of the Crown. I presume this is put forward as a reason for selling it.

But as I understand it, the significance of the illustration suggests that none of the forests should ever have been sold.

How is it that forest belonging to sawyers is full of timber, while that just beyond has been stripped? Machinery is costly, and to pay works up more timber than a hundred native sawyers!

I have been through a considerable portion of the forest visited by Mr. Dumbleton; and, devastated as it has been, I can see no insuperable obstruction to its restoration, even though its present condition be worse than it was when I visited it. There is no analogy between the scarcity of yellow woods and the altogether different case of ancient pine forests in Denmark mentioned by Sir John Lubbock. As things are going on now no one will ever hereafter discover an ancient yellow wood. The different species of yellow wood are fast succumbing to the axe and ill-treatment, but the explanation is a simple one.

The fruits of the yellow woods are peculiarly attractive to our common parrot (*Psittacus Levallairtii*) as also to some other forest birds. These birds may in the season be seen flying miles away from the forest they inhabit to wherever a yellow wood bears fruit, and it is astonishing in how short a time a small flock will strip a tree. I have seen flocks more than thirty miles from a forest returning home from a clump of these trees so small that I have often wondered how they had discovered them.

Now it is a well known fact that although young trees may bear fruit the seeds seldom germinate; and with a scarcity of mature trees that intercrossing, now known to be so absolutely essential to vigour

in all plants especially in those which have the sexes separate, must every day become rarer. It is to be borne in mind that many of our African trees never seed during several years, especially in time of drought. In such seasons or indeed whenever the surrounding country has been fired, every kind of vermin flees for refuge and subsistence to the forest, where they destroy all the young trees which please their appetite.

To any one who has not been in the habit of observing, the amount of damage done under these circumstances would seem incredible.

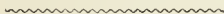
But I am by no means disposed to agree in the assumed scarcity of yellow wood seedlings. I have found them in kloofs, where they were liable to every kind of injury, struggling into a miserable existence after heavy rains, and where their only existing progenitors were miserably ragged specimens of what under favourable circumstances becomes a grand old tree, worthy in every respect of a better fate.

The yellow woods, the olives, and the sneezewood are all owing their scarcity not to merely natural physical causes, but like the *Widdringtonias* of the Western Province and the *Katberg*, to ill treatment. If the Government, instead of selling the forests that remain, were to re-purchase those already sold, but not yet destroyed, and would place them under a strict and enlightened conservancy, they would be rendering a good service to the Colony, to the water supply of King William's Town and the port of East London. Indeed, when the expense of the enormous works undertaken at the latter place be considered, it seems incredible that an enlightened Government or people can tolerate the unceasing denudation, not merely of the banks and sources of the *Buffalo*, but of every gulley and hollow and affluent which at present supply after every heavy rain an incalculable volume of mud and sand to be ultimately deposited in the vicinity of the harbour works.

With a singular irony of circumstance, the last part of Mr. Dumbleton's report has come to hand as I close this paper, and I am much amused to find the very fallacy of protection to native timber, alluded to in the body of this essay advocated by this authority. "Furniture makers have a poor chance, because American and

other foreign material is allowed to come into the Colony so cheaply. If a protective import duty were put upon foreign timber and foreign furniture, the many carpenters in the Colony would have a chance of showing that the timber grown in their own limits is as good as any we can get from abroad."

In other words, let every person not a carpenter pay away more of his earnings for the benefit of one trade than he need do under free competition. In order to save the forests break the laws of Political Economy, and this too for our native timber; in a former paper, Mr. D. seemed to hold native timber in very low estimation.



## L i n e s.

In a deep shade  
 Beneath the arms of tall o'ershadowing trees,  
 Where willows bent, and where the sun and breeze  
 At noon scarce played

A streamlet sped :  
 'Twas sombre there at daybreak, dark at eve,  
 And gurgling softly did the waters leave  
 Their pebbly bed.

In sunshine bright  
 The streamlet flowed one glorious autumn day  
 'Mid grain and flowers, when the earth was gay  
 With golden light.

In that long day  
 The sunrise kissed the waters into light,  
 And noontide saw the Bow of Promise,—bright  
 With Heaven's own ray

Once more in shade,  
 Under the trees the stream was lost, again  
 In gloom and wandering o'er the wide-stretched plain,  
 Slowly it strayed.

Oh whence my sigh ?  
 Is it that wakening from a dream is drear !  
 My cheek is wet,—and the fast-falling tear  
 Half dims mine eye.

Alas ! that sigh  
 With deep emotion stirs my heart's deep core !  
 Oh ! for the Ocean's breast !—where shades no more  
 Shall hide my sky.

## Boro-Boudour, in the Island of Java.

It is well-known that the magnificent Island of Java possesses many monuments of that period of grandeur, which it formerly enjoyed, when its population was elevated to a degree of civilization, and of intellectual and artistic culture, that scarcely seems compatible with the degeneracy that followed in the train of Mohammedan oppression. From time to time the imposing ruins of majestic edifices, monuments of a power and glory long since passed away, have attracted the attention of travellers; and as far back as 1806-1807 Sir Stamford Raffles directed the exploration of numerous temples; illustrations and descriptions of some of them may be found in his book, "The History of Java," published in 1817, of which the Public Library possesses a copy.

The complete unveiling of the splendours of the Boro-Boudour was, however, reserved for the agents of the Netherlands Government; and the large and beautiful series of drawings, recently presented to our Library by His Excellency the Dutch Minister for the Colonies, is an evidence of the high artistic skill of M. Wilsen, the draughtsman, as well as of the liberal and enlightened aims of the Government of the Netherlands.

The courtesy of the Minister in forwarding such a magnificent collection to be deposited among the other treasures of the South African Public Library has been suitably acknowledged by Dr. Dale, as Chairman of the Committee.

It may be interesting to note that the descriptive text in Dutch and French includes a general account of the Monument or Temple, and explanations in detail of the bas-reliefs, as well as the import and significance of the symbolic ornaments. A criticism of the edifice from an artistic point of view, and a comparison of the Bôro-Boudour with some of the temples in India, together with incidental references to the ancient civilization, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of the Island, furnish a key to the mysterious history of this gigantic work.

The main edifice is represented in the drawings as restored by M. Wilsen; but here some explanation is given to disarm the

the criticism of those who may fancy that the imagination of the artist has had full play in filling up the gaps, or making good the ravages of time. By a laborious study, for years, of the portion of the ruins which are well-preserved, he has succeeded in restoring here and there what time had destroyed of the outlines of the edifice itself; but to the bas-reliefs and symbolic and other ornaments he has added nothing, even in the way of embellishment.

△





## Friends and Foes in the Transkei.

THE competition is keen among authors who have been fortunate or unfortunate enough to have had some personal experience of the hardships of South African campaigning. Mrs. Prichard gives us a very graphic account of the miseries, alarms, and inconveniences which made life hardly worth living, for a lady at least, when according to her account something like a panic existed on our Frontier. *Friends and Foes in the Transkei* is a book worthy of perusal, on account of the graphic manner in which the writer describes the every day troubles which had to be borne. Intensely patriotic, Mrs. Prichard appears to have suffered more from the disgrace attaching to the unfortunate result of the Guadana affair, than from the hardships she herself was called upon to undergo. "Feeling, if men were going to retire from the field, *women* had better go to the front," and after "one moment alone, to check the torrent of proud passionate tears which *would* rise at the thought of my country's defeat," "with a heart that could feel no more, and nerves that seemed to have congealed to petrified iron," she prepared to face the worst. And very admirably did the fair writer behave under most trying circumstances. As for her courage, there is quite sufficient proof of that in her description of the battle royal with the carpenter at Blythwood. It is hard, however, upon the latter not only to be routed and then gibbeted in a book, but to be told in addition, that the writer bears no malice.

# Meteorology.

(FROM RETURNS FURNISHED BY THE METEOROLOGICAL  
COMMISSION.)

## ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

Month, 1880.	Height of Barometer (corrected to 32° F.).	Mean Temperature of the Air.	Mean of Maximum Readings.	Mean of Minimum Readings.	Absolute Maximum Reading of Month.	On what Days.	Absolute Minimum Reading of Month.	On what Days.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.	Mean Humidity (com- plete Saturation = 100).	Mean amount of Cloud. Sky com- pletely Clouded = 10.
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.			
Jan.	29·895	69·0	81·1	54·9	96·4	11th	45·0	31st	1·88	3	65	2·8
Feb.	29·917	68·6	79·9	55·2	100·4	26th	43·4	9th	0·50	3	68	3·4
Mar.	29·965	65·8	78·9	52·8	93·6	6th	42·4	26th	1·05	4	72	3·4

## PORT ELIZABETH.

	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.			
Jan.	29·871	69·4	77·7	62·3	86·0	2nd	54·5	14th	0·54	7	71	2·7
Feb.	29·945	68·2	74·8	62·1	84·5	27th	56·5	11th	1·59	8	77	4·8

## LOWER NEL'S POORT.

	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.			
Jan.	26·651	72·1	90·7	56·4	105·5	3rd	47·0	25th	0·00	0	49	2·5
Feb.	26·708	70·8	87·7	57·9	104·0	7th	44·0	10th	0·36	4	60	0·8
Mar.	26·774	63·8	79·0	53·0	100·0	24th	41·0	23rd	2·86	5	60	0·9

## GRAHAM'S TOWN.

	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.			
Jan.	28·017	63·6	77·5	58·6	104·0	3rd	53·0	18th	2·50	14	77	5·1
Feb.	28·067	63·6	75·4	58·4	99·0	8th	51·0	11th	8·24	16	81	6·9
Mar.	28·088	60·7	69·8	56·2	83·0	24th	40·5	22nd	6·87	9	83	4·9

THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

ZACHARIAS WAGENAAR,

INSTALLED 6 MAY 1662, HELD OFFICE UNTIL 27 SEPT 1666.

No. III.

As much that appears in these articles is at variance with generally received opinions, the reader will probably wish to have something more than a mere list of the documents from which they are compiled. Such a list is useful, as showing the enormous quantity of original manuscripts from which information is to be obtained, but an index of the contents of any series of these manuscripts will probably be accepted as more useful, because it will give the means of testing the accuracy of the narrative. The most important of the series, if taken by itself, is the Record of the Proceedings of the Council of Policy, of which a short summary or table of contents is here given. Of the period of Cape history between the departure of Mr Van Riebeeck and the arrival of the elder Van der Stel next to nothing is known, but it is assuredly deserving of careful attention. The progress of discovery, the condition of the native inhabitants, the manner in which the Europeans obtained and kept a foothold in the country, are all events of more than passing interest. This article has therefore been prepared, not only as supplementary to, but as furnishing a test of the accuracy of, those already published concerning Mr Wagenaar's administration, and the same plan will be carried out with the ensuing numbers.

The principal documents of this period in the Colonial Archives are:--

LETTERS AND DESPATCHES. From the Directors or one of the Chambers to the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope,

VOL. III.—SEPTEMBER, 1879.

of dates 14, 17, and 19 Sept, 15 Nov, and 19 and 22 Dec, 1662; 26 and 29 March, 7 and 13 April, 24 and 25 Aug, and 29 Nov, 1663; 29 April, 14, 16, and 18 Aug, 18 and 22 Sept, 8, 22, and 24 Oct, 27 Nov, and 24 Dec, 1664; 30 Jan, 23 April, 10 Aug, 10 and 18 Sept, 3 Oct, 7, 26, and 30 Nov, and 7 Dec, 1665; 25 and 31 March, 16 and 20 April, 18 May, 1, 26, and 27 July, 5 Aug, and 3 and 23 Sept, 1666. From the Governor-General and Council of India to the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope, of dates 23 Dec, 1662; 29 Jan and 19 Dec, 1663; 25 Jan, 23 Oct, and 22 Dec, 1664; 30 Jan and 25 Dec, 1665; 30 Jan, 1666. From the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope to the Directors or one of the Chambers, of dates 10 Aug 1662; 16 May and 21 Nov, 1663; 15 April 1664; 16 May, 1666 (a despatch of 135 pages in length). From the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, of dates 30 June and 11 Aug, 1662; 19 and 24 Feb, 9, 15, and 23 April, 22 May, 29 June, 24 and 31 July, 3, 7, and 24 Sept, and 21 and 24 Oct, 1663; 28 Jan, 20 March, 9, 18, and 21 April, 2 May, 12 July, 26 Sept, 20 Oct, 26 Nov, and 9 Dec, 1664; 7 Feb, 1665; 24 July, 14 Aug, and 5 Sept, 1666.

**JOURNAL OF OCCURRENCES**, kept in the Fort Good Hope. Daily entries from 6 May 1662 to 27 Sept 1666.

**QUERIES** concerning Cape affairs by the Commissioner Hubert de Lairese, and replies of Commander Wagenaar, dated 15 Sept 1662.

**INSTRUCTIONS.** Of the Commissioner Hubert de Lairese for the guidance of Commander Wagenaar, of dates 22 and 27 Sept 1662. Of Commander Wagenaar, for the guidance of the Exploring Expedition under Corporal Pieter Cruythof, of date 19 Oct 1662. Of the Commissioner Herman Klencke for the guidance of Commander Wagenaar, of date 16 April 1663. Of the Chamber XVII for the party proceeding to Madagascar, with addenda by Commander Wagenaar, of date 26 May 1663. Of the Commissioner P. A. Overtwater for Commander Wagenaar, of date 7 Sept 1663. Of Commander Wagenaar for the guidance of the Exploring Expedition under Sergeant Jonas de la Guerre, of date 10 Oct 1663. Of Commander Wagenaar for the Assistant Joachim Blank, head of the Madagascar party, of date 19 May 1664. Of Commander

Wagenaar for the Assistant Jacobus van Nieuwland, head of the Mauritius party, dated May 1664.

STATEMENT of the condition of affairs at the Cape, drawn up by Commander Wagenaar for the use of his successor, of date 24 Sept 1666.

DECLARATIONS CONCERNING CRIME, complete for this period.

PROCLAMATIONS AND NOTICES, of dates 15 June 1662; 27 Jan, 31 May, and 15 Dec, 1663; 8 Feb 1664; 15 Jan, 21 Feb, 17 March, 23 July, 22 Aug, and 5 and 24 Nov, 1665; 10 Aug, and 9 and 18 Sept, 1666.

RESOLUTIONS AND DEBATES OF THE COUNCIL OF POLICY, of which the substance—though in a very compressed form—is here given.

9 May 1662.

Present the Commander Zacharias Wagenaar, the Secunde Roelof de Man, and the Fiscal Abraham Gabbema. Hendrik Lacus is Secretary.

There are now 250 soldiers at the Cape.

Instructions to Lieutenant Tulleken concerning the garrison.

The Kaapmans have always been free to come and go as they will. They are to retain this liberty, and no one is to molest or to insult any of them.

15 May 1662.

The want of accommodation for so many soldiers is much felt. Some stone buildings in the fort are to be enlarged.

22 May 1662.

A little brandy is to be supplied to the men three times a week.

3 June 1662.

Leendert Cornelissen returns into the Company's service, and at his own request is to be sent to Batavia as a ship's carpenter.

13 June 1662.

The little vessel *Zee Ridder* is to be sent to Hout Bay for a cargo of timber and firewood.

15 June 1662.

The permission formerly granted to all the town burghers to sell certain articles by retail led to abuse, and has therefore been withdrawn.

Elbert Dirksen, tailor, who cannot maintain his family by his trade, is privileged to open a retail shop for the sale of such provisions as are to be had in the Company's magazine. The prices at which he is to purchase from the Company are fixed, as are also those for which he is to sell the same articles again.

5 July 1662.

The gardeners and slaves working at the Company's orchard under the mountains complain of the leaky condition of the building in which they are living. It is resolved to break down the now useless redoubt Korenhoop, and with the materials to build a better house for them.

It is resolved that Pieter Everaert shall again take command of the garrison, as Francois Tulleken left for Batavia at his own request on the 3rd instant.

19 August 1662.

Arrangements for the marriage of the free burgher Hans Ras, of Angel, and Catharina Ufftinckx, of Lubec.

21 August 1662.

As the little vessel *Zee Ridder* is not needed here now, except to bring a cargo of shells from Robben Island occasionally, she is to be sent to Batavia. She is to call at Mauritius and Madagascar to ascertain if the four missing ships of the return fleet under Admiral De Vlaming have been there, and to report to the authorities in India.

30 August 1662.

On account of news received from the Fatherland, the *Zee Ridder* is to be detained here until the arrival of the fleet under Hubert de Laresse, which has been fitted out to attack our enemies the Portuguese.

3 September 1662.

The marriage of Hans Ras takes place.

9 September 1662.

The Council is presided over by His Honour Hubert de Lairesee, Admiral of a fleet and Commissioner of this place.

As the dry weather is now at hand, it is resolved to prepare for sending out another party to the Namaquas. The last two expeditions failed to reach these people, because they had moved further inland towards the river on which Vigiti Magna is situated. According to the charts, in the neighbourhood of the great river there are the towns of various nations.

Volunteers offer for the journey.

Our Superiors in the Fatherland are anxious that no time should be lost in exploring further and further the continent of Africa.

The party is to set out at the end of this month.

Arrangements for a marriage on board one of the ships at anchor here.

22 September 1662.

The *Zee Ridder* is to accompany the fleet under Admiral De Lairesee.

The fiscal Abraham Gabbema is promoted to the rank of Junior Merchant with a monthly salary of forty gulden.

Promotion of Hendrik Lacus, Pieter Everaert, Joachim Blank, Cornelis de Cretzer, and some others.

6 October 1662.

The clergyman Johannes Junius having died on board a ship, his widow is to remain here until the arrival of the return fleet, when she will proceed to the Fatherland.

23 October 1662.

The *Waterhoen*, which arrived here yesterday, is to add to her crew from twelve to fifteen of the men left behind sick by the *Orangie*, and is to be sent after the fleet to which she belongs.

22 January 1663.

By the arrival of the *Veldhoen* we have received intelligence of the failure of Admiral De Lairesee's expedition against the Portuguese in Mozambique.

The *Veldhoen* is to be employed in bringing shells from Robben Island, to be burnt for lime.

The shallop *Bruidegom*, which has been six months in building, is to be got ready by the middle of February to cruise off the bay to watch for the return fleet.

27 January 1663.

The burghers complain of the exorbitant prices charged for timber by the free woodcutters.

The prices to be charged for all kinds of timber are fixed by ordinance.

The prices that are to be charged by waggonmakers for every piece of a waggon and for making implements of agriculture are also fixed.

7 February 1663.

Concerning some vessels.

20 February 1663.

The *Veldhoen* is to be on the watch for the return fleet.

31 March 1663.

Concerning some servants of the Company.

11 April 1663.

Concerning a Portuguese prize brought into Table Bay, whose crew is to be sent to Batavia.

21 April 1663.

Concerning the skipper of a vessel.

30 April 1663.

The *Waterhoen* is to be sent on a trading voyage to the bay of St Augustine in Madagascar. She is to take the material for a wooden house, in case a permanent building for a trading station is needed there.

Reelof de Man, the Second Person here, died on the 5th of March.

The Commissioner Herman Klencke has appointed Abraham Gabbema in his place, and Hendrik Lacus to be fiscal.

Neither of these can be missed, and therefore Joachim Blank is



appointed to the command of the Madagascar party, which is to consist of eight or ten persons.

23 May 1663.

Concerning some additions and repairs to the fort and to certain houses.

31 May 1663.

Concerning the extreme poverty of the free farmers, and the orders of the Supreme Authorities that every possible assistance is to be given to them.

The price of wine and brandy is reduced.

8 June 1663.

The *Veldboen* has returned with despatches from the fleet under His Honour Herman Klencke. The eleven ships of the fleet formed in a long line abreast of each other and sailed northwards along this coast in hope of discovering the island St Helena Nova, but without success.

Concerning the *Veldboen's* future movements.

18 August 1663.

Arrangements for the marriage of Hendrik Reynste and the widow of Jacob Cornelissen.

1 September 1663.

The Council is presided over by the Commissioner P. A. Overtwater.

The yacht *Lantsmeer* is to proceed to Mauritius to look for the shipwrecked seamen of the *Arnhem*.

7 September 1663.

The farmers complain that they can make no profit by the sale of their produce to the Company. They are allowed to appear before the Council. They are delivering only about fifty muids of grain yearly. The prices are raised, viz., wheat to seven gulden, rye and barley to five gulden ten stivers, and oats to four gulden the muid.

Concerning an increase of wages to two servants of the Company.

27 September 1663.

The thread of discovery inland is to be followed up.

For this purpose a party of sixteen active volunteers under Sergeant Jonas de la Guerre is to be fitted out. The party is to be accompanied by two or three Cape Hottentots, and is to take a waggon and span of eight oxen.

25 October 1663.

A small vessel was sent here by the Directors to get out the remaining guns of the wrecked French ship *Le Marichal*, and to clear the bay of the lost anchors which make the holding ground so foul. She arrived here on the 28th of March, and at once set to work. She has got a number of guns, &c., from the wreck, but has not succeeded so well with the anchors. She is now to return to Amsterdam,

8 December 1663.

The *Waterboen* has returned from Madagascar, bringing back Joachim Blank and his party. The leader reports that there is no trade to be done in the bay of St Augustine and other places, inasmuch as the inhabitants are impoverished by the constant wars which they carry on among themselves.

The *Waterboen* brought, however, twenty thousand pounds of rice, seven slaves, some beans, &c.

Concerning the future movements of the *Waterboen*.

22 January 1664.

Concerning a sea captain.

29 January 1664.

Concerning a sea captain.

6 February 1664.

Concerning the cannon of the wrecked French ship *Le Marichal*.

8 February 1664.

Some burghers have been in the habit of selling bread to the ships' people at exorbitant prices. To provide a remedy, the free burgher Thomas Christoffel Mulder is privileged to open a baker's shop.

The price of bread is fixed according to weight. The baker must buy his meal from the Company only.

The free burgher Jan Martenssen de Wacht is privileged to sell by retail beer of the Company's brewing.

12 April 1664.

The Council is presided over by the Commissioner Dirk Stein.

Joachim Blank, who is again proceeding to Madagascar, is promoted to the rank of Junior Merchant.

Re-engagement of a number of time expired servants of the Company.

Arrangements for the marriage of Pieter van Meerhof, of Copenhagen, and the interpreter Eva.

Through this union of the Hottentot interpreter Eva, who has long been baptized, and begins to have a liking for our religion, with such a fine looking, sober, and respectable man, the people of this country will be more inclined towards us.

As Eva has served as an interpreter for many years with no other payment than food and clothing, she is to be treated as a child of the Company, and is to have a bridal present of fifty rixdollars and a bridal feast.

The bridegroom is promoted to be a surgeon, with a salary of thirty-six gulden a month.

14 May 1664.

The *Waterhoen* is to proceed to Madagascar. On the way she is to call at Mauritius, which island is again to be taken possession of on behalf of the Company, and is to leave there twelve men under command of the Assistant Jacobus van Nieuwland.

From Mauritius she is to proceed to the Comoro Islands to search there again for the three valuable and still missing ships of the return fleet of 1662.

She will then proceed to the Bay of Antongil on the east coast of Madagascar, where the Commander of the Expedition, Joachim Blank, will obtain as much rice and as many slaves as possible, which he will send or bring here.

Sailing directions.

18 May 1664.

Another skipper is appointed to the *Waterboen*.

21 June 1664.

The regulations concerning the price of bread are slightly altered.

The burgher councillors submit a double list of names, from which Wouter Cornelis Mostert is chosen to succeed Hendrik Boom. In the same manner Thomas Christoffel Mulder is chosen Sergeant of the burgher militia in place of Elbert Diemer.

10 July 1664.

Ensign Pieter Everaert has died. Sergeant Johannes Coon is chosen to command the garrison. He will take the rank of Ensign.

29 September 1664.

From the last letters of our Superiors in the Fatherland, we learn that there was a probability of war again breaking out between England and the United Netherlands.

It is resolved that the fiscal, the ensign, and the two burgher councillors proceed to take an inventory of the arms and ammunition in possession of the farmers, and afterwards of the burghers, gardeners, and fishermen residing about the fort, that they may be properly armed in time, and in case of need may come into the fort fully equipped.

The same committee is to inspect all material of war at this place.

The fortifications are to be put in order.

4 October 1664.

Concerning the extreme poverty of the free farmers, the high wages which they have to pay to European servants, and the scarcity of slaves.

There are now one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight gulden and sixteen stivers in hand of collections on Sundays, fines to be devoted to the poor, &c.

It is resolved that assistance from this fund be given to such as have naked children, such as have nothing but straw to lie on at night, needy sick, widows, and orphans.

The woodwork of the mill<sup>is</sup> is quite rotten. On account of the

want of rice all the people have to be fed on bread, and therefore the mill is at work constantly without sufficient corn being ground.

It is resolved to build another watermill close to the fort, and to use for the purpose the water in the canal, which can be utilized by means of a sluice.

11 November 1664.

The burghers with their European servants number about a hundred able men, who can all in time of need be brought under arms. They are formed into a company with officers over them.

Henceforth they are to exercise on Sunday afternoons with the soldiers in the fort. Colours are to be made for them. Those who have no weapons of their own are to be provided for by loan from the Company.

24 November 1664.

The *Waterhoen* has returned from the bay of Antongil with only a few tons of rice and no slaves. She is to be sent to Batavia with a cargo of train oil, oxhides and sheepskins from this place.

5 January 1665.

The Company has sent out four small vessels to this place, two of which have arrived.

The *Camphaen* is to proceed at once to Ceylon, with letters to His Honour Ryklof van Goens, Governor of that island, apprising him of the likelihood of war between England and the States.

The *Pimpel* is to proceed to the islands of Martin Vaz.

23 March 1665.

The old burgher councillor Hendrik Boom, upon his request, is allowed to return to the Fatherland with his family in the ship *Brederoode*.

10 April 1665.

The Council is presided over by the Commissioner Pieter de Bitter. The other members present are the Commander Zacharias Wagenaar, Mr Jacob Borghorst who is an officer in the fleet at anchor in the bay, the Secunde Abraham Gabbema, and the Fiscal Hendrik Lacus. Cornelis de Cretzer is Secretary.

Concerning the re-engagements of a number of the Company's servants.

A man who was assaulted and severely wounded by some Hottentots at the watch-house Keert de Koe has twenty reals awarded to him, on the ground that two Hottentots who were detained as sureties that the assailants would be given up were released upon payment of ten head of cattle.

20 May 1665.

The hooker *Pimpel* returned yesterday with a report that Martin Vaz consists merely of a group of little rocky islands so steep that they could not be landed upon.

The *Pimpel* is to proceed to Mauritius with more people, and with a year's provisions for our thirteen men who are there in possession.

As we have not heard of the garrison there for nearly a year, something may have happened to them. George Frederick Wreede who was with the expedition to Martin Vaz, is therefore to go in the *Pimpel*, and if any disaster should have occurred he is to take possession of the island anew with eight or ten men.

4 June 1665.

In conformity with orders from our Superiors, we have increased the garrison here by three hundred soldiers, who were landed from passing ships.

Concerning accommodation for all these people.

There are now in garrison, including workmen, over four hundred men.

They are to be formed into two companies.

Ensign Johannes Coon is to have command of one company, and Sergeant Abraham Schut of the other. The Sergeant is promoted to be an Ensign.

29 July 1665.

Of all the free inhabitants, those who keep canteens have the easiest lives and are the most prosperous. Farmers, fishermen, and mechanics are continually requesting to be allowed to set up canteens here and there.

There are now four canteen keepers, who have hitherto paid nothing for their privileges. In future they are to pay, as in India.

Jacob van Rosendael is to hold his licence for six months only, as in future this privilege will be given by turns to poor people who have families to provide for.

3 August 1665.

In letters from our Superiors in the Fatherland, dated 13th and 20th of November 1664, and received here on the 23rd of last April, we are informed that it has been resolved to erect a royal fortress of stone in Table Valley, of which a plan has been sent to us. We are required to get materials in readiness without loss of time. Extra pay is to be given to the soldiers who are to do the work.

26 August 1665.

The Council is presided over by His Honour Isbrand Goske. Two ships' officers, and three officers of the garrison are also present, in addition to the ordinary members.

Our instructions are, that the new stone fortress with five points is to be built outside of the present earthen one, which has only four points.

Concerning the disadvantages of the position of the present fortress, which can be commanded from adjacent heights.

The site of the new fort is fixed.

The health of Commander Wagenaar is now so much improved that he can retain his post until the arrival of Mr Cornelis van Quaelberg, the officer appointed to succeed him.

8 September 1665.

Concerning an increase of wages to the workmen.

(At night) 20 September 1665.

This afternoon there appeared in the bay the English ship *Royal Charles*, bound homewards from Surat, with 95 men and 36 guns. She put in for water and refreshment. She sent ashore a boat with four men, who were received in a friendly manner and were allowed to return in the evening, that the captain might come to land. If

the captain does not come on shore before tomorrow morning at seven or eight o'clock, the ship is to be boarded by our boats and captured. Arrangements for the attack are to be made during the night.

23 September 1665.

The eleven Englishmen who came ashore in a boat from the *Royal Charles* and were detained are to be sent to Batavia in the *Loosduynen*. To each is to be given three or four ells of half rotten cloth, two coarse shirts, and a red nightcap. The three or four English soldiers in the garrison are to be sent to Batavia at the same time.

12 December 1665.

Concerning sickness among the workmen.

Concerning the sale of brandy to them.

1 January 1666.

Concerning the making of bricks.

Concerning a grant of land to Wouter Cornelis Mostert.

16 January 1666.

The death on the 12th instant is recorded of the clergyman Johan van Arckel, a very excellent man and beloved by all.

Provision is made for his sister.

5 March 1666.

Mr Johannes de Voocht, chaplain of the ship *Constantia*, is to remain at this place until a clergyman is sent from the Fatherland to reside here permanently.

22 March 1666.

Present the Commander Zacharias Wagenaar, the Secunde Abraham Gabbema, and the Fiscal Hendrik Lacus. Cornelis de Cretzer is Secretary.

An extract of a letter from the Governor-General and Council of India, dated 25th January 1664, and referring to baptisms, is read.

With reference to the doubt formerly entertained by us whether the children of slaves, being unbelievers, should be baptized, the



Church Authorities in India and in the Fatherland have decided in the affirmative, provided that those with whom they live bind themselves to have such children educated in the Christian religion. This decision has been based principally upon the example of the Patriarch Abraham, on account of whose faith all that belonged to his house were circumcised. This practice has been observed for a long time in India, and by the Company itself, for whose baptized slave children schools have been established, that when they are old enough they may be taught the Christian religion. We are instructed to follow the same rule here.

The late Rev Johan van Arckel, the first established clergyman here, obeyed this order, and during five months baptized all children that were brought to him, whether they were of Christian or of heathen parentage. The oldest of the Company's slave children were afterwards sent to school to be instructed in the knowledge of God. Mr Johannes de Voocht, the present acting clergyman, is following the same order.

Yesterday at the close of the afternoon sermon, two children were presented for baptism, one being a child of Dutch parents, the other a child of a slave woman. To our astonishment, the Rev Philippus Baldeus, chaplain of the ship *Venenburgh*, who was present at the service, objected to the baptism of the slave child, and stated that he was better informed in such matters than anyone here.

It is unanimously resolved that we adhere to our orders, and instruct the Rev Mr De Voocht to baptize the rejected child on Sunday next, as also any others that may be brought to him for that purpose.

This resolution is to be shown to the aforesaid Mr Baldeus, and he is to be informed that if he finds anything in our orders which is at variance with the general synodical rules of the Reformed Church, we will be thankful if he will bring it to our notice. It is our desire to preserve harmony and peace in ecclesiastical as well as in political matters at this place.

1 May 1666.

The Council is presided over by the Commissioner Jacob Cauw, Admiral of the return fleet.

Concerning the re-engagement of a number of the Company's servants.

Cornelis de Cretzer is promoted to be Fiscal.

Abraham Gabbema having gone to Batavia, Hendrik Lacus, formerly Fiscal, is appointed Secunde.

20 May 1666.

The flute *Hoog Caspel* is to be sent to the Mauritius about the middle of next month. She is to take provisions, implements, &c., for the garrison, and two or more horses, eight or ten sheep, and some dogs. Seven or eight soldiers are to be sent in her to strengthen the garrison there.

From Mauritius she is to proceed to the bay of St Augustine in Madagascar to attempt again to procure rice and slaves there as the English do.

1 July 1666.

The *Pimpel* is to proceed to Batavia.

The *Gekroonde Haring* is to proceed to Ceylon with despatches concerning the state of affairs in Europe for His Honour Ryklof van Goens, and is to return with a cargo of rice.

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## The Dutch Language in South Africa.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY PROFESSOR MANSVELT AT THE STELLENBOSCH COLLEGE 25TH JUNE, 1880.

WHEN a few weeks ago the duty of preparing the usual address for the formal closing of our academical year had been committed to me, I for some time hesitated as to the selection of a fit subject. But "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"—and of all the many topics I might have chosen, not one attracted me more than the one in which I am daily engaged, and to which the greater part of my time is devoted. I immediately hope to show that it was not mere selfishness that directed my choice.

Considering this, and also that the language in which I will have to defend my cause is not my own, I hope my confidence in the leniency of my audience will not prove vain.

During the year now expiring, the Managers of this Institution have deemed it necessary to appoint, instead of one, two teachers of Modern Languages, especially of Dutch; and out of the 226 pupils of the college and school there are no fewer than 219 who regularly attend the Dutch Classes. Now, these young men do not belong to Stellenbosch or its district only; they represent no fewer than nineteen divisions of our Colony, besides those from the Free State, the Transvaal and Natal.

Moreover, I could point to some of our best girls' schools which either have already added to their staff well qualified teachers for Dutch and other Modern Languages, or are now contemplating such a step.

I might speak of the many religious services, public meetings, and family circles in which Dutch still maintains its old rights; but the reasons I have stated are sufficient to make me feel assured, that every one who is not a stranger in Jerusalem, but who takes cognizance of what is now-a-days publicly said or written on this subject—that every one who is not stubbornly prejudiced will not object to listen to a few remarks from an independent observer, even though these may not in every point have the charm of novelty.

I do not, however, intend to enlarge on Dutch proper, or the falsely so-called High Dutch; my intention rather is to indicate some points of contrast between it and Cape Dutch, *alias* "die Afrikaanse

Taal." It is a well known fact that language, as "the mirror of nation's character," shows to every one that looks into it both the spirit of the people and of the age. Now the spirit of our age is that of hurry and high pressure, and on all sides is heard the watchword, "Make haste! look sharp!" This spirit pervading the whole world has already impressed its mark on everything surrounding us, and has even affected language, revealing itself in this as in other things in a sameness and tameness of form characteristic of our age.

The dropping of all inflections, of all changes in form and sound, the tendency to make all verbs regular and weak which may be noticed in a greater or smaller measure in all modern languages,—what is this but the same desire for simplification, for uniformity which manifests itself in our modern buildings with their plain and smooth fronts and ornaments?

Only compare the monotonous fronts and lintels of the more recent buildings in this place with the ornamental fronts of the older buildings full of variety and beautiful contrasts;—compare our modern handwriting, plain and continuous, with the gracefully flourished letters of former days; or our keys of which dozens fit the same lock with those of olden times, when for every lock a special and well-finished key was constructed,—and you will agree with the words of Da Costa:—

"Een nieuwe loopkring is voor heel deze aard begonnen! . . .  
 Eén zelfde stoomkrachtvaart  
 Sleept heel ons menschdom voort en effent heel onze aard."

Or with the less grave tone of Beets:—

"Stoomen! Stoomen! Stoomen!  
 Heel de wereld door!"

And this same spirit of Stoomkrachtvaart, this spirit of hurrying haste, reveals itself also in Language.

Just as Steam, that powerful agent in modern times, is gradually levelling the face of our earth by not only removing heights and filling up valleys, but also by effacing all difference in manners of dressing and living; so do also disappear before this same spirit of levelling all heights and valleys, all anomalies, all irregular forms in language which is gradually being stripped of all inflectional forms and is continually becoming smoother, plainer, and barer.

A remarkable phenomenon, older than the 19th century, however, is the gradual disappearance of the genders in most, if not all, of our modern languages. Indeed, the great difference between the past and the present nowhere comes out more prominently than on this point. In times, now long past, our ancestors who had, or allowed themselves, more time to live, who came more into contact with nature, and knew her better than most of us, saw even in inanimate objects personal beings on whom they bestowed distinctive names as on their brothers and sisters; while we, who scarcely ever, except in dreams, have time for imagination, no longer have a living sympathy with their idealistic conceptions, and treating everything in the same matter-of-fact way ignore all difference of gender.

This neglect of gender in language, however, seems to be strongest with those nations who, properly speaking, no longer represent a distinct genus, or rather race, but who have sprung from the intermixture of various races. Only compare the languages of the French the Italians and the English with their history, and the above statement will need no further argument.

But if all that has now been said about language concerns the tongues just now mentioned, with less reserve it may be said to hold good for the language now before us—viz., Cape Dutch. This language deserves, if any does, to be called the child of our age, for where other tongues show the above-mentioned characteristics in some measure only, we find the same principles in the Africander language carried to the very last extreme. Perhaps more than any other, this child of modern times bears in its “plain face” the image of its parents.

The beautiful properties of variety and diversity which render Nature so charming to our eyes, and which we everywhere admire are here looked for in vain. And if there is anything in Nature that can be compared to Cape Dutch, it would be the well-known Cape Flats, which on a white and barren soil offer to the traveller nothing but the monotonous aspect of the almost unvarying “bossies.” That same “gelijkvloerschheid,”—that prosaic dead level—that want of elevation and sweep, that want of poetry, in short, is distinctly seen in the names of plants and animals that have sprung up and become current here.

These names, though often testifying to keen observation and practical sense, are at the same time miserably prosaic. Such as for instance *misrybol*,\* *varkensblom*,† and *peper-en-zout*,‡ of which the two named first—the most beautiful lilies the Cape can boast of—are, on account of their rare beauty and perfect shape, deserving of a more æsthetic name. Likewise for the various species of humming birds with their brilliant colours and graceful little bodies, the early Dutch settlers had no other name than *sugar-birds*; and the little insect which in English is called *Ladybird*, and Dutch proper *onzelieveheers biestje* (our dear Lord's insect), because as the good genius of the gardener it frees his trees from the destructive plant and tree lice, has here no other name than *skulpadje* (little tortoise), again a word which shows more power of accurate comparison than lofty feeling. It is true that this tendency towards the practical and the real has been bequeathed to the *Africander* by none but the Dutch themselves, but this tendency, which even in the mother country has not in every respect proved a virtue, was not improved upon on this side of the Equator, and has rather degenerated into a vice.

The lofty mountains, the magnificent scenery, the serene blue sky, and the pure air, by which otherwise the mind of man is lifted up, have, owing to most unfavourable circumstances, missed their effect here, and whatever tends towards the ideal is here sought in vain.

But there is still another point. When a few moments ago I called Cape Dutch the child of our age, I ought to have added that the 19th century has not treated it as one of her favourites:—it is a neglected child that has, indeed, inherited most of its mother's faults and vices, but few of her good qualities and virtues. The child has had a bad education; it consequently lacks the culture of the more privileged children. Its circle of thought and its knowledge are much more limited, and so it has not that richness of words and

\* A pink lily, thus called because its bol (bulb) flowers in the season when the win-farmers rij (cart) mist (manure) to the vineyard.

† The *Arum-lily*, so called because the *varkens* (pigs) are fond of its bulbs and leaves.

‡ A small clustered flower, whose variegated colours remind one of a mixture of pepper and salt (*zout*).

expressions which an educated man requires to communicate with facility and elegance his conceptions and ideas.

We do not understand how, a few weeks ago, Chief Justice Reitz could maintain that Cape Dutch is richer in words than Dutch proper. That this statement is not consistent with reality, the Rev. Dr. Wirgman has clearly pointed out. Indeed, the argument that Cape Dutch has besides the words borrowed from other nations the whole of the Dutch vocabulary from A to Z at its disposal, is equally absurd with the assertion of a Dutchman, that his language is the richest, since it has not only its own vocabulary but also those of its sister languages to dispose of. It really needs no great perspicuity to see how limited is the number of words in Cape Dutch. Not only the extensive use of English words in daily conversation, but especially the genuine Cape use of "Ik meen" (I mean) with which at every moment the thread of discourse is broken to start afresh, proves how poor the language is, and how the speaker himself has a dim perception of the defective way in which he expresses his thoughts. That this could not have been otherwise we can easily understand, if we consider: 1stly, the low state of education of most of the first Colonists, chiefly discharged seamen or soldiers of the East India Company; 2ndly, their daily anxiety for their safety and maintenance, together with the entire want of school instruction and their isolation from the civilized world; 3rdly, their connection and intermixture with strangers, as the Huguenots, and with barbarians, as the Hottentots and others; while in the 4th place we must take into account that the more educated and civilized officers of the Company resided here only temporarily, and came but rarely into contact with the real population. All these causes could not fail most injuriously to affect the language of the people.

But this is not all:—The Dutch language being the mirror of the nation's character, contains a number of words and expressions derived from the character of the country, the climate, and the peculiar customs of the Dutch. Every one who is a little more than superficially acquainted with Dutch knows how many words and expressions it derives from the water and navigation, as might be expected from a people with whom, as it is said, the French satirist Voltaire found nothing but "canaux et canards" (water

and waterfowl). That the many hundreds of such words and expressions in a country like this, “waar men werkelijk geen gevaar loopt van in zeven slooten tegelijk te verdrinken” (where there is little danger of being drowned in seven canals at the same time), as we say in Dutch, could not but gradually disappear, because after some time they were no more understood,—this is self-evident.

A similar fate befel all words which had an exclusively local, *i.e.*, Netherlandish meaning, and the language, of course, grew poorer from year to year.

Moreover, as all idiomatic phrases and figurative expressions have been derived from the names of every day things, and the words which now have an abstract immaterial meaning, formerly were the names of material things and properties, a number of these phrases and expressions of genuine Netherlandish Dutch gradually fell into disuse, because their pith and point were no longer appreciated.

The different seasons, trees, fruits, animals, and matters of every day life which are found in Holland, and from the peculiarities of which many expressions have been derived, are here unknown, and so their names too were dropped, together with the expressions derived from them. However it must be observed that this loss was partly, but only partly, made up for by the introduction or formation of new words, as the names of local, *i.e.*, Cape objects and situations. So, for instance, they found here mountains which in Holland are conspicuous by their absence. For these and everything connected with them new names had to be created. In this way sprang up the words :—*ruggie*, *koppie*, *krans*, *spruit*, *vlei*, *dam*, etc., which a Dutchman would either misunderstand or not understand at all.

It has already been remarked that in the names here formed a good deal of careful and often acute observation is displayed. I now only mention the names of birds, such as *fiskaal*,\* *koestertje*,† *muisvogel*,‡ *Jan Frederik*,§ thus called from their habits, resemblance,

\* So called, perhaps, because this bird is as much dreaded by the smaller birds as the *fiskaal* (public prosecutor) was by the common people in the days of the Dutch E. I. Company.

† From its habit of *koest* (ing) hiding (the French *se coucher*) itself.

‡ From its resemblance to the *veldmuis* (mouse).

§ Because its cry sounds like those names quickly pronounced.



or cry ; the names of *verkleurmanneltje*, or *Jantjetrapstuitjes*,\* for the *cameleon* ; the names of flowers and plants, *moederkappe*,† *peper-en zout* and *vo(g)elent* ;‡ and finally the names of objects such as *murwagen* (for locomotive), *murhontje* (match), and *baviaanbout*, a kind of long gun resembling the thigh bone of a *baviaan* (baboon), to which undoubtedly many more might be added.

The same sort of mother wit and practical sense is exhibited by the changes to which the language-making community subjects foreign names in order to give them a more homely appearance or meaning.

As a fairly happy illustration of this assertion, I may mention the transpositions of names as *Thesiger* into *Theesuiker*, *Roland* into *ou Rooiland*, *Arbousset* into *A.B.C.*, *Sir Theophilus Shepstone* into *Seur Stoffel Slijpsteen*, by which at the same time the feelings of the people towards the respective persons are not indistinctly shown. That the *Africanders* not only formed or transformed words, but like the *English* also borrowed from other nations, appears from the *French* words, *banja* or *baing* (*bien*), *seur* (*sieur*), *passabel* (*said* of rivers), *plezierig*,§ &c.; from the *German* words, *een andag hou*,|| *blas* (*pale*) *dan* and *wan*, *een oorwaks*,¶ &c., and from many others, words the origin or descent of which is less evident, such as *tamaai*, *tjakkie*, *tjoerang*, and others.

Another point which shows the bad influence exerted on *Cape Dutch* by other languages, and especially by *French*, we find not only in the disappearance of the distinction of genders, but also in the deplorable loss of nearly all strong and irregular verbs.

Here, again, we cannot agree with *Chief Justice Reitz*, that by this the language has gained so much for practical life, and whether at any rate on this point the gain balances the loss I leave to the

\* The *manikin* that can *verkleur* (change its colours), or *Jantje* (*Johnny*) that *trap* (goes) *zuutjes* (slowly).

† Resembling the *kapje* (cap) worn by the *moeder* (farmer's wife).

‡ From *vo'el*, *voegel*, bird, and *ent*, graft, a kind of *mistletoe*, the seeds of which are, as it were, engrafted on trees by birds.

§ A word used when taking leave, most likely from the *French* *au plaisir de vous revoir*, "Till I will again have the pleasure of meeting you."

|| To hold family worship (*German*, *andacht*).

¶ A box on the ears (in vulgar *German*, *wichsen*, to beat or strike).

decision of those who do not consider Language as the means only of obtaining our daily bread and butter, or as the medium of our daily transactions, but as the highest gift the Creator has bestowed on men above all created beings.

Through it he is enabled to communicate to his fellow-men the deepest and finest feelings, the most delicate vibrations and perceptions of his soul, in articulate and harmonious sounds, with so noble an instrument we dare not be indifferent as to the way it is strung and tuned, and just as every one who has any feeling for the beautiful is more deeply moved by the full harmonies of a church organ than by the single harsh and unvarying notes of a child's whistle or bag-pipe, so it cannot be immaterial to an educated man whether a language possesses a great or small variety of forms.

All that can be said of a smoothly planed language,—cleared of all irregularities, is that it can be acquired with greater ease by a foreigner; but to the son of the soil it makes little difference; and a German child finds not much more difficulty in learning from the mouth of its mother the various declensions so difficult to a stranger than a young Africander does in repeating the monotonous *ik het* or *ons het gedit* or *gedat* of his parents. I fail entirely to understand how it is possible in a language in which the same sounds and forms continually return like the vexatious dripping of water through a leaking roof, to express in suitable and harmonious words the thousands of various emotions of the soul and the equally numerous and varying voices of Nature. It does not do to place Cape Dutch on a level with English; for however many points of resemblance there may be between these two, the vernacular of the Cape has, owing to most unfavourable circumstances, within the short two centuries of its existence, fallen into extremes to which English, though foremost in the ranks of emancipated languages, has not arrived, and to which it probably never will come.

In Cape Dutch the verbs for instance, which, together with the nouns, form the most essential part in any human speech, have not only no personal affixes, but also have scarcely any other tenses than the Past, formed by means of the auxiliaries *het* or *was*, and the Future indicated by the invariable *sal* or *sel*. It almost entirely lacks the Imperfect, which, in our opinion, adds so much to the

vigour and terseness of style, whereas the incessantly recurring and monotonous forms of *ik het gedit* or *ik het gedat* too much remind us of the insufferable and provoking *cabarrang* of the Malays.

Further Cape Dutch is utterly destitute of the Possessive case, which not only is indispensable for a concise style, but also enables us, especially in Dutch proper, to form a number of compound nouns by means of which many tedious circumlocutions are avoided.

As time compels me to refrain from further details, I now come to the conclusion, and feel obliged to express as my conviction, that Cape Dutch, as it is now, is too poor in words and expressions for being used as a vehicle of thought on any except every day subjects.

It is so now, but by this no judgment is pronounced as to its future ; what it will be no one can foretell.

It certainly is a remarkable phenomenon that the language, though almost wholly stripped of inflectional forms, is not altogether devoid of formative power ; and that in our days, under our very eyes, though observed by few, it again is creating new words, and even new forms of inflection.

Every one knows that Cape Dutch has lost, together with its genders, the Dutch words *deze*, *die*, *dit*, *dat*, and *gene*, words which very conveniently denote objects at different distances from the speaker. And yet even the least educated man requires similar words to denote whether the things he is speaking of are near at hand or remote.

Now Cape Dutch, having lost the words which in proper Dutch serve that purpose, was, like French, compelled to make use of a circumlocution and to place before the article *die* the adverbs *hier* or *daar*, as the case may be. So they spoke of *hier die hond* and *daar die hond* (here the dog and there the dog), a distinct but not very elegant way of pointing out. But what happens? The same tendency to simplifications which in so many instances has carried us too far, now comes to our aid, and by suppressing the letter *d* of the article, makes the new and much shorter words *hierie* and *daarie*, which are both distinct and euphonious.

One more example. Owing to the absolute want of a possessive case there arose with an utter disregard of gender such expressions as *mamma zijn hoed* (mamma his hat) instead of *mamma's hoed*, or

at least *mamma haar hoed*, as is also heard in Holland. But what has here again effected that same phonetic decay, that same tendency to simplification?

The word *zijn* thrust in everywhere between two larger and more important words such as here—*mamma* and *hoed*, got crushed, and so, by gradually losing a bit here and there, dwindled away into the forms *zen* and *ze*, so that now one may even hear *mamma ze hoed*. Thus *zijn*, *zen*, *ze*, and only but one step further, and we are where we want to be—viz., at the single *z* or *s* which both in Dutch and English is the regular sign of the genitive.

So it is not at all impossible that we may hear in the course of some fifty or hundred years from the now ungrammatical *Africander*, who speaks of *mamma zijn hoed*, the genuine grammatical expression *mamma's hoed*, in the same way as now already another similar expression *die anderland zen raad* sounds nearly like the pure Dutch *anderlandsche raad*. So although Cape Dutch at the present has nearly been reduced to a mere skeleton, it does not lack all vital power; it still would seem able to recover, and “where there is life there is hope.”

And now after this cursory sketch, the questions may be asked:—1st, what then do you, as a teacher of Dutch, think yourself about the Cape vernacular? 2nd, why and with what aim do you teach the former, *i.e.*, proper Dutch? I shall try to answer these questions as briefly as possible. 1st, My opinion about Cape Dutch is much different from what it was some years ago. Then my first impression of it was not very favourable; but as we say in Dutch “*onbekend maakt onbemind*,” and as my knowledge of Cape Dutch increased my opinion was changed, and I have been led to observe much good which I at the first acquaintance had overlooked.

The first day-dream of the late Dr. Changuion “the Dutch language re-established in South Africa,” I have, as he afterwards did himself, long since abandoned as highly improbable:—the difference in character, country, climate, customs, ideas and interests is too great, ever to make it possible for *Africanders* as a nation to adopt and preserve as their daily language the Dutch as it is spoken north of the line. That Dutch in an African attire, should be doomed to disappear for ever from the face of the earth,

I do not believe and I should be a degenerate Dutchman if I could utter this as my wish. I am not blind to the beauties of other tongues, and I hope that so far I am able to appreciate them; but I have a special love for Dutch, not merely because it is my mother tongue, but also for its own sake.

The greatest difficulty a young *Africander* finds in the study of Dutch proper, is the apparently arbitrary application of its genders to the names of inanimate things, but I do not think the time far off, when a revolution on this head will take place, since the language as it is spoken now vastly differs in the direction of simplicity from the written language, and so in time this objection will be done away with.

Now there only remains the question, with what aim I here teach the Dutch? In the first place, it is the language nearest related to the one spoken by most of our pupils—it is the mother tongue of their mother tongue. It is true that many of our compatriots trace their pedigree to other countries than Holland; such as France, Germany, Sweden, &c.; but nevertheless, Cape Dutch, and not either French, German, or Swedish is their mother tongue, unless their settlement at the Cape is only of the most recent date. In the second place Cape Dutch is for the majority of our fellow-countrymen the language of their church, the language of their public and private devotion, the language in which they clothe their most solemn and sacred feelings. And in this respect even proper Dutch itself has not yet vanished from our soil. As such, it still is the language which is daily employed by a large and influential part of the population.

It is a fact striking every Dutchman coming from Holland, that even the simplest farmer, who in conversation can scarcely utter a decent sentence in Dutch, uses, in conducting family worship, good Dutch words and expressions. As long, therefore, as the *Africander* uses the language while laying his necessities and interests before the throne of his God, he has a right to have this language taught to the rising generation, his children.

Finally, though it is not possible for a whole nation to speak two or more languages equally well, yet the saying of Charles V. holds good, "So many languages as a man can speak, so many times he is a man."

It is desirable for every one whose circumstances will allow, to learn at least one language besides his own, for by comparison with others one becomes better acquainted with one's own language, and can also better appreciate its beauties. Now, under the present circumstances, it is necessary for every young *Africander*, who does not want to fall behind in the competition of life, to learn English thoroughly, not only because it is the language of Government, and the one used on most public occasions, but also because it is almost exclusively the only vehicle by which now civilisation with all its advantages is brought to his door. As nearly all new instruments, implements, and things needed for the professions and every day life are brought to the Cape by the English, and as Cape Dutch has got no names for most of these modern things, we unavoidably get none but the English names along with them, and so one must necessarily be able to understand the names and explanations of those objects, in order to make the proper use of them.

Owing to this Cape Dutch adopts a number of English words, which gradually incorporate themselves with the language, and partly at least will remain in it; but though at present this appears to be inevitable, I do not think it equally desirable. If the *Africander* were better acquainted with Dutch proper, he would know that the Dutch have got most of the things imported here by the English, and that at the same time, they have got names for them which an *Africander* would far better understand than the English ones, so that he would be better able to form an idea of the nature of the thing from the name alone.

For, while cherishing a due respect for English, I venture to think that in one point at least, Dutch is superior to English—namely, in this, that Dutch, much more than its sister-tongue, is more homogeneous in the material of its words. Consequently, all newly-made words in Dutch are sooner and better understood from their component parts than is the case in English. On the other hand, this language has borrowed too many words from elsewhere, so that it very often is not possible to understand the proper meaning of a word without knowing the original language whence it was taken. This is a weighty objection, for not everyone has the opportunity nor the means to spend some years in the study of ancient or modern

languages, in order to understand his own, especially when such studies will be of little use for one's future career.

Now, Cape Dutch, though much differing from Dutch proper, has this in common with the latter, that nearly all its root words are Dutch, so that a young Africander who takes to the study of Dutch will from the very starting point, meet with a number of words whose meaning he will be able to understand or to guess at first sight.

It is my opinion, based on experience, that a Cape youth will, under the same circumstances, sooner understand a Dutch book than a similar English one. If only Dutch were more used as the medium of instruction in those places where Cape Dutch is the only language spoken, and where parents cannot leave their children longer at school than till their thirteenth or fourteenth year, then not only a good deal of time would be gained, but the language of the people also would be greatly improved and would gradually, by adopting whatever Dutch words and expressions are suitable for our country, extend its vocabulary, raise its standard, and in every respect become more fit to be the vehicle of the thoughts of educated men.

This is the view I take of the matter. If it be right, I hope that in the spirit of true patriotism, I may be supported both by you whose studies I am in part privileged to guide, and by all who take an interest in the general welfare of our countrymen and country.

N. MANSVELT.

Stellenbosch, June 25, 1880.

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## Reformatories and Industrial Schools.

THE establishment of Reformatories and Industrial Schools in this Colony is a subject which has for a long time occupied our attention, but we felt that, while the great demand upon the finances of the country for the public works now being carried on, continued, it could not be expected that the Legislature would vote the large sums of money requisite for schools of the nature to which we refer. The munificent bequest, however, of the late Hon. Wm. Porter, to be applied for the purpose of establishing reformatory schools, suggests that the present is an opportune time for considering the question; the importance of which all our readers, we think, will readily admit.

The judges have at various times expressed their regret that there did not exist any institution other than the common gaol to which they could send juvenile offenders, who are therefore sent to undergo punishment and serve an apprenticeship to vice in the same gaols as, and in the company of, the most hardened criminals. For want also of some means of punishing juvenile offenders in a way more suitable to their age, the Act 21 of 1869 was passed, authorising the flogging with the cane of male offenders under the age of fourteen years, not exceeding fifteen cuts.

Under the English Statutes 29 and 30 Vict. caps. 117 and 118, reformatories and industrial schools have been established in England, and provisions are made for the different classes of offenders, under the age of sixteen years, who have been tried before judges or magistrates, the power of detention in such schools being from two to five years, at the discretion of the court before which the prisoner is tried.

The schools are supported by grants authorised by Parliament, by private donations and subscriptions, by contributions from the parents or other persons legally liable to maintain any youthful offender, by municipal votes and by profits realised by the labour of the children. Magistrates are empowered to summon parents and others liable to contribute, to examine into their ability to contribute, and to make an order of such weekly sum, not exceeding five shillings a week, as shall seem reasonable.

Powers are also given to the Secretary of State to direct the inspector of industrial schools to examine into the condition of any school proposed to be opened, and its fitness for the reception of



children to be sent there under the Acts ; and upon a satisfactory report being received from the inspector, the school may be opened.

Destitute children may be sent to the schools, a much better way of bringing them up than apprenticing them to persons from whom they receive no training, moral or otherwise, that will make them better Christians, or better or more useful colonists. They become mere household drudges or herds. They associate with other servants much older than themselves, from whom it is feared they learn much evil and little good. In the reformatories and industrial schools children receive a religious training: they are taught trades, and such matters as fit them to be useful as domestic servants, farm labourers, &c.

We have before us a report by Sir John Lentoigue, C.B., the Government inspector of industrial schools in Ireland, from which we have taken the following extracts. They prove conclusively the immense amount of good affected by industrial schools:—

*“ Report of Reformatories and Industrial Schools in Ireland, 1877.*

“ Page 28.—“ Fourteen boys work on the farm, six in the market garden, six in the printing office, six in the tailor’s shop, eight are employed in the carpenter’s shop, and the remainder in other departments. The boys are occupied for eight hours daily at industrial work, and attend school in the evenings.”

“ Page 30.—“ *Industrial Training.*—Very satisfactory needle-work and machine-work are taught. The girls cut out and make their own dresses, and work for the shops. They likewise cut out and make shirts, and one class is employed in the manufacture of gloves for one of the principal houses in Dublin. This work requires the greatest cleanliness and neatness, and besides teaching a trade, by which a competence can be earned, affords an excellent training for the girls in habits of precision and tidiness.”

“ Page 31.—“ *Industrial Training.*—Carpentry, turning, tailoring, and shoemaking, are carried on in this school, and some boys, instructed in these trades who have been since discharged, are now earning a competence thereby.

“ The ground attached to the school, which is worked as a market garden, proved very remunerative during the year. The profits on the

six acres of ground amounted to £98 4s. 3d. The profits on the trades £141 10s. 11d.

“Page 47.—“*Conduct and Discipline.*—The manager reports that the general conduct of the children was very satisfactory, faults few and trifling; no serious offence was reported during the last nine months of the year, but one boy who was discharged in April gave much trouble. The system of rewards established in this school is found to work very satisfactorily. A firm but mild discipline is enforced. Boys who merit the distinction wear a stripe on the arm for good conduct, and the best boy is awarded a medal at the close of the year.

“Page 48.—“*Industrial Training.*—The boys were employed during the year at farm and garden work, tailoring, knitting, wood-chopping, painting, laundry work, and the usual routine of house work, cleaning, washing, &c. Good crops of potatoes, mangel, turnips and vegetables, were obtained from the farm (19 acres). The stock of cows and pigs have been kept up, and the breeding of swine successfully carried on. The farm yard has been improved.”

We could supply many other articles all much to the same effect. There is no reason to suppose that if similar schools were established in this country the same, or even more satisfactory, results would not be obtained.

The children, both white and coloured, manifest great intelligence; there is very little crime in the Colony, and the children who would be sent to the schools would not be tainted with the amount of vice and depravity which unfortunately attaches to those brought up in the haunts of poverty and crime in London and other places.

We have every hope that no time will be lost in carefully considering a scheme, and preparing a Bill to be submitted to Parliament, for carrying out the wishes of the benevolent Testator, whose whole life was spent in doing works of charity.

There are many who have received from him, and who gratefully acknowledge it, assistance that rescued them from utter destitution. We know not to what trustees, or on what terms the munificent sum of £20,000 has been left, but the charitable feelings which dictated it add an additional lustre to the memory of one who ever “did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame.”

## The Natal Tribes.

THE following statements of two aged natives are results of the appeal made in the introduction to the narrative by Nehemiah Moshesh which was published in the April and May numbers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, under the heading "A Little Light from Basutoland."

I thank Captain Hook sincerely for his courtesy and willingness to help; and trust that others may be induced to assist in the collection of the statements of the few remaining ancients.

HERODOTUS AUSTRALIS.

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### WALAZA'S STATEMENT.

(*Extracted from a Letter by Captain Hook, R.M., Herschel, 3rd February, 1880.*)

The following is old Walaza's account of the Natal tribes, and his wanderings. He says he is about 85 or 90 years of age; but he must be more, having been a man fighting in the ranks of Hints'a's brother at the Tella (Telle or Tees), against Umkuwane (Moguana), Morosi's father, when Morosi was a boy. He belonged to the Duma M'Tombene tribe, which occupied the country on the other side of the Tugela and Umzinyate rivers, where they join near the sea. He was born there. It was a large tribe and the chief's name was Nomagaga Gamlocha. His earliest recollection is a chief named Gotongwana, of the Xaba tribe in the same neighbourhood, who first taught his people to stab with the assegai and not to throw it. Chaka was Gotongwana's nephew. The Duma M'Tombene tribe became absorbed in the Xaba tribe through frequent quarrels, and joined them. The name was thus lost excepting that there were other of the Duma Tombene further north. Gotongwana induced eleven different tribes of Natal to submit to him by simply challenging them to war, so great was their fear of his stabbing assegai. Gotongwana taught his people to stab by taking them down to the sea-side (they lived close by) and pointing out the waves as they rushed on and broke, scattering all before them. He told them they must rush on like the sea and stab with, not throw, their assegais. He trained them to this, and no other tribe could stand against him. This happened within

the recollection of Walaza, who left that part of the country when he was eighteen years old. The following are the tribes which submitted without fighting, viz. —

1. U-ma-jo-ka-bo-po-le-le.
2. Um-bem-be-ya.
3. U-si-hla-hlwa-nge-ke-wa-be.
4. Um-ba-da-nje-be.
5. U-ngo-sa-ka-nya-na.
6. U-zo-nda-ba-ka-bc-be.
7. U-nom-gam-lana-ka-zulu.
8. Um-be-la-sa-ka-zulu.
9. U-no-ma-ga-nga-ka-dhlo-mo.
10. U-ma-dhla-nyu-ku.
11. U-ki-vi-tja-ma-vu-so.

They all took to stabbing, and vanquished all surrounding tribes. Sidengalanga, a chief of one of the vanquished tribes (that of Motsilikatzi) rose up against his conqueror Gotongwana, and in a battle took him prisoner, giving him a place to live at; and finding his prisoner was intending treachery towards him, he sent men in the night to kill him, but the stabbing had no effect, all the spears bent on his body; so Gotongwana asked for a red hot stone to be placed on his breast and then he died. This difficulty in dying was caused by his having eaten a morning star. He offered to eat the moon, but his tribe would not allow him for fear he might eat the sun, and then "how would they know about the seasons and years," etc. Sikite (Chaka) then succeeded Gotongwana, being Gotongwana's nephew, and marched against Sidengalanga with a large army, but the latter fled to a new country. On obtaining the chieftainship, Sikite named himself *Chaka*, and his people Zulus, because he was descended from an ancestor of the name of Zulu (which means Heaven). There might have been a small tribe called Zulus somewhere afar off, but the Natal tribes were not called Zulus till Chaka named them. Chaka fought many battles and defeated and drove all before him through Natal to the Amaponda country. Mamamla'a, Chaka's general and brother grew tired of wars and killed Chaka at last at his kraal, and became chief himself under the name of Dingaan, whose history is pretty well known.

At the time that Gotongwana was troubling the tribes near the sea, an axe fighting tribe (H'luibis) under Pangasita (Pangasta or Pacarita) was troubling the Amabele and Amazizi near the mountains and drove them to

Tsetse, a Basuto chief of the Bahatsetse. The axe fighting people were called Fetcane. The tribes were mixed when forced by Chaka in among the Amaxosa along the coast. The Amaponda are still on their old ground. When Walaza and his brother left the Tugela, on account of the constant disturbances in their own country, they first passed through the Amakaze tribe and the Madhlanyuku tribe, still assegai throwing people, living between the Tugela and Umgeni. Walaza stayed some time with them. The tribes that lived where Port Natal is, were called "Uchaba;" they were various tribes but were called enemies (Uchaba). Walaza was one of the first to shew them the advantage of stabbing in battle instead of throwing the assegai. The Port Natal country was in those days called Tsekwene. When the Dutch came there the country was inhabited by natives. When Walaza got to Natal country there was only one white family there, man and wife (Kwityamwuso by name) old people and quite grey, following manners and customs of the natives. They had four sons and four daughters; their ears were cut just like the natives. They had light hair and blue eyes, and wore skins. The distance from Walaza's birth-place to Port Natal is according to his own statement about 75 miles (the distance from Morosi's mountain to Herschel magistracy).

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STATEMENT OF MATHLOMAHULU.

*(A cousin of Langalibalele, residing at Herschel, made to Captain Hook, R.M., April, 1880).*

Umtimukulu was paramount chief of the Amathluibi after Bongani, who was Umtimukulu's father. Pangastas (or Pacaritz) was Umtimukulu's brother. Matuana killed Umtimukulu when he (Matuana) was on a visit at Umtimukulu's, Pangastas was not present, and the death did not take place at Pangastas' Kraal. When Pangastas heard of Umtimukulu's death he fled with his people to Basutoland, and conquered the Basutos, keeping Moshesh as his tributary. After that Matuana fled before Chaka to Basutoland, and attacked Pangastas and killed him. Setanane (Pangasta's son) succeeded his father. I, Mathlomahula, was a little boy at the time, and am a son of Pangastas, and Setanane was my elder brother. We fled over Vaal River, and there we were attacked by Mosilikatze and scattered. Setanane went back with his followers to the Umzinyate, the place we, the Amathluibi, came from; and I, with some of our people, took refuge for a time in a mountain, and then we joined

Mosilikatze for a while, until he was going to kill me because I was a chief, and then I and my followers escaped, and we got to a place beyond Basutoland. There Matuana sent his army against us, but we knew the force was coming, and we attacked and defeated it. However, being afraid of a second army coming, we left, and went to the country that Langalibalele lately occupied, and then to the Amabacas, whom we attacked and drove, taking their cattle, and then we settled on the east side of the mountains. We attacked the Amabaca because we were in want of food. We attacked them a second time, but my army was defeated, and then they came and attacked us, and took our cattle and scattered us. I then with a small party of men went back to our old country, the Umzinyate, where I was born, and joined my uncle Masxaqu, Pangastas' brother. While I was there, Chaka attacked us and killed my uncle. Then I left with a few men, and went and settled under Sikonyela in Basutoland, near the sources of the Caledon River. While there I heard that the Amathluibi had changed their name, and were called Fingoes, and were living with white people, so I left with 14 men, and went to Graham's Town, and saw the Rev. Wm. Shaw, and Umhlambiso, another son of Umtimukulu. From there I went to Port Elizabeth and to Zitzikamma to ask the Fingoes for cattle. I got some and returned to Sikonyela. Then Sikonyela commenced fighting with the Griquas. Then I joined Rev. Wm. Shepstone at Sikonyela's, and when he removed to Herschel I received a letter from him and followed him thither. Setanane, after he went back to Umzinyate, returned alone to Basutoland, and Matuana killed him. Langabalele is a son of Umtimukulu. Umtimukulu was killed by Matuana at Umzinyate before Pangastas came to Basutoland. When Setanane fled from Mozilikatsi he went to Chaka, but Chaka would not receive him, so he returned alone to Basutoland, where Matuana, Chaka did make regiments "Lictani," of some Amathluibi, Umtimukulu's men, and there might have been a few of Setanane's men, but I do not know.

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### Discarded Favourites.

I AM an old man, and remember the beginning of this century, and as your modern histories will tell you, I must have seen many changes in Government, in Science, in Literature, and in Taste. I cannot help smiling sadly when I see some youthful enthusiast glowing with red hot zeal and ready to do battle to the death for some cherished cause. Poor fellow, how little he knows how soon the fashion of these things fade and pass away. But I am not going to moralise on matters of serious importance. I wish to allow memory to renew long forgotten impressions of trifling things, and to recall a few popular ideas, which in my own time have had their day—for ideas are like dogs, in this respect at least. It is quite amusing how a new idea becomes hackneyed, then thread-bare, and, last of all, worn-out and for ever ruined. A really good idea often stands its own better than the majority. It will outlive an immense deal of talking and tusselling; yet the more excellent it is, it has generally the greater chance of being run down, and worried at last. When I was young we used to hear a great deal about the Rialto. The Rialto was evidently the trump poetical idea of the time. How it became so I cannot tell, though I suspect Lord Byron set it agoing, and then left it to itself. One could hear little else talked of but the Rialto. A picture of it was to be found in every annual; or if it was not in this year, it was sure to be in the next. In passing, I may mention these same annuals as having lived their day and as being now forgotten, a fate I fear even the *Cape Monthly Magazine* cannot escape. The Bridge of Sighs had also a considerable run about the same time, and so had the Council of Ten; and there was a critical periodical of the latter name, which lasted a short while. I do not know what has become of the Rialto now; I have not heard anything about it or the Bridge of Sighs for a long while. People, I suppose, have grown completely wearied of both, and dropped them by universal consent. The Moors in Spain is another of those ideas that have departed this life. Along with the Alhambra, it formed a very pretty idea some years ago, and Washington Irving really made it bearable. Much poetry used to appear upon this subject; but no young poet would, in the present 1880, think of an Aber-

cerrage as a hero; yet the Abencerrages made excellent heroes a generation or two ago. A dreadful idea strikes me, that you, gentle reader, do not actually know who the Abencerrages were? How shocked a fashionable Rip van Winkle would feel at your ignorance!

None of these ideas, however, has been so completely worn-out as the Hellespont. The Rialto was bad enough, but nothing to the Hellespont. It was for the time an all-prevailing theme. Everybody talked of the Hellespont. Its length, its breadth, its depth, its colour, and its current, all excited debate. There were long papers in the Magazines about the Hellespont—the old stories about Leander swimming across it were revived—the possibility of swimming across it in modern times was anxiously canvassed. You see Captain Webb was not then born. Never was there so delightful, so fanciful, an idea as the Hellespont; yet it only had its day; it was thrust out at last by some incoming idea; and so not a word, good or bad, has been uttered regarding it for several years.

The Paraclete was an idea rather before my day; yet I have a faint recollection of the parting skirts of it; it was just going out of the world as I came in.

I do not remember of having heard much of the Medici lately: what can have become of the Medici. People used to allude to them in an easy and familiar way in the periodicals about fifty or sixty years ago, as if they had lived hand and glove with them all their days. I wonder where the Medici and their literary intimates are now.

Mankind, moreover, seem now to have recovered from Lord Byron. Neither he, nor the Greeks (well they and the Turks are at it again) nor Pæstum, nor the Acropolis, are alluded to once for fifty times they once were. I also miss the Bedouins. Where, can anyone tell me, are the Bedouins gone? It surely cannot be fifty years since they were a very great people. Another of the grand topics of my young days was the Parthenon. You could not cast your eye over any periodical work without encountering the Parthenon. Nay, you could not walk the streets without seeing placards about it. Men would come abreast of you, and on boards buckled round their waists you would read "the Parthenon." That also is gone. The Scotch, in the midst of the Parthenon fever, tried to



get up one at Edinburgh ; but the thing would not answer. The idea slipped down before the subscription rose high enough, and so left them in the lurch with only a bit of a Parthenon on their hands. The Circassians was about the same time a leading idea ; delightful subject the Circassians ! Now you may read all the current literature in England till your eyes are blind in your head, and never see the word.

About the year nineteen, a dreadful pother was got up about Mr. Southey and Wat Tyler. Little else for the time was talked about, and so much was said upon the subject, that at length people became thoroughly tired of it. It wore everybody out ; they could stand it no longer ; and then it was quietly entombed by those who had been the means of agitating it. Any man who should now try to raise a racket about Southey and Wat Tyler would to a certainty be chargeable with a design to break the peace, and so stand a fair chance of being committed to gaol, unless a merciful view were taken of his case, and he were forwarded to the nearest Lunatic Asylum.

About the year twenty-three, as I well remember, hardly anything was spoken of but Mr. Hayley, the great autobiographical work of Mr. Hayley. Every literary journal had its "third notice" of this amazing book ; every magazine had its abridgment of it. You would not open a newspaper but you were led by some ingeniously contrived paragraph to an attestation of the importance of the memoirs of Mr. Hayley. Even after you thought you had seen the end of it—three months after the last dropping shot had, as you imagine, let its leaden sound fall on your ear—the subject was revived in full force by the quarterlies, so that it was not until the better part of a year was out that Mr. Hayley finally slept with his fathers. I do not exactly remember what was the next leading idea that came upon the carpet ; whether it was Dr. Parr or Mr. St. John Long, I cannot recollect. I think, however, it was the former.

No sooner was the fine classical idea of Dr. Parr brought into play, than all the world of letters made a full set at it, every man was anxious to come in for a share. One magazine told us prosing stories about his smoking and beer-drinking ; another tried to be entertaining on the subject of his wig. Never was poor wig or any

other fabric of the peruke species so well handled; a third took in hand to compare him with Dr. Johnson, and it was astonishing how close was the resemblance—quite a miracle; a fourth, one of the heavy, dull metal, gave us a disquisition on his profound knowledge of Greek, and his preface to Bellendenus. In short there seemed to be hardly a possibility of ending Dr. Parr. Our periodical literature was choked full of him, for I do not know how long. Authors of every description, rank, and character, wrote and wrote, and over again wrote about him, till the idea was literally worn to rags, yea to very rags. At length, greatly to the relief of all mankind, it vanished, and was no more heard of.

About the year thirty-one, Goëthe became a leading idea in England. It was thought fine to be heard talking of Goëthe; it looked as if the speaker were well acquainted with German literature, and the words German literature sounded well in company. He was thought to be a poor ignorant creature who could not prate about Goëthe, and Goëthe's Faust, and all that kind of thing. Then we had Goëthe's Wilhelm Meister, all Europe was full of Wilhelm Meister. My lady this asked my lady that if she had read Wilhelm Meister, which her ladyship said she had, although she had never been able to get through a page of it without yawning, and internally denouncing it at the time as perfect stuff—little better than Puss in Boots or Jack the Giant Killer. Yet to say she had not perused it would have been monstrous—quite shocking; and this was the way that the Goëthe idea was spoiled. The magazines, to do them justice, held to it as long as it would hang together; as long as there was a thread left. They at length gave it up as entirely finished; and you now never hear a single word about Goethe, or Faust (save as an opera), or Wilhelm Meister. It would not pay and there is an end of it.

Petrarch and Laura formed a good serviceable idea in its time. It has been a capital stock belles-lettres idea, something to be used as occasion may require by the genteel school of writers. It has enjoyed fully as good a share of worrying as the Abelard and Heloise idea, which, to say the least of it, was not a bad hack idea for the greater part of a century. I consider, however, that both these ideas are now worn out. They are as dead as the Egeria and Numa

Pompilius idea, which had a tolerable run many years ago, but is now, to our great relief, laid on the shelf and forgotten.

It is thus that authors, and artists, and scholars, and poets, become worn-out ideas. People are so much plagued at hearing their names in all quarters for a time, that they at last make up their minds neither to say, nor listen to, one word more about them. Many men have in this manner gone down the wind, and are no more trumpeted by fame, merely because they had the misfortune to become worn-out ideas. The march of intellect!—the school-master abroad!—Junius!—the words are enough.

Popular music and songs become in regular succession worn-out ideas. Even the most pleasing pieces at length grow tiresome from familiarity, and are dropped. When all the world has at length heard, "Oh no! we never mention her," and that perhaps several times over, all at once they agree never again to mention the subject, but to take up with something else, either by the same or another author. The more that a musical composition is liked at first, the more sure is it in time to become hackneyed and worn out. About the year fourteen, you would have heard no tune played but the Copenhagen Waltz. All man and woman kind went mad about the Copenhagen Waltz. It was played in theatres, and public concerts, and private companies, and whistled upon the streets by boys. Organs, clarionets, fiddles, flutes, pianos, and all other instruments of music, whether winged or stringed, were kept for months close at work, humming, and strumming, and blowing, and straining, at this famous Copenhagen Waltz. It met you in the teeth at every corner: the whole air was one air—and that was the Copenhagen Waltz. All at once it ceased. The idea had possessed a strong constitution, and had stood an immense deal of tearing and wearing. However, it at last also came to its end, and no more was ever heard of it—not a cheep; the idea was completely, and more than completely, worn out. Of tougher material was the "Sweet Home" idea. Mercy on us, how that idea was ground to pieces on the streets of London. But it possessed the wondrous vigour of John Barley-corn. It was, if anything, worse treated than the Copenhagen Waltz, for it admitted of being sung as well as played. Every young lady consequently learned to squeak up "Sweet Home;"

every young gentleman, clerk, and shop-boy, tried his hand at it. Every stage-coach guard from Brighton to Edinburgh played it on his double-keyed bugle; nay, I have even been told that a clergyman was so fond of it as never to miss quoting it in his sermons whenever he could decently introduce it. Yet it, too, had its day, and its place was in time occupied by other airs. Not that it has quite departed, for I will acknowledge that it still shows symptoms of vigorous life, hale and hearty like myself, but soon to pass away. A great torment to the British people was a song called "The Sea."

It has thus been my fate, from earliest years, to be haunted and bored by many successive airs, which, abstractly, as I may say, were pretty enough airs, but, being over-repeated, became practically painful. My very earliest recollection is of a song in the Mountaineers, which began—

"Faintly and wearily the wayworn traveller."

Then came the Copenhagen Waltz. Next "Dunois the Young and Brave." After that "The Red Red Rose." Then "The Dark Lochnagar" and "Nid Noddin." Then again "Home Sweet Home." Next in succession, "The Bonny Briest Knots" and the music of "Der Freischutz." This brought me down to the year twenty-five, when "Cherry Ripe" came in full bang and drove all before it. By "Cherry Ripe" I was handed over to "I'd be a Butterfly," and by that to "Alice Gray," as a state prisoner is handed by the lieutenant of the Tower to the sheriff, by the sheriff to the mayor, and by the mayor to the executioner, no remove bringing him the least alleviation of his unhappy circumstances. So indelibly did these tunes make their respective impressions upon me, that I can tell the date of any barrel organ by its predominant airs as exactly as if I saw the figures upon the instrument. For, be it observed, however intolerable tunes may become, they generally keep a longer hold of the organs than of the public taste, seeing that such an instrument, especially if the property of some poor Italian, cannot be altered all of a sudden. Tunes thus enjoy a kind of crepuscular existence long after their sun has set.

I need hardly remind the world how much it has been wearied

with worn-out words. Some words become a serious nuisance, both in our spoken language and sign-board literature. Some popular hero appears or great event takes place, and immediately the name is applied to all kinds of establishments—mercantile, scientific, and otherwise: banks, societies, bridges, hotels, mountain passes, docks, canteens, cabs, volunteer corps and fishing boats, all alike try to derive dignity and popularity from the use of these hackneyed expressions. Those who remember Sir Harry Smith's time will recall the number of Aliwals, Harrismiths, Ladismiths, Smithfield, &c., &c., which sprung up in all directions. The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh was followed by Alfred Docks, Port Alfred, Alfred Parks, Royal Alfred Lodges, Prince Alfred's Volunteer Cavalry, Prince Alfred's Volunteer Artillery, that admirable but dreadfully initialled D.O.E.O.V.R. corps (Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles), and many others. Besides these and such like terms there is, as one may notice, always some favourite word going its rounds, and enjoying a temporary popularity. If the word happen to indicate a taking idea, it is certain to undergo a good deal of wearing before it be laid aside.

After ideas have been pretty well worn, attempts are often made to revive them, and once more set them agoing. They become in this way standing subjects of botheration. Of all the standing subjects of universal botheration, of all the worn and doubly worn ideas, the Polar Seas form the chief. For many years the North Pole has been a prolific theme of worry. An immensity of big books, and little books, as well as pictures and panoramas of all kinds, have been made to enlighten mankind on the subject; never was there so much done for any similiar idea before; it has been patronized by the nation and by individuals, and formed a good picking to thousands; yet—and this is the funny thing about it—we are no wiser than we were. What, I should like to hear, does anyone know about the North Pole more than we did fifty years ago? The whole affair is a delusion. I venture to say, there is not a thirsty soul in Cape Town who would forego a single draught of Bass to know whether the North Pole is get-at-able or not. The subject is exhausted.

## Bookselling before the Invention of Printing.

PERHAPS the following few remarks, giving some account of the arrangements of the trade in books from the eleventh to the fifteenth century in France and Italy, will not prove too "dry" for the readers of the *Cape Monthly*. In some old works which treat of this subject, we find a good deal of interesting matter, and arranging this under four heads, viz.:—Transcribers; the material upon which they wrote; dealers in books; and the prices of books; we now lay before our readers what we have found elsewhere. The business of transcriber was an important one, wherever the presence of esteemed teachers and a concourse of students created a demand for books. At Bologna, the number of persons devoted to this occupation was very great, and among them were many females. The trades standing most nearly in connection with it were the illuminators, correctors, papermakers, and bookbinders. With regard to the last-mentioned, the law was so suspicious as to provide that they should find caution for the safe return of the books left with them; a suspicion indicating that their profession was considered merely mechanical. Rich individuals spent immense sums in the ornaments of their books; and so early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, loud complaints were made at Paris and Bologna of the excess to which their vanity transported them in this particular. The frequent disputes on the score of priority elicited ordinances in most of the universities, declaring that no student should enter into a contract with any transcriber who was at the time working for another. Nay, the student was obliged to take the transcriber's oath on this point before he concluded his bargain with him. All trifling commissions, however—all such, for example, as could be executed within any period short of ten days—took precedence of older ones requiring more time.

The materials most commonly made use of in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and even in the fourteenth, were parchment, and a kind of paper made of cotton. The employment of the latter substance dates so far back as the ninth; paper made of linen did not come into use till about the latter end of the fourteenth century.

The Papal bulls ceased to be written upon papyrus in the course of the eleventh century; the use of it in common life had been previously abandoned. Of all these materials parchment was the greatest favourite. There was a law in Bologna (apparently meant to prevent a scarcity of it), which enacted that every manufacturer of parchment should find caution that at least two-thirds of all the parchment made by him should be of the kind used in making books. The terms employed in all contracts with transcribers, to express the size of the books, are two—*Quaternus* and *Pecia*. *Quaternus* denotes four sheets, folded one within another into eight leaves—a very indefinite expression, when we take into consideration the varying size of the sheet and of the letters. *Pecia* (or *petia*) denotes, at least as it was used in the fifteenth century, at Padua and Bologna, a definite measurement; namely, sixteen columns, each containing sixty-two lines, and every line thirty-two words. Now, as every page contained, in general, two columns, the *Pecia* consisted, in all probability, of four leaves; in other words, it was half of a *Quaternus*. We are thus enabled to obtain a more precise notion of the bulk of the latter.

The circumstances of the period were unfavourable to any trade in books approximating in the most distant degree to that of our days; it was, however, by no means as inconsiderable as one is at first tempted to imagine. New books were, it is true, only made to order; whoever wanted a copy of a work, must make a bargain with the transcriber. But there were a class of men called *stationarii*, who kept a stock of books on hand, with a view to lend them for hire to the transcribers. We shall now lay before our readers such incidental notices of these persons as occur in the histories of their time.

The *stationarii* are mentioned in the statutes of Bologna in the year 1259. They are enjoined to keep correct copies of books; not to sell them to any person not of the university; nor to raise their hire, nor to enter into any combination with the doctors (teachers) to substitute new glosses for such as were already received. In a statute of the year 1289, these injunctions are renewed, with the exception of the last. The statutes of the Bolognese university are very explicit on the head of the *stationarii*. They were obliged to take an oath, “de

fideli," and find securities. Their books were subjected to the inspection of the *peciarii*; six students annually elected, three from the Italians and three Tramontanes. Every *stationarius* was obliged to have by him copies of the works enumerated in a specific list of 117. The remuneration for lending these books is specified, and seems to have varied according to the size, the importance, and the scarcity of the work. This business was followed at Bologna by the university beadles, but not exclusively by them. More than one instance occurs of a professor who did not scruple to take this means of increasing his income.

Another occupation of the Bolognese *stationarii* was the sale of books upon commission. There is a city statute of the year 1259 still extant, forbidding them to take a higher commission than had previously been customary. The statutes of the university fixed the commission at one-fortieth of the price when that is under sixty *lire*; if the price be higher, only one-sixtieth is allowed. The same laws forbid the purchase of books with a view to making profit by their sale; and ordain in general that no one shall presume to buy books, except he intend to use them himself, or take up the trade of *stationarius*. Analogous precepts are contained in the statutes of Vercelli and Modena.

At Paris, the trade of lending books to transcribers, and that of selling them upon commission, seems, as at Bologna, to have been originally united in the same person, to whom sometimes the name *stationarius*, and sometimes that of *librarius*, is given. A statute of 1275 ordains that the purchaser of a book shall pay the commission, which is not to exceed one-sixtieth of the price. A law, passed in 1323, distinguishes the trade of book-lender (*stationarius*) from that of the commission salesman (*librarius*). The former are forbidden to sell books without an express permission from the university, while to the latter the trade is left quite free. A statute, published in 1342, ordains that members of the university shall pay a lower commission than strangers; and prohibits the purchase of books by the *librarii*, unless their sale has been previously announced for four successive days in the public hall of the Dominicans.

Very exaggerated notions are entertained respecting the price of



books in the middle ages. The mistake has originated in an impression that all the books of that period were as richly ornamented as some specimens which have survived the dilapidations of time. But there are thousands of MSS. still extant, which are sufficiently unpretending in their exterior. Nay, the fact that there were so many trades exclusively devoted to the manufacturing of books, shows that they could be neither such rarities, nor so dear as has been supposed. Certainty on this point can only be attained by collecting from different sources many prices of books during the middle ages, and striking an average. Paris and Bologna were the towns in which there was the most lively trade in books during the middle ages. In the statutes of Bologna, the scholar or transcriber who lost a *pecia* of any volume in his possession, was amerced in half a *lira* (6s.); but as this included both penalty and retribution, the probability is, that the price of a *pecia* did not amount to so much. In 1279, a manuscript Bible was purchased in Bologna for £48. In 1262, a cloister in Volterra received a present of law books, valued at £108 12s. But we have already trespassed too much on the reader's patience, and though tempted to make a further raid upon our authorities, we forbear.

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To Sir Bartle Frere.

Grey in the honoured service of your Queen,  
 Grey in your faithful work for England's weal,  
 Grey in the reverent worship of your God ;  
 God speed you.

True in the narrow path that duty points,  
 True in the honest words your wisdom prompts,  
 True in your public and your private life ;  
 God speed you.

Courteous to all alike, both rich and poor,  
 Courteous and well-beloved of all this land,  
 Courteous and firm and true to friend and foe ;  
 God speed you.

## Notes of a Trip to the Transvaal.

WHEN I took my seat in a railway carriage, one June morning, bound for Beaufort West in the first instance, and for Pretoria in the last instance, the Transvaal was as much *terra incognita* to me as to the worthy editors of the *Volksblad* and the *Zuid-Afrikaan*. Some of the dreadful things I had read in the columns of these journals came back to my remembrance, and filled my mind with awe, and I felt that I was on my way to a country swarming with vengeful Boers who, rifle in hand, were ever prowling about, ready to take pot shots at the “verd—d Engelschman.” However, there was no help for it, and with many misgivings the journey was commenced. What need to describe the ride by rail to Worcester,—has it not again and again formed the theme of fervid penny-a-liners? We stop for “refreshment” at Wellington, and again at Worcester,—the said “refreshment” consisting of greasy sandwiches, puffy buns, and divers other sweet and nasty combinations; the manner in which these delicacies are consumed by hungry passengers, is decidedly one of the sights of the journey, and the fact that the eaters manage to survive after washing down this diet with cheerful draughts of lemonade is a phenomenon which has not received from scientific men the attention that it merits.

A straight run up the Hex River Valley brings us to the foot of the mountain; and having taken to ourselves another engine the ascent is commenced. Higher still, and higher, winds the tiny track, and ever the scarped line above us shows what levels we have yet to reach. Few finer pieces of scenery are to be found anywhere than that which meets the eye this winter’s evening; on the hills around the softly-falling snow is sifting down, and the setting sun, as it glints along the mountain tops gives to the scene a surpassing loveliness.

The Hotel at Montagu Road, where we halt for the night, is a good one, and the proprietor deserves more encouragement than he receives; as it is, the great majority of passengers prefer to take the direct train which travels through the night, and thus miss the excellent dinner which awaits him who—wiser than his fellows—

refuses to be hurried, and arrives at Montagu Road with a huge appetite, and ready for a good night's rest. The journey through the Karoo is—to put it very mildly—a slightly monotonous one,—scrub, stones and sand, stones, sand and scrub, these are the only elements in the scenery of the Gouph. More sandwiches and puffy buns, fresh supplies of lemonade and coffee, are assimilated by the hungry ones, and at length the day wears to an end, and the terminus is reached. The railway is still comparatively a novelty to the dwellers in the Karoo capital, and a goodly crowd musters at the station to await the incoming train, and scan the countenances of the new arrivals. Having been to Beaufort before, we turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, we give no heed to the shouts from the drivers of the carts of rival hostelries, but firmly insist upon being taken to the Royal Hotel, which is by far the best in the place. Arrived there, weary passengers are filled with consternation and dismay, at learning that the coach starts the same evening, and that we shall have to be off immediately after dinner. Grumbling is of no avail; the *fiat* of the guard has gone forth, and go we must. All things at length are ready, and we prepare to mount a species of vehicle, in which, it is to be hoped, few who read these lines may ever be condemned to travel. Imagine a huge-tented van, a cross between a bullock-wagon and a hearse, seated to hold a dozen passengers sitting three abreast. Outside the hapless traveller beholds his portmanteau, forming one atom in a mountain of luggage, and inside he very soon has to stow himself in seats with backs of so aggravating a construction, that they are, if possible, worse than no backs at all. If he is wise he has provided himself with a good “kaross,” a thick ulster and woollen gloves, for he will have to journey oft by night, and in the bleak uplands of Victoria and Hopetown the air in the evening and the early morning is sharp and biting. We are eleven souls in all in this lumbering springless old coach, which is facetiously called the “Dublin Castle;” and as the twelve mules harnessed to it go off in a shuffling trot at the shouts of two tipsy drivers, we look around and “take stock” of one another. Two drivers and the guard, three men, two women, a small boy, and, alas! two babies, make up the company. Of course one of the babies commences to scream on the spot and as the fond

mother triumphantly drags a paraffine stove from some hidden recess, and having applied a light to it, proceeds to make pap, a horrible consciousness steals over us that we are doomed to spend the next five or six days in a nursery on wheels. With frequent cracks of the whip, and many yells at the philosophic mules, with innumerable jolts, and countless bumps, we jog wearily along through the chilly night, and morning finds us sleepy, tired, and cross, at a wayside farm house, where we are supposed to be entitled to some breakfast. Shortly after our arrival, a man is seen to approach the back of the house, dragging by the horns an unwilling goat of a huge size and a tough aspect; small wonder that the goat is unwilling to advance, for no sooner is a convenient spot reached than his throat is mercilessly cut, and in a few minutes thereafter his skin is off, and his ribs are smoking on the dining-room table. Our host, who appears to love a timely joke, presses us to take some "chops," and those of our number who have not witnessed the demise of the ill-fated goat fall to work at the "chops" with jubilant aspect; short-lived is their joy, however, for no tooth of mortal man can penetrate the savory morsels, and the goat is avenged. Such is a specimen of the treatment which travellers in these regions experience at the hands of those who are good enough to entertain them for a consideration. Off we go again, skirting the banks of the Salt River, and thence winding our way over the flats and among the low-crowned hills; curious hills they are too, rising in twos and threes abruptly from the plains, and dotted thickly with iron-stone boulders of all shapes and sizes. At a speed of rather less than six miles an hour, our mules jog phlegmatically along; and when evening draws in we find ourselves between sixty and seventy miles from Beaufort, feeling quite as tired of the wagon as if we had come six hundred. We are supposed to have a night's rest at our halting place, but on enquiry it turns out that we shall have to be up again at the unholy hour of two in the morning. The unhappy traveller, therefore, who has had no sleep at all one night, and has journeyed until after dark next day, is perforce compelled to rise at one o'clock the following morning, and all this because the company fails to provide proper relays of cattle. Indeed, the only creatures in more piteous plight than the passengers are the mules; the same melancholy

team has dragged us all the way from Beaufort, and not until we are close to Victoria, which we reach on the morning of the second day, are we supplied with fresh ones. Situated in a narrow gorge, between two ranges of hills so thickly strewn with boulders, that hardly a blade of grass is to be seen upon them, the village of Victoria can certainly not boast of many natural advantages; when it is added that the water is well-nigh undrinkable, and that the hotel accommodation is execrable, it will be granted that the place is not exactly a paradise. We do not remain much longer than is necessary to get through a breakfast vilely cooked and worse served; and then shaking the dust of the village from our chariot wheels, we set out across the seemingly interminable flat, which is to know no break until our eyes shall be gladdened with the sight of the Orange River. A dreary flat truly, with nothing to break the monotony of the view; intersected at intervals by chalk ridges, and dotted here and there with low hills, sandstone-topped and bare. Lazier, and yet more lazy, become the mules, and the drivers have much ado to prevent them coming to a complete standstill; one man handles the ribbons, and the other, grasping a murderous sjambok, runs alongside the worn-out animals, and picking out tender spots, flogs the wretched creatures in a manner that makes one's blood run cold. When he who wields the persuader is exhausted, the other takes his place; and it is hard to say whether the mules or the men have the greater amount of work to do. Thus we bump along for three days and nights, seeing no sight of interest, and meeting no habitation but here and there a tiny farm-house, and no animal save ever and again a scattered troop of springbuck. The sun at noon-day strikes fierce and hot upon our devoted heads, and at night piercing currents of air insinuate themselves between the folds of our wraps, and seem to chill the very marrow in our bones. At length we rattle into Hopetown in the dusk of a Sunday evening, and learn, with a thrill of satisfaction, that from henceforth we are to have horses instead of mules, and that we are only seventy-eight miles from the Diamond Fields. A tiny straggling village is Hopetown, with its squat little houses and its sandy surroundings, and no regret is felt at the short stay we make in the place. A drive of rather more than two miles brings us to the Orange River, which, even in

the dry season, is a noble stream, and affords a grateful relief to eyes weary with gazing upon sandy waste and barren plain. We rumble down one bank, dash into the pontoon, are ferried across, scramble up the opposite side, and find ourselves in Albania. A certain David Arnot, not wholly unknown to Border history, is the feudal lord of the territory, and very profitable he must find it; the entire country is parcelled into farms, the lessees of which pay rent to the great man, and have the option of purchase at a fixed price, at the expiration of a term of years. As we proceed, the country becomes, if possible, more monotonous than ever: the low hills sink lower still, and assume the appearance of flat plateaux but slightly raised above the level of the surrounding plain. The herbage is thin and scanty, and one wonders how the sleek cattle of which we see a good many about here, manage to keep body and soul together in a land apparently so destitute of vegetation. In the early morning of the day following that in which we left Hopetown, we cross the Riet and Modder Rivers at their junction, and now we know that we are little more than thirty miles from the town of diamonds. We skirt the Free State Border for some little distance, and at our last halting place, before reaching Kimberley, we find that the line dividing the two territories runs between the hotel at which we breakfast, and a garden, distant some one hundred and fifty yards on the opposite side of the road. And now every eye is strained to catch the first glimpse of Kimberley. We spy it at last, this capital of the desert. Stretching its length along the dreary plain, the quivering heat reflected from every one of its countless iron houses surrounded by huge mounds, the monuments of its industry, and shrouded in a haze of impalpable dust, the sign of never-ending bustle in its sandy streets, the town appears unlike any other in the country. Weary and dusty, but thankful, we drive through Du Toit's Pan, and find ourselves at length in Kimberley itself.

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## No Fiction.

By the Fish River banks an Englishman sat,  
 He'd a pair of old "veldschoens," the ghost of a hat,  
 His clothes were worn out at the elbows and knees,  
 And the remnant of shirt hung to dry on the trees.

A small leather pouch was hung at his side,  
 'Twas his comfort, his treasure, his pleasure, his pride,  
 It contained but a pipe and a portion of "weed,"  
 But to him was as dear as a friend is in need.

"Tisa Maree" \* he cried, and a Hottentot came,  
 With a bunch of dry grass which was quickly in flame ;  
 He lighted his pipe, laid him down by the stream,  
 Perhaps 'twas to slumber, perhaps 'twas to dream.

Though rough was his couch, and hard was his lot,  
 Inured to privations he heeded them not ;  
 The Hottentot sat with a gun at his feet,  
 And reckless of danger, his slumber was sweet.

He had traversed the desert with Jan for his guide,  
 In want and in danger, Jan ne'er left his side :  
 He had watched him in sickness by night and by day ;  
 And his service was such that gold could not repay.

\* Bring fire.

Jan seizes the gun, and stealthily creeps  
To the side of his master as soundly he sleeps.  
He fires ! and the Englishman starts up in fear,  
For the howl of the tigress fell full on his ear.

With impotent fury her eye-balls were gleaming ;  
From a wound in her chest the life-blood was streaming.  
One bound, 'twas the last, and she sprinkled with blood  
Both master and servant, as near her they stood.

Her skin as a trophy the Englishman wears,  
Which he spreads o'er his form as for rest he prepares ;  
And master and servant are now at an end,  
The Hottentot Jan is the Englishman's friend.

S. A. M.

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## Guadana to Isandhlwana.\*

WE recommend this little work to the attentive perusal of all who wish to obtain a connected idea of the stormy events of the last few years. Captain, or rather Major, Parr has, of course, a very decided view as to the policy pursued during those years, and his book is none the less interesting for that. Occasionally he has given the result of first impressions, which are not always to be relied on. For instance, when speaking of the alarm occasioned by the news of the collision between the Kafirs and Gcalekas which ushered in the war of 1877, he says with reference to public opinion :—

“The news then that there were likely to be disturbances on the frontier created great excitement in Cape Town, where an extraordinary amount of vagueness exists about Frontier affairs.

“The number of warriors Krelis could put in the field was multiplied tenfold, and their fighting powers spoken of with dread.

“Public opinion seemed to be doubtful whether it would be prudent to protect the Transkei Fingoes. Were we strong enough?”

Surely the author's circle of acquaintances at that time must have been a very limited one, and those who expressed these opinions men of very modest and retiring habits; for we venture to say that nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Cape Town never for an instant entertained any such doubts as those mentioned in the last sentence quoted. Our own recollection of what was the general feeling at the time, is that the news of the unfortunate affair at the Guadana was a rude awakening from a pleasant dream that the police would be quite able to hold their own against the rebels but there never was the shadow of a doubt as to what our duty was or whether we were able to perform it. Captain Parr was then, however, but new to the Colony, and we have no doubt if he has another opportunity of expressing his views on colonial matters, he will acknowledge that whatever may be the differences of opinion between one party in South Africa and another as to policy, the inhabitants of Cape Town and its neighbourhood are neither as ignorant of Frontier affairs, nor as lukewarm in providing for colonial defence, as the introductory chapter of his work would lead strangers to believe. His book is valuable as bearing witness against

\* A sketch of the Kafir and Zulu Wars : Guadana to Isandhlwana. By Captain Henry Hallam Parr, Military Secretary to His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere.

the absurd and mischievous impression, prevalent in England, that the colonists during these wars quietly sat down to make their fortunes out of the expenditure of the Imperial troops who were fighting their battles ; or, that if they did don a volunteer uniform, they were conspicuous for anything but courage in the hour of danger. He bears cordial testimony to the hardships undergone, the sacrifices made, and the gallant and valuable services rendered by the colonists.

The first part of this volume gives a clear and intelligent though brief narrative of the chief events during the Gcaleka war, but we are disappointed in not having a better explanation attempted of the causes of this disturbance. It was a mysterious affair altogether ; and it has not yet been clearly explained whether it was a premature explosion of combustible materials, which, with deep design, the native chiefs were preparing for our destruction ; or whether the whole mischief did not spring from an unfortunate series of accidents and misunderstandings, which could scarcely have been foreseen or guarded against. According to Major Parr the reason that the chiefs did not take the Colony unawares rush in and sweep off the cattle of the colonists, and then retire with their booty as they were accustomed to do in former wars, was because the operations against them were conducted by General Theisiger with a vigour and energy generally unknown in the old Kafir wars. Comparisons we know are odious, and we leave the question as to the manner in which the war was conducted to be decided by more competent authorities. As, however, on all former occasions the swooping down upon the Colony, the destruction of farm houses, and the carrying off of cattle were generally the first and earliest declaration of war, we do not see how the comparison can be made. Indeed, it may be argued that the omission of the Kafirs to do this on the present occasion, together with the hesitation to join the war party evinced by so many chiefs, would prove in some degree the statement that the war was not premeditated at all. After closing his brief narrative of the Gcaleka and Gaika war, Captain Parr can no longer be charged with want of precision in stating his view as to the true cause of the unsettled state of the Native tribes. His position as Military Secretary to His Excellency the Governor enables him to speak with an authority which few others can claim. We may consider indeed that we are now reading a semi-official communication. We do not apologise, therefore, for making copious extracts from this portion of the work, as we are sure they will be of general interest and will best show what the object is the author has in view.

“Although,” says Captain Parr, “the Kafirs had suffered so severely by the war, and had been so thoroughly beaten, they did not seem inclined to settle down. There was still that curious spirit of unrest abroad which had urged them to take up arms, and though they had no longer the power of active resistance, yet they seemed sullenly defiant. The wave of disturbance which had been sweeping the huge area from the Limpopo to the Orange River and to the Kei River in 1876, when the Transvaal Boers had had to retire from Sekukuni’s stronghold, had not yet subsided, and did not seem to be subsiding. What was it that kept alive the war spirit and prevented the Eastern Frontier Kafirs settling down and resuming their peaceful avocations, after so much trouble and hardship? The reason was this. They were looking eastwards for help and sympathy. Eastwards, where dwelt a great and much-dreaded King, who styled himself in his secret diplomatic intrigues, and was believed by many to be more powerful than the great white Queen, who had never yet been seen, and whose soldiers, though they could fight seemed so very few in number.

“Some of the English papers have accused the South Africans of having the disease of Cetywayo on the brain, and have asserted that the smallest occurrence could not take place without it being considered that the Zulu King was at the bottom of it.

“In the offices of many a civil commissioner on the Eastern Frontier amongst the dusty records of the Native Affairs Bureaux at Cape Town, at Maritzburg, and at Pretoria, would be found many interesting documents and reports from border and native magistrates, who, though hundreds of miles apart, would seem to have suffered severely from this curious disease. In these offices would be found overwhelming evidence to prove that wherever in South Africa trouble was; wherever magistrates reported uneasiness or discontent among the natives; wherever a native rising took place, there was to be found Cetywayo’s influence at work.

“It did not much matter where the trouble was. On the banks of the Vaal, where the Matabele (as the Zulus are there called) would have a difficulty in making themselves understood, in the Cape Colony among the Amatola Mountains, in the rocky fastnesses of Basutoland, in the arid country bordering on the Great Orange River, in the broken hills and kranztes of Sekukuni’s mountains; no matter where or upon what pretext the trouble began, the Zulu king’s handiwork could be discerned. Magistrates hundreds of miles apart would report almost on the same day to head-quarters, and the pith of their reports would be the same:—

Zulus had been found concealed in the neighbourhood; they (perhaps) had been seized; when questioned as to their movements they said they were not sent by anybody—they were trading; they had come to buy skins, or hunting dogs, or guns, &c.; they did not know the white men did not like natives travelling about their country without leave; they were sorry if they had done wrong, and would go back to Zululand if they might: and then would probably follow an unfavourable report concerning the attitude of the natives in the neighbourhood of the writer.

“So it became evident months, nay years, before the Kafir rising of 1877, that there was a bad spirit towards the white men abroad. It seemed as if the natives, from one end of South Africa to the other, had come to think that there was a decisive time rapidly approaching when the black man would be able to measure strength again with the white man—when the black man would make one more effort to recover his country from the white man. Cetywayo, the great King, was with them, and had encouraged his dog, Sekukuni, to attack the white man—and, look, he was not yet beaten.

“The white man had taken the country, and had conquered before by being so well armed with guns. Now they had guns, and could meet the white man on nearly equal terms, and if they waited on the words of the Zulu King and attacked the white man when he told them, the white man would be destroyed.

“This was the strain of native political reasoning, and there were few kraals of any importance in South Africa in which Zulu diplomats had not urged the anti-white man policy on its owners. Thus, the attitude of the tribes throughout South Africa, was one of sullen expectancy. ‘Yes, you have beaten us,’ said an old Gcaleka warrior to a native magistrate, ‘You have beaten us well; but there,’ said he, pointing eastwards, ‘there are the Amazulu warriors! Can you beat them? They say not! Go and try. Don’t trouble any more about us, but beat *them*, and we shall be quiet enough.’

“When the operations against Sekukuni had to be brought to a close without his having been subdued, on account of the commencement of the sickly season, the saying went abroad among the native tribes: ‘If the bull-calf (Sekukuni) has to be let alone, what will happen when the elephant (Cetywayo) attacks the white man?’”

Here then we are brought face to face with the fact, that long before the Kafir rising of 1877, Cetywayo was believed to be laying his plans

for dealing a terrible and fatal blow to the white man's supremacy. The evidence we are told is to be found everywhere "amongst the dusty records of the Native Affairs Bureaux at Cape Town," (we cannot refrain from enquiring why these records are dusty), as well as in every other office where such information could possibly be received. The only evidence given in this book is Mr. Brownlee's report of November, 1878. But then Mr. Brownlee is no ordinary witness. Experience gained from the war just concluded seems to have convinced the Government that these warnings were no longer to be disregarded.

The chief to whose intrigues it now appeared to be absolutely necessary that a stop should at once be put, is thus described by the author:—

"To a considerable part of the military abilities, and all the ambition of Chaka, Cetywayo added the craftiness and unscrupulous cruelty of Dingaan, and he did not allow these qualities, abilities, or vices to rust for want of work."

Captain Parr judges from the perfect discipline and huge numbers of Cetywayo's standing army, that the King was fired by ambition, and bitten by the same lust of conquest as his grandfather Chaka. "Long before the Zulu war broke out, the highest authorities (except one notable exception whose following has become smaller year by year), differing as they might on other points, all agreed on one, viz., that the Zulu King was an able, unscrupulous, and extremely ambitious savage, whose possession of a large standing army of young warriors longing for war, was a state of affairs which menaced with ruin the colonies, whose border farms and homesteads were within a few hours' march of Cetywayo's capital."

Our object is to give the readers of this magazine some idea of the contents of the work before us, and we desire to avoid as far as possible any remarks on the justice, or otherwise, of the war against Cetywayo. Believing, however, as we do, that the army of that savage prince might have been used at any moment, for the purpose of carrying fire and sword throughout the length and breadth of Natal, it yet appears to us that nothing is to be gained by constantly representing the King as a monster, more atrocious than any other barbarian chief. This has too often been the case in the discussions on this unfortunate war. The presence of so formidable a power on the immediate borders of Natal, with a strong army prepared at any moment to give unquestioning and instant obedience to the orders of a despotic barbarian, was in itself a sufficient

cause for uneasiness. Proof of the intention of the Chief to strike a blow on the first favourable opportunity would be a sufficient justification for anticipating his action. But, whatever Cetywayo's later intentions may have been, he was not always hostile to the English. We shall quote a passage directly from a statement made by Mr. Rudolph by which it will be seen that the Chief at one time was both respected and liked by those who know him. No one will doubt the value of the evidence of the late Frank Leslie, and for the sake of fair play we refer to a paper written by him in 1869. He there gives his own view of the Zulu sentiment towards us at that time, and also "information obtained from those whose occupations have detained them for some considerable time at the head quarters of the Zulu Government, who know the language and ways of the people, and who have often had occasion to admire and appreciate the friendly feeling displayed and *felt* towards the British." We have heard enough about Cetywayo's cruelty. We do not deny it. He was cruel as we look upon it, but we do not think that he has been proved to be worse than other savages. This is Leslie's account of his first visit to him :—

"After the reception ceremonial was over, I went and had some conversation with Cetywayo. He is evidently 'native and to the manner born,' as a first rate ruler of the Zulus, and they thoroughly understand and appreciate these qualities in him. But beyond a fondness for guns, of which he knows the power, he seems to have no wish to improve, or, in other words, to learn anything from the whites. It is, however, pride perhaps which prevents him ; his invariable answer to any suggestion of this nature being, 'It is not our custom—we are kings of the Zulu (Zulu in native parlance means 'The heavens') ; any attempt, therefore, to improve upon this 'heavenly' state, he thinks a work of supererogation. He is kind to the whites, both from his natural disposition, and because he is acute enough to see that any quarrel with them would be ruinous to him."

In short, Cetywayo was a man to be watched, and lately perhaps to be suspected ; still there appears to be something great about the fallen Chief which, especially in his present position, should prevent us from speaking of him as if he were a criminal instead of an open enemy, an independent Chief thought he is a barbarian.

But we have digressed from Major Parr's narrative. Whatever may have been the cause, there is no doubt a very unpleasant feeling had grown up between Cetywayo and ourselves. The question as to the disputed

boundary was an irritating one. It had been going on for sixteen years, and the result was extreme dissatisfaction on both sides. Cetywayo appears to have become disgusted, because claims which he had good grounds for thinking most righteous were not fully met. He treated messengers sent to him with marked coolness. It must be remembered in reading the following extract, that it is not Zulu etiquette for an inferior to stand in the presence of a superior. He must squat down. They reverse our idea. They say 'Is he to overshadow the chief?' The rule therefore at a Zulu court is to place mats for messengers from our Government to sit on when having an audience with the King. The following is Mr. Rudolph's story of his last interview with Cetywayo :—

"I have met the Zulu King four or five times, and know him well. He is a very straightforward man, and says out what he thinks. He is not like most of his people. He is very acute, and sees the meaning of anything very quickly. I have never believed in his invading Natal. He once said to me 'If the tiger comes, I will seize him in both hands and crush him, but I will not go into his country.'

"Cetywayo always treated me kindly, and, I think, liked and respected me, as I always spoke out to him my mind. When I arrived at his kraal he always presented me with a fine beast to kill, gave me a good hut, and enough Kafir beer ; but the last time was different.

"This was the year before last, after the meeting, at Conference Hill, of all the Zulu indunas and headmen with Sir Theophilus Shepstone, when the meeting broke up abruptly, when Manyana, the Prime Minister, had treated Sir Theophilus Shepstone with such discourtesy, calling him by his Zulu name of 'Somtseu' short, and never saying 'Inkoss' when addressing him, and suddenly breaking up the meeting by striking his assegai defiantly on his shield, and departing without saying 'farewell.'

"This time Cetywayo treated me unkindly. Henrique Shepstone and I were sent down to tell the King the terms of the decision with regard to the Zulu claims in the Transvaal. Shepstone did not wish to sleep at Cetywayo's great place. I think he was a little uncertain as to his reception, so he slept at the Mission Station. When we approached the great kraal—it is a grand place eight hundred or nine hundred yards round—a Zulu came out to us, and told us to leave our horses at the entrance and walk. This was a deliberate slight put upon us, and I saw things would not go well.

"We advanced towards the King, who was sitting on a native chair with Zulus holding shields (not an umbrella) over him to keep off the

sun. The king would use nothing European that day. It was very hot. When we came near I saw there were no seats. Shepstone stood still, but I moved to where I saw Manyana, and asked him for a seat. 'Did you give us seats at Conference Hill?' said he, with a smile. 'What are you walking about for?' said the King, when I returned to where the royal chair was. 'I walk, O son of Umpanda! for as you know, it is against the rules of your people to remain standing before you yet you send us not seats.' 'Look,' said the king, 'this Chéla (my name among the Zulus) he is a man; he moves about; but this son of Somtseu—what is he? He stands still.' He then ordered mats to be placed on one side, and not in a place of honour. \* \* \* \* \*

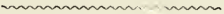
"He was difficult to deal with that day. When Shepstone began speaking, he addressed the king as 'Cetywayo.' The king stopped him. 'Are you, the son of only an induna, to speak to me like that?' So Henrique Shepstone said he was in error and proceeded.

"Then I spoke. I called him Cetywayo first, then King of the Zulus or son of Umpanda, and then again Cetywayo. He then put out his hand towards me. 'You heard,' he said, 'the word I spoke to that son there of Somtseu. I meant it also for you. Yet you have since called me Cetywayo.' I said, 'You must forgive me, O son of Umpanda, but I—I have known you well, I have so often so called you that my tongue slipped!' Our talk did no good. When we departed the King pointed out a small beast to us. 'There, you may take that beast; go, eat with the missionaries.'"

Captain Parr proceeds to give a very short account of the proceedings of the Boundary Commission from which it is clear that the Zulu claim to the disputed territory was a valid one. Unfortunately, however, the Zulus were now becoming impatient, feverish, and insolent. One or two acts bore the appearance of a direct defiance of British authority. The High Commissioner requested Cetywayo to send envoys to meet the representatives of the British Government, to hear the message from him. There were two messages. The first concerned the boundary award. The land was the Zulus, but the white farmers should be allowed to retain their farms, by paying taxes to the Zulu King. The second was of greater importance, and with it lay the question of peace and war. The case against Cetywayo was briefly stated. He had not fulfilled the conditions agreed to at his coronation. His subjects had violated British territory by forcibly removing refugees. Other offences had been committed. The High Commissioner demanded the surrender



of the offenders for trial, and the payment of certain fines. Then the state of Zululand was described, and it was demanded, among other things, that the military system should be abolished. Thirty days were given for the consideration of this ultimatum. We all know what followed. The accounts given by Captain Parr of Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift are clear, simple, and graphic, and at times eloquent. We leave our readers to judge for themselves. This well written and most interesting book is illustrated with excellent maps and sketches, showing the position of the hostile forces during the different engagements, and is on the whole a valuable contribution to our Colonial History.



## Notes and Queries.

IN reply to correspondents we insert the following notes:—

The richly-laden return ship *Schoonberg* struck on Agulhas Reef on the 20th of November 1722. Intelligence of the event reached Cape Town three days later by another return ship, whose people saw the *Schoonberg* on shore and heard her guns of distress. Shortly afterwards an express messenger reached the castle overland with information that the three mates and 84 of the seamen were at the house of the Heemraad Morkel, who had provided for their wants in the most liberal manner, and that the skipper, the book-keeper, and 20 men were encamped on the beach, watching to save any cargo that might wash up. Assistance was immediately sent, but the ship broke up and everything on board was lost. Full particulars of this wreck are in the Colonial Archives, but to copy them would entail no little labour.—G. M. T.

*Jacob Evertsen.*—It is probable that the *Sebastes*, or a fish resembling it in appearance, was first called by this name in India, and that the whimsical title was brought from Batavia to South Africa. Kolben is no authority. He must have written from memory after his return to Europe, as dates in his own handwriting when he was Secretary of Stellenbosch are against his chronology, and it is evident that he has recorded as truth altogether too much of what he heard by way of anecdote. A fish called *Jacob Evertsz* is mentioned with others in a letter from Batavia of the year 1666 as caught in quantities on the coast of Java. It may not, however, have been the fish known in South Africa by the same title, for a resemblance was in those days sufficient to establish a name. It is possible that it is mentioned even earlier in letters or journals, as it would have escaped my observation before this query reached me. At any rate, in 1666 *Jacob Evertsen* was a well-known denizen of Indian seas, so that it seems at least unlikely that the name was first given at the Cape. I regret that I am unable to speak more positively on this question.—G. M. T.

THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

CORNELIS VAN QUABELBERG,

INSTALLED 27 SEPT 1666, HELD OFFICE UNTIL 18 JUNE 1668.

No. IV.

OF Commander Van Quaelberg, previous to his arrival in South Africa, no information is given in the archives, except that he was the head of the Company's factory at Masulipatam from 1652 to 1657, and that he had amassed considerable property. He was a younger and more active but in many respects a less estimable man than Mr Wagenaar. It is impossible to read a dozen pages of the mass of documents bearing his signature without observing that he was intensely selfish, harsh towards his dependents, cringing towards his superiors, a man who studied no one's happiness but his own. He was such a man as no one loves or respects or imitates, but who is nevertheless obeyed by reason of necessity. He must have possessed some special qualifications, or the Directors of the East India Company would not have selected him for a position of trust—but what these were cannot be ascertained from his writings. In his letters he was fond of calling attention to the mistakes of his predecessor and of boasting of the different way in which he was managing affairs, but neither the Supreme Authorities nor the residents at the Cape looked upon that different way as a better way. To the free burghers he was a tyrant, who acted on the principle that prosperous subjects are insolent subjects and therefore they should be kept poor. The freemen were not long in finding out that if Commander Wagenaar had personified King Log, Commander Van Quaelberg knew well the part of King Stork.

As soon as the Hottentot clans in the neighbourhood heard that the Europeans had a new head, their chiefs sent complimentary messages and presents of oxen and sheep. These friendly greetings were replied to in the same manner, for upon the cattle trade rested to a large extent the utility of the Cape Residency, and the instructions of the Directors were emphatic that the natives were to be conciliated in every possible way.

Mr Van Quaelberg found the walls of the western point of the castle rising slowly out of the ground. One of the difficulties which the workmen complained of was a scarcity of timber such as they needed for a variety of purposes at the quarries as well as at the walls. The forests which Mr Van Riebeeck had found in the kloofs of the mountain side above Rondebosch were already exhausted, so that no timber was obtainable closer at hand than Wynberg. The government tried to prevent reckless waste of the few natural forests of the country, but to the present day no system has been devised for working them without speedy destruction. All our indigenous useful timber is of exceedingly slow growth, and the best is found in situations difficult of access. A South African forest is composed of a variety of trees mingled together, in which it rarely happens that half a dozen of one kind are found growing side by side. Gigantic creepers twine among them, and the spaces between the trunks are filled with tangled underwood and enormous ferns, so that one cannot proceed far without the aid of the axe.

In such a forest the woodman fells a tree, which in its fall clears a large open space where afterwards only a useless scrub springs up. To get the log out, a pathway must be opened broad enough for a team of oxen to move in and straight enough to prevent jamming. For this purpose great numbers of smaller trees must be cut down, so that the quantity of wood contained in a waggon or the roof of a house represents but a very small percentage of the quantity deducted from the forest. And of that, none is ever replaced. In this way the forests of the Knysna and Zitzikama, of the Winterberg and Amatolas, are disappearing now just as those in the Cape Peninsula disappeared two hundred years ago. They cannot be used and preserved too, as in countries where timber is of rapid growth or as artificial forests where waste can be avoided.

About three months after Mr Van Quaelberg took over the government a fleet of twelve ships under command of Monsieur De Mondevergne, Viceroy of the French Possessions in the East, put into Table Bay. The equipment of this fleet had been watched with unusual anxiety in the Netherlands. During the preceding sixty years the French had made frequent but fruitless efforts to form a powerful East India Company, but now the Minister Colbert had organized an Association which Louis XIV and his people were determined should prove successful. It was modelled generally after that of the Netherlands, but the shareholders had various privileges which those in the Low Countries did not enjoy. They had a guarantee from the government against loss during the first ten years, their fleets were to be convoyed by national war ships free of charge, everything needed by them for shipbuilding was to be admitted into France duty free. In addition to these and other substantial aids, honours and titles were freely offered by the Court to those who should display the greatest zeal in the new Company's service. With these odds against them, the traders of Holland and Zealand felt that they had cause for alarm.

There was yet another reason for them to regard with anxiety the first large fleet fitted out by the Company which was trying to wrest from them a portion of the Eastern trade. France had enormous wealth and resources, her king had inspired his nobles and his people with enthusiasm for the new enterprise, but she had no men with the knowledge and training necessary to conduct it successfully. The alarm of the Directors was therefore increased when they learned that an officer who had grown grey in their service and whose ability was unquestioned had taken employment with their rivals. Pierre Caron was of French descent, but had long held positions of trust under the Batavian government. He was intimately acquainted with every branch of the Indian trade and with the politics of the various Eastern Courts. And now, stung to the quick by some slight, fancied or real, he had left the Dutch service, and offered himself to Colbert and the French Company. Those who have studied the history of the French East India Company know the importance that was attached to the engagement of Caron. But in the post assigned to him a blunder was made such as the Ministers

of Louis XIV can seldom be charged with. He should have had the chief command in the East, instead of which the title and power of Viceroy were given to a man of high rank but no great ability, named De Mondevergne, and Caron was forced to take the second place. The mistake of giving the authority to one man when another had the ability was discovered only after the expedition had undergone almost incredible suffering and disaster in endeavouring to form settlements at Madagascar, but not too late for Caron to form the first French factory on the coast of Hindostan.

Notwithstanding all the trouble that was taken in France to equip the fleet, it was sent to sea ill-conditioned for a long voyage. The ships were crowded with landsmen and soldiers, but of seamen there was great lack. Order was wanting on board, and although they left Rochelle with large supplies of provisions the waste was so great that when the fleet put into Pernambuco for refreshment symptoms of distress were beginning to be apparent. A Dutch sailor who was there at the time visited the Admiral's ship, and immediately afterwards wrote to the Directors at Amsterdam a description of what he saw. He described the ship as so filthy that it would be a wonder if pestilence did not break out, and so ill-provided with everything requisite that he did not believe she could ever reach Madagascar.

From Pernambuco the fleet sailed for Table Bay. Though the French could not be regarded as allies of the Dutch, they were also at this time at war with England, and therefore Monsieur De Mondevergne might reasonably have looked forward to a friendly reception here in outward form at least. His fleet was scattered on the passage, and his own ship was the first to reach South Africa. As soon as he let go his anchors he saluted the fort with five guns, which courtesy was promptly returned with three, according to the custom of the day. Mr Van Quaelberg immediately sent a messenger on board to welcome the French Viceroy and to invite him to land. The Viceroy excused himself for that afternoon, upon learning which the Commander himself visited the *St Jean* and tendered his services to supply the fleet with anything that was to be had in the settlement. Of this offer Monsieur De Mondevergne availed himself to its fullest extent. He not only thoroughly refreshed his people, but he drew a considerable quantity of sea stores

from the Company's magazines. One of his vessels was so leaky that it was considered dangerous for her to proceed further. Mr Van Quaelberg had her repaired with materials kept for the Company's own use and by carpenters maintained for the Company's own service. Upon the whole as much was done to assist this French fleet as if it had been the property of the owners of the settlement and not of their declared rivals, so that by the aid thus given the Viceroy was enabled to reach Madagascar with his forces undiminished.

The commanding position of the Cape of Good Hope had not escaped the observation of Louis XIV and he had accordingly instructed his deputy to take possession of Saldanha Bay and establish a Residency there. Against this design the Council of Policy entered a protest, on the ground that the Honourable Company was already in occupation. A dozen men were sent overland with all haste to Saldanha Bay, where two were stationed on each of the islets Jutten, Marcus, and Schapen, and five with a petty officer formed a camp at the watering place. The French surveyed the bay and set up landmarks with their arms upon them, but left again without forming any establishment there.

As soon as his visitors had gone Mr Van Quaelberg took a careful view of the situation. They had eaten up nearly everything, so that there was little left for the return fleet from Batavia, which might be expected in three or four months. The chief want was slaughter cattle, and without loss of time trading parties were organized and sent to the different clans. Schacher, who had succeeded his father the Fat Captain Gogosoa as head of the Kaapmans, appears now in the character of a trader. He was entrusted with a good stock of merchandize, with which he went inland bartering cattle on commission for the Honourable Company. The Commander's wife headed another party, which took a Cochoqua encampment across the bay for its field of operations. Mrs Van Quaelberg was out three days, and returned boasting of a fair measure of success.

Hieronimus Cruse, now promoted to the rank of Corporal, with a third party struck away to the eastward, crossed the Hottentot's Holland mountains, and collected some hundreds of oxen and sheep

among the kraals of the Hessequas. Pushing still further on his next journey he encountered a tribe called the Gauriquas, from whom he bartered the finest herds yet seen in the settlement. The kraals of these people were on the banks of the river which has since that time been called from them the Gauritz. The Corporal went as far as the bend in the coast to which Paulus van Caerden sixty-five years earlier had given the name of Mossel Bay. There the Gauriquas informed him that their next neighbours were the Attaquas, who were also rich in cattle, but there was now no necessity for him to go further.

In May 1667 letters were received from home with an account of the victorious career of the Dutch fleet and of the memorable exploits of De Ruyter in the Thames. The Directors believed that there was no longer anything to be feared from the naval power of England, and therefore deemed it unnecessary to be at the cost of completing the castle in Table Valley. They gave orders that the work was to be suspended forthwith, and that all the soldiers who could be spared were to be sent to Batavia. When these instructions were received, four out of the five points of the castle had not been commenced, and the one which had absorbed the labour of nearly three hundred men for more than twenty-one months was not fully completed.

It was intended that the vessel which took the supplies for Mauritius in 1667 should call at Madagascar for trading purposes and then explore the south-east coast of Africa, but the last design was frustrated by a tragic event. Pieter van Meerhof, the most energetic of early South African travellers, was sent in her as director of trade and exploration. It will be remembered that he had married the interpreter Eva, to whom some interest attaches on account of her being the first Hottentot to profess Christianity and to conform to European habits of living. By the time of her marriage her services as interpreter could be dispensed with, as nearly all the children of the beachrangers, and particularly the girls who were in service, could speak Dutch fluently. Soon afterwards Van Meerhof was appointed superintendent of the party on Robben Island, and she went there with him. Then for a couple of years her name disappears from the documents of the period, excepting in



a brief paragraph concerning her coming from the island to the fort with a child to be baptized. In 1667 it occurs again to record the particulars of an injury which she sustained by an accidental fall, after which for another twelvemonth her name is not mentioned. When the building of the Castle was suspended and there was therefore no longer any need for the establishment at Robben Island, Van Meerhof was appointed head of the expedition to Mauritius and Madagascar. At the Bay of Antongil he went ashore with eight men to see what trade could be done, and while unsuspecting of danger the little party was attacked by natives and all were murdered.

In February 1668 news was received from the Netherlands that a treaty of peace with England had been signed on the 24th of the preceding August, but that it was not to have effect south of the equator until the 24th of April. A large English fleet had put to sea shortly before the letter was written, and as the Directors were unable to ascertain its destination they gave instructions to detain all of their ships that should call at Table Bay and to keep a good watch until the period of possible hostilities was ended.

Mr Van Quaelberg maintained the same attitude as his predecessors towards the natives. They were not permitted to be molested, nor was there any interference with their domestic affairs. Even the beachrangers living in Table Valley were left to themselves, and were not made subject to the Dutch tribunals except when they committed offences against Europeans. There are only two instances on record of Hottentots being punished at this time. The first offender was convicted of theft, and was soundly flogged and sent as a convict to Robben Island, but was released soon afterwards upon payment by his friends of two oxen and eight sheep. The second was found guilty of assault, but compromised by the payment of eight fat sheep. If these punishments be compared with those inflicted upon Europeans for similar offences, they will be found exceedingly mild.

During this Commander's administration only one other event occurred which is worthy of mention in connection with the natives. In May 1668 a strong band of Namaquas made a foray upon some small Cochoqua kraals at Saldanha Bay, and seized their herds. A

few oxen and sheep belonging to the Company which were running in the neighbourhood of their post fell a prey to the raiders, and two or three of the Europeans who attempted a rescue were wounded with arrows. Thereupon they opened fire with their muskets, with the result that three of the Namaquas were shot dead. The remainder escaped with the booty. But next morning they sent messengers back to ask for peace with the white men, whom, they said, they had no desire to offend. This was at once granted, and in the course of the day the Europeans sent out a trading party and bartered as many of the plundered cattle as they had copper and beads to pay for. A messenger was dispatched in haste to the Commander, who entirely approved of this proceeding and immediately sent a reinforcement of men to the outpost with a large stock of merchandise, but the Namaquas had by that time fallen back too far to be reached. This transaction was referred to in after years by the plundered natives as an unfriendly proceeding. They could never be made to understand that it was fair for their allies the white men to become possessed of their sheep in this manner.

The regulations forbidding trade between the free men and the natives were very rigidly enforced by Commander Van Quaelberg. Some of the farmers were suspected of purchasing sheep privately at prices greatly in advance of those which the Company was giving. To prevent this, the burghers were required to surrender at a valuation all the African sheep in their possession, and were prohibited from keeping any other than those showing European blood, so that if they persisted in setting the law at defiance they would be easily detected. The old regulations prohibiting the burghers from selling cattle to each other, which had been nearly dormant during Mr Wagenaar's government, were likewise revived. These oppressive laws caused much discontent in the settlement, which was increased when a proclamation was issued forbidding the freemen to carry firearms without special permission. The Commander was treating the burghers and their complaints with utter contempt, and writing of them in most disparaging terms, when his connection with them and with South Africa was abruptly brought to an end.

In those days news travelled slowly. The French fleet under the Viceroy De Mondevergne was in Table Bay in December 1666, and it was not until the following November that what had occurred here became known in Amsterdam. It may be imagined that the Directors were not a little incensed to find that the fleet whose outfit had caused them such uneasiness had been assisted so greatly by one of their own servants. They considered that there could be no excuse for his conduct either in leaving the fort and placing his person in the power of foreigners, or in furnishing strangers and rivals with stores kept at the Cape for their own service. There were sixteen out of the seventeen Directors present when this subject was discussed, and they resolved unanimously to dismiss Mr Van Quaelberg from their employment. A successor was immediately appointed and instructed to proceed to South Africa and take over the government as soon as possible. In the letter of dismissal (20th November 1667) Mr Van Quaelberg was required to transfer everything without delay to the new Commander, Jacob Borghorst, and either to return to the Fatherland or to proceed to Batavia as a free man by the first opportunity. Instructions were laid down in the most positive terms that in future foreign vessels were not to be supplied with the Company's stores, but were to be left to their own resources.

Mr Borghorst sailed from the Texel in the *Hof van Breda*, and after a wearisome passage arrived in Table Bay in the evening of the 16th of June 1668. The next morning he landed, but as it was Sunday he did not produce his commission. On Monday the 18th the Council of Policy was assembled, and the two burgher councillors were invited to be present. Then the authority of the Directors was produced, and without further ceremony Mr Borghorst assumed the control of affairs.

Of the leading men whom Mr Wagenaar left in the settlement, few now remained. The Secunde Hendrik Lacus had been suspended from office on account of a deficiency in the stores under his charge, and was at this time a prisoner on Robben Island. Cornelis de Cretzer, formerly Secretary, was now Fiscal. The Ensign Smient was on the point of leaving South Africa for a better situation elsewhere. In November 1666 the Rev Johannes de

Voocht left for Batavia, and was succeeded as acting chaplain by the Rev Petrus Wachtendorp. Mr Wachtendorp died on the 15th of the following February, just before the arrival of the Rev Adrian de Voocht, who had been appointed by the Directors permanent clergyman of the settlement. To the burgher population had been added two names now well known in and far beyond the Colony. One was that of Gerrit van der Byl, a farmer, the other that of Theunis van Schalkwyk, a carpenter.

Mr Van Quaelberg left Batavia on the 12th of August. He was after a time taken into the Company's service again and rose to be Governor of Malacca, but our records give no information as to whether he gained this position through the influence of others or by his own exertions. He was never afterwards connected with South Africa.

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The principal documents of this period in the Colonial Archives are:—

LETTERS AND DESPATCHES.—From the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope to the Governor-General and Councillors of India, of dates 28 Sept, 16 Oct, 2, 17, and 30 Nov, and 6 Dec, 1666; 10 Jan, 10 Feb, 10 March, and 1 and 18 May, 1667; 29 Feb, and 10, 19, 23, and 28 April, 1668. From the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope to the Directors or one of the Chambers, of dates 20 Jan, 23 March, and 14 and 17 April, 1668. From the Directors or one of the Chambers to the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope, of dates 3 and 23 Oct, and 3 Dec, 1666; 6 Jan, 14 March, 13 and 27 April, 14 May, 6 June, 27 and 28 Sept, 2, 6, and 17 Oct, 12, 14, 20, and 29 Nov, and 5 Dec, 1667; 25 and 26 April, 1668. From the Governor-General and Council of India to the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope, of dates 7 and 30 Dec, 1666; 24 Jan, 4 and 17 Oct, and 5 and 23 Dec, 1667.

JOURNAL OF OCCURRENCES kept in the Fort Good Hope, daily entries from 27 Sept 1666 to 18 June 1668.

PROCLAMATIONS AND NOTICES, of dates 15 and 20 Jan, 11 Feb, 8 March, 9 April, 2 June, 30 July, 24 Sept, and 3, 25, and 28 Oct, 1667.

DECLARATIONS CONCERNING CRIME, complete for this period.

RESOLUTIONS AND DEBATES OF THE COUNCIL OF POLICY, of which the substance is here given :—

24 October 1666.

Concerning an increase of pay to some servants of the Company.

12 November 1666.

The clergyman Johannes de Voocht is, at his request, to proceed to Batavia, and the Rev Petrus Wachtendorp will take his place until the Directors make a permanent appointment.

16 December 1666.

Monsieur De Mondevergne, the French Viceroy, who arrived here on the 12th instant in the ship *St Jean*, has informed us that he has instructions from his king to take possession of Saldanha Bay and form an establishment there. We have notified to him that this cannot be done without prejudice to the Honourable Company. It is resolved that the seven men who have already embarked in the freemen's boat, the *Bruid*, shall land without delay, as the wind is contrary, and with four additional soldiers under command of Sergeant Wederholt, shall march overland to the Bay. The Sergeant and five men are to remain at the watering place, and two men are to be placed on each of Jutten, Marcus, and Schapen Islands.

3 January 1667.

Concerning a clergyman.

23 May 1667.

The Council is presided over by the Commissioner Johan van Dam.

Letters have been received from the Chamber of Seventeen to stop the work at the new fortress and to reduce the garrison.

It is resolved to retain in all three hundred men here.

24 May 1667.

The orders and instructions from home and from the various Commissioners who have called at this place are so numerous and so

complete that the present Commissioner does not consider it necessary to add to them. If there are any discrepancies in these orders the Commissioner desires that they may be pointed out to him in writing.

26 May 1667.

Concerning a ship.

Concerning a skipper who is sick.

27 May 1667.

Concerning the sick skipper.

28 May 1667.

No one finds any discrepancies in the orders for this place.

Concerning the manner in which the account books are to be kept.

It is resolved that twenty-five thousand pounds of gunpowder shall always be kept here.

Concerning some servants of the Company.

14 July 1667.

Concerning a drunken sea-captain.

5 September 1667.

Hendrik Lacus, the Second in Command, on account of misconduct and neglect of duty is suspended from office.

10 September 1667.

Concerning two ships.

1 October 1667.

Concerning Hendrik Lacus.

3 October 1667.

Concerning Hendrik Lacus.

17 October 1667.

Concerning Hendrik Lacus.

31 October 1667.

Concerning Hendrik Lacus.

2 December 1667.

Concerning a crime committed on board a ship.

9 December 1667.

Concerning some officers on board a ship.

26 January 1668.

Concerning Hendrik Lacus.

6 February 1668.

Yesterday a ship arrived, bringing intelligence of peace between England and our States, but which is not to have effect south of the equator until the 24th of April next.

In August last a fleet of twenty-four ships of war sailed from England, whose destination is unknown. We are ordered therefore to take precautions against surprise, and to detain all the ships that call until the 24th of April.

Concerning the assembling of the burgher militia.

Concerning the strict watch to be kept for approaching ships.

25 February 1668.

Concerning instructions received from the Fatherland by the last ships that arrived, about ships and about preparations for defence against the English.

7 March 1668.

The Commissioner Van der Laen presides.

Hendrik Lacus and his wife are sent to Robben Island under arrest. Their effects are to be sold tomorrow for the benefit of the Company.

15 March 1668.

Concerning the re-engagements of some servants of the Company.

24 March 1668.

Two of the Company's servants are rewarded for their discovery of a crime.

28 March 1668.

Mitigation of punishment of a servant of the Company inflicted upon him by the Council at Mauritius.

25 April 1668.

Thomas Christoffel Mulder having left this place and gone to the Fatherland, the free burgher Matthys Coeymans is privileged to establish a bakery.

Concerning the price of bread, and also to whom it may and may not be sold.

27 April 1668.

Concerning the officers of a ship.

24 May 1668.

Concerning Lieutenant Abraham Schut.





## Sea Murmurs.

The lazy surges sleep  
 Along the silent shore ;  
 The great, lone, sorrowing Deep,  
 Doth murmur evermore—  
 While shadows o'er its bosom creep,  
 Doth moan, and sob, and weep.

It murmurs soft and low,  
 It tells of love, and pain,  
 To the mountains—all aglow  
 With sunset tints—to the wide plain—  
 They answer not again—  
 Ah, love, in vain, in vain !

It murmurs soft, and low,  
 Unto my list'ning soul.  
 " Eternal love ! Eternal woe !  
 I sing while ages roll.  
 Love who love's cruellest pain did know,  
 That Love might gain supreme control,  
 And Peace might reign from pole to pole."

Then murmur sobbing sea !  
 Though none may heed thy moan ;  
 Still speak thou of eternity,  
 Of love which conquers misery—  
 When hungry Death and Time are flown,  
 When thou thyself art past and gone,  
 Oh ever sobbing, sorrowing, sea,  
 God's love will reign eternally !

## From Namaqualand to Piquetberg Road on Foot.

THE following are rough notes taken during a walking trip from Namaqualand in 1877:—

The small mining village of Concordia forms the starting-point of a trip I determined to make on foot through Little Namaqualand, Clanwilliam, the chief town of the district of the same name, to Piquetberg Road Railway Station on the Western Province Line. Concordia is but a very small village, consisting chiefly of the houses and buildings belonging to the Copper Mining Company; at present (1877) the mine is not at work, it having been sold in England to a new company, which will commence its operations during December, 1877. The remaining buildings are soon told off on the fingers of one hand, being three shops and two houses—there is then but the church, parsonage, and school; the latter is considered one of the best managed in the country, the Government Inspector having very highly complimented the chief of the Mission—for Concordia is one of the stations of the Rhenish Mission Society. The Church has just been built by the congregation, and is highly creditable to their industry and willingness to assist their pastor; it is built of stone, and is large enough to seat 300 persons.

Concordia has, in common with other parts of Namaqualand, suffered much from the severe droughts that occur in that most unfortunate district, whose rivers are all dry; the oldest inhabitant, that wonderful individual, says he has known certain rivers not to run for thirty years, with other like remarks consoling to the unfortunate farmer whose crops will not come up on account of the drought. There is a general belief in Little Namaqualand that there is only one good crop to be expected in three years, quite an inducement

“ For to plough and to sow,  
And to reap and to mow,  
And to be a farmer's boy.”

But good times are coming for Concordia, every one hopes, from the new company that is going to work the mine. The whole of Namaqualand is one huge metal deposit, more or less rich in its various parts. Every kind of metal has been found. Iron

is plentiful amongst the copper; gold I have seen taken out of the mine with the copper ore. Six ounces of gold have been taken from one ton of smelted ore, and the slag remaining at the smelting works is considered to hold 3 per cent. of ore still. Silver, lead, and platinum have also been found. There is a lead mine on the top of a mountain, only an hour's walk from Concordia, called Naraap, but I did not visit it. Mines in Namaqualand have a strange way of commencing on the tops of mountains, which, when one happens to be short-winded, are apt to be left unvisited. I am acquainted with a young lady whose fortune it was to come into the world in a very elevated position of life—for she was born on the top of the Rietberg, one of the high mountains of Namaqualand, on the very summit of which there was then a mine in full work, but which now but seldom receives a visit, unless curiosity leads some traveller there.

Concordia boasts of a very high mountain, Groote Tweefontein, which its admirers say is even higher than the Kamiesberg, which is commonly spoken of as being the highest in Little Namaqualand. I clambered to the top of it in search of a perpetual spring to be found there, but was unable to find it, and was well rewarded by the magnificent view I had of the surrounding country. I could see the mountains on the other side of the Orange River in the very far distance, certainly three days' journey. From where I was, below me lay one of those mines on the top of a smaller hill, looking like a damaged honeycomb.

Wishing the kind friends, from whose house I started, good-bye, I started off on the 6th August, 1877. I had not told them of my intention, for I knew they would only try to persuade me not to go. I slept that night at O'okiep, that wonderfully rich mine which is quoted as one of the great copper wonders of the world, which has its own railway to the port of Nolloth, a distance of ninety miles, running in some parts down steep mountain sides, then climbing up a long toilsome way over another mountain, winding like a snake through the valley, and finally ploughing its way through heavy drift sand until it reaches Port Nolloth, where bag after bag of copper ore is piled up in readiness for shipment to England. As a rule there are two or three ships lying at the outer anchorage taking in or discharging cargo, all of which is done from the jetty, down to the

end of which the railway runs, and here the Cape Copper Mining Company's energetic officials with their gangs of coolies are always busy at work. O'okiep, the copper wonder, lies in a valley, and has only been worked about fifteen years, with its huge water pumping engine, winding engine, and all the numerous engines and machinery required for crushing and washing the ore after it is raised from the mine. There is a perpetual clatter, which to a stranger is very fidgetting, but which is not noticed by those resident, unless there is a stoppage, when every one looks up to see what is the matter. The people are called to work, &c., by a huge steam whistle, which can be heard for many a mile when wind and weather are favourable. Almost every nation finds its representatives there, English, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, the Colonial Dutch, and "Africanders," and as for the numerous Native races, I would scarcely like to say what African race was not there. Here you see men from the far interior, West and East Coast of Africa, Lascars, Indians, Kafirs, Fingoes, Hottentots, Bushmen, and the various Damara nations, and all the wonderful crosses produced by marriages amongst such a mixed population. Notwithstanding the energetic endeavours of the English Church Minister, the Rev. W. J. R. Morris, who until the last few months—when a Wesleyan Minister arrived—has for many years past worked amongst the natives, no serious impression has been made upon the Hottentots, who still remain as ignorant and filthy as they always were: their life and being is purely animal: as soon as they have sufficient money to buy brandy, they are off to the canteen, and it is twenty chances to one if they do not spend all their money there, and go home to their miserable hut, made only of a few old bags over some sticks, without a morsel of food. I myself have seen and heard a woman upbraid her husband for bringing home nothing but a pint of brandy, he having that evening spent their joint earnings in the canteen instead of purchasing food. She complained bitterly that he had not even brought a little coffee, as she had not tasted food that day, and her child, which she carried behind her in a miserable apology for a shawl, wanted that nourishment which only a mother can give, and which she had not got to give, from want of food herself. Such miserable pictures

are repeated from hut to hut. The Mining Company, during the late cold weather, finding from experience that the people would not clothe themselves properly, and that without warmth they could get no work out of their men, purchased a large quantity of second-hand soldiers' coats which they served out to their work people at cost price, deducting the money by instalments from their pay. These scarlet coats created quite a brilliant appearance on the washing floors, making the others in their old bags look doubly miserable. O'okiep mustered according to the last census, a year ago, 1,700 souls, but it is generally believed that the figures are far under the mark. The most wonderful returns were sent in to the magistrate's office during the taking of the census: men were represented as being 500 years of age and owning forty-five sheep,—it appeared to be quite immaterial as to what column of the paper the figures were filled in. I can vouch for the truth of the following anecdote. Before the census was taken, a minister in charge of a mission station announced from the pulpit to his congregation, mostly natives, that on a particular day he would come to their houses to take the census, and explained to them what it was. But he did not finish here: he continued, "I know that most of you have no chairs in your huts, so I shall want a child to carry a chair for me, and as the books are heavy and the sun is very warm you must give me one of your big girls to carry the umbrella over me." It struck me as being an amusing contrast to the position of those employed on similar work in England.

Leaving O'okiep behind me, I was off to Springbok, the seat of the Magistracy of Namaqualand. Before O'okiep was known, Springbok was a large mining centre with smelting-works, but it is now nearly deserted. A few shopkeepers, and the magistrate with his clerk and the few constables and a wagon-maker, form the whole white population; and even these would not be in existence were it not that O'okiep, being the private property of the Cape Copper Mining Company, is not open to the public. The village looks as if it had undergone a siege; everywhere are falling walls,—roofs, doors and windows have all vanished, carried away by the remorseless hands of carpenters to form part of new buildings at the new mine in O'okiep. With the fall of Springbok down came the port of

Hondeklip Bay, and now there remains but one shopkeeper there. Poor Hondeklip suffered its final pang when about a month since the Government took away its magistrate and collector of customs. The railway from O'okiep to Port Nolloth ruined Hondeklip, diverting all the traffic to that port. I left Springbok on Wednesday, the 8th August, in a mule wagon, for Bowesdorp, having managed to catch one going that way, which would save me an uninteresting walk. I scrambled my things together as best I could in my hurry, and started on my way. We slept that night in the veldt, and arrived at Bowesdorp on the next evening at dark. There I got a bed from Mr. —, the only shopkeeper in the village, for it does not boast of a hotel or canteen, although it is a church place (Dutch Reformed), and the farmers assemble every three months for service held by their minister who resides in the place.

Friday morning I was up with the light, I could not say with the sun, as it had to climb a high mountain before it showed its face, for Bowesdorp lies amid the Kamiesberg mountains. I made straight for a mat house I saw, and found a party of Bastards discussing their morning coffee. After wishing each other a good morning, I opened my mouth and said I wanted a boy to go to Clanwilliam with me. Immediately they all set upon one whom they called Paul, telling him to go, he shaking his head however. I found at last that he lived a day's walk on my road, and with the help of Mr. — persuaded him to guide me so far and then obtain for me another man to go on with.

From Mr. — I purchased what necessaries I required for the road—a kettle, pannikin, some calico to make bags for my coffee, sugar, pepper, and salt: meat I got, but bread was not to be had in the place; everyone was going to bake that same day, and I could not even procure a biscuit. So, stowing my provisions in a bag, I rolled them up in my sheepskin kaross with my railway rug and pillow, strapped them together, and hoisted the bundle on my back, together with my tin canteen holding nearly a gallon of water. Paul Jagers, the boy, took my sack of clothes on his back with the kettle in his hand, while I carried the pannikin tied to my bundle. Away we went, after thanking Mr. — for my night's lodging, anxious to push on to get some bread—up hill and down dale

wound the road, and bump, bump, went the bundle on my back as if laughing at me starting on such a trip. An hour's walk brought us to a place called Oast, where there is a farm, but the farmer was away from home in the lower veldt with his family, cattle, &c., and there was no one on the place but the bastards in charge. These were grumbling because the farmer had been absent nearly a month over his stated time, and their provisions had been long finished; they had nothing left except a few goats which gave them milk. Here I got the woman to roast and grind some coffee for me, for it was another of those pleasant reminiscences of Bowesdorp that I could not get ground coffee there; Paul and I had a breakfast of coffee and broiled meat; meat without some vegetable or bread is poor eating, but when bread is not forthcoming one naturally has to do without. After a rest we resumed our packs and moved on, passing through ploughed lands where every sort of grain was growing, being about six inches high; the sides of the road were lined with a perfect border of flowers of every colour—purple crocus, and brilliant yellow flowers much like the marigold, others like the *gaidiolus splendens*—anemones of the colour of the primrose, while pink flowers, blue flowers and varieties of plants that I had not seen before covered the ground like a carpet. On one occasion when we rested for a few minutes, I found the impulse irresistible, so down I went amongst the flowers and had a good roll, enjoying the flash of colour round me and the sweet scents that filled the air.

On the road again, between the mountains, at one time not a living creature could be seen, save a few birds, which enlivened our way with their singing and chirping. Now and then a startled hare would fly across the road and be lost again in the bushes. At another time a stembok would stand up and look at us, and then off over the flats for very life. Pauws would take their lazy flight, while the coran would be up with its curious cry of "chucker of her up." Butterflies, many of them old English favourites, flitted from flower to flower, while beetles of all kinds ran along the road in the sun, some busy forming or rolling the balls of cattle dung which protect their eggs, or lazily sunning themselves. Very few of those curious ant-heaps were about, and those met with were very small, not much more than two feet in diameter, and about the same in height.

About 4 p.m. we arrived at Mr. Burke's store, and I was fortunate enough to procure from Mrs. Burke a gigantic loaf of bread, which added about six pounds to my load. Mr. Burke was not at home, being away completing his store, some few miles further on, his present house being only temporary. Mrs. Burke was very kind, and a cup of coffee with plenty of milk in it was quite refreshing after the walk. Mrs. Burke said that she hoped that I would call on Mr. Burke, as I passed their new place which lay on my road. This I half promised to do, but found afterward it would be inconvenient, as the house lay more than five hundred yards off from the road, and it was already getting late. What a clambering up it was after leaving Mr. Burke's place, as we took the short cuts over the hills, now through heavy sands, and then tumbling over stones and scratching oneself with the bushes! A false step, and the bundle on the back would give a jump and a shake that at times nearly sent me head over heels. Leaving Riet Poort, Mr. Burke's new place, we came to the ground of the Lilyfontein Mission. Here again the valleys and the sides of the mountains were ploughed and sown by the people; and here, after a final heavy pull, we arrived at my guide's werf. Paul's wife was as much pleased to see him as she was astonished to see me. Paul at once set his wife to burning coffee, and we soon had a basin full of it, with plenty of milk. How jolly it was to lie by the fire watching the blaze and the busy wife cooking some meat for our supper, which I soon put away, the breakfast being remembered only to be laughed at.

Visitors came pouring in on hearing of Paul's return and my arrival, and coffee drinking was the order of the day. At last there was a move off, and I made my bed outside with a pile of bushes as a shelter from the wind; but the fates were unpropitious, for in the middle of the night it commenced raining, and I was obliged to go into the house. It continued raining until about ten a.m., when it condescended to clear up. I employed my time in making myself a belt, with pockets, out of canvas, the weight of the silver I was obliged to carry for the sake of change being inconvenient in the pockets of my garments.

When the clouds cleared away we appeared to be on the top of one of the highest mountains: hill after hill lay before us until they were lost in the far distance; and on walking a little further, I could



gaze on the little settlement of Bethel, the houses looking like full stops on a sheet of paper, we were so far above them.

I had considerable trouble to procure a guide. One gentleman of colour had a great deal to say as to how he would act if he went with me, and on being pressed as to his terms, stated a price that was equal to about three months' wages for a labourer. I told my gentleman that he must surely think I was mad, and I left him to his cogitations. After that I tackled master Paul again, and offered him a sovereign and his food, which would be at the rate of one shilling and sixpence a day and food, for it would not take him so long to return from as it would for me to reach, Clanwilliam. After a consultation with his wife, who did not half like it, he agreed to go; but we must wait until Monday morning, as he did not like to start on Sunday, and there were things to be got ready. He purchased some wheat from a neighbour, and his wife ground it and made bread for the road. Between us we purchased a goat and slaughtered it for present use, and salted and wind-dried some for the road, not knowing when we might be able to procure more. She also burnt and ground what little coffee I had left, and ground my salt, for it was outrageously coarse, being sea salt from near Hondeklip Bay. Not being possessed of a coffee mill, the grinding process was carried on between two stones, one flat and the one in the hands round. All Saturday visitors poured in, and the chief excitement was myself—who was I, &c.? This Paul could answer, he having seen me in Springbok when he was one day there, having brought in a lost horse; he, at last, got so tired of his visitors that he made a clean bolt of it to a house of a neighbour some distance off. In the evening, however, there was another meeting of Parliament, and the pedigree of all the horses round the country was discussed. Paul gave the history of a visit he had paid to Cape Town when he had driven up some cattle; another man gave an account of a trip over the Orange River and told us how he had shot guinea fowl. Questions were asked as to what they were like, whether they were edible, &c. One man was anxious to know what a goose tasted like. This man was smiled upon by the others; he had not been from home as far even as the Orange River.

On Sunday morning there were great arrivals of women on their

way to church at Bethel. Paul's brother-in-law amused himself by kissing them all, and then leaning back in his chair, he calmly stated that he liked kissing the women, but he liked the young ones best; most of those present being middle-aged he had to submit to some chaff. The men generally sit on the chairs and stools or boxes when there are any to sit upon, but the women squat themselves at once upon their hams, and seem to prefer this plan even when there are vacant chairs. I have seen this often. I know one coloured woman married to a white man who will always squat on the ground, however well she is dressed. I amused myself on Sunday by a walk down to the spring in the valley below, where I indulged in a glorious wash in a small tin dish, the water not being available otherwise. I was rather glad of a change of clothes, for I found since I had been in the mat-house that there were more living creatures in my shirt than myself, and that I could have provided Dr. Darwin with sundry specimens for some of those "itchy" chapters in his *Entomology*. I found crimson gladioli and geraniums of all colours growing near the spring, making the place quite gay. Paul was much amused at my making notes and taking sketches, and told me he would shew me everything that was worth seeing. He then pointed out to me a very small point, which he said was the Kamiesberg, at the foot of which lay Lilyfontein, the Mission Station of the Wesleyan Society, on whose land we were then; he said that the sea was visible from the top of it. In the afternoon the women sang hymns, each one taking her own part, and I lying in the bushes enjoyed listening to them.

Monday morning came, and Paul could not start before he had his trousers washed, so that we were late before we got off. Bump, thump, we went down the mountain to Bethel, and I was not sorry when we arrived at the bottom, for the road was uncomfortably steep. A few hundred yards brought us into Bethel itself, and the Rev. Mr. Tindall came out of his house, and I went up to meet him, for I had met him before—we had travelled a whole day together on the Port Nolloth Railway, and a more courteous and kind gentleman I have seldom met. He was, I believe, born in this country, and speaks the Hottentot language like a native, an acquirement that few white people have, although many understand it slightly.

Mr. Tindall is head of the Lilyfontein Mission, a place that is described as one of the finest in the country: the land is allotted out to the people, and everyone has a garden—water is extremely plentiful. My boy, Paul, told me that his ground was a large piece, full of all sorts of fruit trees. During August, September, and October, Mr. Tindall and as many of his people as can, move with their cattle and sheep to Bethel, to allow the grass to grow, else with such a large population they would not be able to live on Lilyfontein. During these three months they remain at Bethel, where there is then water, which by the end of October is finished, being only furnished by dams. Mr. Tindall very kindly asked me to remain a couple of hours and have dinner; but I could not well do so as I had only just started, and I was anxious to reach water that night, if I could, at Long Klip. This we failed in doing, it being so late when we started and the road heavy. We met several wagons with Lilyfontein people moving to Bethel. Some families travelled with all their goods packed on the back of a horse, which they led along, parties of girls and children driving the sheep and goats. We slept that night under a rock which at one time had formed a side of an old sheep kraal, and it served to keep the cold wind off from us, as well as it had done for the sheep. We soon had a blazing fire from the old wood, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Two hours before day-light we were up and had coffee, rolled up our traps and started: a false start it was, for we missed the road, and went floundering about among bushes and corn lands, until we found it again, which we did after getting well wet from the dew. Tramping in the dark through long grass, especially when it is wet, is not comfortable, and so when we were on a good hard road again we made a roasting fire, indeed it was such a blaze, that it was impossible to go near it to dry oneself. By the time the fire was just out it was day-light, so we started again down the valley, but had not gone above half a mile when we heard a wagon coming towards us. A few minutes brought us together, and we went in for exchanging civilities; the wagon proved to be a farmer's, from the Piquetberg district, with oranges, tobacco, and brandy for sale. He offered a glass of liquor, and we soon had a fire and were sitting round it chatting, while Paul made some coffee

I took advantage of the warmth to have a dry, and pulled off my boots and socks, and hung them on the bush over the fire where they were toasted until dry. The young Dutchman produced a pair of veldt shoes out of his wagon with the intention of trying to do a trade with me, but they proved to be nearly large enough for both feet together. We were both disappointed. I had hoped to get a pair to fit, for my feet were so full of blisters as to excite the pity of the young farmer; but I did not feel much inconvenience when I was actually walking; the pull was in starting after a rest, when for a little way I would limp along, I soon stepped out, however, as the feet got warm. Paul was most anxious that I should buy some brandy, and carefully washed out the coffee kettle to put it in, that being the only article we had (except the water canteen), that would carry liquid. I was not able to see the force of his argument, having no desire to sacrifice my cup of coffee for the sake of the brandy; indeed I was afterwards very glad that I had not even let him have a little, as after the two drinks he had, for the Dutchman gave him a second "wet" for helping with the oxen, he grew amazingly talkative, and he wound up with a good sleep at Doorn River at midday. As we should meet the man riding the post to Bethel, Paul got me to tear a leaf out of my pocket-book, and write a letter in Dutch to his wife. He told her he was well, and hoped soon to be home again, and that his neighbour Dirk was to look after her, and that he sent her two spans of tobacco, for I had bought some for him at the wagon. This epistle he gave with the tobacco to the post-boy at Doorn River where we met him, and he gave the man a piece of tobacco for himself for fear that the temptation might be too strong for him, and that he might loaf on that of his wife, Mrs. Flora Jagers, for such he told me was her name. This portion of the post route is worked by the native community of Lilyfontein, and Paul himself had at one time ridden it. His remembrances of the business of carrying an English mail were amusing. His great difficulty was that he had very tall horses and being a short man he was often at his wit's end to get the post bags on to the horse; he had to look out for an ant heap or big stone whenever he took the saddle off. The great heat of the day being over we moved on

until just before sunset, when I sat down amongst the bushes, declaring I could go no further. Paul was desperate. I must try and get to Sandkop (a farm), it was not very much further. After resting a little I said I would try, but he must make me a cup of coffee first. This he did, using the last coffee we had, the sugar was finished before. Feeling refreshed by the coffee, we started again and reached the farm some time after dark. The farmer was not at home, but the bastard in charge of the place made us as welcome as he could; he was in the same unfortunate position as all the other people in charge of the farms we had passed. When the dogs barking gave them notice that some one was coming the "gude wife" told us she thought it was some of her master's sons come, and she was rejoicing that she would have a cup of coffee that night, even with this little luxury we could not accommodate her. She warmed some milk for us which we drank, and eat a piece of bread with it; and even of this we had to be very chary, for we had but enough left for one meal! Paul raised some skins from these kind folks and turned in by the fire. I rolled myself in my kaross and lay behind the bushes. The house of these poor people was not much protection even to them, one side being quite open: it was certainly the worst specimen of a house for people of their stamp, for they were nearly white, that I saw on the road. The east wind, that abomination seemingly in all parts of the world, came up during the night, and I could not muster courage to face it before light, so sat by the fire rolled up in the kaross. At last a move had to be made; we obtained from the people some fresh milk and then were off. Poor as these folks were they would not accept any payment for the milk, and indeed brought out two oranges, one for each of us. I did not like what might almost be called robbing these poor folks, so after a bit of chat the wife said I could send her something from the town by Paul on his return, which I did afterwards, sending her a pound of coffee. The good soul was very sweet upon my kettle, she not being possessed of one, but naturally I could not well spare it.

Tramp on until it was time for breakfast, when we drank up the milk, and had some bread and meat. Being the last of our bread, this was a lively look out, for we had been told that we should not see any

farmer until we came to Blue Klip, which was some considerable distance onwards.

On we went again, and reached Klipfontein. Here I drank water until I could drink no more,—not that the water was good, but that it was cool, and the day warm. The water had to be drawn up out of a deep pit, and was most decidedly saltish. Paul had a look for the man in charge of the place, but neither he nor his house were to be found. After a few minutes' rest, we started off again, and kept on until long after sunset. Paul was very desirous that I should climb a mountain in front of us, but I declined. Having nothing to eat except a piece of meat, we turned into our blankets supperless. Betimes in the morning we were up and off, and had a good two hours' walk to the top of the hill, which I was glad we had not even attempted the evening before. I have always found the worst of climbing a hill is that one has to get down again. However, we had to go down, and with a jerk and thump every step we went on. Paul always declared that the farm-house of Lewisfontein lay round the point of the next hill, but we rounded many a point before we reached the farm-house. Tramping along the valley, our attention was arrested by shouting behind us. At last the shouters became visible, and we saw two men coming down the road after us, as hard as they could run. We still tramped on, and when the shouters drew nearer, we could see they were armed with heavy knobkerries. At the time I thought nothing of it, but Paul told me afterwards that he was in an "awful funk." On the two strangers coming up to us, they turned out to be anything but strangers. One was a Damara I knew at O'okiep, and the other a Bastard, who had often worked for me, made my bed, and cleaned my room out, but had contrived to get into gaol over some bread stealing in the store at O'okiep, and so had trekked out into the country. These two were engaged in clearing lands of bushes, &c., so that the farmer could plough them next season. After a few minutes' chat, we moved on to the farm-house. As usual the farmer was absent and no one was at home except a Damara and his Hottentot wife, who were in charge of the place. These did their best for us, Paul got a piece of fresh meat and cooked it in their pot, and the woman

made a loaf of bread and baked it under the ashes and boiled some eggs for me, so we had a good feast, considering what a poor larder we had in the morning. Before we left I gave the woman a little pepper, which pleased her mightily, and then gave the man some silver for his things, which he immediately handed over to his wife, who carefully tied it up in a piece of rag and stowed it away in her pocket. As usual with these farm places there was no attempt to make a garden, although there was a good stream of water. This farm, called Lewisfontein, was the first in the Clanwilliam district, and we were told the first people we should meet, which would be the next day, would be sons of the owners of this place, who were lying at a place called Blue Klip, some distance on our road. From the top of the mountain above Lewisfontein, Paul pointed out to me the mountains in the far distance, which were a little on our side of Clanwilliam village. Here I can say we fairly left the mountains behind and entered a flattish sort of country, with only a few hills to serve as landmarks, and this continued so until the Vent Hoek mountains were reached, near to Clanwilliam. After a weary and cold morning's tramp, we came to Coetzee's temporary place at Blue Klip, where we pulled up to try and obtain supplies. Coetzee gave me a cup of coffee, and I sat and drank it while he went after the sheep and goats: he returned soon and we went into the house, and I saw his wife and a bouncing baby; and had a breakfast of tea, fresh butter, bread, and biltong, and then he went off to look for some lost oxen, and I on my way. The secret of this extra civility came out afterwards from Paul, who told me that the farmer had asked him who I was, and on hearing my name he set me down at once as a son of the Rev. Samuel Hardey, the Wesleyan minister of Cape Town, who had visited those parts. I asked Paul why he had not contradicted this impression, but he very naively said he thought I should be better off by his not doing so. So I have to thank Mr. Hardey for my breakfast from the similarity of our names. I obtained half a loaf of bread from Mrs. Coetzee, but could not get any coffee, they being short themselves; on we trudged and obtained water from the large flat stone which gives its name to the place. It is only rain water which lodges in the crevices of the rocks and which dries up as the summer advances. About mid-day we were opposite Water Klip, and I was

so knocked up that I told Paul I would lie under the bushes while he went up to the place of the farmer there, some little distance from the road, to see what supplies he could raise. He returned with some coffee, milk and fresh eggs, but no sugar. The farmer, whose name I found afterwards was Frank du Toit, would only accept of payment for the coffee, and sent a very kind message, asking why I did not come up to the house. I could only return my best thanks, and say I was too tired to turn out of my road even to thank him for his kindness. In the afternoon, when it was cooler, a breeze having sprung up, we started again, and, fortunately for us it was cool, for the road consisted of nothing but sand. We pushed on until late that night, taking advantage of the moon now three days old, and reached Kalk Gat, where we slept that night. I was in such a violent perspiration from the heavy walk, that I had to change my clothes, drying my coat and waistcoat by the fire. Strange to say I was never fresher than I was that evening. I knocked about the bushes making a screen to keep the wind off, &c., very much to the amusement of the boy, who for his part confessed to being thoroughly tired. I think the knowledge of the fact of having reached half-way of our road gave me a fresh impetus, for we were up long before daylight and on the road again. Paul amused himself by twisting some half-dozen little bristles which he dignified by the name of moustache, and would now and then break out with "Oh! my little Dirke," referring to his son and heir, aged ten months, decidedly one of the most pugnacious infants I have ever seen; for if his mother took another child in her arms, no matter how big, he was off on all fours and would hammer away at the interloper with all his little might, producing a glorious clamour. During this day Paul was delighted by picking up the post-boy's bugle, and the whole day he was making vigorous but ineffectual attempts to blow it. The afternoon brought us to the Oliphant's River at Kokonaap, where it was blowing great guns: here we rested for a few minutes, and then followed up the river until we arrived at Mr. Grey's place at Vleermuis Klip, opposite to the Mission Station of Ebenezer (one of the Rhenish Mission Society's). Here I was received with extreme kindness by both Mr. and Mrs. Grey, who pressed me to remain there a few days and rest. I was so stiff that when I sat down on



a chair it was with some trouble that I rose up again. The next day they persuaded me to send Paul home again to his little Dirke, and to wait for a wagon going to the village, as the road was very bad ; and I consented to do so, as wagons were expected daily to fetch wheat for the village from Mr. Grey's store. Having settled with the boy, he invested his earnings in calico, handkerchiefs, coffee, and a huge roll of tobacco, with which he would trade. I begged a bottle of brandy from Mr. Grey's private stock, for he does not keep an hotel, and we started Paul off on his way rejoicing, as he would be home four days sooner than he expected.

At Mr. Grey's I met a trader and his wife and daughter, who were on their way to Cape Town with nearly 300 head of cattle ; they had then been two months on their road. We had some music in the evening, Mr. Grey playing the violin, and the ladies of the party favouring us with songs ; but the climax was reached when Mr. Grey, playing a reel, the trader's wife stood up in front of him. Out of gallantry he could not refuse the challenge, but he looked a shade flabbergasted when he surveyed the two hundred and fifty pounds of meat done up in petticoats, with which he was expected to trip the light fantastic toe !

The next morning we went down to the river to see the trader's wagon and oxen go through the river. The oxen swam through, but the wagon was floated by placing empty hogsheads in it ; we did not remain the whole time on account of the rain coming on sharp. In the afternoon it cleared up, and Mr. Grey and I visited his garden made in the river bed. Here he told me he had raised water melons so large that one man could not lift them.

There is a large quantity of a greyish marble on the place, which has been pronounced by competent men to be of a very good quality, but the cost of transport to Cape Town would be too great ; the river which in winter time would be an easy road to the sea is unfortunately closed at the mouth by a reef of rocks, and only a small boat can cross, and even then it is dangerous. That a time will come when this bar will be removed and the river made navigable is certain. The trade of a valley such as that of the Oliphant's River must find an outlet : lined with farms on both sides for the whole of its length so close that rifle shots could be easily exchanged, the whole

valley is like a gigantic garden, the road runs through corn lands, while the houses are surrounded with groves of orange, lemon and other fruit trees ; vineyards are also to be met with. I tasted some wine made by a farmer on his own farm ; it was of a very fair quality, but too new.

Ebenezer, the Mission Station, is opposite to Vleermuis Klip, and is at present without a head, its late minister having been dead about six months, and no new one having as yet arrived to take his place. In the meantime, the late Mr. Bencker's sons take charge of the schools and hold service in the church. It is a most desolate looking village : no attempt at making a single garden could I see ; the houses built of raw brick and mud-plastered, with thatched roofs, stand together upon a bare gravelly soil, not a tree near to them ; behind them rise the hills with a few scanty bushes upon them. The church is the only white-washed building, and it is nothing more than an oblong thatched building without any pretence to beauty.

I remained at Vleermuis Klip until the following Thursday, seeing but few visitors. One trader passed on his way to Cape Town, but his cattle passed higher up. He gave us an amusing account of two Irishmen in Damaraland, who had received a considerable supply of liquor, and, as they were close neighbours, Mike went over to visit Tim, and while discussing the politics of the time, Mr. Mike got most desperately drunk, so much so, indeed, that old Tim had to put him into his wheelbarrow and wheel him home himself. After seeing his friend comfortable on the bed he felt wearied, and so rested himself on a chair opposite to a gin flask standing upon the table. The morning lengthened into afternoon, and Mike woke up and occupied the chair on the opposite side of the table ; by this time the square-face had told heavily on Tim, and Mike had risen from his sleep refreshed and ready for another onslaught, so it was not long before Mike was seen wheeling Tim home in the wheelbarrow, where he was handed over to the tender mercies of his daughter, a stern damsel who had long since forgotten in what year she was born.

On the Wednesday evening, a wagon loaded with oranges came up to the place, and proved to be owned by a relation of Mrs. Grey, who was on his way back to Clanwilliam, not having been able to sell

his oranges or to buy wheat, both of which he was out on "togt" on purpose to do. I soon made arrangements to go to the village with Mr. Van Wyk, and on Thursday afternoon we started. Mrs. Grey had also to go to the village having been subpoenaed in reference to some stolen wheat, but she would leave the next day in a cart with four mules; we were to meet again at her mother's house in Clanwilliam.

Our road lay along the Oliphants River, with all its innumerable windings, and after travelling for some hours we appeared to be no further than we were before; the same farm houses were in sight, although by road we were a considerable distance from the places. Van Wyk sold some of his oranges, and we kept on until Saturday mid-day, when we crossed the Doorn and Oliphants Rivers a little above their junction. The Doorn River is described as one of the most treacherous about that part; without the least notice the water rushes down, overwhelming everything in its road. Such rivers are common in the Colony, more especially in the mountainous districts.

On Saturday morning we had passed about one hour's ride off the Church place of Troe Troe, and a short time after we passed a large Bushman's Cave, but were nearly a mile from it, so I was unable to visit it, which I was sorry for, as the paintings are described as very good. I was told by Van Wyk that there are many more caves in the neighbourhood, which I promised myself to visit on the first opportunity. Van Wyk also pointed out to me various bushes growing along the road, of which different uses are made; one he shewed to me he called Kamabosch, of the berries of which he and some cousins of his ate when they were youngsters and were nearly poisoned. He shewed me two plants, which in January the farmers burn for the sake of the ashes, which they use to make soap with; at a farm we passed, he purchased some, and told me that the usual price was seven shillings and sixpence a sack; this ash he took home to his wife, who makes soap for people in the village of Clanwilliam, the village people providing the fat. About mid-day Mrs. Grey passed us in her cart with mules, she having travelled on the other side of the river. We continued our road still by the Oliphants River, and on Sunday morning were anything but delighted by being woken up by the rain driving into the wagon through the

old sail. Fortunately it did not last very long, and we moved on to a farm place called Klein Riet Vlei, where Van Wyk was glad enough to get rid of the last of his oranges, and where he purchased and slaughtered a young goat. Sunday night brought us to within half a mile of Clanwilliam. When we outspanned we could see the lights in the village, and on Monday morning by daylight we were in the place, having crossed first the Jan Dissels Vlei River, which runs past the village into the Oliphant's River, about half a mile below the town.

This village is, I have been told, one of the oldest settlements in the Cape, and Van Wyk pointed out to me where the original village was (before the English came, he said), now occupied as a farm by Mr. Foster. The present village consists mainly of one street; and its thatched roofs with many gables and the trees lining the street give to the place a thorough old world appearance. On one side of the street the houses face the street, but on the lower side the houses have all been built to face the gardens, (the inhabitants having left a small road between their houses and gardens), so that the backs of the houses are towards the street. Since the village has grown in size, the back premises of these houses have been turned into shops, which gives a stranger a poor idea of the place. The English Church is also built with its chancel to the street, and one has to make a complete circuit of the church to reach the door. I attended the church on Sunday evening, and found the service choral; but whether from a fault in the building or from the church being so empty (for there were only fifteen people exclusive of the choir), the echo was so unpleasant as utterly to destroy the music and turn the sermon into a gabble of words from which it required the most attentive ear to gather the sense. The Dutch Church is a more pretentious building, as well as larger; it is plastered over and has a grand facade surmounted by a pinnacle.

The gaol is the most substantial building in the place, being built of cut stone. It stands facing the street, so that it is visible from all sides, as if its builder thought the townspeople required to be reminded hourly of its presence. The town is watered by a large furrow taken out of the river some miles further up. The climate being warm, nearly every sort of plant and tree grow there. I saw palms,

bananas, peaches, oranges, apples, strawberries, pears, blue gums, poplars, &c.

Outside the main village, and alongside the water furrow, are most of the coloured people's houses, with their small patches of garden ground.

The village is protected from the east wind by the Cedar Mountains, which are within a few miles, and in which nearly every kind of tree grows—ebony, red and white cedar, stinkwood, sneeze-wood, yellowwood, mahogany, and many other kinds.

The coloured people about the place seem tolerably well to do, and are for the most part well dressed and well mannered. This latter must be attributed to the influence of the mission schools, which turn out some very good scholars.

Hearing that the men making the main road through the mountain were to be paid, I obtained a seat in a wagon going out to Packhuis, where the men were to be paid. This is about four hours' ride from the village, and I was well rewarded by the scenery, the road winding round the points of the mountains above the valleys, while all around were groups of fantastically shaped rocks which, at sunset, assumed the most grotesque forms. We passed one farm-house completely shaded by large oak trees, and situated on the side of the mountain, with a fine stream of water running past it. The measles were very bad when I was in Clanwilliam; nine children were buried in the few days I was in the place. Sixteen years before, the measles carried off nearly one-half of the village population, and the Government had to feed the coloured people, who were unable to work through sickness. They were dying of starvation, and the magistrate himself used to go round and dole out the soup for the poor people. Wandering through the veldt one day, I came across two boys very busy getting honey out of a wild bees' nest; they had a fire to keep the bees from stinging them, and were getting the honeycomb out with forked sticks. As they were off fishing afterwards, I bargained with them to bring me all they caught, which they did in the evening.

After a few days' rest, I started on foot again to Piquetberg, taking it very easily, fishing at times, for the road ran alongside of the

Oliphant's River. The first night I hung my fresh meat up in a bush to dry, and was three times disturbed by some animal trying to steal it. I at last caught sight of my visitor sitting on a big stone over my fire, and evidently taking observations of me. I unfortunately had nothing to throw at him. Long body and long nose, with a bushy tail. He is, I believe called Muishond. I found in the morning his teeth marks on the meat. In the morning I passed the station of the Government road party, and had my calabash filled with milk there, and pushed on again along the road still by the river, but it was a good thing that I was not dependent upon my fishing for food, for I had not even one bite. That same evening I made a fine bed of a soft bush I found, and slept as soft and comfortable as if I was in my own bed. The next day I crossed the Boontjes River, and about half-past eleven I arrived at Modderfontein, where Messrs. McGregor have a store; there I had to cross the river, which was divided into five streams, and I had crossed four of them and had put on my socks and boots again, when the black Venus, who was washing clothes close to me, said "Why do you put on your boots, there is another stream to cross?" I could have choked her; I was so disgusted.

I remained for two hours at Mr. McGregor's, where I had dinner, and carried away with me my calabash full of milk. Mr. McGregor would not accept any payment for my dinner or the milk. Leaving these kind people, I had to climb up the mountain, saying good bye to the Oliphant's River, which runs into the Cedar Mountains. A hard pull of three-quarters of an hour brought me to the top, from which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Here I met two brothers with their cart, who were travelling the same way as myself, and I arrived just in time for a cup of coffee, which was relished after my hard walk. I thought I was never going to reach the bottom of the valley; the road wound so, and I could see my road before me for many and many a mile, winding across the flat, as it appeared beneath me—at the foot of the mountain. I filled my canteen with water, for I had a long tramp before me without water on the road. That night I tried to fire an ant-heap, but my knife was not strong enough to make a sufficiently large hole in it, so I had to dry my clothes by a fire, for I was wet through from perspiration.

During the night a jackal disturbed me by prowling round and making dismal howls. In the morning I was off, and reached a farm called *Blindefontein* about nine a.m., rain threatening all the time, and I was glad to get a chance to ride on into *Piquetberg*, with a farmer who was then starting, although it was in an open wagon. We reached *Piquetberg* that evening, and during the night the rain fell heavily, and I rejoiced at being under cover. From *Blindefontein* to *Piquetberg* was one corn land, some wheat standing nearly five feet high. Vleis full of water lined the road, which however, will be all dry in a few months.

*Piquetberg* is a pretty village, being so well planted with trees. It lies at the foot of one of the spurs of the mountain, and has a plentiful supply of water. The present and late Magistrates have taken a great deal of trouble in planting trees of all kinds, and the dark green of the blue gums is well relieved by the lighter colour of the *Port Jackson* willow, which were all in full blossom at that time. On our road we put up many pauws and coran of the latter as many as ten at one time, filling the air with their noise. From *Piquetberg* one looks across the valley to the *Cedar Mountains*, this valley helps to feed the *Berg River*.

I left *Piquetberg* in the same wagon for the *Railway Station*, crossing "Twenty-four" Rivers, the origin of which name I do not know. The homesteads round the place make quite a pretty appearance, the white houses contrasting with the green corn lands. One night was very cold, and in the morning the tops of the neighbouring mountains were covered with snow, although we had had no rain below. We passed at *Kroom River* a private post box; a small box with a slit in it, fastened to two posts, in which I presume the post carrier drops any letters for its owner. We arrived at the *Railway Station* on Wednesday, the 12th of September, 1877, having been on the road thirty-seven days.

A walk through the *Oliphant's River Valley* will well reward anyone taking the trouble. Farm-houses are plentiful, and water abundant, while there is fishing for those who like it. Mountains and rocks of all kinds present a fine field for the geologist. If I mistake not, I saw a large piece of white marble, but much earth-stained, used as a road beacon; perhaps, were the

stone quarried, a better quality might be obtained. For a botanist the work is endless. There was a profusion of flowers new to me, as were most of the plants. A pleasant tour could be finished by boating trip down the river from Vlermuis Klip to the mouth, which is only a short distance, and a net and plenty of boys could be hired for fishing.

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*Lines.*

I have a wealth not bought with gold,  
 To alien eyes unknown,  
 For it the diver went not forth,  
 Nor hewer hewed the stone.  
 My stores were never housed by man,  
 Unseen by stranger's eye ;  
 Yet are they rare—my joy—my life,  
 And treasured silently.

Yes, I am rich in household love,  
 So beautiful and sweet ;  
 For when I gaze around, I oft  
 Kind loving glances meet.  
 Oh what were life, without this love ?  
 My best and richest prize,  
 An earnest of the fairest fruit,  
 That blooms in Paradise.



### There is no accounting for Tastes.

THE recent extraordinary forty days' fast of Dr. Tanner has let loose a flood of information respecting food, much of which is curious, some of it new, and a fair proportion not true. The following short account of the tastes of different nations in respect to food may be of some interest. I do not say that it is original, but I think the allusion to Cape Town habits and their effect upon health a quotation which will be perused with alarm. As a Paterfamilias, horrified at his butcher's bill with mutton at eightpence the pound, I thank Dr. Tanner for showing my family where they can economise. I trust that by the warning note sounded in this article, the lady who does me the honour to share my name and preside over my domestic arrangements, will be led to do her best to protect the health of those committed to her charge, by reducing the amount of butcher's meat to be consumed to the least possible quantity. As for myself, duty requires me to spend the greater part of the day in Cape Town, and should my above respectful suggestion be adopted, I think it will be better in every way to dine there for the future.

The nations of Europe are accustomed to laugh at one another, on account of the different kinds of food which are favourites with each. The oats of Scotland afford amusement to the Englishman, who considers them only as food for horses; potatoes and buttermilk are reckoned a good joke against Irishmen; and the English are laughed at because they cannot pass a holiday without plum-pudding. The thin broth and frog steaks of the French are better known than any of their victories; and the macaroni paste, which is the delight of Italians, is the wonder of every other country. By the people of the south, Germans are imagined to feed almost entirely on grease and sour cabbage; Russians upon train-oil and rye-bread. The only diet of Spaniards, it is alleged, is garlic and grapes, with salt-fish and oil in Lent. The people of Norway make bread of the bark of trees to eat with their fat and deer's flesh; and consider it a luxury to mix a little rye-flour with this kind of sawdust in their cakes. It is singular that every nation enjoys this kind of jest at the expense of the others, without considering that itself is exposed to

the same ridicule. It is never considered that the style of living among different nations depends almost entirely upon the climate under which they reside, and the natural productions of their country. That abundance of strong and exciting animal food which is necessary for maintaining the human system in its proper vigour in cold damp climates, such as those of Russia and the north of Germany, would be almost poison to people of warmer countries, such as France or Spain. These require lighter and more easily-digested aliments; and, accordingly, they live chiefly on vegetables or fruits. When they do use animal food, it is boiled or otherwise cooked, till it has lost its most stimulating qualities; and hence those soups, and other artificial dishes, which are so much used in France, and so often satirised in England. The use of vegetables is more exclusive in Spain and Portugal than even in France, and a stout muleteer of these countries is abundantly refreshed by a dinner consisting of a piece of bread with a few onions, dates, or raisins, and a draught of wine. It is the same in Italy, where, in the country places, the peasantry consider themselves to live well if they can procure cucumbers or raisins, with bread; in the towns there is a kind of paste, called macaroni, which is made of wheat-flour much kneaded, and formed into long strings, by being forced through holes in a board; this is reckoned by the labouring classes a superb relish to their vegetables or fruit; animal food is little used or cared for. The Arab of the desert will travel long journies on horseback, day after day, having no other subsistence but dates, and perhaps a little camel's milk. The abstinence of the Brahminical Indians, who reckon it profane to taste any kinds of animal food except poultry and fish, and not always these, has its origin entirely in the heat of their country, which renders that kind of aliment unnecessary, and often hurtful to the human constitution.

In cold countries, however, animal food becomes indispensable; and, in those frozen regions which our navigators have often visited, the enormous quantities of fish and flesh which are devoured by the rude inhabitants, were matter of utter astonishment to Englishmen; eight or ten pounds of pure fat were taken into the stomach of an Esquimaux, without his being in the least troubled; the Icelanders though generally reckoned temperate, live almost entirely on mutton

fish, or the fat and eggs of sea-birds ; the only vegetable substances consumed along with these being a little *powdered lichen*, or the roots of certain kinds of rushes. This rule, that animal food becomes more necessary to the people of cold latitudes than to those of warm, is universal ; and it is even found that individuals from southern countries, who may chance to reside any time in regions farther north, have their appetites changed accordingly. Some English people who went to live for a season in one of the valleys of Norway, were themselves astonished at the quantity of animal fat which they relished ; and a lady of the party did not know whether to be ashamed or to laugh at the extent of change in her appetite. Captain Cochrane, in his pedestrian journey along the shores of the Frozen Ocean, experienced the same sensations ; and mentions that he never enjoyed any dinner in his life so much as those of which the only material was a raw frozen fish and a good lump of fat.

Persons who go from a cold to a warm country experience a reverse change, and are incapacitated from using their accustomed quantity of animal food. "In cases where a northern people have settled in tropical regions, and yet continued to persevere, as they were wont, in the unrestrained use of animal substances, the consequences are uniformly an impaired state of general health, and a short average of life. The Dutch afford a remarkable instance of this perversity ; for being accustomed, in their own northern fens, to the liberal use of flesh and greasy substances of all kinds, they persevered also at Batavia and the Cape of Good Hope, which are very hot countries (particularly the former), in having all their dishes brought to table swimming in oil and fat. It was partly from thence that Batavia, while in possession of the Dutch, was reckoned the *grave of Europeans* ; the English, who were more temperate and cleanly in their eating, found it in no respect more unhealthy than other stations in the same climate. Even at the Cape of Good Hope, which is a much cooler situation, this propensity of the Dutch gives rise among them to numerous diseases ; apoplexy in common, which, though seldom fatal of itself, generally lays the foundation for dropsy, by which the patient is speedily carried off. The general run of life among the Dutch merchants of Cape Town is not above sixty years. The English themselves (particularly young peoples recently arrived in warm climates) are seldom sufficiently cautious

in this respect, and often indulge too freely in the flesh-pots of England, in a country where such a mode of living has the most deleterious effects on the constitution. Animal food, if used to any extent in these climates, ought to be cooked almost to rags, as is the uniform practice with the French, Spaniards, Turks, and indeed all the southern nations; and it ought never to be eaten *underdone*, in the mode of English beef-steaks, which are there the most unhealthy dish that can be used. In the Southern States of America, one individual of every nine hundred *among the negroes*, arrives at the age of one hundred; whereas among the whites, scarcely one in 19,000 sees that age: the negroes live chiefly on rice, vegetables, and a little fish or poultry, well cooked; whereas, the whites delight in ham, beef-steaks, game, &c.; and every dish is dressed in such a manner as to retain the animal juices as little changed as possible." (Chambers).

It ought to be remarked, however, that savage tribes in all climates, who are continually in the open air, and are exposed to violent and irregular exertion, consume animal food in large quantities, raw or cooked, fresh or stale, without any immediate danger. Of this the Tartars, the North American Indians, and others, afford remarkable examples.

Custom or necessity reconciles some nations to food which would be thought revolting to others. The people of the South Sea Islands, where there are no large quadrupeds, used to rear dogs, as we do oxen and capons, and fatten them for eating; Mr. Mariner even says that he came to relish the flesh of these animals as well as pork. The poorer people of the same islands feed on rats. The Hottentots and Bushmen are fond of locusts and consider a dinner of these insects, with some of the roots of their bulbous plants, as quite a delicacy. The Chinese purchase at a high price a kind of sea-snail, which like other snails, consists chiefly of a gelatinous substance, and is highly relished by them; they use also as a delicacy a kind of swallow's nest, found in caves in the Malay Islands; and which these birds are supposed to form from particles of decaying animal substances, skimmed up as they float on the surface of the sea or lakes. The aborigines of New Holland consume large quantities of a kind of worm found in rotting trees, and which they discover by the sound which the tree gives on being struck in a certain manner.

Serpents are eaten freely by some tribes ; and others (such as the European gipsies) prefer the flesh of animals which have died a natural death. Some of the North American Indians are said to eat, when pressed by hunger, a kind of fatty or unctuous earth, which they aver satisfies their appetite. This substance has not, as far as we know, been analysed ; but it is impossible that it can contain the smallest nourishment ; and its unctuous appearance, which no doubt is the origin of its repute as an article of food, can only be a deception, arising from its containing magnesia in some shape. The negroes in the West Indies, when labouring under certain disorders of the stomach, are described as devouring greedily dust and mud in preference to any wholesome aliment ; and we have seen children in this country, under the same irregularity of appetite, eat coals, woollen rags, and other trumpery ; but these are morbid appearances, the mere results of disease.

The most horrifying of all kinds of food is when men eat one another. There have been traces of this kind of entertainment among all early people. There were cannibals in Basutoland fifty years ago who kept their neighbours in a state of terror. This practice existed among the New Zealanders when we first became acquainted with them : these people were then in a state something resembling that of Greece during those savage times which have been called the heroic ; and were continually engaged in wars with each other, considering the getting in of their harvests only as a part of the preparations for a new campaign. The prisoners who were taken were killed, and eaten as they were wanted, and the common mode of cooking them was, to heat to redness, in a pit, a number of large stones, which were afterwards covered with some green branches, wetted ; upon this floor, or gridiron, the flesh was laid, which was covered over in the pit with a quantity of green leaves and a straw mat, while, above all, was spread a layer of earth ; by the heat of the stones the flesh was soon cooked. Pigs done in this way were reckoned excellent by our English sailors, who have tasted the dish ; and with regard to human flesh, one or two of Captain Cook's officers who had the curiosity to authenticate their knowledge of cannibalism by tasting a morsel handed them by a New Zealander, said that its flavour was not unlike that of pork.

## Dr. Holub.

WE have received a copy of the printed catalogue of Dr. Holub's splendid collection of South African native curiosities, now being exhibited by that persevering and successful traveller at Vienna. All who are interested in the natives of Southern Africa, and the countries which they occupy, to the northward and eastward of our own and the adjoining extensive colonies in this part of the world, will notice with pleasure the variety and significance of the large collection which Dr. Holub is now submitting to the scrutiny of the savants of Vienna. Though the range of Dr. Holub's travels was not very extensive, yet it is surprising to find how thoroughly he must have explored the regions over which he did pass. And with that faculty of scientific method and accurate classification which is almost an instinct in the Teutonic mind, Dr. Holub has prepared in a concise form a catalogue of his specimens which in itself is a valuable record of the names, history, habits and localities of the many various tribes and clans of natives which swarm over the whole country which he traversed from the Diamond Fields to the Zambesi. Under each leading section, Dr. Holub has given a brief resumé of the history of the principal tribe or clan to which that portion of his catalogue refers; and under many sub-sections he has added a particular account of the people and their principal towns and villages, whence he obtained the object to which his specification alludes. In this manner the catalogue becomes also a handbook of the tribes, and contains much valuable information apart from its excellent synopsis of remarkable objects collected from so many different localities.

The principal sections into which the catalogue is divided are five in number, and embrace the following subjects: anatomy, pathology, ethnography, archæology, and commerce.

Under the first section (anatomical) we find bones, skeletons, &c., of Bushmen, Griquas, Hottentots, Matabele, Bakhatla, Makalaka, Bangwaketse, Bakwena, and Batlapin, the separate and independent origin of the Bushmen and Hottentots being clearly indicated, whilst the hybrid nature of the Griqua race is pointed out; and the other six tribes above mentioned are duly referred to the great family of the Bantu races, and the sub-family of the Betchuana tribes.

The pathological (second) section of the catalogue contains examples of bones of various natives exhibiting peculiar malformations arising from different specific diseases.

The third section (ethnographical) embraces all sorts of objects illustrating the dress, ornaments, customs, habits, weapons, implements, &c., of the Bushmen, the Barwa and Masarwa, the Hottentots and numerous Bantu tribes such as the Makalaka, Basutos, Zulus, Matabele, Makalahari, Batlapin, Bamairi, Barolongs, Bangwaketse, Bahurutse, Manupi, Makhosi, Mashona, Batloka, Bakhatla, Bakhalaka, Bakwena, Bamangwato, &c., besides those with which we are more familiar by reason of our greater proximity to and more direct contact with them, such as the Fingoes, Gaikas, Gcalekas, Pondos, &c.

The fourth (archæological) section contains objects bearing upon the probable dates of occupation and length of residence of certain tribes in their present habitat.

The last (fifth) section includes all such objects as tend to illustrate what may be done hereafter in the way of commerce and trade with the various tribes Dr. Holub visited, by exhibiting specimens of native produce, manufacture, cultivation and art.

The foregoing portion of Dr. Holub's collection amounts to a total of 1,341 separate objects, gathered from more than thirty-five different native tribes. In addition to this, however, he also exhibits his specimens of natural history, 30,909 in number (including duplicates) gathered from the same areas as those over which his ethnographical observations extended, and also carefully classified under the respective heads of mammalia, birds, reptiles, insects, plants, minerals, &c.

Though the above is an exceedingly brief and inadequate sketch of the range and completeness of Dr. Holub's collection, it will, we trust, be at least sufficient to give some idea of the industry, versatility and intelligence which he has brought to bear upon so interesting a subject, and South Africa owes a deep debt of gratitude to this energetic explorer, for the marked attention which his labours cannot once more fail to draw from science and commerce in Europe towards that "Dark Continent" upon which the light of civilization and research is now so rapidly dawning.

## Cape Dutch: Pondok.

A CONTRIBUTOR writes as follows:—In an article on the “Cape Dutch” in your August number, mention is made of many words of foreign origin now in common use in this Colony, the sources of which the writer has endeavoured to point out. That in every instance this has been successfully done is, we may feel persuaded, more than the writer himself would be prepared to contend for, and any well founded exceptions to his conclusions will doubtless be welcomed by him as readily as by any one else.

He has given amongst others several words which he describes as “evidently derived from the Malay or other oriental languages;” and among the words so described he has included the word “Pondok, a small hut,” which is said to be “of distinct Malay origin.” As no reason whatever is given for this assertion in the case of this particular word, which is done with most of the rest, I am, of course, unable to conjecture on what his conclusion is grounded; and can only infer that the word is taken to be Malay through inability to trace it to any other source, or it may be because used among the Malay population more especially. In this particular instance, however, may I be allowed to state that I think your writer is mistaken; and that, so far from being of eastern origin, it is most distinctly and unmistakably a South African word.

It so happens that some time ago my attention was accidentally drawn to this particular word, and I was led to enquire into its origin and signification. I cannot now recall to mind exactly when or where I first met with the word; but the first time I was made aware of any uncertainty as to its origin was in reading a short account of Missionary labours among the Hottentots on the Black River near Rondebosch, written by Archdeacon Thomas, and published in one of our small Missionary Magazines (“The Gospel Missionary” for 1864, pages 113-114). “On this river,” he says, “are the rude huts of about twenty families. About here these huts are called Pontocks, a word of which I have in vain sought the derivation.” It is very evident that the Archdeacon’s word “Pontock” and the word “Pondok” of the article are one and the same.



When I read this it at once occurred to my mind that in my own reading of books of South African travel, I had met with a very similar word before, unaccompanied by any remarks as to its singularity; and I made it my business to hunt it out. This I did, to my own satisfaction, at the time at all events, whether equally so to your readers' satisfaction now of course I must leave: and I thought no more about it. I have since met with the word again in a slightly different form; written "Pontocs" without the "K," in a letter of the late Bishop Gray to some English friend (*Life*, vol. 1, p. 338), still in the same sense of a hut or hovel for poor people. The difference in spelling in these cases is easily accounted for not merely because of the frequent interchange of the letters "d" and "t;" but because of the different methods of rendering the sound of strange words adopted by different writers; whereby words having no fixed known orthography are rendered according to his own idea of the sounds by every one who hears them. If now, however, we go back to a book of Missionary Travels in South Africa, published sixty years ago, "*Latrobe's Visit to South Africa*" (8vo, 2nd Edit., ch. xi, p. 280) we shall find what I have no doubt is the original form of the word, and shall recognize its colonial origin at once. Latrobe speaks of going to pay a visit to some Hottentots "in their bondhoeks or huts" on a farm. Let the same process be followed with this word, and for "bondhoek" let us read "bonthoek," as I have no doubt we ought to do, and the origin and signification of "Pondok" or "Pontoc" stands clearly revealed. As the dentals "d" and "t," so are the labials "B" and "P" equally frequently interchanged: and thus it has come to pass, that "Bondhoek," or rather "Bonthoek" in Latrobe, has come to be "Pontoc," or "Pontock" with Archdeacon Thomas and Bishop Gray: and now, again, "Pondok" with the writer of the article in your Magazine. Of the meaning and origin of the word "Bondhoek" there can be no question. I am not a Dutch scholar, it is true, and speak under correction. But "Hoek" is a word in everyday use: meaning not merely a corner or an angle, which I take to be its proper sense, but any place that is circumscribed or shut in a quiet nook or corner, as we might say in English, for one to rest in. And "bont," the dictionary tells me, as a substantive, means "a skin;" as an adjective, anything spotted

speckled, particoloured, as by patching, and so on. And any one who has seen the hovels put together, I cannot say built, on the outskirts of our colonial towns, and noticed their patched up coverings, a piece of old zinc out of a box, an old skin, a sack, it may be; or some old rags; anything in fact to keep out the wind and rain, will recognise the "bonthoek" at once. At all events such is my idea; and therefore that not to Malays but to the Dutch do we owe this most unmistakable word, which has all the ring of South Africa about it.

Should this trifling contribution towards the elucidation of the origin of the common language of the Colony be deemed worthy of a place in your pages it is freely at your service.

H. K.



## Louise Campbell.

### CHAPTER I.

“Maiden ! with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orb a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies !”

SUNDAY morning ; and Louise Campbell, the minister's daughter, is on her way to church. Not a very long way to go ! Perhaps she wishes it longer, as she stands at the grim entrance, all irresolute in aspect—though not in mind ! True, she has no very particular inclination for church this morning. But to stay away ! She would never have dreamed of such thing. The bare suggestion would to her have appeared preposterous. As for her distaste on this particular day to entering the sacred edifice, it is only one of those indefinable and totally incomprehensible fancies, which have always had, and always will have, such a hold on this girl's nature.

Perhaps it is partly owing to a certain shivering visionary awe, which takes possession of her, as she just casts one glance inside the place of worship. Yet this is not the style of temple generally supposed to produce mystic hallowed sensations in the emotional mind. Here are no stained windows—no dim religious light—no chancel with its assemblage of white-robed choristers. It is merely an immense four sided building, with windows high up in the wall, and entrances on three sides, overhung by capacious galleries. Very few of the congregation have yet arrived, so that Louise's eyes roam over a dreary desert of stiff-looking unoccupied chairs and empty pews, the most hideous of their kind ; all apparently dominated over by an immense pulpit, from which an unsurprised pastor will shortly address his rustic flock. If the minister's daughter were not so accustomed to the place, she might have considered it ugly, or even grotesque. Certainly it cannot be the sanctity or the grandeur of its appearance that inspire her with as vague tremblings and shiverings as if she stood on the brink of a new-dug grave.

Perhaps, after all, it is merely the contrast between the within and the without, that is dreamily impressing itself upon her mind. Without—it is all God's work—so beautiful, so glorious, and so glad : within—man's so dull, so heavy, and sordid ! Picture to yourself nine o'clock in the morning of one of the loveliest mornings of lovely October ! The

birds are twittering their very loudest. Flowerets, like to coloured stars, stud the green fields. The fresh sweet south breeze is blowing delicate fleecy clouds over the surface of the deep blue sky. The days of rain and storm are over. Welcome the glorious spring-time! The young spring—when the warm heart of nature is throbbing with renewed expectation of what is to come, of the brief happy time of vigour and beauty, ere the scorching heat of summer has parched and withered all!

Louise does not trouble herself to shape out a similitude with reference to her own life; and muse upon how her own comely and graceful exterior belies the dreary unsatisfactory existence which she drags on from day to day. She only wonders, as she enters at length the massive door, and wends her way to the minister's pew, whether church is less enjoyable on a hot stifling sleepy day, as so many Sundays are; or, on a morning like this, when but to be in the sunshine and to breathe the fresh air outside is happiness itself. She ought indeed to find ample compensation in listening to her father! His flock consider him the most eloquent preacher in the Colony. Certainly he has a wonderful flow of words, and is withal a remarkably earnest and zealous man—in his own narrow way. She knows all this. At least, if anybody had assured her to the contrary she would have been very much astonished. But often, when we have so accustomed ourselves to look at things in a certain light, that we would find it impossible to regard them otherwise, our very certainty palls upon us, and that of which we have no doubt fails to impress us with a sense of its reality. So it was with Louise. She had grown up, so thoroughly imbued with an idea of the eloquence, piety, and wonderful talents of her father, that nothing he said ever struck her as being peculiarly beautiful or appropriate to her own case. Sometimes she thought to herself that it must be because she was such an isolated creature, so utterly different from everybody else, that nothing *could* be appropriate to her—nothing could touch her isolated personality!

A very lonely little figure she looks, as she sits by herself in the great pew just underneath the pulpit, in her out-of-date black silk dress and straw hat trimmed with white ribbons! Her lace collar and cuffs (they were fine old lace, and many a connoisseur would have been glad to lay hands upon them, but Louise, who knew very little about lace, only valued them because they had belonged to her unknown mother) were all that served to relieve the sombre dress, which did not, however,

pronounce her to be in mourning—not at all—it was correct, *comme il faut*, Sunday go-to-meeting costume in the primitive little village of——! If you borrow Louise's eyes for a few minutes, you will see all the ladies of the congregation come trooping in, arrayed in the same sad-coloured attire, *i.e.*, black gowns and white ties. To a lover of bright tints the sight of the dismal unrelieved crowd is almost painful. No variety of grouping, even in sex, seems to find favour here. It is quite amusing to watch as a family enters the door how it divides, and the various denominations find their way to their various sittings! Order and classification appear to be as strictly observed as in any museum or menagerie. There are certain rows of pews allotted to the ladies of the congregation, and certain others to their husbands and fathers; while the unmarried, that is to say, the very young men, have their place upstairs in the galleries, from whence they gaze complacently upon their fair acquaintances, whom modesty, however, forbids to return their glances. Directly facing the pulpit are placed two stiff little armies of chairs, divided by an aisle, from whence the lambs of the flock receive instruction in the word. *They*, as one may see, are also strictly divided in respect to sex; as if any juvenile flirtation *could* go on with the terrible eye of the minister fixed all the time upon them, and his dreaded voice not scrupling even to interrupt his most finely turned periods to upbraid them, if in any way found wanting.

It is curious to note how even these great divisions sort themselves again into minor sub-divisions, following the rule of like-to-like, and avoiding as far as possible any glaring contrasts. One may see pews full of shrivelled-up elders, looking all about the same antiquity, and dozens of rows of portly females ensconced in seats from which they need not trouble themselves to rise for the rest of the service.

But the minister is already in the pulpit, and has given out the hymn. A rather monotonous tune! Still the congregation sing it with great gusto; and, albeit they appear to consider time a matter of very little moment, their mingled voices scale precipices, and descend into valleys, the owners appearing to enjoy it all immensely as they lean back comfortably, hymn-book in hand.

What need to describe the service? We all know or ought to know pretty well the ritual of the Dutch Reformed Church in this Colony, and in a slight story of this description, it is best to tread but lightly on sacred ground. Our more immediate concern is with our heroine, the pale, forlorn, dark-eyed girl, who is wishing (ah! how deeply none can

tell!) that any part of it all was anything to *her*. All the more deeply that she knows not herself what she wishes—could not tell you if you asked her, but has just an aching longing in her heart for some of the immeasurable love and tenderness which seem to be scattered broadcast through the world, but no portion of which has ever reached her.

In three hours' time, the concluding hymn being sung, the congregation file out. Their tongues loosened, they converse volubly while yet within the sacred precincts; for many of them, coming from isolated farms, this is the only place of meeting their neighbours. Louise steals quietly out by herself through the least crowded door.

You may ask why, if she so longed for love and sympathy, did she shun her fellow-creatures in this way? Truly, poor girl! she would have liked to have been friendly with the people about, but how could she? She was so different from everybody else, that even her own father, living in the same house, did not understand her, and she could not understand him!

Outside, however, some one does actually stop and speak to the shy shrinking maiden with those mournful gazelle's eyes! Not a very formidable personage though! Only one of the numerous portly matrons of the village, a little more refined and less countrified in appearance than the rest, who accosts Louise in accents that are *almost* English, and in these terms:—

“Dear Miss Campbell, I'm so glad to see you. I've just been looking out for you. Now, my dear child, don't look frightened! I'm not going to scold you about anything. I've only got a little proposal to make to you. I suppose you know that we are going to leave this place and live in Cape Town. Now you don't mean to say you didn't know? Why, child, do you never hear any of the news? Now you see it was all so suddenly arranged that I couldn't give you a proper quarter's notice, as I ought to have done. Mr. Van Zyl has had some work offered to him in town, and wants us all to come and stop there. I don't know how long—perhaps altogether. Now I was just thinking, my dear, that Minnie and Annie were getting on so splendidly with you (as to Annie's music, really I thought that child would never play till you gave her lessons); I am quite pleased with their improvement, and that it will be so difficult to see about getting proper teaching for them, while we are settling down in town, for Mr. Van Zyl won't hear of their being sent to boarding-school; that if you would come with us, and continue their lessons, at any rate for a few

months, it would be so very nice, and I am sure Mr. Van Zyl and the children would be delighted. Now, my dear, just ask your pa from me whether you may, and he mustn't say no, because the change is certain to do you good, and it is really time you had a little outing."

Louise, the quiet impassive Louise looks up, so bright, so animated; the rich colour suffusing her cheeks, her dark eyes beaming.

"I will ask my father," she says. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Van Zyl!"

## CHAPTER II.

"A star that with the choral starry dance  
 Joined not, . . . . ."

"And stood aloof from other minds,  
 In impotence of fancied power."

The minister and his daughter are sitting together in their little parlour. He is writing. She has a book in her hand, which, however, is not always a sign that one is reading!

It is Monday evening, and (strange though it may seem) she has never yet mentioned to him the proposal which has been filling her heart and brain ever since she heard it. On Sunday, the day of rest, she, of course, could not breathe a word on the subject; and this whole day the two have not been together except at meals, when several times she has had the words upon her lips, and then stopped short, from sheer trembling anxiety and earnestness as to the result. She could not remember when last she had made a request of any kind to her father, and how would he take this one? How indeed! She sits watching him by the lamplight—furtively—fearfully. Is it possible that he will say "Yes?" Can it be that he will say "No?"

The Rev. Robert Campbell is a tall spare man, one of those wiry dried-up men whose age you can never exactly determine. He is certainly over forty, but, whether on the borders of fifty or sixty, would be hard to say. His grey hair and wrinkles prove nothing. Such sort of men always look as if they must have had grey hair and wrinkles from the time they could walk alone, and in him these might as well have been produced by sorrow and trouble as by any other cause. Some of these fossil-like creatures give you the idea of being dead to any emotion. But not so Robert Campbell! There is a latent fire in his keen blue eyes that give

a strong hint as to what the man might have been, say under other circumstances than those that found him minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in the village of ———. His nose is very sharp. His mouth, a hard mouth with firmly compressed lips that have never parted to kiss his only and motherless daughter!

As I said before, the minister was accounted a very extraordinary man in his own parish and in the neighbourhood about. He was such a wonderfully energetic, and such a remarkably eloquent man; and, what served not a little to add to his extraordinary reputation, was the fact, that in a village where no man remained a bachelor longer than he could help it, or a widower more than three years at the uttermost, he alone had managed to exist a good eighteen years without a wife, and, indeed, appeared to have had no use for one at all, except to bring into the world his one daughter!

He was not without his detractors, however. Many declared that he was much too "proud"—kept too much to himself, and paid visits in a sort of patronizing way, as though he were far superior to everybody else! This was, in fact, true, but even the detractors could not help agreeing with him in his opinion, and acknowledging his superiority. Then they found fault with the way in which Miss Campbell behaved, "keeping aloof as if she were a princess, and not the minister's daughter, doing no work in the parish, not even teaching in the Sunday school." The minister would come poking about and interfering, and make everybody do as he liked, but as to getting his stuck-up daughter to help in anything, he never seemed to think of that poor Louise! It was not her fault! Gladly would she have done the hardest work that could have fallen to her share, for nothing is so wearisome as an idle and objectless life! But no one, who has never been placed in the same circumstances, can understand the awe of her father in which she lived, and her dread of doing anything against his wishes. He had never proposed to her to do anything in the parish, and she dared not herself make the suggestion. The words would have frozen on her lips!

Not being of a logical turn of mind, she did not question with herself why her father so persistently ignored her, calling in other hands for duties which should have been hers: she only accepted it, as something that was as it was—a part of her lot.

Good Mrs. Van Zyl, who in her simple kindness, appeared to have less fear of, and more influence with, the minister than anybody else in the parish, did Louise an inestimable benefit by boldly requesting him to



allow his daughter to undertake the tuition of the two little girls, Minnie and Annie, whom she was unwilling to send to any school. He agreed in his cold dry way. He said, that as he had sent Louise to school, and spent no small amount of money on her education, it was only right that all this trouble and money should be turned to some account. The salary would not come amiss to Louise, as the numerous calls on his purse prevented his placing many funds at her disposal.

So the girl had found an occupation for part of her dreary days. Minnie and Annie were not interesting children, but they were better than nobody, and she was nearer loving Mrs. Van Zyl than anybody in the world. How at this present moment does she wish that Mrs. Van Zyl were there to proffer this strange, this sudden, request that she has to make.

The scratching of the pen sounds weird and ghostly in the awful stillness. Oh! this silence! Will it never be broken? At length the clock strikes nine, Mr. Campbell looks up. Then Louise speaks,—

“Father!” she says, and stops short. It was seldom she addressed him, and the name that evening sounded, oh! so strange. He did not hear her. He seemed buried in thought, and presently resumed his writing; and she, as if all her courage had oozed out in that fruitless attempt, sat mutely gazing at this unsympathic being, who held her fate in his hands. She fell to wondering whether he would miss her just a little if she went. It must be so, she thought. For two years they had neither of them left the parsonage for a single night. Surely even though he cared not for her, he must feel the blank which her absence would cause. She wondered, would he notice that his books and papers were not kept so neatly and tidily as when his daughter was at home, though he had never seen her touch them? Would old Sarah, the servant, see that meals were properly served, and that his clothes were kept in good repair? She knew for certain that there would be no fresh flowers in the vases while she was away, and that the parlour ornaments (what few there were) would never be dusted. And as the pen moved rapidly on, and her lips were still closed, she could not help picturing to herself a lonely figure in an untidy, uncared-for room, sitting writing; and a great yearning pity filled her heart, which was so nearly akin to love that it would have been that, if it only might.

While Louise looks at her father, let us take a look at her.

We shall see a slight, slim figure, a little over the average height; but, somehow or other, no one ever thought Louise Campbell tall. It was

always "little Louise Campbell," or "the minister's little girl?" At first sight there does seem nothing very particular to remark in this girl's appearance, nothing so very different from other girls. Pale and dark, with small and delicate features, she is certainly not ugly, but one would hesitate in granting her any claims to beauty. But look again! There are many faces, which at first sight have nothing striking about them, which, however, on a second inspection, present characteristics quite out of the common range. I do not think anybody else ever had eyes like Louise! Large and brown, and with that plaintive expression which has so often been compared to that of a hunted animal, they had yet a fire about them, and occasionally a sudden animated brightness, which was not quite like her father's, but gave one a suggestion of something of the same nature. A close observer would see also in her features a remarkable mobility, hinting at marvellous capabilities of expression, and making one wish to see this face in many more phases than that which it might wear at the present moment.

Louise is not dressed for the evening. Such frivolity would have drawn forth a cutting rebuke from her father, however little he generally deigned to notice her. She wears a soft grey winter dress, for it is not quite warm weather yet, a bow of cherry ribbon at her neck, and a knot of the same in her rich black hair. Of course her delicate little ears have no ornaments in them, and her shapely hands no rings! Such shapely hands too! At school they always called Louise "aristocrat," because of her hands and feet.

This silence is too oppressive! It must be broken! "Father," says Louise looking up, tremulous with suppressed excitement, "I have something to ask you." He looks up, surprised would I have said? Nay! that is no word for it. He can hardly believe his ears.

"Father," says Louise, "Mrs. Van Zyl is going to live in Cape Town, and she has asked me to come with her, and continue teaching the children till they settle down. May I go?"

What would he say. Her heart beat wildly. Would he say, "No! my child! You are my only child, and I cannot part with you." She had read a story once of a father who had said that, but then this father was not at all like him.

He was silent a little. Then he said: "Yes, you may go Louise. You appear to wish it, and on the whole I see no reason against it. In fact, I am rather glad that this opportunity has presented itself of placing you in good hands; for calls of duty summon me to Europe, and I know

not how long I may be absent. As you could not remain here alone, I had intended writing to my esteemed friend, Mrs. Dr. Bosman, of L., to take charge of you. Now, however, this will not be necessary."

Nothing more! He never said he would miss her; had never even troubled himself to inform her of his intended departure. The neglect would have stung some daughters to the quick—perhaps even produced a corresponding coldness. In Louise's heart it only aroused an exceeding bitter cry for the love that could not be hers, try as she would.

The pen goes on writing. Will he say no more? She can contain herself no longer.

"Father," she cries, and rises from her seat, her dark eyes welling with tears, her cheeks flushed, her whole countenance more agitated than he had ever seen it before. "Do not leave me. I cannot bear that we should part. Let me go with you. I can be of use to you. Oh do let me go with you and help you.

In her excitement she has fallen on her knees before him, her hands clasped. Her whole attitude denotes agonised supplication.

At the earnest tones of her wonderfully expressive voice, Robert Campbell starts and turns—not pale, that he always is, but—livid; and lays his hand upon his heart, as though he had received a wound. Then, quickly, suddenly, displeasure fills his face, and he pushes her roughly away from him. Even now he would be cold, but he cannot. He can only be harsh.

"Enough! Louise," he says. "This display of emotion is quite unnecessary, and will serve no purpose whatever. It is some time since I came to the decision of leaving, and my plans are now nearly completed. Your companionship would be much more of a hindrance than a help to me. May I request of you to restrain these foolish and ostentatious tears, or else to retire to the privacy of your own room?"

Without a word she leaves him, her tears still undried; and he sits alone in the parlour, where, in a few weeks time, they twain shall sit together no more. "Strangers yet," as the song has it, they shall part, never having understood one another. But why this cloud upon the usually passionless countenance of the minister, and this fearfully pained expression in the corners of his stern mouth?

Why, indeed? if it is not that some fatal remembrance has stung him with its sharp steel? What saw he in the girl's sad tender face; what heard he in her eloquent accents, that made him so hard, so bitter, so uncourteous?

“Louise!” he mutters to himself (can it be his daughter that he is addressing), “will your image never leave me? Must I ever be taunted with the recollection of my foolish credulity, and your cruel deceit? Oh! those pleading eyes, those soft siren tones! I cannot bear to see them. It maddens me to think of them. I know them of old. They are but her accursed inheritance! Oh! my God! So long ago, and yet I cannot forget!”

*(To be continued).*

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## Ammap and Griet.

(Founded on Fact.)

On a huge rock of granite stone  
 A dark skinn'd maiden stands alone,  
     Her eyes with vengeance gleam.  
 'Twas in a wild and savage glen,  
 Far from the busy haunts of men,  
     Where 'Nosop rolls his stream.

And who is she? What does she there?  
 Alone beside the lion's lair,  
     Has she no woman's fear?  
 She had! But all that fear is gone,  
 She stands upon that very stone,  
     Because she knows he's near.

“Dark-skinn'd maiden come away,  
 Tempt not thus the beast of prey.  
     Haste, haste, your life to save.”  
 “No, no,” the dark-skinn'd maiden cried,  
 “He tore my Ammap from my side,  
     And vengeance I will have.”

The white man stood behind a tree,  
 A double-barrell'd gun had he,  
     And steady was his aim.  
 She knew not that his help was nigh,  
 But lightly poised the assegai,  
     When forth the lion came.

He sees her! With a single bound  
 He strove to reach the vantage ground,  
     But e'er the rock he gained,

The dark-skinn'd maiden's aim was true,  
 Downwards the fearful weapon flew,  
                   And in his side remained,

He fell ; and writhing with the pain,  
 Madly he strove, but strove in vain,  
                   To rise upon his feet.  
 " Ah ! ah ! " the dark-skinn'd maiden cried ;  
 " This day I was to be his bride :  
 He tore my Ammap from my side,  
                   Ah, ah, revenge is sweet."

Beneath that rock of granite stone  
 On which the white man stands alone,  
                   The lion writhes in pain.  
 The dark-skinn'd maid is at his side,  
 She drew a dirk, her Ammap's pride ;  
                   He never rose again !

Some months had roll'd away, and then,  
 Within that very lion's den,  
                   Were found the bones of Griet.  
 And to this day who ventures nigh  
 That granite rock, will hear the cry  
                   " Ah ! ah ! revenge is sweet."

But visitors are very rare ;  
 The native seldom ventures there,  
                   He rather turns aside.  
 And why ? Because he fears to meet,  
 The wandering ghost of faithful Griet,  
                   With Ammap by her side.

## Kafir belief in the existence of a Deity.

IN a late number of this magazine, there appeared an interesting article by Bishop Calloway, upon the doubtful subject as to whether the Kafir races, before the introduction of Christianity by Missionaries, knew anything of God.

Whatever may be the fact, and this is difficult of proof, yet many conditions of the people incline one to the opinion, that it is not unreasonable to think that they have this knowledge in some indistinct form. All who have cared to enquire into the many customs peculiar to the Kafir race in this country, cannot but be struck with their similarity to those practised by the Jews in the Old Testament accounts, and be irresistibly drawn to the conclusion, that in some way or other they have derived them from this source.

The mention of some of these may be interesting to your readers not familiar with these customs, and will help in any conclusion they may wish to come to on this not uninteresting matter.

First, Circumcision as practised by most of the Kafir tribes, reminds one of the rite as performed by Abraham upon his son Ishmael, who appears to have been about thirteen years old at the time, and this also is about the age when this rite is performed upon Kafir youth.

Sacrifice and the burning of the animal offered to propitiate the anger of some offended power was no uncommon act, performed, principally, when life had been taken by lightning or sudden death.

The ceremony of offering the first fruits when the cursing of enemies and blessing of friends was pronounced by the Chief, still performed commonly by the Zulus, and to a partial extent by the Pondos, but seldom by the Kafirs, is the practice referred to in Jewish ceremonial.

Like the Jews, who trace the prohibition to the wrestling of Jacob with the Angel, the Kafirs do not eat the portion of the thigh of a beast known as the silver piece, holding it as unclean and fit only for the use of boys, by whom before circumcision anything may be eaten, and they themselves entitled to none of the privileges of manhood.

The firstling of a young cow cannot be used for any purpose, or kept as a bull; like the firstling of the flock it could not be used except for an offering to the Lord.

The pig, the hare, the conie, and other kinds, are unclean to a Kafir man, but can be eaten by boys. Birds too of various kinds are unclean, while others are eaten by men as "man's meat."

Many other customs and ceremonies yet exist, but are fast dying out, of close and strong resemblance to customs held and observed by the Jews, and which once with strong probability were held to have been of this Colony only, but travellers in the interior of Africa refer to the practice of natives there as indicating that the great mass of the African tribes with whom they are found are offshoots from some of the Jewish tribes with whom these customs and the knowledge of God existed.

Even so lately as the time when Christian missionaries first visited Kafirs, the Supreme Being of some kind was believed to exist as the source from which all creation came, and was believed to be "Hezulu," or above.

The knowledge of God and the practice of these customs having existed together in the Jewish mind and ceremonial, and appearing to have been derived by the Kafir from this source, it would be strange if while the one has been retained with a tolerable distinctness, the other should have passed away completely both in knowledge and worship.

The absence of anything savouring of idol worship is a remarkable feature in the Kafir character ; and one may assume that the absence of such amongst a superstitious and ignorant people, may be accounted for by the fact of the mind being influenced by the power of the Great Being whom they feared.

These, and many other facts which might well repay trouble of collection, go far to prove that the Kafir is not the creature, although ignorant of God, which many take him to be ; but that, though only vaguely, he does possess the knowledge, and fear the power, of God, and to some extent obeys his law.





## Cruelty to Animals.

At the Salford Police Court on Saturday, Bernard Sherry was sentenced to three months' hard labour for plucking a fowl while it was still alive.—  
*Pall-Mall Budget.*

THE above is a matter for serious consideration, and if strictly carried out where is it to end? Not long ago a farmer was brought up under Martin's Act for shearing sheep, and not providing them with some other covering, whether (like Barney O'Lynn's breeches) to keep out the cold, or for decency, I cannot now remember. Next come the ostrich farmers and the goose breeders; the former does not wait for the feather to ripen, but plucks what is termed the blood feather, or the quill, before the root is hardened and detached from the wing or body of the bird. The goose breeders pluck every six weeks, I am told, and that they that the birds rather like it. How the latter information is obtained is known only to the operators, who state that the bird has a way of its own of expressing its feelings of approbation; as the goose is not in a position to disprove this, it remains an open question. Lobsters are put alive into a pot of cold water and slowly boiled: this, it is said, brings out the bright red colour, without which the animal is not considered fit for the table, or in other words, the greater amount of vitality in the lobster, the brighter the red, and the more saleable it is. After all there is much in the old story, and the fishwoman's opinion is worthy of consideration, when asked whether it did not hurt eels to skin them alive, "Lord bless you, sir, they are used to it." It is a favourite amusement with Kafir boys to collect a number of black beetles and impale them on the thorns of a Mimosa branch, the beetles expand their wings, and the boys dance to the music of the wings, music of the *spears*, and keep it up until the tune gives in. The music is prolonged often by each boy holding the branch or thorn, with the impaled beetles, in the left hand; while in the right he holds a straw for the purpose of tickling up any unfortunate beetle, which may be disposed to give in before having contributed his fair share of music. The Kafirs and Hottentots have also their little notions of delicacies, and amongst others they have an idea that

throwing a live bird into the fire to do its own singing and roasting improves its flavour.

The cave cannibals of Basutoland had a peculiar mode of killing their captured victims. A rope or reim was put round the neck while the *patient* was thrown on the ground and sat upon, or kept down by two or more people, according to strength of protest, while others drew the reim as tight as their strength would allow. The cook butcher, Jack Ketch, or whatever his title might have been, watched his opportunity, and while the rope was at full tension, struck it a smart blow with a short stick which at once dislocated the neck; the subject was then allowed to cool, was then cut up with the skin on, and the blood in the veins went to stock the larder. A mode of butchering cattle very common in Kafirland is to pull down the animal, and while held on its back, the operator inserts an assegai below the breast bone, making an incision wide enough to admit the arm, the heart is then taken by the hand and twisted round until circulation of the blood stops and death ensues, the more noise made by the animal the better the flavour of the beef. The Abyssinian mode of cutting up a cow while alive, as related by Bruce, is a matter of history that must not be repeated here.

The furs of certain animals, and feathers of birds, are much enhanced in value by the peculiar gloss given to the fur and feathers by the process of vivisection, skinning alive will be better understood. Lord Byron says:—

“Kill a man’s family and he’ll brook it,  
But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket.”

Martin’s Act is all very well, and there are many points in it worthy of consideration, but it does not do to look too far into these matters. I am afraid we are wiser for adopting the one great maxim, eat what is set before you, and take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or wherewithal ye shall be clothed; or, in other words, ask no questions, and no lies will be told you.

THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

JACOB BORGHORST,

INSTALLED 18 JUNE 1668, HELD OFFICE UNTIL 25 MARCH 1670.

No. V.

COMMANDER BORGHORST was in ill health when he landed in South Africa and he remained an invalid during the whole period of his stay, so that practically the government was for three fourths of the time carried on by his subordinates. Of these, the ablest was the Fiscal, Cornelis de Cretzer. The Secunde, Hendrik Lacus, remained in the settlement, but under suspension of office, until March 1670, when he was at length brought to trial, and though the greater part of the deficiency in his stores was satisfactorily accounted for he was sentenced to be reduced to the rank of a common soldier and in that capacity to be sent to Batavia. During the long period that he was kept awaiting trial the situation was virtually vacant, except for a few months in 1669 when it was provisionally filled by an officer named Abraham Zeeuw, who was detained from a passing ship. The Lieutenant Abraham Schut was a man without weight of character, and was even deprived of his seat in the Council soon after Mr Borghorst's arrival for having slandered the widow of the late acting chaplain. The office of the Secretary, Jacob Granaat, gave him little or no authority in the direction of affairs. Upon De Cretzer therefore rested the oversight of nearly everything, but as the times were quiet there was very little to look after beyond the cattle trade and the gardens.

Some of the landmarks which had been set up around Saldanha Bay by order of the Viceroy De Mondevergne were still standing.

They consisted of the French coat of arms painted on boards attached to posts, and were so frail that one had been destroyed by a rhinoceros and another had been used by a party of Hottentots to make a fire of. The Commander lost no time in removing those that were left and causing all traces of the offensive beacons to be obliterated. Where they had stood shields bearing the Company's arms were placed.

By this time the country along the coast had been thoroughly explored northward to some distance beyond the mouth of the Elephant River and eastward as far as Mossel Bay. The Berg River had been traced from its source to the sea, and Europeans had been in the Tulbagh Basin and the valley of the Breede River. But no white man had yet climbed the formidable wall which skirts the outer margin of the Bokkeveld and the Karroo. No one had sought entrance to the unknown interior through the gorge where now a carriage drive amid the grand scenery of Michell's Pass leads to pleasant Ceres, or had entered into the recesses of the Hex River where to-day the railway winds upward from fair and fertile fields to a dreary and desolate wilderness. So too the opening known to us as Cogman's Kloof, through which a waggon road now leads from the Breede River Valley past the village of Montagu, was still untrodden by the white man's foot.

Beyond the outer line of their own discoveries Linschoten's map, with one noteworthy exception, was yet relied upon with almost as much faith as if it had been compiled from actual survey. That exception was the lower course of the great river, which he had made to enter the sea in about the position of Mossel Bay. Some of the early Dutch navigators who touched at points on the South African coast doubted whether he had not laid down the mouth of the river too far to the westward, and in Commander Borghorst's time this doubt was admitted to be well founded. The Europeans could not otherwise account for the fact that they had as yet encountered no people except Hottentots. If the river had been correctly laid down by Linschoten, their exploring parties ought at any rate to have received some definite information of the more civilized people of Monomotapa, for beyond that stream was their country. So they simply moved the mouth of the river

eastward on the chart to about the position of the Kei, and regarded all else as correct. In doing this they really marked a nearly true border line of the Hottentot race. The great river was now laid down as rising in latitude  $23^{\circ}$  south and longitude about  $20^{\circ}$  east of Greenwich. Thence it ran almost due south to latitude  $29^{\circ}$ , and here on its eastern bank was placed the town of Vigiti Magna: So far the course was the same as Linschoten's. But now the new map made the stream sweep suddenly to the eastward and maintain that general direction until it entered the sea in about latitude  $32\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . A modern map will show this to have been a tolerably correct boundary between the Bantu and Hottentot races.

The bartering parties that went inland no longer kept careful journals as they had done at first, because now there was nothing novel to be noted. Unfortunately, too, they had given Dutch names or nicknames to most of the chiefs in the country explored, so that in many instances it is quite impossible to follow them. A statement, for instance, that fifty sheep had been purchased from Captain Thickhead gives no clue by which to follow the traders, unless the circumstances under which that name was given to some chief happen to have been mentioned previously. This is less to be regretted, however, as fresh discoveries are still carefully reported.

In August 1668 the yacht *Voerman* was sent to examine the east coast carefully as far as Terra de Natal. Corporal Cruse and fifteen men were sent in her, with instructions to land at Mossel Bay and explore the country in that neighbourhood. The *Voerman* got no further eastward than the bend in the coast now called St Francis Bay, then termed Baya Contant, where she put about on account of springing a leak in a storm. Her officers discovered nothing, but they must have been incompetent or faithless, for there is no part of the South African seaboard more worthy of close attention. They should at least have noticed the grand cleft in the lofty coast line by which the Knysna Lagoon communicates with the sea, and have looked through it upon the charming scenery beyond. Further eastward they ought to have observed the bight known to us as Plettenberg's Bay, and further still the forest clad hills and vales of the Zitzikama.

The party put ashore at Mossel Bay did much better. Corporal Cruse visited for the first time a clan called the Attequa, of whom he had heard during his previous journey. He found them very wealthy in cattle, and was able to exchange his merchandize to such advantage that he returned to the fort with some hundreds of oxen and sheep. The Attequas occupied the tract of country between Mossel Bay and the present village of George, and had as their eastern neighbours a clan called the Outeniqua.

Corporal Cruse's success induced the Commander to send him back without delay at the head of another trading party. On the way he encountered a company of bushmen, having in their possession a great herd of cattle which they had stolen from the Hottentots of those parts. This bushman band appears to have been a perfect pest to the pastoral clans between the Breede and the Gauritz. The Hottentots called them the ||obiqua, and in the journals they are spoken of by that name as if it was the title of a clan, though in one place the Commander states expressly that they were Sonqua. But the Hottentot word ||obiqua means simply *the murderers*, which accounts for all that would otherwise be obscure in the records.

Upon the appearance of the Europeans, the bushmen, having no conception of firearms and believing the little party of strangers to be at their mercy, attempted to seize their merchandize. Cruse tried to conciliate them by offering presents, but in vain. There was then only one course open to him, and that was to resist, which he did effectually. In a few seconds all of the plunderers who were not stretched on the ground were flying in wild dismay, leaving their families and cattle in the hands of the incensed Europeans. No harm whatever was done to the women and children, but the Corporal took possession of the whole of the cattle as lawful spoil of war, and with them returned to the fort. It was a valuable herd, for there were many breeding cows in it, such as it was hardly ever possible to obtain in barter. This exploit raised the Europeans high in the estimation of the Hessequas and their neighbours. They sent complimentary messages, and expressed their thanks in grateful language for the service rendered by the chastisement of the bushmen.

There is in the journal of this date a notice of a cruel custom

prevalent among the primitive Hottentots. These people, unlike some other African races, did not expose their dead, but buried them in any cavity in the ground that they could find. When the mother of a helpless infant died, the living child was buried with its parent, because no one would be at the trouble of nourishing it and this was the customary method of ending its existence. Some Dutch women happened one afternoon to observe a party of Hottentots working in the ground, and were attracted by curiosity to the spot. They found that a corpse had been thrust into an excavation made by some wild animal and that an infant was about to be placed with it. The women were shocked at such barbarity, but they could not prevail upon any of the natives to rescue the child. No one however objected to their taking it themselves, as they seemed so interested in its fate, and with a view of saving its life they carried it home with them.

Among the means adopted by the Netherlands East India Company to attach its officers to the service was a regulation which gave each one liberty to trade to a certain extent on his own account. Hardly a skipper left Europe or the Indies without some little venture of his own on board, and even the mates and sailors often took articles of merchandize with them to barter at any port they might put into. The officers on shore had corresponding privileges whenever it was possible to grant them without detriment to the public welfare. The first Commander at the Cape, for instance, had a farm of his own, 101 morgen in extent, at Wynberg.\* His immediate successors had also landed properties which they cultivated for their exclusive benefit. But the Company was at this time anxious to encourage the free men, whose largest gains were

\* NOTE. — It was agreed by the Council of Policy before Mr Van Riebeeck's departure that this farm should be taken over by the Company at a valuation, but the Supreme Authorities afterwards decided that it should be sold by public auction for the late Commander's benefit. It was purchased by Jacob Rosendael for 1,600 gulden, to be paid in yearly instalments, extending over a long period. Mr Van Riebeeck subsequently held the office of Superintendent of Malacca, and then became Secretary at Batavia. At this time he was still receiving yearly payments from the Cape. The vineyard planted by the first Cape Commander was extended by Rosendael, and the quantity of wine made from it was so considerable that the present owner was licensed to sell it to visitors from the ships as well as to residents at the Cape.

derived from the sale of produce to visitors,\* so, to prevent rivalry, instructions were issued that none of the members of the Council of Policy were to keep cattle or to cultivate gardens beyond the requirements of their households.

In 1669 a small vessel named the *Grundel* was sent out by the Supreme Authorities to explore the coasts of Southern Africa. On the way she visited the rocks of Martin Vaz, and searched in vain in their neighbourhood for a fertile island suitable for the establishment of a Residency. George Frederick Wreede, the same who visited Martin Vaz in the *Pimpel* in 1665, was on board the *Grundel* on this occasion. It will be remembered that he had been appointed commander of the party occupying Mauritius, but on account of some of the people there being mutinous he was unable to carry out his instructions. For this he was held responsible by Commander Van Quaelberg, who not only recalled him, but caused him to be tried by the Council of a Fleet on a charge of neglect of duty. He was sentenced to be reduced again to the rank of a soldier, with pay at the rate of fifteen shillings a month. But Wreede found means of getting to Europe and of bringing his case before the Directors, who annulled the sentence of the court that tried him, gave him the rank and pay of a Junior Merchant, and sent him out again to be head of the establishment at Mauritius.

The *Grundel* arrived in Table Bay some months before the time fixed for the sailing of the Mauritius packet. Letters were shortly afterwards received from the Directors, with instructions to station a party of men permanently at Saldanha Bay, to prevent any other European Power from taking possession of that port. It was

\* NOTE.—This is directly at variance with generally received opinions, but proofs are to be found in the notices concerning nearly every foreign ship that visited Table Bay. One of the conditions under which free papers were granted was that the farmers were to be at full liberty to sell their produce (but not horned cattle, sheep, or grain), to the crews of vessels three days after arrival. Subsequently to Mr Van Quaelberg's dismissal, captains of foreign vessels were invariably referred to the freemen, under the plea that the Company had nothing to spare. There is at this period no instance of the farmers being debarred from selling vegetables, poultry, eggs, milk, butter, and similar articles, to the crews of any ships, Dutch or foreign, but frequent mention is made of their having disposed of such articles. Grain and cattle were reserved for the Company's own use, and could not be sold without special permission, which was however sometimes granted.



believed that the French had at last resolved to abandon Madagascar, where they had met with nothing but loss, and it was suspected that they had an intention of establishing themselves somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. Wreede was accordingly sent with fourteen men to fix a site for the outpost and to put up the necessary buildings. He was relieved when the Mauritius packet was ready to sail, but a day or two before she was to have left a small party of convicts managed to get possession of her. The leader of these convicts was an old mate of a ship, who had been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for insubordination. Under his guidance the *Lepelaar* was captured, and the next that was heard of her was that she had safely reached Pernambuco. A few weeks later a yacht that called was laden with stores for Mauritius, and Wreede sailed to resume the position of commandant of the island. On the 29th of February 1672 he went out in a boat to explore some islets, the boat was overturned in a squall, and he was drowned.

The *Grundel* was sent first to examine the coast to the northward beyond St Helena Bay, but brought back no information except that the country appeared to be an uninhabited desert as far as she sailed along it. In the following year she was sent to the eastward, but discovered nothing worthy of note. The furthest point reached by her was a bay called in the report Os Medos de Cura, and said to be in latitude  $27^{\circ} 17' S$ . Here an officer and sixteen men went ashore to examine the country, but never returned, and owing to this disaster the *Grundel* put about and sailed for the Cape.

In 1669 a strong party of experienced miners and assayers was sent from Europe to search for metals in the neighbourhood of the Cape. They examined Table Valley carefully, and then proceeded to the Paarl Mountain and Riebeeck's Kasteel. For several years they were busy making excavations all over the country, sometimes believing they were in a fair way of finding valuable ores, though always disappointed in the end. In one of their reports the Windberg is called the Duyvelsberg, which is the first instance in the records of that name being used.

The arrival of the Commissioner Mattheus van der Broeck early in the year 1670 was an important event in the history of

the infant settlement. The Commissioner was one of the ablest of the Company's officers, and was then acting as admiral of a richly laden return fleet of fifteen ships. His instructions from the Indian Authorities were to rectify anything that he should find amiss at the Cape after due investigation. Upon his arrival, Mr Van der Broeck handed to Commander Borghorst a list of questions, to which he desired written replies, and he added to the ordinary Council of Policy five of the chief officers of the fleet to assist in its deliberations.

One of the questions had reference to the growth of corn. Hitherto there had not been sufficient grain raised at the Cape for the consumption of the garrison and the inhabitants, so that it had been necessary to import a large quantity of rice yearly. This expense the Company wished to be relieved of. Commander Borghorst proposed to form a large farming establishment at Hottentots' Holland, a part of the country to which he had once paid a visit, and where he believed unusual facilities existed for both agricultural and pastoral pursuits. He suggested also that the free farmers should be encouraged by an offer of higher prices for grain than those previously given. His views were adopted by the Council, and with the Commissioner's sanction it was resolved that the Company's cultivated ground at Rondebosch should be sold at public auction and the staff of servants there be removed to Hottentots' Holland. The price of wheat was raised to sixteen shillings and eight pence and of rye to eleven shillings and eight pence the muid (then about two hundred and twenty-four pounds avoirdupois).

A great evil existed, in the Commissioner's opinion, in the number of canteens that had been recently established. They were even to be found at Rondebosch and Wynberg, where they were a sore temptation to the farmers to spend their substance in dissipation. On the other hand, each paid for its licence, and all provided board and lodging for strangers when ships were in the Bay. The Commissioner and Council reduced the number to nine for the whole settlement, but in addition permitted Jacob Rosendaal, who was the owner of a large vineyard, to sell by retail wine of his own making.

Some samples of Cape wine had been sent to Batavia, but had

not been received there with much favour. It was therefore a question what was to be done with the produce of the vineyards. The Council decided that each individual could send his wine to Batavia to be sold there on his own account, upon payment of twelve shillings freight on every half aum and such duties as the Indian Government should impose. This was practically throwing the Eastern markets open to Cape wine farmers to make the most they could in. But so far from being viewed as a privilege or a concession by the colonists of those days, it was held by them to be equivalent to a prohibition of wine making. They wanted a market on the spot, for they were too poor to wait a twelvemonth for the price of their produce. Neither were they a people inclined to run any risk, and therefore their idea of a good market was a market where the price of everything was fixed, where a man could reckon to a stiver what his wine would bring before it left his farm. The freedom of the Indian market was thus no inducement to them to increase their vineyards.

In the matter of public works, the Council resolved to construct a stone watercourse from the reservoir to the jetty, and to plant twenty-four morgen of ground with trees, half alders for timber and half kreupel bushes for fuel. The watercourse was thrown open to tender, and a contract for its construction was entered into by the burgher Wouter Cornelis Mostert for the sum of £600. It was further resolved that in future all bricks and tiles required by the Company should be purchased from freemen by public tender.

The duties of each member of the government were accurately defined. Cornelis de Cretzer was promoted from Fiscal to be Secunde, and Jacob Granaat from Secretary to be Fiscal. In the Council of Policy, the Secunde Cornelis de Cretzer, the Lieutenant Johannes Coon, the Fiscal Jacob Granaat, and the Book-keeper Anthonie de Raaf, were to have seats, while liberty was left to the Commander to admit one or two other fit persons, if he should deem it necessary to do so.

In the written instructions of the Commissioner, the Cape Authorities were directed to encourage and assist the free farmers, not alone on account of the produce of their fields and flocks, but because of the assistance to be derived from them in time of war.

The free men then constituted a company of militia eighty-nine strong. Mr Van der Broeck, in ordering the sale of the Company's farm at Rondebosch, had in view an immediate increase of this number. He directed also that as soon as the Company had made a good start at Hottentots' Holland, that tract of country should likewise be given out to freemen.

During Commander Borghorst's administration licences were first granted to the burghers to hunt large game wherever they chose. Hippopotami abounded at that time in the Berg River, and parties were frequently fitted out for the purpose of shooting them. The flesh of these animals was brought in large quantities to the settlement, where it was used for food, and the hides were soon found to be useful for making whips. During these expeditions the burghers were exposed to the temptation of bartering cattle from the natives, but the government kept a watchful eye upon their flocks and herds, and confiscated every hoof that could not be satisfactorily accounted for.

Owing to the Commander's ill health, he had no desire to remain long in South Africa, and only a few months after his arrival the Directors sent out instructions that the Merchant Jan van Aelmonden, who was expected with the next return fleet, should be detained here as his successor. But that officer was not on board the fleet, and Mr Borghorst then sent a pressing request for the appointment of some one else to relieve him. The Directors selected Pieter Hackius, another of their old servants whose health was completely shattered by long residence in India, and who was then on furlough in Europe. Mr Hackius and his family sailed from home in the *Sticht van Utrecht* on the 7th of December 1669, and reached Table Bay on the 18th of the following March. The new Commander landed a more confirmed invalid even than the officer whom he had come to relieve. But he too, like Mr Borghorst, hoped that after a short term of service in this country he would be permitted to return to the Fatherland to end his days there. On the 25th of March 1670 the government was formally transferred, and a few weeks later Mr Borghorst embarked in the *Beemster* and returned to Europe.

The principal documents of this period in the Colonial Archives are the following:—

LETTERS. From the Directors or one of the Chambers to the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope, of dates 22 Aug, 24 Oct, 1 Nov, and 6 and 10 Dec, 1668; 20 and 27 April, 9 May, 7 and 24 Aug, 2, 19, 22, and 30 Nov, and 12 and 20 Dec, 1669. From the Governor General and Council of India to the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope, of dates 1 and 13 Dec, 1668; and 31 Jan, 1669. From the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope to the Directors or one of the Chambers, of dates 2 Feb, 22 March, and 12, 15, and 27 April, 1669. From the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope to the Governor General and Councillors of India, of dates 2, 24, and 30 July, 8 Aug, 3, 12, and 24 Sept, 7 Oct, 5 and 28 Nov, and 8 and 14 Dec, 1668; 22 Jan, 3 and 15 Feb, 21 March, 27 April, 11 and 23 May, 2 and 28 June, 12 and 23 Aug, 7, 14, and 30 Sept, 9 and 18 Oct, 20 Nov, and 3 Dec, 1669; 6 and 27 Jan, and 24 March, 1670.

JOURNAL OF DAILY OCCURRENCES, kept in the Fort Good Hope from 18 June 1668 to 25 March 1670.

DECLARATIONS CONCERNING CRIME, for the same period.

INSTRUCTIONS of the Commissioner Mattheus van der Broeck for Commander Jacob Borghorst and his successor Pieter Hackius, dated 14 March 1670.

PROCLAMATIONS of the 3rd Sept 1668, 11th Dec 1669, and 12th Feb 1670.



## Louise Campbell.

### CHAPTER III.

“ Have you marked but a bright lily grow,  
 Before rude hands have touched it ?  
 Have you seen but the fall of the snow,  
 Before the soil has smutched it ? ”

LOUISE had left her home and now behold her in the drawing-room of a “ comfortable commodious residence ” in the suburbs of Cape Town. The room is noisy with gay young voices, laughing and talking. Minnie and Annie are there, chattering to their hearts’ content, and nearly devouring with affectionate demonstrations a tall, fashionably dressed young lady cousin, who appears to be on the closest terms of amity (after the fashion of young ladies) with their elder sister Christina, who, while they were living in Louise’s neighbourhood, had been at school in town, and who is now, as the cousin phrases it, to make her *debut*. Miss Christina, whatever may be her hopes on the subject, is not calculated to produce a very great impression. As uninteresting as her sisters, she is considerably plainer. By way of making a striking appearance, she wears her hair in a fringe in front and a tail behind. As she is very short and stout, it may be imagined that this style of *coiffure* makes her look more insignificant than ever, though it is perhaps in harmony with her generally inane and boarding-school-missish appearance.

The other young lady better understands the art of attracting attention. She has coiled her plait round her head, instead of letting it hang down, thus taking away nothing from the effect of her well set head, fine neck and shoulders. It is a pity that she also considers an elaborate fringe to be a *sine qua non*, and has besides formed for herself artificial whiskers by means of snipping into shape sundry wisps of hair which have strayed on the wrong side of her ears. Her hair being many shades darker than Christina’s, and her complexion of a dead white, the contrast is very striking, and she has indeed succeeded in making herself a conspicuous object. She is not

by any means bad-looking. Fine, well-opened blue eyes, a very correct nose, full red lips, with perfect teeth, have procured for her many admirers and the familiar appellation of "handsome Letty Brink." She looks particularly well of an evening, with the aid of a little judicious rouge, which she is too cautious, however, to employ in the day-time.

In a corner of the room sits Louise, turning over a book of photographs; she would need to be very fond of photographs, for this is the third volume that she has unclasped and looked through this afternoon and as for the contents, she has seen them not once, nor twice, but many times! There is always something in family reunions which makes an outsider feel rather shut out in the cold; and this feeling was by no means lacking in the present instance,—where the relatives appeared to be so intensely loving and clinging, sat in such close proximity, and occasionally lowering their high-pitched tones, glancing round at the corner, as if to convince the unwilling interloper that she was an interloper all the same.

Had it been any other than Sunday afternoon, Louise might have sought refuge in occupation. Indeed her week days were pretty well occupied with the care of the little girls. But, as I said, to-day was Sunday, and Sunday in that house was always a day of receiving visits—"not regular visits," Mrs. Van Zyl took care to inform everybody, "but, relations,—you know that is quite a different thing!" She herself, good lady, had retired to her room to invigorate herself for the duties of the afternoon by a quiet nap and her husband had gone out for a stroll and a smoke.

Though several visitors were expected that afternoon, the cousin was the only one who had yet made her appearance. Louise longed to escape to her own room before any more should arrive. These Sunday afternoons of laughter and talk were very strange to her old-fashioned ideas, and she felt very much out of place among all the company; but she feared seeming to take offence if she withdrew herself from the girls. They might be hurt—and Louise, who had received so many wounds herself, feared to hurt anybody. Presently the coffee would be served, and then there would be a search for Miss Campbell, for nobody in that house ever imagined the possibility of existing without afternoon coffee. No,

she had better remain where she was, and keep guard over the tears which could be more easily repressed, after all, in company than in solitude. The following is a part of the conversation, snatches of which she could not avoid overhearing, try as she might.

“Do you think her pretty?” inquired Annie in a loud whisper indicating the person referred to with a wave of her hand.

“Not at all,” answered Miss Brink. “Oh, she’s not exactly plain, she’ll pass muster; but that’s just what one must not do now-a-days. To attract attention,” continued the young lady oracularly, “one must have something striking about one. Girls with no style at all like that never take. Besides Miss Campbell, or Camden, or whatever her name is, is too much of one shade altogether—eyes, skin, and hair. Now with her eyes and hair she ought to have had a good rich complexion—that is to say if she wants to look well. If she knew anything, she’d put on a little rouge, but I suppose she does not. By-the-bye, what did aunt Christina bring her down here for? you can always get governesses in town. They are as plentiful as black-berries. A girl from the country can’t be such a very superior article.”

“Oh!” said Minnie eagerly, “I think she’s very clever. She makes our lessons so nice, and I heard Dr. Mertoun tell mamma he was quite surprised to find how well-informed she was.”

“However did he get to know her?” asked the young lady somewhat sharply, for Dr. Mertoun was held to be one of her special admirers. “I suppose, Christina, you introduced them. My dear, how very silly of you. You should never introduce a governess unless you are particularly desired. Excuse me, dear, but there are so many little usages of society which you have not had the opportunity of learning, that you really must not mind if I give you a hint every now and then.”

“But how can I help it, if she is in the room when they call?” asked the abashed young lady of the house, to whom nothing in heaven or earth was so dreadful as for her cousin to find her out in a mistake of this kind.

“Quite easy, my dear child. It is not fashionable to introduce any more. If people really want to know each other they find out a way; but of course you know how to discourage your



governess doing that. If she is sensible she won't try. She has got a very good situation. I only hope she is fit for it."

"Well, mamma thinks her music excellent," said Christina doggedly (she was still smarting under the recent wound); "and it is not easy to find a really good music-teacher."

"No, that it isn't. Is she so very musical? I should like to hear her play," remarked Miss Letty, who considered herself an infallible judge.

"Well, it is no use asking her to-day," said Minnie. "Mamma won't hear of anything but hymn-tunes on Sunday."

"I shall hear her somehow or other," said Letty. "I do not believe she's such very great shakes after all. Aunt Christina ought to have heard our music teacher, oughtn't she, Chrissy? By the way"—now the conversation sank to a very low tone indeed, and our heroine fortunately heard nothing of what followed—"where does the creature get her yellow skin from? I wonder if there is dark blood in the family."

"Oh, no," answered Minnie and Annie together in a whispered scream (pardon the expression); "Mr. Campbell was our minister, and he's quite white."

"You innocents," said Letty patronizingly: "might it not be on the mother's side? That sort of thing very often is. Did you ever see her mother?"

The children could not say that they had. Letty shook her head wisely. Letty was a wise young woman in her own generation.

A masculine footstep was now heard on the doorstep, and the conversation was interrupted by a more interesting subject for feminine minds, in the shape of a real live young man. Miss Christina bridled and smoothed her feathers, though it was only a cousin; the two younger girls almost clung to him in ecstatic delight, for this was a still newer acquisition than Letty, of whom they had already seen a good deal. Louise in her solitary corner glanced furtively at him out of those lovely eyes. She wondered whether she must prepare to be introduced, and then remembered that it is not the fashion any more to introduce.

So surrounded was the new comer by his feminine worshippers that Louise could scarcely see him. At length she managed to get a

view of a lanky young man with an incredibly small head, pale face, and ideal light moustache. This individual, by name John Spencer Brink (in general, however, he ignored the "John") had a lounging walk and an aristocratic drawl; and was altogether just the style of man to attract a girl in her teens; yet Louise was not attracted.

"Well, Spencer, you might just as well stay away now," said Letty, affecting a sisterly indifference, albeit the only admirable weakness she possessed was a blind admiration for her brother. "Aunt Christina expected you to lunch, and I must say it was extremely rude of you not to come."

"Aunt Christina must really excuse me. After such a sermon as I had to sit through this morning, she can't expect a fellow to wake up before two o'clock at the earliest. Three-quarters of an hour, by Jove; and I couldn't shut my eyes, for there I was poked up in the very front of all, just under the parson's nose. It's cruelty to dumb animals, that's what I call it. I won't stand it again, that I won't!"

"Come with us to the Cathedral to-night, Spencer," said Minnie, "we are all going."

"Not a bit of it. Once a day is enough for me," responded the much-in-request young gentleman. "One has to go sometimes, or one loses one's character for respectability; else catch me going at all. At home, a fellow need never go to church at all, and nobody was the wiser."

On the strength of having resided five years out of his twenty-one in England, Spencer always spoke of that country as "home."

"What have you been to lately?" asked he of Christina in a patronizing tone; "any more dances?"

"No," said Christina, "I'm dying to get ma to give one. She says it's against her principles, but I'll get round her yet—see if I don't!"

"Fond of dancing?" inquired the youth, turning to the governess, whom he had never seen before, though he was aware of her existence.

Louise could not help starting at the sudden question, while Letty's eyes turned upon her with unmistakable displeasure, the cause of which, however, the former was unable to divine.

"I do not dance at all," she said, "my father does not like it."

"Ah! yes. Old world prejudices!" remarked Spencer with a nod of profound wisdom. "Christina, you were the same once, weren't you? but you slipped your neck out of the tether,—the most sensible thing to do. We shall soon see Miss—I beg your pardon, I've forgotten your name."

"Miss Campbell," said Annie, whereat Christina frowned.

"Thanks. Miss Campbell, I am sure, will soon avail herself of her freedom, and get rid of all these ridiculous trammels."

Louise's face was by this time in a flame. "If you mean that I will do anything which my father has forbidden, you are very much mistaken," she said.

Perhaps this may have touched Spencer Brink a little. Perfectly callous people are luckily rare. He turned the subject.

"As for myself, I'm pretty tired of dancing," he said, "I've had much too much of it. I wish to goodness they'd invent something new!"

"Oh! but Spencer, you mustn't get tired of it, before you've taught us," said the children, "you know you promised to teach us."

"I'll see about that," drawled their cousin taking (to the very evident disgust of his sister) the chair nearest the governess.

All that redeemed Letty Brink from being a thoroughly selfish character was her genuine devotion to her brother. To her mind he was all that a young man ought to be, and her only dread concerning him was, that he might throw himself away. Hence she watched every incipient flirtation on his part with Argus eyes, her anger ever directed against the object of Spencer's admiration, the most innocent party generally.

His father had by this time come to have a different opinion as to his son's character, and, I am sorry to be obliged to add, a truer one than that entertained by his daughter. He could not help seeing that the young man's expensive education had been entirely thrown away. True it was, as it often is, partly the father's fault. He had sent him to England, with a vague purpose of preparing for something—he knew not what; but he expected great things of Spencer, and was sure he would get on. Somehow or other, the lad did not

get on. He was one of those persons who, by their own account, would appear to be the victims of a malevolent destiny, which ever, as they are about to raise it to their lips, snatches from them the cup of success. He had never taken a single first prize, nor passed a single examination with credit, though too many times to mention he had been within an ace of doing so. At twenty-one he was unfit for anything but spending money, which, as it has been wisely said, does not require so very much education; and had returned to the Cape in search of that vague "something to do" which is the last hope of the improvident or incapable. That "something to do" had not yet turned up, and in the meantime Satan had not neglected to find the usual amount of mischief for his idle hands.

The father had hence come, though by a different road, to the same conclusion as the sister, namely, that a good match was the only thing for Spencer. Great then would have been his mental anguish had he seen the very close proximity in which the young man now sat to the insignificant and penniless Louise, and the undisguised attention which he paid her. Louise did not know what to make of it, hardly ever having spoken to a young man before; but she had read a few novels, and it made her feel uncomfortable. She was so humbly grateful, however, for any kindness shown, that she could not find it in her heart to repulse even these unpleasant attentions. She did heartily wish though, when they started for evening service, that he had not changed his mind about going to church that evening, for he stuck to her like a leech, and never left her. This was bad enough in itself without having to encounter the black looks of Letty and Christina, as she said "good night" to those young ladies. What would she have thought had she heard the remarks made behind her back?

"That's the boldest little flirt I've seen for a long time," said Letty; "did you see the dead set she made at Spencer?"

"She wants keeping down," said Christina. "I must give mamma a hint about her."

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## CHAPTER IV.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,  
An angel touched its quivering strings ;  
And's whispered in its song,  
“ Where hast thou stayed so long ?”

Christina and Letty did not interfere very much with Louise in her daily occupations. The children required a good deal of looking after, and were sometimes by no means easy to manage. In place of the dull uneventful days which she had dragged through at home, she had now a good deal to engross her time and thoughts ; and was sometimes at her wit's end what to do, when Minnie and Annie were clamorous for indulgences, which she knew it was against her duty to grant, and when she was required to take them to places which her father had never allowed her to attend.

For example there was the English Church, which the family attended now as a matter of course, Mrs. Van Zyl was not unlike very many other good women of her mental calibre, in doing at Rome what the Romans do. At — she had gone to the Dutch Church, because everybody else did ; but here, where all her friends (with very few exceptions) attended the English service, some professing not to understand the tongue of their forefathers, and others declaring that the one was really too pretty to be resigned for the other, she really could not be different to everybody else. Especially had she to keep pace with society, as her husband now occupied no inconsiderable position, and as she had many connections high up in the world's estimation.

In many things she was rapidly giving way, and this was one of them. She had even escorted Christina to a few dances, and that damsel! was already perfectly certain that she would soon be able to coax her mother into giving one on her own account. As the good lady confided to Louise, “ It was really very hard for poor Chrissy not to feel herself on the same footing with other girls, who were able to entertain their friends in this way as much as they liked, and a mother ought to make a little sacrifice now and then for her daughters, if it wasn't against her principles ;” but after a little pause Mrs. Van Zyl would add, “ I don't think, my dear, that if your pa

understood all the circumstances of the case he could object. I have the greatest respect for your pa, and, as you know, I generally go by his opinions, but men never can understand how important everything like this is for a girl, and how a mother feels herself in duty bound to do all she can for her daughters."

To all this Louise would say nothing. What, indeed could she say? Mrs. Van Zyl knew her father's opinions just as well as she did, though, by right of her finer instincts, the daughter might have more knowledge of his character. As to the English service, she was obliged either to accompany the others thither, or to give up church altogether, for Mrs. Van Zyl would not have heard of her going by herself. Not that Louise would have preferred it. In her heart she could not help feeling how much more beautiful and seemly was this (to her) so elaborate and imposing ceremonial. Indeed, what troubled her most was that she found it all so very beautiful and so very pleasant, for she had been brought up to regard beauty and evil as things so very closely allied, that sometimes in her mind they were terms almost synonymous. She never wrote to her father on the subject—not that she wished to deceive him—but really her letters were so few and far between, and such very formal and forced productions, that, how could she find a place in them for, of all things, this new experience that had come into her life?

During these days Louise prayed much. It seemed as if she had so much more to pray for. "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil" was the constant burden of her prayers; and the words seemed to have acquired for her a totally new and different meaning. Sometimes it even occurred to her to wish herself back again, leading her solitary life at home,—a desire that she could not understand herself but when she felt how utterly helpless and friendless was her position.

Now and then, she overheard Christina and Letty talking about the proposed dance. She had determined, though it was very hard to do so, that this should have no interest for her. She knew that she should have to assist in the preparations, but as to taking part in the festivities that she was firmly resolved not to do. She did not think how great the difficulty would be. She knew nothing of such things, but she was determined at all risks to abide by *her* principles

— nay I should not say her principles, for they were not hers, mark you, but those of a father who had never once spoken to her a loving word.

Christina and Letty were evidently much exercised in mind, concerning the gentlemen to be invited. True, the right of invitation rested in the hands of the former, but knowing very few people, she only obtained the power by Letty's introductions; about the ladies, there was no trouble at all. There are always plenty of them, whose company is to be had for the asking; and a good many that Christina wrote down Letty deliberately scratched out, with "Oh! no need to ask *them*; *they* will never ask you back again."

But about the "dancing men"—there was the rub. In fact they had to fill up their list with several who were not dancing men at all; "just to give the room a masculine appearance," according to Letty. "My dear," she said to her cousin, "you are going to give your first large party, and for heaven's sake don't let it be said that you only asked a lot of women to sit and look at one another."

Christina was wild to ask some "officers," but sad to say she was acquainted with none. Letty possessed that privilege, but then Letty could hardly ask them to Mrs. Van Zyl's house.

"I'll tell you what," said Letty. "I'll contrive it this way. You must manage to be by me when we see any of them, and I'll introduce you. You must get your mother to ask them to dinner, and after that your way is clear. Well, I consider I've been the best of cousins to you. I've got Dr. Mertoun for you, and now I'll get you Mr. Stewart, of the —th. You're going to the Foulkes's to-morrow, aren't you? Well he's certain to be there. Just bide your time. Wait and see when he comes to speak to me, and then you come up too, but quite naturally, mind, not as if anything was intended. Then I shall introduce you, and leave you to talk to each other. Now, mind, you must be very agreeable and fascinating. Try and take a personal interest in the man. Talk as if you had heard no end about him. There's nothing goes down with a man like that. Then put it to aunt Christina, that she must really ask him to dinner; that he's such a gentlemanly young man, and so religious. Mind you say he's religious, because I don't believe he is at all, and aunt will find

it out, if you don't assure her to the contrary. Then, he calls, after that, and becomes one of your set, and you can even ask him to bring his friends."

"Is he so nice?" asked Christina.

"Rather! Spencer says he's *the* man of the regiment. If he lays down any opinion, no one dares to say that it isn't so. He's a splendid tennis player, and he dances divinely when he does dance; but he won't dance much, more's the pity. Still, it's delightful to get a talk with him. He's so charmingly sarcastic."

"I don't like sarcastic people," objected Christina, "and I'm sorry he doesn't dance much."

She was naturally self-opinionated, and sometimes felt terribly inclined to rebel against the bondage in which her cousin held her; but she was nevertheless delighted to get the introduction.

Louise was not downstairs the evening that Lieutenant Stewart came to dinner at the Van Zyl's. Little Annie was suffering from a severe cold. Her eyes were so weak that she was not allowed to use them; and Louise stayed to read to her, an amusement which the child dearly loved. Minnie went down to the drawing-room, and these two had a cosy, quiet little evening all to themselves, as Annie said, though their quiet was rather broken by the noise of the music, the talking, and laughter that went on in the room below. Now and again Christina would execute one of those fantasias which the whole household already knew by heart; or Letty's loud strident tones would be heard, giving forth some particularly original and striking sentiment. "Originality takes more than anything else in the world" was one of Letty's favourite sayings.

"Wouldn't you like to be down there to-night?" asked Annie. "You know cousin Spencer's there!" Even her innocent imagination had been tainted by the senseless chaff that usually formed the staple of Christina's conversation.

It was not Louise's place to correct her. She only said simply, "No, dear, I had much rather be with you."

Spencer had been rather a *beau* of Christina's in times past, and the young lady had, at first, been very resentful of his desertion; but newer and more distinguished admirers (at least, she considered them so to be) had now made their appearance; and she openly



averred that she was not sorry to get rid of Spencer. She even went so far as to wish Louise joy of him, words which, though she regarded them as merely spoken in jest, brought the warm blood in a crimson flow to the pale cheeks of the governess.

The dinner-party was on Tuesday evening. On the next Monday morning it happened that the pianoforte tuner came to attend to the school-room piano. This, however, Mrs. Van Zyl said was not to interfere with the children's music, and consequently, Louise was giving Minnie a music lesson about mid-day, when the front door bell rang. Now although this bell was heard all over the rest of the house, it was not audible to Louise in the drawing-room; for Minnie's one idea in music was to play throughout everything as *fortissimo* as she could; and Louise, between the noise, the strain on her attention, and the mental irritation produced by the child's bad playing, was deaf to all other sounds.

"No, Minnie," she said, "not like that. Listen; while I play it for you," and taking her pupil's seat, she played through her little piece. It was a favourite air of hers, a pathetic little thing; and somehow as she played, she lost, as she often did, all consciousness of everything but the feeling it excited, and gave it such tender expression, that even unmusical Minnie was touched. But the governess's amazement and confusion were extreme, on looking round, to behold a strange gentleman standing not far off, gazing fixed eyes, not at her, but at something he seemed to see through her and beyond her.

There are some faces which require a long time to know and which you must see many times before you can quite take in what they contain; and there are faces again, which if you see once, you can never never forget, never mistake anybody else for the owner of that countenance.

This face was one of the latter kind. Louise had seen few men in her life, it is true, but when she saw this one, she felt that she should "never look upon his like again." And yet Walter Stewart was not a handsome man, nor even an ugly one—which is sometimes just as attractive. I do not think that with justice he could be called anything but "plain;" but there was that about his plainness which nobody could look at only once. He was not even

commanding looking, being short for a man, but (withal very) wiry, slight, and athletic. He had a most remarkable head (I believe they call it bullet-shaped), his complexion was very swarthy for his nationality, which was Scotch. As for his nose—without being a beak, it was decidedly *prononce*, and he wore no hair on his face, except a small but ferocious-looking coal-black moustache. His eyes—well, one hears of black eyes and brown eyes, and grey eyes, and blue eyes, and occasionally of green eyes and red eyes; but none of these epithets could apply to his eyes which, if they were any colour at all, were most decidedly yellow eyes; and those yellow eyes, now at the cessation of the music, turned upon Louise a piercing glance, as if they would read her through and through, and discover the very root and source of her being.

Louise trembled under those eyes as she had never trembled in her life before. She stood spell-bound, unable to move, knowing that she ought either to say something or retreat from the room, but powerless to do either.

At length the stranger advanced, shook hands with Minnie, and then turned to the governess, saying, in a low and peculiarly melodious voice,

“I cannot tell you the pleasure I have had in listening to that air. It is an old favourite of mine, and you play it well. Thank you!”

Louise stammered something about showing her pupil the way it should be played, and made her escape out of the room, just as Mrs. Van Zyl and her daughter were entering accompanied by the indispensable Letty.

“How frightened you looked,” said Minnie afterwards to her; “it was only Mr. Stewart, *he’s* nothing to be frightened of.”

After the visitor was gone, Miss Christina said to her mother, “What a bold, forward thing that Miss Campbell is! Did you hear her actually going on playing after Mr. Stewart was in the drawing-room? Just to attract attention!”

“My dear,” said mild Mrs. Van Zyl, “perhaps he asked her to go on.”

Christina’s lip curled. This was worse and worse in her estimation; and at luncheon she remarked to Letty,

“How very wanting in manners for Mr. Stewart to pay his first call in the morning!”

“Not at all,” said Letty, “he said he had intended coming to-day, but was obliged to make an engagement for the afternoon, so that he had only the morning to call. If he had not had that engagement, I am sure he would have accepted aunt’s invitation to stay to lunch. He looked quite sorry to say ‘No.’”

“Well, I’m not sorry,” said Christina, “I haven’t taken at all a fancy to him. I think he grows uglier every time I see him. How you can rave about him as you do, Letty, I can’t imagine.”

“Of course I know he’s ugly,” said Letty loftily, “everybody sees that, but then it’s an aristocratic sort of ugliness.”

Upon which Christina was dumb!

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## CHAPTER V.

“The primrose path of summer dalliance.”

At length, the long dreamed-of day arrived when Christina was to give her first dance. She would have dearly liked to have called it a ball; but this, Letty assured her, would be “bad form.” After all, it was found easy enough to fill the list. Mr. Van Zyl, occupying a conspicuous position, as being, at present, a distinguished public servant, was in a manner bound to ask certain people, and these people that must be asked, at length began to occupy a considerable place, and threatened the exclusion of many that Christina and Letty had intended to ask for their own private amusement.

“It’s all very fine,” said the former; “papa doesn’t care a scrap about these people, and he won’t entertain them, not he. He’ll slink off by himself and smoke, and we shall have to talk to these old fogies instead of to our own friends.”

“Ah,” sighed Mrs. Van Zyl; “that’s the privilege of men. They do their office work, and then nothing more is expected of them. If they like society they go into it; and if they don’t, they keep out of it. But we poor women must always do our duty to society, whether we like it or not, and even sometimes when it’s against our principles.”

In this way Mrs. Van Zyl would occasionally make a feeble attempt at asserting her "principles." It was not without an effort that she had been won over to make this step; but now that it had been made, she looked very happy, considering what a sacrifice it was, and was marvellously energetic when the day arrived for making the needful preparations. In fact, all the household were immensely energetic! The young ladies worked like horses, and with infinitely less grumbling than if they had been obliged by necessity to do a tenth part of the work they were then performing. The children had a holiday in right of the general bustle and confusion, and Louise worked wonders, decorating the rooms, and, under Letty's superintendence, chalking with her own hands the floor on which the others were to dance. Even Letty acknowledged to Christina that Miss Campbell had really made herself very useful, though of course she only did it to curry favour.

But in the afternoon, when all the arrangements were completed, Louise stole softly into the room where Mrs. Van Zyl was taking a little breathing time on the sofa, and finding her in a waking state, said,

"Dear Mrs. Van Zyl, do you think it will be necessary for me to come down stairs this evening?"

Mrs. Van Zyl looked first bewildered, and then sympathetic. "Dear child, are you ill?" she said; "I was afraid you were working too hard."

"No," said Louise, "I am perfectly well, thank you, and don't feel as if I had done anything, but I think I had better stay away. Mayn't I remain in my room?"

"Not a bit of it, dear," said Mrs. van Zyl. "You aren't going to be shut out of all the fun." She did not mention that her daughter had strongly advised the said shutting out, against which she had as stoutly protested.

"But I had much rather," faltered the girl. "My father——"

"Now child, don't be foolish," said the lady; "haven't you heard me say over and over again, that your father couldnt possibly object if he knew all the circumstances of the case? You must be convinced in your own mind that he couldn't."

The fact was that the good lady had a sort of hazy feeling that in

having Louise's presence, she had her support and countenance in so much against her own convictions; and though Louise was only a girl of nineteen, still she was her father's daughter.

"Besides, look here; I will put it to you in this way. How can I in all the fidget and worry that I shall be in, keep an eye upon those children, and you know how dreadfully they do go on when there is no one to speak to them. Of course, they're not worse than other children, but then children will be children. It would be too cruel not to let the poor darlings have a sight of the fun, but then some one must be looking after them to keep Minnie's tongue in check, and see that Annie does not kill herself with sweet things."

Louise saw that it was useless to say more, and resigned herself to what she perceived to be her fate. She had not calculated when she had made her resolve, how great would be the difficulty of keeping it, but she consoled herself with the thought that it was entirely against her will that she would be there, and only in her position as governess to Annie and Minnie. Would her father object if he knew? She hoped not.

Eight o'clock struck, and the first rumbling of carriage-wheels was soon heard on the gravel. Louise going out of her room to see if the children required her assistance, encountered Mrs. Van Zyl on her way downstairs in a most terrific hurry, and very much agitated.

"Oh, Miss Campbell, there they are, and I must receive them. Do come and stand by me. Those dreadful girls aren't dressed yet."

Luckily the advent of Christina, dressed to the nines, and looking extremely self-satisfied, relieved Louise from such an uncomfortable and ambiguous position; and she was soon engaged in dressing the little ones, who were in the wildest state of excitement. Ere long, a call from Letty's room summoned her to the assistance of that young lady, who was not above making use of anybody, however much she might abuse them behind their backs. Louise did her best for the elaborate *coiffure*, and when she had finished, was rewarded with a cool stare, that seemed to take a survey of her person from head to foot, and a composed "Yes, you'll do," though Louise had never asked her opinion.

“Of course you must be a little dressed to go downstairs at all ; but it’s just as well you didn’t dress too much. I suppose you understand that all you are to do is to look after the children ? ”

Letty herself was arrayed in a sickly blue-green, much in vogue at the time. Her neck and arms were bare but for the ornaments with which they were loaded. There were rings on her fingers, and rings in her ears, and a fair supply of rouge on her cheeks. Louise was simplicity itself. By intuition she had perceived that her black silk was too elderly and prim-looking to wear this evening, and she had made herself a black grenadine, which would also serve the purpose of a day-dress. It was adorned with a few bright ribbons (always a weakness of hers, and certainly they served as an admirable set-off against the paleness of her complexion), and around her neck and arms she wore some of her rare old lace. She had no jewels (at least in her own possession), and the other girls had culled all the flowers in the garden for themselves ; but in her hair she wore a delicate coral-like wax creeper, which she had found in one of her walks with the children. Certainly there could be no two opinions about which looked the better—Miss Brink or the governess.

But the band is already playing the first waltz. The witching sounds float through the air, and under their exhilarating influence Louise’s feet begin to move in time, though she has never danced a step in her life. Louder and louder the music swells, as she nears the room whence it proceeds, the ecstatic children clinging to her skirts. It is not the first time, by any means, that Louise has heard dance music, for Letty plays nothing else, having forgotten all her “pieces ;” but she has never been able before to connect it with real dancing such as she sees now. How they whirl round and round, and how her brain reels as she looks at them. And the brilliantly lighted room, and the lovely flowers, that seem like many flowers of our own species, to keep their best bloom for night. Louise feels as if she were in fairyland ! No need for her to be dancing to enter into the spirit of the fun and the enjoyment. Her heart is beating in unison in lieu of her feet.

“How nice it is, and how easy it looks ,” murmurs Minnie ; “I’m sure I could do it if I tried,” while Annie stands dumb, spell-bound with the same magic that is entralling Louise.

Louise, in imagination going round and round with the giddy crew, is awakened from her reverie by a voice at her side. The voice is that of Spencer Brink.

“Miss Campbell, may I have the pleasure?” She stares a little, not quite comprehending, till he offers his arm; and then refuses with such a shake of the head, that Letty sweeping by on a gentleman’s arm wonders, though she is not displeased, at the governess’s strange behaviour.

“I should have thought she would have jumped at the proposal,” says Letty to herself, and then, after a little meditation, “Well, if she can’t dance, she would be risking the power she has over him already, without the chance of gaining any more.”

“Why won’t you dance with me?” whispers Spencer, bending his head so near to hers that she instinctively shrinks back.

“It is not with you in particular,” says Louise—candid always—“I don’t wish to dance at all.”

“And your reason, lady fair?”

“There are two reasons, Mr. Brink. I can’t, and I know my father would not like me to do it.”

“As to saying you can’t, that’s nonsense. I’ll teach you in no time. I’ve taught no end of people. I always say that when everything else fails I shall set up as a professor of dancing. As to your father’s objecting—pshaw! you’re at liberty now. Use your liberty like any emancipated slave. Do not be afraid of me. I won’t peach!”

“Indeed, Mr. Brink, I had rather not,” says Louise.

So resolute did she look, that Spencer Brink retired crest-fallen and much aggrieved, to seek out another partner. He professed to be tired of dancing, but as it was the only thing in the world he could do really well, he would have been foolish indeed to have given it up.

Not many dances are over, before another figure stands by Louise, and another voice is in her ear. Does she dare to confess even to herself that through all the whirling bewildering figures that flit past her, she has sought for that figure and that face and found them not till now.

“Minnie,” she has heard the low rich voice say, “won’t you

introduce me to Miss Campbell?" And when this has been done, he asks her to dance.

"Thank you, very much," says Louise, "but I can't dance."

He does not, like Spencer, offer to teach her. He only looks at her with quick, sudden, but not incredulous surprise.

"Perhaps, I ought to tell you," falters Louise (how is it that she feels bound to tell the whole truth to this stranger?) "My father disapproves of dancing, and I am certain that he would not allow me."

Stewart gazes at her with a strange look in his eyes. "Neither did my parents," he says, "and yet I dance."

Louise answered nothing in words, but her face said, "How could you?"

"If dancing, Miss Campbell, had been the only thing I had done contrary to their wishes—I should—well—I shouldn't be a saint, but I do not think I should be such a bad fellow after all. I'm called one of the fast set, Miss Campbell; and they, you know, are supposed to have nothing to do with what is soft or gentle or sentimental, yet that little air you played the other day nearly brought tears into my eyes, for it made me think of my mother. She used to play it."

"Oh! tell me about your mother!" said Louise, her eyes filling now. "I have never had any mother!"

"I will," he said, and sitting down beside her told her of his home, "far away in bonnie Scotland," of his relations, even of some of his friends, and a little—a very little—for it would scarcely have done to tell her much, of his career at home, before he had been sent out to the Cape. Strange conversation this for a ball-room, and particularly strange between two people who had hardly been introduced to one another; nor was it from any far-seeing counsel of Letty's about "taking a personal interest in a man," that Louise listened so eagerly and attentively. It was her nature to be interested in any one who was kind to her, and there was besides a magnetism in this man, which drew her towards him as she had never been drawn to anybody before. I dare say some of my readers will have felt this magnetism. At first we cannot account for it, and it is generally long before we give it a name, but when we do, the name is—Love!



Was it the same magnetism that now kept Stewart fettered to the governess's side, disdaining to join in the dance, though wondering eyes were fixed upon him, and though divers fair damsels, left partnerless, cast wistful glances towards his vicinity? They sit through not one dance but several, while Minnie and Annie flit about, talking to every one with whom they have the slightest acquaintance, played with by the gentle men, and thought particularly obnoxious by the ladies. He explains to her the mysteries of every dance that is gone through; and great is Louise's amusement at the queer mazes of the quadrille and lancers.

"Please, stop a little," says Letty Brink to Dr. Mertoun, a military surgeon, who appears particularly devoted. "I am tired out!" and they stop just in front of our couple.

"Oh! dear me, Mr. Stewart, so you are actually here after all. I thought you couldn't have turned up. I haven't seen you all this evening."

"Haven't you really, Miss Brink," drily remarks the gentleman. "May I have your card?"

She gives it to him, and he writes his name for a dance, low down in the list. If it had not been for the rouge, Letty's anger would have shown itself in her cheeks. Was it only for this that she had lowered herself in the eyes of Dr. Mertoun, who knew perfectly well why his partner had wished to stop.

Walter Stewart does not leave Louise for some time, and when he does, it is only to please the persistent Minnie, who has been pestering him just to try with her once round the room. The child, knowing nothing of dancing, and being, besides, somewhat awkward in her movements, the trial can be no pleasure to him, whatever it may be to her. He is rewarded, however, by gushing thanks from Mrs. Van Zyl for his kindness to her little daughter. Let us hope that this was ample compensation. Poor Annie meanwhile looks on wistfully. No one favours her, but she consoles herself with anticipations of supper.

Louise from her post of observation watches everything with keen interest, and wonders in her innocent heart why people commiserate "wall-flowers." She enjoys everything just as much as if she were one of the dancers—if not more. She thinks she has never enjoyed

anything so much in her life. With her quick sense of humour she notes the solemn gravity or forced gaiety of most of the gentlemen, and the uniform beaming smile which breaks forth on the face of the ladies for every new partner who presents himself. She has learnt already to distinguish between those who regard dancing as the business of the evening, and those who look upon it only as an adjunct to flirting. She sees the little *têtes à têtes* in corners, and marvels all at once with a strange pang, that has also a tincture of gladness, whether anybody had noticed and made remarks about *him* and *her*. And her cheeks grow hot, and her heart cold, if among the whirling couples that pass her she catches a glimpse of that spare figure in uniform and that curious dark face.

The dance is over, and Dr. Mertoun and Walter Stewart are walking back together in the first rays of the early dawn.

“How well *she* looked to-night,” says the former, lighting a fresh cigar.

“*Well!*” says the other, a little indignantly, and murmurs half involuntarily,—

“Upon her eyelids *many* graces sat,  
Under the shadow of her *even* brows.”

Dr. Mertoun bursts out laughing. “Well you are far gone, Stewart, if you are quoting poetry about her. Of course she’s a fine girl, but a litt’le touching up goes a great way. I just warn you, for fear you should be taken in. She thought she’d bewitched me to-night, but she’s mistaken, is Letty Brink!”

“Letty Brink!” exclaimed the other;—poor Letty, if she had heard the accents of scorn,—“do you think I’d say that about *her*?”



## Reminiscences of an old Kaffir.

My name is Juju. My father's name was Pantsi. My chief was Magayi; my great chief was Ndlambe. My father Pantsi was one of Rarabe's councillors, and was about the same age as Rarabe, as they were both circumcised the same year. My father crossed the Kei with Rarabe, and was at several fights with the Hottentots in the neighbourhood of the Kei. The Rarabe lived inland—the Galekas towards the coast. The Amakwane were the first of the Amaxosa who crossed the Kei to settle, but as they were on friendly terms with the Hottentots, and had intermarried with them to some extent, their passage was not opposed. At this time the Hottentots occupied the high lands from Perie (or Hoho) to Windvogel's Berg, and on to Queen's Town. They did not live in the low coast-lands, so when the Amakwane crossed, they found these lands open to them, as far as human beings were concerned; there were, however, countless herds of wild animals, the country being alive with elephants, zebras, quaggas, elands, buffaloes, lions, wolves, &c. At the time that Rarabe crossed the Kei, Cungwa and his followers had extended themselves as far west as to the Keiskama River. Rarabe's reason for crossing was that his people were too cramped for grazing ground for their cattle across the Kei. Some of this chief's people had crossed near the hill called "Amabele" not far from the present mission station of Umgwali, and it was in this neighbourhood that the first fighting took place between the Kaffirs and the Hottentots. My father was present at most of the fights between the Amarakabe and the Hottentots. The Hottentots finding a petty chief named "Cememe" was making kraals on this side of the Kei, near the Xolora, made a sudden raid upon the Kaffirs, and swept their cattle off. A fight began about milking time, but after both sides had lost some men, the Kaffirs succeeded in recovering most of their cattle, and driving the Hottentots off. The Hottentots fought with bows and arrows: the former being made of a white kind of wood—the arrows were reeds headed with iron or bone:—the bowstring was generally made of the skin of the iguana. The arrow heads were dipped in a poison made from a bush-tree with a milk-like sap.

Some days after the skirmish, the Hottentots again came down from the "Hoho" and ran off with Bizani's cattle, and before the Kaffirs could gather men enough to pursue them, the cattle were all eaten. On a certain rainy day the Hottentots came on in force, accompanied by their wives, and seized a number of Rarabe's cattle from the Umsini (below where the Fingo Headman Dema now lives). The Kaffirs pursued and came up to their enemies at their camp in very rugged ground on the Kei, between the Dagana and the Thorn Rivers. The Hottentots were already killing the cattle. They were surrounded by their pursuers, and a desperate fight ensued, many being killed on both sides, including a great number of Hottentot women. The Kaffirs, however, got most of their cattle back again. Some little time after this fight, Rarabe, his followers and his cattle, crossed the Kei above the Tsomo junction, and the last big fight between the Amaxosa and Amalau took place on the heights this side of the Kei. Great numbers on both sides were killed, but at last the Hottentots were driven back, and retired to the Hoho (Perie) where was their "great place." Soon after this the Hottentots, finding they could not oppose the Kaffirs, retired into the most inaccessible parts of the mountain ranges along the sources of the Buffalo, Keiskama, and Tyumie Rivers, and here they lived by making small raids upon the Kaffirs' cattle, whenever there was a chance to get off without much opposition. Whenever a Hottentot was seen he was regarded as an enemy, and they would have been quite destroyed had not Gaika many years after protected them, and invited them to settle at his kraal.

Rarabe's "great place" on this side of the Kei was at the Qacu near Tembani, but before his death his cattle kraals had extended as far west as to the "Peuleni," near where Fort White now stands. Palo, the father of Galeka and Rarabe, died in the Transkei a little before the tribe finally crossed the Kei. Rarabe died in a fight with the Tembus at the Xuka near the Bashee. After the death of his father, Ndlambe who succeeded to the chieftainship, took up his residence at the Peuleni (Debe). Gaika grew up here under the protection of his uncle, but when at his circumcision he took his place as the head of the tribe, Ndlambe with his followers moved on westwards and made his "great place" below the Kroome range just beyond the Kluklu stream, in the Fort Beaufort district.

Here Ndlambe lived for sometime peacefully, his people spreading out as far as the Fish River; and he and Gaika used frequently to visit each other. After a while, however, Gaika became jealous of Ndlambe, because he had more followers than he had. The reason of this was because Gaika was considered cruel and quarrelsome by his people and Ndlambe was an easy man. Though Ndlambe told Gaika's people to remain with their chief when he himself left, yet many of them went away with Ndlambe. Things got so bad at last that Gaika marched against his uncle with an army, and at the Kluklu were met by Ndlambe's warriors, who were, however, defeated after great loss. Ndlambe seeing the battle was lost, escaped with a few followers and cattle up the Kat River valley across the Bonte-bok flats into Tembuland to his mother's relations.

At this time Cungwa and Maluza with their people were living near where the village of Alexandria now stands. Before the fight at the Kluklu, Ndlambe's people occupied the country between the Ncera stream and Amatole Basin on the one side, to the Fish, River on the other. After this fight all the people came under Gaika. Ndlambe was not very well received by his Tembu relations, and soon left and stayed a year with the Galekas. He then returned with his own followers, and a Galeka army, with the intention of punishing Gaika. I was at this time about twelve years of age, and my father was living at the Tyumie with Gaika. When Gaika heard that Ndlambe was coming on, he gathered a large army together, and marched to meet him.

My father was at this time one of Gaika's warriors and went to this fight with his chief. The Amagaika found the Galeka army on the march, and the two hosts met close to the Debe Neck, the battle being fought between the Neck and where the hotel now stands at Green River. The Galekas were in force, and having reckoned on easily defeating Gaika they had brought their wives and cattle with them. These had been left behind at the Izeli in charge of the boys.

The battle began about noon, and raged till dark, by which time the Galekas were completely beaten and in full retreat. Great numbers fell on both sides, but the Galekas lost most, and if night had not come on few of them would have got away. As it was their

camp at the Izeli and all their wives and cattle fell into the hands of Gaika, and the defeated warriors were glad to get across the Kei with whole skins. Ndlambe was made prisoner in this battle, and certainly would have been killed had he not been taken by his own people (then with Gaika). Kanzi, the leader of the Galekas, was killed in the battle.

Cungwa and the Awakwane were on Gaika's side in this engagement. Mdushane, then a young man, distinguished himself by his valour, but was not old enough to be a leader. For about six months after this fight Ndlambe was kept a prisoner at the kraal of Dusa, a sister of Gaika. This was at the Rabula; and by Gaika's orders the old chief's wives and cattle were sent for from Galekaland, and given to him. At the expiration of this time Gaika's councillors begged their chief to release his uncle, who they said had done nothing to warrant their keeping him any longer a prisoner. Gaika reluctantly consented, and as soon as his freedom was secured, old Ndlambe, accompanied by Dusa, all his original followers and many of Gaika's people, started off by night for Alexandria, where Myaluza, a son of Rarabe, had taken up his residence with a few followers. Cungwa's great kraal was also not far from where Ndlambe took up his quarters.

When Gaika found that his uncle had run off with all his followers he was for pursuing him, but his councillors would not agree to it, as they said if Ndlambe was at liberty there was no reason why he should not go where he liked.

The names of Gaika's principal councillors at this time were Pei, Tshungwa, Getu, Tsolokili, and Runqa, the uncle of Ntsikana. Gaba, Ntsikana's father, was then dead. Soon after Ndlambe's arrival at Alexandria differences arose between his followers and those of Myaluza, who having been down there five or six years were beginning to consider the country their own. Things were brought to a climax at a big hunt, where some indignities were offered to Myaluza by Ndlambe's followers, the result being that the former chief and his people left that part of the country and placed themselves under the protection of Gaika, who was then living at the Tyumie. (Myaluza's tribe as such is lost and the writer was present at the burial of his last surviving son Vivi in August, 1878. This old

man seemed to have outlived most of his contemporaries, and though he came down with Mapassa's people, it was as a stranger, for at his death no one could be found to bury him but old Botoman, who with his own hands, unaided, dug a grave for him at the head of the Dube Valley). After living very peaceably for several years at the Bushman's River, Gaika induced the farmers of that part to attack Ndlambe, and this had the effect of driving us out of that part of the country. Ndlambe then took up his residence near his old kraals on the Debe, where we lived many years.

Our usual way of passing the time was as follows:—The chief, councillors, and others, when they got up in the morning used to gather together at the chief's kraal and remain sitting or lying down and talking till about eleven o'clock, when the young men milked the cattle and brought the sour milk and the food that the women had cooked. The grain was brought in baskets and mats made neatly of grass and rushes,—the sour milk was brought in smaller baskets also made of rushes.

The cooking was performed in clay pots, which some of the women were very skilful in making. The food was always placed before the chief, who called out two of his councillors to divide it. No blessing was asked over the food, or any acknowledgment made of the kindness of a Supreme Being in providing for our wants; as to our minds, speaking generally, there was nothing greater than our chiefs whom we saw with our eyes, unless it was the spirits of their deceased ancestors. These spirits we sometimes sacrificed to in times of war or sickness, by killing a beast, the flesh of which was all eaten immediately with the exception of a portion of the shoulder which after being dried was reserved to be afterwards eaten by the councillors only.

In times of very great national trouble we were called together by our chiefs to intercede with Qamata. The order observed on these occasions was as follows:—When all the principal men of the tribe had at the chief's bidding assembled at the Great Place, a ring would be formed of the men all sitting in silence with their faces to the ground. Then one of the youngest councillors would rise, and looking upwards as the Christians do, call upon Qamata to help them in their time of distress. When he had finished his petition, another

councillor—an older man—would speak for some time to Qamata in the same strain, and the chief would follow, and when he had done speaking or praying the meeting would disperse. There was no killing at such gatherings, and with the exception of the three principal actors no one spoke.

We considered that Qamata was the great spirit, greater even than the spirits of our chiefs, as he, in our opinion, made the chiefs. But we did not often think about these things.

D.





## The Story of a Snuff-box.

WELL nigh a century has elapsed since the principal events of the following narrative occurred; and, although the leading characters of this historical sketch have passed away from the spheres they individually adorned, the incidents, as related by sire to son, still linger in the memories of some of their descendants. To one of these I am indebted for the facts here described; therefore, the reader can depend upon them as being correct, for my informant's veracity—in addition to his being of direct lineage, and a custodian of the family archives—is like the purity of Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. The story I am about to relate is no wild romance of the brain, but an historiographical account of an event, which, although strictly true, partakes somewhat of the marvellous.

Along the valley of Drakenstein, and near to the present site of the village of Stellenbosch, there dwelt a farmer and his wife, in easy, affluent circumstances. Both had passed the meridian of life, and had witnessed changes of very considerable magnitude,—the temporary possession of the Colony by the English, its restoration to the Batavian republic, and final capitulation to the English after the battle of Blaauwberg. Socially, this ancient couple had much to be grateful for. Some of their sons and daughters had already left the parent home, and were meritoriously trying to fulfill one of the first injunctions to our early ancestors, qualifying themselves as good colonists by having their quivers full. Stellenbosch, even in those days, was embowered with trees, but had no pretensions to its present scholastic dignity as the future Oxford of the Cape, and lay wrapt in its architectural swaddling clothes like a rude hamlet in rustic repose. The surrounding houses of the well-to-do farmers dwarfed the village residences still more distinctly, for the skilled labour of the bondsmen was rateable at the value of food and raiment, and the freehold grant farms yielded the first, while the second consisted of but a slight improvement on the Adamite wardrobe; the actual expenditure of building was therefore reduced to a minimum. This probably explains the apparent anomaly, of why farmers in our days with more wealth and facilities do not build halls of such

dimensions as at present are scattered over the whole valley from the Eerste River to the Paarl. The abode of our *dramatis personæ* was such an one, and replete with the substantial comforts of the period. Here was a frequent retreat of General Janssens, and the proprietor, Philippus Albertus M—enjoyed the favour of the Governor's personal friendship. We are now introduced to a family group with the general as the central figure. To the right was old Mr. M— whose cheeks and brow were already furrowed with the vicissitudes of accumulated years, but who retained a robust vitality of constitution, which gave elasticity to his step, and a still vigorous expression to his features. By his side were two sons, men of bone and muscle, but assimilating more to the American type of manhood than we find usually among the children of the Cape, and who had evidently shot to maturity with the rapidity of Indian corn, judging from the gaunt altitude they had attained. On the General's left sat Mrs. M—whose silvery hair had seen the decline of some seventy summers. At one of these ominous pauses which succeeds conversation the General with audible emotion asked the old lady for a pinch of snuff. On her complying with the request, he added, "*Wel, Moedertje wil je met my een ruil maken,*" "Here is another snuff box for you"—handing her a gold one—"give yours to me in exchange as a memento of friendship now about to be severed." This was done, and the General put the silver snuff-box in his waistcoat pocket. As parting is at all times a sad ceremony, we draw a veil over the leave taking. Time rolls ever ceaselessly on, and the balm of Gilead is borne on its evolutions. New lands give birth to new friends. Active duties negative the corrosive effect of despondency; it is an exception, not the rule, that absence makes the heart grow fonder. The wide spread sails are unfurled and flap loosely against mast and spar, as sailors crowd the shrouds on board the vessel which is to carry General Janssens for ever from the Cape. Conspicuous by his uniform was General Janssens, who walked the deck, and as the vessel gathered impetus and bore him away, and Table Mountain with surrounding land marks became dim to the distant view, we can well imagine his sad train of

reflections. Although not absolutely necessary for the completion of my story, I will nevertheless follow the usual course adopted by novelists and leaving General Janssens to proceed on the homeward voyage, will revert back to the Company he left at Meerlust. Days and weeks had elapsed, and a family meeting was held here. The gravity of the crisis was depicted on each face, as the individual members of the group moved to and fro with a nervous restlessness which betokened impending danger. The very atmosphere seemed weighted as the misgivings of some unknown calamity brooded over the place with the dark dank shadow of a funeral pall. No ray of hope shot athwart the horizon. No ripened reasoning could ward off or even lessen the force of the disaster. The die was cast, and with the stern resignation of Cameronian severity, they awaited the shock as a predestined occurrence to be revealed when the fulness of the time shall have come. Come it did, but in a less severe form than the refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the English Monarch may have merited. Confiscation or banishment formed no part, but the quartering of fifty troops on Mr. M— was deemed adequate punishment for the conscientious but mistaken scruple. Mild as the punishment undoubtedly was, it showed by contrast the magnitude of the change from the fraternizing friendship of General Janssens, which this very family were the especial recipients of. At early morn and dewy eve the inhabitants of this lone farm-house had to listen to the discordant sounds of the *rappel*. The drill and discipline of the soldiers appeared to them an uncalled for martial display, and although officers and men behaved in a most exemplary manner, the cup elected by themselves to drink was no less bitter. The poison was extracted from the barb, however, and the infliction soon lost its sting by the mutual liking which sprung up between the officer in command and the family. One exception only occurred to mar the amity of the general good will and the cause of this effect, removed by an impromptu act of kindness on the part of Mr. M—, showed that the burden had begun to be lightly borne. The impulsive good heartedness, which we find always in dealing with the character of our Dutch Colonists, enabled this worthy Burgher to detect in the young officer an ill suppressed melancholy; and on ascertaining, that he had but eight days previous to

his advent in the country, basked in the beams of that astronomical phenomenon known by the sentimental daughters of Eve as a honeymoon, he dispatched two trusty slaves with a wagon and eight horses to Cape Town where the bride was, and the evening of the same day was gladdened by witnessing a reunion of man and wife, who became welcomed and familiar guests in the house, and whose temporary separation had been felt to have been as great a punishment to them as the billeting of the troops proved to be to the proprietor of Meerlust. I fear my readers will think the story of a snuff-box runs in the same channel as that of true love, which the fates (or the furies) ordain to have an uneven course. For I must again digress, and follow General Janssens to that land of hydraulic engineering, and good schiedam *par excellence*. The pestilence of war had at this time girdled the continent of Europe, and the mighty nations which were then, and still are, counted the "salt of the earth," feebly struggled to break the web which Napoleon had woven around them, like so many palsied flies to escape the incarnate spider. This tidal wave had lashed the shores of Holland, and the military genius of General Janssens was called into requisition in defence of his country. Loud roared the artillery on that eventful day, in which the snuff-box played so prominent a part, not a moment's cession was allowed, until the French troops had moved in dense masses sufficiently near to open fire with the musket. At this moment a staff officer came to summon General Janssens' division to oppose the advancing tide of the victorious French; three or four columns march abreast, dusty and tired. The shrill shriek of shells overhead, mingled with the musketry fire along the whole field, tells of a supreme effort to decide the day. Details of the battle, however, is not the object of this paper, but the miraculous escape of General Janssens, by the snuff box received in exchange from Mrs. M—, and which was carried in the General's waistcoat pocket. Struck by an enemy's bullet, after having grazed the neck of his charger, this very box was found with its sides flattened into a shapeless piece of old silver, and its battered appearance demonstrated the fact that the Meerlust snuff-box saved the life of its gallant wearer.

## Four Weeks in North America.

FROM THE NOTES OF A "TRANSIENT."\*

ON August 30th, 1879, at 3.15 p.m., I walked on to the Prince's Landing Stage, at Liverpool, and thence, in rain, on to the steam-tender, while my portmanteau, with a large initial P, had been shipped with hundreds of others on to another steam tender; we were soon alongside the Cunard R. M. St. *Algeria*, of 3,300 tons, entered through iron doors in the side, with a crowd of fellow passengers, I gave the number of my berth, and in the front saloon with its heaps of baggage, found the pile with the initial P, and had my portmanteau carried into my "state-room," as the cabins are called.

The *Algeria* certainly seemed more than a thousand tons larger than our Cape steamers of 3,000 tons, and had dining saloons and state-rooms on the main or lower deck, as well as on the spar deck. The *Bothnia* in which I returned was much larger, was above 4,000 tons, 442 feet in length, and 42 in breadth, giving a splendidly open promenade from stem to stern. All the fittings of these steamers were most complete, including electric bells from every part of the principal saloons, and from all the cabins on the upper deck.

With our two hundred first-class passengers, and more than one hundred second-class, we left the anchorage at 6.30 p.m., and soon nothing could be seen but the lights on the Welsh coast.

Next morning we were steaming down St. George's Channel within sight of the green fields of Ireland, here and there were copses of wood, and when off Wicklow, the form of the mountains in the back-ground reminded one of the bold mountain range between Mossel and Algoa Bays, a similarity which was also remarked by a passenger who had visited the Cape.

About one p.m. we steamed through the narrow entrance to Cork harbour, and soon anchored within sight of Queen's Town, Cork being several miles further up the river. The harbour is very pretty with its large expanse of water, its low green sloping

\* "Transient" is the name given at American Hotels to a passing traveller, who stays only a few hours, in distinction from those guests who stay weeks or months.

hills dotted with copses, the white houses here and there on the shore, with the town in the distance. About three p.m. the steam-tender came, and was lashed alongside, so that both vessels went steaming down the harbour, while mails and passengers and supplies were being transferred into the huge ship; about four p.m., we were clear of the entrance of the harbour with its masked batteries, the tender sheered off amid parting huzzas, and the old ship settled down to her steady thud of more than thirteen miles an hour; the land faded with the daylight, then the lights faded with distance, and we were fairly off on our 3,000 miles voyage to the new world.

What with sleep and meals, reading and writing, talk and games, quaits, even cricket on our crowded deck, the ten days passed away, and on Tuesday morning, September 9th, we sighted the Eastern Point of Long Island, and at noon Staten Island in the West. At 4.30 p.m., we entered the harbour at Sandy Hook, within range of batteries that could have sunk our ship; the Custom-house officers came on board, and at seven p.m. we landed, and dined at Flatbush, the pretty suburb of Brooklyn.

We strangers were much struck with the immense size, the safety, and the beauty of the harbour of New York. Long Island to the N.E., and Staten Island and New Jersey to the S.W., were beautifully wooded, and on the low hills as well as nearer the water, fine villas and mansions faced the harbour. As we came nearer we saw that the two rivers, the East, and the Hudson, left New York in the centre with its 1,209,591 inhabitants, while on the east of East River was Brooklyn, with 554,000, and on the West of the broad Hudson River were Hoboken and New Jersey, with a very much smaller number. Signs of pushing energy and bustling activity, were to be seen everywhere on land and on water. The movement of the shipping was so continual, that it almost seemed as if the whole surface of those sheets of water was as crowded as the streets of a large English city, and from the way some dash about, and others drift about, it is wonderful there are not more accidents. Sailing ships are here of every kind, the large ocean liners, and the smaller coasting craft, yachts and boats of every size and rig. Steamers of every build, from the huge black 5,000 ton ocean steamer, and the large white three decker river steamer, with the great crank of the engines

working above the highest deck, down to the small white steam tugs and tenders with their round wooden and glass box for the steersman perched high up above the deck, well forward, and surmounted by a gilt eagle with outstretched wings. Very large steam ferry-boats, taking two rows of wagons and carriages, and on each side a large cabin for passengers, all decked in, and with the round eagle-capped steersman's house on top, were passing backwards and forwards continually between New York and Brooklyn, or New Jersey, always full of passengers and wagons; besides which there were still larger ones on which two rows of railway carriages and trucks were being transported from one railway to another across the harbour. Then all these steamboats had a steam horn, which was frequently heard from one or another, giving its warning in an unearthly bellow, far more loud than musical. These large ferry-boats supply the want of bridges. The Americans make the most of this splendid harbour, by running out at right angles to the shore piers made of wooden piles, the piers being from four hundred feet to nearly one thousand in length, by one hundred feet in breadth. A number of these are covered in with large wooden sheds into which merchandise is discharged, or from which it is shipped into the steamers or other ships alongside. When the pier belongs to any one of the large steamship companies, home or foreign, the name and number are painted on the shed. To the open piers two or more sailing ships are moored, so that loading is easy and rapid. A very large and lofty suspension bridge, far superior to those on the Thames, is being erected between New York and Brooklyn. The lofty, massive stone towers are two hundred and sixty-eight feet high, and the width between them 1,600 feet; most of the large corrugated wire cables are hung from pierhead to pierhead, and trucks are slipped along some of these cables for the use of the workmen; when finished the floor of the bridge will be one hundred and thirty-five feet from high water mark, eighty-five feet broad, with two railway tracks, four wagon tracks, and two paths, while the total length of the bridge will be six thousand feet.

The morning after my arrival we drove through a part of the beautiful Prospect Park, which is well laid out in hill and dale, drives and walks distinct from each other, trees, flowerbeds, lakelets

with boats, fine views of the two cities, of the country, and of the entrance to the harbour. It is five hundred and fifty acres in extent, has eight miles of drives, four miles of bridle-paths, and eleven miles of walks ; it is the great resort of Brooklyn people, as Central Park is of New Yorkers. The Americans always take care to have several public parks in and around their cities ; the spots are well chosen in broken ground, are artistically planted and laid out in forest, lawn, lakelets, and roads, by landscape gardeners, and are kept in beautiful order ; the people take a pride in them, and therefore, neither are flowers taken, nor trees broken, nor seats defaced ; the Parks are open day and night, and all is orderly and attractive. From the Park we passed through the busy streets of Brooklyn, I admired its broad streets, those at right angles called avenues ; are lined with large trees, the pavements were in some places so broad that some shopkeepers had stretched awnings over them to shade not only their windows, but the goods they exposed on the pavement. We passed numerous horse cars as tram cars, are called, both in Brooklyn and New York. Glancing at the imposing municipal buildings, we crossed to New York by the Wall-street Ferry. Wall-street is like Lombard-street for bankers and gold brokers and the gold exchange, and is a place famed for the fortunes won and lost by speculation. In every direction overhead there was quite a brown web of telegraphic and telephonic wires, while at other buildings we saw a compact bundle of these brown wires, which spread out like the tail of a comet or a fan across the streets. We crossed over Broadway, the watershed of New York, and its greatest business street, down to the wharves ; the street then was crowded with carts and wagons laden with merchandise, taking goods to and from the different piers. We were struck with the extreme lightness of all the carts and wagons, and spiders, or buggies used everywhere ; even the heaviest wagons were on springs strongly built below, but instead of sides a few upright thin poles through which two or three ropes were passed sufficed to keep the bales and cases in their place on the wagons, the beds of which from the middle sloped down backwards ; the large market wagons had sides, and over the lofty seat for the driver was a small hood for his protection ; horses were chiefly used, and a few mules. English



gentlemen admit that for lightness, American carriages are masterpieces, while the English still make their horses drag weights which are wholly unnecessary, because they do not know how to use materials properly.

At the Cunard wharf, pier 40, I secured my portmanteau, and handed it over to an expressman, or parcels deliveryman. We went on to the Battery Park and Castle Gardens facing the harbour, where are buildings set apart for the newly arrived immigrants, from which they may make their start to their different destinations, and thus strangers are not forced to take the advice and proffered help of those sharpers who are always watching to prey upon the character and little property of the new comers. It is a useful institution.

When expressing my wonder at the small wooden arks or kennels in the trees, I learnt that they were placed in different parts of the city and other towns that the sparrows might build in them and be protected; because they had proved benefactors to the human race. The city had suffered from a plague of small caterpillars, which, hanging by their silky thread from the trees in the street and parks, used to fix themselves on the bonnets and hats, the faces and necks, of those passing by, and by no means could they be destroyed until sparrows were imported. These soon made their meals of caterpillars, and increasing in number cleared the city of the plague, and were sent to other cities with the like result; on account of that benefit, they enjoy free board and lodging, have these little wooden kennels in the trees, and are fed in the winter, and of all the presumptuous sparrows I have ever seen, the New York sparrows are the worst.

Many of our fellow-passengers expressed their surprise at seeing so many black and coloured men and women in the streets, to me it seemed so natural that, until they called my attention, I had not particularly noticed it, the only difficulty was to refrain from addressing them in Dutch. The waiters at almost every hotel were negroes dressed in black tail coats and trousers, with white waistcoats and ties.

We passed beneath the elevated railroad, which in some narrow streets extended right across the whole street, in other places one

track was over the one pavement, and the other over the other. It was strange to look up between the sleepers and see the trains passing over our heads. A single iron pillar rises from the curbstone of the pavement, which at about ten or twelve feet high branches into two arms, from one post to the other long beams rest on the ends of these arms; on these beams, or others raised a couple of feet higher, with light trelliswork, are laid the sleepers, and on these the rails are laid, and are fended on each side by beams six or nine inches higher, so that the wheels of the small engine and of the five long cars run in a deep groove, and with their eight wheels at the two ends on the bogie principle, are able to make wonderfully sharp turns in passing from one street to another. The railway is, therefore, on a level with the first floors of the houses, into the rooms of which you can look from the carriages, or can look down on the cars and wagons and people in the street below. There is a double row of steps from the pavement up to the stations, which are little wooden houses, like Swiss chalets with platforms, and are erected about every fourth or sixth block of houses, so that you see painted up, or hear called out, 4th street, or 12th street, or 24th street, or 58th street. The trains often run every two or every five minutes, and are always well filled; each car takes forty-four passengers, and there are from three to five cars in each train. It is undoubtedly very convenient, and far preferable to the dark close smoky underground railway of London; of course it has lessened the value of the houses in front of which it passes. With the exception of the slight rumble of the carriages, there is no noise, no shouting, no screeching whistle, no clanging bell, and no time lost; just before the train stops the guard on the platform of these long carriages where the seats are along the sides, as in an omnibus, in a clear voice calls out the street, 12th street, or 32nd street, so that when the train stops, passengers are standing ready to step out, the other incoming passengers step on to the platform of the carriage, and in less than two minutes the train is off again, and the arrivals drop their tickets into a glass box as they begin to descend to the street. There are two of these elevated railroads in New York, and they purpose extending them, but at present that can only be done in certain streets. We went through Macey's ladies' store, where ladies shop, and find everything from a

pen or pair of boots, up to the costliest dresses, and from the last new book to the smallest plaything or bit of confectionery; ladies and girls were serving everywhere except at the counter for velvets, satins, and silks. We went through Stewart's immense white store for soft goods, cloths, silks, linens, laces, &c. The large wholesale store is of white marble, but this retail store is a spacious building five stories high, with iron fronts, painted white, and occupying a whole block. These cast-iron fronts, which I saw being built in after the side and back walls were finished, had a very fine effect, with their pillars and cornices, and arches, and handsome architectural designs, and when painted grey stone or white marble colour, gave the appearance of beautifully wrought stone fronts. I never saw so much gold and silver plate and jewellery exposed in one place as in Tiffany's immense shop. We visited the Bowery with its crowded thoroughfare and cheap retail shops and beer saloons, as a contrast to Broadway. We walked along the ground floor of the large granite-built Post-office, and saw arranged in a semicircle tiers of private letter boxes, with little wire-barred doors through which the letters and papers could be seen, but which could be opened from the lobby with small flat keys, possessed only by the owner of the numbered letter box; who, as he passes in front of the two thousand boxes, sees his letters, unlocks the box, takes his letters and relocks the box. In the matter of very light but good locks with keys of flat notched steel, both padlocks and boxlocks made out of a solid piece of metal, the Americans are far before the English, as they are in most things of light make.

This system has already been introduced by our worthy Postmaster-General, who only needs a visit to the General Post Offices in London and New York to lead him to adopt many other improvements in our mail service; he would learn what would be most suitable for us in America, where mails are still so largely sent in distant parts by carts, wagons, horse, and runners.

We visited the Western Union Telegraph Company's building of ten stories, with a Clock Tower two hundred and thirty feet high, from which we had a splendid view of New York and its surroundings. In the principal operating room, which we could overlook from a gallery, we could hardly hear each other speak on account

of the constant clicking and rattle of the instruments; the greater number of the operating clerks were ladies and girls, and there was a great variety of instruments, the most remarkable of which to me were those manipulated with white and black keys, like those on a harmonium, and were played on in the same manner. We were courteously asked to send through another instrument a message to Washington, and, while we stood there, the answer was returned printed in roman letters on the tape, which I now possess. This mode of printing is very convenient for those who do not understand the Morse alphabet, for in the club-rooms, some hotels, and other places where you hear the constant click of the instrument, you walk up to the machine pouring out its continuous stream of white tape into the basket below, and taking up a handful or two of the tape, you can read the latest news from Europe, or from the Cape, as well as from any part of America, and can read off yards of news by the dozen if you choose.

Both the telegraph and the telephone are used very much more in America than in England. In Toronto there was even a doctor's notice, "Doctor —, consultation by telephone." Every factory and every large business place, and every merchant's office, as well as hotels and different companies, have their telegraphic and telephonic wires connecting them in some instances with twenty or thirty different parts through the centre office, thus saving time in the receipt or transmission of messages, many of them spoken through the telephone, while purchases and sales are made through them, and also through the Ocean wires. A gentleman in New York was, by means of the telephone, in communication with 600 other business offices, with which, without leaving his chair, he could communicate for a sum of £20 a year.

Mr. Ward, the Superintendent of one of the Ocean Cable Companies, explained that the impulses received through the 2,000 miles of ocean cable were so feeble that they were conveyed to a minute mirror, suspended by a *single* thread of *raw silk*, and the electric impulses moved this minute mirror in which was reflected the flame of a lamp. All these were enclosed in a glass case, and isolated from the floor, so that no vibration from the ground, or from a footstep, or from a breath of air, could affect them. This little

suspended mirror, on to which the gleam of the lamp shines, is subjected to the feeble electric movement of the ocean cable which sets it moving, and the *reflection* of this gleam of light moving backwards and forwards on a measured plane, marks the letters of the message, and are noted just like the long and short marks in the Morse alphabet, or just like the clicks of some telegraphic instruments, from the very *sounds* of which the message is now taken down without being printed on the riband. Then these messages are sent on by the ordinary lines from the points where the cables are landed. At this office we also saw two pneumatic tubes, about two inches in diameter, standing about five feet high, and then curved. The message was written on paper, put into a leather covered box exactly fitting the tube, this was dropped into the tube, a lever was pressed down, and it was blown or drawn to its destination in another part of the city. The return of the answer was notified by a small bell, the box was opened, and the answer taken out. This system of close or secret telegraph is now very largely adopted in Paris and its suburbs, and has this great advantage that the sender writes his message and fastens it before it is placed in the little box, and the answer is returned in like manner, so that no telegraph clerk, no one but the sender and receiver, knows what the message is.

We saw the Astor Library, which, with its 180,000 volumes, is open to the public during the day; and we went into the Cooper Institute, one of several noble institutions erected by the munificence of private Americans, like Peabody, Astor, and Peter Cooper, for the benefit of their fellow-countrymen. The building itself is a grand brown-stone building, which externally would almost do for the Houses of Parliament in Cape Town; but there it is, an institution perfectly free to the people, with a large library and most convenient reading-rooms, and a great number of class-rooms, free schools of art and telegraphy for women, a free night school of art for men, a free night school of science for both sexes, and free lectures. The reading-room is open to all from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m., and the latest editions of the papers were being eagerly read by all classes, the poor as well as the rich, the young as well as the old. In the evenings the different classes and rooms are full, and

it was a pleasure to see the young people and the poorer people freely and decorously using these splendid advantages.

We went down to the beach, opposite the entrance to New York harbour, and visited Coney Island, Manhattan Beach, Brighton, and Brighton West, all huge wooden hotels, within a short distance of each other, standing on sand reclaimed from the sea. The lower storey of these large hotels is divided into dining-rooms, and on the very broad balconies, and on the large open spaces in front, all floored with wood, scores of tables and hundreds of chairs are placed for visitors, who order something to eat and drink. Where there is a garden the sods of green grass have been brought and placed there as well as the soil for the flowerbeds, and the winding walks between them are all floored with wood. At Brighton there is a long pier, I should think nearly 700 feet long by 100 wide, all roofed in, with numbers of tables and chairs, and used sometimes for concerts and dances. At the end you descend to the passenger boats; besides these immense steamboats and the road, there are four different railways to these places, and though for many months in the year these hotels are closed, yet, in the season, 100,000 people have been known to go from New York and Brooklyn in the day. There is a wooden orchestra, and no lack of gay amusements, while for quieter folks there are sea bathing, and various sights, such as monstrously fat women, or the Pigmy General White, smaller than Tom Thumb. There is a lofty framework 300 feet high, up which you are raised in an elevator, and have fine views of the scenery around; there are also small museums, aquariums, and a huge stuffed cow, from which a purchaser may milk his glassful, and many such like amusements. As a sign of American energy, I may remark that this immense pier was begun and finished in 90 days.

One cannot help observing the great use made of wood everywhere; in the villages wooden houses are the rule; in the cities they are being replaced by brick buildings, generally with stone fronts, and sometimes cast iron fronts, elaborately ornamented. Streets upon streets in New York and Brooklyn are fronted with a reddish brown stone. Still in the suburbs very pretty wooden villas and houses, with some pretence to architectural

designs, are to be found everywhere. Some of the larger houses had lofty wooden pillars in front, upholding a facade, the same style as a house on the Rondebosch Road ; but they were generally situated in large gardens ; there were also others with porches and verandahs. Some very old small wooden houses, with their upper and lower half-doors, green shutters of solid wood, stoeps, gables and roofs, reminded us of many of our Cape Dutch houses. Then there were other reminders in names, such as Reformed Dutch Church, and names of places like Haverstrooti, Jonkers, Tappanee, and of people as Bergen, Prins, and many others, who spoke of their Dutch ancestry, but had lost the Dutch language, as much as the Le Roux and De Villiers, &c., have lost the French language.

We visited the Central Park in New York, with its statues and terraces ; it embraces more than 840 acres ; its five lakelets, ten miles of carriage roads, six miles of bridlepaths, and thirty miles of foot-paths, its shaded walks and copses, and its refreshment rooms, led us to the conclusion, which was confirmed by my visits to other cities, that smart and eager as the Americans are in business, they everywhere make provision for their healthful pleasures and amusements out in the open air, as much as the Parisians or Germans, in their parks or gardens for tea, beer, or dancing. In the upper part of the Central Park, which is being reclaimed from quarries and waste ground, there has been erected a Metropolitan Museum on a smaller scale than the Technological Museum in Edinburgh, or the South Kensington Museum. There are glass cases showing the different stages of the manufactures, such as cloth weaving or silk manufacture, or printing, or bookbinding, &c., &c., and besides, there is a large collection of antiquities from Cyprus, comprising stone Sarcophagi, Greek marble statues, casts of others, urns, jars, lamps, clay bottles and pots, not unlike those made by Basutos, and even small glass bottles for scent ; others looking more like babies' feeding bottles than lamps.

The fifth Avenue is the most aristocratic street of New York, with its magnificent Hotels and grand dwelling-houses ; there is Stewart's white marble palace, which cost £600,000, pretty fair for a dwelling house ; there are numerous fine churches, and a splendid Roman Catholic Cathedral of white marble.

I was rather astonished at the funeral hearses with their plate glass panels, showing the richly ornamented coffin inside; of course no pall is used, for it would hide the handsome coffin. I saw two strange advertisements, the one was "The universal corpse cooler coffin, glass lids," the other was, "Funeral notice. The funeral takes place to-morrow, the corpse will be at hand." I found that the Irish make a point of following the funerals of their friends in hired carriages, many a servant girl paying her ten shillings towards the hire of the carriage in which she and others follow the funeral; it is considered mean and unpatriotic to decline to do so. There are no single horse cabs, and the charges for the carriage and pair are exorbitant.

The art of advertising has been developed to a most extraordinary extent of late years. In London the boarding of the scaffolding of a large building is leased for that purpose, and the whole is placarded with posters in huge letters, or still huger figures, perhaps a gigantic head with open mouth showing huge teeth, as an advertisement for tooth powder, or an immense woman with very long hair for hair dye, or a huge Maskelyne in hermit's dress, holding in one hand a sword, in the other a head, while he points to the headless Cooke. But I think the Americans can beat all in ingenuity; not only do they place advertisements in every public place, or vehicle, or steamboat, but stretched overhead from one side of the street to the other were flags and light wire frames with names. The stars and stripes were hanging over many shops. In some places milestones were placed marking the distance from some clothing emporium; on the top of some low buildings in the suburbs we saw stuffed easy chairs with the name of the furniture dealer painted on them. Before the beach at Brighton West sailing backwards and forwards, were yachts on whose sails were painted in large letters the name of some particular kind of tobacco, or soap, or medicine, or goods of some kind or other; then huge illustrative figures appear on every available space, on walls or wooden fences, and far west we still were reminded of sozodont. On the piers, and walls, and cliffs, and even low rocks of the Hudson River, and other such places, the poetry of nature was rudely enlisted to remind us of the shop.

*(To be continued).*



## A Trip to Cuba, West Indies.

I MUST pass over lively recollections of the beautiful picture-like island of St. Thomas and its associations. After spending some weeks on the ocean the first sight of land has a particular charm, I believe, for everyone who is not a sailor ; all on board enjoyed the change, a young Frenchman especially, who had been ill on the passage out ; and by way of expressing his inward feelings of delight, he shook hands with all two or three times.

It was here that we were transhipped from the *Para*, a fine steamer of some two thousand tons, to the close, small, and disagreeable *Ebro*, which would take us to our final destination, namely, Havanna. Upon this vessel I spent three long weeks : the voyage was uninteresting and we were greatly disappointed upon discovering that we were half an hour late, and therefore must knock about all night in sight of the lighthouse in consequence of there being no suitable anchorage.

Early on the following morning we passed the Castle that guarded the city, and steamed into the harbour, where two or three Spanish men-of-war were anchored, besides numerous other craft of all nationalities.

The weather was extremely sultry, and the glare of the sun upon the white-washed houses painful to the eyes. Several tall palm trees were visible from the vessel ; and the sea being of a deep blue presented an impressive scene to one who had been living in the moist country of England. Ofcourse there was the usual amount of bustle and noise created by the sailors, porters, and passengers when the vessel dropped her anchor.

My sister and I were anxiously looking for the British Consul to whom she was engaged, and had in fact come out to be married : he too had been looking for us among the crowd, and of course was delighted to find us. We landed near the Custom-house through which we passed : it seemed to me that the officers had gone for a holiday, or else were all so busily engaged with other people's luggage, that they could not attend to us, as we only saw some grave looking Spaniards with their hands in their pockets, smoking cigarettes ; they were clad in broad Panama hats, American shirts, and tight fitting shoes. In their personal appearance I consider they looked rather a rough lot of fellows, having dark fierce, unpleasant faces, and when their hands were out of their pockets they seemed to play, unintentionally perhaps, with a large knife at their sides.

When outside this building, everything seemed to be on the verge of

decay; the houses, the roads, and I may say the very dogs too, for they were the worst looking brutes I ever saw of that species. The streets seemed unnaturally quiet, although it was business hours, and there was scarcely anyone to be seen, except a few negroes lying on the ground, or plodding along with heavy burdens on their backs.

I took up my quarters at the best hotel in the place until my brother-in-law was married: it was decidedly after the American style, but nevertheless comfortable. In front of my room was the general market place, where all sorts of things were sold; and where I could see a great part of the population. At one end of the street the trains passed in the middle of the road, and if any one approached a loud alarm bell was rung. It is seldom that accidents happen, as locomotion is not so rapid as in other countries.

Everyone in Cuba enjoys the evening drive when a full moon shines; the nights are cool without there being any danger of catching cold, and the dew is not heavy. The favourite promenade and drive was called the Plaza; it is a large grass plot with two broad roads crossing each other, and thus forming four small squares of grass, each called a park, and having a statue in their several centres. Each park is named after some Saint or distinguished personage. When the band played (and a very bad one it was) the whole square was crammed with carriages, while ice-creams were served to the occupants in passing up and down.

I saw the interiors of many Cuban homes, and they strike me as being peculiar in themselves. The reception-rooms are generally the largest rooms in the house; and one thing that foreigners always observe is, the chairs are placed all against the walls, while you speak to your friends several yards apart.

In my brother-in-law's house there was a large court-yard where a quantity of fine tropical plants grew. A broad Piazza, or terrace, leading into a small garden, is continued all round the house, where one can smoke a cigar after dinner; the front door and windows, which reached from the ceiling to the floor, were composed of venetian-blinds, besides having shutters on the outside. On the inside the windows were constructed of iron lattice work, with little pieces of coloured glass at the top. The hall, which was the whole length of the house, was connected at one end with a work-room with lattice windows, and at the other end was an enormous bath-room where I used to spend a great part of the day in hot weather. The houses are generally built on the ground floor, but this one was an exception to the rule; it had three bed-rooms on the

first floor, which were decidedly cooler than the other apartments. All the floors were beautifully inlaid in black and white marble.

Servants in Havanna are not quite so independent as they generally are in other places, as most of them are under a mild form of slavery. They were all males, with one exception, in my brother-in law's house, and that was a mulatto woman called Pastora; she was a kind of housemaid. The way in which she did, or rather left undone, her work, would have surprised many people. The head servant or butler was a fierce-looking Spaniard who was dreadfully conceited, still he knew what was wanted in his place, and was very good on the whole. José, a lazy Chinese youth about eighteen was, I suppose, the worst; but Marcellino, a little boy of twelve, was one of the best servants that was ever born; he was always where you wanted him to be, quick and yet careful, besides being nearly always clean. These slaves are generally treated with great kindness; but Pastora I was told once had a friend on a coffee plantation who had been saving up money to buy her freedom. She entrusted her money to her master; when she had accumulated the desired amount she applied to this man, who totally denied having received anything from her; she was flogged and sent in a covered wagon farther into the interior. While on the journey the unfortunate girl put an end to her miserable existence.

The Carnival is perhaps the most important day in the whole year to the Cubans. Between the hours of four and six, everyone turns out in gorgeous array to take part or look on the pageants. Carriages with two horses were obliged to keep in rank on each side of the road, one going up and the other down; in the middle was all the fancy driving and riding. Among the best, I saw one large open carriage drawn by eight horses, all matched in height and colour; they were driven splendidly by the owner. I saw another carriage of lighter description drawn by three brown spirited horses abreast, with plumes of chocolate shaded gradually into pale amber. All the equestrians were beautifully mounted, but the only lady I saw was the Governor's daughter, a black-eyed young maiden of seventeen, with a small crowd of officers of high rank in their gorgeous uniforms hovering about her. The negro and Chinese population had a procession also. The pavements and houses were crowded with spectators, the houses decorated with gay coloured flags and flowers mixed with broad tropical ferns. A masquerade ball was given in the evening at the residence of the Governor.

In the evening as we were lounging on the piazza after dinner, I could

hear the sound of distant music, something like a funeral wail, which approached nearer and nearer. In a few minutes seven large Chinese lanterns, carried on high poles, appeared round a bend of the road, and a large procession in white slowly approached in time to a funeral march. At a distance it looked very weird and ghostly; but as it came near I could see the men had the most ridiculous white gowns, finished off by a large white horn placed on their heads. In their centre was a tall man covered with steely scales who writhed his body like an eel as he walked along. This procession is called the funeral of the Sardine, when or why it was so named I never could find out.

Soon Holy Thursday and Good Friday arrived, bringing fresh novelties with them. What traffic there was in the town was stopped, and every body wore mourning. The churches (which are all Roman Catholic) looked as if some enterprising spirits had endeavoured to make them look as theatrical as possible. Thousands of candles, flags, and images of the Saints decorated the interiors. In the Cathedral I saw a bust of Columbus and many fine tombs of marble.

On Good Friday I went to see the procession. It took about two hours to pass, and consisted of soldiers, sailors, priests, and children attired as angels. The principal figures were the body of our Lord lying on a bier, the Virgin Mary in black velvet, and carrying a white pocket handkerchief, the apostle St. John was beside her dressed in a blue robe. These figures, which were men and women, were carried on high with spangled canopies; behind them was a priest carrying the thirty pieces of silver on a golden plate; then the black-haired angels, and the band very much out of tune.

Protestants have no religious privileges in Cuba, that is to say, they are not allowed to build churches or chapels, and cannot even read the burial service over their dead. The women in Cuba are, as a rule, pretty and graceful in their movements, and are far superior to the men, over whom they have a great influence.

My visit was a change to me who had never been abroad until then, and I enjoyed it. The people of Cuba are getting very much like the Americans, and so in course of time like the English in several things; still I was glad to leave for my native country at the end of six months.

## Die Boer zijn Zaterdag aand.

Die Noordewind waai koud in Junijmaand,  
 Om vijf uur is die zon al weggezak,  
 Die osse, moe van ploeg, is blij dis aand,  
 Die kraaie trek ook huis toe oor die vlak.  
 Die boer gaat van die land af, klaar met werk  
 —Hij het dit zwaar gekrij, die laatste week—  
 Hij word al oud, hij voel nie meer zoo sterk,  
 Maar morge kan hij rus, nou gaat hij pijpopsteek,  
 En zoetjes, in die voor, naar huis toe hou hij streek.

Hij maak nog schaars die draai, kort bij zijn huis,  
 (Wat hij nog zelf gebou het toen hij trouw,)  
 Die kinders loop en kruip uit die kombuis,  
 En hang om hem en trek hem aan zijn mouw,  
 Zijn stoel staat klaar, zijn vrouw geef hem een zoen,  
 Die misvuur brand, die waterketel kook,  
 Zij kom ook zit, want daar's niks meer te doen ;  
 Hij blaas zijn koffie en hou op met rook,  
 En hij vergeet zoomaar zijn werk en moegheid ook.

Die ander kinders kom ook almal thuis  
 Jan met een bok wat in die wijngerd plaa,  
 Martinus het gedokter een volstruis,  
 En Gert het ver oom Piet om zaad gaat vraa.  
 Die oudste dochter Sannie kom toe net  
 Met rooie wange, ooge groot en zwart,  
 Zoos Kaapse meisjes net alleenig het ;  
 Pa wil nog zeh : “ Dag, Sannie, dag mijn hart,”  
 Zij zoen hem eer hij praat, en zit bij hem apart.

Die broers en zusters kortswijl met malkaar,  
 En praat oor wat hulle morge zal gaan maak,  
 En hulle is nog met nieuws vertel nie klaar  
 Of Gert zijn oog val toe al van die vaak.  
 Die ou man en zijn ou vrouw wensch en hoop

Dat al die kinders deugdzaam op mag groei ;  
 Die ou vrouw stop die kouse, deurgeloop,  
 En zeg ver Jan : “ Kijk al die gate, foei,  
 Wag maar, als ik mij nie meer met jou goed bemoei ! ”

Die ou man waarschuw vrendlijk en vermaan,  
 Die jong volk om toch goed en vroom te wees,  
 Om nooit lui rondteslenter en te staan,  
 Hulle plicht te doen en altijd God te vrees.  
 Om te blij staan, zeg hij, is bainkeer zwaar  
 Als die verzoeking kom om te verlei,  
 Maar vraa ver God, lat Hij ver julle verklaar  
 Hoe julle moet maak om goed en vroom te blij,  
 Mijn kinders, doet toch nooit wat met Gods wette strij.

Daar word geklop. Ma vraa, wie kan dit wees ?  
 Dis al zoo laat, dis amper zeven uur ;  
 Maar Sannie raai zoomaar, dis zeker Kees,  
 En haar gezig wordt net zoo rood als vuur.  
 Haar slimme moeder ziet hoe sterk zij bloos,  
 Zij merk dat Sannie rooie wange krij ;  
 Zij vraa : “ Wie’s dit ” ? En zij ontstel haar boos,  
 Zij denk, dis zeker een wat hier kom vrij !  
 Maar toe zij hoor dis Kees, is zij gerust en blij.

Kees is een frisse kerel van oor zes voet,  
 Gedamasseed met hande grof van werk ;  
 Dit is een goeie keus wat Sannie doet  
 En daadlijk het die ou vrouw alles gemerk.  
 Die ou man praat met hem van boerderij  
 Van paerde en van koeie en van ploeg  
 Al het Kees ook gekom om hier te vrij,  
 Hij moet zit aanhoor, maar is lang al moeg ;  
 Die moeder merk dat Kees by Sannie hem wil voeg.

Die liefde is een wonderlijke ding  
 Die grootste zaligheid wat kan bestaan ;  
 Ik het al bain op aarde doorgebring

En dis die les wat ik het opgedaan :  
Daar 's niks nie wat 'n mensch zoo wonderlijk lat voel  
Niks wat een mensch zijn hart zoo goed kan doen,  
Als 's avonds als die lucht is afgekoel  
Een jonkman ver zijn meissie te zien zoen  
Als die maan schijn op die boome, uitgelopen en groen.

Is daar een mensch wat hart het in zijn lijf  
Een schelm, een schurk, zóó innerlijk versleg  
In list en slinkschheid zoo geheel verstijf  
Wat meissies bring op die verkeerde weg !  
Vervloekt is hij, met zijn geslepe taal !  
Het hij geen eer, geweten en geen God ?  
Als hij haar later met een hart van staal  
Verstoot en oorlaat aan haar bitter lot,  
Dan kom daar rouw en wanhoop zeker aan die slot.

Die tafel word gedek, en hulle zit aan,  
Daar 's ryssop van vǎn middag oorgeschied,  
Een schottel stoofvlees nie ver daar van ćaan,  
En dikmelk zoos een mensch maar zelden ziet.  
Om ver die vrijer vrindelijk te wees,  
Haal tante boegoe zoopies uit die spens  
Zij vraa : “ Hoe drink dit ” ? “ Voorentoe,” zeg Kees ;  
Zij zeg dat boegoe goed doet ver een mensch,  
Dat almal matig drink is net al wat zij wensch.

Die meid neem nou die kos weg en die sop ;  
Eerbiedig wag die kinders almal stil,  
Pa slaat die groote Statenbijbel op,  
En zoek in al zijn zakke naar zijn bril.  
Uit die ou erfstuk lees hij hulle voor,  
Die oue psalme wat ver almal stich ;  
Die kinders zit andachtig aan te hoor  
Hoe die ou man met een ernstig gezicht  
Die woorde lees van Leven, Liefde, Vrede, Licht

Die oue Testament word eers gelees  
En toe een Hoofdstuk uit die Nieuwe ook.

Oor hem wat eens op aarde was gewees  
 En door zijn volk, door priesters aangestook,  
 Onschuldig werd gekruist als moordenaar.  
 En toe zit Sannie in die aandgezing  
 "O Groote Christus"—die wijssie 's te zwaar,  
 Om te blij steek, nee, daarvoor is zij bang,  
 Zij zing die liederenwijs met draaie regte lang.

Toe kniel hulle almal voor hulle stoele neer ;  
 Die huisgezin zijn hoofd doet een gebed,  
 Hij bid dat onze Vader, aller Heer  
 Van kwaad en van gevaar hen toch wil red.  
 Zóón vroomheid, dis wat onze God wil heh  
 Geen aanstellings en geen dwaze huichelarij  
 Daar 's bain wat bain lang op die knie leh  
 En wat Gods wette heelmal gooi op zij,  
 En doen wat heelmal met die wil des Vaders strij.

Die zeuns zeh ver die oudjes nou : goe nag  
 En Sannie gaat ook naar haar kamer toe.  
 Hulle ouers kan ook nie meer langer wag  
 En voel ook regte afgemat en moe.  
 Gerus gaat hulle leh in stille hoop  
 Dat Hij die ver die vogeltjies wil klee  
 En ver die lelies langs die waterloop,  
 Ook al wat noodig is ver hulle zal gee  
 Hij zorg toch net zoo goed voor menschen als ver vee.

Dis die eenvoudigheid waarvan ons lees  
 Die kinderlijkheid wat het Rijk beerf,  
 Wat stil zijn plicht en recht doet en God vrees  
 Rijkdom wat mot en roest nie kan bederf.  
 Grootheid en geld span net ver ons een strik  
 Geen schande is dit om gering te wees  
 Daar is geen grooter werk van God als dit :  
 Een eerlijk man, wat zónder menschenvrees  
 Zijn naaste liefhet en zijn God het allermees.

D. P. F.



## Notes and News.

## DR. FISCHER'S OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of Dr. Fischer's Outlines of the History of the Reformation for the use of Schools. The author in his preface tells us that this work was written with a desire to supplement the books which are commonly used in Schools, for the purpose of teaching History. He complains of the insular view taken by the English with respect to every social and political question, one of the results of which is, that an incorrect impression is left as to the relative importance of the great events of history. He has, accordingly, attempted in this little work to show the intimate connection between all the countries of Europe and the two central seats of the Reformation,—Wittenberg and Geneva. His plan is to give a short biographical sketch of each of the leaders of this great movement, with a few remarks as to passing events, which serve as links to connect the whole together. Dr. Fischer is an enthusiastic protestant, and writes with all the fervour of religious zeal. His little work is admirably suited for the purpose for which it is evidently written, that is, to confirm colonial youth in the genuine protestant faith. A work written in this spirit, however, is scarcely one that will recommend itself to the impartial student. The virtues of Protestant heroes are likely to become so very free from all earthly impurities, and the vices of their opponents are so likely to approach the diabolical. But on the whole Dr. Fischer has spoken fairly about our Protestant Saints, and will interest the rising generation in the lives of the men who were most active in those stirring times. We think that in condemning the insular view taken by our English School Histories, Dr. Fischer is speaking of the old fashioned school books, rather than of those of our own day. The works of Freeman and Green can scarcely be charged with taking too narrow a view of Historical events.

## CURIOUS WILLS.

In a notice of "Curiosities of the Search-Room: a Collection of Serious and Whimsical Wills." By the Author of "Flemish Interiors," etc. (Chapman and Hall). The *St. James' Gazette* gives some curious extracts; an idle hour may be spent very pleasantly in glancing at some

of the quaint wills, and at the curious gossip about wills, collected by the author. The work, which is divided into three parts, and into eleven chapters, may be opened anywhere; but if the reader begins at the beginning he will learn that, according to some of the Fathers, Noah made a will, and that the Bishop of Brescia, in the fourth century, pronounced all persons heretics who objected to the division of the world declared in that document. The original English wills still preserved begin with the year 1483, while copies date from a century earlier. The collection of wills formerly preserved at Doctors Commons was in 1874 transferred to Somerset House, the whole of the western front of that building and a large portion of the basement having been fitted up for its reception. The chapters on Eccentric Wills, on Vindictive Wills, and on Directions for Burial, contain some curious illustrations of human frailty and folly. A certain Dr. Ellerby bequeaths his heart to one friend, his lungs to another, and his brains to a third; declaring that if they do not execute his wishes with regard to them, he will come and torment them "if it should be by any means possible." Another testator, an American, requires that his skin may be converted into two drumheads, upon which are to be inscribed Pope's Universal Prayer and the Declaration of Independence; another American, a New Yorker, leaves seventy-one pairs of trousers, to be sold to the highest bidder without examination, no purchaser being allowed to buy more than one pair. In each pair was found a bundle of bank-notes representing a thousand dollars. A Frenchman institutes an annual race with pigs, to be ridden by boys or men, with a prize of £80 to the winner. A Baptist minister, who died last year, declares in his will that he thirsts to see the Church of England brought down, and desires all posterity to know that he believes "infant sprinkling to be from his Satanic Majesty." Another Dissenter, recently deceased, bequeaths £20,000 upon trust for two nieces upon condition that neither of them "marry a minister of the Established Church, or a person holding any office or commission in her Majesty's army." Grotesque instructions with regard to the testator's body are frequent in wills. One man bequeathed his body to the Imperial Gas Company to be consumed to ashes in one of their retorts; and a New York spinster desired to employ all her money in building a church, "but stipulated that her remains should be mixed up in the mortar used for fixing the first stone." Some of the bequests in what the compiler calls "Vindictive Wills" have in them a touch of humour. Thus the fifth Earl of Pembroke writes: "I bequeath to Thomas May, whose nose I did break at a masquerade, five shillings. My intention had been to give him more, but all who have seen his 'History of the Parliament,' will consider that even this sum is too large;" and a certain Dr. Dunlop bequeaths to his brother-in-law Christopher his best pipe, out of gratitude that he married "my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken," and to his eldest sister, Joan, his five-acre field, "to console her for being married to a man she is obliged to henpeck." It will be seen that this rather bulky volume has many amusing passages. There are some, however, which the general reader will find no pleasure in.

THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

JACOB BORGHORST,

INSTALLED 18 JUNE 1668, HELD OFFICE UNTIL 25 MARCH 1670.

No. VI.

THE DEBATES of the Council of Policy cover nearly the whole events of Mr Borghorst's government as related in other documents, so that they form the most authentic history of the period that can be given. If given literally they would fill a moderately sized volume, but it is believed that in the compressed form in which they appear in this article no point of interest has been lost. They are as under :—

18 June 1668.

The *Poelsnip* is to proceed to Mauritius with supplies for the garrison there.

Ensign Smient is appointed Commander at Mauritius, and with his family is to take passage in the *Poelsnip*.

28 June 1668.

Wouter Cornelis Mostert is licensed for three years to purchase wines and spirits from officers of vessels calling here, for which privilege he is to pay 100 gulden a year.

16 July 1668.

Concerning the cutting of timber by the free woodcutter Theunis van Schalkwijk. (A note of 19th February 1670, signed by Commissioner Van den Broeck and the Council, and attached to this resolution, increases the privileges granted to Schalkwijk).

28 July 1668.

The arrival is noted of the Senior Merchant Arnout van Overbeek, a member of the Council of Justice at Batavia. As there are some difficult cases awaiting trial, he is to be invited to assist the Council.

3 August 1668.

Lieutenant Abraham Schut is deprived of his seat in the Council for having spoken evil of a widow.

9 August 1668.

The request of the Rev Adrianus de Voocht is granted, that in place of holding service twice on Sundays he shall preach only once and once on Wednesdays or Thursdays.

13 August 1668.

Concerning the movements of some vessels.

17 August 1668.

Present Commander Jacob Borghorst, and Messrs Cornelis de Cretzer, Johannes Coon, and Jacob Granaat.

As the burgher councillor Thomas Christoffel Mulder has left this place, and as some cases of bartering cattle are to be tried in which the burgher councillors according to custom have votes, Elbert Diemer is appointed to the vacant seat.

The yacht *Voerman* is to be sent to explore the east coast of Africa. Corporal Hieronymus Cruse and fifteen men are to go in her to Mossel Bay, which place was reached overland last year. There the party is to land and examine the country around. The Corporal is to endeavour to exchange his merchandize for cattle, with which he will return overland. The yacht is to examine the coast as far as Terra de Natal.

The ration money of the labourers is to be reduced.

5 September 1668.

Some cattle, sheep, and waggons which were purchased by the present Commander from his predecessor are transferred to the Company.

Concerning the difficulty of obtaining cattle from the natives. When they are obtained they are so poor and thin as hardly to be worth having.

There is a yearly war between the Namaquas and the Hottentots on this side, in which the latter are plundered of cattle.

We must try to breed cattle for ourselves.

The reduced garrison consists now of 150 souls.

The stock of merchandize and cash on hand being altogether too large for our present requirements, a portion is to be sent to Batavia and Ceylon.

15 September 1668.

Orders have been received from the Chamber of Seventeen that the members of the Council shall keep no cattle nor cultivate gardens beyond the requirements of their households.

List of cattle and sheep transferred to the Company in consequence of these orders, and prices of the same.

Dassen Island is to be used as a sheep run for the Company, but the free men will still be privileged to carry on their fishery and oil melting there.

22 October 1668.

Concerning the farming operations of Steven Jansen.

Dirk Bos, being a confirmed invalid, at the request of his wife oil released from his engagement to the Company, and a small house and garden are sold to him on credit.

16 November 1668.

The *Poelsnip* has returned from Mauritius with a quantity of ebony and amber. We were of intention to send her again for another cargo, and also to fix the true position, size, and shape of the island, as there are discrepancies in the reports received, but as the skipper objects on reasonable grounds, she is to be sent to Batavia.

21 January 1669.

Concerning some ships' officers.

7 March 1669.

Concerning the sailing of the return fleet.

10 March 1669. (First Meeting).

The Council is presided over by the Commissioner Joan Thysen. The wife and children of Hendrik Lacus are permitted to remove from Robben Island to this place.

10 March 1669. (Second Meeting).

Concerning ships' supplies.

Concerning the re-engagements of some servants of the Company, among whom are Hendrik Crudop and Hieronymus Cruse.

24 April 1669.

On account of his illness, Commander Borghorst has requested to be relieved of his duties, but Jan van Aelmonden who has been appointed to succeed him has not yet arrived.

The Commander's weakness increases daily.

The French are believed to have resolved upon abandoning Madagascar and to have an eye upon the Cape of Good Hope or hereabouts.

Under these circumstances the Commander asks that some person of position may be appointed to assist him.

It is resolved that the Merchant Abraham Zeeuw, now here in one of the ships, remain as Second in Command until the arrival of Jan van Aelmonden.

1 May 1669.

Letters from our Superiors dated 19th of December last order us to station a party of men at Saldanha Bay to prevent any European Power from taking possession of that place.

The Junior Merchant George Frederick Wreede is appointed to command there.

A party of fourteen selected men has been sent to that place.

Concerning some appointments on board ships.

17 May 1669.

On account of the Company's sheep at Dassen Island dying off, they are to be brought back to the mainland.

26 May 1669.

The Junior Merchant George Frederick Wreede has been sent to Saldanha Bay to maintain the rights of the Company there.

It is reported from Robben Island that a ship has been seen standing in towards Saldanha Bay.

It is resolved to send Martinus Jaiquet, who understands the Latin and French languages, at once to that harbour in a boat, that if the ship should prove to belong to the French East India Company and to have come there to take possession, he may join Mr Wreede in drawing up an Act of Protest.

17 June 1669.

The Rev Adrianus de Voocht's salary is increased from 90 to 100 gulden per month. His zeal is praised, and he is said to teach the Christian religion not only to the children of believing parents but also particularly to those of the black nation. Christianity (God be praised) is making progress through his efforts in catechising them and sending them to school.

18 June 1669.

The *Lepelaar* is to proceed to Mauritius with supplies for the garrison there, and is to return with a cargo of ebony and amber.

25 June 1669.

Some convicts have seized and run away with the *Lepelaar*.

It is feared that they may plunder the islands.

The boat *Bruidegom* is to proceed to Dassen Island, taking Corporal Hans Cock and five soldiers.

A reward of 600 rixdollars is offered for the recapture of the *Lepelaar*, also a reward of 100 rixdollars for the ringleader of the escaped convicts, dead or alive.

It is feared that they may go to Mauritius, and appearing there as friends either overpower the garrison by treachery or procure a cargo of ebony with which to proceed to some other place.

It is resolved to send a vessel to Mauritius with as little delay as possible.

26 June 1669.

Present Commander Jacob Borghorst, and Messrs Cornelis de Cretzer, Johannes Coon, Jacob Granaat, and George Frederick Wreede.

Captain Robert Lord, of the English ship *Jane Margaret*, very politely requests permission to sell by public auction to the free men here such merchandize as cloth, serge, beer, spirits, &c.

It is resolved to answer him with politeness that his request cannot be granted, inasmuch as the Hon Company is well supplied with all such articles for sale.

By acting thus, we hope to make this place so distasteful to foreigners that they will pass by without calling, and choose another place of refreshment, according to the wishes of our Superiors in the Fatherland, who have expressly ordered us not to make this place agreeable but disagreeable to foreign ships.

15 July 1669.

The *Lepelaar* was laden with supplies for Mauritius when the convicts ran away with her.

Concerning a vessel to be sent to Mauritius.

5 August 1669.

The *Voerman* is sent to Mauritius.

The fiscal having received some sheep instead of money for fines due to him, transfers them to the Company at 8 gulden each.

Hendrik Rynste, free burgher, returns into the Company's service.

17 October 1669.

A hooker was sent to Dassen Island with timber for the construction of a sheep pen, and was detained there by contrary winds. We intended to send her afterwards to explore the east coast, but the season of the south-east monsoon is now too far advanced, and she is therefore to proceed to Batavia.

A party of 25 volunteers under Sergeant Hieronymus Cruse is to be provisioned for three months and sent to explore the interior and trade for cattle.

20 November 1669.

Concerning the board and lodging of a party of miners and assayers who were sent to this place by our Superiors in the Fatherland to search for minerals.

Abraham Zeeuw leaves for Batavia.



10 December 1669.

The *Voerman* has returned from Mauritius.

The yacht *Corea* is to be kept here.

31 December 1669.

The crops promise well this year.

Dutch servants are scarce.

The Commander has requested to be relieved, and now offers to the Company all his slaves at cost price, which offer is accepted by the Council. (Twelve adult slaves, said to be sound and healthy, cost 2,842 gulden. Among them are a Bengalese and a Malay).

6 January 1670.

The resolution of 10th September last is repealed, and the *Corea* is to be sent to Batavia.

10 January 1670.

Corporal Balcq has written (from Saldanha Bay) that the Namaquas are on this side of the Elephant River.

Concerning the trade with the Namaquas.

Sergeant Pieter Cruythof, with a party of six men from this place and four from Saldanha Bay, is to be sent to trade with them.

Copy of questions propounded by Commissioner Van den Broeck and replied to by the Commander and the Fiscal. (For the substance see the resolutions of 4th, 5th, and 6th March 1670).

14 February 1670.

The Council is presided over by the Commissioner Mattheus van den Broeck, Admiral of the Return Fleet.

Hendrik Lacus, now confined on Robben Island, is to be brought to trial.

Some cargo is to be removed from one ship to another.

22 February 1670.

Concerning the rank of a certain officer in the fleet.

25 February 1670.

The Council is presided over by Commissioner Van den Broeck.

There are present also five officers of the return fleet in addition to the ordinary members.

The miners and assayers have as yet discovered nothing, but they are to continue their labours until further orders from the Fatherland.

The hooker *Grundel* is to be sent to examine minutely the south-east coast.

On account of the damage to the wooden jetty and the water casks, and the loss of time and labour sustained by the present mode of filling casks at the tank and rolling them to the boats, it is resolved to construct a watercourse of stone from the tank to the jetty, so that the casks can be filled without removing them from the boats. The work is to be thrown open to contract.

A dwelling house is to be built for the clergyman Adrianus de Voocht outside of the fort.

The cargoes of the fifteen ships of the return fleet now lying at anchor here are valued at 4,347,059 gulden.

The cargoes were collected at Bengal, the coast of Coromandel, Persia, Japan, and Batavia. As some ships have much more valuable cargoes than others, to lessen the risk these are equalized by some silk, musk, diamopds, and pepper being distributed differently.

26 February 1670.

A man is released from confinement.

2 March 1670.

The day of sailing for the fleet is fixed, unless the ships from Ceylon arrive before that time.

3 March 1670.

Commander Borghorst has earnestly desired to return home, and Mr Pieter Hackius has been appointed as his successor by the Chamber of Seventeen, but has not yet arrived. The Commissioner now agrees to his request so far that if Mr Hackius does not arrive before the ships expected from Ceylon and Batavia leave this port he can proceed home with them, in which case Mr Cornelis de Cretzer will act as Commander until the arrival of Mr Hackius or further orders from our Superiors.

Concerning advices to be sent home by the English ship *Jane Margaret* from Bantam bound to London, now lying at anchor here.

4, 5, and 6 March 1670.

The Council is presided over by Commissioner Van den Broeck. There are present also five officers of the return fleet in addition to the ordinary members.

Wouter Cornelis Mostert contracts to make the stone watercourse from the tank to the jetty for 3,000 rixdollars.

Concerning the questions made in writing by the Commissioner and replied to by the Commander and the Fiscal, the first is why are 236 salaried servants retained here and at the dependent bays and islands including Mauritius, when our Superiors in the Fatherland have expressly ordered that the number is not to exceed 187?

The answer is that the dependencies are far apart and many men are required for land journeys and other purposes. There are 10 men keeping possession of Saldanha Bay, 12 miners and assayers searching for metals, 8 cattle herds, 10 or 12 required for trading journeys inland, 3 tanners, 13 carpenters, waggon makers, and coopers, 4 smiths, 4 masons, 7 gardeners, 3 brickmakers, and 5 grooms. There are the Commander, the members of the Council, the clergyman, the sick comforter, and the surgeon.

The decision is that the number must be reduced to 187.

Question: Can no means be devised by which this Residency can raise its own food, and thus relieve the Company of the enormous cost of providing rice and other necessaries from abroad?

Answer: There is not sufficient ground to grow corn for the garrison and the free burghers. But about 12 hours from the fort there is a place about 2,000 morgen in extent, called Hottentots Holland, which is exceedingly good land. If 20 of the Company's servants are sent there and the seed is sown this month, we may get seven or eight hundred muids of wheat or rye. If higher prices for grain were offered to the farmers they would throw themselves more heartily into agriculture. Dutch servants are too expensive and the farmers should be provided with slaves. From 150 to 200 Angola slaves are very much needed.

It is resolved to take Hottentots Holland into possession, to cultivate it, and to sell by auction the Company's cornlands at the present storehouse. To encourage these poor farmers, the price to be given for wheat is raised from *f*7 to *f*10, and of rye from *f*5—10 to *f*7 the muid, being 60 rixdollars for the load of 3,000 lbs of wheat. The farmers must deliver all they grow to the Company at these prices and purchase again what they require for seed or home use at the same rates. All who are not farmers are to be charged *f*12 for wheat and *f*9 for rye.

As most of the free men lead idle lives about the canteens, it is resolved to permit only the following persons to sell strong liquor, viz., Wouter Cornelis Mostert, who is one of the oldest residents, Hendrik van Surwaerden, Tielman Hendriks, Joachim Marquaert, Jan Israels, Joris Jansen, Steven Jansen, Elbert Diemer, Jacob Rosendael (who is showing great diligence in extending his vineyard and is therefore privileged to sell wine of his own making to the free people and to people of the ships), and Matthys Coeman.

Barbertie Geems, a widow, is permitted to open a little shop for the sale by retail of drapery which she is to purchase for cash at the Company's stores.

Carl Broerse, of Stockholm, free fisherman, is to be continued in his privilege of selling fish freely on the market. Other free men may catch sufficient for their own consumption, but any surplus must be salted and delivered to the Company at fixed prices.

To encourage the remaining inhabitants, all of whom must henceforth be farmers according to the instructions of our Superiors, those who give proofs of zeal are to be provided with draught oxen for their ploughs and cows for breeding at *f*12 each. The Company has now in possession 508 head of horned cattle and 2,299 sheep.

Two plots of ground adjoining the garden in Table Valley, each about twelve morgen in extent, are to be planted, one with kreupel bushes and the other with young alder trees.

Questions: Would it not be advisable to have all bricks and tiles that are needed made by free men under contract, and further, would it not be advisable to give out to them the corn mills, the tannery, and the making of shoes and fire buckets for India? Can not a good quantity of leopard, bushcat, and jackal skins be procured?

It is resolved to give up to the free burghers the making of bricks and tiles, but to retain the mills and the tannery in the hands of the Company. As to the shoes and fire buckets, if any one skilled in their manufacture can be found to make them at a reasonable price, a contract will be entered into. In the meantime, such soldiers as understand the work are to make shoes and a good number of buckets for India. Regarding peltries, they will be purchased from the free men at reasonable prices, and also from the Hottentots (in time we hope abundantly) by travellers for tobacco and copper.

Question: Cannot sweet potatoes be grown here in abundance, and pigs be fed upon them?

Answer: The pigs do great damage in the gardens, and also destroy young lambs.

It is resolved to form a large hog breeding establishment at Hout Bay.

Question: What is done with all the fish caught and purchased from the free men?

Answer: The slaves are fed upon fish, and the surplus is supplied to the ships.

Resolved that it continue so.

Question: How did you obtain so many cattle as you now have, for when Commander Van Quaelberg left there were but few. Have you not raised the price by so many trading journeys into the interior? Would it not be better to let the Hottentots bring their cattle to market here?

It is resolved to discontinue the trading parties for a time, as the Hottentots are over supplied with copper and tobacco and will only part with inferior cattle at enormous prices. As the free men have now a large number of sheep (4,697), and as one of theirs is worth two or three of the Hottentots', it is resolved to purchase full grown wethers from them at *f*8 each.

Question: What is to be done with the grapes which flourish here in such abundance and which are cultivated not only by the Company but by individual farmers?

Answer: Wine has already been sent to Batavia, but whether it will pay for the Company to purchase from individuals remains to be seen. The ships are supplied with abundance of grapes in the season.

It is resolved to allow each individual to send his surplus wine to Batavia for sale, upon payment of 3 rixdollars freight per half aum and such duties as may be imposed.

Concerning the administration of the government it is resolved that

Cornelis de Cretzer, the Second Person here, shall have authority over all the warehouses and shall keep accounts of all trade transactions.

Johannes Coon, the commander of the garrison, besides his military duties shall have charge of all the Company's outposts, farms, forests, stables, and workmen.

Jacob Granaat, the Fiscal, shall keep the cash, and shall have supervision over the vessels, the islands, and the cattle pasturing upon them.

Anthony de Raaff, Bookkeeper, shall be Dispenser of the Magazine, and shall also keep the accounts of the garrison.

Besides these, the new Commander, Pieter Hackius, now daily expected if he considers it necessary may admit one or two other fit persons to the Council.

The free burghers Jan Verhaegen and Willem Joosten present a petition concerning certain rights on Dassen Island which they have purchased from Joachim Marquaert and Coenraad Urbanus. It is decided to restrict these rights to fishing, seal hunting, and oil melting. The sheep which they have on the island are purchased for the Company.

The Ensign Dirk Jansen Smient is at his request released from his engagement to the Company, but as he has been for many years a most satisfactory officer, he can return into service with his present rank whenever he pleases, and may remain here, return home, or proceed to Java as he wishes.

6 March 1670.

Concerning re-engagements, promotions, &c., of certain servants of the Company, among others Johannes Pretorius, who has been for four years the Second Person at Mauritius, and is now made an Assistant with *f*20 a month.

The slaves complain of their food, and as it is true that the rice is weevil eaten, in future 50 lbs instead of 40 lbs will be served out monthly.

10 March 1670.

Concerning the sailing of the fleet.

11 March 1670.

By the Broad Council Cornelis de Cretzer is raised to the rank of Merchant, with a salary of *f*55 a month.

12 March 1670.

Concerning the case of Hendrik Lacus.



## Four Weeks in North America.

FROM THE NOTES OF A "TRANSIENT."

(Continued).

ON Saturday morning, the 13th, several of us left New York by the three-decked passenger river steamer "C. Vibbard." It is very difficult to describe these steamers, they are generally painted white, their hulls are long and broad, with tiers of decks surrounded with galleries overhanging the ship's side. On the "Newport" by which we sailed from Newport to New York, the dining saloon, with numerous chairs and small tables, was on the lowest deck of all. At one end of this saloon were the kitchen, pantry, and bar, at the other the pay office and broad stairs, while at the sides were ninety-nine sleeping berths in three tiers one above another. The second deck was that on to which we walked from the wharf, light cargo was stowed there, as well as about twenty spiders or buggies as the Americans call them. There also the engines were seen working, and there were engineers' and officers' quarters and some cabins, there were open galleries all round, broken only by the large paddle-boxes. From that deck we mounted by a broad handsome staircase to the upper saloon, which, with the exception of a large space near the bows and another near the stern, took up the quarter part of this ship 300 feet long. This saloon was fitted up in the style of a drawing-room, with fluted corinthian pillars, white and gold, and the panels the same colour; it was well carpeted, had sofas, easy-chairs and tables, on which were books, stereoscopic views, &c. It was about ten feet high, and round it were the first-class cabins; outside these was a gallery all round, and the spaces in front and behind, covered with awnings were crowded when passing through fine scenery. Above this saloon, and well forward, is the glass box of the steersman, where he can look all round and yet be sheltered from the weather. Immense carved beams pass almost from stem to stern, to which upright spars are bolted, and still high above these the large black iron beam of the engine works in the open air, plunging its ends alternately up and down, and driving the axles of these immense paddle wheels at the rate of twenty miles an hour.



We had more than 500 passengers, and, of course, a band. As we left New York on the Hudson River, the largest I have ever seen except the St. Lawrence, we saw the northern sloping bank covered for miles with fine villa residences surrounded with gardens or parks, prettily wooded, the green lawns often sloping down to the water's edge. Everywhere were the evidences of the luxurious and happy country life of the rich New York merchants. On the opposite side was a long wall of lofty precipitous kranzes, called the Palisades; then the river broadened into the Tappansee, four or five miles wide and from eight to ten long, bounded before us by lofty mountains, which seemed to bar all progress. We then passed through a comparatively narrow gorge; the mountains on each side several thousand feet high, seamed with numerous kloofs and wooded up to the top; then its course turning sharply at right angles, and then again to the north, gave us fresh views of this grand river scenery, leading us to agree with others who say that, mile for mile, the Hudson is finer than the Rhine, only wanting the picturesque castles, or ruins, or towns, on the banks and hills of the old-world river. We left the boat at West Point where, on the heights, is the great military academy with its hundreds of cadets; several were walking about as sentries with the locks of their guns turned downwards towards their shoulders, others were training their horses to leap over fences. We saw no soldiers, only cadets, and there were many ancient cannons—prizes of war—as well as modern ones. From the bluff, on which the academy and hotel stand, the view up the river is very fine, while the charming conjunction of river, mountains, islets, woods, bright sunshine, cool breeze and happy friends, made the day very enjoyable, and led us to wish in vain for a villa on the beautiful Hudson. We might have returned by the railway, which is laid along its northern bank, but again took the steam boat into New York harbour, and in the evening found ourselves back amid the shady avenues of Flatbush. With the exception of the business streets, almost all the streets are shaded by large trees: elms, or oaks, maples, chestnuts, ailanthus, planes, and such like; and in the suburbs of some towns there were four rows of trees, two to each pavement, both shading and ornamenting streets and houses. A great deal of expense and care are bestowed

on the planting both in town and country, and every encouragement is held out to induce people to plant trees where they are scarce, in a country of vast forests like America ; in some places for every forty acres planted with useful trees another grant of 160 acres is given ; in other places the road taxes are diminished in proportion to the number of useful trees reared, so that it is quite possible for a man to relieve himself of all road taxes through the number of useful trees he plants. Why should not our Colonial Government hold forth the same or similar inducements to arboriculture, and also establish, as in India, a special department for planting useful trees all over the country, and for *replanting* our forests in which now millions of the useless Keurboom and such like occupy the soil once shaded by the forest giants, and which are the natural places on which to reproduce useful timber. It is an incalculable loss to our country that more is not done in this way : a few thousands yearly spent faithfully and wisely in arboriculture would yield millions in useful timber and increase of rainfall throughout our drought-stricken country. There are parts of Canada denuded of its forests where the rainfall has sensibly decreased ; there are parts of India where forests have been cultivated in which the rainfall has increased. Let our legislators get a few of these Indian officials, who are specially educated in arboriculture, to start such forests and copses throughout our land, and their names will be embalmed in the history of this country among its greatest benefactors. Let our divisional councils, town councils, and village authorities follow the wisdom of the old Dutch colonists here, who, strange to say, are in this copied by the smart go-ahead Americans of the present day, and let them give us shady avenues for our streets and flourishing copses in our divisions, and the generations to come will bless them for health, wealth, and beauty.

There are a great number of handsome Churches both in New York and Brooklyn, and also throughout all North America, and no one can say from the outward appearance to what denomination they belong. In some of the Churches a few professional singers carried on the praise while the congregation listened ; in others there was thoroughly good congregational singing ; the Churches seemed well-filled and yet there are tens of thousands who, in vans, rains, and steam-boats leave on summer Sundays for the suburban

places of amusement, such as Coney Island, Brighton Beach, and Rockaway, while the beer and tea gardens are largely patronised. Both in New York and Cincinnati, I suppose on account of the number of foreigners, there was more Sunday pleasure-taking than I expected to see. At the hotel at Cincinnati a large post bill announced a performance at the opera that afternoon (Sunday); the music and dancing saloons were in high favour.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of noble Christian work going on everywhere; the energy, enthusiasm and vigour which the Americans throw into their business, they carry out also in their religious and benevolent agencies; their Sunday Schools, their Young Men's Christian Associations, and their various Temperance Societies, are the most famous in the world; while their different Church Associations, Missionary Societies, Charitable Institutions, Benevolent Agencies, and Educational system are almost if not quite equal to those of older nations.

New York is the great commercial centre of America. The amount of passengers and goods that enter or leave New York is enormous, but is quite credible when you watch the large traffic on land and water; with its great net-work of railways starting to and from all parts of that vast country, and its numerous lines of steam ships and sailing vessels to all parts of America and of the world, its commerce is yearly increasing in a ratio greater than that of any other American city.

As in London so in New York there is a dark night-side of life, with its crime and immorality and drunkenness and shamefaced injustice, and hateful though covered wickedness. Among the thousands that enter New York every week from Europe, the scum of those old-world cities find it more congenial to continue their villainies in New York, while the rest proceed to the west; it is not fair to judge of the American people by the wickedness of New York and other seaports, when in their cosmopolitan populations genuine Americans form a very small proportion of the criminals.

On Monday morning we left Brooklyn by the "Annex boat," or ferry-boat, which calls at Brooklyn, then at New York, and then crosses the busy harbour to Hoboken or New Jersey, annexing or meeting the principal trains which leave thence for the south and

west. The terminus was nothing like so grand in its size or architecture as those magnificent buildings in London ; in fact I can remember only three or four well-built stations : it would seem as if economy and not expense is the rule with reference to stations fencing, gates, &c. ; and with the money we would put into these expensive adjuncts of railways, they lay down so many more miles of railroad. The entrance hall or waiting-room of this terminus was furnished with cushioned seats, was very much larger, loftier, and roomier than anything we had seen in the old country. On the sides were the different ticket offices, also bookstall, tobacconist and refreshment stalls ; all passengers remained in this hall until a few minutes before the trains started, when the guards at the door several times called out the names of the chief towns to which the train was going, winding up the last calls with the words, "all aboard," after which the door was closed. The railway carriage or cars differ very much from those we use ; they are often more than forty feet in length, resting on a small platform at each end. This platform, on the bogie principle, running either on four or six wheels, while in the middle stretch of more than twenty feet there were no wheels. There are no long railway platforms, you step from the ground on to three or four steps leading up from each side to a small platform at the end of the long railway car, and then entering a door pass up the central passage between the cushioned seats. The seats are for two persons, and usually look towards the engine like pews in a Chapel ; but the backs are reversible, and therefore if wished four can sit face to face. The cars are joined together at the platforms, leaving an open passage from one end of the train to the other, and though ordinary passengers are not allowed to pass through the Pullman and Wagner parlour and sleeping cars, yet the ticket collector and boys selling books, papers, cakes, fruit and iced water, frequently pass backwards and forwards ; sometimes the bookseller will leave three or four books or magazines beside you for a quarter of an hour in the hope that you will be tempted to buy one after looking into it ; but I never knew the boy with fruit or cakes leave us a sample. I have read of a testy old gentleman who was so often asked to buy things that he wrote in large letters and stuck on his hat, "I want

no papers, novels, guide-books, reviews; cigars, oranges, lollipops or popcorn."

We found these drawing-room cars very comfortable, but many travellers prefer the English cars. If you are travelling a long distance, passing many towns, instead of having one small ticket from Cape Town to Beaufort, or from East London to Queen's Town, you buy a long strip of tickets, in some cases more than a foot long, and as you approach each station, the ticket-collector comes round and tears off the ticket for that particular place, so that your long ticket dies off by inches until you arrive at your destination. We were astonished at the quietness with which the trains always moved off, no rushing, no frantic ringing of hand-bells, no piercing whistle, but with the last call "all aboard," the train began to move and the deep-toned bell on the engine was rung by the stoker as the engine moved faster and faster along the streets and among the houses, until the town was left behind; then we ceased to hear the church-like bell, except near a crossing, where there were no gates, but instead, a large board high up on wooden beams carrying the warning to travellers, "Look out for the cars," or "Look out for the locomotive." Then again as we entered and passed slowly through a village or town, the bell would give its deep-toned warning to the passengers on foot or in vehicles to keep clear of the train, for there were no fences or gates; but in most cases the train would go down the open street, where it was strange to see the wagons and spiders alongside the moving train, while those who were coming down the cross streets were pulled up short, until the bell sounding train passed on. This was to me one of the strangest sights, and certainly the plan is one of the most economical, doing away with walls and fences and gates, and yet very free from accident.

We took tickets for a parlour car. The Americans deny that there are any class distinctions on their railways. They may not be called so, but they exist, for as third-class there are the cars "for emigrants" to the west, which are fitted up more roughly, and for which they pay a smaller sum; then as first-class there are the Pullman and Wagner parlour and sleeping cars, for which you take an additional ticket at a different office, and by which all travel who can afford to do so. The car is about forty feet long; carpeted throughout, and lighted

at night with handsome moderator lamps hung from the roof. At one end, if not at both, there is a small dressing-room with every convenience, with water, soap, towels, brushes, mirror provided, where you can take a refreshing wash while travelling; and just before arriving at the town you will see passengers brushing themselves and their coats, and prepared in neatness and cleanliness to enter their friend's house.

The windows on the side were numerous, often having two glasses one within the other, and venetian blinds, the spaces between the windows were filled with mirrors, and before each of the ten or twelve windows on each side, was a large cushioned easy chair fixed on a pivot; so that you could turn your face or back to the window, or to your neighbour. At your feet is a hassock, while above the windows are racks and hooks for hats, coats and parcels. On entering the car the waiter asks for your ticket, and conducts you to the seat with the corresponding number on it, and there deposits your hand-bag. Many travellers put on a thin grass cloth coat to protect their clothes from the dust and soot, or instead of the heavier coat which they hang up; it is called a duster. From experience we can testify to their usefulness and coolness, and are sure they could be advantageously used here. Ladies also wore a thin grass cloth cloak, when travelling in the railway cars, or in carriages on dusty roads, and threw it off when they went in to pay their call, thus preserving their visiting dresses. In the Pullman sleeping car, the same length, there are besides the dressing rooms, a little boxed-off room with two or four beds, which can be secured by those who wish to be quite private; instead of the easy chairs there are cushioned seats back to back, and facing other seats, each holding two persons and placed at right angles to the sides of the car, leaving a central passage. When the bed is to be made, the two seats opposite to each other are drawn together, and the cushioned backs falling into the place of the seats, make at once a stretcher about seven feet long and four wide; immediately above each of these spaces is a sloping panel in the roof which is unlocked and let down on its hinges until at right angles with the side of the car; off this sloping panel are taken two light wooden panels which fit between the roof and the top of the back of the seats, so enclosing a space on three sides as well as

above ; also from this upper panel are taken mattress, pillows, sheets, blanket, coverlet and heavy damask curtains to hang from the roof and close the front. The waiter soon cleverly makes a bed on the extended seats and another on the panel above, like the berths in a ship ; the curtains quite close in your railway berth, and the boots you take off are removed by the waiter, cleaned, and replaced. While the upper berth is more airy, it has to be reached by steps, but in the lower, you can, if you choose, open the window. Every berth is shut off from sight, but not from sound. We slept comfortably, and when we were refreshed with a wash in the dressing-room, we returned to find the bed changed back again into seats, and to admire the smartness with which the waiter turned the car into a sleeping car, and *vice versa*. A small table can be fixed between the seats on which to rest your book or paper, or your dinner in the dining car, of which one part is used as a kitchen. The sleeping cars are much used ; they are always the last in the train, and have at the back a little smoking-room opening on to the platform, from which there is a clear view of the railway track and the country already passed.

When travelling we were agreeably surprised at the comfortable arrangements made for passengers, at the very little annoyance from smoking, at the politeness shewn to ladies, and the courtesy shewn to us, and at the readiness and intelligence with which our questions were answered, and information was given, and our experience fully coincided with these words of Mr. H. Hussey Vivian, M P. :—  
“I had heard that the manners and customs of Americans were rough, and that it was doubtful how far a lady ought to travel in the public railway cars, or to stay at hotels ; I can say positively that a more unfounded idea was never entertained. Both from observations made when travelling in the ordinary carriages, and from what I saw when I passed through the public cars on our long journeys, as well as from frequently using the street or horse cars, I can state that in no country have I ever seen greater politeness shown to ladies, or better breeding generally : even smoking is rigidly forbidden except in compartments set apart for it, and is never attempted elsewhere. When I contrast this with the disagreeable scenes I have witnessed in regard to smoking in England and Germany, I

wonder at our bad manners as much as I admire the American arrangements." In the *Punch* of October 9th, there is a picture entitled *La Politesse*. (A fact.) Scene: a French tram-car so full, that Mrs. Parker and her sister Maria have to stand the whole way. Mrs. Parker (who is tired, and rather cross): "I wonder how long two *French* ladies would have to stand, Maria, in a public conveyance full of *Englishmen*?" In contrast to this, we were pleased to see, when riding in tram-cars in Brooklyn and other places, that, in order to make room not only for ladies but also for workwomen with their bundles and baskets, every gentleman or man there would one after another stand up until the centre of the car was full of them, steadying themselves by the straps from the roof. It is to be hoped that in this Colony we may follow these American manners and arrangements.

When once we had left New York and New Jersey, and got into the country, one familiar aspect of American scenery, so different from English, was the large mealie lands or *corn* lands, as the Americans call them by dropping the prefix *Indian* corn. It seemed so Cape-like to be passing large fields of mealies in flower, and among them pumpkins growing luxuriantly, and near these were water melons, musk melons, tomatoes, tobacco, &c., indicating that the climate of the States and of the Cape must be somewhat similar, and that, therefore, seeds from thence should grow well with us. Another contrast to English scenery was the want of tidiness or neatness in hedges and fences and fields and farm work generally; in the tight little island (of which the tall-talk Yankee says you cannot step out of bed on either side, but must put your foot in the sea), everything is comparatively on a small scale, and fields and meadows look small, but all are so neat and the fences and hedges are so trim, that everything tells of plenty of hands, and of great care and time taken to make things neat and orderly; but in America, except in the gardens, there seems too much to do, with fewer hands to do it, and the more important labour demanded by the crops and larger lands leaves no time for the care necessary for neatness and tidiness. The hedges were ragged, untidy, unclipped, the fences weather stained and often carelessly put up; but more about fences hereafter.



We often passed fine orchards of apple, pear, peach and other trees, and copses, and many large trees were among the lands and meadows, while we often crossed over streams and small rivers, in all these aspects of wood and water contrasting favourably with our lack of them in this Colony. The country was comparatively level, and though the American express trains do not go as fast as the English, we soon heard the deep-toned church-like bell of the engine warning people as we slipped through the suburbs and slowly across the bridge over the Schuylkill river through part of Fairmount Park and caught a glimpse of the great extent of this largest American city Philadelphia, second only to New York in population, From the railway car we transferred our impedimenta to a horse car, and passed over the the Schuylkill a second time. I noticed afterwards that as a rule, the railway trains went very slowly over bridges, in order to reduce the vibration and strain as much as possible.

The brown-stone fronts of Brooklyn and New York were few in number, but the effect of the light-coloured stone buildings was very pleasing ; we were at once impressed with the abundance of white marble and grey granite and sandstone everywhere ; many shops and private residences had white marble fronts, others had white marble windowsills and doorsteps contrasting with the bright red bricks of the houses. The mint, the large buildings of Girard College, and the immense new public buildings, 480 feet long by 470 wide, and four stories high, and many more, are all of white marble, while the Post Office is of marble, and other large buildings were of granite. These, with other buildings of freestone and sandstone, gave the town a very clean appearance. Philadelphia is the second city in the United States as to inhabitants, who number 800,000, but it has more buildings, and is spread over a larger extent of ground than New York, being twenty-two miles long by seven broad. It has immense woollen and carpet manufactories and locomotive workshops ; the locomotives at Liverpool seemed very small in comparison with those in America. The Centennial Exhibition gave an immense impetus to trade, and the Americans were shrewd enough to see in what directions, and by what plans, they could improve their machinery for weaving cottons, woollen and silk goods. The city was founded in 1682 by William Penn

and a colony of Quakers, and is also famous because that on 4th July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted there and publicly proclaimed from the steps of Independence Hall. In this old State Hall, which presents the same appearance as it did then, we saw the signatures, and some clothes, as well as armour, of Washington and other great men of that time ; there are many other curios of great interest to Americans. The city contains some very fine shops and large buildings, and is a very busy city, and though nearly one hundred miles from the Atlantic ocean, has easy communication with it up the Delaware river, for the largest vessels. How different South Africa would be if we had but half of the splendid water communication and half the water power, which America utilises, and which is always the most economical. Most American cities are divided into square blocks of houses, the streets in one direction being called after numbers, 1st street, 9th street, &c., while the cross streets are generally called avenues ; in Philadelphia many of these cross streets were called after trees, as Chestnut-street, Walnut-street, Oak-street, Elm-street, and others. There are numerous shady squares, and Washington square at the back of Independence Hall, in the heart of the city, contains nearly every variety of tree that will grow in that climate, whether indigenous or not ; it was fitted with benches, on which many people were resting in the shade. Fairmount Park, in which the Centennial Exhibition still stands, is the largest and most beautiful park in the world, containing 1,617 acres, many of which border the Schuylkill river with its rocky banks. Part of the park is left in its wild state, with its natural forest trees, while the other part with its broken ground is tastefully laid out in roads, lawns, paths, shrubberies, and ornamental gardens. We were fortunate to be there when an exhibition or fair was held in the Centennial building. We did not expect to see it so well filled with all kinds of articles and machinery and carriages and implements of different kinds. There was also a large cattle show : the chief prizes were carried off by some Alderney or Jersey cows, and no wonder, for one Jersey cow there was giving fourteen quarts a day, while at home she gave eighteen quarts a day ; there were all varieties of cows, oxen, and horses : some of the best came from Texas and the south. The

little wiry mustang, like a Kafir pony, was held in great esteem for hard work, still the best for ordinary work, endurance, and beauty, were those from Arabian stock, and about the size of good Hantam horses. The mules which are so much used there and in other towns are very large. There was a good show of pigs and fowls, but not so good of sheep, the few merinos were very small animals, and we were astonished to see so very few sheep during our travels. In the evening we visited a flower show: there were magnificent ferns, palms, bigonias, &c., &c., a great number of memorial devices in anchors, hearts, crosses, all made of white tuberoses, with here and there pink or dark roses; the master-piece was a large bridal bower, which like the rest was made in light iron wire, and then covered with tuberoses; the scent of them was quite oppressive in that large hall. Though we saw three flower shows that fall, we saw no roses in America to equal those we have here. There was a large show of pumpkins, water melons, musk melons, tomatoes and other vegetables, with splendid apples and pears, with bananas and grapes of such a peculiar flavour that we could not relish them. We were shown the three chief varieties of Indian corn and mealies, the hard smooth corn, the soft or horsetooth corn, and the sweet or sugar corn, and we were advised to introduce the two latter kinds into the Colony, and now have a few specimens growing from seed.

The great civil war, with all its terrible history, seems to have drawn out the higher humanity of the people into most self-sacrificing efforts for the sick and wounded on the battle-fields, as well as in the towns, and gave a stimulus to many charities, which have flourished ever since. Five thousand clergymen, ladies and laymen formed "the Christian Commission," founded to do all that was possible and needful, in addition to the Governmental provision, for the bodies and souls of the men in the American army and navy; and the good they did, and the comfort and strength they gave, are incalculable.

*(To be continued).*

## Louise Campbell.

## CHAPTER VI.

“’Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
 Oh life, not death, for which we pant;  
 More life, and fuller, that I want.”

MORELL'S Grammar is no doubt an exceedingly estimable work. The amount of light and varied reading which it contains, the numerous historical and classical allusions, combined with the most careful and logical reasoning on the most abstruse subjects, are highly calculated to excite intense interest. But even Morell's Grammar may pall upon us on an exquisite summer morning, while the shadows are still lingering deliciously on the luscious dewy grass; and the sun, not yet for some hours to attain to the full fury of his noon-day excitement, is coolly advising one to “come out now, or stop inside altogether.” With this delicious languor creeping over you, born of the glory and the beauty outside of yourself; with this growing numbness of all faculties but the one sense of sight, it would be a hard and a clear brain indeed, that could turn without something of a pang to elementary analysis, and discourse of subjects, objects, and attributes, with such objects for your eyes to rest upon, and oh! such attributes.

“Please, *please*, no school to-day,” clamour the children; but rules must be obeyed. It was always a characteristic of Louise's nature to be conscientious even to a fault. Constant repression may have caused this perhaps; but I cannot help thinking (though others may not have seen it), that there was a good deal of her father about Louise.

“Oh! Miss Campbell; there's Spencer!” cried Minnie, the irrepressible. “It's no use going on with lessons now. Mamma and Chrissy are not up yet, and I must go and speak to him.”

Out she flew, and soon returned, accompanied by the objectionable youth of whom we have made mention.

Louise was really vexed. Spencer, having no earthly thing to do with his mornings, had acquired the habit of calling at all sorts of unreasonable times; but for him to be, like this, deliberately

marching into her domain, and destroying all order and discipline there, was too much. It is hard indeed, if the one thing we are empowered to do we are not allowed to do well. The minister's daughter rose to the occasion.

"Mr. Brink," she says as quietly as she is able, "excuse me, but this is our lesson-time."

"Oh, nonsense," drawls Spencer. "Give the poor little beggars a holiday for once, Miss Campbell. Come now. I am sure you want it just as much as they do. Let's all play truant together, and have some fun. Four of us! That's just enough for a game of tennis. I see the court is quite shady. Why, at their age," remarked the young man, with the tranquil pensive air of one who is going to pay himself a compliment, but is trying not to let it seem too big a one, "I never worked, when I could possibly play instead."

"Oh, yes," cried Annie and Minnie in one breath, "do please, Miss Campbell." But Louise stood her ground.

"Children dear, if I give in once, I shall have to be always doing it, and Mr. Brink, please, I don't want to be disagreeable, but the children can't do their lessons while you stay here. If you go into the drawing-room, one of the others will soon be down."

Spencer's manners were considered "just perfect" by a small circle, consisting of himself, some very young lady friends, and a few particularly empty-headed young men. But to my mind, and doubtless to Louise's, there was something wanting in him, a something which fell short of the perfect gentleman. And one of the primary causes of that want was, that his intensely active egoism could not bear the least ruffling of its rose leaves, the least real or imaginary slight to its self-adoration.

Louise's cheeks were red hot. She was extremely put out. What to do she knew not, for here were the children wilfully preparing to disobey her. But help came in a way of which she could never have dreamed.

Was it a clatter of hoofs on the gravel that Sister Anne heard as she strained eyes and ears at the window, watching and waiting for some sign of rescue, for pale large-eyed Fatima trembling in the inner chamber? There is something exhilarating, something

hopeful in the sound, and this was the sound that Louise heard through the open door.

A fair white steed, and a swarthy rider with a note in his hand. Captain Stewart is out early this morning, and seems to have a good many notes to deliver.

“Here, Miss Minnie; this is for your mother. No thank you; I can’t stop. I have to make a round of early calls. I am taking round no end of tickets for our entertainment. Mind, you’re to come.”

“Oh! how lovely!” exclaimed the little girls in an ecstasy of delight. “Captain Stewart, isn’t it jolly? We’ve got a holiday to day. Spencer has made Miss Campbell let us out.”

Captain Stewart’s eyes, which have been persistently looking towards the house, encountered framed in the open door the slight figure and flushed face of the young governess. Stewart’s quick discernment and ready tact were on some occasions almost womanly. In the present instance he divined in a moment the real state of the case, and the presence of mind with which he rushed to the rescue, was certainly most praiseworthy.

“I say, you’re just the one I want,” he said, turning to Spencer (whom by the bye he cordially hated and despised). “Do come with me just this morning, old fellow! You know all about this sort of thing, and there are no end of things I want to ask you about.”

There is something that appears to go straight to a young man’s heart in being called “old fellow” by some other masculine being, whom he cannot help acknowledging to himself (however overweening his conceit may be), to be rather “a cut above him.” Spencer seemed at once to have grown about a foot taller; and, as he walked away by the side of the equestrian figure, he evidently imparted an immense amount of very voluble advice. Whether the advice was followed or not I cannot say; but the little girls had to give up with a sigh all thoughts of tennis, and Morell’s grammar again reigned supreme.

Is Louise perfectly satisfied? Has she quite achieved all she wanted? I am afraid not. “Virtue is its own reward,” saith the copy book, and various other grave and respectable authorities have echoed the same sentiment. But the reward sometimes appears to fail in compensating for the trouble. When we are young, it is

not the best of us that can manage to live upon self-approbation. *Cui bono?* we ask, what is the end of all this repression and careful walking? Why can we not enjoy life and have our fun like the rest? Nay, but there cometh an end.

Do not judge Louise too hardly, that even now though tranquillity is restored, she cannot keep her mind clear and her thoughts collected. At nineteen it is almost impossible to fill one's mind completely with the dressing of children's dolls, or even with the elucidation of principles from Morell's grammar or Colenso's arithmetic. We crave for something we know not what, and there is a mental vacuum. Into Louise's mental vacuum had stolen the presence of a dark face and a curious pair of eyes. She cannot banish them now, and future meetings will impress them yet more indelibly upon her memory. For it fell out, that one afternoon not far distant from this date, Louise having returned from her walk with the children, was sitting in her own room, when Annie came running in, begging her to take a hand at tennis. Minnie, who had made one of the players, had fallen and hurt her foot, and Annie was unwilling to play. Louise went out, and on the tennis court found Minnie, Letty and Christina, and a fourth party whom she had by no means expected to see there, and before whose eyes her own involuntarily fell. Minnie was cross and aggrieved, partly from the shock of the fall, and partly from resentment owing to Letty's declaration that it was all her own fault for running in the way to take a ball which belonged by rights to her (Letty). Annie had succumbed to a fit of nervous shyness, and would not show off her play to a stranger. She made her escape, and Louise stood not quite knowing what to do, when Letty settled the question in her own off-hand manner.

"I'll play you and Christina single-handed, Captain Stewart, I'm quite game."

"Couldn't think of such a thing, replied Stewart gravely, "I'd have to give you the game out of pure pity. But as we have lost count of the scoring, hadn't we better begin a new one. Of course such big swells as you and I must play on opposite sides, but we'll toss for partners."

Somehow or other (I don't say whether by fair means or by foul) the event of the toss secured him Louise ; and then a very good game

ensued. Letty was considered a capital lady player, and so indeed she was. Whether her hand was or was not a subject of competition among the other sex, there were not many that could have disdained such a possession as her wrist; and besides she was thoroughly *au fait* in all the science of the game. She had particularly taken pains to acquire a very vicious and destructive serve, which she at first used with great advantage for herself towards Louise; but Louise had been gifted by nature with a very correct eye, and plenty of practice with the children had taught her how to use it; so that, sooner than Letty had calculated upon, she got into the way of returning her balls. Then Captain Stewart kept them up as mercilessly as Letty herself, for when Letty's tactics resolved themselves into aiming every stroke straight at Louise, he followed suit by sending every ball straight at Christina, who being less active by a long way than Louise, generally made that sort of thing pay. Letty grew more and more furious. When they had lost their game, she attempted plainly to show Christina that it was all owing to her, by offering forthwith to play Stewart a single match. But he deprecated the contest.

“No, no, Miss Letty; it won't do. *You* have plenty of go in you still, but I am perfectly dead-beat. There are Spencer and Mertoun coming up, make up a set with them and I'll be umpire.”

An umpire with his back to the game may be impartial, but cannot be very trustworthy. That was Stewart's position pretty soon.

“Miss Campbell,” he said in an undertone, “there used to be violets in this garden. Do not you think we might manage to get some. I have never been without flowers in my room till within the last week, and I do so long for the scent of violets.”

Anybody may pick the violets. They grow wild in the cool damp corners of that luxuriant garden. Louise and Walter Stewart stray off in the delicious cool of the evening to hunt for shy violets hiding under their prudish veils.

It can't be helped. One must acknowledge that it is a very demoralizing pursuit, that picking of violets. One has to stoop so that heads get much too close together, and then the business takes so long and is so pleasant, that one is apt to linger over it a great deal longer than need be. Anyhow these two did.

That evening it seemed to Louise as if her new experience was growing wider—as if she *had* obtained “more life and fuller.”



## CHAPTER VII.

“Aere power, of eve y power most dread, most sw et,  
 Ope at thy touch the far eelestial gate ;  
 Yet Terror flies with joy before thy feet,  
 And with the Graees glide unseen th’ Fates  
 Eos and Hesperus—one, with twofold light,  
 Bringer of day, and hera’d of the night !”

It was not long before Louise was fully made aware of Letty’s opinions concerning herself and her doings. Her enlightenment came about in this wise. The young ladies’ sitting room communicated by a door with the school-room; and, this door being left open, Louise, busy correcting exercises (her pupils having gone out with their mother) was an involuntary listener to the following conversation.

“I wonder very much if he’ll be such a fool as to be taken in by that scheming girl? Isn’t it dreadful, Christina, the dead set she makes at him on every possible occasion. It used to be just the same thing with Spencer, till she saw it was of no use. Spencer had enough sense to see through her; but this man—I wish I could know whether he is only flirting with her, or what he is doing.”

“Do you think then that he’ll marry her?” asked Christina, matter-of-fact as usual.

“Marry her! I should rather think not,” answered Letty in tones of high indignation. “Why, Chrissy, you’ve no idea what that man’s connections are. Quite tip top, I assure you. Whatever she may be looking for (and I believe she is capable of anything) he won’t lower himself by marrying *her*. He’d have his whole family against him, and he can’t afford that; for through he is such a swell, I don’t believe he’s by any means well off.”

“Well really,” said Christina, “he needn’t give himself such airs, if that’s all. I thought he was no end of a catch, and it seems he isn’t.”

“That’s as *you* think,” replied Letty loftily; “if you don’t want for money yourself, you can afford to take a man who has not got it, if he’ll give you a rise in society instead. After all, that’s the chief thing. It’s worth getting married, if you can have people looking up to you, and knowing that you are better than they are. But without that, I don’t see the good. It’s just a lot of worry and bother about nothing. No, I don’t care for money,” continued the young lady grandiloquently;

“it makes no difference to me, whether Captain Stewart has any or not. But I am sure that governess of yours fancies he has, and that is why she sets her cap so desperately at him.”

Louise's checks were in a flame. Until this moment she had not realized that they had been talking of her. Through the outer door she made her way, through the garden and then by a side entrance into her own room. With breast heaving, temples throbbing, she threw herself on her bed in an agony of shame and indignation. She will never speak to him again, never look at him, never go in his way. She will prove that it is not true what these coarse-minded, spiteful girls have been saying about her. It shall not be true. And for some weeks in fact she did attempt to keep out of his way, and never showed herself when he came there, albeit she was longing and hungering for one glance of him, one accent of his voice.

However, one Sunday evening a great commotion was caused in the Van Zyl's pew by the advent of a new comer. Louise tried to persuade herself that she would not have started at his coming if it had not been that he had acquired the name of never going to church, but though she tried hard to give her attention to the discourse, all the more so that Spencer just behind her (whose manners, at such seasons, were certainly execrable), amused himself throughout by opening and closing his watch extremely audibly, and muttering “Shut up,” under his breath; yet she could not afterwards recollect a single word.

After service it was at her side that Captain Stewart walked, and her books that he carried. Their conversation is neither for me to repeat nor for you to read. Letty in front, talking very loud to some devoted man, tried hard to listen, but succeeded in hearing nothing but the mildest little speeches, speeches which are made perhaps a thousand times in the course of every week, but which somehow seem to have a very different meaning by moonlight (especially when spoken with a certain tone and emphasis) to what they wear in broad daylight, or when set down in black and white. They appeared to understand one another so well those two; and, yet even in the midst of this strange sweet delight that was hers, there seemed to Louise to be a subtle terror lurking, a presage of coming bitterness.

*(To be continued.)*

## A Kafir Betrothal Ceremony.

HEARING that Sandilli was determined, in accordance with the wishes of the tribe, to send off his daughter Victoria in Kafir fashion, to be married to one of the grandsons\* of Faku, chief paramount of the Pondos, and taking an interest in the girl, we went to witness the manner of dispatching her.

After a pretty long drive over a smooth road, up smooth grassy rises, and down as smooth grassy valleys, mostly innocent of bush (the natives having a propensity for cutting down the finest trees), we arrived at the "great place," where a goodly number of people had already assembled. Mrs. S. and I went to where the women were sitting, among whom were the ten beauties who grace Sandilli's harem.

I addressed myself to the second in rank, a fine tall woman, with a frank, intelligent, and rather commanding face. She extended to me a hand soft as velvet, and beautifully shaped; and seeing that we felt the heat, she and the chief wife took us to a grain hut, as, being free of red clay, they thought we would prefer it to those they inhabit. We found soft seats among the bunches of corn. After talking a while we were joined by the Gaika Commissioner and the chief, who seated himself between his two wives, giving to one of them a handful of tobacco, and her of the velvet hand he pleased by fondling her children, a girl and a boy, round limbed, smooth skinned things. It was pleasant to see this savage lavish kisses and caresses on his children. Sandilli has many and grave faults, but indifference to his offspring is not one of them.

Now came a message about the dress of the bride to the father; the mother is not supposed to take any concern in the matter. The

\* The Amapondo Chief Umhlangazi, *vide* Native Affairs Blue-book for 1875, p. III :—  
 "One of the young men, Umhlangazi, is one of the principal Pondo chiefs. He is married to Sandilli's daughter, Victoria, and they live in a neat house, and live an honourable and useful life. He left his wife and children, and went to study at Lovedale for two years. Government at once undertook to pay for his and his companion's education. She kept up school, and services and cleanliness around her, alone in her village, during her husband's absence. He is acquiring much influence, and is a patriotic man, and at the same time very loyal and grateful to Government and England."

messenger went backwards and forwards, I daresay half-a-dozen times on the same subject. The dress usual on such occasions consists of beads, clay, and a girdle of oribi skin, but, out of deference to his European visitors, Sandilli ordered that she should be cloaked, and no paint used. After a great deal of palaver all was ready, and we repaired to the kraal where the ceremony of betrothal was to take place. All the men and councillors assembled there, but as women may not enter their husband's kraal, or indeed any save a father or brother, so here again the mother of the girl was excluded.

Our cart was drawn close up, the pole resting on the kraal fence, that from it we might hear and see; and a ludicrous accident occurred, which I mention to show the decorum and good breeding of the Kafir. Mrs. S. and I both stepped into the back seat, and, as a consequence, up went the pole, placing us in a very undignified position. Not one laughed or screamed, nor did any move except our own attendants, who speedily let down the tent and released us.

The bride and her chief female attendant or bridesmaid, were now seen slowly approaching, both draped in cloaks of ox-hide, reaching from the throat to the ground, so cut that they hung in graceful folds. Over the face and head a veil was thrown, as is the custom among us, only that the material was rather an unsuitable one according to our notions—to wit, black silk. Behind each walked an attendant holding the veils, and other two preceded, one acting as guide to the blindfolded pair, the other carrying a mat to be spread in the middle of the kraal. The mat having been spread, the two girls seated themselves upon it, tailor fashion, facing the assembly, and the followers in quite a courtly manner removed the veils. The poor bride was a touching picture to look at. An artist wishing to pourtray resignation might have taken her for his model. She is a pretty girl, with large languid eyes, oval face, European features, and pensive cast of countenance. After being unveiled for about a minute, the veils were replaced, and speeches were then made to the girl by her father and others as to her duties in the new sphere she was about to occupy. Sandilli broke down in his, and covering his head with his blanket wept. The feast consisted of boiled beef and sour milk, of which a portion was sent to us in nice clean dishes. This ended the day's proceedings, and the bride started immediately

on her journey, conducted by sixteen men (among whom were eight very old ones), as it is not deemed expedient to keep her at home after the betrothal ceremony is gone through. Several Christian women joined her at the first halting place, which was but a short distance off, and accompanied her the whole way in the wagon of the Rev. Tyo Soga.

Out of deference to the wishes of her future husband, Sandilli consented to his daughter casting aside the garb of heathenism and assuming European clothing as soon as she joined Mr. Soga's wagon ; and for this purpose he had provided her with a very neat and substantial outfit.

Victoria may be called the Princess Royal of the Gaikas, being the only daughter of Sandilli's great wife. She was brought up at the kraal of Sandilli's chief councillor till she was about twelve years of age, when she was placed under the charge of Mr. Soga, in whose house she remained some years, and was treated as one of the family. She proved remarkably docile and of gentle disposition, and showed very decided leanings towards Christianity, although she did not make an open profession. Shortly after the failure of the proposed marriage of her elder sister Emma\* with Qeya, the chief of the Tambookies, owing to the very strong opposition of the Tambookies to their chief marrying in Christian fashion, and being therefore, restricted to one wife, Sandilli, fearing a similar failure in the case of Victoria, and that if she openly professed Christianity, he would lose the hundred head of cattle he might fairly expect to obtain for her, according to Kafir custom, removed her from Mr. Soga's charge to his own kraal, and compelled her to smear herself with red clay and wear a blanket. This was a cause of great grief to the poor girl, but as she was a minor she had no recourse but to submit to her father's authority.

From that time until this suitor, who is in a manner civilized and Christianized, proposed for her, she has remained with her father, where, save for being compelled to conform to heathen dress and customs, she has been kindly treated. It was manifest, however, that she was not happy ; she longed to return to Umgwali, and though she did not complain, it was painful to those who felt an interest in her to see her expression of settled melancholy.

\* Since married to the m'n'r Tembu Chief Stockwe.

Sandilli addressed his daughter as follows : “ Young maiden, daughter of a fallen people, child of two miserable people who have seen great trouble, and have been wanderers : you are about to leave them ; may your lot be happier than theirs. This is no longer your home. You leave the house of your fathers as your mother left the house of her fathers, and you are no longer ours. On this the day of parting, hear the words of your father. To this day you have had no duties. Now your position is about to change. We have surrendered you to one who is to be in the place of a father to you, and I now relinquish all claim to you, and authority over you. You will have to perform household duties : do not despise them because you are the daughter of Sandilli. Councillors and others will assemble at your new home ; their wants must be cared for by you. Live not in plenty while they are in want. This is the custom of your country ; leave it behind. Should scarcity come over the land, and your pot is small, prepare it not in private to eat in secret. This is the custom of your land ; leave it behind. In want let all see what you have ; seeing, they will be satisfied and not deprive you. Be liberal and generous with your substance. Your husband’s people are your children. They look for food and clothing to their mother. Be not selfish. Selfishness is the custom of your land ; leave it here. Should you be asked to give away what you would keep, say not it is not yours. This is the custom of your land ; leave it here. Give liberally and retain what you require, saying you will not part with it. Say not you are the daughter of Sandilli ; it will bring you no honour. Your honour must come from your husband. Honour whom he honours. Seek for friendship from his friends and councillors. So doing you will obtain favour from your husband, and secure the love of his people ; and thus you may be an asylum and refuge to the wanderers of your father’s people. A reproach is upon us, in that our daughters, who are married to chiefs of other tribes, have left their husbands and returned to us. That was in my father’s time ; in mine it shall not be. Let me not see your face coming to me secretly and alone. When you visit me, come as the wife of a chief, as the daughter of a chief. Come attended. Come by day. Send to me when in need, and you shall not want, if I have wherewith to supply your

need. Your father has told you to follow the example of your mother, and to hold fast to the teachings of the son of Soga (Rev. Tyo Soga). This is right, and embraces all. God created me. You are His gift to me. He has preserved you to this day, and I cannot deny it. Do not imagine that to-day I wish you to cast away the teachings of the son of Soga. I cannot commit so great a sin. I gave up my eldest daughter, my first-born child. I consented to let her be married against the custom of my fathers, and now she is lost to me. You have to-day put off the European dress; it is but for to-day, in order that we may conform to the customs of our fathers. I have performed my duty towards you; hereafter you are to conform to the wishes and customs of your husband. He has desired that you will come to him according to the customs of the English. I have, therefore, at great cost, provided you to meet his wish. You are to take with you your native dress; if your husband approves it not, destroy it and cast it from you. I am a sinner and not a Christian; nevertheless, I testify again the truth of what our father has said, "Cast not away the teachings of the son of Soga," and if you love and serve God He may comfort and help you in this land of strangers."

Sandilli, being at this point overcome by his feelings, covered his head with his blanket and wept.

B.

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## An Historical Parallel.

IN the sorrowful story, recently told, of the murder by the Pondomise Chief Umhlonhlo, of Messrs. Hamilton Hope, Henman, and Warrene, the representatives of Government in the Qumbu District, East Griqualand, there are many circumstances which suggest as a parallel the treacherous massacre of Retief and the Emigrant Boers by the Zulu King Dingaan.

Peter Retief, like Hamilton Hope, was warned in his negotiations with Dingaan to be always on his guard, and not to trust the truculent chief's professions of friendship and goodwill. But in the execution of his business he felt there was no help for it, and wrote to his friends, "What can I do otherwise than leave our case in the hands of the Almighty, and patiently await his will? He will, I hope, enable me to acquit myself of my difficult task as becomes a Christian." In like manner, and under very similar circumstances, Mr. Hamilton Hope, in the following letter to the Rev. W. S. Davis, expresses the spirit in which he and his fellow-officials, in the performance of their duties, went forth to meet their fate:—

Qumbu, October 19th, 1880.

DEAR MR. DAVIS,—I have always been told that I was being led into a trap, but never had such a direct warning as the enclosed. Nevertheless, I believe in Umhlonhlo's keen sense of his best advantage, and in his ambition to this extent, that he will not kill me; but the risk is there.

Your brother, Henman, and Warrene, to whom I have told all, resolve to see me through it; but I gave them the chance of leaving me, if they liked, and they deserve the greatest praise.

I meet Umhlonhlo and his *impi* to-morrow at Sulenkama, and take as many as I can with me from here; but though I go without hesitation, it is as well to provide for contingencies.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

I go strengthened by the feeling that I am doing right, and that the Almighty will guide me, and if it be his pleasure to take me, that He will take me to Himself, when I shall be in peace. I have done my utmost to steer a straight and proper course in these matters, and if I fail, and have been deceived, I shall have shown that I backed my opinion.

Whatever happens, I believe thoroughly that you and yours are safe.

Yours faithfully,

H. HOPE.

The conduct of Umhlonhlo and Dingaan, after the slaughter of their victims, present an equally remarkable resemblance:



They, each of them, as soon as they began to realise the enormity of the crime they committed, shrank from its consequences, and tried to devise some plea in justification of their violent and cruel action.

The following was the message sent by Dingaan to the Cape Government, a month after Retief's death :—

Umqunqunlove, March, 1838.

TO THE KING OVER THE SEA.

Dingaan, King of the Zulus, sends word that the Boers came here to make war upon him, and for that reason he has killed them. The King says that he did not begin with them, but they with him. Dingaan says he wished to be at peace with the King beyond the waters, the white people, meaning the people at Natal and others. The King says he wishes them to visit him, and to trade as aforetime. He says he would like to hear news from the King of England, and to send news, and they must greet each other. He will never speak evil of the King of England.

The people of Natal have made him their enemy, because they will not come here any more. He says he has taken care of them. He wishes to hear word from the King of England about it.

DINGAAN,

King of the Zulus.

Written at his request, by A. E. Wilson, one of the American Missionaries.

The above communication however, was, accompanied by the annexed letter from the Rev. Mr. Wilson, which, it will be observed, disposes at once of Dingaan's charges against the Boers:—

Port Elizabeth, 5th April, 1838.

To His Excellency the Governor Sir G. T. NAPIER, &c.

SIR,—The above is a copy of a letter dictated by Dingaan to the King of England. I was aware of His Majesty's decease, but thought it not necessary to correct him. In good faith to Dingaan, I think it my duty to put into your hands this communication. However, I must, in justice to the Boers, say that he had no evidence to believe that they had come with hostile intentions. Indeed, Retief, at the time of his death, was in Dingaan's country with his express permission. Neither is there evidence to believe anything occurred during the visit to excite the anger of the Zulu King. But finding Retief and his party in his power, he thought by destroying them he would strike a decisive blow.

With much consideration, I am yours, &c.,

A. E. WILSON.

The originals of these letters are in the Colonial Office.

JNO.

## The French Refugee.\*

I tell of the noble Refugee  
 Who strove in a holy faith,  
 At the altars of his God to bow,  
 When the road it was marked with death.

How vain was the flight, in the wild midnight,  
 To the forest's inmost glade ;  
 Where the holy few, to those altars true,  
 On the greensward knelt and prayed.

When the despot's sword and the bigot's torch  
 Had driven him forth to roam  
 From village, and farm, and city, and town,  
 He sought our Island Home.

And store of wealth, and a rich reward,  
 He brought in his open hand,  
 For many a peaceful art he taught,  
 Instead of the foeman's brand.

And boldly he fought for the land he'd sought,  
 When the battle storm awoke,  
 In the tented field, or the guarded fort,  
 Or on board our hearts of oak.

And dear to him now is the red crossed flag  
 (His ancient hate and fear),  
 And well does he love his adopted land,  
 And the friends who've welcomed him here.

### CHORUS.

Hey! for our land, our English land,  
 The land of the brave and the free ;  
 Who with open arms in the olden time,  
 Received the Refugee.

\* Song composed by Dr. Byles, Medical officer of the French Protestant Hospital, London, and frequently sung at the general court dinners of the institution.

## A Sketch from a Chalet.

FOUR bare walls surround me, roughly covered with a sort of grey white stucco ; a rough ceiling supplied by the neighbouring firs shelters our heads ; and below is a floor of the same, underneath which, as the sun sets and the twilight creeps apace, the gentle cows coming from the immediate heights take refuge for the night, making their presence heard through the silent hours by a constant and musical tinkle, varied by a sort of half sigh half snort, of unutterable contentment. The near smell of new mown hay from the loft above suggests a thoughtful care for the coming needs of winter, when the kindly juicy grass will be covered up hard and fast in the iron and unyielding grip of frost and snow. A ponderous door of double wood secures the whole, and a lattice iron-barred defies all possible intruders,—a rare possibility, however, as our trusty guide tells us—“you may carry your money *comme ça*” (holding a piece of paper wide open between his palms) “from one end of our valley to the other—and no harm will befall you. Still, I confess, when I was a lad of eighteen, it was ever my custom to sleep in this same Chalet with my carbine by my side, but then” (with a shrug of the shoulders) “I was young,” and another shrug conveying the idea, foolish also!

To return to our Chalet, I spoke of *bare* walls ; but I must pay due deference to a sort of book-shelf arrangement at one end, in which are stowed sundry cracked plates, some red earthenware basins, and half-a-dozen pewter knives and forks, not to speak of a certain little mysterious corner of the same where one finds sundry crooked nails, a few rusty screws, and various greasy looking little odds and ends which are better seen than touched ! Another single shelf running close along the ceiling presents an array of what would best be termed a little of everything. Several shining tins of potted stuff, a gutta percha drinking cup, a diminished packet of tobacco, a parasol, a plate of fruit and a modest pile of household linen ! Below this is a sort of impromptu shrine, or my “Fetish” as I call it. A rough wooden crucifix stained black hangs from a nail, and there is a little old faded portrait about which I have my own superstition,

since in years gone by I rescued it from the hungry waves when life was lost and everything else perished.

I must not forget to mention our roosting place, a sort of gigantic wooden box, raised about two feet from the floor, and open at one side for a palpable reason. A quantity of fresh hay at the bottom covered with a blanket makes a not uncomfortable bed. In addition we boast of a miniature stove at times, somewhat addicted to smoking, but which we can replenish at will from a pile of wood in the opposite corner. A bench, a small table, and two sarcophagus-like boxes which serve the purpose of bread basket and provision holders generally, complete our *ménage*.

But why linger over these details when nature invites us so temptingly outside? One of these prettily spotted, moss grown, granite rocks offers a fitting stand-point, from whence, look where you will, north, south, east, and west, at every turn behold a picture! In front, scowling down upon us at times, but to-day less stern and rugged in the sunlight, softened over with sundry greeny grey patches of long-suffering vegetation, rises almost sheer from its base, and dividing into two diamond-shaped peaks at the top, the locally named "Bishop's Mitre;" its hoary feet laved by a glacier stream and shrouded by the faithful firs which seem ever striving to veil its repelling bareness with their tender mossy folds, till struggling upwards, they lose their strength and vigour in the vain attempt; and at last, repelled by the cold and unyielding rocks, they cease to be altogether. To the right of this, the dazzling contrast between the cloudless sky, the hard bold outline of more grey rocks, and the cold white glacier lying in between, is almost oppressive, and the eye turns with relief to the head of the valley, where the mountains abruptly slope away,—looking by contrast of distance barely more than hills, and softening into mere outline, blending themselves finally with the blue ether beyond. To the left, and last not least, our crowning feature, the King of Mountain kings, the great *white* mountain! the Monarch by right of stature of all the snow-crowned peaks; and yet, by reason of the lofty foreground, his royal proportions are scarcely appreciable, and the fringing outline of fir trees hard by take somewhat from the awful presence, though scarcely from the beauty, of his world-renowned and royal summit. Lower down

he has shaken his clinging snow garments from off his mighty shoulders and emerges in all his rocky and rugged nakedness, defiant, desolate, dour, and dreadful.

Opposite, we have a truly pastoral picture sloping skywards, a scattering of rough châteaux, more or less in a state of picturesque dilapidation, looking like the work of instinct rather than of art, nestling at all angles with the waving stone-bestrewed ground.

Our own demesne is not more imposing than the rest, and is only marked from the others by a little red earthenware basin filled with flowers ornamenting our tiny window sill. Beyond, again, a grassy slope (the autumn pasturage), dotted with the prevailing grey boulders. Anon, a long belt of firs; and farther on more green pastures and more grey rocks dotted here and there with dwarfed and scrubby firs. Distant voices, a far-away tinkle, an occasional happy "moo," borne on the breeze which comes direct, tells that the dainty cows are laying by fat and strength for the coming scarcity of winter, and making hay while the sun shines.

Contrasting, outwardly at any rate, and almost grimly with this lavish bounty of natural beauty, are the weather-beaten, sun-burnt sons and daughters of the soil. Only outwardly, however. Talk to them, live amongst them, be one of them, and you will soon learn how truly human in the better sense they are, despite their horny hard exterior. Here comes the dear old Grandmère of the village. I already entertain quite an affection for her, and the feeling is warmly responded to. Our chamois hunters having started at the first glimmer of daylight, and having passed myself through the various stages from drowsiness to wide-awakeness, she comes with her cheery cracked voice to wish me good morning and ask how I have slept; and seems equally pleased or concerned according to my report. Having fetched me a bucket of the coldest and clearest water from the little stream hard by, when I have completed my modest toilette, we proceed to arrange for our morning meal. The excited and important cackling of sundry fussy young hens the day before affords me every confidence in ordering two fresh eggs, and they are speedily forthcoming. And now our cooking begins. My first attempt at making a fire having literally ended in smoke, I leave that important function to Rosalie, and busy myself with sundry

odds and ends more within the range of my modest capacity, to wit, fetching out the pewter spoons, the little red basins for coffee, and spreading out a much cherished *Times* newspaper to do duty as a table cloth, and generally what in English parlance we should call—laying the table. All this time our talk is of the most animated description. Strange to say we thoroughly understand each other. More I fancy, however, by the language of sympathy than by the actual means of words and grammar, as our French is by no means perfect and still less polished. In spite of my cheerfulness, old Rosalie cannot understand the why and wherefore of my being here, and “*pauvre femme*” is her constant exclamation. “Can I be doing penance? No (on second thoughts) I look too innocent for that!” At last, in a moment of inspiration which brings her very near the truth, she exclaims, “*Ah! Vous suivez votre Mari, c’est tout,*” and after that (with her truly feminine sense of devotion), she has ceased to wonder. Poor old Rosalie! Who would think to look at thee with that shrivelled and bent form, that seamed and parchment-like face, which but for its expression of intelligence and kindliness would scarce be human, that thou too hast had thy romance, hast loved and lost, and that life even to thee now lacks its object. One day seeing her look rather pensive, I asked her,

“Do you ever wish to die?”

“Yes,” she said; “sometimes.”

“And why?”

“Oh! my husband is dead. We lived together for fifty-eight years, and only a year ago he was taken from me, and now I am alone, except for this” (and here she put her withered hand affectionately on the head of her grandson); “and he is very dear.”

Her children have all gone from her, nearer to the towns and villages, where they can make a better living, and she is left with the charge of a few precious cows and goats, and the task of making cream cheeses and what butter she can, to live out her last solitary days, untended and alone, even to the bitter end.

But I do not wish to picture old Rosalie’s life as altogether a sad one. She has her happy moments; and with the elastic temperament of her

rice, she is ever ready to forget the shadows and avail herself gladly of all the sunny gleams that may chance to light up her way. Setting all the greater store by them, since they are few and far between. There are no men in our village; they are all away working hard for the winter's needs. Besides Rosalie and myself there is only one other inhabitant, a young woman and her four chubby children, to whom I am a great source of wonderment. Rosalie is never idle. When her usual duties are done, she mechanically takes up her knitting. One day she was much amused when I insisted on her giving me a lesson. I laughed a good deal over it, and was doubtless very clumsy, but we both kept our tempers, and made a joke of it, and though I may not have learnt my task, I earned the satisfaction of being told I was "*une dame si gracieuse*." Another time, I asked her if a priest came their way; at which she laughed and said, "No, never; what do we want with a priest since we do penance all the day long. Has madame tasted the bread we eat?" Whereupon she produced a lump of something which looked more like a piece of brown granite than anything else, and felt equally hard and heavy. "Well to-day at any-rate," I said (and it was Friday), "we will not do penance;" and a happy thought seizing me, I drew out our own large soft and snowy loaves from our tiny cupboard, cut half-a-dozen thick impossible looking slices, covered them with jam and butter almost equally thick, and the old woman and myself, the five children and the mother, sitting down in a circle, gave ourselves up to silent and unalloyed enjoyment. Mine, I must confess, was of a more reflected nature, as from my youth up I have had a prejudice against very thick slices; however I managed to conceal the fact, and to appear just as sorry and pensive as the rest when our "jam pieces" (as they say in Scotland) came to an end.

What would not many of our somewhat strait-laced and prejudiced English folks have secretly given to have exchanged Sunday with me a few days ago; had they conceived of anything better than the inevitable putting on of "Sunday best," and the inevitable routine of Sunday services and sermons, with the inevitable weariness at the close of the day? Not that I (renegade though I am) am altogether wanting in a *proper* spirit of devotion. Devoutly and heartily as we threw open our Chalet door, and the morning burst upon us

in all its early freshness, did I respond to the grand and stately words of the "Te Deum" which came naturally uppermost, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting;" and later on as I chose at will from that compilation of all that is simple, musical and beautiful (bar the commination) whatever suited my mood, how joyfully did I join as one of God's creatures, in the "Benedicite omnia opera," which calls upon all created things to "Praise Him and magnify Him for ever." Towards midday, as the "Mari" had occasion to walk into the neighbouring village of C., I accepted the invitation of Charlotta (the young woman I have already mentioned) to take a walk with her. Followed by the five children we merrily clambered and alternately stumbled up the rapidly rising slopes at the back of our village. Now through the sombre firs, here stopping to pick a flower, then to take a draught from one of the many limpid springs which whisper and rustle at your feet, go where you will, and again to pause in silence to wonder and to worship. Charlotta and I have much in common: she has children and so have I; she loves her husband, and so do I mine; she was poor, had no cows, no goats, no anything, yet her husband took her, for her own sweet sake; and after waiting and working for ten long years they married and lived happy ever after. I told her, I too had no cows, and truly said she, "so we are equals." Happy careless Charlotta has had one sorrow in her life. Her first-born son, after living a few months, dwindled away and died. "Ah!" said she, "how I cried. I thought I should cry for ever; but when another child came, I ceased to cry, and soon I was comforted." Leaving the firs behind, we emerged on to more green slopes, and soon we reached the Chalet where Charlotta kept her five pretty cows, the pride of her heart, and which she was most anxious that I should see. They had just been milked, and we found them all snugly tied up in their stables, but sniffing about rather eagerly, and getting a little restive, as they knew full well it was about time for them to be released once more to make their last meal for the day on the pastures near by. Charlotta had names for them all, pretty enough, but rather regardless of sense; and as they filed out of their shed one by one, she gravely introduced them. There goes "Torino;" and this is "Parigi," and this is "Genova," and so on until they were all pro-



perly presented. The goats being inferior animals were not so distinguished, likewise the four dirty but friendly pigs, who in perfect good part wiped their long grubby snouts against my skirts, and otherwise expressed their goodwill in a most touching and friendly manner. The three cow-herds, with their hairy faces and their quaint one-legged milking stools still attached, looked amazingly like the proverbial connecting links; but with the charming unconsciousness peculiar to them they received me gravely and most politely, and wished me "*Bon appétit*" as Charlotta handed me a huge wooden bowl filled to the brim with the newest milk, to which in the excess of her hospitality she had added the richest and thickest of cream and a slice of their best brown bread, giving me of their best, willingly, gladly, but making no apology. Kindly gentle people, ye have taught me a lesson in hospitality which it would be well for some of us to adopt, instead of sacrificing to that truly English, albeit somewhat contemptible, goddess *respectability*, turning what should be a source of simple joy and blessedness into one of grudging envy and discontent. And so, though I have missed my regular Sunday sermon, I have picked up something equally good, by the hedges and bye-ways, from the mouths of "babes and sucklings."

Though Charlotta and our host had endless subjects to talk over and discuss in their native "patois," I was not left out in the cold, and a remark was made to me in their best French whenever the idea occurred to them of anything that might interest or amuse me. My attention being attracted by a huge smoking cauldron filled with what looked like boiling curds and whey, I was much interested to learn that it was one of the first stages of the far-famed Gruyère making. "Would madam like to go into the cave where the cheeses are kept?" "Very much;" and so I am taken into a sort of cellar with shelves ranged all round, and almost bending under the weight of several hundred of these giant cheeses all in different stages of seasoning, and varying, according to age, from a pale primrose to a dusky orange, and all looking equally inviting. Two of these monsters are made on an average a day, and in three months they are made for the year, and our host betakes himself, cows, goats, and all, to the lower grazing grounds, where it is less cold, and there is more fodder for his all-absorbing charge.

If my readers are at all interested I should feel I was depriving them of a special interest if I did not present them to our guide philosopher and friend, "Lanier." Honest, bold, independent, yet courteous withal, with an exterior by no means contemptible: rather tall, but strongly built, spare and sinewy, with dark hair and keen piercing eyes, with features not unrefined, looking altogether a man of no small purpose and determination of character.

He is a guide and "chasseur" of no mean reputation, and all who employ him place unlimited trust and confidence in him. He has a keen love of adventure, and I fancy from sundry dark hints which drop from him now and again, that in his younger days, when he was less sedate, it was rather his delight to tread as closely as he dare on the snarling heels of the much hated "Douaniers," and a triumph worth a King's ransom if he succeeded in outwitting the equally detested "Gardes-de-chasse." I can fancy how his eyes must have flashed, as drinking their wine together, he related to his boon companions how he had just circumvented two of these latter, who had spied them out on the forbidden heights and had held the pass (the only available way known to them) until they were tired; and meanwhile how our hero with the agility and sure-footedness of a chamois, had found his way down by some impossible track to the village of C—, in time to give his pursuers a smiling welcome and condole with them with the utmost friendliness and *sang-froid* over their vexation and disappointment. Moreover, it is the proudest boast of his heart that his father, now an old man of seventy-two, but still a "*brave homme*" for his age, enjoyed himself for many a year as a "*Contrebandier*;" and only on being *attrapé*, and made to suffer the penalties of the law, did he come to the mature conclusion that the game was not worth the candle. Lanier has the courage and the generosity of a true sportsman, and confesses to a sneaking feeling of its being scarcely fair to worry the shy gentle and inoffensive chamois whose only means of defence is in flight. He would like to go to a country where the animals are "*féroce*," and take some killing, and where blood for blood is the savage rule of their brute kingdom.

Nevertheless Lanier has at times, when not excited by "*la chasse*," a somewhat pensive air; and wondering why at his time of life he was yet unfettered, I determined to find out all I could about his private concerns at the earliest opportunity. Accordingly having

brewed some tea (that essential to a proper gossip) in a wine bottle (no teapot being available), Charlotta and I proceeded to put our combined fingers into Lanier's pie, and this was the digested result. For a long time he loved his liberty better than anything else, but at last, with the usual perversity of his sex, he grew tired of it, and thought, for the sake of change, he would like to try the silken fetters of domestic life. Forthwith the Fates humoured him, at least to some extent. A saucy damsel with fair hair, blue eyes, and all the other snares (but by no means of a suitable age), crossed his path and slew him as surely and as truly as ever bullet had slain his equally innocent victims. With all the assurance of an inexperienced moth that has never ventured near the flame before, our hero after drinking wine with his comrades and receiving their congratulations, rushed headlong into the fire, to come forth wingless, maimed, and utterly crestfallen. Boasting all the folly and heartlessness of youth, the silly wench lost no time in publishing her triumph, and so poor Lanier, in addition to his wounded pride and a sore heart, has to bear the jokes and jeers of his not too sympathizing friends.

Here old Rosalie comes to me in great grief. One of the cows on the heights belonging to her son, of whom she seems to stand in great awe, had calved during the night, and for want of proper care the "pauvre petit" had died. What would her son say? I tried to comfort her as well as I could, but it was a sad day altogether for Rosalie. Moreover, there was another grievance. A little girl who helped to mind the cows, had come to her in tears to say that one of the saucy things in a fit of naughtiness or hunger had tweaked off her head, the handkerchief by which she set great store, and mangled it to such an extent that it was no longer fit to wear. Here at any rate was a difficulty I could grapple with, so telling her not to bemoan it any more, as I knew where lots of them were to be had, and promising to send her one of the most gorgeous description as soon as I got to C——, she was soon consoled.

Alas! this is our last evening amongst the grey cony-like dwellings of these children of nature. But what an evening to say farewell! Though we leave the tangible and

actual behind, a recollection so bright will scarcely seem less vivid. The sun has set, at least for us, behind those rocky ramparts whose outlines look like dusky carvings wrought by giant hands against a crystal sky. Reflected from the sun god's rosy couch, a ruddy golden light spreads over the milk white clouds, which streaming far and wide like tattered war-worn banners, make triumph in the skies. Anon, in honour to the Mountain King, a canopy of richer gold has spread itself above his calm white front, which creeping downwards with a fairy grace, soon wraps him from our wondering gaze. Much tinkling of bells hard by, shouts from the herd boy to keep the wilful things together, and here they come, the pretty creatures tossing their heads in merry wantonness. Suddenly they stand stock still and eye me with a calm criticism which is almost embarrassing, and makes me long to speak cow language in order to ask them what they think of me. Meanwhile an old "nanny," who has less respect of persons, is proceeding to enjoy the frugal meal I have just prepared; betrays herself, however, by a self-satisfied chuckle, and I am only just in time, by means of frantic gesticulations and a menacing expression, to rescue the remains of our supper.

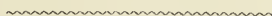
Mid sundry shrieks of excitement from the women and children, our huntsmen appear, with a tired but triumphant air, with necks craned forward and shoulders bent, carrying the spoils of the chase, two lusty young chamois with their fore and hind legs tied together, and encircling the foreheads of their captors like triumphal wreaths.

"Hungry as hunters" is no mere expression I found, and though I had nothing to offer our heroes but a very fat little "marmot," killed the day before, with some well baked potatoes, they not only refrained from grumbling, but did ample justice to the novel fare. We all declared in the end we had never made a better meal, *Il n'est sauce, etc.*

The morning broke dull, wet, and drizzling, as if in sympathy with our many regrets in saying good-bye. Charlotta brings a pile of crisp biscuit-like cakes as a farewell offering, and receives in return a time-honoured gown, she has tears in her eyes, and asking what she has done to deserve it! Old Rosalie is equally grateful for a similar gift, and kisses my hand rapturously in acknowledgment. The prettiest and

cleanest paper liras we can find are distributed amongst the children, and to the herd boy also who had brought me mountain berries from time to time. He is overwhelmed, and not knowing how otherwise to express himself he silently extends a dirty albeit honest hand, which is as well shaken as it was well meant.

Gentle and dear people, most simple and therefore most true. In your gratitude at receiving the little I had to bestow, ye little knew how much, aye, how very much more, I had received. If a life-long lesson in contentment, in patient cheerfulness and fortitude, in the daily and honest fulfilment of duty without weariness or question, in simplicity of purpose, and an unasking faith and trust, then I am your debtor for life and even it may be in the life to come.



### The Little Old Maid's Story.

BEFORE I begin my story, let me tell you that I am an old maid, and that I lived once in a little house in a very quiet street in a small country town. My life was rather lonely, though not cheerless, for in the many years I had lived there I had made a few friends, and these often came in to have a cup of tea or a quiet chat with me. It has, however, been very uneventful, and its romance is told in a few words: I loved him, but he loved another. Ah! well, that is all over now; and at fifty my eyes are as bright and my hair as dark as, when a young girl, I joined in the merry dance, or wandered with my sister and brother in the woods and fields about my old home. All is changed now; the old home is in the hands of strangers, the kind father and little brother sleep in the quiet churchyard, the sister is married, and lives far away, while I, once the belle of the village, am a little old maid. Many a time my sister wrote and entreated me to go and make my home with her, but I loved my independence too well, and with my dear old pussy, my saucy canary, and my flowers, I lived a cheerful if solitary life, until my darling took me away to her own beautiful home; but I will tell you of that presently. One being I loved with all the love and pride of an old maid's heart, and that was Reginald, my sailor nephew, who always came to see him on his return from his voyages, and whom I still spoil dreadfully, as he often tells me.

But I was not going to tell you of myself; my story is about my opposite neighbour. The house had been to let for a long time; it began to wear a neglected, desolate look; some of the windows were broken, and the tiny garden in front was over-run with weeds. One morning, however, when my little servant brought in my breakfast, she told me the astonishing news that number 20 was taken. "Number 20 taken!" I exclaimed, "are you sure if it, Maria?" "Quite sure, mem," she answered, "the baker told me they came last night, for their servant went round for bread. An old gentleman and a young lady, Brown says, for he asked of the servant, and so she informed him." "Well, I am surprised," I said; "and very glad also, for it had such a

dreary look ; I do dislike an empty house just opposite." I finished my breakfast, and, going to the window, began pulling the dead leaves off my flowers. I heard the gate opposite shut to, and looking up, saw a young lady emerge from number 20. She was clad in a plain black dress, and carried a roll of music in her hand. I caught just a glimpse of a pale face and golden hair under her hat and thick veil, and then she rapidly passed up the street. I looked out frequently during the day, but saw nothing of the old gentleman, nor any sign of the young lady returning, until, about five o'clock, she appeared, coming slowly down the street. She rang the bell ; the door was opened by an untidy looking servant, and she entered the house. Later on I saw her come to the window, look out a moment, and then draw down the blind, and I sat down to my lonely meal, filled with curiosity concerning my new neighbours. A week passed ; the windows were mended at No. 20, and the house began to wear a more cheerful aspect. All Hurst-street was in a state of suppressed excitement about the inmates, for nobody knew who they were, or whence they came. Even the tradespeople knew nothing of them, for the untidy servant went herself every day to the different shops, and bought what was required. Every morning the young lady went out until evening, but nothing yet had been seen of the old gentleman ; in fact, they were, as all Hurst-street said, a complete mystery. "Have you ever seen such strange people?" said Mrs. Roberts, the doctor's wife, to me ; "we don't even know their name. There must be some mystery about them ; they never have any visitors, and don't seem to care to have them ; they are certainly very strange people." One Sunday, about three weeks after they arrived, I saw the young lady come out, and leaning on her arm an old gentleman, who looked a great invalid, and who was, I imagined, her father. "I wonder who they can be!" I said, as I watched them walk slowly up the street. "Poor thing, she seems very young, and her life must be very dull with only that old man for her companion." Some weeks passed, and still the young girl went out every day ; occasionally on Sundays her father accompanied her to church, but more often she would be alone. Their name we found out after a time was Elverton. Some of the neighbours called, but all received the same answer from the untidy

servant. "Miss Elverton was out, and Mr. Elverton too," great an invalid to see any visitors." I had never caught more than a passing glimpse of Miss Elverton's face, much as I wished to, for she always wore a thick veil, and always walked quickly to and from her home. One evening, however, she lingered in the little garden a moment, and with a half impatient, half weary gesture threw back her veil, and then I had a view of the sweetest face I think I ever saw. It looked pale and tired, but it reminded me, somehow, of the face of an angel, and the wistful blue eyes haunted my dreams that night. Only a moment I saw it; then the servant opened the door, a fretful voice inside called "Cecil," and the beautiful vision passed from my sight. Often they forgot to draw down the blind, and I saw them, she bending over her work, and he lying back in his chair asleep; or sometimes she would be by his side, talking to him, or else sitting at the piano cheering the invalid with her sweet music.

So the spring and summer glided by, and one afternoon in autumn as I was returning home from a walk, I met Miss Elverton, and with her, to my surprise, was a gentleman. They lingered a moment in the little garden, and distinctly I heard her say as I passed, "Why have you come back to make me dissatisfied with my duty?" I did not hear what he said, but she answered, "It is useless, I cannot do it." Then they entered the house, and I went back to my fireside to wonder who this stranger was, and what was the meaning of Miss Elverton's words.

The strange gentleman came once or twice after this evening, and gave Hurst-street new cause for wonder. I began to grow greatly interested in the Elvertons, and longed to make their acquaintance, but I knew it was no good venturing on a visit, for I should not be admitted. One evening I was watching her as she stood listlessly by the window, and suddenly I saw a light spring to her eyes and a faint colour steal over her cheek, though she did not move. A moment after I saw the stranger come down the street, and in my heart I felt convinced she loved him, but would not own it. From Maria, my little servant, I had heard that she was a music-teacher and worked hard to support her father and herself. "And he ain't a particular nice gentleman, mem," said Maria, "leastways their Bridget told me he is sometimes that cross that she wonders the



young lady don't get out of patience with him, but she never says nothing, and has always a smile for him."

The stranger had not been for some time, but one evening when Miss Elverton returned home, he came again with her. They entered the little sitting-room, and she sank back into a chair, while he stood by the window with a heavy frown on his face. Presently she rose, and laid her hand on his arm; he turned quickly, and taking her hand in his, seemed to be urging something to which she would not agree. I saw her pale face grow more resolute as they stood there with the twilight deepening round them. They talked earnestly for some moments, then releasing her hand, he took a few hasty turns up and down the room, while she stood looking out of the window with her hands clasped tightly together. After a moment he came to her side again. I saw him urge her once more fiercely, eagerly, but she remained firm. He took the clasped hands in his, looked down on her a second, and then strode rapidly from the room. She stayed there until the last echo of his footsteps died away, then she flung her arms across the table with a quick, passionate gesture, and bowed her head upon them; and I turned away, my eyes full of tears for the lonely girl. The stranger came no more to number 20; but still every day Miss Elverton went out on her weary round of teaching as if nothing had happened to disturb her quiet life.

One Sunday afternoon I was passing the Church, and I heard some one playing the organ. Being passionately fond of music, I entered softly and sat down near the organ loft to listen. The musician was playing a wild, plaintive strain that sounded like the moan of some weary spirit. It grew wilder and louder, then suddenly ceased, and all was silent. I sat still a moment, then moved by a sudden impulse went gently up the stairs. The musician sat before the organ, her head bowed over the keys, her whole frame shaken by a passionate burst of weeping. I recognized at once my opposite neighbour, and longed to go and comfort her; yet dreaded intruding on her grief, but she looked so young and friendless, that at last, impelled by pity, I went up to her and laid my hand on her bowed head.

"Miss Elverton, my dear," I said gently.

She looked up, startled at my sudden entrance, then a crimson

flush came into her face, and she rose up haughtily. "Forgive me my dear," I said, "for intruding, but you looked in such trouble that I could not help coming to try and comfort you. I live opposite you, and take a great interest in you, so I must ask you to excuse an old maid's—believe me—not unkind intrusion, and tell me if I can help you."

A softer look came into the proud eyes, but she answered, "I thank you for your kindness, but no one can help me, I am only tired a little, and came here for rest. You are very kind, but solitude is the best remedy for my troubles."

She turned to descend the steps, then came back, and said more gently, "Do not think me ungracious, but I am in very great trouble; my father is very ill, and I fear he will not be long with me."

"My poor child!" I said, "you are too young to bear this alone; can no one help you? won't you let me?"

"Thank you," she answered, "but my father would not like strangers, and I am used to illness. Thank you once more, and good-bye."

She held out her hand as she spoke, and then went rapidly down the steps, while I returned home full of pity for the young girl, wondering if it were her father's illness alone that had caused that passionate weeping, or if that interview with the dark stranger had not had a great deal to do with it.

Another week passed, and then one morning Maria came in and told me Mr. Elverton was dead.

"Dead!" I exclaimed, greatly shocked by the sudden news, "when did he die, Maria?"

"Last night, mem," she answered, "quite suddint like; and their Bridget says they can't get the young lady to leave the poor old gentleman."

"Poor girl," I said; "give me my bonnet, Maria, I will go over and see her."

When I reached number 20, I found the whole place in confusion; Bridget came to me with her apron to her eyes.

"Oh, mum," she cried, "ain't it just orful? The poor old gentleman gone, and miss upstairs and won't leave him."

"Is the doctor here?" I asked.

"Yes, mum, he's in the parlour; would you please to walk in."

Dr. Roberts came to meet me with a relieved air. "Oh, Miss Stanton," he cried, "I am so pleased to see you; I suppose you have heard of Mr. Elverton's death? He died last night, and his daughter is still there with him. I wish you would try and get her away."

"Poor girl; take me to her," I returned.

Dr. Roberts led me upstairs, and opened the door of a room. "In there," he whispered.

I entered softly, and giving only one glance at the still figure on the bed, I went up to the girl kneeling by the side of it, and laid my hand on her shoulder.

"Miss Elverton, my dear," I said, "come with me; you must not stay here."

She looked up impatiently. "Leave me, I will not go away from him."

"You must come with me," I repeated firmly. "Come, my dear, you can return again."

Yielding to my determined tone, she allowed me to help her to rise, and I led her gently from the room into another, where I made her lie down, while I bathed her burning forehead.

"You are very good," she said wearily; "who are you?"

"I am Miss Stanton," I answered, "the little old maid, who lives opposite; don't you remember?"

"Yes," she answered, then closed her eyes with a tired sigh, and a few moments after was sleeping calmly, while I hastened to inform the doctor of my success. A day or two passed, but Miss Elverton still remained in her room, not exactly ill, but too weak and weary to move or speak.

"She has been doing too much," said the doctor, "and requires a good long rest."

I did not leave her, but took up my abode for the present at number 20. She lay mostly with her eyes closed; taking heed of nothing; but one day about a week after her father's death, I saw her eyes fixed earnestly on my face, as I sat by her bedside.

"Do you want anything, dear?" I asked.

“How did you come here?” she said.

“I came to take care of you,” I answered, “I am Miss Dorothy Stanton, who lives opposite, and I am going to help you to get well.”

“I remember you now,” she said; then a wistful, questioning look came into the violet eyes.

I understood it, and answered softly, “It is true, dear, he is happy now.”

She sighed, and closed her eyes; then opened them again with a grateful look. “You are very good,” she answered. “Will you kiss me?”

I bent over the bed, and from that moment took Cecil Elverton to my heart with the tender unchanging love of an old maid. She soon got better, and then I took her to my home, which I determined should henceforth be hers also.

One evening, when the firelight was merrily glancing on the walls, and brightening up the cosy tea-table, I placed her with triumph on the comfortable sofa, and waited on her as if she were some fairy princess. Then after tea I sat by her side, while she told me her history.

“And you have no relations,” I asked.

“None that I know of,” she replied. “My mother was an only child, and died when I was about five years old. Papa's relations never noticed him after his marriage, and he left England and went to live in France, where I was born. After mamma's death, he placed me at school, and travelled about the Continent; but when I was about twelve or thirteen, he took me with him to Scotland, where we lived for some years, until at last his health failing, we returned to England and settled down here in this quiet town; and now you know my simple story.”

“And is that all, Cecil?” I asked, when she stopped, remembering the dark stranger.

She blushed vividly a moment, then the flush faded, and she said quickly, “All I can tell you now; please ask me no more.” She took my hand in hers, and continued, “You have been very kind to me, and I can never, never thank you enough, but I shall ever think of you when I am far away.”

"Where do you think of going, Cecil?" I asked. "What are you going to do?"

"I will go to London, and there perhaps I may get more pupils," she answered.

"Don't think of that, dear," I said, "my home is yours, and I will never let you leave me to face the world by yourself. No, Cecil, you must not leave me. You say you can never thank me enough; you can, by remaining to gladden the heart of the lonely old maiden; won't you, darling?"

Her only answer was a kiss, but I knew it was settled, she would stay. Months glided by, and my little home seemed doubly happy now, for Cecil Elverton's bright presence gladdened it, and Cecil's sweet face smiled at me across the once lonely hearth. She had ever a bright smile or cheerful word for me, yet at times I saw her sitting with clasped hands, and a weary, longing look in her violet eyes; but though I guessed the reason, I said nothing.

And as if I were not happy enough, I was made still more so by the return of my nephew, my gallant Reggie. One day Cecil had just gone out, and I was bending over my beloved flowers, when I felt a hand over my eyes, and heard a merry laugh.

"Reginald!" I exclaimed rapturously, and the next instant was clasped in a bear-like hug.

"Oh my dear boy, when did you arrive?" I cried.

"Last week," he answered, "I would not let mother write to tell you; I wanted to surprise you. And how are you getting on, aunt Dorothy? I saw such a lovely girl come out of your gate, who is she? I never saw her before; some new friend, I suppose."

I did not answer, for I wanted to surprise him in my turn, so I changed the subject, and Reginald was in the midst of an animated description of his voyage, when the door opened and Cecil appeared. She was about to withdraw seeing a stranger, but I called her. "Come here Cecil, I want to introduce to you my nephew, Lieutenant Melvill." Reginald bowed with an admiring glance at the fair face he had seen at the gate; and as soon as Cecil had left the room, burst out with,

"Why didn't you tell me who she was before, aunt Dolly? I was never so taken aback in my life; she is perfectly lovely; where did you pick her up?"

In a few words I told him how I came to know her. He was greatly interested, and praised her beauty enthusiastically, finishing up by saying, "It must be awfully jolly for you to have her here."

When Cecil re-entered, Reginald turned to her, engaging her in merry conversation, while she smiled brightly, evidently pleased with his handsome face and frank boyish manner. In the evening Cecil played and sang for him, while he leaned entranced against the piano, and I sat and watched them with fond, proud eyes; and as I did so the thought suddenly struck me, that perhaps one day I might call Cecil Elverton my niece. Reginald seemed already half in love with her, and she appeared to like him, and it would not be unlikely; and so I dreamed on, forgetting—foolish old maid—while I built my castles, the dark stranger, and that evening at the window. So the days went by. Reggie and Cecil walked and rode together, sang their favourite songs, and read their favourite books together. Wherever Cecil was, I knew Reggie could not be far off; whenever he was alone with me, he talked of nothing but her; his whole face would change and light up when she came near; in fact before three weeks were over, Reginald was desperately in love with my beautiful Cecil.

He confided his love to me, as he had confided everything ever since he had been able to speak plainly, and I had comforted him in his childish troubles, and helped him out of his boyish scrapes, until now, when he came and poured his love story into my sympathizing ears. Sometimes he would talk hopefully, at other times despairingly.

"It is no use, aunt Dolly," he would say, "I am not good enough for her; she would not look at me; she never gives the slightest encouragement, and shuts up a fellow directly he begins to talk sentiment."

In truth I could not make Cecil out. She would sing and play for Reggie, go out with him whenever he asked, and seemed dissatisfied unless he were with her; but she was too quiet and friendly—too sisterly in fact—to satisfy me that she cared for him as I wanted her to. I could only wait and hope.

One day I was sitting at the window, and I saw them come up the

garden path, Reggie with a cloud on his open sunburnt face, and Cecil with her head drooping sadly. When they entered the house, she went directly upstairs, but Reggie came into the room, and cast himself moodily into a chair opposite me.

“What is it, Reggie?” I said.

“I have asked Cecil Elverton be my wife, and she has refused me, that is all,” he answered.

“Refused you—Reginald!” I cried; “why?”

“Because she doesn’t care for me, I suppose,” he replied. “Everyone is not so in love with your charming nephew as you are, aunt Dolly,” he added with a short bitter laugh, that jarred terribly on me; but I could only repeat sadly, “Refused you, oh! Reggie! and I did think she was learning to care for you.”

“So did I; but it seems we were both mistaken,” he returned. She told me she was sorry, and would always be my friend, and all the rubbish women generally do say when they are breaking a fellow’s heart. Ah! well, I suppose it is all over now. They are all alike,” he went on with another short laugh, “all flirts; but I thought she was different. Ah! aunt Dolly, you are the best after all.”

I rose, and going up to him, laid my hand fondly on his clustering fair hair, saying gently, “Reggie, my poor boy, I am very sorry for you; we have both been disappointed, but we must not let it embitter us, she cannot help not loving you, so we must not be unjust.”

Reggie did not answer; then suddenly he cried, “Tell me, aunt Dorothy, you ought to know, she has lived so long with you; does she care for anyone else?”

He rose as he spoke, and stood looking down on me, waiting for my answer.

“Not that I know of—unless perhaps”—and then I told him of that little scene at the window.

Reginald listened quietly, then giving a deep sigh, he said, “Poor girl, then I suppose she loves him.”

He took my hands, and held them tightly in his a moment; then without another word left the room, while I went to look after Cecil, wondering much in my foolish, fond old heart how anyone could help loving my darling blue-eyed sailor-boy. Cecil was

standing by the window, when I went into her room ; she looked round, then seeing who it was, turned away, and burst into tears. I went up to her, and taking her in my arms, said fondly,

“Cecil, my darling, what is it ?”

“Oh, forgive me,” she cried, “I know I have grieved you, but oh ! Miss Dorothy, I cannot love him as he wants me to.”

“Never mind, dear,” I said, kissing away her tears, “I am not angry ; you cannot help it.”

When she was calmer, I said, “Won't you tell me why you cannot love Reggie, Cecil ?”

“I do like him very, very much, but I cannot marry him, because”—her head drooped low as she spoke, “because, Miss Dorothy, I love another.”

“Love another, Cecil !” I said, “and he ?”

“I will tell you, she said, a crimson blush tingeing her pale cheeks. “You have been so good and kind to me, that I ought to have told you all. Listen, Miss Dorothy, I was only sixteen when I first met Eric Strathmore. He was tall and dark, with a handsome grave face, and a tender, musical voice, and, can you wonder, won my girlish fancy from the first ? We often met at the houses of mutual friends, and though he never spoke of love, yet sometimes I caught a look in his dark eyes, that made my heart thrill with sudden joy. About a year after we first met, he left Scotland for some appointment in India, but his last words were, ‘Don't forget me ; we shall meet again.’ Soon after, my father, as I told you before, lost the little money he had, and we came to live here ; and one day I saw Eric Strathmore again. He had come home to ask me to be his wife, and go out to India with him, but I refused, for I could not leave my father ; it would have killed him to go out there, and so I must stay with him. It was a hard struggle, for Eric pleaded eloquently, but I fought against my love and would not give way ; so Eric left me in anger, and I have never seen him since ; but, oh ! I love him dearly still.”

She leaned against me, and wept bitterly while I smoothed her fair hair, and loved her more as I thought of the brave spirit that had so nobly given up everything for the sake of duty. So I soothed and petted her, and spoke no more of Reggie ; but when I went to



bed that night I mourned over my boy's disappointment, and the downfall of my hopes. The next day Reggie returned home.

"I cannot stay here; aunt Dolly," he said, "and know that all is over now. Tell her not to mind, that I am sorry I grieved her, and will always be a true friend to her. Good-bye, dear auntie, don't trouble about your boy, he'll be all right."

He kissed me with a smile in his blue eyes to comfort me, though I knew his heart was heavy; and then he went away, my handsome, gallant Reggie; and Cecil and I were alone again.

Well, days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, and Cecil and I still lived on our quiet lives, varied now and then by a little tea party, or musical evening at one or other of my old friends.

But one winter afternoon I returned home, and saw an astonishing sight in my little parlour. On the hearth stood a tall, dark bearded stranger, holding in his arms—and here I fairly gasped for breath—Miss Elverton, my Cecil, whose face was hidden on his shoulder. A moment I stood amazed, then suddenly I remembered Eric Strathmore, and at once concluded this must be he; so I gave an introductory cough, and advanced into the room. They turned round, confused at my sudden entrance; then Cecil, her beautiful face aglow with happiness, came forward, and caught me in her arms.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, he has come back," she cried.

"I kissed her fondly, and then turned to greet the stranger. He had only just returned from India, and had come again to seek Cecil.

"I could not do without her any longer," he said smiling down in his grave way on Cecil, whose violet eyes were radiant with her newly-found joy. I guessed how it would all end, and I rejoiced for my darling's sake, though I knew how lonely I should be, but I said nothing of this to her. And a few weeks later, Cecil, all tears and smiles, hung round my neck, and her husband held my hand in both his as they thanked me for what they termed my kindness in taking to my home the friendless girl; as if it had not been all to my advantage to have so loving and gentle a companion to gladden my lonely hearth. Well, and so they went off to India, and I turned back to my faithful pussy and my merry dickie, and lived my old life again, though I missed my darling sorely.

Five years have passed, and I have only a few words to add to my story. Reggie has quite got over his boyish love for Cecil, and has married a bright, dark girl, with merry brown eyes, quite the opposite in all respects to Cecil ; but I love Reggie's Katie dearly too. Cecil and Eric have come home for good ; he has bought a large estate in England, and I have left my little house in Hurst-street, said good-bye to Maria, and with pussy and dickie, taken up my abode with my darling. My cup of happiness is filled to overflowing. Cecil and her husband love and honour me, their eldest child is my god-daughter, little Dolly, and her sister and brothers all love and cling to me, and I really think I am the happiest little old maid in existence.

GUSSIE.



THE  
CAPE MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE.

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VOL. IV.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1881.

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CAPE TOWN :—J. C. JUTA.

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LONDON :—TRUBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.

PARIS :—J. G. FOTHERINGHAM.

BERLIN :—ASHER & CO.

LEIPSIG :—F. VOLKMAR.

VIENNA :—GEROLD & CO

NEW YORK :—INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY.

MELBOURNE :—G. ROBERTSON.

CAPE TOWN :  
SAUL SOLOMCN AND CO., PRINTERS,  
ST. GEORGE'S STREET.

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THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

PIETER HACKIUS,

INSTALLED 25 MARCH 1670, DIED 30 NOVEMBER 1671.

No. VII.

FOR several months after the arrival of Mr Hackius nothing beyond the ordinary quiet routine of life occurred in the settlement. The Commander himself was for some time unable to take an active part in the administration of affairs, and it was not until June that he held his first Council meeting. It had become necessary to make greater efforts to destroy the lions and leopards which were preying upon the flocks and herds in the settlement. As this was a matter affecting the taxation of the burghers, their Councillors, now increased to three in number, were invited to assist in the deliberations. It was resolved that the premiums for the destruction of ravenous animals should be increased, and that in general half the rewards should be paid out of funds raised by the burghers. In the particular case of lions killed between Table Mountain and the Tigerberg the premium was raised to six pounds five shillings for each, two thirds of which was to be paid by the freemen.

In September the second large fleet fitted out by the new French Company put into South African waters on its way to the East. Admiral De la Haye saluted the fort with five guns, and was answered with only one, which he complained of as an insult to his King. He seems to have expected to be able to get here whatever fresh provisions and sea stores he needed, but he was soon undeceived. Commander Hackius made no objection to his purchasing vegetables from the farmers, but informed him that the

Company could not furnish him with anything from its own gardens or magazines. The Admiral was indignant at receiving such treatment, but at the very time he was asking for supplies he was acting towards the Dutch as enemies.

Six of his ships had put into Saldanha Bay. They found there at the place now called the Old Post, a station occupied by a few soldiers under command of Sergeant Hieronymus Cruse. Of this station they took forcible possession, and made prisoners of the soldiers. Some burgher fishermen who were carrying on their ordinary employment in the bay were also seized and made prisoners. The Company's flag was taken down, and its beacons were destroyed, the French substituting the flag and arms of their king. The Council of Policy entered a formal protest against these acts of violence, but they had no force with which to resist, and so they prudently did nothing to provoke the French further. After a short detention, Admiral De la Haye was good enough to release his prisoners, and he then sailed without leaving any garrison behind. The French flag was not disturbed for four months. Then the garrison at the Cape was reinforced with three hundred men, and the station at Saldanha Bay was again taken in possession and occupied.

At this period there was less distinction made between black men and white than between professing Christians and heathens. A baptized black, indeed, enjoyed all the rights and privileges of a European, but a heathen could hardly be said to have any rights at all. At the Cape there were a few Mohammedan slaves, natives of the Indian Islands, who had been banished to this country as a punishment for crime. Some of these were sentenced to slavery for a limited number of years, after which they became free. The great majority of the slaves were negroes from Madagascar or the mainland of Africa, mostly males, who had been made prisoners in war and had been sold by the chiefs of victorious tribes. Of the children born here of slave mothers only about one fourth were black, the remainder being half breeds. The Commissioner Isbrand Goske, who visited the settlement in February 1671, considered this circumstance so scandalous and demoralizing to the whites that he attempted to legislate against it. The Commissioner had no idea



that heathen Africans understood the obligations of marriage or respected fidelity between man and wife. In his opinion, therefore, the slaves could not be married as long as they remained heathens, but he issued instructions that the females should be matched with males of their own class. They were all to be sent to church twice on Sundays, and every evening they were to be assembled for instruction. The Sick Comforter was then to recite prayers slowly, which they were to be required to repeat after him. As soon as they should be sufficiently advanced in knowledge and should profess belief in Christianity, they were to be baptized and married. All the children were as heretofore to be sent to school, so that none might grow up heathens. And, lastly, especial care was to be taken that no half breeds were retained in slavery.

For a long time the Secunde Cornelis de Cretzer had been the most active member of the Cape government. He was a favourite with the burghers and stood high in the estimation of the superior officers with whom he had come in contact, for he was able, honest, and attentive to his duties. From being a copying clerk he had successively held the offices of Secretary to the Council, Fiscal, and Secunde, and had now the title of Merchant and a good prospect of being Commander of the settlement at no very distant date.

It was customary for the principal officers of ships in the bay to be invited frequently to dine on shore, and as both Mr Borghorst and Mr Hackius were confirmed invalids the duty of receiving and entertaining such guests was sometimes undertaken by Mr De Cretzer. On the 10th of April 1671 the skipper of an Indiaman and a passenger by the same ship dined at the Secunde's house, where they revived an old quarrel between them. De Cretzer endeavoured to pacify them, but the skipper at length became so violent that he assaulted the passenger and it was necessary to employ force to remove him. He went out of the house, but presently returned using threatening language, when the Secunde giving way to passion drew his rapier and ran the brawler through the body. It was the act of an instant, but its penalty was life long. De Cretzer at once fled from his home and concealed himself somewhere in the settlement. As a matter of form the Government cited him to appear before the Council of Justice and offered rewards for his

apprehension, but no one wished to see him brought to trial and he was never arrested. After a time he left the colony quietly in a homeward bound ship, and returned to Amsterdam. There the case was investigated, and he was pronounced free of blame. The Directors then restored him to the position of Secunde at the Cape, but the ship in which he took passage was captured at sea by a Moorish corsair, and the last that is known of De Cretzer is that he was sold as a slave in Algiers.

This unfortunate event left the Cape without any man of note to direct affairs. The Commander was so feeble that he seldom appeared abroad. Jacob Granaat had gone to Batavia some time before. The three offices of Secunde, Fiscal, and Dispenser of the Magazines had all been filled by De Cretzer, and there was no one to succeed to any of them. The chief military officer was Lieutenant Coenraad van Breitenbach, who had only been a month in the settlement, and whose experience was confined to matters connected with his own profession. Next to him was Brevet-Lieutenant Johannes Coon, who was little more than a cipher. The two ablest men at the Cape were both in subordinate situations. One of these, by name Hendrik Crudop, was a young man of good birth and education, who had taken service in the East India Company as a means of pushing his fortune. He had passed through the stages of copying clerk and bookkeeper, and was at this time Secretary of the Council, with the rank of Junior Merchant and the address of Sieur, but had no voice or vote in the proceedings. The other was Sergeant Hieronymus Cruse, a man with little education, but intelligent, active, and capable of carrying through any business that he undertook. He was the explorer of the day, the man who knew most of the interior of the country and of the native tribes. But though his opinion had weight outside the Council, and men of lower rank were often admitted in an emergency, he had no voice given to him in the management of affairs. Such being the personnel of the government, it was fortunate that no disturbing element was at this time brought to bear upon the harmony of the settlement.

For ten or a dozen years the authorities of the East India Company had been endeavouring to induce gardeners and small farmers

to emigrate from Europe to South Africa, but with little success. Now and again they were able to send out to their eastern possessions a few families who were attracted by the glowing tales told of those wondrous isles from which wealth was being poured into the Netherlands. But the Cape had no charms of this kind, for its inhabitants were savages and it contributed nothing to commerce. Of all the Dutch dependencies it was the one that possessed least attraction for emigrants. In October 1670, however, the Chamber of Amsterdam was able to announce that it had secured a few families who would be sent in the next fleet, and in the following December another party is spoken of as being about to leave for the Cape and Mauritius.

The families were dispersed among the ships in such a manner as best to secure their comfortable accommodation. Some vessels had only one spare cabin, and thus took only one family as passengers, others took two or three. The names of the emigrants were not given in the despatches, but a list of those that left in each ship was attached as an annexure to the ship's credentials. Unfortunately only a few of these have been preserved. Interesting as it would be, it is therefore impossible to give an accurate list of these early immigrants. But just after this date there may be found scattered about the records a good many names of free burghers not met with before, which are very likely those of the people in question. Among these are Jacob and Dirk van Niekerk, Leendert de Klerk, Johannes van As, Frans de Bruyn, Hieronymus de Vos, Pieter van der Westhuizen, Hendrik de Lange, Francois Villion, Gysbert Verwey, and Jacob Brouwer.\*

\* NOTE.—Before leaving the Netherlands the emigrants subscribed the following oath of fidelity:—*Ick belove en sweere dat ick de Ho: Mo: Heeren Staten Generael der Vereenichde Nederlanden als onse hooghste en Souvereijne overheijt, de Bewinthebberen van de Generale Geoctroyeerde Oost Indische Comp: in deselve landen, mitsgaders den Gouverneur Generael en de Raden in Indie, en voorts alle Gouverneurs, Commandeurs, en Bevelhebberen, die geduyren de dese reyse te water, en voort te lande over ons sullen wesen gestelt, gehouw en getrouw sal wesen, dat ick alle wetten, placcaten, en ordonnantien bij de Bewinthebberen voorn: ofte den Gouverneur Generael ende de Raden alrede gemaectt off noch te maken getrouwelijck in alle pointen nae mijn vermogen sal onderhouden en naekomen, en voort mij in alles soodaenich draegen en quijten als een goet en getrouw onderdaen schuldich en gehouden is te doen.*

To the tyranny of the government has usually been ascribed the small number of free immigrants that arrived in South Africa between the years 1652 and 1820. But upon close examination this will be found incorrect. It is true that if we judge by the standard of the present day and take representation of the people by election and parliamentary institutions into consideration, the government of that period will appear to be an arbitrary despotism. But before the French Revolution the nations of Europe judged by a very different standard. The people of the United Netherlands were in name and reality the freest on the Continent of Europe, yet the great majority of them had no direct voice in the government. The municipalities which were the seats of power were self-perpetuating corporations. On the part of the masses the idea of good government was light taxation, coupled with the making and administration of laws that agreed with their views and prejudices. They did not care to be at the trouble of assisting to make the laws themselves. That was in their opinion the duty of the authorities as constituted by the customs and traditions of time immemorial. The veto of the citizens consisted in the right of protest, a right which they sometimes exercised in the form of an armed and clamorous body. The requests of the burghers made in this manner were not to be disregarded, and hence in a country where prudence is the commonest of virtues, those in authority usually took care to avoid any action which might lead to discontent. Without being a representative government, the government of the United Netherlands existed for the good of the people and by the will of the people. It was their ideal of what a good government ought to be.

The directories of commercial bodies even were modelled after this pattern. In the first charter of the East India Company, which was signed at the Hague on the 20th March 1602, the directors of the different chambers were appointed by name, and provision was made for filling any vacancies that might thereafter occur by the States Provincial selecting from a triple number nominated by the remaining Directors. Yet the sixty-six hundred thousand gulden composing the capital of the Company were subscribed at once, no shareholder imagining that his interests would be safer if he had a direct voice in the management. The charter terminated in 1623,

and when it was renewed some new clauses were added. By one of these the shareholders were empowered to assist in certain elections, but in no manner resembling the proceedings of a commercial association of the present day. Such then was the ideal of good government, and to sustain this ideal there was the plain fact that the people of the United Netherlands were the most prosperous on the face of the globe.

It was taken for granted that the institutions of the parent country would as far as practicable be transplanted to the colonies. No Netherlander thought then that by going abroad he would lose the rights to which he was born, any more than an Englishman of the present day thinks he forfeits his privileges by residing in a Crown Colony. Looking back upon those times it is easy for us to see that a Colonial Burgher Council was but a shadow of the institution to which it corresponded in name in Holland, that the power of the Colonial Authorities was infinitely greater than that of the Dutch Town governments, because they had not the fear of an offended and indignant populace always before their eyes. But these simple truths were only discovered after long experience, and could not have been predicted in 1671. Modern colonization was then in its infancy. The most advanced nations, among which were England and Holland, had as yet no conception of colonies governed as they are now. There was no machinery in their systems either to build up or to regulate distant dependencies, hence all of them created powerful trading companies for the purpose.

The Netherlands East India Company was then the greatest and most powerful trading association in the world, and it was even more than that. It was the owner and ruler of vast and wealthy provinces. Yet it was itself subject and responsible to the States General, and its administration was watched with a jealous eye by all who were not shareholders in it. There was always a strong party ready to arraign it when guilty of oppression or abuse of power. That in later years it was on many occasions oppressive and often did abuse its power is no less true, but at this time such charges could not fairly be made against it. The dread of its tyranny probably did not prevent a single individual from settling in its dependencies.

The cause of so few Dutch families settling in South Africa at this period was that there was no necessity for any large number of the people of the Netherlands to leave their homes. A prosperous country, where there is abundance of employment for all, is not a country from which people migrate. The people of the Netherlands were attached to their Fatherland, there was no sectarian persecution to drive them into exile, and so they did not choose to remove to far away regions where the conditions of life were uncertain or unknown. Their territory is small, and though it was thickly populated the whole number of individuals would have been insufficient to send forth large bands of colonists without exhausting the parent state. The Cape was but one of its many dependencies, and received its fair share of the few Dutchmen of that period who chose to settle abroad. Foreigners, indeed, could have been obtained, but no nation has ever yet chosen to plant colonies of alien blood. The Dutch went as far in this direction as prudence would permit, by settling in their colonies as many foreigners as could be absorbed without danger of losing their own language and predilections.

There was very little communication between the Europeans and the natives at this time, and that little was not altogether friendly. In December 1670 the branch of the Cochoquas under the chief Gonnema paid a visit to the settlement. Their presence caused quite a panic among the frontier farmers at Wynberg, some of whom abandoned their houses, which the Hottentots afterwards broke into. Happily they did not remain long in the neighbourhood. In the following year a war broke out between the Cochoquas and the Chainouquas, and the first named tribe was nearly ruined. While the clans were fighting with each other, two burghers who went into the country to shoot game were surprised by some bushmen and murdered. An account of this event was brought to the fort by a party of Chainouquas, who asserted that the obiquas had been instigated by Gonnema to commit the crime. Their statement was believed, but the accusations of their enemies by savages can seldom be received as trustworthy evidence, and there is no other proof of Gonnema's guilt in this matter.

The illness of Commander Hackius at length assumed a form which forbade all hope of recovery. For some months after his

arrival he had buoyed himself up with the prospect of a speedy return to the Fatherland, but as time wore on this comfort failed him. The spring of 1671 found him bedridden and hardly conscious of what was transpiring about him, and in this condition he lingered until his death on the night of the 30th November. The funeral took place three days later. It was attended by all the inhabitants of the settlement, but could not be conducted with much pomp owing to the circumstances of the time. The body was laid in the interior of the building used as a church, in the ground now enclosed by the castle walls. Another escutcheon was added to those already hanging there, but in the course of a few years grave and escutcheon were alike undistinguishable and nothing was left to perpetuate the memory of Commander Hackius.

The principal documents of this period in the Colonial Archives are :—

**LETTERS.** From the Directors or one of the Chambers to the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope, of dates 14 April, 22 May, 5 Sept, 6 and 24 Oct, 6 and 24 Nov, 8, 10, and 20 Dec, 1670 ; 14, 17, and 29 March, 5, 20, and 30 April, 15, 16, and 23 May, 8 June, 15 and 29 Aug, 7 and 8 Sept, 1, 13, and 27 Oct, 3, 13, 17, 24, and 26 Nov, 1671. From the Governor General and Council of India to the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope, of dates 30 Nov and 16 Dec 1670, and 30 Jan and 22 Sept 1671. From the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope to the Governor General and Councillors of India, of dates 29 March, 8, 13, 17, and 29 April, 26 Aug, 25 Sept, and 26th Oct, 1670 ; 19 Jan, 18 March, 11 April, 1 and 17 May, 2, 12, 17, and 18 June, 19 July, 14 and 28 Aug. 17 Sept, 1 and 7 Oct, and 9 Nov, 1671. From the Commander and Council of the Fort Good Hope to the Directors or one of the Chambers, of dates 17 April and 14 June, 1670 ; 23 Feb, 20 March, and 23 and 25 April 1671.

**DIARY OF OCCURRENCES OF NOTE,** kept in the Fort Good Hope from 25 March 1670 to 30 November 1671.

**DECLARATIONS CONCERNING CRIME** for the same period.

**PROCLAMATIONS AND NOTICES,** of dates 1 May, 2 and 27 June, 15 Sept, 3 and 25 Nov, 3, 20 and 23 Dec, 1670 ; 19 March, 13

April, 21 May, 2 and 24 June, 4, 11, and 25 July, and 23 Nov, 1671.

INSTRUCTIONS for the guidance of Commander Hackius, given by the Commissioner Isbrand Goske, dated 23rd February 1671.

RESOLUTIONS AND DEBATES OF THE COUNCIL OF POLICY, as follow :--

2 June 1670.

Present Commander Pieter Hackius, the Secunde Cornelis de Cretzer, Lieutenant Johannes Coon, the Dispenser Anthonie de Raaf, and the Burgher Councillors Elbert Diemer, Wouter Cornelis Mostert, and Hendrik van Surwerden.

Of late the lions and leopards here in Table Valley have done great damage to the cattle of the Company and the burghers. The following premiums are therefore offered to those who shall destroy such animals within one year from this date and between Table Mountain and the Tigerberg :—

For a lion, from the Company's funds *f* 25 and from the burgher chest *f* 50.

For a leopard, *f* 15 from the Company's funds and *f* 15 from the burgher chest.

South of these bounds, the premium for a lion is *f* 50, half to be paid by the Company and half from the burgher chest.

Elsewhere the premium for the destruction of a lion is to remain as before at *f* 25, and for a leopard *f* 15.

In all cases the head and skin of the slain animal are to be produced as evidence.

Concerning a herd for the pigs which are destroying the gardens.

Sheepstealing has become very common, and a reward of *f* 50 is therefore offered for the detection of each criminal, the name of the informer to be concealed.

On account of complaints of trespass by cattle on cultivated ground, a pound is established.

6 June 1670.

The price to be given for barley is raised from *f* 5 10 to *f* 6 the muid, and it is to be sold out of the Company's magazines at *f* 7.



10 June 1670.

The clerk Hendrik Crudop is promoted to be Secretary of the Council.

12 June 1670.

The hooker *Grundel* is to explore the east coast as far as Mozambique, and particularly to look for slaves and places where the slave trade can be carried on advantageously.

23 June 1670.

A contract is entered into with Wouter Cornelis Mostert for the manufacture of 200,000 bricks required for the erection of new buildings. Price f6 light money (= 8s) the thousand.

7 July 1670.

Concerning an exchange of properties by the Burghers Joachim Marquaart and Matthjis Coeijman,

10 July 1670.

Concerning the erection of a dwelling-house for the clergyman De Voocht.

14 July 1670.

Some of the Company's servants having been in the habit of drawing more spirits than they have a right to, in future no one will be served out with more than is allowed by the Indian usages.

2 August 1670.

Concerning a small deficiency of grain in the magazine, for which the fiscal is held responsible.

12 August 1670.

On account of the long illness of the Dispenser De Raaff, the keys of the warehouses are given into the charge of Mr De Cretzer.

16 September 1670.

The *Grundel* returned on the 13th instant, having lost 17 men, who were left behind at the bay Os Medos de Cura and could not be recovered. The *Grundel* is to be sent to Mauritius, and on her return she is to call at the bay Os Medos de Cura and endeavour to recover the lost men or obtain tidings of them.

The flute *Saxenburg* is to proceed to Batavia.

10 October 1670.

Concerning a French squadron that put into Saldanha Bay. The squadron is under command of M De la Haye, Governor, Lieut-General, and Admiral over all the seas and land in India belonging to the King of France.

The French arrested our sergeant and soldiers at Saldanha Bay, as well as some burghers who were catching fish there. They took forcible possession of the Residency, pulled down the Company's flag and coat of arms, and substituted the flag and coat of arms of the French King.

The Council protests against these acts in the name of the Directors of the General United Netherlands Chartered East India Company.

Thirteen Frenchmen who ran away from the squadron were seized and placed by us in a French ship in Table Bay.

The French squadron has sailed, leaving no one in Saldanha Bay.

17 December 1670.

Concerning the baking of bread by the free baker Matthijs Coeijman.

2 January 1671.

Concerning some deficiencies of stores.

17 January 1671.

The Council is presided over by His Honour Ryklof van Goens, the younger, Councillor Extraordinary of India and Governor of Ceylon.

Letters from the Chamber of Seventeen of the 5th September last announce that the condition of affairs in Europe was such that our State may easily be involved in war. The Directors have considered it expedient to increase the number of men in this year's fleet to India from 3,700 to 4,000. We are required to be upon our guard and to keep this place in a proper condition for defence.

Deducting the officers of government and of the church, and those whose occupation is with the pen, the garrisons of Robben and Dassen Islands, the outposts, the crews of the boats, the workmen at the corn magazine, at Hout Bay, and in the Company's gardens,

the cattle and sheep herds, the assayers and miners, masons, carpenters and other mechanics, as also several sailors and constables, altogether 166 souls, there are only 43 left who are trained to arms and who mount guard.

It is resolved to increase this number by landing 36 men from the three ships now at anchor in the bay.

4 February 1671.

The Council is presided over by Isbrand Goske, Admiral of the Return Fleet and Commissioner of this place.

Concerning the canteen privileges of the burgher Hendrik van Surwerden.

Permission is granted to the burgher Jan Verhagen to open a canteen on the ground purchased by him from Tielman Hendriks.

A small privilege is granted to the burgher Jacob Rosenjaal.

The burghers Jacob Cloeten and Jacques Brachenij are permitted to return to Europe.

The burgher Dirk Bosch takes over the bakery from Matthijs Coeijman, who is about to proceed to Batavia.

A reward of 100 rixdollars is granted to Abraham Joosten for having found a piece of amber nearly four pounds in weight on the island Mauritius.

Some servants of the Company are promoted, among whom is Hendrik Crudop, who for his excellent conduct is advanced to be a Junior Merchant.

10 February 1671.

Concerning the issue of strong drink.

The stone watercourse is now nearly completed, except at the end where it requires to be built up with bricks. Concerning the bad qualities of Cape bricks, which are subject to speedy decay and absorb water like sponges. It is resolved that Fatherland bricks be used to finish the watercourse.

16 February 1671.

Three hundred men are to be landed from the fleet to strengthen the garrison.

Concerning the method of defence in case of attack by the enemy.

It is resolved to take down the French flag and coat of arms

erected by M De la Haye in Saldanha Bay, to set up the Company's standard again, and to place there at once a permanent garrison of five or six men under a competent officer.

The Dutch servants who are lent by the Company to the farmers are not diligent in their work. The principal cause of this is that their wages are paid into the Treasury, out of which they can only draw the ordinary allowance for their support. Many of these people are burdened with debt contracted in the Fatherland. For this reason in times past they asked for freedom here, when their creditors could not recover what was due to them.

Instructions were received from the Chamber of Amsterdam, dated 6th October 1668, that no persons who were in debt in the Fatherland were to be placed in freedom here. The colonists, through the general scarcity of slaves, could not carry on their work without Dutch servants. To encourage the farmers and their servants, it is therefore resolved that henceforth in every year six months' wages shall be paid for the benefit of creditors, and the other six months' wages the servant shall enjoy until the debt is finally paid, after which he shall enjoy the whole. The wages must be paid to commissioners appointed by government, who will distribute them to the servants.

21 February 1671.

The flute *Bunschoten* is to be sent to convey a cargo of ebony from Mauritius to Batavia.

Concerning some small vessels.

Concerning remittances home.

The old fort here cannot resist the attack of even a small European force.

We have old orders from our Superiors to stop the work at the new fort, but have since been required to hold ourselves in condition for defence. It is resolved to put a part of the new fortress in a defensible condition, and to employ only the garrison upon the work so as to avoid expense. It is resolved to land such cannon and ammunition as are necessary from passing ships.

A day is fixed for the departure of the five return ships now lying in the bay.

7 March 1671

Concerning a dispute between two officers of ships in the bay, as to whose flag should have precedence.

10 March 1671.

Lieutenant Coenraad van Breitenbach, an experienced officer now present in a ship at anchor here, is selected to take command of the garrison. Acting Lieutenant Coon at his own request is to proceed to Batavia. The free burgher Coenraad Urbanus is permitted to return to the Fatherland.

13 March 1671.

Acting Lieutenant Coon withdraws his request to be allowed to proceed to Batavia, and it is resolved that he remain here.

14 April 1671.

A skipper is selected for a vessel.

6 May 1671.

The soldiers and others complain that they cannot purchase food here with their ration money. The Council, aided by the burgher councillors, resolves that an inventory shall be made of all cattle belonging to free burghers, who shall then be permitted in turn to kill and sell in open market (basaer) 250 lbs of mutton every week at a fixed price.

15 June 1671.

The flute *Sandloper*, which was sent from Batavia with rice, &c, for this place, is to proceed to the Majottes to endeavour to procure a cargo of slaves.

22 July 1671.

Certain canteen privileges are granted to Jan Falckenrijk.

23 July, 1671.

Certain canteen privileges are granted to Hendrik van Surwerden.

22 September 1671.

The freeman Hendrik Elberts enters the service of the Company as overseer of the corn store.

Cornelis Claassen becomes a free burgher.

19 November 1671.

By order of the Chamber of Seventeen, a lieutenant and an ensign are to be appointed over the company of burgher militia.

A committee consisting of two members of this council and two burghers have presented a double nomination. Of these nominees, Dirk Jans Smient is selected to be Lieutenant and Hendrik van Surwerden Ensign. They will communicate with us as to the choice of sergeants and other inferior officers.



## Four Weeks in North America.

FROM THE NOTES OF A "TRANSIENT."

WHILE at Philadelphia we visited several schools and obtained information about education in that city ; to this we have added some other facts on education in America, in the hope that though this sketch is very imperfect, it may nevertheless prove interesting to some readers.

As a general fact education in America is making such rapid progress, that the people of the United States boast, that wherever there are twenty or thirty people to be found, there you will find a school-house. Substitute the word families for people, and leave out the Southern States, and it is a valid boast ; for in no country in the world is education so general and so easy to get as in America, because the free school is found everywhere.

Common schools and grammar schools seem to be found wherever there are towns or small villages, while colleges and universities exist in many States. Every long established State has organised an admirable system by which education is given *gratis* to children of all ages from five years upwards, passing them on gradually from the primary schools up to the high schools and colleges. The whole work is popular, and the people willingly pay taxes in order to meet the cost. The rates are levied on the real and personal property of that district in which the school is established ; it therefore happens that while property holders pay school taxes, large and wealthy districts like Brooklyn (having many more other taxes to pay) feel the school tax heavier than the little suburb Flatbush does.

Another proof that education is appreciated, is seen in the substantial buildings erected everywhere for the schools, for very often they are of stone, though the rest of the houses are of wood. In the towns the school buildings are large and well built, and often ornamental ; generally three stories high, and containing from ten to twelve lofty well-ventilated class rooms, and furnished with every convenience necessary. Another proof of strong desire for education is seen in the long distances which children ride or drive in order to attend school in places where the school-house seems to stand alone.

Many English travellers consider the system of education in America, on the whole, far more complete than that in England.

As to Philadelphia, in 1683 the first English school was opened by Enoch Flower as a private school. In 1689 the Friends, or Quakers, who so largely colonised Pennsylvania, established a public school which was incorporated in 1697 and confirmed by William Penn in 1701, but chiefly for Quakers. Franklin in 1750 established a school for young men. In 1809 an Act was passed to provide for the education of the *poor* gratis, but the rich objected to support the poor, and the poor were too proud to receive it as charity.

In 1818 a board of controllers was appointed in order to establish schools free alike to rich and poor, but notwithstanding this act for free schools, and although Philadelphia became renowned for her many seminaries, colleges and universities, as a great seat of learning, yet there was no place in the city nor in the State up to the year 1834 where the children of poor parents could seek a gratuitous education without the feeling that they rested under a reproach; but then there was passed the first common school law of Pennsylvania, a broad and generous law for free common school education without the objection of charity.

In 1836 Primary schools were established, 1838 the Central High School for boys, and in 1840 the girls' High School, with which was connected a normal school for training teachers. New York, Boston, and then other leading cities of the nation, adopted the same grades of schools which Philadelphia was the first to establish in any common school system in America. These schools are really public, they are open to all citizens on a free footing. Open doors and nothing to pay. No distinction, but that of merit, is recognised among the children, and education from the lowest step, for the infant up to the highest for the youthful citizen is put within the reach of all. In 1836 there were in Philadelphia 16 schools with 189 teachers of all grades, and less than 19,000 pupils. In 1875 there were 445 schools (exclusive of forty-seven public night or evening schools), there were 1878 teachers and 95,600 pupils, which at the beginning of 1880 would have arisen to 105,000 pupils. At the close of 1875 the 224 primary schools had 25,000 boys and 24,000 girls, the 127 secondary schools had nearly 12,000 boys and 12,500 girls. The



29 consolidated schools (or schools embracing the lessons of primary, secondary, and grammar schools) had about 3,800 boys and 3,300 girls; there were 31 grammar schools for boys with 6,766 pupils, and 32 grammar schools for girls with 7,201 pupils. There was also the high school for boys with 601 pupils, and the girl's normal school with 655 girls, but which in 1879 had increased to nearly 1,000 girls. The total number of schools was 445, with about 48,000 boys and 48,000 girls. The primary, secondary and consolidated schools were mixed schools, boys and girls together; but the grammar schools were either for boys or for girls. The expense in 1875 was £327,000.

The Philadelphians felt that their aim should be the perfection of a system which is the source of strength in all their social and political institutions. If civilisation is to be advanced, education, which is its cause, cannot simply follow it, but as an aggressive agent it must push it on. They therefore look to the common school for the development of all the forces that are essential to their intellectual and material progress, and therefore to the common school is brought all the means that are practical in aid of this important work. Next in importance to the culture of the people, the elevation of the people in intelligence and morals, are the methods by which it is obtained. Where annually an army of 50,000 boys and 50,000 girls leave the schools to assume stations in active life, which must exert a vast influence upon society, the cause of the free common schools could not be slighted by the public without self-injury, they advance or fall back together; for the system of common school education is considered the chief foundation of the national strength of the Americans.

While the education is free to all, in some schools the pupils purchase their books, but in the majority of the schools, all supplies of books and stationery are obtained from the Board of Education. In all cases where the salary of the teacher does not exceed £80 per annum, ladies are employed. The pupils have, as a rule, to attend the schools in the district in which they live. Pupils are transferred to a higher school on a transfer written by the visiting Committee. At the opening of each session of the school, in most States at least, ten verses of the Bible are read without note or comment by the

principal or assistant, sometimes a suitable hymn is sung. The morning session of school is from 9 to 12, afternoon from 2 to 4. The morning session of the primary, secondary, consolidated and grammar schools are devoted to recitations by the pupils and explanations and instructions by the teachers. The afternoon sessions are given entirely to the preparation of lessons by the pupils under the care and supervision of the principal and assistant teachers; no lessons need be learned at home, and no additions are made to the lessons should any wish to take books home with them. "Home study may be optional with the pupils, but shall not in any case be required by teachers." The true principle in education being *not how much, but how well*, short lessons are enjoined in all cases, and the teachers are prohibited from using the text books in recitations except in orthography, etymology and reading. The instruction given must be chiefly oral. The period of six months is devoted to the instruction of each division in the studies allotted to it. Promotions from the primary to the secondary schools, and thence to the grammar schools, are made at the end of every six months. All examinations, as far as practicable, are in writing. Promotions from the primary to the secondary schools are made on averages obtained on written examinations only, but from the secondary to grammar schools and thence to high schools all promotions are restricted to those pupils who attain the highest average scholarship as shewn by the average of the daily marking during the previous term, combined with the average marks obtained at half yearly examinations. Promotions into boys high school or girls normal school depend upon certificates of examination and of average scholarship, and that the candidates have passed through the senior divisions of the lower schools.

In reference to compulsory education, which is frequently mooted, the school board of Philadelphia in 1876 regretted that while 100,000 children were being educated in the public schools an additional 25,000 were being educated in the streets by others more wicked than themselves; for the practical fruits of education *out of school* were to be seen in the criminal calendars, and felt in the expenses for police, criminals courts, jails, and almshouses. The school board was therefore urging the State to make education compulsory,

in order to save thousands of children from lives of ignorance, if not of infamy. Eight States, of which New York was one, had adopted a compulsory school law. "The law passed by the legislature of New York on May 11th, 1874, provides that every child, between the ages of eight and fourteen years, shall be instructed fourteen weeks each year at school or at home in spelling, reading, writing, English grammar, geography and arithmetic, or double that time in an evening school, and that no child of this age shall be employed unless the employer has a certificate that such instruction was given such child the previous year, under a penalty of £10." The law provides also that if the parents cannot induce the child to attend school, the school officers shall provide suitable places for the instruction and confinement of such children, and further that the school officers shall enforce these provisions, and that they may call on the police and constable to carry out their regulations. The board suggested that this law should be carried out when strengthened by provisions for raising money and for enforcing penalties as well on negligent trustees as on transgressors of the law.

Philadelphia, with its 800,000 inhabitants, has its board of public education, with 31 members, besides its architect or superintendent of public school buildings; these 31 members form 19 standing committees, one for the central high school and another for the normal school, others for night schools, revision of studies, grammar, secondary and primary schools, qualification of teachers, reports of schools, text books, music, supplies, estimates, office and expenses, by-laws, property, accounts, legislation, library, university of Pennsylvania, industrial and art education.

Great attention is paid to the ventilation of the school-rooms and to the physical comfort of the children as being a great aid to the system of education.

The central high school for boys, which was commenced in 1838, with four professors and 63 students, had risen in 1875 to more than 600 students with 15 professors, giving a liberal course of study running over four years, and practically affording a collegiate education. Here *all* the teachers are gentlemen who to a large extent give oral instruction, instead of depending upon text books. The course in the boys' high school, extending over four years, is divided into half

yearly classes, embracing composition, algebra, history, German, natural history, physical geography, higher arithmetic, perspective drawing, elocution, geometry, Latin, political economy, physics, mensuration, trigonometry, chemistry, physiology, anatomy, rhetoric, logic, calculus, astronomy, mental science, engineering and architectural drawing. A great number of these students take certificates as teachers and graduate, in the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1839 the State of Massachusetts started three schools for the professional education and training of teachers. In 1844 New York followed this example, and established a normal school at Albany, and in 1848 the controllers of the public schools in Philadelphia, recognising the need of a school for qualifying young ladies to become teachers, converted the model school into a normal school, the first in the United States which is not under state control. In order, therefore, that the girls should have the same opportunities for a collegiate education as the boys were enjoying, this normal school was established, which when we visited it on the 16th Sept., 1879, had nearly 1,000 pupils with 26 lady teachers (one of whom was vice principal) under the direction of the principal, Mr. George W. Fetter. In the large and handsome normal school building, five stories high, 159 feet in length by 118 in breadth, there is also a preparatory school for children, with its two divisions of primary and secondary, having about 150 children in each division, divided into classes of about 30 each: this is called the school of practice, in which the senior students in turn conduct the classes under the supervision of one or other of the teachers; two girls are sent together to each class, the one to teach, the other to observe, and thus an opportunity is given to attest the ability of the student to make practical application of her theoretical knowledge of methods of teaching and of discipline. During the past years of the school, certificates of qualification as teachers, either by principals or as assistants, have been awarded to more than 2,000 of the pupils, a large proportion of whom were employed in the schools of Philadelphia. These certificated teachers were to be found in all the schools as guides and instructors of the young, where, remembering how largely they may mould the *characters* while they are cultivating the minds of their pupils, they have to use every fitting occasion to inculcate lessons of civility and courtesy, to teach respect

for superiors and obedience to law, and to impress those truths of Christian morality which, when firmly rooted, will ensure purity, sympathy, and uprightness. When women are properly educated, it is impossible for men to remain in ignorance, and on that, next to the influence of the Bible, greatly depends the intelligence and wisdom, and power of a people. More than three-fourths of the teachers in America are ladies.

Before admission to the girls' normal school, the candidates from the grammar and the consolidated schools are examined in arithmetic, definitions, spelling, reading, penmanship, principles of grammar, parsing, composition, geography, and the history of the United States. Those who have the highest number of marks are selected. Great strictness is shewn in spelling and arithmetic. At the close of the third year's study of the four years' course, an examination is held of the candidates for teacher's certificates. A principal's certificate is awarded by the committee on qualification of teachers, to each pupil of the school, who having obtained a general average scholarship of 85 or upwards at the examination aforesaid, shall also obtain a general average of 85 or upwards for her work as a teacher in the school of practice and for her scholarship during the fourth year of the normal school course. In like manner, an assistant's certificate is given to each pupil who has obtained averages of 70 or upwards, and less than 85, at the said examination, and during the fourth year of the normal school course. The subject on which they are examined for teachers, are, reading, spelling, definitions, and etymology, grammar and parsing, composition, penmanship, geography, general history, the constitution of United States, arithmetic, algebra through quadratics, trigonometry, mensuration, geometry, English literature, rhetoric, logic, mental science, astronomy, geology, botany, physics, theory of music, linear drawing, theory and methods of teaching.

The holder of a principal's certificate shall be immediately eligible, to any position in the public schools of the district of Philadelphia excepting that of principal; and after one year's experience in teaching in the public schools, if she be not less than twenty years of age, shall be eligible to the principalship of a primary school after two years' experience to the principalship, and after three years' experience to the principalship of a grammar school. The

holder of an assistant's certificate shall be immediately eligible to an assistantship in any of the public schools, and, after three years' experience in teaching in the public schools, shall be eligible to the principalship of a secondary or primary school. Good character and health are indispensable. With such strict and comprehensive rules for teachers and pupils (of which these are but a part), no wonder education is progressive. Were there space it would be interesting to give some of the questions in all these different subjects as examples of the testing nature of the examinations. More than a thousand ladies engaged in teaching in Philadelphia were pupils in the normal school. There are about 1,900 teachers in the public schools of that city, of which only about 80 are gentlemen, more than 1,800 are ladies. Gentlemen teachers alone are found in the boys' high school; the principal of the girls' normal school, the principal of the boys' grammar schools, and almost all the principals of the consolidated schools are gentlemen, but all the assistant teachers are ladies, and in the girls' grammar schools, and in the secondary and primary schools, the principals and the assistants are ladies.

Besides these schools there are also public schools for coloured children in the different grades of primary, secondary, consolidated, and grammar schools.

In 1879 there were nearly 1,000 pupils or students at the girls' normal school, passing through their four years curriculum of study, after their four years in the other schools. Of these, at the end of June, 1879, 144 had graduated, and 67 of these girl graduates were entitled to a principal's certificate, and 77 to an assistant's certificate. About 90 per cent of the pupils become teachers. In the preparatory school or schools of practice, 20 of the girls every day have to teach; one lady visits these classes, and sends her criticisms on the teaching to the principal; at a certain hour all the hundreds of pupils meet in a very large assembly hall, where the principal lectures on teaching, and makes remarks on the criticisms given him of the manner and faults of the pupil teachers that day, but no names are mentioned. We heard him tell them to remember that the inattention of a pupil was more blameworthy in the teacher than in the pupil; that therefore the teacher must always talk at or

to the idle playing child to keep his attention, and not to the good and listening child, however more agreeable that might be; and that the skill of the teacher is seen in the power to keep everyone in the class interested in the lesson. Another criticism on the careless postures of the children under the care of another pupil teacher, led him to say, that a teacher should always be watchful to keep the children from careless positions or postures, whether in their seats or in class, or in passing to and from the class: all listless and lounging habits in the school room indicate a careless spirit, which should be checked. The teacher should insist upon manners and a posture at all times that expresses the respect which a pupil should feel for himself and for his schoolmates as well as for his teacher. The principal insisted that civility, courtesy, frequent and minute directions respecting the ordinary rules of politeness, and manners generally, must be taught as well as morals, love to parents, gentleness, kindness, unselfishness, obedience, honesty, truthfulness, neatness, diligence. Some one of the pupil teachers were blamed for attempting to answer a child's question by giving a wrong answer; it was less disgraceful to confess ignorance, and give the right answer at a future time. Many such practical hints were interspersed in the lecture, which was listened to with close attention. We heard portions of the thoroughly good lectures given on composition and on history delivered by ladies, and also listened to the pupil teachers in their teaching, and visited their gymnasium, where many of these students were being drilled, to the beats of music, in different gymnastic exercises, and which proved a pleasing change from study, and an admirable means for improving their health. Gymnastic exercises are therefore very popular in schools and other institutions for young people; and great care is taken not to weary out the bodily strength of the children by making them stand much, or by the use of uncomfortable seats. All the seats have backs; the younger children sit two on a seat with a desk in front of them, the older pupils have each a good desk and a revolving chair. The teachers and school board said that rests for the backs of the children were essentially necessary for their health, for teaching of good manners, and for the prevention of listless, lounging, and careless habits. We were also present and heard the instruction given in different classes in the

primary, secondary and grammar schools of the city, and were much pleased with the character of the instruction given, with the largeness, loftiness, and convenience of the class-rooms, and with the completeness of all the school furniture. It is said that women make better ordinary teachers than men, and it would seem that with the exception of the professional classes, the women as a whole are better educated than the men. The teachers sometimes complain that too many parents were dissatisfied if their children were not pushed on quickly, caring less for the grounding than the progress, and a Liverpool clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Diggle, a member of an English school board), with whom we travelled some days, said that after examining and observing several schools in Canada and the States, he noticed that fault, but at the same time he praised the system as most excellent, and as one that would in time throw off that defect.

One most admirable feature in connection with this system of public education, is the support of night or evening schools held during the four winter months; of these there were in Philadelphia, twenty for males, eleven for females; ten for males and females, and six for coloured people of both sexes, making a total of forty-seven public night schools, into which were gathered 14,443 scholars, under 226 teachers; the excellent practical education given was highly appreciated. One of these schools is called the night school for artisans for men; the average attendance was 200 of all ages from eighteen up to forty, and of every trade and occupation, from clerks and carpenters to confectioners and errand boys, including 100 different occupations. The branches taught were practical mathematics, mechanical and engineering drawing, arithmetic, penmanship, natural philosophy, anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, chemistry and freehand drawing. The number of pupils registered was more than 500, but only about half that number could be received at one time.

The Girard College in Philadelphia is an Orphan Asylum erected by the late Mr. Girard, for the purpose of giving the best education in literature and arts and mechanics to some hundreds of destitute orphans: the course of study extends over eight years, and the pupils are boarded and clothed, and afterwards apprenticed or started in life. The central building is of grand proportions, of pure white



marble and of the corinthian order, the entablature of the roof is supported all round the building by 36 corinthian pillars. The other buildings, chapel and dormitories, are also built of white marble; the grounds are kept in beautiful order. Its endowment is worth now £1,400,000. No minister of any religious persuasion can either have a voice in its affairs, or even be permitted to enter its grounds and buildings.

I cannot do better than quote from Mr. Hussey Vivian, M.P. :—  
“The nature of the instruction in American schools may be gathered from the following short extracts from the syllabus of the Cincinnati schools, which I believe may be taken as fairly representative, embracing eight or twelve years of school life. Anything more thorough than the system of education there I cannot conceive. The city is divided into 26 districts for primary educational purposes, each provided with good and substantial schools. Then follow four intermediate schools; then three high schools; then five schools for coloured pupils; then a deaf-mute-school, and a normal school; also 17 night schools. All are free, being supported by local taxation. I have been looking over the examination papers in the higher grades, and am only thankful that my examination in them is not impending. This is the syllabus: 1st year, slate work, penmanship, and drawing; 2nd year, the same, with mental arithmetic, grammar, and spelling; 3rd year, the same, with German composition and written arithmetic; 4th year, all the foregoing with geography and music; 5th year, the same, further advanced. Then come what are called the intermediate schools; 6th year, all the above with the rules and principles of arithmetic; 7th and 8th years, the same, but more advanced. Then come the high schools: 9th year, Latin, history, algebra, German; 10th year, physiology, physical geography, French and Greek; 11th year, to all these are added geometry, natural philosophy, English literature, botany; and in the 12th year, Greek, Latin, French, German, surveying, chemistry, mental philosophy, geology, natural history, English literature, and book-keeping.

“Many of these subjects are optional, and most children do not complete the course, but education of the above class is open to all without payment, and at their doors. Imagine the immense advantage which such a system of general systematic education confers on the

community. Think of the poor widow left with a large family, and the burden of their education upon her, as well as that of finding their daily bread; how hopeless often are her efforts. Think of struggling professional men or clergymen, and the difficulties they have to overcome in order to give the benefits of education to their children. We British shall never be able to call our system of education 'national' until it embraces the teaching required by all classes, without payment of any kind, the cost being met by a general rate as in America, and the rate need not be a large one. In some cases portions of land have been set apart to provide funds for educational requirements, and thus local rates are relieved; in the main, however, the expenses are borne by the ratepayers."

There are also private schools and institutes where school fees are charged, such as the Mount Auburn Institute, pleasantly situated in the beautiful suburb high above Cincinnati. It is a boarding school where every attention is paid to the comfort, the education, the home life and the religious training of the pupils. Four years academical are given to the earlier branches of education, and are followed by four years classical, in which are taught French, Latin, Greek, German, geology, chemistry, household science, general literature, while also lectures are given on art and history, drawing and painting, and special instruction in art and music. We were glad to have the opportunity of visiting such an institute.

Dr. Manning in his "American Pictures," tells us that "on the beautiful Hudson River, near Poughkeepsie, is a characteristic American institution—Vassar College—where Tennyson's dream in the Princess approaches realisation: here three hundred and fifty, "sweet girl graduates with golden hair" from every State in the Union, pass through a university course, the studies of which are as advanced, and the examinations as severe, as those in the colleges of Harvard and Yale (which are to America what Oxford and Cambridge are to England). Its founder, Matthew Vassar, having raised himself by a life of honourable industry from a condition of absolute penury to great wealth, resolved to devote his property to this object. The grounds, 200 acres in extent, are of rare beauty and command noble views over the valley of the Hudson River. In addition to the class-rooms, lecture-halls, refectories and dormitories, are an obser-

vatory, a gymnasium, a school and gallery of art, museums of natural history, geology, botany and other kindred subjects, a riding school, and a chapel. Pleasure boats, *manned* by young ladies, skim across the lake with a speed which shows that physical development is not neglected. Dr. Maria Mitchell is professor of astronomy and director of the observatory; Miss Francis Ellen Lord is professor of Greek; Dr. Helen Webster professor of physiology and of hygiene and resident physician. The higher branches of mathematics and mental and moral philosophy, I regret to say, is taught by gentlemen, but it is hoped that in due time this blot may be removed, and the absolute equality of the sexes demonstrated by the appointment of lady professors, even for the abstract sciences. I heard the graduates read Plato and Demosthenes, Tacitus and Cicero, and listened with wonder to their dissertations on Sir William Hamilton's Lectures on Philosophy, and witnessed their performances on the blackboard, working out abstruse problems in the higher calculus. Mr. Vassar laid down certain principles which were to be observed in the management of the institution, concluding with, 'Last and most important of all, the systematic reading and study of the Holy Scriptures as the only and all-sufficient rule of Christian faith and practice. All sectarian influence should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be entrusted to the sceptical, the irreligious or the immoral.' Another writes, "It is an admirable sight to look upon these grounds, filled with bright and happy girls, walking, gardening, engaged in games, rowing on the lake, or occasionally making ready in some shady recess, for work in class-rooms. It is a constant joy at Vassar to see that bodily health is not to be sacrificed to any other object whatever."

Another similar institution for the higher education of women, is Wellesley College, 15 miles from Boston, situated in a beautiful park 300 acres in extent, bordering upon the little Waban lake. It has been founded by a lawyer, Mr. F. H. Durant, of Boston, in order that the highest education should be given under strictly Christian influences, because he believes that a complete man or woman cannot be made by secular education alone. No one knows the amount of money he has spent on the buildings and grounds of this monument of his generosity. The grounds have been prepared for the

greatest effect in taste and recreation, and upon the lake many crews of young ladies in boating costume take their exercise at the oars; there is a large gymnasium fitted up with all means for bodily exercise and recreation. In the large handsome building itself, not only has the greatest convenience been studied, but all that is æsthetic, all that could cultivate the taste for the fine arts, in paintings and other works of art, meets their sight continually, not in one room, but in the different parts of the building. It has been more than five years in existence, has more than 300 students, and more applications than can be entertained. English girls can also be admitted, provided they pass the matriculation or entrance examination. Ladies form the board of control, and all the professors except one (of music) are ladies. There are seven distinct courses, either of which may be chosen or combined: the General College course, the courses in classics, in mathematics, in modern languages, in science, in music and in art: in the last two there must also be the study of Greek and Latin. The girls are especially taught how to study for themselves; there is a large laboratory for chemistry, with apparatus for 100 students, and that is not enough, every student of biology or botany has her own microscope and dissecting tools and table. All the lighter work in this large household is performed by these girl students. As out of the 300,000 teachers in the United States, three-fourths are ladies, Mrs. Stone has just erected in the grounds a building, costing £20,000, in which teachers can reside and give their whole time to improve themselves in some special study. The first object of this higher education is to prepare girls to be noble, true, educated, Christian women; the secondary object is to fit women to be teachers in the sciences, the classics, and the arts. A college of music is also being built with 38 music rooms for practice, with deadened walls. There is still required a school of medicine so that the students may be trained to minister in any womanly form of service, in the household in art, music, literature, science or medicine, and thus fulfil the motto of the college, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." As one said "For £50 a year the very best, four years' course is to be had in a college home, the completest and most perfect of anything of the kind in the world. There are many

other seminaries and colleges for women up and down the States. No ladies in the world are more learned, more intelligent, modest, companionable, brighter, or cheerier than the American ladies." To this I must add the testimony of Mr. H. H. Vivian, M.P., "The fashionable and the great of America are the same as their like among us; their manners are as polished, their refinement quite as great, but there is a kindness and heartiness about them which is usually wanting in our great world, and to meet which, with us, you must go to the country home of your friend."

There are colleges and universities for the higher education of young men almost in every State. The most famous and ancient are Yale College in Connecticut and Harvard College, near Boston.

In 1667 Sir William Berkely, Cavalier Governor of Virginia under Charles II wrote, "I thank God there are no free schools or printing here, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought heresy, and disobedience and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them. God keep us from both."

But twenty years before that the Pilgrim Fathers had not only established common schools, but had also enacted "that all the brethren shall teach their children and apprentices to read, and that every township of fifty householders shall appoint one to teach all the children." Nor was higher education forgotten, for six years after the founding of Boston, a sum was set apart for the establishment of a college, and, as double that sum was left by the Rev. John Harvard for the same purpose, the town was called Cambridge, and the college Harvard College. In the two centuries and a half since its foundation, Harvard, under the fostering care of the Colony and the State, and by the generous gifts of its friends and former students, has continued to be, with Yale College, one of the two leading colleges of the country, both renowned for their literary standing. Walking amidst their courts and avenues and old buildings, one is reminded of the quiet calm of Cambridge and Oxford rather than of the bustling activity of American life.

There is also the Cornell University, which, while it provides first-class professors for education, also encourages the study of agriculture and the mechanical arts, through practice in which the students can by their own exertions pay for their own education.

One of the most difficult matters which arose out of the American civil war was the providing for the temporal, religious, and educational wants of the four millions of slaves, who were suddenly set free, and who were homeless, penniless, ignorant, improvident, unprepared in every way for the dangers as well as the duties of freedom. One writes, "Schools were started even before the close of the first six months of the war, in little cabins, in army tents, in unfloored log chapels, in abandoned slave-marts, under the open sky. Hundreds of northern ladies, many of them from homes of luxury and culture, came to teach these degraded people the A B C's of the spelling book, and of Christian citizenship. Overworked, unable sometimes to obtain suitable food, shelter, or medical attendance, many of these brave women laid down their lives in the cause as truly as a soldier who is buried on the field of battle. Even after the war they were shunned as lepers in southern society, and more than one teacher was assassinated by the Ku Klux banditti for refusing to obey their anonymous warnings to give up the work and leave the State. But the gratitude of these freed slaves for instruction was as fervent as their desire for it was ravenous, and their attachment to their teachers most devoted.

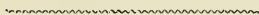
In 1863 the American Missionary Association had 83 ministers and teachers in that field. In 1868 it had 532 teachers and ministers, and had expended on it £800,000. As public schools were opened to some extent in the towns for the coloured people, the association concentrated its efforts upon a system of schools for training teachers and ministers among the freed men themselves. Besides the 17 academies and normal schools which it has planted at central points throughout the south, and which require the services of nearly a hundred skilled teachers, it has under its care seven chartered institutions for collegiate and theological education. These are located in as many different States, and no two of them are within 300 miles of each other. These are all now successfully engaged in training teachers and ministers for the freedmen, from among their own number, for America and Africa."

Besides these, from the Capitol at Washington, we saw the Howard University, founded in 1864 for the education of youth, without regard to sex or colour; but now patronised almost exclusively by 700 coloured students of literature, medicine, laws and

theology. Many have read of the jubilee singers, and of their successful tours throughout America and Britain, through which they raised nearly £20,000 for their Fisk University near Tennessee, where in 1875 the University gave its degree of B.A. to the first college class.

I must add that the religious instruction of the white and coloured children of America is carried on through a system of Sunday schools, which for thoroughness, zeal, and vastness, are unsurpassed in the world. We visited some Sunday schools furnished like parlours, and others where there were 2,300 children kept in perfect order, and where many of the teachers were the chief officers of the Government, and in high positions as judges and merchants in the different cities.

*(To be continued).*



## Do you Remember?

Do you remember, love,  
 How sweet the roses were,  
 That summer eve when last we met—  
 And the pale modest mignonette,  
 With fragrance filled the shadowy air?  
     I would not this remember—yet  
     That hour I never can forget!

Do you remember, love,  
 How the first trembling star  
 Looked down from its high dome above?  
 We watched the fir-tree fringes move  
 With breezy whispers from afar.  
     You may not this recall—and yet,  
     Ah, love, I never can forget!

Do you remember, love,  
 White robed in lawn you were,  
 A rosebud nestled at your breast,  
 Another in your gold-brown hair.  
 I said: "One moment thus to rest,  
 Were happiness supremely blest!"  
     You must remember this—and yet,  
     Ah, love, I would we could forget!

And I remember, love,  
 Your sweet grey shadowy eyes  
 One moment to my own were raised:  
 In their clear depths I eager gazed—  
 Shy love, and innocent surprise,  
 They silent spoke, and sad regret  
     Beamed from them—Yet  
     Ah, love, e'en this we must forget!



Do you remember, love,  
I trembling said farewell,  
When parting for a distant land—  
I could but hold your clasping hand,  
I dared not look at you again ?  
My tear-dimmed eyes were full of pain,  
    And, love, I might not tell—  
    Ah, bitter memory !—and yet  
    Dear love, how to forget !

Do you remember, love,  
Across the years, which force apart  
Our lives, you sent your loving heart,  
And on re-union sought to dwell—  
“ We meet again, 'tis not farewell !”  
    You said, with tearful smile—and yet  
    Dear love, all this we must forget !

This you remember, love—  
But more you could not know—how far  
Our lives were sundered—what the bar  
Between us set, by curse of gold,  
Sealing my lips, lest they unfold  
Their love. The bar is wider grown—and yet,  
    The past, dear love, how can I e'er forget !

Will you remember, love,  
That though our lives be severed wide—  
Though many a swelling, cruel tide  
Of time and fate may us befall,  
In God's strong hand we leave it all ?  
    Though here our love be never blessed—yet  
    Some day we'll love, and never need forget !

M.

## Louise Campbell.

## CHAPTER VIII.

" Past

To where beyond these voices there is peace."

It is midnight. In a sick chamber a night-light is burning, and, Louise, paler and thinner than when we saw her last, sits watching the bed where a sick man lies. Sick even unto death. The malady which has for many years pursued Robert Campbell, unknown but to himself, has laid him prostrate at last. The grim secret is out now. 'The enemy has him in his grip, and not even the semblance of escape remains.

He told her nothing till he could no longer keep anything from her, and his first summons was that of a dying man. She came at once, knowing all the time that she could do no good. Oh, if only it might have been permitted to her to save him, even at the sacrifice of her own life. She would have done it with gladness. It was so hard that she might never be allowed to do anything for him, anything that could as it were extort a little of the love that she felt to be her right, and yet that she could not lay her hands upon. "Why is he my father?" she sometimes sobbed to herself, "if he does not care for me; what is the good of my being born at all?"

Yet though she realised her cup of bitterness more intensely than she had done before, it follows by no means that it was fuller than it had been. Rather, she had awakened to a keener vitality, and, with that, to a more lively sense of her true condition. Even as she sits here in the stillness and gloom, with no companion but a dying man, she cannot help recurring again and again to the image which has been so much in her mind of late, and almost forgetting the ghastly present in the fair and bright reminiscences of the past. Over and over she repeats to herself the last words Stewart spoke to her the last time that they met. Taken one way there is nothing in the words, but taken another, everything—everything to Louise. A passionate hunger fills her heart for that face—that voice; and then she reproaches herself bitterly for her forgetfulness of him whose span of life is now so very short. There is little enough

time left for caring for him. How can she fill that time by thinking of another? She sets herself with the dogged obstinacy which we bring to some almost hopeless task, to try and remember some kind word, some tender act of his towards her. "He has been a good father" she strives to say; "he has loved me all this time," despite the mocking voice that whispers, "He has been a cruel father, Louise, and he has hated you all your life."

A faint voice from the bed calls her. She is at his side in an instant. She has been ever ready and willing in kindly offices towards the sick. And he has always received her tender services with the same frigid gratitude, the same impassive repugnance; but there is a difference in him now, a slight but perceptible difference. Her heart flutters violently as, bending over him, she notes how much less hard and firm is the expression of his features. His voice too is changed. From weakness or some other cause, it is more broken, less distinct and fluent than she has ever heard it before.

"Louise, you have been very good to me, much better than I deserved, for I have never cared for you, Louise, as a father should for his daughter. God, who knows all, forgive me, I have never loved you."

Dying men are privileged, else that were a cruel word to say to the smitten shrinking girl, who clasps her slender hands in mute agony.

"Yes! Perhaps I never tried. With God's grace, I might have succeeded if I had, but I know not. The bare sight of you, the very accents of your voice, seemed to bring back what had been heaven, and had become hell to me. Louise, you are the living image of your mother; and how could I, seeing daily the growing likeness, expect that you would not partake of her nature. You were to me as a young viper in my breast. I could not shake you off, and I knew not to what you might grow. There could be no bond of union between you and me. I knew too well the soul that I had so vainly striven to blend with mine."

He is gasping for breath. "See here are my keys, Louise. The cabinet in the corner. Bring here the casket that you will find."

It is in his hand, and he turns it over and over, ere his trembling fingers summon strength to raise the lid. What Pompeian relic is this, recalling from their grave phantoms of the gay and gorgeous past to prank it in that sad and solemn place, the last place where a spirit shall linger ere it bids its final farewell to earth? Costly and glittering jewels, how incongruous they look in those blue clammy hands. And he actually seems to like the glitter, to feast his eyes upon them with a strange sort of pleasure, he who was wont to despise and hold in low esteem all such vanities.

“These were hers, Louise, heirlooms of her family. She left them for you, and now they shall be yours. Listen! It is a long story, and my time is short, but I must tell it all before I die.

“It is more than twenty years now since I left Scotland for a preaching tour among our brethren on the continent, the slaves of Rome and idolatry. How eager and zealous I was. What a work I expected to accomplish. I, a missionary to benighted souls! Ah, how benighted I was in my own arrogant self-conceit.

“It was while seeking to carry the Bible into Southern France, that I first met your mother. She constantly came to hear me, and seemed to be so interested and so touched. Her heart received the good seed with gladness. How can I account for it? How can I tell how much was feigned, and how much genuine interest? Her feelings were always all too readily worked upon. Perhaps it was the novelty of the thing that drew her to us, for her guardians were devoted adherents of their own church, and she had never heard our doctrines broached before. Perhaps it was in a great measure to pique and thwart them, for though she was a wealthy heiress, they kept her under strict control. They attempted to prevent her attendance at my services. In a fit of desperate wilfulness she fled to me. What could I do but take her to myself? It seemed as if God had given her to me. Ah! how triumphant I was, how elated; I fancied that the good things of both earth and heaven were to be heaped upon me. She was lovely and loving, and I had saved her soul. Good God! what folly! souls are not so easily saved.

“How short was my dream of happiness! She had no tastes, no sympathies in accordance with mine. The quiet and austere life which as a minister I felt bound to lead was as the shadow of the grave to her

She who had sworn herself willing to go through eternity at my side wearied of my companionship before six short months were over. It was all my fault. I know it now. She was too young to know her own mind. I should have judged for her. She lived, poor thing, a wretched life with no friends, no love, no hope! When you were born, Louise, I thought for a short time that matters had improved, and that she had softened, and was happier. But no; You were not enough for her, any more than you have been for me. I left home for a few days. When I returned, she had fled, taking barely enough for her immediate needs (though more than half my income belonged to her) leaving even you, Louise, then a helpless infant. What should I do with a helpless child? I loved her still, although she had wronged me, but I loathed my innocent daughter.

“I found out enough about her to know that she would never willingly return to me, and for worlds I would not have forced her. Through friends of mine I have from time to time received information about her, and through their hands I have transmitted to her annually the interest of her own money, but she never acknowledges it, never reminds me of her existence. She is now on the stage in London. That was the life she chose when she left me, as the one best suited to her. Perhaps it was. God knows! I found it impossible after all this had happened to remain in my own country, and that is the reason why we came out here. When I intended going home, before I was stricken down, I had some wild thoughts of seeking her out, of trying to do for her something, I know not what. But the Almighty willed it otherwise. It was not given to me to bring her to the light. Once I tried and failed, and irreparable misery was the result. I cannot try again; but, Louise, help your mother if you can—nay, I will say no more. I have made too many mistakes already in my life. You owe nothing to either of us. I grudged you your very existence. It was not your fault. Poor child, I have caused you much suffering. I would not inflict on you more. Forgive me, and forgive your mother!”

His head sinks back upon the pillow. His numb lips refuse to move. . . . It is all over. Close the sightless eyes, and leave in peace all that remains of him.

The rays of the morning sun peer in curiously through the chinks

of the closed shutters. There in that darkened room they glance upon two members of the two great divisions, the living and the dead. How hard we strive to put off and evade the inevitable fate that he has undergone! And which is now the better off? He is at rest and understands, and we grope here weary and know nothing.

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## CHAPTER IX.

“Never more

Can I hope to see his face as before.”

“Thank you, Miss Letty; I am so much obliged to you. Good-bye!”

The words, albeit spoken in rather a frigid tone, appear to be gratifying to Miss Brink.

“Oh, but I had to tell you,” she says, holding out her hand, “You’re different from other people, you know.”

“I can’t tell you how grateful I feel for that speech,” he answers.

Perhaps she kept her hand in his just a little too long. It was a trick she had, when she wanted to make an impression. Anyhow it was with rather an impetuous movement that he withdrew his own, and bowing hastily went out of the garden gate.

To understand this last scrap of dialogue, it will be necessary to go back a little.

Stewart and Letty have been talking for some time by the gate, and the subject of their conversation has latterly been Louise Campbell.

“Do you know,” asked Stewart, rather abruptly and awkwardly for him, “how Miss Campbell is getting on? She left rather suddenly, did she not?”

“Oh! the governess, do you mean?” answered Letty. “Yes, she did leave rather suddenly. Her father was ill, or something of the kind. The truth is aunt was rather glad to get her off. Between you and me, I think it was the best thing for all parties.”

“Why do you say that, Miss Letty?” asked Stewart in a would-be careless tone.

“Why, you see,” said Letty, “Spencer was rather gone on her,

you must have seen that, and she encouraged him, and it would never have done, you know, to have a connection of that sort."

"Pray, why would it not have done?" asked Stewart, tracing patterns on the ground with his stick.

"Oh! because—you see" said Letty, gaining inspiration as she went on; "she is such a very common sort of girl, half coloured I should say, and her father is such a peculiar man from all accounts, quite eccentric, you know. Oh, no, it would never have done. It was awkward Spencer's taking a fancy to her, but the affair was broken off before she went away."

"Excuse me for being so inquisitive, but was your brother engaged to Miss Campbell?"

"Yes," answered Letty, looking him full in the face with her clear cold blue eyes. "Since you ask me, I must say the truth; but for heaven's sake, do not breathe a word on the subject to Spencer. He would never forgive me.

"Certainly not," was Stewart's reply. "It is really very good of you to trust me with these grave family secrets." And then he bade her good-bye, and took his departure as we have seen.

Stewart was very meditative on his walk home that evening. Various emotions surged in his mind. He thought a long time about what Letty had told him, and about the points in favour of its being a true and veracious story. He put together little things which he had noticed, Spencer's undisguised admiration for Louise, the many times he had seen them together (not forgetting a certain morning which we have commemorated); and from these he began to argue a considerable amount of intimacy between the two. Then he debated also a long time upon certain letters which he had lately received from home. His father might pay his debts so far, but what would he say on hearing of such an entanglement? Clearly, it seemed that he would have to give up whatever intentions he might have had of proposing to Louise. Things seemed to have come in the way so. "Luckily," he remarked to himself, "it had not gone very far yet." No, indeed! It had gone a great deal further with some other girls, and had come to nothing after all. Louise was not the only one. Well, he would let her alone, and she would forget it. She had gone away now, and probably they would

never meet again. Perhaps it was a good thing that it had ended as it did.

Such was the result of Stewart's meditations, and the image of Louise (it was more than a month since he had seen her) seemed to grow faint and indistinct before his eyes, and finally vanished in a cloud of smoke.

Passing over a few days, where and how shall we find Louise? In the fir-wood, the solemn, balmy, peaceful fir-wood, where all jarring earthly thoughts seem to leave the breast, and the calm of heaven to settle down instead. See the strong young trees stiffly, proudly, uprearing their sombre branches against the unfathomable blue of the old yet beautiful sky (old, like love itself, in an existence that knows not years, nay, nor centuries). Hark! no sound breaks the stillness but your foot-fall on the crackling fir droppings, or may be the distant call of the turtle-dove to its mate.

Here will we find Louise, seated by herself—for she is accustomed to be solitary—a letter in her hand. A letter that she has come here on purpose to read all to herself. She holds it in her hand a long time, before she ventures to read it. She knows well enough the superscription, but who can tell what enclosure there may be? During all this weary month she had expected, almost daily, to hear something about him, nay, to tell the whole truth, to hear something from him. Foolish! How could he know where to write to, and how could he ask? But he might—it is just possible there might be a note from him here. With heightened colour and eager eyes she reads rapidly through the little letter, an affectionate little letter, without much in the beginning, but, ere she comes to the end, her cheeks are paler than ever, and from her trembling hand the letter drops neglected upon the ground. What can Annie have written? This is her last page, written in a large plain hand:—

“Do you know, Miss Campbell, I've got a secret, which nobody knows but mamma and papa and me. But I must tell *you*. Papa had taken mamma and me for a walk last Monday, and we were just coming home, when whom should we see by the gate, but Letty and Captain Stewart? He was holding her hand, and she said, ‘You're quite different from other people, you know,’ and he said



something about being so grateful to her for saying that, and then mamma said in a whisper to papa (but I heard her), 'This looks like coming to something, doesn't it? I should be so glad for dear Letty to make such a nice match.' But when we came to the house, Letty never said a word about his having been there, and mamma told me afterwards not to say [a word about what I had seen. I do hope if they are going to be married, they will be quickly, and that we two will be bridesmaids. Would it not be fun?'

Louise went about for more than a week after this in a kind of daze. She could not picture plainly to herself what she had read. He and Letty! Letty and He! She kept repeating the words to herself in a sort of vague wonder. Could it indeed be possible that this thing was true? When she had thought that he cared for her, was he only pitying her, or perhaps a musing himself with her? And was he really all the time in love with Letty Brink? The more she thought of it, the more things seemed to lose their true proportions, and grow unreal and unnatural. Everything seemed all wrong and out of joint. The father to whom she had always been accustomed to look up as so immeasurably above her in wisdom and holiness that she could not even approach him, had confessed to a faulty and mistaken life. He whom she had worshipped as the perfect mirror of manly excellence had turned out to be false and unstable, and one whom she knew to be her inferior in mind and in heart had been preferred to herself. What should she do now? What could be her guide in life? Those who meant to do right always went wrong. What was real? What was true?

No wonder that her head and heart were heavy, and that her pillow was often wet with tears. She went mechanically wherever she was taken by her father's friends, the Reverend Bosman and his wife, with whom she had now taken refuge. They were distinguished educational lights, and they dragged her constantly over such a variety of institutions for all ages and conditions of life, that her poor brain quite reeled, and she could not have told for the life of her whether or not Greek and Latin were taught on the Kindergarten system, or infants were admitted to the Normal School.

Mrs. Bosman was an excellent lady, who did everything just as it

ought to be done, in the most proper and precise manner. She allowed Louise a certain period of time for her natural grief to abate, and then expected her to be exactly like other people. When therefore Louise still continued to "mope and moon about," as she phrased at, she became very much aggrieved, and resolved to call upon her young *protégée* to "rouse herself." She had made up her mind to get her a situation in one of the seminaries with which she was connected, and great was her indignation when Louise declined to accept it, acknowledging that she was fit for nothing, and that she could not in conscience undertake to do any work of this kind. Mrs. Bosman told some of her friends in confidence, that she *had* hoped to make something of that girl, but she was a most disappointing case.

*(To be continued).*

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## The Death of Sir John Moore.

IN Delavoye's "Life of Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch," recently published, it is stated that at the battle of Corunna, Lord Lynedoch (then Col. Graham) was one of the first alongside of General Sir John Moore when he received his death-wound. This statement has given rise to a controversy among the critics, some of whom claim for Capt. Haveling (afterwards General Viscount Haveling) the service of having been the first to go to Sir J. Moore's assistance. As a contribution to the subject we give the following copy of an original letter (now in possession of the Hon. R. Graham, of The Mains, Wynberg), giving Col. Graham's own account of Sir J. Moore's death. The letter was addressed by Col. Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) to Robert Graham of Fintry, the grandfather of our fellow-colonist, the Hon. R. Graham:—

On board "Audacious," in the Channel,  
Sunday, 22nd January, '9.

I had not time nor the power to write from Coruna, my dear Graham, for I was almost blind with an attack of ophthalmia, but I desired Lord Cathcart to communicate to you what I said to him in two lines. Before this can reach you, Hope's report to Sir D. Baird will have informed you of what happened on the 16th. *But* for the sad loss of the most perfect soldier and gentleman I ever knew, it was a most fortunate circumstance that the enemy made the attack. It was what he (Sir J. M.) earnestly wished. I never saw him in such spirits as when their columns were advancing and that it was evident the attack was to be a serious one, and he only regretted there would not be daylight enough to profit much of the advantages he anticipated as certain. His features were so little affected by the pain of a wound which broke the upper ribs and almost tore off the left arm, that I could hardly believe he was struck till I got off my horse to help to lift him against a bank, and saw with horror the state of the wound which was evidently mortal. He lived, however, above two hours, was carried back into Coruna in a blanket (near three miles), and spoke to Col. Anderson with perfect recollection about different things, particularly inquiring about the result of the action, and expressing his satisfaction at having beaten the French—asked after me and all his aide-de-camps by name, said that Anderson knew that that

was the kind of death he wished for ; sent messages to his family and friends in England, and hoped his country would be satisfied with his conduct ;—in short his death, like his life, was most exemplary, bespeaking that consciousness of rectitude, and that invincible firmness of mind which characterised him on every occasion. I have since reproached myself a good deal for not having remained with him,—but the case seemed desperate, it was of much consequence to inform Hope that the command had devolved on him, and I left him in the hands of others, and was surprised to hear after the action was quite over, that he was still alive. The enemy did not expect to meet such a resistance. Their attack was impetuous, entirely directed against one point (our right) in the first instance, and was, in fact, defeated by Lord Wm. Bentinck's brigade, with the left of which Sir John remained speaking to the 42nd, and reminding them of what they had done on former occasions. While it lasted the fire was extremely hot ; the enemy had great advantage in artillery, most of ours was embarked. Theirs entirely commanded the right of our *bad* (but *necessary*) position, and it was admirably well served. With some hours of daylight, I have no doubt but that a complete victory would have been obtained, as Paget's division had nearly turned their left, and might have been supported by Fraser's not at all engaged. Our left was so strong as to be almost *inattaquable*, and therefore many men might have been drawn from it in the advance. The whole of the enemy's position was strong, but their left the least so.

Adieu—sincerely yours,

T. G.



## Our University Examinations.

IT is not my intention, at present, to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of a teaching as compared with a purely examining University; or to consider by whom in teaching Universities the examinations for degrees should be conducted, whether by the Professors, as was the practice in the Scotch Universities until some twenty years ago, or by independent examiners, assisted and controlled by the Professors, as is now the practice in Scotland, or as in the old English Universities by men who, though possibly engaged in tuition, do not occupy any recognised position as University teachers.

Neither is it my object to show that a purely examining University is, in spite of all its numerous disadvantages, better suited than a teaching University to meet the requirements of the whole Colony in its present state of educational advancement. But accepting the fact that we possess what now is, and for some time at least is likely to continue to be, a purely examining University, my object is to show, that a proposal recently advocated in the local press, that we should annually import a staff of examiners in Literature and Science, is practicable, and, if carried out, would be an immense improvement on the present system.

For a number of years the examinations in Literature and Science of the Board of Examiners under the provisions of Act No. 4 of 1858, were conducted by six ordinary examiners, each of whom received a honorarium of £50 per annum, and by one or two examiners on special subjects. Since the establishment of the Cape University in 1873, it has become necessary, in consequence of the yearly increasing number of candidates, to appoint ten ordinary examiners, five in Literature and five in Science. In 1879 the University Council thought fit to increase the honorarium of the ordinary examiners from £50 to £100 per annum. Difference of opinion may fairly exist as to the necessity for such an increase. The amount paid should no doubt be sufficient to secure the services of the best men, but I question whether the unwillingness of some of the examiners to continue to serve has been materially diminished

by this doubling of the honorarium ; and in view of the quantity and quality of the work to be done, and of what is paid in England for an equal amount of similar work, £50 may be regarded as a by no means illiberal allowance. Be this, however, as it may, there can be no doubt but that this increase has raised the question of the practicability of importing our examiners ; for while about £500, the amount previously spent, would be altogether inadequate for such a purpose, it will be shown that the sum now spent in the departments of Literature and Science, about £1,000 per annum, is ample.

The expediency of the proposed scheme needs little proof. It is a very serious indictment against the present system, that although the examiners must be chosen every year, the same persons with occasional variations are appointed year after year. Every one admits the importance of frequent changes in the examining staff, but only those responsible for the efficiency of the examinations can fully appreciate the practical difficulties in the way of securing sufficient change, arising from the narrowness of the field of selection within the Colony. For, unfortunately, nearly all those otherwise qualified to be good examiners, are engaged in the preparation of candidates for the examinations, and are thus very properly ineligible. A good, thoroughly educated, teacher will generally make a good examiner, but the same can by no means be said of men, who have merely at some time or other of their lives been distinguished students. I may even go so far as to say that few prove to be good examiners who have not had some experience as teachers ; and somewhat extensive opportunities for observation, both in Great Britain and in the Colony, enables me to add, that a man, however distinguished he may have been as a student, is not likely to be very successful in his first attempts to examine in any branch, if for several years he has ceased to be himself a student in that branch. To examine well is in fact an art, which like every other art must be learned, and which is of difficult acquirement after a man has arrived at maturity. It will readily be admitted that experience should not be gained at the expense of our candidates ; it is therefore unsafe to employ in any year more than a very small proportion of inexperienced examiners, and somewhat risky even to try a man who may have grown rusty in the subjects of examination. In view

of these and other practical difficulties, I am not surprised that so few changes have been made ; and although some may think that changes might have been made more frequently, I know that the selection of examiners has always been a subject of careful consideration, and am confident that the University authorities have always tried to do their best for the interests of the University. The attention which has recently been so prominently directed to the question may lead to more frequent changes in future, but it has yet to be proved by experience whether any improvement will thereby be effected. My own belief is that sufficient change cannot be satisfactorily obtained, save only by the introduction of examiners from England.

Two objections to such a scheme have been raised, which deserve some notice. In the first place it is virtually said, that it is beneath the dignity of the Cape University to go beyond the Colony for examiners ; that if the Colony is not able to furnish us with examiners, our University has no business to exist at all ; and that in such case we should content ourselves with preparing candidates for the London University examinations.

Now if it were contended that our examinations should be conducted by our own graduates, there would at least be some consistency in this argument, although it is difficult to see how a young University could ever get a start on such a principle.

The University, however, exists not for its own sake or for that of its examiners, but for the promotion of education, and for the encouragement of sound learning among the youth of the Colony ; and the examinations should be so conducted that its degrees should deserve and in time to come possess a high recognised value throughout the world. Until a Cape degree has acquired a high character, it is obvious that the examinations should be conducted by men who themselves hold degrees of recognised value. Such men may perhaps be inferior in ability, acquirements, and examining power, to Cape men who might have distinguished themselves far more highly, if they had had the necessary opportunities. But the world generally has no means of judging of this, and will practically base its opinions on the status of the examiners. If it be said that the examination papers will establish the quality of the examinations, it must not be

forgotten that few have any opportunity of seeing our papers, and of these scarcely one will take the trouble to read them. If pressed to do so, they would probably say that the quality of a degree cannot be judged from the questions set, but from the answers given; and that an easy-going examiner may give liberal marks to performances, which a good examiner would regard as almost valueless.

Our own past practice also has been quite opposed to the idea of any restriction on the choice of examiners; few of our examiners have been born at the Cape, and of these fewer still have been solely educated in the Colony. Further, with the exception of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, every University of any standing in Great Britain chooses as its examiners, the very best men it can get, and does not attempt to confine itself to its own alumni. And the fact that Oxford and Cambridge are exceptions to the general rule, is solely due to the extremely wide field of selection which each of these Universities possesses within itself, and not to any spirit of exclusiveness; as is shewn by the fact that several Cambridge men are at present Professors or Fellows at Oxford, and at least one Oxford man is now a Professor at Cambridge.

If then we should not restrict ourselves to our own graduates, why should we decline to go beyond the limits of the Colony? Why should a man, introduced solely for the purpose of examining, be objected to, if there be no objection to those who come to the Colony in search of health, or to follow a profession, or for any other purpose? There is certainly a good reason why we should not import men to serve us for a series of years, we have in fact no inducement to offer large enough to tempt a first-class University man to take up his residence here permanently; and even if the University could obtain sufficient funds for such a purpose, what would become of the felt necessity for frequent changes in the examining staff? On the other hand it will be seen that we may reasonably hope to obtain the temporary services of the pick of the English Universities at a cost quite within our means.

As respects the alternative suggested, that we should confine ourselves to the preparation of candidates for the London University, it is sufficient to point out, that the whole education of a country is more or less directed by its University examinations, and obviously



we should keep the direction of South African education in our own hands; that Cape youths at present may pass the London examinations in this Colony if they think fit, and without spending time in explaining why it is so, scarcely one avails himself of these existing opportunities, while the number of candidates for our examinations is yearly increasing. This fact may be accepted as sufficient proof that the idea cannot be entertained for a moment.

The second objection which has been raised to the proposal possesses greater weight, viz: That it is desirable to have the Committee of Examiners always on the spot to advise the University Council from time to time on matters referred to such Committee. This is no doubt a great convenience, but many of the members of the Council are as well fitted as the Committee of Examiners to advise on such points, and I anticipate no great practical difficulty in the Council not being able to get such technical advice oftener than once a year.

To turn now to the question of the practicability of introducing annually a staff of examiners. In order to test this fairly, it was necessary to frame a definite scheme, such as would probably meet with acceptance. This being done, I took every opportunity which presented itself to discuss the matter *unofficially* with influential members of the old English Universities. I say *unofficially* as I gave it to be distinctly understood, that I had no authority whatever from the Cape University Council to enter into any negotiations on the subject, or even to discuss it. Unfortunately my visit to Oxford took place during the long vacation, so that I had no opportunity of conferring with any one save Mr. Stone, our late Cape Astronomer Royal. At Cambridge, however, I had the amplest opportunities for accomplishing the object in view. The scheme thus submitted was as follows:—

- (a) All Cape University examinations to be held at one time, as used to be the practice a few years ago. \*
- (b) That time to be the one at which the Matriculation examinations are now held, viz.:—in July. It is obviously desirable (in order to secure the services of the best men) to choose

\* Note.—Since my return I find that the University Council has resolved to revert to the old plan.—C. A. S.

a time at which almost every eligible person would be free to accept such an appointment if so disposed. Good men can, I believe, be had at any time, but by the choice of an inconvenient time the area of selection would be greatly narrowed.

- (c). That the University Councils of Oxford and Cambridge should oblige us by undertaking the duty of selecting in alternate years two examiners in Classics and Literature and two in Mathematics and Science. The Cape University might, in order to preserve the usual local traditions, appoint one local examiner on each side. It may be said, that if so small a staff as is here proposed would suffice, the present staff of ten is too large. It must be remembered however that it is by no means the amount of work which renders it necessary to appoint ten men to do it, but the fact that all or nearly all are busy men, who cannot afford to devote more than the fag end of their strength and an hour or two in the evening, to the discharge of these important duties.

I have no hesitation in saying that four men, with nothing else to occupy them at the time, can easily undertake, for many years to come, all the work of that kind we have to do.

- (d.) The four selected examiners to be paid each £200 per annum; this sum to cover all expenses of transport, &c. A return ticket per mail steamer from London to Cape Town and back costing £56 14s, and his maintenance in or near Cape Town for a fortnight, would be the chief *necessary* expenditure of each examiner. The examiners would be necessarily away from England for about two months of the long vacation.
- (e). The examination papers to be printed as heretofore in England, and sent out in ample time for the examinations.
- (f). The examiners to follow in June, so as to preside at the examinations in Cape Town and the adjacent centres.

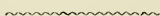
The above scheme was most cordially received by the influential members of the Cambridge University Council, and indeed by all

with whom I discussed it. It was considered that the terms were amply liberal to secure the temporary services of first-rate men ; for many of them during the long vacation would gladly take once in their lives, what they would regard as a holiday trip to the Cape, if only their expenses were covered. Many of the right stamp of men for examiners seemed to think, that a fee of £200 exhibited unnecessary liberality. As indicating his opinion of the sufficiency of this sum, a suggestion of Professor Cayley, one of the members of the Cambridge Council, may be mentioned, to the effect that it would save trouble, and be an arrangement likely to be by no means unsatisfactory to the Cape University, to give the last moderators of the Mathematical and Classical Triposes the refusal of these appointments. The scheme in short was so favorably received, and among others, the Master of St. Peter's College took such a lively interest in the matter, that I feel quite confident that, at least the Cambridge University Council will most readily assist our University in this matter, if its assistance is formally asked. And though I have no warrant to speak so confidently as respects Oxford, I have no reason to doubt but that with the kind assistance of Mr. Stone (the value of whose past services to our University has been very great, and who still retains his interest in the advancement of education among us), the Oxford Council would be readily induced to undertake its share in the selection of examiners.

The next step is to try to induce the Cape University Council to adopt the proposal.

C. ABERCROMBIE SMITH.

S. S. Durban.



## Tennyson's New Ballads and Poems.

THE Laureate has issued another collection of "Ballads and Poems"—being in part a collection of occasional verse that has appeared from time to time in social publications, and in part altogether new. We have not space to give any review of this little volume, a few copies of which have been received in the Colony by last mail steamer,—but we are tempted to give one extract which in tender and touching pathos will compare with the familiar "Grandmother's Story" or even the "May Queen." It is the narration of a gentle-hearted nurse "In the Children's Hospital." One of the surgeons has sceptically muttered, "Can prayer set a broken-bone?" and expressed his opinion that the day of the good Lord Jesus is done. The gentle Christian nurse then gives utterance to her faith:—

You remember our Emmie ; you used to send her the flowers ;  
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after  
hours !

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are revealed  
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field ;  
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring,  
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing ;  
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crossed on her  
breast—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,  
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our Doctor said, "Poor little dear,  
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live through it, I fear."

I walked with our kindly old Doctor as far as the head of the stair,  
Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I was there.

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vexed !  
Emmie had heard him. Softly she called from her cot to the next,  
"He says I shall never live through it, O Annie, what shall I do?"  
Annie considered. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,  
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for Emmie, you see,  
It's all in the picture there : 'Little children should come to me.'  
(Meaning the print that you gave us ; I find that it always can please  
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees).

"O Yes and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to the Lord,  
How should He know that it's me? Such a lot of beds in the ward!"  
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:  
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—  
The Lord has so *much* to see to! But Emmie, you tell it Him plain,  
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—  
My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.  
That was my sleeping night, but I thought that it never would pass.  
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,  
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,  
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without—  
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife  
And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life;  
Then in the grey of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,  
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again—  
Her dear, long lean little arms lying out on the counterpane;  
Say that his day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?  
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed away.

X.



## Doubters.

HAVE you ever observed that amusing class of people who are ready at all times to believe whatever is reported to them without a particle of evidence in support, but yet make a point of doubting that which almost every other person believes? No book of note is allowed by them to have been written by the person whose name appears on the title-page. Shakespeare's plays were not written by Shakespeare: no—Lord Bacon or some unknown contemporary writer was the real author. Paradise Lost was not an original composition by Milton; not it, it was a translation from the Italian. In short, nothing is as it seems, or is generally set forth. A man may have written any other body's book, but they will not allow him to have written his own. Tell these worthy folks that you are the writer of some trifle, which anyone might have written, and you are of course disbelieved, but if you make no pretension at all, and only look like a person that could do something considerable if you chose, it is ten to one but they soon ascribe to you the authorship of everything that attracts attention, although some other person has already acknowledged the work as his own. In case of anonymous writings, where all the world is left to conjecture, these people of course always suggest the most unlikely person as the writer, or if one very likely person be generally pitched upon, they employ all their ingenuity to show that it is not and cannot be he. Even when the real author declares himself, they refuse to be convinced. No, like the physician in Chrononhotonthologos, when informed that the King is dead, their cry will be,

“I'll not believe it, though himself should swear it.”

In some of their speculations about authorship, if unable positively to show that the ostensible name is a mere pretence, they are always ready at least to hint that the principal individual had great assistance from “certain friends.” The wife of a clergyman publishes a clever and successful novel; immediately our friends maintain that it has been chiefly, if not entirely, written by her husband. The husband becomes a famous preacher, and immediately he is stripped of his laurels as a novel writer for this perverse faction now deny him any claim to the authorship of his own sermons, and stoutly maintain that they are all written by his wife. What is it that causes these good people always to doubt what all the rest of the world believes, to disrespect what all others hold in reverence, and find beauties where others see nothing but deformity? In

some instances it seems to arise from an amiable feeling. There are some persons who regularly take part with the unfortunate or the vanquished, whatever might be the merits of the case, and who cry up all things and all opinions that are in a condition of decline. Such are the men who swear—"with keen discriminating sight—black's not so black, nor white, so very white." It must have been a man of this kind, who, on hearing a recital of the atrocities of Tiberius, remarked that the Emperor must have been a wag. Such men are always trying to find excuses for the Stuarts, whom the world at large has long agreed to condemn; while they suspect that the Covenanters and Whigs were, after all, a rather turbulent set, who required to be kept down by the strong hand. Speak to them of the noblest and purest public character of the age, and they will remind you of some little failing or flaw, which, to common eyes, is lost in the effulgence of the general character. Execrate, on the other hand, some criminal who has not only outraged the laws of his country, but the feelings of humanity, and every sacred principle, but you are met with some redeeming trait—such as that, perhaps, which caused someone to strew flowers on the grave of Nero. If they cannot bring up something actually palliatory, they evince at least a decided disinclination to condemn. They will not join the bulk of mankind in anything. Whatever you say to them, they meet it with, "Oh, I don't know," and then proceed to battle you out of your position. It is such men, I suspect, who become the partizans of outworn ideas in all speculative questions. Many of the Jacobites of the last century must have been of this kidney. If such men were traced into private life, I think it would generally be found that they are averse to mingling in large crowds, that they hate holidays when all the world is gay, and have always the worst opinion of the weather when the sun is shining. If they find a company somewhat sombre, they will call for a merry song; and if every one is more hearty than another, they remind you that, after all, the hour of parting must come. When other people are sitting down cheerfully to their evening meal, they keep apart, or let you know they only come to table for fashion-sake—for *they never eat suppers*; and thus is the sociality of the company often destroyed. In unfortunate circumstances, they exert an amazing degree of fortitude, and even seem contented; but if they be in perfectly good circumstances, and see around them almost every material of joy, they begin to be afraid—they cannot dare to be happy. Such men, if naturally of an illiberal disposition, suspect everything in exact proportion to the innocuousness of its appearance. Whatever any man

has said of himself, that they will not believe. Whatever opinion any man avows upon an abstract topic, they attribute it to some secret view of personal interest. Whatever any man does, they are sure he did it for a reason, and that reason a selfish one. Whereas vast numbers of men act without reasons of any kind, avow opinions which are sure to operate against their worldly interests, and speak without the power to deceive. They allow nothing at all for the bluntness, the imprudence, the stupidity of mankind ; and hence the frequency with which very wise people mistake in their calculations.

The most provoking peculiarity of this class of people is their propensity to start objections to obvious and valuable truths. They will worry down the most infallible propositions by insignificant exceptions, and, by their very tenacity and perverseness, tire you out of your most heart-cherished principles. Everything is liable to an exception of some kind or other ; but of these it is necessary, in reasoning, that no ungenerous or unfair use should be made. Nevertheless, it is certain, that, with the most of minds, the prominent statement of an exception, however trifling, becomes like the dead fly in the precious ointment of the apothecary, a source of vitiation to the whole mass. Under the influence of this deception, the most noble things will be degraded, the most useful will seem vain ; while, on the other hand, the most worthless may be elevated and redeemed. The Perverse Ones, who well know this peculiarity of the human mind, never fail to take advantage of it, and thus are often successful in confounding the whole elements of truth among their hearers. An argument, with one of these paltry objections fastened to it, is not unlike an unfortunate dog with a canister tied to his tail. The dog is still a dog ; but the grievance of the canister soon deprives him of all his strength and spirit, and he is perhaps killed outright at the last, merely because he has been so unfortunate as to become connected with a piece of sonorous tin. Taking a comprehensive view of the mischief, we would seriously counsel that exception-mongers should on all occasions be held as public enemies, and, if they survive the present article, be put down by the more weighty reasoning of an act of Parliament.



“The Brave that are no More.”

“Spes, patientia et perseverantia.”

The Motto of the Von Linsingen Family.

Hope was his watchward when he landed here

“To shape his old course in a country new ;”

Hope’s star ne’er vanished from his stedfast view

Through cheery toil and hardship, year by year.

Patient continuance in well-doing—fear

Of naught but God—a tireless ceaseless strife

Against the ill—these earned in honoured life

The foeman’s dread, in death the captive’s tear.

True scion of the Stock, his noble Son,

From filial love, ancestral valour brave,

Ere scarce his course commenced, the goal had won.

He fell beside the sire he sought to save.

May Heaven give peace to her now widowed,

And to the land for which these heroes bled.

W. H. T.

## The Personal Life of Dr. Livingstone.\*

ANY doubt that might exist as to the justification for such a work as now lies before us, the *Pall Mall Gazette* states, will quickly disappear with its perusal. Dr. Livingstone has been hitherto best known by the light of what he did. Dr. Blaikie's endeavour has been to show us what he was. And the distinction between being and doing has in this instance a peculiar value. It is quite possible to achieve fame by brilliant enterprise, and yet to maintain a personal character which has rather to be apologized for than praised. It is still more possible to be possessed of admirable personal qualities and yet to achieve nothing. In this latter position, however, people do not interest themselves. It is success which first attracts their admiration and then begins to excite their envy. And when things have reached this stage—when it is becoming a habit to write down personal failings as a set-off to acknowledged success—it is time for those to speak who have any defence to offer. There were two sets of people who rendered it especially desirable that this should be done in respect to Livingstone. There was the scientific world, which had always had its suspicions about his explorations because he was originally a missionary. And there was the Christian world, which had had its doubts as to his aims as a missionary because he afterwards came an explorer. That the qualities most valued in a missionary are not always those which are best for an explorer is a belief the correctness of which may, in a general way, be granted; and it was therefore, perhaps, only natural that a man who had played both parts should be suspected of insincerity either to one or the other. It constituted the peculiar greatness of Livingstone's character that he fulfilled both functions as well as if he had only followed one of them. This it has been Dr. Blaikie's endeavour to show. "As a man (he says), a Christian a missionary, a philanthropist, and a scientist, Livingstone ranks with the greatest of our race, and shows the minimum of infirmity in connection with the maximum

\* "The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. Chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the possession of his family." By W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. (London: John Murray, 1880). The above article is from the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

of goodness." And no one who considers Livingstone's career as it is ably sketched in these pages can doubt the substantial accuracy of this assertion.

It is naturally to the earlier years of Livingstone's life that one turns to find the mainspring of his subsequent action. And here Dr. Blaikie has been enabled, by reference to numerous sources of information, to give a very complete picture. The governing impulse of his whole career was the strong desire, first entertained when he was about twenty years of age, for missionary labour in China. China seemed the place to him in which such labour was most needed, and in which the missionary life would be the hardest, and therefore to China he was resolved to go. Why he did not go to China is somewhat curious. He was regarded by the heads of the London Missionary Society as a failure. In fact, he was all but discarded after the usual period of probation, and only obtained another chance by favour. The secret was that he was no preacher. This is shown comically enough by an anecdote told of him by a companion—now the Rev. Joseph Moore—in connection with his period of Missionary preparation under Mr. Cecil, at Chipping Ongar:—"One part of our duties was to prepare sermons, which were submitted to Mr. Cecil, and, when corrected, were committed to memory, and then repeated to our village congregations. Livingstone prepared one, and one Sunday the minister of Standford Rivers, where the celebrated Isaac Taylor resided, having fallen sick after the morning service, Livingstone was sent for to preach in the evening. He took his text, read it out very deliberately, and then—then—his sermon had fled! Midnight darkness came upon him, and he abruptly said, 'Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say,' and hurrying out of the pulpit, he left the chapel." A man who could not preach was, in the estimation of the Society, only good enough for Africa, and to Africa Livingstone went at the end of 1840. His destination was Kuruma in the Bechuana country, the usual residence of Mr. Moffat, and there he arrived in the middle of 1841. He had not been there two months before he felt that his real work lay still farther inland. He was not slow to express his opinion to the heads of the society in England—a matter requiring, it must be owned, some little courage in a missionary who had no

particular claims to consideration. Whatever was thought of his views, however, no absolute obstacle was put in his way, and in 1843 he settled himself at Mabotsa—the place famous equally for his encounter with the lion and for his marriage to Mary Moffat. His reason for giving up his home and moving forward again was characteristic. A jealousy had arisen towards him on the part of a missionary who had assisted in establishing the station, and sooner than have a disagreement before the natives of the district he determined to give up his house and garden and go to the labour of establishing himself again elsewhere. But he was already looking beyond the prospect of missionary life in any fixed locality. As early as 1841 he had, in writing to his friend Mr. Watt, expressed the opinion that his life might be spent “as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way.” In 1845 he concluded a letter to the same friend with the significant question—“who will penetrate through Africa?” It was in the following of this new impulse that, in 1849, he braved, with his wife and young family, the dangers of a journey to Lake 'Ngami. Driven back by fever, which attacked all his children in turn, he became convinced that if he was to do anything as a pioneer it must be alone. This was the critical period in Livingstone's life, and it evidently needed some argument to assure even himself that the work to which he looked forward came properly within the scope of missionary labour. Some of his co-workers did not hesitate to charge him with being inspired by mere worldly ambition. He even suspected his own motives. His letter to the directors of the London Missionary Society at this juncture is very characteristic:—“I am conscious that though there is much impurity in my motives they are in the main for the glory of Him to whom I have devoted myself. I never anticipated fame from the discovery of the Lake. I cared very little about it, but the sight of the Tamanak'le, and the report of other large rivers beyond, all densely populated, awakened many and enthusiastic feelings. Then, again, consider the multitude that in the providence of God have been brought to light in the country of Sebituane; the probability that in our efforts to evangelize we shall put a stop to the slave-trade in a large region, and by means of the highway into the North which we have discovered, bring unknown nations into the sympathies of the

Christian world. If I were to choose my work it would be to reduce this new language, translate the Bible into it, and be the means of forming a small church. Let this be accomplished, I think I could then lie down and die contented. Two years absence will be necessary. Nothing but a strong conviction that the step will lead to the glory of Christ would make me orphanize my children. Even now my bowels yearn over them. They will forget me ; but I hope when the day of trial comes I shall not be found a more sorry soldier than those who serve an earthly sovereign. Should you not feel yourselves justified in incurring the expense of their support in England I shall feel called upon to renounce the hope of carrying the Gospel into that country, and labour among those who live in a more healthy country—viz., the Bakwans. But, stay, I am not sure ; so powerfully convinced am I that it is the will of our Lord I should go, *I will go, no matter who opposes* ; but from you I expect nothing but encouragement.”

The magnificent results of this determination are before the world, and Livingstone never saw reason to repent of the course he then took. It was in a missionary spirit, in the highest sense, that he penetrated from Linyate to Loando, and his own view of his own position and work is admirably described in a letter written during his first visit to England to a friend who complained that he was “ not sufficiently a missionary ” : — “ Nowhere have I ever appeared as anything else but a servant of God, who has simply followed the leadings of His hand. My views of what is *missionary* duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dummy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at the forge and carpenter’s bench, as well as in preaching and medical practice. I feel that I am ‘ not my own.’ I am serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation, or writing to one of His children who forget during the little moment of penning a note that charity which is eulogized as ‘ thinking no evil ; ’ and after having by His help got information, which I hope will lead to more abundant blessing being bestowed on Africa than heretofore, am I to hide the light under a bushel, merely because some will consider it not sufficiently, or even at all, *missionary* ? Knowing that some persons do believe that opening up a new country to the

sympathies of Christendom was not a proper work for an agent of a Missionary Society to engage in, I now refrain from taking any salary from the society with which I was connected; so no pecuniary loss is sustained by any one." Missionary though he was, however, to himself, it was henceforth almost purely as the explorer that Livingstone stood before the world. "We are working hard," he wrote to his mother while on the Zambesi expedition, "at what some can see at a glance the importance of; while to others we appear following after the glory of discovering lakes, mountains, jenny-nettles, and puddock-stools." Whether the "some" included very many persons besides himself seems doubtful. That the missionaries who had come out from England in his train were not in sympathy with himself is only too well known. The conflict with the slave-dealing tribe of the Ajawa's in which poor Bishop Mackenzie became involved never had Livingstone's sanction, deep though his horror of the slave trade was, while he felt that his own work was interfered with by the necessity laid upon him of looking after a number of inexperienced men. But whatever want of success there was about the Zambesi expedition, it was eclipsed by the results of his final journey, and by the heroism that kept him in Africa to complete his work rather than go home to the rest which in every one's eye, but his own he had so well merited. The incidents of his last illness and death are already matters of history. But through the medium of Dr. Blaikie's pages, we are made to see that the man was the same at the end of his African career as at the beginning. Success had not spoiled his temper, nor discouragement chilled his enthusiasm. The pleasure of recording such a life has doubtless had much to do with the success which his present biographer has achieved.

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THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

INTERVAL BETWEEN THE DEATH OF COMMANDER HACKIUS AND  
THE ARRIVAL OF GOVERNOR GOSKE, 30TH NOVEMBER 1671  
TO 2ND OCTOBER 1672.

No. VIII.

ON the morning after the death of Commander Hackius, the Council assembled for the purpose of making arrangements to carry on the government. There were present the two military officers Coenraad van Breitenbach and Johannes Coon, a Junior Merchant named Daniel Froymanteau, who had been detained from a ship some time before to act as Dispenser in the Magazine, and the Secretary Hendrik Crudop, to whom a vote in the proceedings was now for the first time given. There was no one in the settlement whose rank would warrant the Council in placing the administration of affairs temporarily in his hands. It was therefore arranged that each member of the government should retain the exact position which he held before the late Commander's death, and that there should be no other distinction between the Councillors than that reports of unusual occurrences were to be made by the officers at the outposts to Lieutenant Van Breitenbach, who was immediately to lay them before his colleagues. The settlement was thus for a few months governed by a board of officers without any local head or chief.

There was at this time throughout the United Netherlands a general feeling of impending danger. Hostilities with France were believed to be inevitable at no distant date, and it was beginning to be suspected that England would not much longer abide by the Triple Alliance. That the conquest and partition of the Free

Netherlands had actually been arranged by Charles II and Louis XIV as long before as May 1670 was unknown to the Dutch people. But though the Treaty of Dover was a secret to the intended victims, the unfriendly conduct of the English court gave abundant cause for alarm. With so gloomy an outlook the Directors of the East India Company considered it advisable to strengthen the defences of their possessions, and the Cape was one of the points which they resolved to secure more firmly. The castle, the building of which had been for some time suspended, was to be completed according to the original design, the garrison was to be increased, and the administration of affairs was to be confided to a class of men superior to those hitherto employed.

Instructions were received here in February 1672 to utilize all the available force of the settlement in collecting shells, quarrying stone, and conveying these materials to the site of the new fortress. The wood work for the various buildings connected with the Castle was being prepared in Amsterdam, and was sent out as opportunities offered in the fleets that followed. Large quantities of bricks and tiles were also sent out, and in the same ships came skilled mechanics to do the work. The position of the Castle is considered so faulty by modern engineers that it is difficult to realize that when it was built it was believed to be almost impregnable. Yet that it was so considered is beyond all question. A few years after its completion, a constable ventured to express an opinion that if the French were to land and take possession of the slope of the Devil's Peak they would be able to shell the garrison out. The Governor came to hear of this, and as he considered that if such a belief gained ground among the burgher militia it would cause them to lose confidence, he ordered the constable to be placed in confinement. His Honour, with Lieutenant Cruse and Surveyor Wittebol, then measured the distance carefully, and came to the conclusion that no cannon which could be brought out in a ship and landed here could harm the Castle. After a few days the constable's wife went to the Governor, and asked that her husband might be set at liberty. Everybody knew, she said, that he was a man who allowed his tongue to run too freely, but just on that account no one paid any attention to what he said, and so there was no harm done. He



was a sober and diligent person, and if His Honour would but pardon him this time she would guarantee that he would never again be guilty of talking so foolishly of the Company's stronghold. He does not get drunk, I will admit, replied the Governor, and he does his duty reasonably well, but this is a serious matter of which he has been guilty. He must be brought before the Council. The Council decided to be lenient with him, but that he must counteract the mischief which his seditious language might have occasioned. He was therefore to select the two best cannons at the Cape, which should be conveyed to the place that he had asserted commanded the Castle. There he was to load them with full charges, and if he could throw a ball into the fortress he was to be free of fine or punishment. The experiment was carried out, and the Castle remained unscathed. The constable was then compelled to proclaim himself a foolish fellow, and was fined three months' wages to cover the expense of removing the cannon.\*

The officers selected at this troublous time to conduct the government were Isbrand Goske, Albert van Breugel, and Pieter de Neyn. The first was a man who had filled various responsible situations in the Indies, and had always acquitted himself creditably. He had won distinction in Ceylon and on the coast of Malabar. Twice he had been Commissioner at the Cape. It was he who selected the site of the Castle, when on his way from Europe to Persia to assume the direction of the Company's trade there, and again when returning home in 1671 he was charged with the duty of rectifying anything here that might be amiss. Judged by the standard of the nineteenth century his views would be called narrow, in his own day he was held to be not only a good but a wise and liberal man. In rank he was already higher than a Commander, and when he was requested to assume the direction of affairs at the Cape, the Residency was raised to be a Government, and he was entitled Governor. At the same time he was appointed Councillor Extraordinary of India. His salary was to be at the rate of £25 a

\* NOTE.—A dozen years later the authorities admitted that their predecessors had been mistaken. In 1685 a Commissioner of high standing advised the Chamber of Seventeen that there was no site in Table Valley upon which a fortress could be built to command the anchorage without being itself commanded by higher ground.

month, or double that of a Commander, with a very liberal table allowance, and besides quarters in the fort he was to have a pleasure house or country seat with an ornamental garden at Rondebosch, where he could entertain visitors at his ease.

Albert van Breugel, who was appointed Secunde, was a man of less experience than Mr Goske, but was believed to be a staid, upright, and able officer.

Advocate Pieter de Neyn, who was sent out as Fiscal, was a good-natured, witty personage, well read in law and thoroughly competent for his post as far as talent was concerned, but his moral character was not altogether above reproach. A book of poetry which he composed and published after his return to Europe bears the impress of a man of some genius, to whom close thinking was familiar. Many of the verses are characterised by the same peculiarities as the writings of Sterne, but the expressions are coarser.\* The fiscal was the first of the three new officers appointed, and when he arrived at the Cape he experienced some difficulty in getting himself recognised by the grave God-fearing councillors who were then ruling the settlement.

During the ten years from the 1st of January 1662 to the 31st of December 1671, three hundred and seventy of the Company's ships put into Table Bay, either on the outward or homeward passage, and all found ample refreshment. In the same period, twenty-six French, nine English, and two Danish ships cast anchor here.† The only other stranger was a small Portuguese vessel brought in as a prize. There were no wrecks or losses in Table Bay during this period, but on the coast nearly opposite Dassen Island, a cutter was run ashore by a drunken skipper in June 1668,

\* NOTE.—A copy is in the splendid collection of South African books belonging to C. A. Fairbridge, Esq., of Cape Town.

† NOTE.—Instructions as to the treatment of foreigners were very frequently given. They are all summed up concisely in the following extract:—"Wij wenschen met U E dat de Deenen en andere Europaïensche natien het aendoen van de Caep quamen te excuseren, alsoo wij doch niet als moeijten, krachelen, en onlusten daeruijt kunnen te verwachten hebben, maer evenwell als zij om water en eenige verversinge daer soeken aen te wesen, soude het een seer harde saecke sijn haer aff te wijsen. Dan sullen U E moeten verdacht sijn gelijk wij U E oock te meermalen hebben aengesz, en bij U E oock seer wel' schijnt begrepen te wesen, dat die verversinge haer niet als met

when two men were drowned, and in May 1671 another small vessel was wrecked on the Foundlings, when the crew got safely away in the boat. It was estimated that for the refreshment of the Company's ships three hundred and fifty head of horned cattle and three thousand seven hundred sheep were required yearly. This was exclusive of the hospital and the people on shore. The average number of men on board each vessel that called in time of peace was about one hundred and eighty, but first class Indiamen carried from three to four hundred. It needed seventy or eighty hands to set the enormous mainsail of such a ship, for they were ignorant of many of the modern appliances for multiplying power. Shipbuilders were only beginning to learn that by reducing the size of the sails and increasing the number they could do with fewer men. Large crews were needed also for defence in case of attack by pirates, and allowance had to be made for at least one third of the complement being laid up with scurvy in a passage exceeding four months. Thus, notwithstanding the number of ships appears small, over seven thousand strangers visited the Cape every year, who after consuming fresh provisions for ten or twelve days carried away with them as much as would keep good.

Nearly every year the branch of the Cochoquas under Gonnema paid a visit to the Cape peninsula, where they seldom failed to create trouble by their pilfering propensities. The normal condition of this particular clan was that of a roving band, always at feud with its neighbours, either plundering the Namaquas, or the Chainouquas, or the Caapmans of their cattle, or itself plundered and reduced to want. They had yet to learn that a European settlement was not to be dealt with in this manner.

een spaersame hant werde toegereijcht, men kan op eijgen behoeff en benodichtheit veell excuseren. Maer als die natien daer den beest souden willen spelen off eendootslach aan iemant van ons volck comen te begaan, gelijk sulx jonghst met den Chirurgijn vant Deens schip *Oldenburgh* nae genoeg is geweest, verstaen wij dat U E de sodanige sullen hebben bij de kop te vatten, recht daer over te spreken, en tselve ter executie te leggen, in twelck geene natien ons met reden qualijck cunnen affnemen. behoudelijck nochtans dat wij des meester en sij soo sterck niet en sijn dat sij ons sulx feijtelijck souden cunnen beletten, off ander gewelt tegens ons gebruijken." Extract from a despatch of the Chamber of Seventeen, of date 4th November 1673.

At this period the Europeans felt themselves more secure than ever before. There was a garrison of three hundred men in Table Valley. The burghers formed a body of militia one hundred strong, a fair proportion of them mounted on Javanese ponies. The Council was in no mood to brook either affront or wrong. The members were plain men, who looked at the native question as a very simple one. They had no thought or desire of harming a Hottentot or of interfering in the slightest manner with the internal government of the clans. But they were determined to punish any one who should molest a European, and to do it in such a manner as to inspire all others with a feeling of terror.

On the first opportunity that offered they put this principle into practice. Five of Gonnema's people were taken redhanded in the act of sheepstealing, three of the number being guilty also of assaulting the herdsman. They were bound and carried to the fort, where shortly a party of their friends appeared with cattle for their ransom. The Council declined to release the prisoners on any terms. Day after day came messengers offering more and more cattle, but always without effect. The five prisoners were brought to trial, and were sentenced all to be soundly flogged, the three most guilty to be branded and to be banished to Robben Island for fifteen years to collect shells for the public benefit in return for their food, the other two to be banished for seven years. The first part of the sentence was strictly carried out, and the latter part would have been so likewise if the convicts had not made their escape from the island in a boat.

On the 23rd of March 1672 the ship *Macassar* arrived from Texel, having as passenger the Secunde Albert van Breugel. The Councillors went on board to welcome him and to escort him to the fort, but a strong southeaster springing up suddenly they were unable to return to land before the 25th. Mr Van Breugel's commission empowered him to act as Commander in case of no one higher in rank in the service being at the Cape, so that he at once assumed the direction of affairs. On the same day there arrived in a homeward boundship a Commissioner of the Cape Residency in the person of Arnoud van Overbeek, member of the Council of Justice at Batavia and Admiral of the return Fleet of 1672. The

Commissioner was received with the ordinary state observed towards officers of his rank. The walls of the old fort would not admit of the cannon being used too freely, but the ships at anchor lent assistance with their great guns. Amid the roar of their discharges Mr Van Overbeek landed on the jetty, where the officers of the settlement met him. The troops with as many of the burgher militia as could be assembled were drawn up and presented arms as he passed along the lines, and as he entered the fort his flag was hoisted and saluted.

After investigating the affairs of the settlement, the Commissioner Van Overbeek thought it would be expedient in order to prevent future disputes to make a formal purchase of the country about the Cape from the Hottentot claimants. A negotiation was accordingly entered into with the chief formerly called by his countrymen Osingkima and now Mankagou, to whom the Dutch had given the name of Schacher. When Mr Van Riebeeck arrived in South Africa, Schacher's father, the Fat Captain Gogosoa, was the principal chief of the three clans, Goringhaiquas, Gorachouquas, and Goringhaikonas, then in occupation of the Cape Peninsula and the adjacent country. Since that time some changes in the internal condition of these clans had taken place. The largest of them had been subdivided into several little bands. The permanent residents of the peninsula had increased in number, owing to the facility of obtaining food afforded by the presence of the European settlers. The others had not yet recovered from the loss sustained during the pestilence of 1665. But to them all Schacher's position was the same as that of his father had been, so that if any one had a right to barter away the country, that one was he.

The Hottentot chief, when applied to, readily consented to the conditions proposed, for they took nothing from him which he had not already lost. The agreement, which is still preserved in the Registry of Deeds in Cape Town, contains eight clauses. In the first, the Hottentot Prince, as he is called, agrees for himself and his heirs in perpetuity, to sell to the Honourable East India Company the whole district of the Cape, including Table, Hout, and Saldanha Bays, with all the lands, rivers, and forests therein and pertaining thereto, to be cultivated and possessed without remonstrance

from anyone. With this understanding, however, that he with his people and cattle shall be free to come anywhere near the outermost farms in the district, where neither the Company nor the freemen require the pasture, and shall not be driven away by force or without cause. In the second, he agrees for himself and his people never to do harm of any kind to the Company or its subjects, and to allow them the rights of transit and trade not only in the ceded district, but in his other possessions. In the third, he promises to repel all other Europeans who may attempt to settle in the district. In the fourth, he engages that he and his descendants for ever shall remain the good friends and neighbours of the Company, and be the enemies of all that seek to do the Company or its subjects harm.

On the other hand, the Company engages in the fifth clause to pay to Prince Schacher goods and merchandize such as he may select to the value of four thousand reals of eight (£800). The sixth clause guarantees to him and his people the peaceful possession of his remaining territory, and gives them the right of passage through the Company's ground wherever the exercise of this privilege may not cause damage or annoyance to the Company or its subjects. The seventh secures to Prince Schacher the right of refuge in the Company's territory in case of his being defeated by his Hottentot enemies, and binds the Company to protect him. It also refers tribal disputes to the decision of the Company, and provides for a present to be made yearly to the protecting power. The last clause is Schacher's acknowledgment that the foregoing having been translated to him he agrees to all, and that he has received the amount stipulated. The document is dated in the fortress of Good Hope on the 19th of April 1672. It is signed on behalf of the Company by Aernout van Overbeke, Albert van Breugel, Coenrad van Breitenbach, and J Coon, and has upon it the marks of Prince Schacher and 'T Tachou, who is stated to be the person next in authority to the prince. The Secretary Hendrik Crudop signs as witness.

The document is drawn up in precise legal language and it is clear in its statements, but it cannot be held to give the Company any claim to the Cape district not possessed before. The seller had no choice in the matter. If he had declined to agree to it, the

result so far as the Company's retaining possession of the soil would have been precisely the same. Saldanha Bay is included in the purchase, though the country thereabouts was known to be in the occupation of the Cochoquas. The price paid is stated to be £800, in a despatch to the Directors the value of the goods actually transferred to Schacher is put down at £2 16s 5d. It was not, and under the circumstances could not be, an honest open bargain made by two parties who thoroughly comprehended what they were doing and knew the value given and taken.

An agreement identical with that signed by Schacher was concluded on the 3rd of May between Albert van Breugel and Coenrad van Breitenbach on the part of the Company and the two leading men of the Chainouquas on behalf of their minor chief Dhouw, wherein the district of Hottentots Holland adjoining the Cape, with all its lands, streams, and forests, together with False Bay, are ceded to the Company in return for merchandize amounting in value to £800. The goods actually transferred were worth no more than £6 16s 4d.

At this time experiments were being made in the cultivation of various useful plants from other parts of the world. Sugar canes and cocoanut trees were brought from Ceylon, and cassava plants were introduced from the west coast of Africa, but these all failed. The olive was still regarded as a tree that would ultimately succeed. Some seasons the fruit fell before it was ripe, in other seasons it was small and of very inferior quality. But the trees looked so well that the gardeners always maintained that they had not yet procured the best kind for bearing, and that if they could only get proper stocks or grafts the plant would to a certainty answer here.

In this year the first brandy was distilled at the Cape. It was made as an experiment to ascertain if the wine of this country could not be turned to some good account. The general opinion of the quality of the brandy was however even less favourable than of the wine of which it was made.

On the 31st of July a ship arrived with intelligence that war had commenced between France and England on one side and the United Provinces on the other. Orders were therefore sent out to take every possible precaution against surprise. The Council hereupon

made the best arrangements which they could for the defence of the settlement. The establishment on Dassen Island was broken up, and the five hundred sheep which were kept there were removed to the mainland. At Saldanha Bay and Robben Island preparations were made for abandoning the posts upon the first appearance of an enemy, and destroying everything that could not be carried off. In case of need the women and children with the cattle were to be sent to Hottentots Holland. The work at the castle was meantime diligently carried on.

On the 2nd of October Governor Isbrand Goske arrived in the ship *Zuid Pelsbroek*, after a passage of five months from Texel. The *Zuid Pelsbroek* had lost eighteen men, and there were sixty down with scurvy when she dropped her anchors. The Governor landed at once, and was received by the garrison under arms. As soon as his flag was distinguished on the ship the news had been signalled to Rondebosch and Wynberg, so that the burghers were fast assembling on the ground which now forms the parade. To them the Governor was presented by the Secunde Van Breugel, and was saluted with loud acclamations of welcome, mingled with discharges of firearms from the troops and the roar of cannon from the *Zuid Pelsbroek* and the finished point of the new fortress. The Governor's commission was then read, and the ceremony of induction was over.

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The documents from which this paper is condensed are the following :—

LETTERS. From the Directors or one of the Chambers to the Commander and Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 7 Dec 1671 ; 28 March, 5, 13, 15, 19, and 21 April, 13 and 30 May, 3 and 29 June, and 21 and 23 Sept, 1672. From the Governor General and Council of India to the Commander and Council of the fort Good Hope, of dates 18 Dec 1671, and 31 Jan 1672. From the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Directors, of dates 19 April and 4 May 1672. From the Council of the fort Good Hope to the Governor General and Councillors of India, of dates 6 Jan, 23 Feb, 30 March, 15 and 29 April, 18 May, 14 June, and 5 and 9 Aug, 1672.



JOURNAL OF DAILY OCCURRENCES, kept in the fort Good Hope from 30 Nov 1671 to 2 Oct 1672.

DECLARATIONS CONCERNING CRIME, for the same period.

PROCLAMATIONS AND NOTICES, of dates 22 and 23 Dec, 1671 ; 11 Jan, 30 April, 17 and 31 May, 28 June, 8, 10, 13, 15, 17, and 30 Aug, and 19 Sept, 1672.

RESOLUTIONS AND DEBATES OF THE COUNCIL OF POLICY, as follow :—

1 December 1671.

Present Lieutenant Coenraad van Breitenbach, Acting Lieutenant Johannes Coon, and the Junior Merchants Daniel Froymanteau and Hendrik Crudop.

After a long and painful illness, the Commander Pieter Hackius died last night.

As the Council consists of only three members, it is resolved to give the Secretary Hendrik Crudop a voice and vote, and also when necessary to give a seat to the Bookkeeper Willem van Dieden.

Each member of the Council is to retain the exact position which he held during the life of the late Commander.

Lieutenant Coenraad van Breitenbach retains the supreme military command, and keeps the keys of the fortress. To him the first report of anything unusual that may happen is to be made, and he will bring it before the Council.

The inspection and measurement of Hottentots Holland, which has been delayed by the illness of the late Commander, is to be taken in hand immediately by the lieutenant, the land surveyor Wittebol, and other fit persons, who will prepare a report for the Commissioner expected.

By order from Batavia, possession is to be taken of the place in False Bay where the *Yselsteyn* anchored in June last.

Arrangements are made for the management of different departments of business.

24 December 1671.

Concerning the accounts which are to be made out before the arrival of the return fleet.

19 February 1672.

Concerning robberies on board certain ships.

Concerning disputes with certain officers present in the ship *Gouda*.

Willem van Dieden and Jan Wittebol have seats given to them in the Council.

Concerning a scarcity of certain provisions and medicine here. Supplies are to be asked from the ships.

Advocate Pieter de Neyn has been sent here as fiscal, but until he clears his character of certain charges Hendrik Crudop is to continue to perform the duties of that office.

27 February 1672.

Advices from home have been received to the effect that our Superiors intend to complete the fortress already commenced, and we are instructed to get the materials ready.

It is resolved that the work be commenced without delay and with all our force.

The burghers are to be offered the transport of stones and other necessary materials.

5 March 1672.

The burghers refuse the price offered, namely half a gulden a load for the carriage of stone. The Company will therefore employ its own waggons and oxen for this purpose.

11 April 1672.

The Commissioner Arnout van Overbeek, Admiral of the Return Fleet, and the Council have been busied for some days in investigating matters here.

The Company's slaves complain of their food and clothing. They receive monthly forty pounds of rice and twenty pounds of salt fish, and a suit of clothes once a year. In olden times it was the custom to allow them in addition to the above ration fresh meat or fish once a week, and to give them clothing twice a year. The small allowance of food has caused much sickness among them, and even death. It is resolved to revert to the old custom, both as to food and clothing.

Alexander Carpius, who came to this country as a free-man in January last, has been acting as a Visitor of the Sick, by provisional appointment of Commander Hackius and the

Council. He is an educated and pious man, having been a Theological Candidate, and has also been very industrious in instructing the Company's slave children. He is therefore confirmed in the appointment, and his salary is increased from *f*29 to *f*36 the month.

Concerning the reengagement and promotion of some servants of the Company.

13 April 1672.

Present the Commissioner Arnout van Overbeek, the Secunde Albert van Breugel, Lieutenant Coenraad van Breitenbach, Acting Lieutenant Johannes Coon, and two officers of the fleet.

Concerning an extra allowance of wine, rice, oil, &c, to the clergyman Adrianus de Voocht.

Three families of free burghers and an old man named Carel Broers have permission to return to Europe with this fleet.

Concerning remissions of punishment of some criminals.

A deserving slave is allowed to purchase his freedom for fifty reals of eight.

Certain hotel privileges are granted to Dirk Smient.

The Commissioner moots the question if it would not be possible and of service to the Honourable Company, as also necessary to prevent many disputes, to make a bargain with some Hottentots, and chiefly those in whose land our Residency is situated, whereby these should declare us to be the true and lawful possessors of this Cape district and its dependencies, lawfully sold or bartered to the Honourable Company or to us the servants of the same, for a certain sum of money; and by this means to fix firmly the right of possession of our Superiors. This is regarded as a very serviceable matter, and it is resolved to commence with the Hottentot Captain Mankagou alias Schacher, as hereditary lord of the land upon which the Company has its Residency in this Cape district. And without delay to do the same with the other neighbouring Hottentots.

Two sick soldiers are to be sent to the Fatherland.

Some documents concerning the friendly treatment of the crews of two Danish ships in Table Bay. An injunction from the Chamber of Amsterdam to treat the Danes with all friendship and civility.

26 April 1672.

Orders have been received to detain any Netherlanders who have been in the employment of the Company in the East Indies and who afterwards enter the service of foreign potentates, in consequence of which a man who went out to India as a sea captain in the Company's service and is now returning in the same capacity in a Danish ship is arrested upon his coming ashore here.

27 April 1672.

The skipper detained yesterday is released.

4 May 1672.

The *Vliegende Swaan* is to be kept here.

The *Goudvink*, from Batavia with rice for this place, is to proceed to Mauritius with provisions and other necessaries for our people on that island. Some free families who desire to go there are to proceed in her.

Concerning some other people who are to leave in the yacht *Pyl en Boog*.

A committee of this Council and two burgher councillors have come to an agreement concerning the hire of two waggons from the burghers to convey stone to the new fortress.

Some regulations for outposts.

3 June 1672.

The *Vliegende Swaan* is to explore the east coast of Africa, to search for the seventeen men left behind at Os Medos de Cura by the *Grundel*, and to ascertain what openings there are for trade in goods and slaves.

6 June 1672.

Concerning a small vessel which was sent to the islands of St Thomas and Annabon for slaves and farina plants. No slaves were to be procured, and she brought only a few farina plants.

Regulations concerning the division of labour among various officers.

31 July 1672.

By order of our Superiors, the *Lyster* is to be dispatched without any delay to Batavia with the letters brought here by the *Saxenburgh*.

5 August 1672.

The Company has five hundred half bred sheep running upon Dassen Island, which could be taken possession of by an enemy without difficulty. It is unsafe to leave them there in these troublous times, and it is therefore resolved to remove them to the mainland.

18 August 1672.

Concerning the landing of some beer from the *Saxenburgh*.

30 August 1672.

In letters from our Superiors, dated the 13th of April, we are informed that war has commenced between France and England on one side and our State on the other. It is supposed that the enemy will attack the Company's possessions in India and endeavour on the way to seize this place.

Concerning the watch to be kept for an approaching fleet, the signals to be made, the retreat in case of need of the women and children with the cattle to Hottentots Holland, the hastening of the completion of a portion of the new fortress, and other measures of precaution and defence.

3 September 1672.

Concerning the construction of certain outworks.

Concerning the troops, and plans in case of attack.

27 September 1672.

The *Vliegende Swaan* returned on the 2nd instant in a leaky condition, having had no success.

Concerning the movements of some vessels.



## A Stroll in the Eternal City.

Ibat rex [Evandrus]. . . .

. . . varioque viam sermone levabat.

Miratur, facilesque oculos fert omnia circum,

Æneas, capiturque locis ; et singula lætus

Exquirisque auditque virûm monumenta priorum.—VIRG. ÆN. VIII. 307-312.

MANY centuries ago, according to the verses of Virgil quote<sup>d</sup> above, two men were walking on the site where Rome was to be. The Capitol indeed was as yet covered with wild brambles, and cattle were grazing on the Forum ; but the Palatine was already peopled and even then had a history extending backwards into the dim ages of god-dynasties and aboriginal simplicity. Careful, however, as Virgil is to show that Rome is eternal, he is no less anxious to make us feel that all her chief glories were then future to Æneas and Evander, and present to the great Augustan age in which he himself lived. Did it ever cross his mind that in course of time the Forum might once more be grazing ground, or the Capitol a museum for the relics of the days of old ? Perhaps not ; but then neither do we think of the New Zealander on London Bridge as a reality. Be this as it may, the reality has long come and gone for Imperial Rome, and Æneases of the present day find none the less interest in her, now that her glories have changed from future to past. If some of them will accompany me, the humble representative of Evander—or if they will give me a greater name still, and take me as a *cicerone*—we two will stroll through the Eternal City, “ casting easy glances round, and enlivening the way with varying chat.”

At the outset, let me declare that there are two kinds of Æneases whose company I refuse to accept. Longfellow pillories them in *Outre-Mer*, but they still survive and come in annual shoals to plague and perplex the Continent. One of these types was an Englishman, who had been to Rome without seeing St. Peter's—he didn't care about it ; he had seen St. Paul's in London, and people said they were much of a muchness. He had *done* Naples without visiting Pompeii—because they told him it was hardly worth seeing—nothing but a parcel of dark streets and oid walls. The

other specimen-traveller was an American, who was bent on seeing everything that came in the guide-books. He could get through a city in no time. A Roman aqueduct, a Gothic Cathedral, two or three modern churches, and an ancient ruin or so, were only a breakfast for him. Nothing came amiss. A city was like a Chinese picture to him — it had no perspective. “Life is short, and art is long,” continues Longfellow, “yet spare me from travelling with the speed of thought, and trotting, from daylight until dark, at the heels of a cicerone, with an umbrella in one hand, and a guide-book and plan of the city in the other!” And so say all of us. Let it be well understood, therefore, that we are only going to stroll and chat. Moreover, since the claims of geography might embarrass us, let us reject them at once, starting from nowhere in particular and having no definite destination; thus having a chance of being everywhere untrammelled by space or time; gifting ourselves with birdlike facility of locomotion, or rather with the more spiritual property of moving from one spot to another without passing through the intermediate space. Forward then!

Doubtless, as we start, you—I am addressing my companion Æneas—are revolving in your mind Rome’s historic and poetic glories; you remember how of old she was to her citizens *Roma potens, regia, domina, princeps urbium, Cui par est nihil et nihil secundum*. You expect to see at first sight how *possis nihil urbe Roma visere majus*. True, you think, she is now no more as she has been; yet Childe Harold found her all aglow with the dying light of her setting glories—and why not you? Well; if these are your thoughts, I warn you not judge hastily. At first sight you will be disappointed. What wretched narrow streets! you cry; and how dirty! Really the Municipality ought to see to these things; what is the use of a Municipality, if——? But phew! what a smell! I never dreamt in any civilized town——. Here you are at the narrowest bend of the street; a cab rushes round the corner and bears straight down upon you at full speed; there is no pavement, and you fly for safety into an open shop door! Such horrors accumulate rapidly, and we have not gone far in our stroll, when you begin to think, can this be Rome? Yes, my friend, I admit the streets are narrow and often dirty; but if they were wide,

how should we be off for shade in the broiling summer? A true Italian never walks an inch in the sun more than he can help; and this is a matter in which you soon learn to do in Rome as the Romans do. Moreover it may be strange, and the medical faculty may cry out against it, but it is a fact, that the Ghetto (the Jews' quarter), where the streets are narrowest and dirtiest, is the freest of all from the malaria, and the malaria is the great enemy of Rome. As for the "Sabæan odours," well, Rome does pretty well: a friend of mine says of the cheese and chicken-shop smells that you can cut them with a knife. One street especially, appropriately called *Viccolo de Nari* (Nostril Lane), boasts of no less than five distinct and powerful smells in its length of one hundred yards. But I have seen in the *Times* that Cologne rejoices in seventy-five different species of evil odour—including the famous *Farina* manufacture; and that Berlin is even worse. After all, these are the inevitable drawbacks—the foreground which must be spirited away if we would enjoy the poetry of life. And if you give yourself time, I promise you that Rome will not fall one jot below your highest anticipations.

If it is true that Rome was not built in a day, it is also true that it cannot be seen in a day. The historian, the classic scholar, the antiquarian, the poet, the artist, the intelligent Christian—all find here unlimited stores of instruction and enjoyment. Cardinal Manning often calls it the most intellectual city in the world. And Macaulay, in a letter to Lord Lansdowne, says:—"I have been more delighted than I can express by Italy, and above all by Rome. I had no notion that an excitement so powerful and so agreeable, still untried by me, was to be found in the world. I quite agree with you in thinking that the first impression is the weakest; and that time, familiarity, and reflection, which destroy the charm of so many objects, heighten the attractions of this wonderful place. I hardly know whether I am more interested by the old Rome, or by the new Rome—by the monuments of the extraordinary empire which has perished, or by the institutions of the still more extraordinary empire which, after all the shocks which it has sustained, is still full of life and of [he is pleased to say] perverted energy."

Nor is the reason of this intense interest far to seek. Time, which writes no wrinkle on the azure brow of Ocean, deals quite



contrariwise with Rome; all history is written legibly on her front; every period is as visibly marked as are strata in the earth's crust. Look over there, and you have the Cloaca Maxima, the Pons Sublicius, the Temple of Vesta, the place where St. Augustine lectured philosophy, and the House of Rienzi, all in one glance of the eye. Look again at that gate, with the unmistakable old Roman stones for its groundwork, restored by Belisarius, patched up again in the Middle Ages, and repaired in our own days—each operation retaining and recording its distinctive character. So it is throughout the city; nothing is old here under four or five centuries; the house where Luther stayed is quite a modern affair, and St. Peter's might have been built ten years ago. The last stratum that has been deposited, began in 1870, and consists of "New Rome," that is, a feeble imitation of Paris—cheap buildings, broad streets, all one dead level of mediocrity to the exclusion of all that is picturesque. They may call it New Rome indeed, but it is evidently old Rome that lives there—witness the linen hanging out of the windows to dry, and the wafting odours of the cheese-shops.

Curiously enough, the geological principle is not confined to buildings; you have it in the dress of the people; see that Campagna peasant with the goat-skin breeches, dating back doubtless to the times of the mythological satyrs—or again that respectable Roman citizen flinging his cloak over his shoulder with a quaint reminiscence of the old toga—or that woman's head-dress with its curious plaited folds (*sometimes* of her own hair), and the silver spear transfixing it behind, just as the mother of the Gracchi might have worn it. Many other such survivals remind us of Rome's past: look at that placard for instance, "Est locanda," "To let"—words that must have been seen continuously in these streets from time immemorial.

Perhaps there are few travellers to Rome whose first visit is not to St. Peter's, and perhaps there is no building in the world about which more has been said. Far away, from your railway carriage, before any other trace of the city appeared, you must have caught sight of its eternal dome; or, if you were not on the look out for it, it is ten to one that someone pointed it out to you and exclaimed, "Ecco Roma!" It towers up in this city of hills and domes so

markedly that at a distance no hill or dome seems to exist beside it. "And yet here we are at the very entrance of its colonnade, and it does not seem so very big after all." True, but here you enter into the region of giants, and you must alter your standard of measurement accordingly: look at the huge column near you—estimate its size—run your eye along the whole circle, and remember that there are 150 of such columns on each side: then consider that from the further end of the colonnade to the door of St Peter's is another hundred yards. Those 200 statues between you and the Church, the vast of which look like pygmies, are each twelve feet high. That little black speck entering the large doorway is a man. Ah! now you begin to feel the size? It is the same when you stand in the doorway itself; everything is so well-proportioned that it looks quite natural; it is not that the Church is immense, but that men have become Lilliputians. This illusion varies with different people, but in some cases it can hardly be exaggerated. It requires a constant effort of the memory and understanding to realize the dimensions; the senses are unequal to it. You must bear in mind such facts as that those sweet-looking little cherubs holding up the holy-water stoup are six feet high and fat in proportion; that the pen in yonder Apostle's hand is seven feet long; that the doves on the pillars which seem to be on a level with your shoulder are really far above your head; and so on. But the hugeness of the place is not all; nor is the boldness of the architecture all; not the spirit of Michael Angelo alone, but the spirit of Raphael also is there. It takes many and many a visit to drink in all the treasures of art—in sculpture, in marble designs, in mosaic decorations and pictures—lavished so freely on what was meant to be, and what has succeeded in becoming, the Cathedral of the world. And yet all its glory is to a Catholic but as dross, compared to other treasures here enshrined—but perhaps my Æneas is not a Catholic.

I will but add two criticisms on St. Peter's which have struck me, one sublimely simple, the other sublimely ridiculous. Fenimore Cooper tells us that when he visited Rome, there was a French child in the party, and on reaching St. Peter's the little one clung with awe and amazement to his father's coat-tails, and could do nothing but repeat over and over again the question, "Mais qu'est-ce

que c'est? Est-ce une Eglise?"—(But what can it be? Is it a church?). On the other hand, a waggishly disposed acquaintance of mine took occasion, on his first visit, to walk up to a comfortable, dignified Canon of the Cathedral, decked in fur and lace, and, looking up at the magnificent dome, to say in careless, easy tones, "Come si chiama questa cappella?" (What—er—might be the name of this—er—chapel?) This was cruel.

We have just seen Christian Rome in its triumph; it would now be interesting, but impossible, in a mere stroll, to show you as a contrast Christian Rome in its perhaps more beautiful obscurity of the Catacombs; let us then pass it by, and pay our respects to the ghost of Pagan Rome departed. The Coliseum is a long way from St. Peter's, but we wave our magical wands according to our principle established at the beginning,—hey presto, fly! and we are there.

To say that this is the grandest of all Roman ruins is not very definite, but what more can be said? We must call upon the Muse of History to make the flesh and blood cover once more these dry bones. We have just seen the size of St. Peter's; well, the Coliseum of old seated almost as many as St. Peter's has standing room for—*i e.*, more than 80,000. Imagine these thousands of eager faces centred on two tiny-looking gladiators away down in the arena—and the roar of those thousands of voices demanding death, or cheering victory! What a glorious witness for St. Ignatius and hundreds of others to bear for the Christian creed, standing there alone, calm, fearless and faithful, facing the wild beasts of the fores below, and the wilder cry of multitudinous human cruelty above! These thoughts are too great for us; let us leave. Leave it as it stands there, bare and majestic—"a noble wreck in ruinous perfection!"

It is too bad to pass hurriedly by the Palace of the Cæsars, the Arches of Titus and Constantine, the Roman Forum, the Capitol, and the Mamertine Prison,—which record the full history of the Monarchy, the Republic, the Empire of Rome, and can all be seen in one sweep of the eye—but time presses, and we must see more of the modern city as it is. We will just notice in passing the peculiar masonry work, everywhere visible; all the interior of the walls is a kind of plum-pudding construction, of countless small

stones set in mortar, as if the mortar were the ingredient and the stones held it together. Masses of such building work dot the whole country round; they hold together like rock, as if they had inherited the obstinacy of their builders. Men who built like that deserved to conquer the world. One other observation as we go, and I quote it from Fenimore Cooper—notice how “all the works of luxury and of a ferocious barbarity belong to the Empire, and those of use to the Republic.” Rome’s ruins teach us more than history,—they hand down a precious tradition of political philosophy.

Our walk has here brought us upon the Tiber.—“What! this sluggish, muddy, yellow stream! Impossible! Well might Virgil speak of *fluvio opaco*, that is if he meant to use the latter word in the non-classical sense.” Yes, this is the Tiber; but you should see it in high flood; *angry* is the only word for it then, and its colour only adds to its grandeur, as it rushes down with yellow foam, tearing at the bridges, and eddying under the arches, and whirling down everything within reach; it seems then to be asserting its dignity, as having been once thought worthy of worship among the gods. Here you have the “quay;” the shipping is not large certainly,—two fishing-smacks and a river-dredge; yet this it was which made a friend of mine, Don Antonio, exclaim on visiting the Liverpool docks,—“Ah, how this reminds me of my beloved Tiber!” Alas for commercial magnificence! A little further we come to the new embankment, now being made. Here let us pause; the most refreshing thing in the world to a tired man is to see Italians work, so we will lean on the parapet of Ponte Sisto and watch them awhile. Cardinal Wiseman shall describe them for us. “It is the most delicious example of making toil a pleasure that can be imagined. As each workman brings his barrow to be, not filled, but sprinkled with earth from the trenches, he sits down to converse with his friends of the shovel, who, in the quietest way possible, measure him out his just load. When this is obtained, he follows in the track of his immediate predecessor, and forms another link in the processional train, moving at the slowest conceivable pace. Their very barrows utter a sympathetic creak at every turn of the wheel, and seem to partake of their masters’ antipathy to exertion. Their line never

proceeds far without a general stoppage. One of the first on it, soon pauses to take rest, or snuff, and arrests the entire train; *yet not a murmur of complaint is heard!* As after many such interruptions, each labourer reaches his destination, it is probably only to assist in forming an immense mound of earth, which, in three months, must be as quietly conveyed a few hundred yards further." Had the old Romans worked like this, the Coliseum would perhaps still have been in the course of erection. Fortunately "other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labours." The marvel, however, is, not so much the idle way they work, for that, notwithstanding my joking, has many admirable exceptions; but the supremely idle way they idle. Whenever anything is *done* in Rome, it causes such astonishment that dozens feel impelled to stand by and watch it. The climate is mild, food is cheap, and nobody minds about your clothes, and it is so much jollier to do nothing,—so they do it.

You will naturally infer from this that in this country a propensity to needless begging will be common. And you are not far wrong. Look there; someone has already spied you as a stranger:—"Signore, qualche cosa per carità!" God forbid I should say one word against the right which the really and honestly poor, the destitute widow and orphan, the blind and the maimed, have before heaven of making known their wants to their more favoured brethren of the human race; the political economy which would look upon such misfortune as a crime or a disgrace, and which would close the springs of human affections by immuring relief to such of God's children within inaccessible and loveless work-house walls, is nothing but, *pro tanto*, a return to ante-Christian paganism. I protest against, the spirit which gave rise to the proverb, "Cold as charity"; but none the less I blame and deplore the abjectness of spirit which results in needless begging, and substitutes whining for work. Yet we must not be too hard on this portion of the Italian race; after all, it is pusillanimity rather than crime, and idleness is just as reprehensible and just as common among the rich of every race as among the poor of this. Let those of us who are without sin cast the first stone.

It is a strange law in nature, that evil is easily inherited, and good

has generally to be struggled for. The modern Italians have struggled manfully for the good that is in them ; but along with their glorious traditions they have undoubtedly inherited much that is bad. The slavery and luxury of old is become the idleness of to-day, and the once manly dependence of client upon patron has degenerated into the modern want of self-respect. The process of this degeneration is easily traced ; at first clients used to be invited as guests to the patron's table ; then tolerated and snubbed ; then, as it became less and less necessary to court the people, this doubtful privilege was committed into a right to a certain quantity of food, called *sportula* ; by degrees, the *sportula* became a fixed sum of money, and Juvenal tells us that it was by no means only the poor who stooped to receive it. Moreover, we read constantly in Roman history of large donations being given to the people, who, already beggars, never tired of the brutish cry, *Panem et Circenses* ! Thus Italians have learned—what otherwise in a warm climate it is so easy to learn—to beg and be idle. I must, however, add for them that they are cheerful and often amusing in their begging, and never, or rarely, grumble when refused.

I have spoken at length on begging and idleness, because these are the surface-faults which at first sight make the most impression on us of the Teutonic race. But things are not judged by their surface merely. From such small premises to conclude against the Italians as a nation, would be the depth of absurdity. What an injustice to us, if the Italians were to judge of us from the loud vulgarity, the insolent haughtiness, the cold reserve, the prying curiosity, which are such evident surface-faults among those of our race who visit these shores ! Enough of blame and recrimination,—let us take to the streets once more and watch the faces of the people.

Observe the marked outline of feature, the dark and speaking eyes, the great capability of expression, especially among the men. You cannot help being attracted by the faces of the children, bright, intelligent, and very often beautiful. Notice the easy, innate grace and modesty of the women. Not as if all were perfection in this city, or in any other ; I am only speaking of general features, and so speaking, have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that the first view of the Italian people would lead us to expect great things

of them. We know their history proves them to be of quick wit and lively intellect, full of poetry and art, capable of generous impulse and energetic action. And a look into their faces does not belie their history. We know also that at times these noble qualities, like everything else that is high and good in this world, are liable to great perversion; that their poetry often becomes effeminacy, their quickness is often displayed in anger and strife, and their persistent energy turns that anger into hatred and revenge. This too is corroborated by the singularly faithful tale their faces tell. But that they are a degenerate race, as is often thought, there is not a hint. Externally at least, they compare quite favourably with the French; and France claims, without injustice, to be the centre of civilization. And if we compare the poorer classes of Italy with the poorer classes of England, the former beyond all question carry off the palm. In fact, it seems to me that, taking them at their best, the poor surpass the rich here, especially the country-poor,—the men are more manly, the women more graceful, the children more like the ideal angels of art. Görres, the great German journalist, says that “if we look only to the relations of society, little more would be necessary to transform these peasants (of Italy) into noblemen, than to change their outward garb.” And Cooper, who lived a long time here, says, “A kinder and quicker-witted, and a more civil people, than most of the country population, is not usually seen. Strangers certainly see the worst of them; had we formed our notions by even the first nine months’ experience, it would have misled us.” How then do travellers come to say, and of course believe, that the Italians are degraded? I can only reply with Macaulay, “In every human character and transaction, there is a mixture of good and evil; a little exaggeration, a little suppression, a judicious use of epithets, a watchful and searching criticism with respect to evidence on one side, a convenient credulity with respect to every report or tradition on the other, may easily make a saint of Laud or a tyrant of Henry IV.” I speak of things as I find them, and, remembering that in matters like this small initial errors may lead to great final results, without blaming others who have so miscalculated, I apply to them the dialogue in Shakespeare:—

ANT.—He misses not much.

SEB.—No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

And were I asked how I know that the dialogue does not apply to myself, I can only say that one is more likely to come to the truth about men by sympathy than by prejudice, and by living among them than by passing through them.

But we have strolled enough ; the evening air is falling, and it is time for those who would prudently avoid the Roman fever to return to their homes.

FRED. C. KOLBE.





## The Knight's Path.

A Knight went boldly forth at early dawn,  
 His way lay through a tangled forest brake,  
 He drew his shining sword, and marching on  
 Began to clear the path that he must take.

With vigorous hand he cut the boughs away,  
 Which hid the sunshine from the earth below,  
 And trampled down the bind-weed that would stay  
 His eager steps, and make his progress slow.

And ever as he went the falchion bright  
 Caught sparkles from the sun, and those afar  
 Wandering and aimless, saw the frequent light  
 Pointing the way before them like a star.

But struggling bravely onward day by day,  
 He found the sword unsuited to the fight,  
 He broke, and cast the slender blade away,  
 And seized his battle axe, an axe of might.

And as he hewed his way with patient skill,  
 Heedless of thorns that gave him many a wound,  
 He freed the flowers from the weeds that kill,  
 And cut the vines which twined the saplings round.

And oft his clarion voice rang loud and clear,  
 And many gladly heard, and forward press'd,  
 And those who murmured, when they came anear  
 Found discord vanish where his touch would rest.

But some lay down beneath a tree and slept,  
 And others turned to seek a softer way,  
 Some feared the thorns, and sat them down and wept,  
 And many stept aside to dance and play.

And some, who never raised their hands or eyes,  
 Looked on the ground and gathered specks of gold,  
 Which heaped around them hid the very skies,  
 And buried them in caverns dark and cold.

But he toiled ever on with tireless feet,  
 Looking not back, nor pausing in his way,  
 Though sometimes chilled by storms that on him beat,  
 And sometimes scorched by summer's burning ray.

“ And at the end, “ said one, ” what will there be ? ”  
 He answered gravely, “ That I cannot tell,  
 I have my work to do, enough for me  
 The King is good and loving, All is well.”

And on he went, not cheerless nor unblest,  
 Birds sang around, whose song he loved to hear,  
 The balmy airs his heated brow caress'd,  
 And oft the sky above was bright and clear.

But while his steady arm was still unspent,  
 Sudden he fell, and cruel thorns straightway  
 Entered his heart, and from the angry rent,  
 Life fled, and motionless at last he lay.

And those who saw his calm majestic face,  
 So grave and resolute, learned their grief to bear  
 It bore of many a struggle past the trace,  
 But strength and victory were written there.

And lo ! upon the pathway he had trod  
 There shone a light without a spot or stain,  
 And those who looked took courage, and thanked God  
 That his brave Knights had never toiled in vain.

W. G.

## Four Weeks in North America.

FROM THE NOTES OF A "TRANSIENT."

ABOUT half-past eleven on the night of the 16th September, at Philadelphia, we entered our Pullman Sleeping Car, which was all prepared with its sleeping births and curtains, and soon after the train started we went to bed; all we saw of Baltimore was while looking from the berth through the window noticing in the bright moonlight houses and large stores and the ships as we were drawn from one station to another by twelve mules; linked on again to the iron horse we soon left Baltimore behind, and as the sun rose, it lighted up the beautiful white stone built dome and other buildings of the Capitol, which stood out in bold relief on its lofty site and clearly but mutely taught us that we had reached Washington, the capital of the United States.

The state buildings in Washington are very fine, but the city itself is small, having, even when full, at the sessions of Congress, less than 150,000 inhabitants; it has been laid out on a large scale, but only a small portion has been built upon, often leaving intervening blocks with few or no buildings. It is situated on the Potomac River, at its junction with the Eastern branch, which it overlooks; in the city there are several elevations on which the different public buildings stand, and behind it are low hills. On one of these elevations stands the White House, or official residence of the President; the view from the windows at the back overlooks the broad valley of the Potomac. On the one side of the White House is the large granite building of the State, War, and Navy Departments; a little way off on the other side is the Treasury, a magnificent granite and free-stone building with an Ionic colonnade on the east side; like that of the temple of Minerva at Athens, while at the principal entrance on the west were eight enormous monoliths. We went through these buildings and even into the innermost vault of the Treasury, where, ranged around were £80,000,000 of bonds. We were forcibly reminded how much female education is utilised in America, by finding two thousand ladies as clerks in the Treasury; a great number of ladies were

employed also in other departments. We visited the large white marble Post Office, and also the Patent Office, a grand Doric building of marble, freestone and granite, in which are kept the models of every invention of whatever sort that has been patented in America; the four rooms are fitted up with glass cases, and are together 1,350 feet long; nothing in England can compare to it. Another interesting place was the stone and brick building of the Department of Agriculture, in which were library and museum, herbarium, and a collection of implements; whilst outside were green-houses and experimental gardens. This governmental department publishes annually "The Report of the Department of Agriculture," a large volume of reports on soils, seeds, grain, plants, fruits, trees, animals, and stock generally, with the results of experiments; a book which would be most useful to our farmers here, and which should annually find its place in all our colonial libraries. Through this department any immigrants can learn in what States land can be purchased from or granted by Government, also every information about those places, the nature of the soils, and of the climate, the kinds of seeds or plants, or fruits, or trees, or stock, which will best flourish there; the means of transport, the distances of markets, the general prices of things there, and all that information which is of incalculable value to the immigrant, but which has generally to be learned in South Africa, through the painful experience of years of losses, disappointments and failures. The Americans are here wise in their generation, and do everything possible to encourage, and instruct, and help, and guide these immigrants. Would that our Commissioner of Works and farmer legislators did it as fully.

In this city of fine buildings, the grandest is the Capitol, standing out in relief against the sky line from its hill, ninety feet high. The large wings of the building, with their columns, are of pure white marble, the central part, covered by a dome like St. Paul's, is of freestone, painted white, and is surmounted by a bronze statue of Liberty, nearly twenty feet high. The commanding site, the symmetry of proportion, of architectural design, of massive ornament, of purity of colour, in a clear atmosphere, and of classic taste, were very pleasing. The Rotunda with its dome from floor to

roof 220 feet high, the rooms for the meeting of Senate and Congress, the large free library, the number of other different chambers, the beautiful paintings inside the dome, with frescoes, paintings, and statues in different parts of the buildings, are some of the good reasons for the just pride of the Americans in their Houses of Parliament.

We have too little space properly to describe either the building or the form of Government; suffice it to quote that "the United States are States united for national or federal purposes only; that the central Government or Congress deals exclusively with national questions, such as peace, war, foreign diplomacy, the army and navy, national taxation, including the tariff, the national currency, and such portions of Statecraft as apply to the nation as a whole, which questions are strictly limited and defined by the written constitution; and further that each State has its separate Parliament and Government, and may enact its own laws upon any questions which are not reserved by the written constitution for congressional action. It was also supposed that by the original constitution, any State might retire from the Union, and become absolutely free. Perhaps that issue as much as slavery and protection was the cause of the civil war. The President is chosen every four years, and has the powers of veto of a despot; there are thirty-eight States, each returning two senators, and eight territories returning one each. There are 291 representatives in the Lower House, who are returned in proportion to population: thus the State of New York returns thirty-three, while Nebraska or Nevada returns only one each. There are nine chiefs of Departments under the President: the Chief Secretary, the Secretary of the Treasury, Secretaries of War and of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior or Home Secretary, Postmaster-General, Department of Justices, with Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, and the Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture."

Politically this form of Government is no more perfect than others: the country hardly settles down from the disappointment or success of one Presidential election, than at least two years beforehand, the excitement and plans of the next election are disturbing men's minds and business; many place-hunters come to the front

while the good and true and noble men seldom have the time, or the means, or the inclination to enter into these struggles, but disapprove and are long suffering until some great crisis forces them into the contest. We heard that the jealousy between North and South had not died out, but was keenly strengthened during these Presidential contests, and that Southern influence was unremittingly and insidiously striving to have its own supporters in every possible government institution in the hope of gaining the supremacy. A friend writing from New York a few months ago stated, "The Presidential election is more than usually exciting, from the fact that the democratic party have been out of power for twenty years and are exceedingly hungry for the spoils. As a republican I am sanguine of the election of James A. Garfield. I presided at a large republican meeting in Flatbush this last week, and it was a crowded and successful one. A coloured man, the first admitted to the bar of New York, made the most logical speech of the evening. The prosperity of the country and the free trade doctrine, a pet idea of the South, will beat them." We ourselves could not help feeling that for many years to come great wisdom, tact, and tolerance will be needed to guide the North and South through the troubled waters of jealous rivalry into the calm and perfect union of interest and aims. We earnestly hope that such qualifications of a good ruler may be found in General Garfield, the new President of the United States.

One of the most thoughtful men of America has just stated: "It is our great difficulty to manage cities under universal suffrage. After slavery was put down no problem remained of a blacker threat than the mismanagement of our great municipalities, and to counteract this, we still look for an increasingly conscientious public sentiment disseminated and strengthened through the purity and spirituality of Gospel truth." Under this form of Government, then, with its universal suffrage, there do arise occasional outcries against wrong and favouritism, bribery and some rowdyism, but all live under perfect security of their person and their property, in order and quietness; for as one gentleman told us, "We have no more fear of our property than our fathers had, my wife can go everywhere through the city at any hour, and be certain of meeting only with

respect and civility. My children go everywhere and at any time without a rude word being addressed to them. It is the place seekers who work upon the uneducated, but the vast majority of these are well-behaved and orderly, and hope to advance themselves by honest industry."

There are eight parks in Washington and its neighbourhood ; we drove through some of the fine streets and avenues to the Soldiers' Home, a hospital for disabled soldiers, the buildings of white marble situated in a beautiful park of 500 acres, about which the old soldiers roamed to their heart's content, or sat beneath the shady trees. Just beyond this we looked down on a cemetery of 5,000 graves of soldiers, while, further on at Arlington House, there were 15,000 graves of soldiers who had fallen in the civil war, the head of each grave marked by a small white marble slab. The whole of the United States army now only consists of about 15,000 men. We drove past the grand house of the English Ambassador, but almost exactly opposite was a grander house than any I have seen at the Cape, owned and occupied by a black man. We saw that coloured men are employed as porters and waiters, &c., some few are clerks, and others are saving money in different occupations ; there are also coloured girls who through their education, ably fill their situations as clerks.

On Thursday morning we left Washington westward ho! for Cincinnati, having bought our twelve or fifteen inches of ticket, besides one for the sleeping car, in a shop in the street the day before we went to the railway station. After leaving Washington the soil seemed poor, but better towards German town, where we passed woods and woody dells, in which were cottages with wooden walls and shingle roofs, and rough looking restaurants with typical backwoodsmen lounging about. In patches of cleared forest land there were young peach trees, a foot high and small apple trees growing among tall mealies. We were soon rushing along the banks of the Potomac, which was then very muddy : the banks were low, and the stream broken up by rocks and islands, but the sides broad and beautifully wooded with a back ground of wooded heights. Alongside the river is a canal, on which were barges with grain, and some fitted with large mud scoops for

clearing the canal. We always found our fellow-passengers very courteous and ready not only to answer questions but also to volunteer any information on the subjects of our enquiry and from them we learnt many of our jottings by the way. The Eastern rivers have too short a course and too rapid a fall to be as navigable as those west of the Alleghany Mountains. We soon came through bold scenery to the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, all names suggestive of terribly fatal conflicts during the civil war. The scenery is very wild and grand, and the village on the cliff and the smithy where John Brown held out to the last, were pointed out to us; then we began the long ascent of the Alleghany mountains, admiring its forests, and looking down on the torrent in its rocky bed far beneath us. A great deal of pinewood, especially white pine, is taken out of these forests, but the locust tree wood is the toughest wood, it is quick-growing and even more lasting than hickory when both are exposed to the atmosphere. The best railway sleepers are made from white oak or chestnut trees; they are put down at about 3,000 to the mile, and will last from seven to eight years; there were also beech, birch, and bass wood trees; elm trees grow quicker than maple trees, which are so numberless in many parts; an elm tree will in fifteen years grow a stem eighteen inches in diameter. There are several varieties of maple trees, but the sugar maple tree seems to require heavy frosts in winter, and then in spring a hole two inches deep is bored with an augur, into which a wooden tap is put, and the sap which thence exudes is boiled and used as syrup, or by further processes turned into sugar. The timber which is hewn in these Alleghany forests is brought to the edge of the stream and fashioned into hundreds of logs; but because the mountain torrent is too weak to carry down these logs, a series of different dams are made in which the water accumulates and the logs float in them, then the dam is suddenly broken open, and by means of this artificial freshet, the logs are swept down perhaps half way to or into another dam, where again the water accumulates, and so on by a system of these artificial freshets the logs are swept down stage by stage to the deeper river. Looking at the dams beneath us the plan seemed very ingenious. Afterwards at another place, Glenfalls, we saw



large wooden piers at certain distances from each other, built in the river in order to stop the timber rafts.

When we reached the top of the range nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, we passed through an undulating country for nearly twenty miles, with more grass than we had seen for a long time; there were several houses, and two large hotels, erected by the railway company for tourists who came for the summer months from Baltimore and Washington on the east, and from Cincinnati and even St. Louis on the banks of the Mississippi; the season was just passed and the hotels were already closed; villas and little wooden cottages there, are also hired for the season. We saw many cows and some sheep and horses, while the only shop and post office, hung out its sign, "H. Brooks, Fancy Groceries, Fruits, Dry Goods, Notions." With twenty minutes for dinner at Cumberland and the same time for supper down at Grayton, we passed away from the great watershed, and were rushing alongside little streams that helped to swell the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and therefore flowed on more than 300 miles before they reached the ocean. We passed through an immense coal and iron district, where there were many shafts and iron smelting furnaces. The railway now ceased to be a double track, for in the west all railroads have but a single track. We passed great numbers of goods or freight trains and some oil trains with their boiler-like tanks. The engines were 50 tons weight, freight trains often go in convoys of from five to ten with only a mile or two apart, and some hours afterwards a fresh convoy starts. On the 104 miles of the lower part of the descent we passed through 24 tunnels and over 53 bridges; but it was dark, and we had all nestled into our comfortable sleeping berths and were unconscious until in morning light we found we were sweeping through the plains of Ohio, and after occasional glimpses of the Ohio river and the lands and gardens near, we stopped at Cincinnati by breakfast time, not nearly so wearied as we anticipated after our 22 hours ride. We put up at the Grand Hotel, which does not belie its name; it takes 500 guests; the Palmer House, Chicago had nearly 700 when we were there; the Windsor at Montreal must take 600; the Fort William Henry, a splendid wooden hotel at the head of Lake George, takes 900 guests and is shut up during the winter; the Union Hotel, Saratoga,

takes 1,500, but is also closed when the season has passed; another in San Francisco is said to be larger. These hotels are very convenient, having extra parlours and drawing rooms, whole suites of rooms, and splendid dining rooms, and a lift up which passengers can at any time be raised to the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th storey. The proprietor of the Grand Hotel shewed us through it, and we admired its magnificently marble paved hall, marble staircase and pillars, very large and lofty dining-rooms with their great numbers of separate little tables, to one of which the white head waiter conducts you or your party, and leaves you to the care of the black waiters. We saw the parlours for ladies, for gentlemen, and for families, the writing-room, the reading-room, billiard-room, &c., and then below were boiler room, two ice cellars, washing-room, drying-room, ironing-room, mangling-room, several different store-rooms, grocery shop for hotel, rooms for pastry, baking, plate, crockery, glass, linen, sewing, and the kitchens, &c. There are 170 servants, of which only the waiters were negroes. The rent is nearly £6,000 per annum; and many establishments are even larger than this. On entering the large hall, where there is on one side the office counter, at others a book stall, a tobacconist's stall, and sometimes a railway ticket stall, the traveller goes at once to the office counter and enters in the large register book, his name, country, occupation, destination; the clerk puts opposite this entry the number of the room appointed, and hands him or the black waiter the key of that room (which key has always to be deposited at that counter, while out of the room); by the lift he mounts up to the floor indicated, and there finds the waiter, who has come up by the stairs, with his coat and bag to show him to his room, and then soon after the luggage arrives which was left to the express man in the train, and the brass cheque for which had been left at the office counter. By this admirable plan the traveller is saved all the worry and trouble of looking after his luggage. Meals range within certain hours, and the usual charge is from twelve shillings to sixteen shillings the day; on the European plan you pay only for what you order, but we preferred the American plan, as there was always a very large menu from which to choose. Considering that cheaper arrangements could be made by the month, we were not surprised to find that many

single persons, and even some families, prefer these hotels to boarding houses, for one can live quite independently of any one else in the hotel, and in proportion to payment can secure better and more elegant private apartments. We were astonished to see how little wine, beer, or spirits was drunk at meals; there is always a bar room as well as a barber's shop, but comparatively little intoxicating liquor seemed to be taken there. Iced water was always at hand and largely used, while at some of the railway stations at which we dined, they had to send into the town to get a bottle of lager beer; this is very largely used at places of amusement, pleasure and dancing saloons, especially by Germans, who in some parts, like Cincinnati, are very numerous; still very little drunkenness is to be seen, except in the lowest slums, and at night.

Cincinnati itself is a large commercial centre, situated on the navigable part of the Ohio river, and thus has thousands of miles of water communication along the different rivers forming the Mississippi, and through it with the ocean; transport by water is always the cheapest. As five hundred firms either manufacture iron, or deal in iron and coal, the city itself is under a pall of dense black smoke like most manufacturing towns; but no sooner did we rise to the hills around it, on which the chief villas and mansions are built, than we were charmed with the views of the river beneath, and the country all round. These suburbs are built on high ground, which rises abruptly from the valley three or four hundred feet; the surface there is broken into hill and dale, with shady roads and beautiful gardens in Avondale and Mount Auburn, while in Clifton and Highlands these beautiful lawns and gardens are like one continuous garden or park with villas, for the gardens are not fenced off from each other nor from the road; all is open, and yet nothing is injured, nor did we see one policeman about there. To ascend this high ground, just as if ascending from Main-street, Port Elizabeth, to the Grey Institute. We entered a car, or small omnibus, similar to those for ascending Mount Vesuvius, the lower end being raised high above the lower wheels, so as to make the body of the car level; this is drawn up by an iron wire rope set in motion by a

stationary steam engine above, the down car passing the up car half way; to go down this steep incline in two minutes suggested the thought that if the rope broke we might be landed a mile in the city, or in the river itself; still, it is the very thing for the Bayonians to connect with their street tramway. There are four of these steep gradient tramways, which are largely patronised; near the head of each of them is a large lager bier refreshment and dancing saloon, commanding a fine view over the city and country.

The Americans are famous for their beautiful park-like cemeteries, but the one I liked best was here, called the Spring Grove Cemetery. It is about 500 acres in extent; part of it was formerly waste marshy ground, the other was hilly and more broken. Through the efforts of the manager, who lives in a house in the centre of the grounds the whole has been laid out as a beautiful park, the marshes have been drained into pretty lakelets, and the reclaimed ground sown with grass seeds and planted with trees singly or in copses. Near the winding roads on hills and valley the various handsome tombs, pillars, statues, monuments, or plain memorial stones, are judiciously arranged. The Dexter tomb in the shape of a very small beautifully carved chapel cost £12,000. There were many lofty elegant columns as well as some beautiful statues, besides some very simple gravestones: some graves were beautiful with growing flowers and others were strewn with faded flowers. We afterwards visited the famous Greenwood cemetery near Brooklyn,—it also contains about 500 acres and commands from the highest ground more distant and beautiful views; Greenwood is also formed on broken ground, of which the greater part has been formed into beautiful walks, lakelets, and lawns and flower-beds; there are seventeen miles of carriage drives and fifteen miles of winding footpaths; it has an immense number of most expensive monuments, several are of Carrara marble sculptured in Italy. There was a beautifully carved shrine with monuments, in memory of a young lady, Charlotte Canda, who was thrown from a carriage, and whose whole fortune of £10,000 was spent on her tomb. There are also other beautifully carved monuments, one Matthews tomb, another the Pilot, one to the freemen and another to the soldiers who fell in the civil war.

Many private tombs have cost thousands of pounds, but we could not always guess correctly at the position or standing of the owner of the tomb or of the deceased from the value of the monument. At the entrances were five arched gateways and lodges with sculptured bas-reliefs of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, while over the principal entrance were sculptured bas-reliefs of the resurrection of Lazarus and of the resurrection of Christ. More than a hundred men are usually at work keeping the grounds, trees, flowers and tombs in order. There is nothing in England to compare with them, and we colonists might do a great deal more than we do for "God's acre," for, whether small or large, everywhere in the States the cemeteries were kept in beautiful order.

We paid several visits to the Exposition or Exhibition in the large Springer Music Hall, towards the building of which Mr. R. R. Springer had given £50,000. It is a handsome structure, costing double that sum, seating 5,000 persons, and containing a magnificent organ, like that in the Albert Hall, Kensington. In the autumn this hall and its annexes are used for the annual exhibition of manufactures, and of goods of every description, as well as of different implements, inventions, machinery and machines in motion; there were also departments for plants, grain, vegetables, flowers, geology, natural history, painting and the fine arts; all proving a most pleasing education to the young and to the artisan, the employer, the producer, and the purchaser. In most of the large towns these annual exhibitions are held, and prove of great use. Cincinnati is a very busy manufacturing city: beside iron and such like foundries, it has factories for boots and for furniture, where chairs, tables, bedsteads, and such like articles are turned out by hundreds; it has also received the name of Porkopolis, because in its different pork establishments no less than half a million of hogs were packed the previous year. As we were driving fast to our hotel, we were astonished at the tremendous pace at which some of the light trotting buggies passed us: the younger Vanderbilt is said to have trotted with a pair of horses a mile in two minutes and twenty-three seconds, that is at twenty miles an hour, while his father, who died lately worth £16,000,000, with his wife seated beside him in a one horse buggy, trotted a mile in two minutes and fourteen seconds, or

at nearly twenty-seven miles an hour; as millionaires they bought the fastest trotters.

We left Cincinnati on Monday morning, the 22nd September, and for the first few miles ran along the bank of the Ohio river, which there was about as broad as the Orange River at Bethulie Bridge; the banks, however, were very much lower, and in some parts of the valley were at times overflowed, enriching the mealie lands in those places, so that the crops were very luxuriant. The low hills near us were also cultivated with mealies: there were large vegetable gardens with old friends in the shape of musk melons, water melons, and pumpkins; there were very fine fruit orchards of peach, apple, pear, apricots, plums, as well as small vineyards, from the grapes of which wines and champagne are made. Further on many of the villages seemed very poor,—houses, churches, and church spire all of wood, the latter covered with tin, the wooden stumps were to be seen everywhere in the cleared lands, and many roads seemed just crooked tracks. As we came near to Indianapolis (whose Governor is a farmer), the country became less wooded and flatter, though amongst the hills, we passed many mountain torrents with stony beds of round boulders. After leaving the fine town of Indianapolis for Lafayette, Kenkakee and Chicago, the country became more level and less wooded, and we soon entered upon the level prairie country where the horizon was no longer bounded by hills, but on which we saw the sun descend as if into the level ocean. Only here and there were a few trees planted near a homestead, and a circular fanlike windmill showing the site of an artesian well, either at the railway station or at the farm house, or else in the fields for watering the stock. Almost all this vast extent of level prairie seemed covered with mealies in flower, except here and there were large fields for hay, or still larger stretches of grass veldt, over which thousands of oxen, a few sheep, some horses, and numbers of pigs, were feeding. During that day we must have passed through nearly two hundred miles of mealie crops.

Here and there were many large ricks of wheat, and in some places threshing machines turned by horses were busily at work, but as a rule the threshing takes place within a few days of the harvest. We were surprised to see on this level prairie two or

three immense isolated rocks, whose position there could only be accounted for on the glacial theory. We passed on to what is called the *rolling* prairie, which changes from the dead level of the flat into gentle undulations like very long low broad waves of the ocean, it is, therefore, not so marshy but better drained and superior for agriculture; these undulations were not high enough to interfere with our view across the vast expanse of prairie, which we knew extended for hundreds of miles; without that day's experience, we could not have imagined how millions of bushels of wheat and mealies could be grown in the West. We occasionally passed little prairie villages with wooden houses, badly kept orchards, and streets covered with long grass and weeds; but Lafayette was like Indianapolis, a large town. In those little villages a little cash store limited the shopping propensities of the villagers, at one place the lid of a soap box with letters illuminated in blacking carried the notice, "Fortune teller," which reminds me that in one of the chief streets of Cincinnati we saw a carefully painted signboard, "Paul Waring, Astrologer and Clairvoyant. Fortunes told!"

At Zionsville, a simple wooden bridge spanned the river, the ends of the arched or curved beams above it rested on the ends of the horizontal ones; while rafters fastened on the arched beams and on the horizontal ones kept them firm in their place. At Waldron the beautiful clear Kenkakee river was checked by a large wooden dam, above which in winter large quantities of ice are ploughed and sawn and stored in the neighbouring ice houses for summer.

These long level plains present few difficulties to railway engineering, for the track is not only level, but in a straight line for more than twenty miles at a stretch; and over one last stage of fifty-six miles we seemed to travel nearly on a dead level, until we passed alongside the white sandy shore of the great Lake Michigan into Chicago.

W. B. PHILIP.

## Louise Campbell.

## CHAPTER X.

“ In her loneliness, in her loneliness,  
And her fairer for that oneness.”

It was in this way that Louise awoke to a consciousness of her position, and that she first began to form some definite plan for the future. One evening she was wandering about in Mrs. Bosman's garden, like a restless spirit, devoid of occupation, and not even seeking for any content but to gain a little relief from the misery and desolation that oppressed her. The sky above was open, unclouded, unbroken,—all of a pale green blue, a tender sympathetic tint. No stars out yet, except away in the western heaven Venus by a crescent moon. The sun set to-night not in gorgeous pomp of rainbow-coloured apparel, nor yet in mysterious half-hidden majesty, but quietly, almost sadly, leaving but little track behind. Louise likes an evening like this. She will take refuge within ere the sudden rush of happy stars, rejoicing in themselves and in each other, burst forth to mock her anguish and her loneliness. Just one look more at the lovely west.

But there is something else to be seen, something nearer and more human. By the roadside was sitting down for rest on the bank, a woman,—an ordinary looking woman. She is poorly dressed, and has evidently had a long day's tramp. But she has put her basket down, and has taken on her lap a little child ; and now she kisses it with blind adoration, and now she presses it to her breast, and murmurs tender babblings of inarticulate words. As Louise gazes, her eyes moisten, her heart warms ; the tangles of her life appear less complex.

“ I will go to my mother,” said Louise ; “ she belongs to me.”

And so it came to pass that she went. This poor little bird of passage set out again upon the world's troubled sea to find her unknown mother. It was not the finding after all that was a difficult task. Her father's friends had never lost sight of the actress who had been his wife ; but the worst was that she knew not whom she was going to. Who could tell how different this mother might be from anybody with whom she had ever been associated. Whether they would be able to get on together, whether she would even receive her ?

“ But still,” said Louise to herself in a sort of desperation, “ there is nobody else, and she belongs to me.”



When great events happen, which may turn the whole course of our lives, we hardly ever know whether we are glad or sorry. When Louise found the dream of her life realized, somebody given her to love and care for—when to the now orphaned and always motherless girl had been given a mother, she could not define her feelings, or put them under the head of either joy or sorrow.

Her reception was in truth warmer than she had ever dared to hope. This woman had also been capable of feeling a vacuum in her life, and on the new interest which had come to it she showered a wealth of animal affection.

“The child was the image of her; she was her own darling long lost child; she should never leave her,—they two would live together, would follow the same calling, would enjoy life together.”

For all answer Louise looked down at her own mourning dress. Then the widow's tone changed. She was not inhuman. Fickle and shallow as she was, she had yet what she called feelings, and they were easily excited. She embraced her daughter in a passion of tears—“Yes, they would mourn for her dead father, her own poor dead husband.” Then more passionate and wild bitter lamentings over what now could not be undone. Madame Roland (that was the name she went by) excused nothing that she had done, knew that everything had been her fault; but then he was so strict and so severe, everything to him was wrong, all pleasures were forbidden to her, and to save herself from dying of *ennui* she left him. Who would have thought that he would never have moved hand or foot to seek her out, never have troubled himself to ask her to return? It was like the coldness of these religious. Bah! he had thought her too sinful to see or speak to again. But saints rest his soul! She would pray for him now night and morn, and though he was a heretic and had nearly dragged her to perdition along with him, yet who knows? there might have been some mercy for him at the last. He was not always unkind. He did love her once. The girls, head swam when her mother talked thus, but more than all when she spoke of him, now lying cold and dead, as young and handsome and ardent in his love. How weird, how awful is the unearthing of buried cities! Is this your father, Louise, whose stalwart and graceful form yet moves about in Madame Roland's fancy, or that

stern and silent man, whose presence at your table, at your fireside, was even a source of terror and of restraint? or yet again that penitent wreck of a human being, who on his dying bed confessed the error which had ruined his life? Why is it that such changes passed over him, and *she* has not changed at all? Her face, indeed, spite of touching up, has lost the freshness and the roundness of early youth,—there are some grey hairs now among the black. There is at times a haggard and an aged look on the face of the actress, but her character appears the same as of old. Strange world this, where what brings desolation and woe unutterable to some passes over others without singeing a hair!

Louise's mother determined to give up her engagement for a month or two, and to pass the time in retirement with her daughter. But it turned out to be an extraordinary kind of retirement. Madame Roland's friends were not to be easily shaken off. She certainly did not discourage them from visiting by the voluble way in which she received them, and her many confidences on the subject of her dead husband and living child.

There were some very queer people indeed among this train of friends and hangers on, and Louise felt as if she had dropped into quite a new and undiscovered world. She constantly met a sort of people of whose mere existence she had never dreamed, and whose ways and manners filled her sometimes with horrified surprise. But she moved among them all as among the revellers moved the Lady in "Comus," spotless because of her own innocence. They could not fathom her, and she did not attempt to fathom them, for all her thoughts were given to her mother.

All her life, whenever the want of sympathy had eaten most deeply into her tender nature, she had thought to herself, "My mother would have given it to me! Oh, that I had a mother!" And now she had one, and where was the sympathy? Slowly it dawned upon her that the woman had no more to offer her than what she had already given. But with her she had chosen to seek refuge, and what was more she belonged to her. "Yes," thought Louise; "she is all I have."

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How it all came about she never could remember afterwards. She

seemed to have been through a whirl of feverish excitement, chattering, noise, bustle—then a sudden and violent commotion—after that blankness, and an overpowering sensation of weariness and pain.

But lying on her bed in the accident ward of a hospital, she managed to put some pieces together, and resolved what had passed into a kind of history. Dimly she could remember the plans made between her mother and her allies for some excursion or other, how they had made their preparations and had gone, she caring nothing to go, but following with passive submission the lead of the others. Then seemed to come back to her the loud talking and laughing of their party, her mother, flushed and excited, the loudest talker and laugher of all, and she herself sitting silent and grave, scarcely answering what words were spoken to her. Then the sudden shock and crash the falling of heavy bodies all around, bewilderment, agony, and stupor, and she awoke to find herself in no danger of death, but badly hurt and a second time an orphan! The loss did seem a great one then, whatever its true value might have been.

“God forgive me,” murmured Louise, “and have mercy on her!”

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## CHAPTER XI

‘But thou shalt be alone no more.’

When Louise recovered from the illness consequent on her accident, a great desire seized her to leave behind her as much of the old life as possible, and to begin an entirely new one. Her mother’s death had left her once more alone, but it was a more complete and freer sense of loneliness, as pure solitude is compared to the isolation of uncongenial companionship. That is the true loneliness after all. Her life was in her own hands now, but she felt more than ever before, that it did not belong to her. She had not wanted it. What was it to her, the useless barren thing? Why should she have been saved, and others who had a place in the world have been snatched away? Surely there must be some meaning in it! If not!—but was the Divine Intelligence capable of such mockery? “I must do something! I must do something,” cried the girl’s heart. “God help me! I will do some good work before I die.”

Happily for Louise's whole future, she now made the first real friendship of her life. In the pure tender face of Sister Angela, who had nursed her through the weary time of her sickness and convalescence, she found something of an answer to the persistent cravings of her heart.

"Sister," she said one day, looking wistfully up from the couch on which she lay, to the peaceful figure in its sober dress, and the sweet calm countenance which had from day to day bent over her with such gentle ministrations, "I should like, if I live, to give my life to good works."

"And by God's grace you shall, my child," said the Sister, kissing her as she spoke. "The Master does not refuse the services of those who wish to please Him."

"I do not know whether it is that so much," said Louise, hesitating. "I am afraid I was not thinking so much of pleasing God as of making people love me, as they do you, Sister Angela. Do not you like people to love you?"

Said the Sister with her beautiful smile, "That is pleasant, but there is greater happiness to be found in loving them."

Yes. In the new life of useful and tender work upon which Louise was enabled to enter, she found indeed the truth of those lines:—

"Love that asketh love again,  
Finds the barter nought but pain;  
Love that giveth in full store,  
Aye receives as much and more."

She just did what was in her power for others, giving them all the love and sympathy that she could, and, having little time to think of any return, she was tearfully surprised and humbly grateful when the return came, as it did sometimes with more intensity than she could have imagined.

Children especially took a great fancy to her. She had always been more at home with them and with old people than with those of her own age. Even now she found it at times difficult to enter into the gaiety or enjoyment of her contemporaries when she was cast among them. You see in comparison with most of them, her life had been so void of joy or of beauty. But when anyone was in bitter sorrow, who could comfort better than Louise? Of that

great element of human life which we call suffering, she had had her full share.

One may try very hard to put one's whole life behind one, but it is rarely practicable. Ghosts from the old world are ever with us. Phantom recollections haunt our every footstep. The world is not so wide that we will not constantly be meeting faces that carry with them a whole host of thoughts and ideas that we fancied were indeed buried with the past. Two familiar faces and figures brought back upon Louise such a train of thoughts and ideas. It was coming out of a London shop that she encountered Christina van Zyl and Letty Brink. Letty was walking a little in advance. She was even more elaborately got-up than of old; she held her head as proudly as ever, but there was a something altered in her too, a sort of indefinable change. Her gait had lost its former jaunt and swing, and her pale face had become unwholesomely fat and flabby. It was plain to see that she was no longer the dashing flirt of a year back.

Louise's heart beat quick within her as she questioned with herself, "Can this be Walter Stewart's bride?" Timidly she bends her head, and murmurs some salutation. She does not intend to speak long with the woman who has always been her open enemy, but some words of greeting will be necessary. She need not have troubled. Letty is well versed in the science of cuts, of which, gentle reader, you may be aware there are various kinds. There is the open daring insolent cut, and the covert underhand cut, and the quiet cool and civil and genteel cut (which is not seldom the "most unkindest cut of all," because you can't explain the insult, and don't know how to retaliate). There is the cut that stares you full in the face, and pretends not to recognise you; the cut, that having met your eye glances off another way; and lastly the cut that does not look at you at all, but over your head or through you.

Letty contrived to look through Louise at something excessively interesting on the other side. Christina, the obtuse, was just about to say "How do you do," but, seeing her leader's behaviour, followed suit. She was just sharp enough generally to follow suit to Letty. She had found, while she was in company with her cousin, that was the safest course to pursue.

Louise while still rather taken aback was accosted by yet another member of the party. This was a short, stout, and decidedly middle-aged gentleman, a gentleman of an asthmatic habit and of a stammering tongue. He evidently is aware of his slowness in the matter of speech, and apparently lives in constant dread of being shut up before he has got through what he wants to say, for it is quite painful to behold the eagerness and agitation with which every feature of his face is strained, as he gasps out:—

“Did you—er—want to—speak to my—my—wife?” with a frantic wave of his hand in the direction of the retreating figure of Letty in her magnificence.

Louise contrives to stammer out in her turn some kind of a negative, whereat he looks relieved, albeit apologetic.

“Because—you see—I thought you—er—did, and—I thought—she didn’t see you.”

But the struggling accents are checked, for Louise has disappeared. She escaped with a feeling as if something heavy and painful had been lifted from off her head. Yes! Letty was married, but not to Walter Stewart. It could not be said that she had schooled herself to think of the possibility of such a sad and terrible thing, for she had tried not to think of it at all—had dismissed it from her mind completely of late, as something she could not realize, and the realizing of which could do her no good. Now when she thought it over calmly, she could say to herself with perfect truth, “I never believed it.” He was nothing to her now—nothing at all, but still she could not help being thankful that her idol had not fallen to the level of Letty Brink.

I wonder whether Letty has realized her ideal of the marriage state. Once upon a time she was heard to say, that it wasn’t worth while being married, unless you could have people looking up to you, and seeing that you were better than they. Perhaps she does receive that amount of honour and consideration which she evidently esteemed so highly, even through she has given herself to a man whose birth, education, or mental qualifications can hardly add to his wife’s standing in society. I don’t know. There is a good deal in being able to dress expensively and to give splendid entertainments. People must speak well of you if you feed them well, though some

are so ill-natured as to whisper that Mrs Timothy Robinson married her husband for his money. But of course that can't be true, for she herself has said over and over again that she cared nothing about money! Perhaps before she said the "yes" which decided her future, she had come to that lamentable condition, to which I believe some women do actually come, of being ready to take whoever will ask them; and the "happy" man happening to present himself was forthwith accepted.

In the words reported (and faithfully sworn) to have been spoken by the father of the bride in his speech at the breakfast:—"I hope he may be a happy man! I *hope* he may!"

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## CHAPTER XII.

"I claim thee still for my own love's sake."

There are rumours of war in the air;—rumours which gradually gather force and volume, and become real *bona fide* War News. Common enough news with us of late. We have had so much of that sort of thing in our neighbourhood, that it is a wonder we have not got more "used to it." But it never seems so common a thing, and so naturally in the ordinary course of events, when those who have been very near to us are brought near to it. That is the true test of whether we consider it a righteous and necessary war. Then indeed we can with sincere lips and from the bottom of our heart pray for peace. So indeed can Louise, when the tidings reach her ears of the disastrous opening of that heart-breaking campaign. What will happen next? and he is there "Oh, God, save him, save him; aye, save him;" and let all the others perish! That may have been the burden of her prayer, but, poor girl, she knew it not.

And ever her dreams are haunted by visions of a dark head clotted with crimson gore, or lying on a bed of pain uncared for, while she who would have given her life for him can do nothing; she may think of him now. It is no longer wrong for her to do so; but may she not go to him? It is impossible? Oh, that she might!

Fresh news has come from the far South land, that our stricken down soldiers are suffering grievously for lack of woman's tender care; and Louise prays and hopes with all the fervent passion of a

passionate heart, that if any workers are permitted to carry on their labours there she may be one of them. Her prayer was granted. That sweet face and tender helpful hand had been too much prized by suffering young and old, for the sisters not to appreciate her value. She is to be one of the chosen band. And now she stands on the deck eagerly straining her eyes as the steamer approaches land—and *him!*

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Nay, for he is not there—only the poor tenement of clay which the earth has received again into her bosom. Dead! What! Could he be dead, and the sun still shine, and the birds still sing? Ah! poor child, that is what they all ask, but—it is so!

It was not given to him to die in fight, as he had always said he should like to die. No. Like so many other unmentioned units, he was only one of the casualties that grim disease seized upon as her portion.

“I have never done anything that was worth the doing,” she said bitterly at the end, “and now I am giving my life for no good and no purpose.”

And Louise knows not, that in his last moments he remembered her, and knew that he had loved her—knew too that with her for his wife he might have turned that life of his with all its infinite possibilities to some profit and purpose. “She was the one woman for me,” he muttered constantly to himself. “What a fool, what an idiot I have been!” And he died thinking she would never know. Yet what right had he, or have we to think so? Who can tell what revelations may one day be made?

In the meantime she is happy. Oh, never say that her life is a sad one! She herself knows better. Her step is buoyant, her hands are helpful, and there is a lovely and an onlooking light in her eyes. It seems as if she has found out some of the secret.

Before she left a second time the land of her childhood, Louise did not neglect to visit some of the few old friends she had there. Of course kindly Mrs. Van Zyl was amongst the number. She and the little girls were as well and jolly as they could be, seeming little to regret the absence of Letty and Christina.

Minnie and Annie were exceedingly affectionate to Louise, and begged her to “come back to them.” So Louise had done something



for them too. Mrs. Van Zyl said afterwards that she would have liked nothing better than to have asked Louise to stay there, if only Spencer were not always hanging about.

Yes, Spencer, though he passes part of the day in pretending to do something in town, still spends the rest of it in hanging about the houses of those people who yet can manage to endure him. For be it known that Spencer, totally devoid as he is of resources in himself, has become a bore to nearly everybody else. Even his youngest young lady friends have to force themselves to laugh at his oft told stories and antiquated jokes. The worst of it is that he never reads a book. He has even given up looking at the newspapers. He says he can hear all the news in the train. Now, concerning a civilized young man who openly avows that he never reads, I don't mind here giving my testimony (especially as it is not likely that he will peruse *these* pages) that, if it is true, he ought to be ashamed of himself! What is going to become of him? That is what I should like to know.

Mrs. Bosman made due preparations for receiving Louise. She put on her precisest gown (Mrs. Bosman always wore *gowns*, never *dresses*) her tidiest little apron and her primmest cap, what few iron-grey locks she possessed being completely taken away from her face and carried off to regions of obscurity, and her thin spare little throat being encased in a clean new frill, round which was tied tightly the very neatest of ribbons; she considered herself in fitting trim for the administration of wholesome rebuke. For Mrs. Bosman had quite a gift for this species of good work. Louise was properly given to understand what happiness and distinction she had missed by refusing to take the offer so kindly made to her by Mrs. Bosman. Then she was admonished concerning the persons with whom she was now associated. "Almost as bad as Romanists or idolators," ejaculated Mrs. Bosman in her sharp quick way. "What would your poor dear father have said?"

Louise could not say much. The ceremonies and observances which she now went through, thinking no evil, would have shocked her much at an earlier stage of her life. But when one has passed through the depths, one does not trouble oneself much about the shallows. Besides who had ever been so good to her as Sister

Angela ? But she took it all very sweetly, and in such apparent good part, as to obtain two little pecks instead of one from the lady of the house when the time came for taking her departure ; and Mrs. Bosman hoped better things for Louise after that, though she had not managed to extract from her any promises concerning the future.

There still remained one visit for her to pay, Near the old church at whose portal she had stood that morning which now seemed so long ago, lay those remains which some would call her father.

On a cold grey evening she stood there alone—alone with God and the dead. How much had happened since she stood there last, how she had changed—and he had changed ! “ Father,” she cried, stretching out her hands to heaven – not to earth, “ something tells me that we understand each other at last !”

*Conclusion.*

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## A Contribution towards the Study of the Fine Arts.

First hymn they the Father		The day in his hotness,
Of all things :—and then		The strife with the palm :
The rest of immortals,		The night in her silence,
The action of men.		The stars in their calm.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I READ, some weeks ago, a few pointed remarks on Art by Lady Verney, who says that in spite of our development of popular education, the world is poorer by the want of the highest artistic work, which needs to be inspired by a sense of sympathy between the artist and the public. It is said that Mrs. Siddons acknowledged that her dramatic power lost its brilliant vehemence and pathetic intensity when under the influence of the cold approval of the cream of society, and that she preferred any marks of emotion even from an unsophisticated, if intelligent, audience to the chill of fashionable indifference. The gist of the argument is that where Art is poor, one cause of its poverty is public apathy and indifference ; that for the low standard reached by the Artist, we, the public, are to a great extent responsible.

Genius, for its part, creates ; but sympathy and an appreciative public opinion, with other external influences, are needed to feed and stimulate the creative power (*a*) ; and it is not too much to say that in this Colony the due appreciation of the Fine Arts as an element of culture is as yet generally wanting. Such a defect in Colonial character may be regretted and ought to be remedied ; but it is no grave imputation on a young undeveloped community, to say that we are not as yet susceptible of the highest influences of Art. Such a verdict was pronounced twenty years ago on the whole English nation, but happily so sweeping a censure is no longer deserved.

The more serious imputation on our community is that we lack the energy and persistence to remedy our acknowledged defects. Education is poor, common-place, emaciated, if the elements of culture and refined taste are neglected ; if it does not train the *mind* to love and admire whatever is true and beautiful in Nature or in Art, and the *eye* to appreciate order, symmetry, grace, and harmony of effect. It is not to be expected that all, or any but the favoured few, should have in themselves the idealism of the Artist who creates and embodies his concepts in marble or on canvas ; for genius is

rare ; *poeta* (the maker, the artist) *nascitur, non fit* : at all events, invention is one of the chief characteristics of genius ; but those are out of the pale of higher civilization, are mere *Philistines*, who have not within them something of the sweetness and light of modern culture ; who have not acquired a sympathetic taste for the works of real artistic genius. Culture may be a hackneyed term, but it means something ; it is the effect of the diamond-cutter's skill on the rough stone ; it is the French polish, overlaying a man's educational furniture ; and though no degree of culture, no stereotyped method of Art-instruction may be able to produce among us the true Artist, the creator, composer, inventor, yet Nature and Education act and react upon each other : and if the Greek (poet, sculptor, painter,) more than any other was distinguished for his creative power and artistic skill, and fed his imagination by the study and contemplation of Nature—mountain, sea, and sky, why should not Genius thrive here, amid similar conditions of scenery and climate with “skies as blue” and “crags as wild” ?—I do not use Genius as if it were mere Inspiration ; not even the innate genius of the Greek could have made a Pheidias or Praxiteles or an Apelles, without long cultivation, observation, and experience, or without the surrounding impulses and influences of religious and social instructions (*b*). There are probably some who may be inclined to argue that “as the beauties of Nature require only to be seen in order to be properly appreciated, so those of Art being identified with them may be judged of, intuitively and correctly, without the necessity of any previous education.”

The argument carries with it its own refutation ; the beauties of Nature are lavishly exhibited before the eyes of all ; but our own experience teaches us how few feel and really enjoy the weird-like grandeur of our own castellated Mountain ; how few contemplate with emotion “the leaping of the waterfall from crag to crag ; the gentle waving of the tree-fern, casting its fretted shadow on the waterworn rock ; and the dark mosses with their mimicry of summer life.” Nature is a sealed book to the untrained eye : the labourer who plods his weary way over the upland does not feel the charms of the ever-varying landscape, whilst to the cultured mind every aspect of Nature is “a thing of beauty, a joy for ever” ; the glowing tints at sunset, the varied harmony of colouring, the diversified effects of light and shade, the awful grandeur of the troubled sea, all minister to the highest and holiest feelings of the educated man. And similar cultivation, study, and observation are equally needed to give relish for the productions of Art. Sir Joshua Reynolds (in his 13th

Discourse) says :—It is only the lowest style of Arts, whether of Painting, Poetry, or Music that may be said, in the vulgar sense, to be *naturally* pleasing. The higher efforts of those arts, we know by experience, do not affect minds wholly uncultivated. This refined taste is the consequence of Education and habit ; we are born only with a *capacity* of entertaining this refinement . . . and so far it may be said to be *natural* to us. (c)

Two of the South African Institutions, whose paramount objects are to promote the general literary culture and a special artistic taste among the residents of the Metropolis, not long ago held their anniversary meetings ; and whilst the suggestive words of His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere at the opening of the Fine Arts Exhibition, and afterwards at the crowded assembly of Art-Students, and the scholarly address of Professor Gill on Language at the Public Library, are still fresh in our memories, it may not be out of place to contrast the relative provinces of the one Art which embodies its imaginations in Language, and the other Arts which appeal chiefly to the eye through their representations, as made by the brush of the Painter or the chisel of the Sculptor. I do not wish to overlook that high department of æsthetics, of which Music in its extended sense as the Science and Art of Harmony, is the exponent. All or any of the foregoing subjects cannot fail to suggest many useful observations on their relative provinces ; and, in fact, the Philosophy of the Fine Arts is the fittest subject to be treated at the annual or occasional gatherings of the Fine Arts Association.

There are four great sections of the Fine Arts, which I have alluded to ; but the formation of an Academy of Music has not yet prominently occupied the attention of the public ; the delay, is however, a matter not of inclination but of necessity. A young Society has to struggle against many obstacles, such as the want of suitable accommodation, and inadequate pecuniary support ; and the Fine Arts Society will have enough to do in storing its *salons* with approved copies and casts, and such originals as private munificence may entrust to its care ; and the development of the measures now in progress for the formation of an Art-School will absorb all its available means and energies.

To link together the Library and the Fine Arts, so as to quicken the public interest in both, and to contribute a few suggestions for the æsthetic enjoyment of Art-products, whether in words, or marble, or on canvas, will demand all the space that the present essay can command.

I regard Poetry as the Logic of the Fine Arts—the Art of Arts : and in

bringing Painting and Sculpture into comparison with it, I must first of all notice how “cabined, cribbed, confined” the two last are within their prescribed limits of time and space. The objects which the Painter or Sculptor is able to represent to the eye cannot bring before the spectator the train of successive impressions and reflections which, in poetry, the mind uses, as a Key to the solution of the Artist’s meaning. The spectator catches an effect, but it is that only of the moment of action represented by the Artist.

We may note the growing anger impressed upon the brow of the Apollo “in his eye and nostril, beautiful disdain”; we may be ravished with the grace and might and majesty of the chiselled figure; but a series of Arts products would scarcely give effect to the varied scenes and incidents which even a few lines of Poetry can invest with so vivid a reality as to complete the picture of “the lord of the unerring bow” in his wrath. I take, on this subject, an apt illustration from Lessing in his *Laocoon* :—

Suppose the painter puts on his canvas the Pestilence, referred to in the first book of the *Iliad*. ‘Dead bodies; blazing pyres; the dying busy over the dead; the angry God in a cloud, discharging his bolts. Now, if we were to reproduce this and no more, we should expect Homer to sing :—‘Hereupon, Apollo, in his wrath, shot his arrows among the Grecian host; many lay dead, and the funeral pyres were lighted’ :—but let us hear Homer himself :—

βῆ δὲ κατ’ Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,  
 τόξ’ ὄμοισιν ἔχων, ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρην·  
 ἔκλαγξαν δ’ ἄρ’ οὔστοι ἐπ’ ὤμων χωομένοιο,  
 αὐτοῦ κινήθεις· ὁ δ’ ἦϊε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς.  
 ἔζειτ’ ἔπειτ’ ἀπάειυθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ’ ἰὸν ἔηκε.  
 ζεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ’ ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο·  
 οὐρήας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπέχετο καὶ κύνας ἀργούς.  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ’ αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἔχεπενκὲς ἐφίεις  
 βάλλ’, αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.

*Iliad* I. v 44.

We catch but faintly the spirit of the original in Lord Derby’s version :—

. . . his prayer Apollo heard :  
 Along Olympus’ heights he passed, his heart  
 Burning with wrath : behind his shoulders hung  
 His bow and ample quiver : at his back  
 Rattled the fateful arrows as he moved

Like the night-cloud he passed : and from afar  
He bent against the ships and sped the bolt,  
And fierce and deadly twang'd the silver bow.  
First on the mules and dogs, on man the last,  
Was poured the arrowy storm ; and through the camp  
Constant and numerous blaz'd the funeral fires.

Let us try to realize Homer's word-painting of the Pestilence ; for here, says Lessing, the Poet is as far above the Painter as real Life exceeds the mimicry of Art.

'Apollo, indignant, rushes down the crags of Olympus, with bow and quiver. I do not merely *see* him ; I *bear* him ; at every step the arrows rattle on the shoulders of the angry God ; he advances like the Night ; over against the ships he takes his stand ; he shoots : *bear* the terrible twang of the silver bow ! first, he strikes down the mules and dogs, now, his deadly shaft strikes the Greeks ; and unceasingly the funeral pyres are blazing.' (See also Mill's Essay on Imagination, *Oxford*, 1846).

You cannot represent in painting such onomatopœic picture-music. Pictorial Art fails, chiefly because the Artist is fettered by the narrow limit of time : he can portray one scene, whilst the Poet in a few burning lines can lead the fancy through a gallery of word-pictures, and the imagination can roam over many scenes, striking and unbounded save by the limits of poetic imagery.

It is noticeable too that the limitation of pictorial Art is as rigid in regard to space and size as to time : but many instances will at once suggest themselves, where the creations of the Poet break loose from all conventional fetters. Dante can speak thus of the Emperor of Sorrow's realm :—

Oh, how to me seem'd great the mystery,  
When on his head three faces I discern'd.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Six eyes he wept with ; and the foamy gore,  
Mingled with tears, three chins went dribbling down.  
A sinner in each mouth he crunch'd full sore,  
With grinders, like a masking brake, that play'd ;  
And with one anguish thus the tree he tore.

1. Inferno ; C xxxiv.

With this may be compared the conceptions of Satan, as given in *Paradise Lost*, and they are grander than Dante's from the very indefiniteness of the outline, which leaves so much to the reader to fill in.

. . . He above the rest,  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower.  
 . . . . . Satan, alarmed,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved ;  
 His stature reached the sky ; and on his crest  
 Sat horror plumed.

The *Ares* of Homer roars as loud as ten thousand warriors, joining the strife of battle, and, when he falls, covers seven *plethra* of ground ; of the Miltonic Satan, we read :—

With head uplift above the waves . . .  
 . . . . his other parts beside,  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood . . .

These bold flights of poetic diction, regardless of the limits of time or space, have great hold on the imagination, without introducing any element of incongruity ; and poetry exulting thus in an ampler domain of creative energy exercises a greater influence on the mind than paintings and, besides, the Poet commands all the varying phases and emotions of human passion. Even from the eyes of Satan, amid his intense conflict of passionate emotion, “tears such as angels weep, burst forth.”

By choosing the illustrations chiefly from the great epic poets, I may seem to have exaggerated the points of contrast in poetry and painting, because the passages quoted rather show that representations, admissible in the epics of Homer, and Dante, and Milton, are such as lie outside the range of the Artist's brush. This is true ; the *Ares* of Homer, the weeping *Satan* of Milton, the *Lucifer* of Dante ‘crunching in each mouth a sinner,’ would be on canvas a mere burlesque, repulsive or, what is worse, ridiculous.

*Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici ?*

The *Fama* of Virgil who strikes the imagination with her obscure shape and darkly-shadowed grandeur of mien and size, is also beyond the painter's art.

Let me give the Poets words :—

\* \* \* \* \*

Huge, terrible, gigantic Fame !  
 For every plume that clothes her frame



An eye beneath the feather peeps,  
A tongue rings loud, an ear upleaps.  
Hurling 'twixt earth and heaven she flies  
By night, nor bows to sleep her eyes :  
Perched on a tower or roof by day  
She fills great cities with dismay.

VIRGIL, ÆNEID IV.

Burke, in his *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*, appears to think that the thrilling influence exercised by poetry, as compared with painting, over the emotions of most people, is due largely to this, that the images raised by poetry are grand and magnificent by their very obscurity : the dim, shadowy, indefinite outline is full of suggestions of a grandeur that no clearly portrayed scene could raise ; and in fact the influence of most things on our passions springs not so much from the things themselves, as from our ideas thus lifted into a supra-sensuous atmosphere by the language of the poet. Such ideas form no distinct image in the mind. To follow out this train of thought, I would instance some of the familiar and wonderfully striking expressions of Hebrew writers, Prophets, Kings, and Poets.

The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters.

The Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.

The Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains<sup>c</sup> and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord ; but the Lord was not in the wind ; and after the wind an earthquake ; but the Lord was not in the earthquake ; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire, and after the fire, a still small voice.

The resurrection of the dry bones in the Valley (Ezekiel 37), is also a vivid illustration :—when lo ! the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them . . . and the breath came into them, and they lived and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Again, the meditation of the Royal Psalmist :—O Lord my God, thou art very great . . . who coverest thyself with light as with a garment . . . who maketh the clouds his chariot ; who walketh upon the wings of the wind.

But time would fail in any attempt to exhaust the numerous illustrations, so familiar to us all throughout the dramatic imagery of the book of Job, as well as in the later works of the Evangelists ; I will only cite a few :—Lo ! the heavens were opened . . . and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove.

Into hell, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away . . . and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened . . .

No doubt, every one of us when meditating on these sublime poetic conceptions has invested each, more or less, with an anthropomorphic or materialistic reality ; but there is an ineffable, mysterious, majesty, vastness, and sublimity, and spiritual significance, transcending the capacity of our senses, and more deeply affecting our minds, than any clear sensible image could do (*d*). Such power has Language ; but this power is not within the reach of the greatest of Painters.

If now we take the poetry of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others of our own day, it is found that they start from Nature the common ground of all true Artists, whether Painters or Poets :—Poet and Painter equally lay nature and her charms under contribution, but the Poet interweaves some phase or aspect of human life or superadds to the landscape the glow of poetic finish and special application. Wordsworth gathered up his experiences of the influences of Nature in poems which embody, the one, “his conception of the plastic influences of Nature in moulding us into beauty” ; another, “of her exciting spells for awaking the passions” ; and again, “of her tranquillising influences on thought ;” he has contrasted “the instinctive joy and life of Nature with the burden of human free-will,” and to him

. . . the meanest flower that blows, can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Shelley starts indeed with Nature, but his restless spirit finds in her no satisfying joy : seeking a more highly rarefied atmosphere, suited to his ardent imagination, he abstracts us from the material world, and fascinates us with flashes of idealism, ‘fantastic creations of his fancy’ : yet his acknowledged master-piece, the last act of the tragedy, *The Cenci*, shows a marvellous power of delineating the phases of human emotion, and his dramatic painting of the heroine is a fit supplement to Guido’s portrait of her which Shelley had studied with intense interest.

Other poets, again, like Matthew Arnold, use Nature to create the sweet thrilling pulsations of human emotion ; or catching Nature, in her calmer moods, seek there a balm for spiritual unrest, a natural opiate to lull the fevered strife of the longings and fears of the burdened soul.

Of Tennyson it has been said by an eminent critic, that he was an artist even before he was a poet ; that the eye for beauty and harmony

of effect is even more emphatically one of his original gifts than the voice for poetical utterance itself, and I shall venture to give from the same critic (R. H. Hutton, *Literary Essays*) a further and striking illustration of the way in which the Poet uses Nature, first as a Painter, and then makes the very landscape help him to delineate moods of feeling. All know the lyric, where Tennyson finds "a voice for a dumb, wistful grief :"—

“ Break, break, break  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me !

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play !  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill ;  
But O for the touch of the vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me !”

The critic's discriminating analysis of the inner meaning of the Poet shows an insight that reminds us of the unveiling of Turner's great works by Ruskin's subtle and eloquent criticisms :—

“ Observe how the wash of the sea on the cold grey stones is used to prepare the mind for the feeling of helplessness with which the deeper emotions break against the hard and rigid element of human speech ! how the picture is then widened out, till you see the bay with children laughing on its shore, and the sailor-boy singing on its surface, and the stately ships passing on in the offing to their unseen haven—all with the view of helping us to feel the contrast between the satisfied and unsatisfied yearnings of the human heart. Tennyson, like every true poet, has the strongest feeling of the spiritual and almost mystic character of the associations attaching to the distant sail which takes the ship on its lonely journey to an invisible port, and has more than once used it to lift the mind into the attitude of hope or trust. But then the song returns to the helpless breaking of the sea at the foot of the crags it cannot climb ;

not, this time, to express the inadequacy of human speech to express human yearnings, but the defeat of those very yearnings themselves. Thus does Tennyson turn an ordinary sea-shore landscape into a means of finding a *voice*, indescribably sweet, for the *dumb* spirit of human loss." (Essays, Vol. 2, Tennyson).

I shall fail, in this imperfect sketch, if I do not lead the readers to feel that there is a common ground to the Painter and the Poet, and that Language is far more capable of making deep, lively, and majestic impressions than any other Art, and even than Nature herself in very many cases. (Burke's Essay, V. 7). Further, as the works of the Painter and the Sculptor seem to need the language of the Poet, as an exponent, supplementary to the eye in setting forth all the accessories of a scene or of a figure, and eliciting the inner significance of the Artist's product, so too there is a moral element to be introduced for the full æsthetic appreciation and enjoyment of a work of Art. *Physical* beauty can command admiration; but it is the association of moral and physical beauty that wins not cold admiration but deep genuine sympathy and love; just as we may know that it is a Christian duty to give a cup of cold water to a thirsty weary soul, for Christ's sake; but no one fully realizes the *moral* beauty of the act, until it is associated with the self-denial, for instance, of the gallant Knight, exhausted by fatigue and thirst, bestowing his own very cup of life on the dying soldier by his side; or, to take an illustration from South African History, I may say that the precept "if thine enemy hunger, feed him" gives rise to no greater emotion than the contemplation of the cold marble; but when you hear that to the retreating, discomfited and famishing followers of Moselekatsi, a Mosuto driving a herd of fat oxen, bore the royal message—"Moshesh salutes you. Supposing that hunger led you, as enemies, to invade his land, he sends you these cattle, that you may have food to eat on your road home"—then the conception of Christian charity embodies itself in humanity; and the precepts of the great Teacher come home to every heart. When the physically and morally beautiful are blended, when a mother's love, a virgin's purity, a Christian's piety and calm resignation, are blended with the picture; when the human is absorbed into the divine, as represented, for example, in the Madonna's features and expression; or when we see—

Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—

A father's love and mortal's agony

With an immortal's patience blending—

then admiration gives place to the intensest gratification that works of Art can minister to human feelings and emotions.

In educating ourselves, then, to relish the highest excellences of Art, we seem to need an Interpreter, a Ruskin, to read Nature, Painting, Poetry, all the fine Arts for us, for our instruction, to form our tastes. Let me say (in the words of a good authority) what Ruskin has done, I do not mean for the mass of the people, for his criticisms and lessons are of a high, subtle, and professional cast, but for the educated classes, whose more refined taste qualified them to digest his teaching.

“Nobody before him made the aspect of the sky, morning, noon, and night, familiar as a household word ; nor led us to look on clouds and all their beauty as objects of daily observation and delight. No one before him took us by the brooks of water and upon the sea, and made every ripple of the one and every wave of the other a recognized pleasure.”

We too need a guide, teacher, interpreter, who can read with us the varied aspects of Nature, and the lessons inspired by the works of great Artists. There are many who live from day to day in contact with the grandeur or softness, the gloom or brightness, the harmonious voices or solemn stillness, of nature in her changeful moods, and yet to them “a primrose by the river’s brim” is a yellow primrose and nothing more. If Art is to exercise a due influence on the mass of the people, it requires something more incisive than the formal criticism or art-talk which descants on ‘delicacy of touch,’ ‘harmony of colour,’ ‘want of repose,’ ‘cold and artificial style,’ ‘absence of freshness,’ and mere technical details. It needs the application of its pictorial lessons to the experience and moral feelings of humanity ; and these things are within our reach, if we really believe that the cultivation of taste and the study of the fine arts are conducive to the improvement and refinement of the perceptive faculties, and capable of exercising a beneficial sway over the higher aspirations of our nature.

A fit conclusion to this brief Essay will be an extract from Reynold’s discourses (the sixth) to the Students at the Royal Acedamy.

“Whosoever has so far formed his taste, as to be able to relish and feel the beauties of the great masters, has gone a great way in his study. Our minds, frequently warmed by the contact of those whom we wish to resemble will undoubtedly catch something of their way of thinking, and we shall receive in our own bosoms some radiation at least of their fire and splendour.”

## NOTES.

(a). A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others, and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers.—SHELLEY :—Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*.

(b). Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians are, in one sense, the creators, and in another, the creations of their age.

SHELLEY : *ibid* :

(c). Compare :

and greatest of the great  
Defies at first our Nature's littleness  
Till growing with its growth we thus dilate  
Our spirits to the size of what they contemplate.

CHILDE HAROLD C. IV : 158.

(d). Many ideas have never been presented at all to the senses of any man but by words, as God, angels, devils, heaven, and hell.

To represent an angel in a picture, you can only draw a beautiful young man, winged : but what painting can furnish out anything so grand as the addition of one word—the angel of the *Lord*?—BURKE. *Treatise on the sublime and beautiful*, Part VI : § 7.

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DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

In the remarks introducing Lord Lynedoch's letter describing the Death of Sir John Moore, on page 45 of the January number of this Magazine, for "Captain Haveling" read "Capt. Hardinge (afterwards General Viscount Hardinge)."

THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

ISBRAND GOSKE, GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE AND COUNCILLOR EXTRA-  
ORDINARY OF INDIA, INSTALLED 2 OCTOBER 1672, HELD  
OFFICE UNTIL 14 MARCH 1676.

No. IX.

AT the time when the Cape settlement was raised temporarily to the dignity of being called a Government, the European population consisted of sixty-four burghers, thirty-nine of whom were married, sixty-five children, fifty-three Dutch men servants, and about three hundred and seventy servants of the Company and soldiers, in all not exceeding six hundred souls. But there are circumstances under which the deeds of six hundred individuals may be of greater importance in a historical retrospect than are ordinarily those of six hundred thousand. These few white men were laying the foundations of a great colony, they were exploring a country as yet very imperfectly known, they were dealing with the first difficulties of meeting a native population. Their situation was the most commanding point on the surface of the earth, and they knew its importance then as well as England does now. The Cape Castle, wrote the Directors, is the frontier fortress of India, an expression which shows the value they attached to it.

At this time the Free Netherlands were engaged in the most unequal struggle that modern Europe has witnessed. The Kings of England and France, the Elector of Cologne, and the Bishop of Munster were allied together for the suppression of Batavian liberty. Louis XIV in person with a splendidly equipped army invaded the Provinces from the south (May 1672), and within twenty-eight

days no fewer than ninety-two cities and strongholds fell into his hands. To Utrecht, in the very heart of the Republic, his march was one continued triumph. The Ecclesiastical Princes poured their forces into Overysse, and completely subdued that Province. Charles II fitted out a large fleet, but fortunately for English liberties the Dutch were able to hold their own on the sea.

The unhappy country in its darkest hour was distracted by rival factions. The Perpetual Edict, by which the Prince of Orange was excluded from supreme power, was the law, but most men felt that the only hope left to the Republic was to place the guidance of affairs in his hands. The towns called for the repeal of the Edict, the States obeyed, and William of Orange, destined at a later day to wear the crown of England, was appointed Stadtholder of Holland and Zeeland and Captain and Admiral General of all the Provinces. Then followed (20th of August 1672) the murder by a furious mob of the two most eminent men of the Loevestein party, Johan de Witt, Pensionary of Holland, and his brother Cornelis de Witt, Burgomaster of Dordrecht.

Of the seven Provinces three were at this time entirely occupied by the enemy, but internal discord was at length at an end. One clear head guided the forces of the country, and hope began to take the place of despair. The sluices were opened, and the dykes were cut. The whole of the low lands in South Holland were laid under water. An army sprang into existence, an army indeed of boors and artizans, but animated by intense patriotism and capable of meeting any dangers and any fatigues. In the harbours of Zeeland and North Holland a great fleet was got together, ready in the last extremity to convey two hundred thousand free people to the Islands of the East, to form a new Batavian Republic there. In the face of such opposition the allies were compelled to pause. Then a change in the situation took place. A combination of great European Powers was formed against France. The English government, which had entered into the war and carried it on against the wishes and interests of the people, was obliged to make peace (February 1674). Six months later the Dutch had recovered all their territory except the towns of Maestricht and Graave, their fleet was keeping the coast of France in continual alarm, and the



Prince of Orange with seventy thousand men, half of them Germans and Spaniards, was preparing to attack the Prince of Conde at Charleroi.\*

The effect of the troubles of the mother country upon the Cape settlement was felt for many years. The number of ships that called fell off very considerably, for even after the recovery of their territory by the Dutch, it took a long time to establish again their European trade. In the east the Company suffered no reverses of any importance, but its commerce was crippled by the necessity of maintaining a large fleet on a war footing. The High Admiral there was the elder Ryklof van Goens, subsequently Governor General of Netherlands India, and associated both before and after this date with Cape affairs. Under him, commanding a division of the fleet, was Cornelis van Quaelberg, once Commander of the Cape settlement. The best contested battle fought in Indian waters during the war was between Van Quaelberg's division of the fleet and a squadron of ten English ships that met off Masulipatam. The English were outnumbered, but they fought bravely, and it was not until one of their ships went down and two others were surrounded and reduced to wrecks that the remaining seven made sail for the Hoogly.

The first and most important object that Governor Goske had to attend to was to prepare the Cape for defence in the event of its being attacked, and for this purpose he had authority to land from passing ships as many men as could be spared and he might require. But the troubles in Europe caused a falling off in the number of ships sent out, and further made it so difficult to obtain soldiers and seamen that for some years hardly a vessel sailed with her full complement of hands. Urgent, therefore, as was the necessity for

\* NOTE.—We have not as yet in English such a history of this heroic struggle of the United Netherlands as the importance of the subject requires. The Dutch were fighting for their own independence, but upon the issue of that conflict our liberty rested. If Holland and Zeeland had been crushed out of existence, a Stuart dynasty might be reigning in England to-day and parliamentary government be a thing unknown. This great crisis in the fate of nations will doubtless form a theme for some future Motley. Dutch readers have in Vol. XIV of Wagenaar's *Vaderlandsche Historie* as ample an account of the incidents of the war as can be desired, but much additional light could doubtless be thrown upon it by an examination of the French, German, and English archives.

completing the Castle, it was not possible at any time to employ more than two hundred and fifty to three hundred men upon it. What the Free Netherlands did in those days cannot be compared with what the present mother country is capable of doing. But if measured by their resources, and especially by the number of their inhabitants, the efforts which they put forth are worthy of the warmest admiration of all liberty loving people. The Governor resolved as a temporary measure to repair the old fort, the earthen walls of which had by this time so crumbled away that he described it as being like a ruined molehill. It was hastily built up again, and then every man that could be spared was set to work upon the Castle.

It was now nearly three years since the Commissioner Van der Broeck authorized the Cape government to form a farming establishment at Hottentots Holland, but owing to the illness of Commander Hackius and the absence of any one of high authority after his death, nothing had yet been done in the matter beyond surveying the ground. But beside the original object in view there was now a special reason for forming an outpost in the country, as a place was needed to which the cattle could be sent, and upon which the garrison could fall back if compelled to abandon the Cape. On the 18th of October 1672 Sergeant Cruythof and twelve men left to commence putting up the necessary buildings, and thus the first step was taken to extend the settlement towards the interior.

The description of Hottentots Holland which was sent to the Netherlands for the information of the Directors would seem at the present day to be too highly coloured if we did not know that within the period which has since elapsed the face of the country has undergone a great change. Western valleys were then covered with long rich grass, just as Kaffraria is now. Every summer a party of men used to be sent out with scythes to the Tigerberg, and thirty or forty waggon loads of hay were brought back to the Company's stables as forage for the horses. The recesses in the mountain sides facing the sea contained patches of evergreen forest, in which were found great varieties of useful timber. The grass at Hottentots Holland and the forests in the immediate neighbourhood are mentioned as being superior to those of any other part of

the country as yet visited. The soil was described as rich, and the south-east wind, that scourge of the husbandman in Table Valley, was far less violent there. It was a bountifully watered land, its streams were stocked with fish, and on its pastures at certain seasons browsed elands and hartebeests and other game. It was easy of access by sea. A cutter could run up to the head of False Bay, where without any difficulty produce could be shipped, and thus the journey through the heavy sand of the Cape Flats be avoided. It seems to have been almost a natural law in South Africa that all the advantages of a locality should be seen at first, and its defects only become known gradually afterwards.

With a view of crippling the English East India Company, orders were at this time received from Holland to fit out an expedition to attack and endeavour to destroy its victualling station at St Helena. For this purpose the ships *Vryheid*, *Zuid Polsbroek*, *Cattenburgh*, and *Vliegende Swaan* were made ready at the Cape, and one hundred and eighty soldiers and one hundred and fifty sailors above their ordinary crews were embarked in them. The expedition was placed under the direction of Jacob de Geus, skipper of the *Vryheid*, and subject to his general orders Lieutenant Coenraad van Breitenbach had command of the land forces. The little fleet sailed from Table Bay on the 13th of December 1672. Upon arriving at St Helena they found the garrison of the island too small to offer effectual resistance. The few men there thought it more prudent to spike their cannon and to make their escape in a ship lying ready for sea. A few who had not time to embark surrendered. Skipper De Geus took possession of the abandoned island and of an English slave ship from Madagascar bound to Barbadoes with two hundred and forty negroes on board, which had put in for refreshment. Lieutenant Johannes Coon was installed as Commander, and when the fleet sailed he was left with a small garrison to occupy the new acquisition.

A few weeks later intelligence reached the Cape that Lieutenant Coon had died, and Lieutenant Van Breitenbach was then sent to assume the command. He had hardly taken over the duties when an English homeward bound fleet touched at the island, and speedily put an end to its new government. Lieutenant Van Breitenbach

and the garrison were taken to England as prisoners of war, and were there exchanged for some Englishmen detained in the Netherlands. The Lieutenant subsequently committed a military offence for which he was cashiered, and he then went out to India as a free colonist, calling at the Cape on the way. A war was then being carried on with some of the native powers, and Van Breitenbach, who carried with him excellent recommendations from Governor Goske, was requested to return into the service, where he soon regained his former rank.

For a considerable time no trading expeditions had been sent inland, because the Directors thought the Hottentots would bring cattle to the Cape for sale if they could not obtain tobacco, copper, and beads at their own kraals. But in this expectation they were disappointed. The rich clans living at a distance were unable to come, owing to the constant feuds in which they were engaged with others nearer at hand. Those in the neighbourhood of the Cape occasionally brought a lean cow or a few sheep for sale, but they had become impoverished through being plundered, and could not supply as many as were needed. It was therefore determined to send a trading party of twelve men to the kraal of the Chainouqua Captain Dorha, who had intimated a wish to obtain some tobacco and copper in exchange for cattle.

This Captain Dorha, or Klaas as he was called by the Europeans, who now appears for the first time, was for many years to come intimately connected with the colony and regarded as its most faithful ally. The tribal government of the Hottentots was so weak that the slightest cause seems to have been sufficient to break them up into little clans virtually independent of each other. This was the case at least with all those who came into contact with the white people. There was still in name a chief of the Chainouquas, but in fact that tribe was now divided into two clans under the Captains Klaas and Koopman. Each of these was recognized as a ruler by the Cape Government, in proof of which staffs with brass heads upon which the Company's coat of arms was engraved had been presented to them, just as such symbols had previously been given to six or eight captains nearer the settlement. These staffs soon came to be regarded by the Hottentots not only as recog-

nizing but as conferring authority, and thenceforth it became an object of ambition with every head of a few families to obtain one. Klaas attached himself to the Europeans, but not from any inclination to acquire civilized habits, for he remained a savage till his death. Successive Governors, indeed, maintained that he was a model of virtue and fidelity, but the proofs they give are far from conclusive. As an instance, he once brought a little Hottentot boy whom he had captured in war, and offered him as a present to the Governor to be a slave. Hereupon the Governor described him as having the merciful heart of a Christian, inasmuch as he spared the life of an enemy.

Whatever his object may have been, he proved a firm supporter of the European government, always ready to take part with it against his own countrymen. On this occasion he bartered away two hundred and fifty-six head of horned cattle and three hundred and seventy sheep, a very seasonable supply for the Governor, whose slaughter stock was nearly exhausted. Klaas was then requested to furnish fifty young oxen to draw stone to the Castle, and in less than a fortnight he collected them among his people and sent a message that they were ready. Such conduct on his part naturally called for a return of favours. The Chainouquas and the Cochoquas were at this time at war, and whenever Klaas wished to visit the Cape an escort was sent to Hottentots Holland to protect him on the journey. Presents were frequently sent to him with complimentary messages, and he was provided with a showy suit of European clothing that he might appear at the fort with such dignity as became a faithful ally of the Honourable Company. The attention paid to him may partly explain the hostile conduct of Gonnema, chief of the largest division of the Cochoquas.

Gonnema, who was known to the first settlers as the Black Captain, usually had his kraals in the neighbourhood of Riebeek's Kasteel and Twenty-four Rivers, but occasionally he wandered to the shores of Saldanha Bay or eastward to Hottentots Holland. All his neighbours were in dread of him, for whenever there was an opportunity he was in the habit of plundering them. It was from him that the whole of the Hottentots in the neighbourhood of the Cape were fifty years later called Gunjemans by the Dutch. The

people of his own clan were even at this time called Gonnemas, and the word gradually became Gonnemans, Gonjemans, and Gunjemans. And as the Goringhaiquas and others soon lost their distinguishing tribal titles they all became blended together under this one name, by which alone Europeans knew them. Among themselves the old names were probably preserved, but when speaking to white men they employed the word in common use. In precisely the same manner various bodies of natives have lost the titles of their clans and acquired more general ones from some corrupted name, down to our own day.

In November 1672 three burghers obtained permission from the Governor to shoot hippopotami, and for this purpose they travelled along the banks of the Berg River down to Riebeck's Kasteel. There Gonnema with forty or fifty of his followers came upon them and seized their waggon, oxen, provisions, and whatever else they had with them, barely permitting them to escape with their lives. It does not seem to have occurred to the Governor that Gonnema might object to the destruction of game in his district, and so the act was attributed solely to his enmity to the Company. But there was then no force that could be spared to chastise the offender, and the injury was therefore left unpunished.

In June 1673 eight burghers and a slave went out with the Governor's permission to shoot large game. They had two waggons with them, which it was their intention to load with skins and dried meat for the sustenance of their families and for sale. Finding no antelopes this side of the Berg River, they crossed at a ford near Riebeck's Kasteel and went up into the mountains beyond Twenty-four Rivers. There, at a place which long afterwards bore the name of Moord Kuil, they were surrounded by Gonnema's people, who detained them for several days and then murdered them all.

On the 11th of July a rumour reached the fort that the burghers were hemmed in, and the Council immediately resolved to send out a relief expedition. The freemen were called upon to furnish a contingent of thirty-six men, who, with a like number of soldiers, were placed under the command of Ensign Hieronymus Cruse. Next morning the expedition left the fort, provisioned for eight days,

and with orders that if they should find violence had been used towards the burghers they were to retaliate upon Gonnema and his people in such a manner that their descendants would be too terrified ever to offend Netherlanders again. At Captain Kuiper's kraal across the Cape Flats they found one of Gonnema's people, whom they compelled under threat of death to act as guide. Passing by Paardeberg and Riebeeck's Kasteel they reached the Berg River, which they found too deep to be forded, so that they were detained until a raft could be made. They were resting on the other side when they were joined by a party of eighteen horsemen from the fort under command of the burgher officer Elbert Diemer.

These brought word that on the 6th of July some of Gonnema's people under the petty captain Kees appeared at the Company's post at Saidanha Bay with the apparent object of selling sheep. The post was occupied at the time by only a corporal and two soldiers, but there was a fishing boat belonging to a freeman afloat close by, and two of her crew were on shore. Suddenly and without any warning the Hottentots rose upon the Europeans and murdered four of them, only one soldier managing to escape to the boat. The Hottentots then plundered the post. The boat sailed for Table Bay, but owing to contrary winds was detained at Jutten and Dassen islands, and did not reach her destination until the 14th. Upon receipt of this intelligence the Council at once dispatched the horsemen to Ensign Cruse's assistance, and they brought instructions to attack Gonnema's people and endeavour to punish them severely, sparing none of the men.

The combined forces marched across the district of Twenty-four Rivers, and on the 18th saw smoke rising at a distance among the mountains. They then halted and sent out scouts, who returned in the evening with information that they had discovered the position of a kraal and had observed a number of women digging bulbs. Next morning before daylight Ensign Cruse marched upon the kraal in hope of surprising its inmates, but upon reaching it he found that they had fled with their cattle. The huts were standing and the fires were still alight, showing that the place had not been long abandoned. In the huts were found the cooking utensils, clothing, and other property of the murdered burghers. At day-

break the horsemen followed the fugitives and soon overtook them, when the Hottentots abandoned their cattle and fled into the mountains with their women and children. The cattle were then taken possession of, and without any further attempt to reach the enemy the expedition commenced its homeward march. But they had not proceeded far before they discovered that the Hottentots were following them. At their first resting place an attempt was made to recover the cattle, and though it failed the enemy kept hovering about for some time. The casualties during the march were one burgher wounded and two horses killed, while ten or twelve Hottentots were shot. The expedition reached the fort again on the 25th, and delivered to the Governor eight hundred head of horned cattle and nine hundred sheep.

Captains Klaas, Schacher, and Kuiper now tendered their services against Gonnema, Klaas especially being delighted at the prospect of his enemy's ruin. The others immediately commenced scouring the country in search of stragglers. On the 20th of August Schacher and Kuiper with more than a hundred of their people appeared again at the fort, bringing with them four of Gonnema's followers whom they had captured. They delivered these prisoners to the Governor, who at once caused them to be tried by a committee of the Council acting as a court martial. They were found guilty of participation in the murder of the burghers, and were thereupon delivered to their captors to be put to death after their own manner of execution. The scene that followed, as described in the documents of the time, is highly illustrative of savage life. On the open ground in front of the fort, where the Railway Station is now standing,\* the Goringhaiqua and Gorachouqua warriors assembled, each with a clubbed stick in his hand. They then commenced a war dance, in which they leaped

\* NOTE.—Since the publication of the articles on the "Beginning of the European Occupation in South Africa" I have been able to fix the site of the old fort, by means of the original title deeds of the ground along the northern end of Darling-street, in which it is mentioned. These title deeds, the measurements give when the castle was built, and various incidental observations fix the position of the original fort Good Hope on the ground between the present Mutual Hall and Commercial Exchange and covering a portion of the lastnamed building.



into the air and sprang about, chaunting and stamping, until they had worked themselves into a state of frenzy. Then one would spring forward and deal a blow with his stick upon a wretched captive lying bound and helpless, at which there would rise a general yell of exultation. Another would follow, and another, until at length the mangled corpses were dragged from the place of execution, and amid a deafening din of shouting and yelling and stamping were cast into the sea. After this barbarous scene the Governor caused a quantity of arrack and tobacco to be distributed among the warriors, as a reward for their fidelity.

For several months after this event nothing was heard of Gonnema or his people. The farm work at Hottentots Holland was pushed on, and a guard of twenty-two men was kept there to protect the establishment. There was no other outpost to care for, except the one on Robben Island, where a boat was always in readiness to bring the people away in case of an enemy appearing. On the Lion's Head a good look out was kept, so as to give due notice whenever a ship approached. Every man that could be spared from other occupations was at work upon the castle walls, or transporting building material to them.

In the year 1673 two wrecks occurred upon the southern coast. On the 20th of February the *Grundel* was lost a little to the eastward of Cape Hangklip. She had been sent from Batavia to Mauritius with supplies, but her skipper was unable to find that island, and so endeavoured to reach Table Bay. All of her hands got safely ashore and were taken on board a little vessel which happened to be at anchor in False Bay. On the 23rd of September the homeward bound ship *Zoetendal* was lost a short distance to the northeastward of Cape Agulhas. Four of her crew were drowned, the remainder made their way to Hottentots Holland, and thence to the Cape. The name of the ship is still preserved in Zoetendal's Vlei, close to the scene of the wreck.

At this time was introduced a system of raising revenue by means of farming out certain privileges, a system which remained in force as long as the East India Company was the governing power in South Africa. In principle it was precisely the same as the lease by public auction to the highest bidder of the exclusive right to gather

guano on an island, or of the right to a toll, such as is practised at the present day. But by the East India Company the system was carried to such an extreme length that every branch of business that could be conducted in the colony was conducted as a monopoly. It was the simplest plan to raise a revenue that could be adopted, which is all that can be said in its favour. That it was not intolerable to the colonists was owing solely to there being a maximum price fixed by law for everything sold. The purchaser of a monopoly for selling salt, for instance, could have oppressed the people if he had been at liberty to make what charges he chose, but as he was bound to sell at a fixed price he had no power to practise extortion. The colonists did not object to the system, which seemed to them fair and reasonable. It was introduced by the sale of a monopoly of the exclusive privilege of selling spirituous liquors, the price at which all such liquors were to be purchased for cash at the Company's stores as well as the price at which they were to be retailed being fixed in the conditions under which the monopoly was put up at public auction. In course of time, the sole right to sell wine, beer, tobacco, salt, bread, meat, &c, &c, was farmed out in the same manner.

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## Four Weeks in North America.

FROM THE NOTES OF A "TRANSIENT."

OUR journey from Cincinnati and Indianapolis, through some of the vast cultivated plains of the prairie country in Indiana and Illinois to Chicago, naturally leads on to the subject of agriculture in North America. As we have so large a farming population in this country, the following statement about the attention given by the United States Government to agriculture is worth quoting here:—"The United States Government Department of Agriculture is presided over by a Commissioner, whose duties are to collect and diffuse useful information on subjects connected with agriculture (including all kinds of farming stock), and to acquire and preserve in his office all information he can obtain on that subject by means of books and correspondence, by practical and scientific experiments, and the collection of statistics, also to collect new and valuable seeds and plants, to learn by actual cultivation their value, to propagate those found good and distribute them amongst farmers (and also to make known the diseases of different kinds of stock and the best remedies); he is assisted by a statistician, entomologist, botanist, chemist, and microscopist, and has a propagating garden, a seed division, and a library." From this statement we perceive how thoroughly alive the American Government is to the interests of the farmers, and our legislators might, with benefit to this country, take a leaf out of its book, and on a smaller scale constitute a department of agriculture.

Leaving, however, this political aspect of the matter, we shall confine ourselves to what we saw and heard of the details and results of farming. We were amazed how cheaply grain could be transported from America to England. So great is the competition for transport, or freight as it is called, between the different railways and the river and lake and ocean navigation, that flour is carried from St. Louis, on the Mississippi River, to London for 1s. 8d. the 100 lbs., and from Chicago at 1s. 6d. the 100 lbs., while grain is sent from America to Liverpool at 1s. 1½d. the 100 lbs. for the whole 4,000 miles: the same amount, 1s. 6d., here, would transport 100 lbs. about only 150 miles.

In the Eastern districts the rains fall so regularly that they can be calculated upon almost to the day, in some part of every month. In the West the rains are not quite so regular and frequent, but they are seldom longer delayed than four or six weeks ; very seldom, if ever, are crops raised by irrigation ; occasionally the crops suffer from drought and from locusts ; in many places circular windmill pumps raise from artesian wells water for the stock and for household purposes.

In the Eastern districts the full hard mealie or Indian corn is chiefly grown, but in the South and West the soft corn or horse tooth mealie. In Virginia the white mealie is preferred, while in Ohio the yellow ; for mealie meal or maizena the full hard mealie seems to be preferred to the soft, which again is preferred for feeding stock. The sweet or sugar mealie is always used green. The food we call stamped mealies used to be an American dish, and the old stampblocks are still occasionally to be found, but now the mealies are husked, or *hulled* as it is called, in a mill with millstones, and then these hulled and broken mealies are sold as *hominy* ; sometimes ashes are put into a cloth and boiled in the same water with the mealies, and when the husks are just ready to come off they are washed or boiled in several waters and the whole mealies thus hulled are called *samp*. I was surprised to find that this plan had also sometimes been adopted by farmers in this country.

Sweet corn, or sugar mealies, are used only for table purposes when green ; they are often very small, and are generally planted during the season, three or four times, three weeks apart, so as to give a succession of green mealies. Those who wish to keep this sweet mealie, or green corn, cut the grains off the cob and dry them in the sun or in an oven, and thus dried they can use them in winter ; others *can* them, put them into tin cans or jars, put on the lids, and having plunged them into hot water to drive out the air, they seal up the hole through which the air has escaped. Tomatoes and various fruits are preserved or canned in the same way.

Everywhere the stalks of the mealies are saved for fodder for the cattle. Sometimes the piece above the ripening cob was cut off and stowed away ; at other places the whole stalk was gathered and dried and stacked upright between the long wooden rails about three feet apart. In the West, generally, while the cobs are still on the

stalks, no sooner is a glaze seen on the grain, showing that the milky stage has passed, and the leaf of the stalk is turning colour than the stalk is chopped off with a corn cutter like a bill-hook, a foot from the ground, and these stalks are stood up together like huge bundles of forage, placed at regular distances down the field; then the sap or substance left in the stalk was sufficient to ripen the grain on the cobs, which a month after chopping are broken off the stalks in these bundles, stripped of their envelopes, and generally thrown into a long, narrow and shingle roofed barn, made of rails with openings between, through which the air passes freely. Care is taken not to break off the leaves, which are most relished by the stock, while these and the stalks being chopped off when green, retain like good hay their sweet and succulent properties. We saw thousands upon thousands of these large bundles or shocks of stalks in their regular rows down the fields, while between the rows men were ploughing. To form these bundles men used a ten foot strip of plank, four inches wide, resting on edge on the top of a trestle shaped like an A, about three feet high, while four feet from that end a loose short round bar was thrust through a hole in this plank on edge, and in these four corners, thus made, the stalks were stood up and a rope or piece of bark, or green withe was put around the bundle, then the loose bar was drawn out on one side and the trestle with its plank on the other, and the huge bundle stood firm. When used merely for dairy purposes as green forage, the mealies were sown as thickly as barley, and when about three or four feet high were cut down and found more profitable for the cows than green barley; on rich land as much as thirty tons of this green fodder corn was grown on an acre. Next to this in quantity and quality was the German or golden millet. When mealies are sown for the grain in carefully cultivated fields, rows four feet apart were crossed at right angles and at the points of intersection called "hills," four seeds are planted, from which two or three were permitted to grow; on account of these regular distances the weeds were easily kept down by means of a cultivator with its hoes drawn by one horse and taken through the fields about three times during the growth of the crop; sometimes a hand cultivator is used. Some farmers break off the suckers, and leave only one cob so as to get it large, it will

then often grow 15 inches long. We saw mealies growing in all localities, along the steep sides of hills, among the stumps in the forest clearings, on the level prairie, and on the rolling prairie, in the dry valleys, or in those at times flooded, where we saw the river deposited mud drying and the crop luxuriant.

We rode in the one day 310 miles, from Cincinnati to Chicago, through the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, three of the largest grain producing States; Illinois producing in 1877, 250,000,000 bushels of mealies, or 50,000,000 muids; and in 1879, 45,000,000 bushels, or 9,000,000 muids of wheat. At least two-thirds of this distance, or 200 miles, we travelled through fields of mealies; in the prairie country these fields extended for scores of miles on either side of the railway without any break; here and there would be fields left for pasture with hundreds of cattle. This day's journey more than any other gave us an idea of the immense quantities of grain which could be raised on the level country, first of wheat, then of mealies as a second crop; for this was but a small portion of the immense tracts of country to the South, the West and the North, which were as fully cultivated. American statistics run so easily into thousands and millions that one is constantly impressed with the vast extent of the country and the greatness of its resources. In 1877 there were more than 50,000,000 of acres covered with the mealie crop, which yielded more than 1,300,000,000 bushels of the grain, worth £96,000,000. In 1879 there were 1,600,000,000 bushels, or more than 500,000,000 muids, worth to the farmers £100,000,000.

Besides this vast extent of mealies, we passed small patches of *broom* corn, where a foot from the ground the stalks had been cut or broken half through and then bent down and crossed over each other in such a way as to prevent the heads, of which the brooms are made from, touching the ground while they were drying; this is an industry at our doors so neglected that we buy our brooms from America.

There were also patches of Chinese sorghum and of Kafir imphee, the seed of which had been imported from this country; off an acre of sorghum or imphee, the farmers get two hogsheads of syrup or molasses; as we passed one little farm in Michigan we saw a simple

kind of mill fed with sorghum and imphee, and even eamlie stalks, in which the juice was pressed out as the mill was turned by a horse circling round it as in a horse flour mill or puddling mill; the juice was then cooked, and this syrup kept for domestic use as treacle. With such facilities for the growth of mealies and zoetriet or Imphee, why should this Colony continue to import syrup in the form of treacle? Echo answers, why? At one place a large sugar manufactory was pointed out to us where sugar is made partly from the juice of the sweet mealie, but chiefly from the juice of the stalks of the mealie and of the sorghum and the imphee. Some Americans have succeeded admirably with it. An instructive letter on this subject by Dr. W. B. Berry, appeared in the "Cape Argus" of July 7th. 1880, and in the next weekly issue; and from its important subject, the adaptation of plants among us for the economical manufacture of sugar, ought to have been copied into more papers than it was.

Though the mealie and imphee do not give as much saccharine matter as the sugar cane, still they have these advantages, that they can be used within three months of the time they are sown, and that they can be grown profitably over an immense extent of territory unsuitable for the sugar cane. The Chinese sorghum, in the stalks of which the greater proportion of sugar is found, will grow wherever the mealie and imphee grow. Mr. F. L. Stewart, of Western Pennsylvania, discovered a process by which sugar can be made from the juice of the stalks of Indian corn or mealies, taken at a time when the grain is only partially matured. He states that those varieties of sorghum, Chinese or African, which yielded a table syrup, especially the old Chinese sorghum, are now to be considered as yielding a sugar, not only of the best quality, but in the greatest abundance. The regular Chinese sorghum cane in Western Pennsylvania yields about 200 gallons of syrup per acre, and from a gallon of dense syrup from sorghum cane, ten pounds of sugar can be made, while from mealie stalks eight pounds of sugar can be obtained from the gallon. So out of mealie stalks or grain are made syrup, sugar, gluecose, starch, hominy, corn flour or maizena or mealie meal, which is largely used as porridge and called corn-mush. Oatmeal mush is also used, and so large is the production, that one mil

in Iowa grinds twenty tons of oatmeal daily, and the owner finds it profitable to ship it to Glasgow.

With reference to making sugar from the mealie or imphee stalks, both the machinery and material are far less expensive than in making sugar from the sugar cane or from beetroot. If our Government in its zeal for agriculture would start such an experimental sugar factory, it would be the means of developing another industry, which would soon be taken up by capitalists. Valuable experimental papers on this subject are to be found in the Annual Reports of the Department of Agriculture. In these useful volumes I was surprised to find in the Annual Report for 1877, a remarkable and useful paper of seventy pages with maps and illustrations devoted to the Rocky Mountain locust or grasshopper of the West, clearly the migratory locust, which, when it comes, works such havoc with our crops and every green thing. During some years in America, it is estimated to have caused £8,000,000 worth of damage annually, and there was a report of a Government Commission, embracing the natural history, habits, flight, with remedies and devices for the destruction of the eggs of the unfledged insects and of the winged insects, and also the Acts passed by certain Legislatures for their destruction. While we smile at some suggestions for their destruction, we must admire and should imitate the energy and research and plans with which the Americans grapple and try to lessen the power of a destructive agent; while in this Colony, after a few vain struggles to keep the locusts off our crops, we settle down sullenly to blame our country and Providence, or strive to rest stoically on the saw, "What can't be cured must be endured;" but that it "can't be cured" is just what the Americans will not admit, and hence their partial success.

But to revert to the mealie, it is the chief thing used for feeding stock; in many parts there is a sharp but short winter, which is longer in the Northern States, but very mild in the South; but in addition to the necessity for feeding stock while snow is on the ground or when grass is scarce; all slaughter animals are sold by *weight*, and consequently the more the weight is increased by economical feeding, the greater is the profit. Cattle and hogs are fed largely on dried stalks and leaves of the



mealie, and a certain proportion of the grain; at other times the stalks and leaves are cut up into short lengths as if with a chaff-cutter, and are made into a mash with some grain and these broken cobs, to feed the cattle and hogs; sometimes merely the cobs are coarsely ground with the grain, and this coarse meal is steamed and used as their food. When mealies are so cheap that they are not worth the cost of harvesting, the lands are fed off by say a hundred head of cattle, and at the same time by a hundred hogs, the latter feeding off all that falls on the ground; the cattle as well as the hogs then eat the stalks, leaves, cobs, and grain, and make a thorough clearance of that piece of land. They are then placed or huddled on another piece, and thus harvest the farmer's crop. What carelessness, says one. What a dead loss says another. Let us see: from the very fact of such enormous crops, the grain itself must be very cheap, and the greater the distance from the market or sea-board, the cheaper must be the grain. For instance, Mr. John Browne, of Des Moines, Iowa, told us that in the state Iowa, which is 1,300 miles from New York, mealies usually sold at from fivepence to twelpence the bushel, which, multiplied by three, gives from fifteenpence to three shillings the muid. At the latter price it pays, but less than that no mealies will be sold in the market if they can be turned into *meal*, for in *that* only will the farmer or stock-owner make his profit. Those who can gather cattle and hogs and thus feed them, soon get rich, though the meal be only from twopence to threepence per lb. On this account arrangements are often made between men who have cattle and no crops and those who have crops and no cattle. The stock-owner gives, say, a hundred head of cattle and a hundred hogs out to feed; a certain number of these are driven on to a large scale and the weight recorded, from which the weight of the whole herd is estimated; after they have been fed off the other man's crops, they are again weighed, the increase of weight is noticed and halved, and the stock-owner buys out the half of the *stock-feeder* at the current rate for butcher's meat. If each of these cattle increased in weight only 25 lbs., the stock-feeder would get more than £20 for his share, whereas to make up that amount through grain he would have to sell 200 muids after all expenses of harvesting had been met. The more the cattle increase in weight the greater the

profit. For this purpose of stock-feeding, the soft corn or horse-tooth mealie is the best, and the most largely cultivated in West and South. It has also this advantage, that when quite ripe, the cob with its own weight turns its point over and downwards, and thus allows the rain to run off it instead of within to injure the grain; it can, therefore, be left on the stalk for weeks together in any weather. When men "grow hogs" in the West, they often turn them into the mealie land, where with their front legs they push down the stalks and feed on the cobs and grain. Horses, mules, and in the far West oxen, are used for agricultural purposes, and are well-fed. Horses are also fed largely on mealies, especially on coarse mealie meal; when in work a quart of oats is given them with prairie grass or timothy grass; when in heavy work or travelling they get three quarts of oats a day and a bran mash thrice a week, with salt. Sometimes when wheat is sour, timothy grass and clover are sown with it, and after the reaping, the cattle can feed to their heart's content.

In cold countries like Canada, or high localities such as where we saw it on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, buckwheat is largely raised. The ripening crop had a reddish brown appearance, but when fully ripe and dry, the grain is black. It is sown like oats broadcast, half a bushel to the acre, but later in the season, and it matures in ninety days. More than 1,500 grains have been counted on the stalks from *one* grain; it is threshed and ground, and when separated from the bran gives thirty lbs. of flour to the bushel; it is chiefly used for pancakes and other cakes which, like mealie meal bread, are raised through yeast.

In the Eastern States, farming is more expensive, because land is more valuable, ranging from £3 to £20 an acre with homestead, and also, because the soil being more exhausted requires constant work and dressing with manures, and even then, on account of the cheapness of transport, both wheat and mealies can be brought from the West and sold to these farmers at a less cost than they can raise them. In the far West there are still millions of acres unappropriated, good and bad, and land is obtained either from the State or from the Railway Companies. The State will in these places give a grant of 160 acres, and the next 160 acres can usually be purchased

at from 2s. to 4s. the acre, while those who rear useful timber on forty or even twenty acres can obtain another grant of 160; the State is therefore ready also to sell land at a low rate in these new territories. Often a railway company will lay down a railroad through this new territory, getting from the State five miles of land on each side of the track or railroad; this is sold by the railway company to recoup itself, and they sell out at different rates; for within a mile of the railway they sell at £2 the acre, but gradually less until the most distant between four and five miles off is sold at 4s. and 2s. the acre. Sometimes a speculating company buys a large block from the railway company, upon the condition that a station will be placed in the centre of it. When the land is sold, often just a quarter is taken in cash, and the balance as mortgage is left for five or ten years at six per cent., with taxes. In other cases the companies have been known to let the land for several years to those who will pay the interest and improve the land, giving them the option to purchase it afterwards. Two young British noblemen had bought 50,000 acres at less than 8s. the acre, and were busy cultivating part of it. As a rule out of every 160 acres more than 100 could be cultivated at once, whilst the greater part of the rest is reclaimable. Any person settling on a place in the West for five years can get paid for his improvements; if he settles down undisturbed for ten years he can claim the 160 acres; therefore the purchasers of these lands have to visit their lands often, and serve squatters with notice to quit, and if they refuse, sue them. Squatters are generally a lawless set who move away from railroads, schools, and Sunday teaching. The Irish and Scotch settlers often go on to a farm on the "cropping system;" they do the work, live economically, and in eight or ten years buy a farm for themselves at £1 or £2 per acre. Any man trained to farming and possessing £200, can profitably work his farm of 160 acres or more. Mr. T. Henry, of Mobile, Alabama, told us that often a proprietor who had saved money, and is getting old, will take a partner or manager, provided he supplies half the working machinery. The manager sees to all the work and takes care of the stock; the proprietor keeps up repairs and pays taxes; each draws half the profits and at the end of the term of agreement, there is an equal division of stock and farm utensils. In

this way a settler, with little or no means, but character and skill may in a few years save money enough to purchase and stock a little farm. In the South the negro women and their children farm with vegetables and poultry, and a steady negro man soon earns enough to buy small patches of land, even at £2 the acre, for growing cotton and mealies.

In the forest country a great deal of labour is required to clear the land, which, however, is rich on account of the decayed leaves of centuries. We saw the work in all its different stages, when the trees were just felled, then the chopped wood packed up in immense heaps either on the land or at the railway station; we saw them ploughing between the stumps, and mealies growing between these stumps; we saw the stumps burning and others being rooted out, and regular log-houses or cabins. At other places we passed large clearings cultivated in the forests and covered with luxuriant crops, and capital homesteads. On the vast level prairie country of the West the work is much lighter. Think of 600 miles of nearly dead level, in many places only eighteen inches fall in eight miles; in eighty-six miles, towards the Red River there was a fall only of 125 feet, not a bush, not a scrub, where when the wind blew furiously an American said the only way was to lie flat down and hold on to the grass. In some places, where it is not the rolling or undulating prairie, a little ditching for drainage may be necessary, and fencing is more expensive on the prairies, but the plough once put into the ground in many places, need not be taken out for miles, so little obstruction is there. On some of the very large farms the furrow is taken straight out for five miles, and then with fresh horses another is drawn homewards as a day's work. These farms are ploughed, harrowed, and reaped with the best machinery; single, more generally double and three furrow ploughs, reaping machines which bind the sheaves with *twine* instead of wire, and steam threshing machines with which to secure the crop as soon as possible; three boys from nine to fourteen, will take a reaper and binder machine and do all the needful work. After the first ploughing the land is often worked by cultivators with five shares like small shovels. Some farms are worked eight to eighteen years without dressing; good farmers under favourable circumstances, not only

get good crops, but become very rich. Others work merely for their existence, on account of the tremendous competition, and therefore I think the poorer man has a better chance of getting on steadily in this Colony. A passenger told us what seemed an incredible story, that men rode while ploughing, and to our amazement shortly afterwards, we saw a man sitting on a sulky or single seat (like on a reaping machine) and this is therefore called a sulky plough, or sometimes gang plough; he was driving three horses abreast (sometimes there are four horses in two pairs), the one man was alone managing everything about the team and the plough. As they came up to the fence, he drew back a lever beside his seat, which threw the shares out of the ground and turning the horses with the reins from his seat, until again in the furrow, he again lowered the lever and went on. So that here were two or three furrows made at once, and yet only *one* man had charge of the whole machinery; such was the economy of labour. For us to do the same amount of work there would be required two or three single ploughs, eight men, and from twenty-four to thirty oxen. I was amused to hear a farmer, Mr. Bradshaw, say, that he could remember as a boy watching the old plan of tramping out corn with horses, and winnowing it by throwing it up in the air, as we still do in this country. But, he said, at the present day among small farmers, one gets a winnowing machine worked by three or four horses and goes round to his neighbours getting about twopence a bushel or sixpence a muid; we saw several of them at work: the straw is not burnt but ploughed into the soil; the wealthier farmers use steam-threshers.

The best land yields from twenty to forty bushels the acre; inferior land from twelve to eighteen, without dressing; then after some years men part with it, and going farther West to new soil and pastures fresh, they purchase two or three times more than they sold. A fellow passenger, Mr. B. Rahilly, of Lake City, Wabishaw County, Minnesota, told us that his present farm contained 2,000 acres, which, close to the railway, was worth £2 the acre, and farther off 10s. In 1878 he raised 40,000 bushels, or more than 13,000 muids of wheat; in 1879 only 35,000. He reckoned the cost at 1s. 10d. the bushel, everything above that was clear profit. Formerly it was

difficult to get hands enough to secure the crop in the best condition; now, that machinery is used so much, there is no want of labourers. Two years ago he employed 120 men binding, now not one. These men cost 12s. a day and board; the reaping and binding machines save all this. Each machine requires one man and four horses to work it, and it should cut and bind fifteen acres a day. One week after cutting, threshing is commenced at the stooks with steam-power. He used fifteen cutting and binding machines, his two steam-threshing machines required twenty-five men to attend them; the average day's work was 1,200 bushels. He hired twenty men by the year, and paid each £40 and board, for four months he required 120 men at 4s. a day and board. In general he had 200 acres under mealies for feeding purposes, but the profits came from wheat, only a small part from the meal of the fattened cattle. He had recently purchased 10,000 acres of land in Teutoh on the Red River, and was just opening up that farm. To work this property he would want fifty reaping and binding and five steam-threshing machines; the ploughing is done chiefly by horses, each team of strong horses works 125 acres; some use mules and others oxen. This Irish gentleman who had been for five years a Senator for Minnesota, had landed in America twenty-five years before with only £1; he had stayed with a farmer some years, then got a small piece of land; parting with that he had gone further and purchased a larger piece, and so on by prudence, tact, and taking the tide at the turn, had become prosperous. This shows what can be done, though few reach it.

We met at Chicago the British Commissioners officially appointed to enquire into the state of Agriculture in America, and their facts and conclusions given in their report afterwards, we are pleased to find, confirm the results of our private inquiries. They also notice in their report the aptitude and readiness with which the best machinery and improved implements are obtained by the farmer in all parts of the United States, and are therefore more common than in Britain. It may be true that a good workman never finds fault with his tools, but it is still truer that a Yankee labourer is too sensible to work with a bad one; one cannot help continually noticing the ingenuity with which the American not only improves on

machinery he has seen, but also makes some of the simplest imple-  
 ments or plans serve his ends, and thus works economically. On a  
 few farms visited by this British Commission there were 20,000  
 acres under cultivation, and the harvest was over in twelve days ;  
 they used 300 extra hands, 115 reaping and binding machines, and  
 twenty-one steam-threshers traversing the field, and depositing  
 20,000 bushels of wheat a day. A capital article in the *Cape Argus*  
 of November 27, 1879, on the Commissioners' report, goes on to  
 state that after purchasing land in Dakota at £2 5s. an acre (which  
 from what is said above is high), the rates would come to five pence  
 per acre ; these and the cost of labour are higher in the West than  
 at the Cape ; the Dakota farmer paying from 3s. to 9s. a day in  
 harvest with three hot meals and a comfortable bed. There twenty  
 bushels to the acre is considered a fair crop, while the Cape farmer  
 expects twelfefold. But the cost of machinery is very much cheaper  
 in America. Ploughs £12, harness for four horses £18, harrow £3,  
 threshing machine £160, reaper and binder £ . Each plough  
 turns over an acre and a half a day from 8s. cost the acre,  
 up to 12s., the cost of seed 6s. the acre, the cost of harvesting  
 12s. the acre ; interest on capital 4s. the acre ; total cost of  
 cultivating an acre of land and producing twenty bushels or  
 about seven muids of wheat, is £1 14s. or £1 15s. 8d. the  
 acre, or from two to three shillings profit the acre when the  
 price is only 1s. 10d. the bushel or 5s. 6d. the muid ; but the  
 price is generally higher than that: the profits are small but accumulate  
 on the immense number of bushels raised by the large landholders,  
 while the small ones can raise enough to live on, which the poor in  
 England cannot do ; but the poor but sober and industrious and  
 intelligent farmers in this Colony can always make money. Although  
 the Central and Western parts of America suffer from rust and  
 mildew, and locusts and drought, we in South Africa suffer from the  
 latter far more severely ; we have in all our upper districts and in the  
 Free State immense flats, large enough, and level enough, for plough-  
 ing, but where it would be madness to look for a crop, on account  
 of the uncertain fall of rain, and the consecutive months of drought.  
 With the exception of the coast lands, and some of the high lands,  
 no crops can be secured in this water famished land, unless we can  
 irrigate

Again referring to our notes we find that at Dakota there is a farm of 64,000 acres, ten miles square, on which 260,000 bushels of wheat were raised from 13,000 acres. They used seven gangs of ploughs and ten teams of horses in a gang, two horses to one furrow plough, three horses to double furrow plough, and then ploughed on one team after another right away for five miles. There are not many so large, but there is a boundless extent of wheat land. Mr. Dalrymple of Dakota said that he raised 700,000 bushels or 250,000 muids of wheat in 1879; he used 115 self-binder cutting machines, and twenty-five threshing machines; he expected to make £100,000 on that crop; he puts it into the railway car at fifteen to twenty pence the bushel, and it is worth 4s. at the port on Lake Superior where he ships it; he has a small village of people who do all his work and repairs.

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## Carlyle as a Teacher of Religion.

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A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CATHEDRAL, CAPE TOWN, ON SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY, 1881, BY THE REV. R. H. FAIR, M. A.

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“Then stood up Elias the prophet as fire, and his word burned as a lamp.”

Ecclesiasticus 48—1.

THE news flashed to us by telegraph last week served to keep alive the painfully intense interest which we are compelled to feel in the events occurring in all parts of the Empire. No one knows what distressing intelligence may come at any moment from Ireland, from India, from Ashantee, from Natal, from Basutoland, yet amid all this most exciting news there were two or three words of a telegram received on Tuesday last which, I venture to say, will attract far more universal attention than the war news among English-speaking people throughout the world. To many in America and Australia who have scarcely any knowledge of Basutoland or the Transvaal, the name of Thomas Carlyle has been a household word for more than half a century: and the brief message which speaks of his death will be of more interest to them than the narrative of battles between British soldiers and Beers.

Carlyle, of whose death we have just heard, has been our foremost man of letters for nearly fifty years past. Born in the south of Scotland in December, 1795, he has passed away in his eighty-sixth year. It seems to me by no means right that so great a man should leave the world and no notice be taken of the fact. “There are the newspapers,” people will say, “which are the proper channel for communicating information about literary men to the world.” But Carlyle was quite an exceptional man; he was a man of genius; one of England’s greatest men. I cannot call to mind any one who has produced a greater effect on English thought during this century than Carlyle. It is comparable only with the influence of Plato on Greek thought. You will understand something of his worth and greatness, when you hear that among his disciples were Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, C. Kingsley, T. Hughes, Froude, Ruskin; to say nothing of men in America. He has in fact given its tone to

the higher literature of the age. But why speak of the man here in Church? Because he was for the age its greatest prophet, its greatest teacher of religion. His personal appearance, as well as his words, puts us irresistibly in mind of the great Hebrew prophet Elijah—"then stood up Elias the prophet as fire, and his words burned as a lamp." We Christians may say of him, as the heathen woman of Sarepta said of Elijah,—“ I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.” Consider what a world it was fifty years ago when Carlyle began to pour forth his prophetic speech. Everything was in a state of ferment. The great war with France was just over; the invention of steam-power was lessening space, changing the habits of working men, altering the face of nature; the spirit of reform was abroad working great changes in political institutions; scientific discovery and German literature were doing much to break up long settled religious and other beliefs. As we look back now we can see that this century is like the fifteenth century, the parent of great revolutions in all the conditions of human life.

Amid all the turmoil and bustle and conflict of these eventful years, the voice of Carlyle has been heard speaking out the message which he believed God had commissioned him to speak, and which it would be good for his fellow-men to hear. Some can think of him only as, Cassandra like, a prophet of doom, telling of a swift and inevitable destruction towards which human institutions were fast hurrying. It has been said of him that his face was indeed aglow, but aglow with the hues of sunset rather than sunrise, turned towards a departing glory and not towards the bright coming light, and that so far he resembled the evening rather than the morning star—

“ Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun,  
And ready, thou, to die with him,  
Thou watchest all things ever dim  
And dimmer, and a glory done.”

But much as this opinion may seem to be justified by a very considerable portion of his writings, still through them all runs such a deep undercurrent of earnest faith—faith in God and God's government of the world—that for him the colours of sunrise and sunset were often blended, as he may have seen them at midsummer in his

native Scotland, and his is a Gospel of Hope much rather than of despair. The last words of his last great public utterance, delivered to the students of Edinburgh University, were certainly not words of despair. "Work and despair not," he says, "one last word—we bid you be of hope."

I have said he was a prophet: he was this not only because he told the truth but because he told it in the eager, impassioned, inspired manner in which prophets of old like Isaiah and Elijah delivered their message to the Chosen People. His thoughts come from him instantaneously, bright, burning, red-hot. He does not allow the truth he utters to grow cold by drawing it slowly up to the surface through layers of frigid logical reasoning. Truth is an intuition with him: he sees it at once and expresses it at once. All his bright fancy, the fancy of a great poet and a great philosopher, does indeed play round his subject, but only by way of illustration, by way of setting to his precious gem, just as the rich imagination of Isaiah weaves its graceful vesture of illustrations for the truths which the prophet declared in the name of God.

What was Carlyle's great work? Making people earnest and sincere: getting rid of shams and insincerities and cant; forcing men to be real and true in their own inmost being. His own History of the French Revolution is an example of his desire to depict actual men and women, and not mere dressed up, artistic, stage figures, such as history too commonly abounds in. This work of his is no dull chronicle of events, the sentences and periods elaborated to a monotonous perfection as in Gibbon or Macaulay: it is almost a series of photographs taken on the spot with the superadded advantage of life-like tone and colour. By far the larger number of histories we read give us for real human beings mere heroes of fiction, or cold, inanimate statues, or mere puppets: it is a clear gain to literature when a man of genius like Carlyle, in writing history, shows that it is not impossible to write of the men of the past as real human beings.

But in his hatred of insincerity and shams, Carlyle in his "French Revolution" and "Cromwell," not only showed how the writing of history could be reformed, he laid bare with scathing satire and

merciless irony, anomalies, insincerities, shams in the religious and political life of his day. He has said some severe things about our own Church in his "Life of Sterling," for instance, and because he was not a man who made a living by promiscuous abuse, but an honest, truthful, God-fearing man, I am bound to believe that the evils he launched his invectives at, did exist in the Church. We can admit that there was much formalism and officialism and inactivity in the Church: we can admit so much, because we could not love the Church so well loved we not Truth far more. At any rate the Church has profited by Carlyle's outspokenness: the great religious revival of the middle of this century followed closely after and partly along with his prophetic cry to be earnest, truthful, active betimes, lest we be found mere cumberers of the earth. If you fear God, he would say, you are "under the noble necessity of being true." All movements for the spread of religion owe much to his persistent denunciation of anything "sham" or unreal. Cardinal Newman bidding his brethren of the oratory at Birmingham be obedient to the highest spiritual authority: Mr. Spurgeon preaching a stern Calvinistic morality to his audience at the Tabernacle: Dean Stanley discoursing at the Abbey of an almost creedless and altogether comprehensive Church: Canon Liddon, at S. Paul, the most persuasive of preachers, swaying the thousands under the dome by the power of his golden eloquence, a very Chrysostom in our days, greatly daring for the freedom of the Church against the encroachments of secular law—all these representative men are indebted for much of their influence to the silent working among men of the leaven of Carlyle's teaching. Mr. Ruskin, to whom we owe the healthy development and improvement of English Art, its increasing fidelity to nature, and its decreasing servility to obsolete conventionalities, has again and again acknowledged his entire indebtedness to Carlyle in his endeavours to promote the progress of the highest Art in England. And I need not remind you what a powerful handmaid of religion is truthful Art.

It has been said of him that he took away much, destroyed much but put nothing in its place: or, to use his own words, that he had 'only a torch for burning, no hammer for building.' This is

always the swan-song of doomed systems and theories. But it is absolutely untrue of Carlyle. Again and again he has told the story (perhaps his own story) of the men who passed through doubt and denial to certainty and confession of faith, out of weakness were made strong. In his own strange style he describes in one of his books, *Sartor Resartus*, the passing of a human soul from absolute unbelief, through indifference, to certainty. I can quote only a few words of this description. "There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness; he can do without Happiness and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that sages and martyrs, the poet and the priest, in all times have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom? Which God inspired doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught: O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite and learn it! O thank thy destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain; thou hadst need of them; the self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic disease and triumphs over death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of eternity. Love not pleasure: love God. . . . . Small is it that thou canst trample the earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee; thou canst love the earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow*?' The temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures: nevertheless venture forward; in a low crypt arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning."

Of immortality he writes:—"Is the Past annihilated then, or only past: is the Future non-existent, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly and with mute beckonings. The curtains of yesterday

drop down ; the curtains of to-morrow roll up ; but yesterday and to-morrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers in all ages have devoutly read it there ; that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God ; that with God as it is a universal Here, so it is an everlasting Now.

“ And seest thou therein any glimpse of Immortality ? O Heaven ! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion ! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God ! Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable ; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and for ever.”

A man who could write with such intense earnestness and give the seal of his approval to “ the mighty hopes which make us men,” is far more of a builder than of a destroyer. Surely he is the greatest of all builders who pulls down the flimsy edifices of cant, hypocrisy, and unreality, and lays bare the eternal foundations upon which only there can be any lasting structures built. In pointing out afresh, with all the vigour and passionate earnestness of his nature, the elementary laws of God, the laws of truth, justice, and obedience, Carlyle has proved himself to be the greatest moral architect of our times. In fulfilling his mission doubtless he made frequent use of humour and sarcasm and irony, as well as a most tender pathos ; but are not these things gifts from God, to be used in the very manner in which he uses them ? Isaiah, Elijah, Job, S. Paul, S. James, all used these very weapons when occasion called for them. The righteous use of them in a good cause must be meant, otherwise they would never have formed part of the natural outfit of mankind.

Of his “ Lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship,” perhaps his most popular work, I have scarcely time to speak. As usual with him he goes down fearlessly to the root of the subject, basing religion upon the instinct of reverence in man. “ You have heard,” he says, “ of

St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying, in reference to the Shekinah, or Ark of Testimony, visible Revelation of God, among the Hebrews : " the true Shekinah is Man ! " Yes, it is even so ; this is no vain phrase ; it is veritably so. The Highest Being reveals himself in man." And again—" No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour and at all hours the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stand upon it ; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions—all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike form of man—is not that the germ of Christianity itself ? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here ! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter : you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth. . . . Ah, does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him ? "

Some of us, I cannot doubt, have proved the truth of his words : have we not been at our best when we have followed loyally, reverently, affectionately, one better than ourselves ? Have we not been led up, as by a sure path, from the visible friend to the Invisible God ?

But I must say no more. Better than to listen to what I have been saying, will it be to read the works of this man of genius for yourselves. You will find them full of incentives to reverence and duty, you will find in the man a fountain of genuine devotion, chiefly of the silent sort, as he himself would say, but bursting up here and there, irrepressible, revealing the true nature of the man. Upon his accuracy you may depend without hesitation ; it has been said, you may trust him to the crossing of a " t " and the dotting of an " i. " Many thousands of our best and ablest men owe their rescue from Atheism and Materialism to the writings of this great prophet and religious teacher. It is true he did not speak the *patois* of any theological party, he did not clip and shape his phrases according to an orthodox pattern, as we reckon orthodoxy. But what of that ? Shall we say a diamond is not a diamond because we see it in a setting which is not fashionable ? No. Elijah, rough, uncouth, dwelling in far solitudes, preaching the deepest truths of religion, is as

much a prophet as Elisha suave, polished, cultured, dwelling in cities.

God has taken our greatest man, our greatest religious teacher, our fiery Elijah-like prophet ; his work still goes on, among kindred spirits it "is wrought with tumult of acclaim." He fought a good fight ; he finished his course ; he kept the faith ; and for him too there will be the great coronation-day with its crown of righteousness.

"Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their prophecies, and declaring prophecies.

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instruction.

All these were honoured in their generation, and were the glory of their times.

Their seed shall remain for ever and their name shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace, but their names live for evermore" (Ecclus. xlv).

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## The Sequel.

*Vide* "DO YOU REMEMBER?"—C.M.M., JAN., 1881.

Twelve weary months have slowly crept  
 Across life's page, since I beheld thy face—  
 Twelve months! Time at his post has surely slept,  
 And twice twelve years lagged by with lengthy pace!

So long it seemed, Hope from my sorrowing heart  
 Had slow withdrawn. Sadly I watch'd his roseate hues  
 More feeble grow, then one by one depart.—  
 Despair with midnight blackness now my soul imbues!

The curse of gold, like a dull sombre bar  
 Of night, still hangs between us and our love—  
 No light illumines it—yet—yet, I know afar  
 A sweet day shines—but ah, not mine to prove!

How well each cruel word I still recall—  
 Each harsh, cold, bitter, unrelenting word,  
 Which parts us—as from his lips I heard them fall,  
 Piercing my soul, each like a two-edged sword.

"You wed with her! Oh, insolence supreme!  
 "My daughter mate with you—a needy wretch!" he cried—  
 "Pray, tell me—so sublime in self-esteem—  
 "If aught impossible you fain would ask beside?"

Ah, cruel words of pitiless disdain,  
That like a blighting curse fell on mine ear ;  
Changing my love for thee to bitter, bitter pain—  
Shattering the beautiful dream I held so dear !

I dared not breathe a wish so hopeless grown,  
Nor cast one shadow o'er thy shining life,  
But from my home and land I wander'd sad and lone,  
To seek a gilded power to claim thee as my wife.

But yesterday I prayed thee to forget  
That which thou must have known tho' all unspoken—  
My silent love—our last sad meeting—Yet,  
I would the dream may still live on unbroken !

How I have toiled ! Now —God be thanked ! within my hand  
There lies a gem all radiant—clear as light.  
Huge piles of wealth, broad smiling sweeps of land—  
All these it spreads beneath my dazzled sight

Now speed swift bark, across the waters wide—  
The curse of gold all melted by this magic gem—  
To where she waits my love, my darling bride,  
Mine evermore—a Victor's glorious diadem !

M.

## Californian Sight Seeing ;

OR, A GLIMPSE AT THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

### THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

WHAT with the general and indiscriminate travelling—which is surely one of the features of the present age—and the results of that travelling in such books as Colonel Butler's "Great Lone Land" and "Wild North Land," Stanley's "Dark Continent," "Voyages of the *Sunbeam*," &c., &c., we shall soon become so familiarised with the "uttermost parts of the Earth" as to think nothing of little trips to Kamchatka or Timbuctoo, and probably visiting San Francisco and its neighbouring sights will be to our children what "up the Rhine" has been to us in our day. But this stage is scarcely reached as yet, and it would seem that but comparatively few even of the great crowd of the 19th Century travellers have visited the far-famed Yosemite Valley ; or indeed that but few of one's ordinary fellow-men know much, or have ever thought much, of this one wonderful page, of the Book of Nature's many wonderful pages ; a page well worthy of knowledge and thought. It is the belief that this is not a subject "worn threadbare" that has suggested the idea that a brief reminiscence of Yosemite would be acceptable to your Cape Monthly readers.

Leaving San Francisco at four p m., we travelled by train about 150 miles to a Station called "Madeira," where a well-equipped stage coach awaited us, in which we started next morning at six a.m., at a spanking pace, changing our four horses every four hours ; this was necessary as seventy-six miles of mountainous country had to be traversed before night. Our coach party consisted of an Italian Baron who was travelling "round the world" ; an Artist who had spent several years in Greenland, and had there painted the Midnight Sun at the personal special request of our Queen ; the chief editor of one of the leading newspapers of America, the *New York Tribune* ; two professors respectively of the State Normal Schools of California and Pennsylvania, and a medical man and his wife from New York. Suggestive of a galaxy

of talent! and if a curious medley yet a very interesting one to H. and myself who made up the party.

In the first part of our route we passed through some large Californian farms; thence the route lays over hills covered with different varieties of the Californian evergreen oak, and finally we commenced the ascent of the sierras through interminable forests of the grandest pines we had ever seen.

One of the professors reminded us strongly of—in his love of walking ahead whenever we “outspanned,” and from his love of botany; to him we appealed whenever we passed a new flower, shrub or tree, and we were soon kindred spirits. How enthusiastic we became over the grand pine forest through which we drove, and how dubiously we received the remark from the Professor “it is well to be enthusiastic now, for to-morrow after having seen the ‘big trees’ you will think those of small account!” These pines of “small account” when they were so beautiful, and when there were so many varieties and ranging in height from 2 to 250 feet? We recognized some old friends, but those old friends, in the Cape garden, over 9,000 miles away, were but in their infantile state. One tree of the *Pinus Ponderosa* that we measured here was in circumference, at five feet from the ground, twenty-seven feet eight inches, and had cones eighteen inches long. There were also a great many varieties of the fir and cedar here, and oaks, chestnuts, and laurels; but our delight knew no bounds when we came upon masses of white azaleas, deliciously and strongly fragrant, and we actually passed through acres—literally acres—of these lovely flowers, as well as lobelias, mimulus, larkspurs, wild currants, the snow plant, &c., &c., all growing in wild profusion at the foot of the tall pines.

But these “deliciæ” did not prevent us from feeling the effects of a long day’s “trekking,” and we were not sorry when we reached the station in the centre of the forest where we were to rest for the night. This place, called Clark’s Hotel, is about 4,000 feet elevation, and about six miles distant from the big trees. Early the next morning we started in a roomy drag for the Mariposa Grove, which was soon reached, and the big trees revealed themselves in all their majesty. Monarchs of the forest indeed were these. All the party seemed to have come prepared to measure, and in this preparation

we formed no exception, so when the halt was made at the foot of the "Grizzly Giant," a well known tree, we all alighted, and after vainly endeavouring to realise its gigantic proportions, "we took his measure!" which was no less than eighty-five feet in circumference, five feet from the ground. The diameter of the largest fir in our Cape garden (and we look up to it as a big one too) is not greater than that of the first branch of the "Giant" at 100 feet from the ground.

Not far from this old "Grizzly" stood another giant, and when the road through the forest was being made, this monster was discovered in the direct path; naturally one would think a *détour* became necessary—for what woodman but would have spared *that* tree? For one thing it would have seemed sacrilege surely to have struck down this "kingly growth," and for another it would have needed considerable strength and knowledge of the art of tree cutting (how many Gladstones?) to have accomplished the feat; but no! no *détour* was made, the difficulty was overcome, and the road went straight on, yet the tree was left. In this way some enterprising one in authority must have had a "happy thought," and said (virtually, if not literally):

"Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend;  
Old tree, the storm still brave;"

its "earth-bound ties" shall not be severed, but only its trunk cut, and the road go through it. And so it is, a large piece of the centre of the tree is cut right out, through which our stage-coach passed easily, with two feet to spare on each side; and on each side of that again eight feet of the tree; the old Giant does not seem to have suffered in the slightest degree from having his body thus hacked about, but looks as lively and vigorous as the others.

An American author writes thus about these big trees:—"You will pass the days wandering among the Sequoias (by English botanists, named Wellingtonias), and at every turn and look they will grow bigger to your more familiar eyes. There is one tree which stands, happily, at the foot of a sloping hill. You should measure the tree with your eye from the bottom of the hill, then walk up the slope, and when you have risen perhaps a hundred feet,

turn and look again. You will be amazed to see that the tree, from your new and higher level, looks as high as it did when you stood near its base. You will see that the high branches look bigger to you, that the bushy top is vast; and when you look once more from the summit of the hill, you perceive that the enormous height of these trees so diminishes the tops to the gazer from below as really to belittle the tree." And that is just the effect, and the word "belittled" gives just the idea. We leisurely traversed the Grove — which, by the way, contains about 365 of these big trees, the highest over 300 feet, besides numbers of smaller growths,—measuring every now and then some particularly striking monster; and the more we gazed, and the more we measured, the more these wonders seemed to grow in size. You see the proverbial familiarity which "breeds contempt," does not hold good when applied to "still life;" it is only in big man that the familiarity finds, alas! the almost certain littleness.

But we have not time to moralise; the Yosemite Valley proper is yet twenty-six miles off. Part of this way we travelled in the stage-coach, the rest on horses which had been specially sent for H., the Baron, and myself; we then, with a mounted guide, started across country, through pine forests and up hills which our horses (Californian mustangs, not unlike rough Cape country horses) climbed like cats, never stumbling over the roughest stones: they are trained for this work and are very careful and surefooted. Whenever the slightest chance occurred we pressed them into a trot in order to reach if possible before sunset a spot called Glacier Point, pronounced by the initiated to be *the* point of all others from which Yosemite should first be seen: we were successful, and reached the Chalet by six o'clock. Riding through a dense pine forest to the last moment, a sudden turn in the road unexpectedly discloses the glorious vision, and so when we had dismounted and hastened to the edge of the cliff, the grand sight burst upon us with double force. Immediately beneath, looking down an abyss of 3,000 feet, lay outstretched before us the far-famed Yosemite Valley, in all its sublime grandeur, the effect of which in its awe-inspiring character was greater than ever before experienced, the sights of Niagara and Mont Blanc included; for it combines the characteristics of these

latter, and has its own marvellous and unique features : rejoicing in pine forests wherein are the mammoth trees of the world ; gigantic rocks which in themselves and singly form mountains ; and grand and lovely waterfalls.

And now how, to give some idea of this picture on which we gazed ? The writer on California before quoted says :—“ A business man or a statistician would tell you, in a few words, that the Yosemite Valley is a floor eight miles long by two wide, with granite walls three quarters of a mile high. He would give you, further, the following figures concerning the height of the precipitous mountains which form the walls, and of the waterfalls which give variety to the wonderful scene : —

“ MOUNTAINS.

				Height.
El Capitan	...	...	...	3,300 feet.
Cathedral Rocks	...	...	...	2,660 „
Sentinel Dome	...	...	...	4,500 „
South Dome	...	...	...	4,737 „
&c.,	&c ,		&c.	

“ WATERFALLS.

Bridal Veil	...	...	...	630 „
Nevada	...	...	...	700 „
Yosemite	...	...	...	2,634 „
Royal Arch Falls	...	...	...	1,000 „
&c.,	&c.,		&c.	

“ He would add, for purposes of comparison, that 5,280 feet make a mile ; that the great fall of Niagara is but 163 feet high ; and that the precipitous palisades of the Hudson river are, at their highest point, less than 600 feet high.

“ There the statistician would leave you ; and he would be right No man can so describe the Yosemite Valley as to give to one who has not seen it even a faint idea of its wonderful, strange, and magnificent scenery.” And so immediately *this* man proceeds to “ describe ! ” Just like the perversity of human nature generally which says “ I shall not detain you two minutes ” and “ buttonholes ” you for two hours ; or shall we say like its modesty, which, when

called upon to make a speech on some given theme, always commences by explaining how another could have done the subject more justice, but then goes on to "do" the subject with self-evident satisfaction? But our friend's theory undoubtedly is right, and he does carry it out in practice too, just giving a glance, as it were, as his description, and so making you long to see more; which is the present writer's fullest ambition. "Oh, the yearning when one sees a beautiful thing to make some one else see it too! Surely it is of Heaven." So wrote Charles Kingsley, that nature lover; and however impossible it is to let someone else see this "beautiful thing" by our word-painting, still we "yearn" to tell of it and possibly to induce "some one else" to go and see for himself, or, fair reader—if we are so honoured—herself.

Well, before us then is outspread this marvellous valley with its rock-mountains hemming it in on all sides as if by granite walls; with its streams of water, which spring in the lofty mountain heights beyond, pouring over and then down straight down these almost vertical granite walls, forming magnificent waterfalls and cataracts surpassing in simple height anything known elsewhere in the world; with its sound of their waters "the low sweet tones of Nature's lyre," and with its setting all round of lofty sierras rising range after range till lost in the dim blue haze of distance. On the opposite side of the valley from this Glacier Point rose, in towering grandeur to the height of 4,737 feet, the Half Dome Rock: they all have their names, and this one is indeed well named, for it is an exact half dome cloven so evenly and perfectly that one finds oneself looking for the other half, or at least for the *débris* that may be all that is left of it. Many and many a geologist they say has been puzzled in trying to discover the cause of the present unique appearance of this rock. Many of these rocks retain the old Indian names with their significations. Yo-Semite itself for instance, which means "Large Grizzly Bear."

We spent two days exploring the valley, which, by the way, was given by the United States to the State of California, "to be used and preserved as a park;" the gift was accepted and a set of guardians or managers appointed to take charge of it. From Glacier Point we started for the summit of a mountain not far off,



named "Sentinel Dome," about 300 feet higher than Glacier Point, and commanding a more widely extended view of the valley ; from this point the sierras seemed interminable, and the scene reminded us of the extended views from some of the high Alps in Switzerland ; a little more snow would have perfected the similarity. We descended from here and crossed the head of the valley in order to obtain a nearer view of the "Half Dome," and to strike the rapids which fed the Nevada waterfall ; on our way we passed over the fresh trail or "spoor" of rattlesnakes and grizzly bears : our guide had killed eight of the former during the previous week ; we, however, were not favoured by any of them putting in an appearance ; we only started from cover red antelope and mountain grouse. After spending some time at the foot of the Nevada Falls, and watching with awe its volume of water thundering down, we entered the base of the valley and visited in succession the Vernal Falls, Bridal Veil Fall, Single Tear Falls, &c., &c., and the Yosemite, which is the most important, roaring down from the awful height of 2,600 feet, though this Fall is broken in two places by ledges of projecting rock, the grand beauty of all these Falls consists, not in the volume of water which descends, which compared with Niagara is a bagatelle, but in the immense height from which the water leaps down.

From the waterfalls we rode down the valley to inspect more closely some of the most remarkable rock mountains, conspicuous amongst which were the Cathedral Rocks, the Three Brothers, and El Capitan—the last the most impressive ; Professor Whitney in his Geology, says : "It is doubtful if anywhere in the world there is presented so squarely cut, so lofty, or so imposing a face of rock." And truly it is marvellous that "grand, white, scarred, granite face of El Capitan," rising perpendicularly from the level on which you ride, without break or fissure, a stupendous, shining mass of rock, 3,300 feet high.

We stayed that night in the centre of the valley, retraced the most of it again the following morning *en route* for Clark's, from whence we once again visited the grove of big trees, with a fresh party of travellers from Scotland, Australia, Japan, and the Philippine Islands ! And on the following morning took the stage-coach back again for "Frisco."

And now in "looking back again" and seeing again in memory's eye those grand mountains, those massive wondrous rocks, those glittering foaming waterfalls; and in hearing again in fancy "the dashing waters" of those mighty cascades, and the music from "the harp strings which the earth has laid across her bosom"—those eerie magnificent pines, we feel that it is indeed such sights and sounds as these that

"Make deep silence in the heart  
For thought to do her part."



## Love and Money too.

A STORY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

### CHAPTER I.

“A man must be much indebted to God’s grace who can be contented in poverty.”

DON QUIXOTE.

“But, Philippa, hear reason”——

“What’s the good of my listening any more to you? I have said my say and I mean to stick to it, and there’s an end of it.”

The speakers were a young man and woman, both tall and neither slight, but in other respects there was a great contrast between them. She had light hair—not lustrous—and her complexion might have rivalled that of the fairest of the Newlyn fish-eating beauties celebrated throughout the country. Her eyes were a pale grey, but the lashes were long and much darker than her hair, while her carriage was as erect as that of an Egyptian woman with her jar of Nile water balanced on her head.

Her companion was as dark as a Spaniard, with crisp black hair. He stooped very slightly—more the result of bending at his work than from any physical defect—and he did not walk well.

The girl’s face wore a look, not so much determined as sullenly obstinate. She had interrupted him quietly without hurrying one word or betraying any emotion, but he burst out,

“By God, or the devil, there shall not be an end of it. One would think you fancied you might treat me any fashion, like the tide that’s just tossed that piece of seaweed up on that rock and run back and left it there to dry up in the sun. But we’ve not done with each other yet. Six months ago you said you’d marry me, and that’s what you’ll have to stick to.”

They had been seated on a rock near the edge of the water, but now Philippa rose and turned to a path that led to the top of the cliff. They were silent while they made the ascent, for though they both were sure-footed, and did not think of going fifty yards inland to ascend the road, they found it very necessary to move carefully, and to act upon “one thing at a time.” She took the hand he offered her, and helped herself by it from one crag to the next. When they reached the top she stood calmly looking out on the sea for a moment, and her lover saw that she was crushing the beauty out of a tuft of bright sea-daisies beneath her feet. It irritated him he scarcely knew why—he certainly did not care

particularly about the flowers, but he could not see her standing on them in patience, and moved a step onward.

"It's exactly the same now as then," he said, taking up his conversation where he had stopped. "You don't care for anybody else, you say, and I don't; and I can keep you better than you're being kept now. If you do not like coming a bit out of the town, I'll come in and get some work as a ship-wright."

"And a fine job you'd make of that, working at a trade you haven't been brought up to."

"Well, then, father'll surely give us something to start with, when he knows we're going to be married, and if we're careful we shall get along very well; so you may as well say when it shall be, and I'll speak to the parson."

"I don't change my mind so quick," she answered. "I don't mean to marry you, unless you can have a hundred pounds and show me first, as I said before."

"But you promised me you would," urged the young man.

"Well, I made a mistake then. I thought your folks were better off. I'm willing enough to marry you if you've got the money; but I've always made up my mind that any man I married should have a hundred pounds anyhow."

"Well, we shall soon get that, and I'm sure you wouldn't have to live so hard as you do now."

"I don't care about living hard: I aint going to give up my twenty pounds to anybody that hasn't got something better to put to it. You can't make me marry you if I won't."

"I can't," he said passionately, taking up a piece of spar and flinging it with all his might against a stone hedge they were approaching, from which it shot off and rolled over the edge of the cliff. He watched it bounding along; he could not make her marry him, but would there not be a wild kind of ecstasy in taking her in his arms and springing down into that cool deep water below?

They went on, neither saying a word, for some distance. When they entered another field they began a fresh subject.

"Do you think there's any likes of fish, Robert?"

Robert didn't know. He was trying to keep himself calm, and was gazing at the acres of standing barley on the side of an opposite hill, across which the clouds were sending such fitting shadows, and in which the wind swept such wide smooth billows, that to look at it gave one the

sensation of very gentle swinging that soothes into unconsciousness of everything but rest. Robert felt its influence, and restrained himself as long as the shining yellow sea was in sight ; but they crossed a lane and took a turn which hid it from him and then he grew impatient again. They were walking through corn now, but all broad effects were lost, and instead they had hundreds of scarlet poppies and corn-flowers of different shades gleaming among the stalks. He gathered a handful of the brightest blue ones and offered them to her.

“Don’t you see,” she said, “you’ve rubbed your hand over a smutty ear, and that’s made the stems black, so they’ll make my gown dirty.”

“Keep them in your hand then. There isn’t much that’ll come off ; and that will only touch your flesh, not get near your soul.”

“I won’t take them,” she cried angrily. “I’ll pick for myself.”

He threw them behind him. She stooped, and picking half a dozen stuck them in the front of her dress. Both she and they looked the brighter, but Robert longed to tear them out and fling them with his own.

“It’s nothing to you,” he cried, “that I love you better than all the world besides—that you’ve let me do it—that I would do everything I could for you ; work double journeys and live ever so hard that you should never want for anything—that I am willing to add to my poor mother’s troubles—may God forgive me. ’Tis nothing to you that for the last six months I’ve hardly had a thought except how I can do my best by you. I don’t believe you’ve got such a thing as a heart in your body, but are something frapsed up by the devil to drive me out of my wits.”

“I have got a heart,” she answered, warmly too now. “I’ve told you I’d sooner marry you than anybody else if you’d got the money, but you can’t expect a woman to marry upon nothing.”

“I’ve got what I stand up in and five pounds to boot, and that’s just as much as your father ever had, I reckon.”

“Well,” she said, “and haven’t I felt the misery mother and I’ve gone through, through his having nothing ? And surely if a woman like me can get together twenty pounds, a man who’s willing to do double journeys, and nobody knows what, can soon start to a hundred ; and the day you show me that, I am willing you shall go to the parson and have us called.”

Robert had no answer. It seemed to him that she might as well have asked him to produce a million, and a furious despair began to work in him. He watched her as she moved along, and thought how beautiful she was, comparing her in his mind with his patient, loving,

care-worn little sister at home. This woman had known poverty and struggles, but they had left no impression on her face or figure; she ought to have been a queen. Where was there another girl to be compared to her? He could not, would not, lose her.

They passed the ruins of an old mansion, and got into a road which quickly brought them to straggling cottages, and then to a street, down which they went till they came to a little house wedged between two taller ones, with a board over the door, setting forth that one Barbara Vercoe was licensed to sell tea, tobacco and snuff. A window, which was no larger than its neighbours (which did not say much for it or them), supplemented the board, by exhibiting, as well as it could, a dozen stay laces, a couple of basins, a tin cup, and three or four apples.

Robert stopped and said "Good-night."

"Won't you come in and say a word to mother? Perhaps she'll think it queer if you don't."

"Oh, no, she won't!"

And Robert turned up the street again, and soon got clear of the town. His home was four miles inland. He walked hurriedly, taking no short cuts—he was in no mood to get over stiles or open gates, his excitement rising as he went, and his spirits too; for he had come to the conclusion that the money must be produced somehow, and in the whirl of his brain, as one plan after another presented itself and was rejected, it did not seem like hopeless defeat, but as if he were making his choice of the best. He might go abroad, to that El Dorado of poverty-stricken young men who have stout limbs and know how to use them—America; but he was afraid to leave Philippa behind; it surely would not be long before somebody would be wanting to console her for his absence, and what hold had he on her? He might have to be away years before he could claim her. He might leave his home and take a servant's place and he ran up how long it would take him to save a hundred pounds, but it was altogether too slow work. He thought almost complacently that if he had only wanted the money for anything else, he might have got it so easily by marrying a girl with plenty; that little cousin, who he used to fancy (in his vanity) had a soft place in her heart for him. He might go to the mines and try what they would do, but he did not know much about them, and was not sure that miners were paid much after all; the few he had come across had seemed rough kind of men who didn't look as if they had more money in their pockets than other folks. All this while an idea had been in his mind though he did not

become conscious of it, except during the last half mile of his walk. He would speak to his father that very evening, and get him to let him have fifty pounds; then he would take a field or two and keep some sheep and bullocks, and with working out every day with some farmer and living upon next to nothing he would be able to double his means in no very long time, and perhaps when Philippa saw the fifty pounds she might give way, and besides he had five of his own that he had made the last time there had been a catch of fish. He grumbled to himself as he went along that he should have to be content with fifty pounds when his father ought to have been able to let him have the hundred in a minute. His mother had five hundred when she was married, so a fifth would have been a very modest portion for him. He knew his father had not five hundred now in the world, and felt indignant that the ninepence had been brought to near nothing, nobody could tell how. However he was inclined to be lenient during this walk, while the extraordinary belief that the fifty pounds would be forthcoming from somewhere filled him.

The way his belief staggered directly he entered the house was pitiable; he had been dreaming, thinking as if he were a stranger instead of being one of that household where each felt the poverty that was crushing down upon them, weighing heavily on his heart as each hour went by; but as he felt his faith slipping from him he seized it with such a determined grasp that it could not get away altogether.

"You're home early, Robert," said his mother, rising to move her chair that he might take his place among the little group.

He did not offer any explanation to her, but answered "Ycs Mother's." His sister began to cough from the draught he had brought in with him through the door, and for a moment this kept his attention from his father who was speaking when he came in;—then he became aware that a discussion in no very amiable tones was being carried on between Mr. Pengelly and his youngest son James.

"I call it throwing away anybody's time and wasting the seed, and"—

"You call it!" interrupted his father with scorn; "you young people fancy you know a great deal more than you do."

"I know this anyhow," said James, "you've tried it twice already, and it hasn't answered, so why should it now? The land hasn't altered."

"Why you young fool, haven't I always said there was something wrong with the seed the first time, and the rooks pulled it about, and the last time the weather was all against."

"The weather or something always is against oats here ; why don't you stick to barley or wheat like other folks, and only try oats for your own use ?"

Which field is it father's talking of putting in ?" asked Robert.

"Why the West Park, that he's tried already and hardly got straw enough out of to spin the rope to thatch a mow with, and next to no corn at all."

"Well the third time is lucky," said Robert, surprised at himself, just as much as his brother was at finding his natural ally had deserted him. James was so disgusted that he walked out without another word.

Robert felt guilty ; he did not believe any good would come of tilling the field, but he did not want to side against his father that night.

There was an unpleasant silence after the door shut : the two women hurried on with their knitting, their faces very sad. Neither had taken part in the conversation, and neither made any remark upon it when it was over.

Robert being determined to have things settled to-night, said at length, "I've been to see Philippa Vercoc this evening."

Everybody knew that, so thought it rather superfluous to be told, and said nothing, so the course was clear for him, although he found it somewhat difficult to start.

"She's willing to be married if I can get a few things comfortable for her and a little bit of money to set out with, so I thought father you wouldn't mind harding out fifty pounds at least to me."

He said this as carelessly as possible, as if the sum was of no great importance to his father.

Mr. Pengelly looked at him for a moment as if he doubted the correctness of his own hearing, then said impatiently, "I don't approve of your courting at all. Where's the use of it ? Young men should wait till things are convenient before they go thinking of that."

"When will it be convenient ?" asked Robert, gripping the side of the settle though he kept his voice calm.

"Not now, you may be sure. I ain't going to set you up. Fifty pounds indeed ! To throw away upon a girl like that without a farthing to bless herself with. You must think I've more money than wits I should think."

Irritated and furious as Robert was, he yet had sense enough not to say that he did not think he had much of either, but he brought out instead,

"She's got twenty pounds."

"Pshaw ! what's that Your mother had five hundred."



"I know that very well," said Robert, the veins standing out on his forehead and hands, "and if we'd been ten of us I should only be asking for my share of that; as we are only three I might expect to have a great deal more, but I'm willing to take that."

"But you won't have it. Anybody would think that the world was made for you young men. Why should I give up anything to you? You must learn to maintain yourself before you think of taking a wife to add to my burdens."

"I'm hanged if I go staying on here then, slaving from morning till night for nothing," cried Robert.

"Robert, Robert," exclaimed his mother, "is your duty nothing? You'll never desert your mother, will you?"

He turned angrily away without answering her, and left the house.

"Haven't you been rather hard on him, John?" she said earnestly to her husband.

"What's the use?" he answered testily, "he can't be married. You know very well I can't raise the money."

"Wouldn't it have been better to have said you couldn't, than you wouldn't to him? It wouldn't have seemed so bad. They have been good lads, John, and we were young ourselves once."

She smothered a sigh as she said it. Not often did she allow herself to think of her young days: the contrast between them and now was too bitter, and tended to make her present troubles harder to bear quietly. To-night she let her mind wander back to the time when she had been a bright young bride in this house, and had trusted in her husband's capabilities as she had before in her father's. Then how soon her troubles had begun to come upon her. Things were always going wrong on the farm—not in one overwhelming crash which would have thrown them from their position at once and compelled a fresh start, but it did not matter whether it was a good year or a bad one for other people, every year found them poorer than the last, and this in spite of her desperate efforts to keep her house on as little as possible, and to make the most of her dairy and poultry. There had been hope though in those days that when the boys grew up and came to help their father, they might have some influence with him, and then affairs might take a turn for the better—so she had done her best to make them "diligent in business," and had even induced her brother to keep them each a twelve-month at his house under the pretence that it was near a better school than their own, but in reality that they might learn those practical lessons

from their uncle which she felt they never would from their father. They learnt them to a certain extent, but it would have been almost better if they had not, for they could only eke the downward-rolling wheel of fortune, not turn it up the hill again, and their violent efforts only served to irritate their father and themselves, and bring about almost daily squabbles. A couple of boulders might as well try to stop the progress of a glacier—they could only be carried on with it to its utmost limit, and there on a lower level they might perhaps be found years after still firm and hard, but also smoothed and rounded by their ineffectual resistance.

## CHAPTER II.

### “SOWING THE WIND.”

The brothers passed each other two or three times in the yard as they went from house to house tending the cattle and turning the horses out to drink, but James was angry with Robert, and Robert's storm of passion was so overwhelming that he was beyond caring for the relief of complaining to his brother. Indeed he was scarcely aware of seeing James or anything else. The intense hatred of his father that surged in his soul for some minutes drowned all other feelings, and deadened his senses. He did his work as he might have done it in his sleep, without realising what he was about. Then succeeded a frenzied determination to get the money somehow; at first he did not try to think how, only he would have it in spite of his father. He was as though he were recovering his senses after a violent blow and could only take in one idea at a time. He went to bed still in this state, but he could not sleep, and towards morning he found himself dwelling on a remembrance he had of once seeing a mail-carrier riding across a great moor. It was years ago, but this morning the scene, and especially the loneliness of the spot, kept returning to him, and he knew that this very afternoon the man, or another on the same errand, would pass over the same ground on his way from one town to another.

Robert rose early and got about his work. Certainly he had no intention of wanting the afternoon for his own pleasure, yet he found himself hurrying through all he had to do. No, no, there was no need for that, he said to himself; still he never desisted for a moment. He wondered where that old pistol of his grandfather's was, he had not seen it since he was a boy, but it was most likely that his mother kept it in the same box in her room still—yes it was sure to be there; he wondered

if the box was locked, but it did not matter, he did not want it. Young Prince was down in the lower Sandy-Park—of course he was not going to use him, but there he was, that was all. Still might it not be just as well for him, as his work was so well on, to ride over to his uncle's and see if he would want any of their men for his great reap.

He did not exactly decide upon going to his uncle's in the morning but at dinner he told his father he "had done his journey," and thought of giving himself a holiday in the afternoon. He was obliged to take silence for consent on the part of his father, who although he did not refuse to let him go, was not willing that he should.

Robert as he rode along briskly, tried to distract his thoughts by bitterly comparing other people's corn and sheep with his father's, yet, by the time he reached his uncle's house he was wrought into a state of fearful excitement; and whatever was that old pistol doing underneath his coat? He could not see it, he could not feel it, yet think of what he would, he never for an instant forgot that he had it about him. Was he glad or sorry that his mother and sister had been busy downstairs when he went up to change his clothes? It was good fortune to have come across that old crape veil in his mother's box; he should not have thought of it. Good fortune was it? or the devil making things easy for anybody who would do his work? He would think no more about it; he would have the money, and it was no greater sin than trying to cheat your neighbour in little things, which everybody did whenever they had the chance, and most likely those whose money he got would never miss it, and had a plenty besides, and he would try to remember their names, and perhaps if he ever got rich, he would pay it back again somehow.

His uncle was surprised to hear him say that he could not get off his horse, and his bright little cousin who came to the door, too, and stood chatting, tried hard to induce him to stay to supper. "Whyever hadn't he brought Mary over with him and stayed a few hours like anybody else would have done?"

His uncle had a field of barley he particularly wanted him to see, but Robert "had noticed it as he came along."

"Oh, well, I suppose there's a woman in the case, Rachel, my dear; I see he's made up his mind."

Robert tried to believe, as he slowly turned his horse and rode down the hill towards his home, that he had not "made up his mind." The road led past a fine open bay. It was a cloudy day, and out to sea a

light mist hid the line of the horizon and wedded sea and sky, but nearer the shore the clouds cast great patches of shadow upon the water, while giant waves rolled in, sending crescents of steam-like foam before them, which looked like delicate lace on the grey-green satin of a stately dowager's robe. Weird solitary rocks stood out, bold and grand, seeming to defy the waves that swelled past them and broke further in, though now and again a breaker would impotently burst against them, and they would be lost for a moment in a volume of spray, only to re-appear the next moment looking still more stern and unyielding for the white rills that streamed down their jagged sides.

A silent stream went lagging across the bay, half lost in the sand, to join its parent. It had tripped merrily enough through the valley, but now like a child to whom long absence has brought shyness, it approached slowly, while the sea rushed eagerly up the little channel to embrace it. This bay had been Robert's play-ground when he lived with his uncle ; here he had learnt to swim, and he had taught Rachel to fish in this little river—that had been the happiest time of his life. He knew every crag and creek for a couple of miles as well as he knew his father's farm-yard, and old memories sprang forward and refused to let him pass them without notice. He hesitated a moment, then turned his horse off the road and rode slowly out to the sea, startling a flock of white gulls that rested on the water and were swaying to and fro on the wave-lets that welcomed the stream. They rose and floated away, their cries making wild harmonious music with the booming of the waves in the caverns around. Robert watched them sail away in the air till they passed over a ship. Were they not lifting up their voices and pointing a way of escape to him ? Going to sea had been a boyish dream of his ; would it not be well to carry it out now ? Away, where he could neither see nor hear of Philippa, he might get to feel less frantic, and possibly in the end he might return rich enough to claim her and find her still true to him. The cool wind was refreshing to his feverish body, and the light spray blew in his face as he gazed, while his horse stood quietly on one spot.

The birds came shrieking towards the shore again, and Robert with a start wheeled his horse around and galloped back across the sand. Instead, however, of taking his homeward road, he turned into a bridle path that skirted his uncle's farm, and got around it without passing the house. He saw no more of the sea, but choosing little-used lanes and avoiding every house, he at length reached the moor, which was al<sup>l</sup>

ablaze with heath and gorse, amid which great granite boulders showed up, sometimes grey and cold, sometimes sparkling like diamonds. The moor stretched away for many miles before him ; he passed the heather and came to great tracts of marshy ground covered with rushes and tall feathery reeds and rank grass. Not a living creature had he seen except a herd of unbroken ponies that scampered wildly off on his approach at a pace that would have baffled pursuit. A mysterious chill crept over him, the wind blew cold, and though there was no rain, the clouds had come down and were trailing their skirts along the tops of the distant hills that bounded the plain. An icy shiver ran through him as, riding through a clear space, a suppressed kind of shriek filled his ears. It must be from a bird, he thought, but he had never heard it before, and looked stealthily around, but nothing moved ; he heard the sound again ; he almost wondered that his horse did not tremble, and it somewhat reassured him to find that it showed no signs of fright.

He wished some birds would fly around, or a rabbit show itself. At last he decided that the sound was the wind wailing in the tufts of long dry grass, and he tried to drown it by whistling, but it was no good—his whistling almost frightened him, and he gave it up. He was glad when he reached the track that served as a road across the common ; and yet he felt a throb of agony.

He could discern no one on it, and of course it would be no use to ride down the road with his face covered in crape, for directly the carrier got near enough to see that he would turn his horse and ride back again, so it was necessary to look for a place of concealment, and seeing a towering boulder at some distance he rode towards it. As he went his horse stumbled, and on its righting itself Robert found that it went lame. He dismounted and found that a furze stump had run up its hoof but not far, and after a few steps the lameness appeared to pass. "One might think it was a sign that I'd better turn back," he thought, but he would not do that now, and taking his stand by the rock, he fastened on his mask, and put himself in readiness. He had not long to wait, and with the necessity for action, all other thoughts vanished, his head became cool and his hand steady.

There was scarcely a struggle, for the man was dragged from his saddle and flung to the ground before he had time to rally from his surprise Pengelly seized the bags and lashing the carrier's horse before him he rode off leaving the man half stunned on the ground. The frightened beast sprang madly away over gorse bushes and stones, and seudded across

the moor till he was lost to sight. Robert too let no grass grow beneath his feet, but making a circuit he crossed the road and galloped off towards his home. He reached a large shallow pool, and dismounting he fastened his horse to a furze stump, and sat down by the sedge. His heart throbbed as if it would smother him and his hands trembled as he burst the bags, and tore open their contents. One after another they were spread before him. They were chiefly letters on business, a few love-letters, and one or two of condolence or congratulation, but he stayed not to read anything, he only saw that they had no enclosures of any value to him, and flung them aside. When he came to the last his hands for a moment refused their task, but it too presently opened and laid empty before him. He burst into tears and flung himself down among the reeds weeping like a child; he had sold himself for naught, and remorse was already beginning to work in his heart. It was only for a few moments, then he stood up and cursed Philippa Vercoe aloud. He gathered the letters together and pushed them all unfolded into the bags; let the risk be what it might he would take them back to the road. Mounting, he rode back and flung them into the path, then turning his horse he steered as directly as he could for the farm, cursing now his own folly in believing that he could gain anything by such an attempt. "Dead men tell no tales," he kept repeating to himself as though he wished he had silenced the carrier for ever, yet he was really thankful that he had "shed no blood." He had never meant to: there was no powder or shot for his old weapon, and he had not even tried to use it to scare his enemy after all.

He got out of the moor some three miles from his home, and went through a gate into a lane. He was going slowly, for his horse had had a long journey, and he had become aware that he was limping. It was getting dim, but not yet so dark that people could not distinguish each other, and when he turned the first corner he found a man on horseback standing still, who instantly greeted him.

"Oh it's you, is it, Mr. Pengelly," he said with evident surprise, "I heard the moor gate slam, so I thought I'd wait and see who it was. Whatever are you doing up here?"

Robert muttered something about having lost a sheep which he thought might have got away to the moors.

"Like enough," said the other, "and a pretty plague it is. Here our parson took it into his head this morning to ride across a corner of it thinking he was going to make a short cut to some place, and started on his pony that

was born and reared on this very moor, and they just catch sight of the little devils, and off goes the parson's pony like a mazed thing to get at them, and tosses the old gentlemen into the brake where he was scratched all over, and makes off itself nobody knows where, and I've been out searching for him ever since the parson got home, and haven't had a glimpse of him, and now my horse is just done up and I can't see either. I suppose you haven't seen anything of him? The parson wouldn't have been so anxious about getting him back to night if it hadn't been for the saddle and the bridle is new—never been used but twice before. But by this time most likely 'tis torn to lerrips."

"I haven't seen anything of it," said Robert.

"Well," said the other, who was fond of the sound of his own voice and was particularly glad to have a companion to talk to on his lonely ride, "there I expect he'll stay for some weeks to come; I don't see who the parson's to get to look for him now everybody's just beginning their harvest, and the things will be spoilt by the time that's over. You haven't begun yet, I suppose? Not very promising looking weather, is it? Why I declare that horse of yours sounds as if he were going lame. I expect he's got one of those stones we went over just now up in his hoof."

Robert said he would get off and see, and as they were at the meeting of two roads, he chose the one that he knew led away from his companion's home, who rode on before he had mounted again.

He was full of dismal forebodings both about himself and his horse. Instead of turning him out when he reached home he put him into the stable and warmed himself by washing and rubbing him down.

### CHAPTER III.

"And talked with him of Cain;  
And long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves:—"

DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

"That boy never knows the way home! He's no thought in the world for other people! He's gone off to that girl again; his uncle would never have kept him there, so that he could not get home till this time. I won't have it!"

Mr. Pengelly was speaking to the same group that he had addressed the night before.

"He's hardly gone there two nights following," said the mother. "He

hasn't been over to see his uncle for ever so long, and I dare say they had a lot of things to look at together. Mary, what's the use of your keeping on opening the door to listen? It only sets you off coughing."

"I won't go to the door again, mother, if you and father will go to bed. It's no good everybody's staying up, and James and I don't mind. I daresay Robert won't be long."

"A fine day's work he'll be turning out to-morrow, off on the chase till this time of night," grumbled Mr. Pengelly, as he followed his wife out of the room.

James gave the fire a hasty kick. "What does it matter," he said angrily, "what kind of day's work we turn out? Where's the use of driving and sweating if that field is put into oats? Next year when there's nothing there we shall hear, 'You boys didn't half work that ground, it's no use to expect a crop with such a tillage as that was.' I'm tired of hearing when we've got milched bread that the fault must be in the miller, for the wheat was saved without a drop of rain, when all the time I know that the mow wasn't thatched for a week, and that we had a day of thunder showers, or that we were just to open the mow and take in corn to be thrashed in rain, and that the piece we came to next was sprouted. I'm tired of being told when the sheep die, that I haven't properly attended to them, when I haven't been allowed to change their keep half often enough or give them as much to eat as I consider they ought to have, and nobody knows what all."

"I expect there are a good many things in everybody's life that they are tired of," said Mary cheerfully; "and yet I suppose they are good for us. Perhaps we should never be content to leave this world if it wasn't so. There's poor old Mrs. Truscott; I went over to see her the day before yesterday; you see she can't do anything for herself now, she's got the rheumatism so bad, and she began to talk about when she was young."

Here James wondered if Mary was tired of that cough of her's, and of looking so pale and thin compared with other girls, and his conscience troubled him a little that he should have grumbled to her of such things, for he was sensible enough that he would not have given up his splendid health, God's greatest blessing to man except salvation, for any amount of money or ease or pleasure.

"Don't you think, Mary," he said shamefacedly, "it would be better for you not to be out of an evening unless the weather gets hotter again? You've had your cough worse to-day than for a long time."

"I like being out by night," she said with the beginning of a sigh



which was cut very short. "Everything seems different then ; there is nobody working, and there is no need to hurry, and some things are so queer too : there's an old stump just this side of ' Jasper's grave ' that stretches along on the top of the hedge four or five feet, and shows the sky under it, and I declare it looks exactly like some grinning monster reaching out to eluteh hold of you as you pass. And besides liking to be out, I'm sure Mrs. Truseott was glad to get hold of somebody to talk to. How many times she said, ' when I was young, my dear,' I can't tell I'm sure ; and I've heard too that she wasn't over comfortable when she was young either, but now she thinks everything was right then. I asked her if she could tell me why that place was called ' Jasper's Grave,' and she said it had always been since she could remember, but she thought she'd heard that a man was buried there who had killed himself."

"Well I've heard that a man was murdered there," said James, "and that the murderer was hanged and buried where he did the deed."

"She told me some dreadful stories," said Mary drawing her chair a trifle nearer her brother in spite of her preference for being out of doors in the dark.

James laughed as he saw her movement. "You're a brave girl to go out to tea with an old woman and listen to her stories till you're afraid to sit still in your own house."

"Oh, but James, you don't know, they were dreadful."

"Well, let me hear them, they wont frighten *me*, I expect."

"They were all about people that lived around here a long time ago."

"A long time ago, I'll be bound."

"Not all," said Mary. "Some of them she could remember happening herself. There was one about a poor 'prentice girl over to Treseorn who wasn't very sharp ; she wasn't an idiot, you know, but she hadn't her wits like other girls. Her master had given her a beating one day and she crept out by night, and went over to Tregol and burnt down a mow of eorn."

"What did she do that for ? That's three miles away."

"Why her master farmed that too, and she had sense enough to know that it was his, and she walked all the way with one bare foot, for she lit up some coals at home and carried them over in her shoe, and that's how they could prove she had done it, for the shoe was burnt inside, and her master had her taken up and hanged for it. I call that dreadful. She hadn't got her share of sense, and I don't think anybody ought to be hanged except for murder."

"She'd got sense enough to do mischief, anyhow," said James, "and I don't see exactly what you are to do with folks like that if you don't hang them. What would you have done with her?"

"Oh, I'm sure I can't tell, but I never would have had her up, if she'd burnt my house down."

"Well, what besides?" asked James.

"She said two brothers were coming along up from Trevanton Bay with some smuggled things, and one took it into his head to want to tap one of the kegs and the other wouldn't have it, so he let go the horse and knocked down his brother and killed him."

"And what happened then?"

"Oh! he wasn't hanged, because nobody saw him do it."

"Ah! was there anything more?"

"Yes, lots. But this is the worst; and it's so bad that I can't believe 'tis true. This wasn't in her time, only she'd heard her father tell about it. A young man had killed another, and instead of being hanged for it, he was put into an iron cage and put out somewhere on the moors to starve to death; and she'd heard that his poor mother went to see him, and when she got near enough he caught hold of her arm and dragged it in and ate off the flesh."

There was a moment's silence after this; then James said

"I've never heard of anybody who has seen the cage out on the moor, and if it was strong enough to keep a man in, it would last a good many years, and if his mother could find him, it couldn't have been in any very out-of-the-way place."

"And I don't believe it can be true," said Mary earnestly; "for if he could have got at her arm, she could have got something for him to eat in to him, and I am sure she would have, however much she might be told not to."

"Yes, of course she could. I don't think you need think anything more about that story, for it can't be true."

"Yet I can't help thinking how awful he must have felt, and worse after she was gone than he was before she came, and how she wouldn't mind her arm, but would break her heart with thinking that he could serve her so."

"Why, here's Robert come in without our hearing him," exclaimed James turning round. "What's the matter, man?"

Robert was standing before them, and was looking not pale but scared.

"Mary's is a horrible story," he said, almost in a whisper.

“Robert,” she exclaimed, scared too, “you’ve seen that cage out on the moor sometime?”

“Not I,” he protested.

“Mary,” said James, “if you go on like this you’ll soon be just as bad as Rachel used to be two or three years ago, when she used to rout out everybody in the middle of the night to see if there was nobody come in to carry her off.”

“I shan’t get to that for a bit, James, I hope;” but she could not laugh at the idea, she was too much shaken for that. “Robert, do you want anything to eat before you go to bed?”

“No, thank you.”

“How are Rachel and Uncle Robert?”

“They’re both very well. Uncle sent over a couple of guineas for you to buy yourself a good new dress. I’ve forgotten what colour Rachel said it was to be, though.”

“Uncle’s very good to me,” Mary said. This present made her sadder than before. “Mother wants a dress more than I do. Her best one is a good deal older than mine.”

“Well, we can’t settle that for you,” said James, “so I think we had better get off to bed.”

*To be continued.*

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## Charity.

“ And from all Uncharitableness, Good Lord deliver us.”—THE LITANY.

How beautiful is that meek prayer  
 Heard from each human breast,  
 When gather'd voices thus declare  
 The feeling here impressed ;  
 When in God's temple, solemn words  
 Are offer'd up above,  
 The diapason of sweet chords  
 Touch'd by a Saviour's love !

I often think as these arise  
 In humble strains around,  
 If Charity's true concord lies  
 In each re-echoed sound ?  
 If, kneeling at Jehovah's shrine,  
 We question our own due,  
 And say, “ blest Mercy, Lord is *thine* ;  
 Let me then show it too.”

Alas, it is a mournful thing  
 To know that worldly lure,  
 Or interest oft will bear a sting  
 Beneath a prayer so pure ;  
 That unity of word to speak,  
 Is all th' attention paid,  
 And that mankind too often seek  
 To censure, not persuade.

There is a Charity, apart  
 From that of giving alms,  
 Which in that urn, the human heart,  
 An essence pure embalms ;  
 It is that blessedness of mind,  
 That brightest germ of prayer,  
 Which searches not a fault to find,  
 But ev'n tho' wrong'd, *will* spare.

What bosom is there form'd so free  
From error, or from guile,  
As not to need sweet Charity  
To soothe it with a smile ;  
And yet, the Pharisee's self-pride,  
Is that too often shown ;  
Whilst other's failings are descried,  
We think not of our own.

Tis not the lure of pomp or gold,  
Which sways the good man's breast,  
Who in the Poor can still behold,  
A brother, tho' distress'd.  
By a blest Saviour's precepts taught,  
To Pity he inclines,  
And in the charity of Thought,  
A word or deed designs.

Let Christian love in All abound,  
When e'er they pray to Heaven ;  
And with compassion brightly crown'd  
Be all our judgments given.  
Let neither Pride nor Envy lie,  
In what our hearts discuss,  
And from all want of Charity,  
" Good Lord, deliver us."

Cape Town,

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## Some Cape Dutch Words.

IN reading "Multatuli's" celebrated work "Max Havelaar" in the original Dutch, I came across several words, in common use on the island of Java, which I recognised as old Cape friends. I made a note of some, of which I here subjoin a list. Amongst others the word "pendoppo" (signifying a kind of hut) occurs several times. Is not that word the original of the South African "pondok" or "pandok?" The etymology given by "H. K." in the October number of this Magazine, seems to me somewhat far-fetched; and moreover the accentuation of the word seems to me to be against that designation, and I should fancy that "pendoppo," or an intermediate form "pendop," would very much more likely be the original of the word than "bonthoek" would be. The other words referred to above are:—

Kabaai.—Cape Dutch, Kabaai (a gown). This word I have found in a Dutch Dictionary, but with a different meaning.

Pisang.—C. D. Pisang (Banana).

Toedoeng.—C. D., Toering or Toeroeng (a Malay hat).

Klappa.—C. D., Klapper (Cocoanut).

Kondeh.—C. D., Kondee (an arrangement of a woman's hair behind the head).

Sambal.—C. D., Sambal (a salad-like concoction).

Rottang.—C. D., Rottang (cane).

The word "Amper," which a previous contributor has described as of Malay origin, is to be found in De Bruin's Dictionary as a colloquial Dutch word, with the same meaning as it has in South African Dutch (or, as some pseudo-patriots would call it, "Die Afrikaanse taal.")

V.D.M.

THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

ISBRAND GOSKE, GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE AND COUNCILLOR EXTRA-ORDINARY OF INDIA, INSTALLED 2 OCTOBER 1672, HELD OFFICE UNTIL 14 MARCH 1676.

No. X.

By the beginning of the winter of 1674 the castle was so far advanced as to be considered more capable of defence than the old earthen fort. The garrison was therefore moved into it, and the walls of the old fort were broken down. On the 13th of July a despatch vessel, gaily decorated with flags, sailed into Table Bay, bringing intelligence that peace had been concluded with England. The French naval power hardly gave the Company a thought, so that there was no longer any necessity for extraordinary exertions to complete the castle. From this date, therefore, the work was carried on regularly, but was not considered of such urgent importance as to require a large staff of men to be kept here purposely for it.

The war with Gounema had been suspended for some months, owing to a strange and fatal disease which had broken out among the Hottentots, especially those under Captain Klaas. What this disease was is not stated, but it is certain that it was not small-pox. Though its ravages were not very great, for a short time it kept the Hottentots from moving, as they considered it a bad omen. Governor Goske, in recording this circumstance, adds that before coming into contact with Europeans the Hottentots were not subject to any particular fatal maladies. Many of them attained a very great age. War and occasional famine kept their numbers down

the last killing outright, but not producing pestilence as it does with Europeans. In recent times the same peculiarity has been observed with the Kafirs. There have been periods of famine, in which great numbers have perished, but those who survived, though reduced to mere skeletons, suffered from nothing else than weakness. But as soon as they came into contact with white men, and particularly when they begin to change their food and habits of living, they become subject to diseases from which they were before exempt.

On the 24th of March Klaas paid a visit to the Governor, and reported that the sickness had left his people. He had sent out spies who brought back information that a large party of Gounema's followers was encamped on the Little Berg River, where it issues from the gorge in the mountains now called the Tulbagh Kloof. It was immediately resolved to send an expedition against them, for which purpose a combined force of soldiers, burghers and Hottentots was made ready. There were fifty burghers under command of Wouter Mostert, four hundred Hottentots under the Captains Klaas, Koopman, Schacher, and Kuiper, and fifty soldiers under Ensign Cruse, who was also Commandant-General of the expedition. The party marched along the line now traversed by the railway, passing round Klapmuts, down the Paarl valley, and following the base of the mountains to Vogel Vlei. There they rested for a few hours, and planned their next march so as to surround Gounema's encampment before daylight.

But, as on a former occasion, the people who were to be attacked managed to make their escape just in time to avoid the onslaught. They left all they possessed behind them, and the commando seized without resistance eight hundred head of horned cattle and four thousand sheep. The Hottentot contingent stripped the huts of everything that could be of use to them, and then set fire to whatever remained. Upon arriving at the fort, the spoil was divided among the members of the commando. The burghers received three hundred cows and ninety young cattle. Each of the four Hottentot captains received a fair share of horned cattle and three hundred sheep in full possession, and a loan of three hundred sheep, to be returned when required. The Honourable Company kept the



remainder. The same thing happened when the Hottentots were driving away their share of the cattle that usually occurs with native allies on such occasions. The best of those dealt out to the burghers and reserved for the Company were whistled away, and if the Governor had not taken summary proceedings to recover them, the Europeans' share of the spoil would have been very trifling indeed.

On the 29th of July of this year, died Eva, the Hottentot girl who had been brought up in Mr. Van Riebeeck's household, and who was afterwards married to the surgeon Van Meerhof. In her, as one reads the records, may be traced the characteristics of her race down to our own times. In childhood she was apt to learn, readily acquired the Dutch and Portuguese languages, adopted European customs, professed a belief in Christianity, and gave promise of a life of usefulness. But no sooner was she free from control than she showed an utter absence of stability, a want of self-respect and self-reliance, which left her exposed to every temptation. After Van Meerhof's death she remained some time upon Robben Island, and then requested to be brought over to Table Valley. Here, her manner of living attracted the attention of the officers of Government, and after repeated warnings she was brought to account. She had been guilty of drunkenness and other misconduct had more than once gone to live at a Hottentot kraal, and while there had fallen into filthy practices, and had neglected her helpless children. For these offences she was sent back to the island, and her children were placed under the care of the deacons. But there was no desire to be harsh with her, and upon a promise of reformation she was again permitted to reside in Table Valley. Then the same thing happened as before, and so it continued, removal to Robben Island alternating with short periods of scandalous conduct in Table Valley, during the remainder of her life. The conclusion which Governor Goske arrived at from a review of her career was, that the hereditary disposition of the Hottentots was too unstable to admit of their adoption of civilization, otherwise than very slowly and gradually. As Eva was the first baptised Hottentot, the Governor decided that she should have an honourable funeral, and the day following her death she was buried within the church in the castle.

Three years after this date a burgher, who had been a personal friend of Van Meerhof, when removing with his family to Mauritius, requested of the Council that he might be allowed to take two of the children with him as apprentices. This was agreed to by the Council and by the church authorities, at whose expense the children were being maintained. Formal contracts were entered into by which the burgher bound himself to educate them and bring them up in a proper manner, and in which they were placed under the protection of the Commander of Mauritius. One of them when grown up returned to the Cape, but fell into wild habits and died at an early age. The fate of the others is unknown.

The duty of supporting destitute orphan children devolved, as has been seen, upon the deacons. There was a fund at their disposal for the purpose of relieving the poor of the congregation, out of which all such charges were paid. This fund was raised partly by church collections, partly by certain fines and fees, and was often augmented by donations and bequests. The first person who bequeathed money for this purpose to the Cape congregation was Commander Wagenaar, but since his death other contributions had been received in the same manner. In the year 1674 the capital of this fund amounted to rather more than a thousand pounds sterling money, which was invested as loans on mortgage of landed property, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum. The collections were more than sufficient to meet the current expenses, so that the fund was constantly increasing.

For the protection of the rights of children of another class, an Orphan Chamber was at this time established. The necessity for such an institution was apparent from the fact that recently several widows had remarried without previously securing to the children their legitimate portion of the property of the deceased parent. It was enacted that in future no marriage of a widower or widow, whether a servant of the Company or a burgher, could take place in the colony without a certificate being first obtained from the Orphan Chamber that the rights of the children by the previous marriage were secured. The Chamber was provided with power to invest money belonging to orphans, and to collect interest therefor at the rate of six per cent per annum. It was constituted guardian

of orphans in all cases were none were named by the will of the deceased parent, and was authorized to provide for the maintenance of minors under its care by a reasonable allowance from the property belonging to them.

The Orphan Chamber thus created consisted of five individuals, two of whom were to be servants of the Company and three burghers. Of the last, one was to be Secretary and was to receive payment for his services. The first President was Hendrik Crudop, the first Secretary Johannes Pretorius, formerly Secunde at Mauritius and now a burgher at the Cape. Every year one servant of the Company and one burgher retired, and were succeeded by two new members chosen by the Council of Policy from a list of four names presented by the chamber itself. It was thus to some extent a self-perpetuating corporation. The large sums of money which the Orphan Chamber had charge of were commonly invested on mortgage of landed property, so that it served the purpose of a loan bank.

Some regulations regarding Church matters which were made in December 1674 show how complete was the control exercised by the Council of Policy. The church council submitted two names for the election of an elder in place of the one retiring, but objections were taken to both, and fresh nominations were called for. The Church council was informed that one of the elders should be a servant of the Company and the other a burgher, and that the officer who held the position of Political Commissioner should not be nominated as an elder.

Another question which was referred to the Council of Policy for decision had reference to baptism. Some Roman Catholics had settled in the colony, and though they were at liberty in their own houses to worship God in the manner approved by their consciences, they could not assemble together for public worship nor have the services of their church performed by any clergyman who might chance to call in a foreign ship. Under these circumstances, one of them requested permission of the consistory to have his children baptized in the Reformed church, and offered sponsors who were also Roman Catholics. Hereupon the the church council expressed its opinion that the children should be baptized if other sponsors were not forth-

coming, but that the parents ought first to be admonished to endeavour to procure sponsors of the true reformed faith. Before taking action, however, they submitted this opinion to the Council of Policy for approval. The Council of Policy referred them to the instructions concerning baptism which had been received from Batavia in the time of Commander Wagenaar, which accorded with the view they had taken, and informed them that the customs of India were to be observed in every respect.

At this time the Rev Rudolphus Meerland was clergyman of the Cape having succeeded the Rev Adaianus de Voocht on the 12th of February 1674, when the last named left for Batavia.

In November 1675 Gounema surprised by night the kraals of Schacher and Kuiper at the Tigerberg, and succeeded in killing several of the inmates and carrying off a large portion of their cattle. Assistance was immediately asked for and was sent to the Company's allies, but Gounema retreated with his booty so hastily to the mountainous country beyond Twenty-four Rivers that the horsemen could not overtake him. Fifteen stragglers from his party were, however, captured and killed by Schacher's people.

The return fleet which put into Table Bay early in the year 1676 was under command of Nicholas Verburg, who occupied a position in the Company's service next only to the Governor General of the Indies, and who upon his arrival, produced a commission from the Indian Authorities empowering him to examine into and arrange the affairs of the Cape settlement. Mr. Goske had stipulated when he accepted the appointment of Governor of the Cape that no one should act as Commissioner here during his stay, but he cordially assented to an inspection of the various departments of the public service and to the issue of instructions for the guidance of his successor. The visit of this Commissioner had little effect upon the settlement one way or other, but a petition which was presented to him by the three burgher councillors, in the name of the whole body of freemen, is deserving of mention as showing their view of the laws and regulations under which they were living.

In this petition the burghers enumerate their grievances and ask for redress. Their first request is that some cattle which had been taken from Gounema and lent to them may be given to them in

full possession. Next that they may be allowed to sell wine, grain, and fruit to anyone at the best price which they can obtain, upon payment of such taxes as may be considered proper. That they may be allowed the same rights of trade in merchandise as the freemen enjoy in Batavia. That those among them who have no ground may have freehold farms assigned to them at Hottentots' Holland, and may be supplied with cattle on lease. And, lastly, that for the comfort of those who are poor the price of rice sold out of the Company's stores may be reduced.

These various requests were forwarded to the Chamber of Seventeen for consideration, as Commissioner Verburg did not choose to incur the responsibility of deciding upon them. In course of time the first request was fully acceded to, the second, third, and fourth were partly granted, and the fifth was refused. The Company, it was asserted, intended to discontinue the importation of rice as soon as possible, and to reduce its price would discourage the cultivation of wheat and thus frustrate one of the most important objects kept in view.

During the last three years the officers at the head of the several departments had been entirely replaced. The Secunde Albert van Breugel had been charged by the Governor with inattention to his duties, and though upon investigation of the matter the Batavian Authorities acquitted him of carelessness, he was removed from the post. Hendrik Crudop, now advanced to the rank of merchant was appointed Secunde in his stead. The Fiscal De Meyer had gone to Batavia in October 1674. The explorer, Hieronymus Cruse, had climbed the ladder of promotion in the army, and was now a lieutenant. The Council of Policy consisted of the Governor, the Secunde Hendrik Crudop, the Captain Dirk Smient, the Lieutenant Hieronymus Cruse, the Treasurer Anthonie de Vogel and the Chief Salesman, Martinus van Banchem, the last named being also the Secretary.

In 1671, when the Company was making preparations for the defence of its Indian possessions, the island of Mauritius was raised from being a dependency of the Cape to a separate seat of government, and Mr. Herbert Hugo, an officer of some note, was appointed Commander. But after the conclusion of peace with England the

island was reduced again to its old position. It was at this time of very little advantage to the Company, as except a little ebony which was brought back to the Cape every year in the despatch packet, it exported nothing. Very few ships called there for supplies. A few burghers and a garrison of thirty or forty men were its only inhabitants. So dependent were its authorities that they could not even carry their sentences into execution, unless in cases of extreme urgency, until they were reviewed by the Council of Justice at the Cape.

The government of Mr. Goske is associated with the building of the castle and the establishment of an outstation and farm at Hottentots Holland, but with little else of interest now. He had no opportunity to originate any improvements. He kept the large garden in Table Valley in order by means of slave labour, but to obtain ten or twelve men to work on the castle he leased the vineyard and garden Rustenberg, at Rondebosch, to free men, retaining only the lodge there for his own use. With a like view he leased the corn mill to the burgher Jan de Beer. One experiment, indeed, he made, which his predecessors do not appear to have thought of. He caused oysters to be brought from the south coast and deposited in Table Bay with a view to their propagation in a convenient situation. The experiment was twice made, and on each occasion it failed. The farmers rather fell off than increased in number during his administration. Immigration, owing to the war, had ceased, and no one who could be kept in the service was permitted to leave it.

Governor Goske was sent to the Cape for a particular purpose, namely, to hold it for the Netherlands at a time of great peril. That time was now past. Peace had been made with England, the only naval power capable of injuring the States, and, in addition, a special treaty had been entered into (18th of March, 1674) by the two East India Companies in which each engaged to promote the honour and profit of the other. There was no necessity to retain here any longer an officer of Mr. Goske's rank and ability, more especially as he reminded the Directors of their engagement to relieve him at an early date and requested permission to return to Europe.

On the 3rd of November 1674 the Chamber of Seventeen appointed

Commander Johan Bax, the second officer in rank at the island of Ceylon, to succeed Mr. Goske as Governor of the Cape, but without the additional title of Councillor Extraordinary of India. At the same time they complimented the outgoing Governor very highly upon his administration, and issued directions that he was to supersede any officer of lower rank who might be returning to Europe as Admiral of a fleet. The new Governor embarked at Galle in the *Voorhout*, and arrived in Simon's Bay on the first of January 1676. Two days later he took part in the deliberations of the Council at the Cape, but as no ships were then leaving for Europe Mr. Goske retained the direction of affairs until the 14th of March, on which day Governor Johan Bax was installed with the usual ceremony.

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The documents from which I have extracted the information concerning Mr. Goske's government given in this article and the one in the preceding number of the *Magazine* are the following:—

1. Diary of occurrences, kept in the government office from the 2nd of October 1672 to the 31st December 1674 and from the 1st of January to the 14th of March 1676. The journal in the Colonial Archives is complete from the 14th of December 1651 to the 31st of December 1674. The portion that was wanting in the manuscripts recently received from the Hague has been copied by myself from the decaying original here in Cape Town, and it has been paged and bound to the end of 1673 in six thick volumes. In that period of twenty-two years there are only sixteen days on which either no entries were made or for which they have been lost. For the year 1675 no copy has been received from the Hague and the original is not to be found here. The copy commences again on the 1st January 1676 and continues without another break to the end of 1687.

2. Resolutions and Debates of the Council of Policy. These have been indexed by myself from the 30th December 1651 to a period some years in advance of this paper. Portions of the index have been published in the *Magazine*, but as the Government is having it printed for public reference as far as it is completed, it is unnecessary to ballast these articles with it any longer.

3. *Outgoing Despatches and Letters.* The copies of these made at the time the originals were written are complete from the formation of the Colony to the end of 1674. I searched unsuccessfully for those of 1675, as did also the compiler of the excellent inventory issued by the late Archives Commission. The copies commence again with the year 1676.

4. *Incoming Despatches and Letters.* These are continuous from the formation of the colony to a date in advance of these papers.

5. *Miscellaneous Documents.* Journal of Ensign Cruse's Expedition against Gounema, from the 12th to the 25th July 1673. Instructions for the guidance of Governor Bax, drawn up by the Commissioner Nicholas Verburg, 15th March 1676. Memorandum for the use of Governor Bax, drawn up by the the retiring Governor Isbrand Goske, March 1676.





## Four Weeks in North America.

FROM THE NOTES OF A "TRANSIENT."

(Continued.)

As we are dealing with large numbers, let us see what was the Agricultural Report for the United States with their fifty millions of population, during the year of our visit, 1879.

	Bushels.	Worth.
Corn, or mealie crop	1,600,000,000	£100,000,000
Wheat crop ..	449,000,000	90,000,000
Oat crop .. ..	365,000,000	18,000,000
Barley crop ..	40,000,000	5,600,000
Rye crop .. ..	24,000,000	2,000,000

And the same proportion holds as to buckwheat, potatoes, hay, &c. The cotton crop amounted to 5,000,000 bales, worth about £40,000,000. The grand total of the products that year were valued at £400,000,000, netting the farmers and the planters after expenses were paid £350,000,000. Taking into account other crops not mentioned, this amount will nearly be doubled. In that year, 178,000,000 bushels as wheat or flour were exported, and for 1880, while the home consumption was estimated at 300,000,000 bushels, there will be a surplus crop of more than 170 millions, taking an average of fourteen bushels to the acre. The crops of wheat and barley have been trebled in fifteen years; the crops of mealies, oats, potatoes, cotton, and tobacco, more than doubled.

As confirmatory of the statements on the facilities of obtaining land in some parts, we give you these extracts from a newspaper, the *Kansas Pacific Homestead*, for August, 1879:—"Dr. T. Cuyler mentions passing through a single wheat-field of 4,000 acres, near Abilene, which will yield 60,000 bushels of grain; and further on was the stock farm of Mr. George Grant, who keeps 7,000 cattle and 9,000 sheep. The terms for obtaining land are by grant or purchase. Every head of a family, widow, single man or woman of the age of twenty-one years, who is a citizen of the United States, or who has declared his or her intention of becoming so, can enter upon 160 acres of Government land within the limits of

our railroad grant. After a continuous residence upon it and cultivating for five years, an absolute title to the land will be given by the United States Government, at a total cost of £5 5s. for fees and commissions. There must be personal occupancy during those five years. Another 160 acres or quarter section can be obtained by any citizen who shall plant, protect, and keep in a healthy growing condition for eight years, ten acres of timber in any quarter section of any of the public lands of the United States, or five acres of timber on any legal sub-division of eighty acres, or two and-a-half acres on forty acres, or a fourth part of any fractional subdivision of land less than forty acres shall be entitled to a patent of the whole of said quarter-section, or of such legal sub-divisions of less than forty acres as the case may be, at the expiration of the said eight years, on making proof of such fact by not less than two credible witnesses. The experimental farm established at Wilson in 1870, demonstrated in three years that the ailanthus, box-elder, ash, catalpa, cottonwood, elm, honey locust, maple, black walnut, Austrian and Scotch pine, and red cedar will grow there rapidly. The Kansas Pacific Railway Company offer land—1st. On eleven years credit at seven per cent. interest in advance, and one-tenth of the purchase money to be paid down. 2nd. On five or six years credit at seven per cent., one-fifth of the purchase to be paid at time of sale, but no interest, no more principal required for three years, then interest at seven per cent. on the remaining four-fifths paid annually. For cash, at twenty-five per cent. discount. Thus land at 16s. the acre can be bought for 12s. the acre, all cash. The average price of best land in Kansas State is 20s. the acre.”

The United States have immense capabilities which are yet undeveloped, and these not only in the far West, for in Virginia there are of unimproved land ten million acres; in Tennessee thirteen million; in Texas 60,000 square miles, a tract larger than the whole German Empire. There are 389 people to every square mile in England, but were there only forty to every square mile in the United States, the population would be 176 millions. These figures are almost incomprehensible, but reliable, and increase the sense of largeness and vastness with which, from many things, we were impressed in America.

In the central and Western districts of Canada, such as Manitoba, Swan River, Saskatchewan, and others, land can easily be obtained as grants, or purchased in large areas, which are quite as fertile in the growth of grain as the neighbouring states of Minnesota and Dakota, and where farming operations are conducted on the same large scale, and with equal success. But it is different in the Eastern part of Canada, for travelling South from Montreal nearly fifty miles, we passed through a level country with very few trees, divided by grey pole and lathe fences, into a number of long narrow fields, with here and there wooden houses, or a small village. These numberless grey fences certainly became monotonous, and there seemed everywhere a great lack of activity and prosperity. Doubts were expressed as to whether the cause was legal or ecclesiastical. By some this apparent want of prosperity of the French Canadians was attributed to the constant sub-division of land to the children, until each possessed only a narrow strip an acre broad. In many cases the landlords had divided their larger farms into smaller portions, thirty acres in length by three broad. In some places these were again divided in breadth into two or three portions for arable land and pasturage appearing no broader than long roads fenced with wood. At the back of Montreal the holdings are forty acres by three in width. The same features must be met with about Quebec, the chief seat of the old French colonists. Mr. H. H. Vivian says:—"The French law as to the compulsory division of property among the children upon each death has prevailed through many generations, and the result is that the holdings have become smaller and smaller by constant division. Frontage to the main road being all important, the divisions have been made by separating the holdings from the road backwards, so that they have now become almost the mathematical definition of straight lines, narrow frontage and great depth. Many of the holdings seem to be twenty or thirty yards wide, and a mile or more deep, most expensive and inconvenient for cultivation. If instead of land these children had received their share of the estate in money or stock, they could have started fresh farms in the North or West, or have engaged in commerce in other parts, but now as heirs to a few acres too many of the French Canadians spend their time and money in the dissipations of town life." This is

applicable only to Lower Canada, where the old French law is carried out among the descendants of the French. In Upper Canada, where the greater part of the population is English, the land was not divided in the same manner, and consequently there was greater scope for the energy, industry, and care, which in their manufactures, their commerce, and their agriculture, so specially characterise our fellow-colonists in British North America.

In reading about America we must remember that as each State makes its own local laws, the laws of one State often differ from those of another, we therefore noted down what we saw or heard on reliable authority. We found that in some places the railway was fenced off the fields, and in others not, and we learnt that it was not the Railway Company, but the farmers, who fenced their own land. In some States there is a Fence Law or Herd Law voted by the people of the village or county, by which all the stock must be herded; sometimes a herd-boy is hired for the season at eight shillings per head and salt; at other times some farmer will take them at that rate and send his sons with them to the prairie. If a poor man in Kansas or Iowa were obliged to fence his land, the £100 or £150 it would cost him to fence his one hundred and sixty acres would enable him to cultivate the whole piece. It is, however, a law in some States, that if one man builds half his fence, he can compel his neighbour to build the other half.

Fences are of different kinds: some few were of stone in the stony and hilly parts, but the simplest and cheapest form was seen in the clearings of the forests. Where there is plenty wood a *worm fence*, or zigzag fence, is made, the ends of the poles or spars on each side are crossed alternately one on the other without any fastening, and at these projecting ends or angles of the zigzag, a heavier pole is placed loosely against them on each side to keep the pile of loose spars from toppling over; their ends and angles in and out form the zigzag or snake-like appearance of the fence. But where wood cannot be wasted, and where land cannot be spared and a straight line is needed, the post and rail fence is used: posts are erected in which holes are made to admit the ends of the rails or spars; both spars and land are thus saved. Another fence was made with posts eight feet apart on which were fastened four or five pine boards six-

teen feet long and six inches wide. Where wood is scarce, as in the prairie country, iron wire is largely used. Where posts were from sixteen to twenty feet apart, they would drive in an intermediate stake and fasten on the wire with staples; the flanged feet of the iron posts were packed round with stones; these iron posts were often thirty-two feet and more apart with wooden stakes between, the straining posts with their support about half a mile apart; the wires numbered from six to ten.

In the Cincinnati Exposition we were surprised to see the rapidity with which the twisted barb wire was made, and which is now so very largely used; there were two or three wires twisted together, and at every six inches two sharpened wire thorns half an inch long were fixed. The Iowa Barb Steel Wire Company of Marshalltown, Iowa and Johnstown, Pennsylvania, exhibited the best we saw; their four-pointed barb presents a point in all directions, the barbs standing at right angles seven inches apart in the two-strand barbed wire rope, locking the barbs firmly between the two wires; the weight not exceeding seventeen ounces to the rod, making the most durable, strongest, and cheapest wire-fencing. The four lower wires of a fence were almost invariably made of this barbed or thorny wire, and sometimes the whole fence was made of it; farmers told us that it did not injure foals or calves, as the barbs were not long enough to injure only to hurt slightly, and thus warn them off the fence, but it was a puzzler for the pigs, and proved the most efficacious fence whether to keep them in or to keep them out. I have heard that this barbed or thorny wire is used round the grove in Fort Beaufort and is found very efficacious in resisting the raids of children, dogs, pigs or poultry. The most effectual fence of all was a compound fence, the four or five lower rows were of barbed wire, then one row of smooth wire, then one or two pine board rails six inches broad, and above that another smooth wire; where wood was scarce, one six inch rail was considered sufficient, for it was enough to let any horse or other animal see that there was a fence to keep it from dashing wildly against it and thus injure both beast and fence, as is so often the case with the almost invisible wires. Farmers generally tried to get a *live* thorny fence planted alongside the other; and different kinds of thorny shrubs were planted, such as the three-thorned or honey

locust, the buckthorn, but the most common is the osage orange, which does not need much water and grows into a very strong and useful hedge. The nurserymen sell the seed at three shillings the pound, and the plants a foot high at twenty-four shillings the thousand.

There are men in the West whose occupation it is to go out and hedge and fence farms; they grow these hedges, caring for them for three years at so much the rod. They sow the seed of the osage orange (because it is so hardy and stands drought) in large nurseries, then the ground is ploughed and planted and the hedge is kept in order; the gaps are filled up, &c., by these nurserymen for three or four years; payment is made in different instalments. The osage orange grows so well in this country, and is so thorny, that it may be profitably used by us for hedges.

A grain elevator is a building difficult to describe, but the Graphic had a good illustration of the large lofty wooden building with its highest story much smaller than the lower part, something like a little Noah's ark forming the top of a large one but equal to it in length. Grain elevators are the great grain stores, and are thus called because when the grain is off-loaded it is (raised) elevated to the top of the building and there poured into large deep bins where it is kept until required, when the grain is again elevated out of the bin to load either ship or railway car. There are twenty of these elevators in Chicago; the one we visited was three hundred and eighty-six feet long, one hundred wide and one hundred and forty high, and could contain more than two million bushels of grain; there were three railway tracks in the lower story of the building, from which trains of twelve cars were discharging their grain, whether wheat or mealies, while on the one side was a ship, into the hold of which, grain was pouring down a large shoot like a stream of water. No sacks were used in either case. The grain is graded into different qualities (the worst of which is called rejected) by the State authorities; each of the long railway freight cars when filled three feet from the floor with the loose grain contains 28,000 lbs. of wheat, oats are a little lighter; the cars are stopped exactly opposite iron tanks in the floor; the door in the middle of the car is opened, and the grain poured out in a large stream into this tank. When that ceases, two men each with a scoop, such as we use as a damscraper,

and which is fastened to a chain, go back alternately to the furthest parts of the car and push down the scraper into the grain, the chain then tightens and the man guides this scoop to the door; in the mean time the other man is pushing in his scoop in the opposite part, and so fast do they thus unload that the whole car is empty in about two or three minutes, and twenty-four cars are often unloaded in half-an-hour from the three lines of railway cars in the building; from these tanks the grain is elevated in buckets on an endless belt to the topmost story, where it is weighed and entered and sent through a careful arrangement of shoots into the bin containing that quality of grain. The bins are more than sixty feet deep, hold 10,000 bushels, and are from two hundred to three hundred in number, storing from two to three million bushels. When again wanted, though not the same grains, yet the same quality grain is elevated out of the bins, reweighed in the large weighing machines, and poured through shoots either into ship or car. The registration of weights and qualities is done so carefully that no mistakes can occur in honest hands, the more honourable the man's name the more is he trusted and encouraged. The grain is stored at so much the bushel. All the machinery was moved by an engine of three hundred horse power, and only required to be carefully directed; in the three elevators of Mr. Armour they often received eight hundred cars a day. There are very much smaller elevators, but tall and narrow, which are built on barges for the purpose of elevating grain out of barges or small vessels, weighing it and discharging it into larger ships; they are too small to store grain.

In 1878 there were exported into England 9,251,900 lbs. of butter, and 6,000,000 lbs. to Scotland; while of cheese, 107,200,520 lbs. were exported to England, 13,500,000 lbs. to Scotland, and 50,000 lbs. to Ireland. While a great part of the butter is considered poor, the greater part of the cheese is good, though not first-class. Not much cheese is eaten in America, but a great deal of butter, which is sold at 1s. to 2s., and even in winter up to 4s. the pound. One farmer told us that their Jersey cows usually gave them 10 lbs. of butter a week, and sometimes 15 lbs. They are usually fed with mealie meal beside their grass food, and in winter mealie stalks and hay, as well as mealie meal.

When riding stock to markets, the owners are by law obliged, after forty-eight hours, to let them rest in feeding sheds for twelve hours before going further, there giving them water, hay, mealie meal, and stalks.

The Americans still go to a great deal of trouble and expense to improve their breeding stock, both for dairy and slaughter purposes. They are doing all they can to improve their native stock, as well as to increase their stock of beautiful Alderney cows. But it was nevertheless surprising to read in the "Report of the British Official Commissioners on Agriculture," not only that "the improved 'graded' cattle of the West, and the purer shorthorns of the middle States might be profitably imported to England to be fattened for the butcher, but that it would also be well to bring to England some of the high class shorthorns which are now to be bought so reasonably in America. The constitution, flesh, and hardness of these Anglo-American shorthorns are so wonderfully developed and strengthened by the unpampered and natural conditions under which they are reared, that a few cargoes of their best pedigree stock would certainly greatly improve the common run of shorthorns in the British islands." With such a recommendation, it would be better for our farmers to import their shorthorns and other choice stock, not from England, but from America, where they are already accustomed to a rough life, and to a climate so similar to our own.

We visited the Union Stock Yards at Chicago, where we saw mules sixteen and a half hands high, and many fine horses. We heard that thousands of horses have been exported to England for the omnibus and tram-car traffic. These horses and those used by farmers are not the heavy dray horses used by farmers in England, but of smaller build, much more active, strong, broad, compact built, about fifteen and sixteen hands high, like our best hardy Colonial horses, which are so fast giving place to the long-legged, weedy, narrow built little horses which are the laughing-stock of visitors from England and America. In the Stock Yards, 183 acres out of 345 are fully occupied; 20,000 cattle can be accommodated in 1,200 cattle pens, 150,000 hogs in 1,300 hog pens, 5,000 sheep in 300 sheep pens, 1,000 horses can be stabled, and at



least 500 men are employed. So large and systematic are the arrangements, that 1,200 cars of livestock can be unloaded daily. There is a large double storey building, called the Exchange Buildings, containing all the offices of the officials, telegraph office, post office, offices for commission agents, a hall, and a very large dining hall for drovers, &c., but not a drop of intoxicating liquor can be had on the premises (though just outside the yards was a drinking saloon conspicuously advertising "Free lunch"). There are also within the yards a bank and a large well-conducted hotel with 350 bed-rooms, called the Transit House. We saw some fattened cattle, weighing 1,800 lbs., and 2,000 lbs., and 2,500 lbs.; but the cattle of the yard were of all sorts, small and large, and were sold by weight. Near to the Stock Yards were several slaughtering houses, immense buildings. Messrs. Armour and Co.'s meat-killing and packing establishment covered sixteen acres; it is the largest of the twenty-six killing and packing houses. The meat, whether beef, mutton, or pork, is sold in large quantities of thousands of pounds, either to the butchers of Chicago, or to firms and agents who either re-sell in the States, or export to England. Messrs. Libley and Co. often pack and send away £7,000 worth of meat a-day. Meat is either canned or sent away in ice cars, packed with ice in the ships, and sold perfectly fresh meat twelve or fourteen days afterwards in Liverpool or London. The prime joints of beef or pork only are exported. The day we visited Messrs. Armour and Co.'s place, there were 12,000 hogs hanging up, which had been slaughtered that morning, and men were systematically and rapidly chopping them up, and taking the flitches and legs to different parts to be chilled in the Arctic ice-room, or to be put in brine and prepared for export. The sausage machines, like the cooling fans, driven by steam, were turning out 20,000 lbs. of sausages a-day. From 1,500 to 3,000 men are employed, and they use 80,000 tons of ice in the year. In the busy season, this the largest firm can kill, clean, and hang from 15,000 to 20,000 hogs a-day. The railway cars are brought into the lowest storey of the building, and loaded there. As a rule, all the houses together clear off from 50,000 to 70,000 hogs a-day, and nothing is wasted. A facetious man is quoted as saying that "piggy trotted in at one end and came out at the other as bacon,

ham, sausage, hairbrush, and saddle, nothing but his squeal being wasted, and that before long the telephone would probably utilise that also." In the year ending 1st March, 1877, nearly three million hogs were killed and packed. The annual receipts of stock have gradually increased to more than one million head of cattle, six million hogs, 400,000 sheep, and 10,000 horses. Of these were shipped 700,000 cattle, 1,200,000 hogs, 200,000 sheep, and 7,000 horses, all from Chicago alone. Cincinnati has nearly as large a hog trade, and St. Louis nearly as large a beef trade. We went into Mr. Nelson's cattle slaughtering house, where 353,000 cattle are slaughtered and packed in the year. The day we were there, more than 1,000 were killed. The cattle were driven with shouts and whistlings and cracks of whips from a fold into a narrow passage, from which doors opened into small cribs to hold two oxen a man above with a long iron spear opened and closed the doors of the cribs, and then with it skilfully struck each ox behind the horns; it dropped instantly without a moan; then a door on the opposite side of the crib was opened, a chain put round the horns, and by machinery each one was drawn out into the slaughter house, and, then most rapidly skinned, prepared, and sent off on the truck to hang among the hundreds of carcasses which nearly filled the large room, by which time two more were ready to be treated in like manner, and so on for nearly a score of cribs. In another part of the establishment, packing and canning were carried on. But as one of our party truly said, "The large slaughter houses and their surroundings are not favourable to the growth of man's finer feelings: there was an air of wild rudeness and coarseness in the men and boys that contrasted painfully with the quiet manner of the men engaged in the corn or timber trades." While we saw thousands of cattle and hogs, and large numbers of horses, we saw but few sheep on our travels; but flocks of thousands are to be found in the Central and Western States. The shipments of mutton were said to be so small because it was so inferior to English mutton that it did not pay to export it to Britain.

There are nearly thirty millions of cattle in the United States. The drover from the West or South, and the shipper generally, part with their stock at 4s. profit per head, which to us seems very

small. The Americans are always striving judiciously but economically to raise stock with abundance of good milk and beef, so that the best qualities are marked and chosen wherever found; and those best able to judge feel that in a short time the quality of dairy cows and of oxen in America will be equal to, if not surpass, anything known in Britain, because of the fine climate, the luxuriant grasses, and the natural hardy treatment with which they are raised. As to prices, we saw that bulls, and cows of thoroughbred Jersey breed giving 12 lbs. butter per week, or Ayrshire cows, giving 25 quarts of milk daily, or the heavier Devons or thoroughbred shorthorns, were offered for sale at prices ranging from £20 to £30 each; calves six months old from £8 to £18 each. When a direct line of steamers runs from New York to this Colony, it will be of immense benefit to us to import some of that thoroughly good and cheap stock.

To give you an idea of the resources of the United States, take the tables for 1878. In that year there were twenty million oxen and other cattle, worth £66,000,000, average price £4, highest price £11. Besides, there were also 12,500,000 milch cows, worth £60,000,000, at an average price of £5 5s., highest average £13. There were 11 million horses, valued at £120,000,000, average £12. There were 1,700,000 mules, worth £21,000,000, average £13. There were 32 million hogs, worth £32,000,000, average 18s., the highest 50s. There were nearly 36 million sheep, worth £16,000,000, average 9s. highest 20s, so that a hog was about twice the value of a sheep. In the choicest American stock high prices were given. Some English gentlemen purchased shorthorn cows at £6,000 and £8,000 each. Often well-bred stock ranges from £100 to £500. Some of their best colts are sold for £1,000.

Although we saw comparatively few sheep in America, yet they are to be found in larger or smaller numbers in all the thirty-two States and the Territories. California had the largest number, seven millions; Texas and Ohio each about four millions; the Territories, two millions; State of New York, one and a half million; and so downward to 30,000 sheep, in the smallest Eastern States. While great attention is given to their carcase and amount of meat, increasing attention is being given to the finer woolled sheep, which

on an average yield just under three pounds wool ; but some of the American Merino flocks yield from 4 lbs. to 6 lbs. the fleece, while their rams yield from 20 lbs. to 28 lbs. the fleece, the wool usually fetching from 15d. to 20d. per pound. What are called the American Merinos spring from some 7,000 head of stock from the purest Spanish Merino flocks bought and imported seventy years ago during the Peninsular War, and are still the favourite woolled sheep. They are classed into the "Jarvis," the "Infantado," and the "Paular" Merinos. The "Jarvis" has a fleece in fineness equalling the Saxon and Spanish Escorial, but heavier. The American "Infantado" seems the favourite, with fleece almost unsurpassed for quality, style, and evenness, and weighing from 6 lbs. up to 10 lbs. ; best ram fleeces weighing 25 lbs. each. The ewes are about two feet high, and weigh 95 lbs. The "Paular" is a heavy, thick-fleeced, hardy variety, of which the pure-bred ewes at three years yield fleeces weighing 10 lbs. All these American Merinos are hardy. They also import French, Saxon, Spanish, and Silesian Merinos, the latter hardy, with very fine wool, and as large as the American.

There are other varieties of long-woolled sheep, of which the favourites are South Down, Oxford Down, and Cotswold, with fleeces averaging 7 lbs., and in great demand for mutton and long wool. In the Eastern States sheep are generally kept in meadows and camps ; in the Central and Western States, they are generally herded for half the year, and range from one to three miles in their grazing. A good sheep range is one of thousands of acres of high rolling prairie, through which runs a never-failing stream with some trees on the banks. A better range is the same territory with the prairie grasses killed out, and blue grass in their stead. In some States the sheep are able to live on the blue grass the whole winter. Long experience convinces the farmers that but little disease attacks fat sheep, and that wool will not grow on poor and poorly fed sheep. Those well provided for and well sheltered always look well and yield well, but those not sheltered and cared for are poor. In the Eastern States the sheep are wintered chiefly on hay and oats, and with a very small proportion of mealie stalks and grain and green food such as turnips and such like roots. In the Western and

Central States, where mealies are cheap, the sheep are wintered almost exclusively from those large stooks or shocks of mealie stalks with their cobs, which are left standing at regular distances on the lands, and which are carted thence when needed, and thrown down to the sheep. Sometimes the stalks and grain are given separately, then on an average a sheep will, in small quantities, get about three bushels of mealies during the winter. They are raised there cheaper than the Eastern farmer's hay and oats, and mealies makes heavier wool, keeps them fat, and destroys sheep ticks. When thrown down the sheep pick up the whole or broken or steeped grain so fully that little is wasted. The Eastern farmer thinks mealies too heating; the Western thinks it only gives the heat they need. The former knows that feeding too much mealies kills off sheep sooner; but the latter knows that they will shear enough more wool while they do live to buy two or three sheep. Salt is given at the rate of 40 lbs. to the thousand sheep once a week. Shearing costs about two pence half-penny per head; if not sold on the farm, transport by rail may cost one penny per pound, and shipping and selling another twopence. There are flocks in Illinois of from two to five thousand head which shear averages of five and six lbs. per head. The sheep there suffer from the usual drawbacks of scab, parasites, ticks, footrot, inflammations, and other diseases. The usual remedy for scab is to dip in a lukewarm solution of four parts of tobacco to ten of sulphur to a gallon of water, sometimes blue vitriol and spirits of turpentine are added; the denuded or raw portions are smeared with coal tar. Lambs are generally dipped in tobacco water to kill ticks. Sheep farming in the Central and Western States is proving itself far more profitable than the labours of the cattle feeders, hog fatteners, wheat raisers, and especially mealie growers; and there is an immense area still available for sheep-farming.

The daily ration of hard working horses at railroad and tramcar stations was generally twelve lbs. of hay and sixteen lbs. of mealie meal. White mealies in grain, in meal and in stalks are the chief food for cattle, for horses and for sheep in the West, and white millet (which I had wrongly thought was Kafir corn), a very important one, yet the farmers in many parts sow Timothy grass, sheep's fescue, hard fescue, orchard grass, and Australian brome grass, the three latter are chosen for their powers of resisting drought; for the same

reason the Alsike or Swedish clover and Lucerne are sown, while red clover mixed with the grasses is very profitable. Stock are also fed on all kinds of mangold wurtzel, beet, turnips, carrots, parsnips, pumpkins, cabbage and prickly comfrey, all which are generally sliced up. Large sunflowers are grown extensively for poultry as being even cheaper than mealies. There are many varieties of each of the different kinds of mealies—hard, soft, sweet, popcorn and broomcorn; there are also many varieties of spring wheats and of winter wheats which yield the most abundantly.

Beside the Government Department of Agriculture and its Commissioner, and the great care bestowed on that subject by the Central Bureau at Washington, each State has its annual fair or show for agriculture and mechanics, sometimes on a large scale, and these shows prove a great stimulus to improvement in stock breeding, agricultural implements, machinery and goods.

The most important books for Farmers' Societies are "The Government Annual Reports, 'Department of Agriculture,'" "The Annual Registers of the Country Gentlemen," published by L. Tucker & Sons, Albany, New York; also R. L. Allen's "New American Farm Book," which can be obtained from Mr. J. C. Juta, Cape Town, who also advertises "Our Farm of Four Acres and the Money we made of it." by Frederick Mohr, and "Tim Bunker's Papers on Yankee Farming," illustrated; neither of which I know. Speaking generally, it seems that American books on farming will be more useful here than English, because American farming embraces more of the same conditions, topics and circumstances with ourselves than English farming does.

If these notes, by increasing a knowledge of American farming, present any facts whereby some may be led in any way to improve their stock and their methods of farming, so as especially by the larger use of Kafir imphee and mealie stalks and grain and through the introduction of fresh grasses, to restore those large sheep runs in Albany, Fort Beaufort and other places, which are fast becoming useless, and thus add to the prosperity of our Colony, we shall rejoice, on the principle, that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his country.

## Education.

THIS is a subject said to have been "done to death ;" but as it is one which touches all classes and all individuals, and which affects each one differently, according to his or her path in life, and is, moreover, a point upon which all (excepting those mere animal natures, of which there are a few in the world, who care only for eating, drinking and sleeping) must feel strongly, it can never fail to interest.

Our whole life is, or ought to be, an education—a training for our work in this world and a preparation for the next, by developing, through every possible means, every germ of good, every moral and mental faculty, and further by searching for and eradicating every evil and every worthless motive.

A right education leads us to make the very most of those talents, be they many or be they few, with which we have been entrusted, and teaches us to lend them out for the benefit of those who have other talents, but not ours.

If so used, they will never fail to yield a return, and generally with compound interest.

Therefore the subject of education will ever present fresh phases to different minds, and very varied will be the opinions as to which is the most perfect attainable—for most will regard it from the light in which it has made or marred their own lives.

New systems and new theories of education will continually be cropping up, for the world does not stand still, and different circumstances in its history will require people of different capacities, acquired by different modes of education, to deal with these.

So far from being "done to death" the subject of education is almost exhaustless, and so wide is it in its range, that one scarcely knows from which point to approach.

What does it do for us? Almost everything. The education that God offers us, if we will submit to be taught by Him, enhances our likeness to Him, and makes us worthy of the companionship of angels hereafter.

The education which Satan is always ready to give, is an easy and an alluring one for fallen man. There is little difficulty in

learning the science of sin if we will, but the end thereof is the destruction of the God within us—that part of ourselves which derives real and substantial pleasure from all that is beautiful, noble and true. Sin, if thoroughly learnt, must steep us in misery hereafter.

Mental education makes rational beings of us, improves our instincts, guides us in discerning between right and wrong, assists us to dissect motives, and helps to console us in disappointments, by enabling the mind to turn to other interests.

Manual education clothes and feeds us and ministers to our general comfort.

Physical education improves our health, increases our strength, clears our brains, and aids us immensely in doing our work in the world cheerfully and effectually.

Education is a word too comprehensive to be easily defined.

It is something more than instruction, more than learning certain given facts—for we may learn these without any aim—without making a mark in our nature; we may learn as a mere art of memory, without realizing what we learn, without making it our own property, so that it may go from us, and we shall remain the same creatures as before, not benefited by what we have acquired.

True education is learning with an end in view, with the intention of fitting ourselves for something in the future. Thus we say, we are educated for a profession, *i.e.*, we receive a special training, which especially fits us for the profession we have chosen.

We are educated with a view to business, &c. But our education should not end when we have started in our chosen path. It has a still higher purpose than that to fulfil. No technical, no special education is to be despised, for no avocation can be properly followed without the mind, or hands, or both, being trained with a view to pursuing it. Those few, who, either through the force of unforeseen circumstances, or from having a natural aptitude and inclination for certain callings, undertake them without due training, find that the absence of particular preparatory education will cause a great waste of energy, and generally entails a great amount of slovenly work, whether it be manual or mental.

Moreover, there is a higher education which must be life-continu-



ing, viz., culture of every mental and moral faculty with which we are endued. An ever continuous improvement of our better selves, not for our own sakes merely, but because each individual is a part of the whole race, and the surest way to improve the world is to improve ourselves. By the reflection of our own lives we influence those around us, more than we are generally conscious of.

One strong and noble mind is able to raise the standard of the little world around it. Much, very much good may be done by those who try to raise the tone of conversation in their homes and in society; they may in this way alter the whole colouring of many lives; and lead them to struggle out of the frivolous occupations which are deadening their feelings and ruining their intellect.

We cannot hope to interest others in what does not interest ourselves, and we cannot wisely attempt to give to others truths which are not our own; they will soon discover that they are stolen articles, and reject them. Any knowledge, any truth that we feel is desirable, we must perseveringly work into our own minds, until it becomes so decidedly our own property, that we can conscientiously bestow it upon those who will receive it, or better still assist them to get it for themselves.

The part of our Mental Education which is most deficient, is not the cultivation of memory, or of languages, but of *ideas*.

Of all wastes there seems no greater in the world, than the waste of *Thought*—the noblest of all gifts we have received. This is owing almost entirely to the insufficient training of our minds in youth. Our intellect is not strengthened by compulsory observation and by reasoning. Instead of putting such books into their hands as would help the formation of young pliable minds, very often the only mental food which is given to children, excepting the lessons they have to learn by rote, are tales, pretty indeed, and harmless, but useless, nay scarcely can they be called harmless, if given without limitation, and unmingled with a little sterner stuff, because it produces a craving for light and lighter literature as they grow older, and unfits them for the enjoyment of more solid works.

In after years some of us are able to look back and see how brains, which might now be bearing good fruit, withered for want of more wholesome nourishment, or are running along the ground in a

grovelling direction, when with strong support they might have climbed to noble heights.

The youthful imaginations which devoured and lived upon these books, we know could have digested stronger food, if it had been given to them; and the result would have been stronger and better regulated intellects.

It is a great mistake to imagine children's minds incapable of comprehending the whys and wherefores. We are rather inclined to treat children as if they were little idiots, and to consider explanations to them useless. This is cruelty; we cannot begin too early to teach them to think, and to make discoveries for themselves. Reason is there, or the germ of it, it only needs cultivating and expanding by exercise gradually increasing in quantity. If we will only condescend to talk to them, as if they were rational beings, and be at a little trouble to simplify our language so as not to mystify them, they are as capable of becoming interested in realities as in their toys and fancies. It is an old saying that the child is father to the man, and it is generally true, that in the same direction that the twig is bent will the tree incline. So, if we would have men and women with well-balanced, elastic, and yet solid minds, men and women capable of acquiring knowledge and turning it to judicious account, we must see that our children's minds are properly trained, and carefully guided into the right directions; we must spare no pains to teach the young idea to shoot.

Through an insufficient exercise of the reasoning powers in childhood, some minds become coated with a film, which only extraordinary efforts can remove, and then only after the labour of years.

The English nation appears to be awakening to the necessity of providing a more liberal education than has been hitherto obtainable outside the Universities. For the formation of reliable and interesting characters, a good *general* education is essential. This has hitherto been a great "want." What is needed, and what is now becoming more attainable, is that sort of education which will give the recipient a wider perspective of facts and theories.

A limited education generally means such a narrow range of vision, as is excessively inconvenient to other people, as well as preventive to one's own mental progress.

You scarcely like to go to such people for advice and sympathy in difficulties, fearing they may not see through and beyond them. You do not like to tell them any ideas which occur to you, and which you know are contrary to their fixed ones, because from absence of a "free" education, their minds are not open to admit new currents of ideas. They will only look at things in their own hackneyed light. They cannot argue, they merely persist in the infallibility of their own bigoted notions, which they have acquired much as a parrot learns to talk; and they turn from yours (in their eyes heretical ones because new) with pious horror.

There are again those who see everything as if enveloped in a mist. They have a vague notion of what is just, and that something is amiss with the existing state of things, but they cannot disentangle their ideas, they cannot pierce the fog and discover a clear view beyond. This semi-blindness of intellect is caused through not having their minds strengthened in youth, by being taught to work out one subject steadily until they have mastered it, concentrating all their mind upon it, and keeping it free of irrelevant and disturbing matter.

Yet again, others will accept new ideas, provided they are given to them ready made by eminent minds, or I should say by the fashionable ones. It is tantalising talking to these people, because you know that their verdict is not an unbiassed one, and that their so-called *own* ideas, which they maintain so tenaciously, are not the result of their own judgment, arrived at by a process of sound reasoning, and therefore not their own property at all, but stolen. They hold those views which appeal to the irrational part of their nature, often only the emotional; and anything valuable for its plain common sense is utterly scorned by them.

This class will not see any beauty in or admit the force of the arguments of any book, which, though having really great merit, has for some reason been condemned by a critic of notoriety, and is not clothed in language ornamental and voluminous, behind which the real thing is scarcely to be detected.

It is not only that they *will* not see, but that they *do* not see—their eyes are blinded.

This sort of character is also the result of a partial education—an education which teaches them to acquire, but not to probe, not to

revel and delight in what is genuinely worthy of admiration. They need, in fact, the style of education which will help them to break the iron chains of conventionality.

Some one has said that the right education is to learn a little of everything and a great deal of one thing. That is very true, because life is too short, and our capacities too small, to enable us to learn everything thoroughly. But in order to render ourselves companionable to all who cross our path, we would wish to know a little of what may be of special interest to each; further, we never know what we may stand in need of; no knowledge which we may have acquired is ever thrown away, it always increases our value, and at the same time helps to make us humble, by causing us to realise how wide the realm of knowledge is, and how little of it we poor earth-worms can hope to grasp here.

Stupid ignorance alone is content with the little it has, and however comfortable that state of mind may be, we hesitate not to pronounce it uninteresting and unenviable. The beneficial effect of general knowledge in opening the understanding, need not, after what has preceded this, be discussed. Acknowledging the desirableness of general information and culture, we yet feel that if we are to do our part towards assisting the work of universal progress; if we care about making any mark in the world, and keeping our memory green, we must devote our best energies, and the greatest portion of our available time, to the cultivation of *one* talent, or the pursuit of *one* study.

When we have discovered the natural bent of our minds, we must give it as free play as our opportunities will permit, so that in one thing at least we may excel.

Some day or other the subject we have made our life work will be a power in our hands—and if we choose money in our pocket. It cannot fail to be so, as no one with average capacity can steadily and undauntedly plod on, without gaining a measure of success.

The public mind is now much occupied in considering the education of the lower classes, some thinking that every branch of knowledge and every art should be brought within their reach, and that they must be compelled to learn a certain amount, *nolens volens*, and that the whole world will benefit by their education.

Others contend that much education unfits them for the duties of

their station, by giving them feelings of false contempt for ordinary duties. In their laudable desire to pierce the gross ignorance of the mass and raise them above the condition of irrational brutes, the friends of the poor appear to have gone too far ; but the matter will right itself in time, and reach its proper level, as all revolutions in ideas do. They will come round eventually to the conclusion that work is above all things honourable, and that the best education is that which most fits them to excel in their chosen occupations.

In our generation the system of Female Education in the better classes seems to have been all wrong. It is neither calculated to produce women of strong intellects, nor to enable them to be self-supporting. It has sent women into the world unfit to battle with it, whose mere superficial attainments have given rise to the contempt in which their mental capacities are held.

Girls go through the whole labour and monotony of school life, as if they were to be solely fitted for the shortest and least important portion of their lives, viz., from seventeen to eighteen, as if the aim of their education was to be accomplished in matrimony. All were supposed to reach this *summum bonum*, and any failing to do so, are considered to have failed in the object of their existence, and regarded much in the same light as unsaleable horses.

They are compelled to spend hours of each day in educating their fingers, but not their heads or hearts, by practising on the piano ; and in learning to speak bad French, in order that they may attract attention and cause them to sell well. Music, indeed, is not to be despised in itself. It is inspiring, inspiriting, and consoling. It "hath charms to soothe the savage breast ;" but to rattle off pieces at the fastest possible rate, can have none of these effects, and the daily hours of labour necessary for perfect execution would be far better spent in acquiring some interesting knowledge. By all means let those who *are* musical, spare no pains to cultivate this charming art, even at the expense of other accomplishments.

It is the mechanical and superficial way in which it is generally taught and performed, that is to be so much deplored, as music (?) of that description cannot appeal to the feelings or have any educating effect upon the heads or hearts of the performers. Many and many a girl longs to give up this accomplishment, which takes more

time than anything else, and in which she feels that, however painstaking and industrious she may be, she can never satisfactorily succeed, when she is conscious that were she but allowed to devote her time to some other pursuit, she could work with a certainty of improvement, and, therefore, more contentedly and with greater advantage.

Girls of the rising generation will be better off in this respect, as the thoroughness of their education will be tested by examinations, and teachers are now being taught how to teach. The willing disciples of the future will not have occasion to look back on their school life regretfully, as so many do now, and to pronounce the training there received inadequate, and to feel that from inefficient teaching and injudicious systems, rather than from any fault of their own, they are inferior to what they might have been.

They will not feel the same mortifications in conversing with intelligent and cultured men as we do, and think bitterly of the neglect which has left them ignorant.

Girls will now have a wider range of subjects given to them. They will have open competition, which will not only give them an opportunity of knowing their own powers, and which will ensure painstaking in their teachers, but which will also give them a zest for their work, for emulation is the best of all spurs, producing an immediate interest, not some far off object to be gained only by much dull, heartless work. And, happiest change of all, the girl of the future will be allowed some choice in the selection of her studies, so that each can work at what she feels she can make most rapid progress.

Some things of course are, and must always be, compulsory, as they form a solid foundation for all other acquirements.

It is very hard, for girls with a natural love of learning, and an honest desire to qualify themselves for any position in life that may be their lot, to be taken from their studies just when their minds are beginning to open, and when their brothers are commencing the most interesting part of theirs. Why is it that the foundation being laid, they are not allowed to build the walls? Why is the elementary education received at school not supplemented by a more finished one just at the time when they may be supposed to make most headway?

Why? Because a girl in her teens is supposed to be more fascinating than at any other age. A state of things truly demoralising.

Men have begun to discover that women educated with such ideas do not make good wives; and that something more than showy accomplishments are desirable in a companion for life.

Circumstances may prevent one from dancing, singing, playing or drawing, but good conversational powers and a quick understanding are ever a useful possession.

Our grandmothers were trained to make good wives and mothers. We were educated with a view to getting married as speedily as possible. We may affect to despise their limited education, but they were more wisely taught than we, inasmuch as they thoroughly learnt all that could minister to creature comforts for a lifetime, whilst we were trained only to please for a short time.

Their education was therefore better and more consistent than ours, but we anticipate still better for the women to come.

No one denies the desirability of a sound education for men, but they must be blind to their own interests not to see that the education of women is of prior importance, since children are more immediately under the mother's influence and guidance, than under the father's, and more often get their tone from the mother.

By a clever mother's conversation, boys get their first love of knowledge, their first insight into the realms of thought.

When they go to school, they come home from it with a certainty that all they have been doing there will be matter of keen interest to her; and that they will be intelligently questioned. Such a mother's pleasure in her son's progress, more than any other cause, assures his progress. A mother's disappointed look when he fails hurts him more than the master's cane, and for her approbation he will persevere, knowing that her affection will never withhold commendation justly won, and that she is competent to judge when it is deserved.

If a mother wishes to retain her influence with her clever sons in manhood, she must not allow herself to stand still; she must continue to cultivate her understanding, or they will leave her far behind and seek companionship and advice elsewhere.

Education in its true sense knows no bounds of thought, or limits

of time. Continuous improvement is the law of our best nature—move we must in one direction or other—either backwards or forwards; the alternation is progression or retrogression; we are powerless to stand still.

Every talent wasted or unimproved is an act of ingratitude to the God who gave it to us; and for the credit of the human race we are bound to make the very most of every one of the opportunities granted to us, never forgetting that the main object of our education must be to develop our highest moral nature.

C. G. C.





## An Old Tobacco Pouch.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF C. VAN NIEVELT).

SWEARING is offensive and stupid.

It is offensive if it is the result of habit. The coarse exclamation which escapes the lips, not with evil intent, but because the bad habit has grown inveterate, is offensive ; as offensive as stammering, lispings, and affectation.

But genuine cursing, the deliberate invocation of something unpleasant on oneself or on others, is stupid.

Yet, who does not curse sometimes ? Even though it only be "Well, I am blessed !" or "The deuce !"

A curse does give such relief. A curse opens the safety-valve, if the boiler in which anger and annoyance are seething is ready to burst. A timely curse prevents a paralytic stroke, a murder. In one single curse I express all my passion, all my disappointment, sometimes all my noblest indignation.

O, I well know that I should have learnt to repress and stifle all these ebullitions in my heart. But at all events I have *not* learned to do that.

I know that I ought to be like my friend Beatus, who never curses, nor ever prays ; who never asks either earth or heaven a favour, and never grumbles against either heaven or earth ; who enjoys whatever good he may with perfect enjoyment, who bears calmly and proudly whatever he cannot ward off. Alas ! I am not yet so proficient in self-restraint.

I also know that my curse cannot change events. No ; but it changes my way of looking at them ; just as it relieves the pain I suffer when I deal a blow to the doorpost against which I bumped my head.

Do not, on this account, despise me, O touchy reader, as an apostle of sailors' eloquence !

No, as a warning to all who are in the habit of expressing themselves too strongly, I will tell a story—a story, instructive, edifying and amusing to everyone who does not take pride in fighting yelping pug-dogs as if they were roaring Bengal tigers.

Attention !

There hangs on the wall of my room, amongst other relics, an object which I prize more highly than all the other nicknacks which adorn my humble cell.

'Tis a tobacco pouch, such as cannot be bought in a shop—a tobacco pouch made of the web of an albatross. The thing is withered and wrinkled ; it smells somewhat of train oil ; three long talons only remind the uninitiated observer of the claw of an animal, more particularly of that of a bird. My seamstress has lined my treasure with red tape. For the rest no one ever notices it ; no one has ever offered me a penny for it ; and no mortal—nor the bird to which it formerly belonged—ever thought of using the pouch for the purposed end, namely, to fill it with tobacco, and to consume that tobacco in pipes.

For all that, it is beyond all doubt, that every man susceptible to impressions who has crossed the ocean, will feel the weakness which I myself feel for a curiosity such as this. Every one who knows where and how the albatross lives ; everyone who has ploughed the seas round and southward of the Table Mountain or Cape Horn ; everyone who has known the albatross face to face, as the king of birds in that region, will, if he takes up my tobacco pouch, feel something as I do. He will feel his flesh creep, a sensation which would not overcome him even if he saw a condor of the Cordilleras, or a golden vulture of the highest Alps alive before him. I also possess a small Java tiger skin, an elephant's tusk, which I brought from Ceylon ; a splendid mother of pearl shell, which I have myself picked up on the shore of the Red Sea, not far from the spot where Pharaoh for the last time popped out his head to hurl a sound Coptic farewell malediction at the head of Moses. But, however dear all these curiosities are to me, none of them is a talisman powerful enough to make me start up out of my sleep at night, as I do when I unfortunately dream of this old mouldy bird's claw.

Hear, O ye people, and listen to this tale,—the story of my tobacco pouch ; and the story of the original owner, the great grey albatross, which carried it about with him, not so much as part of his smoking apparatus, but as one of the two broad, tough, membranous oars with which he steered his body, when he, by night and in the storm, airily floating on the summit of a flying water-mountain, was greedily enjoying the dead bodies of man or fish.

I was passenger on board the *Geertruida Maria*. We were on the home voyage, and sailed southward of the Mozambique Channel.

On the home voyage! Stirring sound in the ears of the at last returning exile, who left nothing behind him in the far country, and hopes to find everything at home! But the more charming the prospect which awaited us after a safe passage, the more threatening was the morrow. Our ship was old, thirty years and perhaps more; we made four inches of water in a watch, and, 'twas winter at the Cape.

I was leaning over the bulwarks, as I was in the habit of doing, and I sought comfort with the first mate. Fellow-passengers I had none, and the captain was ill in bed. It was a long, dreary and ghostly passage, but I had to do it cheaply.

"We are getting on all right so far, mate."

"All right? Well, everything may be all right *here*! But wait a bit till we sight Cape Recief!"

"What then?"

"Then the south-westerly squalls will teach us what cruising is, if we have forgotten it!"

"And will *Geertruida* manage to live through them?"

"If God wills it; in any case Port Elizabeth will be near."

"O you bird of ill omen!"

"I say nothing, but I have seen a bird of ill omen."

"What is that?"

"Old Donders; look there he is!"

A gigantic grey albatross, with wings like those of a windmill, and with beak like that of an alligator, rose before the bowsprit, and, soaring on his outstretched pinions, described a circle round our vessel.

"Was that old Donders? Who was old Donders?"

"When I made my first voyage, as cabin boy, he was here already. He only boards Dutch vessels," said the mate.

"Why?"

"Because he is a Dutchman himself."

"The Devil! You are talking nonsense. Of whom are you speaking?"

"Hush! Don't mention the Devil if you talk about old Donders."

"But who, what, where is old Donders?"

“I will tell you. But don't laugh at me. I do not really believe these stories, yet I did at one time believe them. In fact, I myself laugh at these old wives tales—on shore at least. But at sea . . . one can't know. Old Donders was a sea-captain in his lifetime; one of those old-fashioned iron tars, whose daring fearlessness gave rise to the legend of the Flying Dutchman; one of those men who dared to uplift their bony fists even against Heaven and the genii of wind and weather. Donders was a giant, a bully. His crew trembled before him. He gave his men their due; he did not grudge them a dram or a biscuit, but woe to the unwilling; woe to the boy who hesitated to go aloft, when in the black winter night the snow storm had snapped the topgallant mast as if it had been a lucifer match! Donders drank and cursed—and cursed. Oh, that's just it; if he had not cursed, he might now be at rest! Donders thought he *must* make fast passages from and to Java—hundred days, no longer. Donders could not put up with a calm. ‘Are you asleep up there?’ he exclaimed. ‘I will wake you.’ And with imprecations, he had his old five-pounder fired off, resounding over the calm ocean, so that sharks and porpoises dived down, terrified by the boom of the cannon and by the still more appalling sounds from the mouth of the blasphemer. Donders could not bear contrary winds nor squalls. ‘Are you in want of rags?’ he roared, when a sail was torn from the bolt-rope; ‘take new ones then and let the old stick where they are!’ And therewith he flung rolls of new canvas in the hurricane, which flew flapping up to heaven, as if to bear testimony to the curses, which the strong, bad man sent after them. Such was Captain Donders, the brazen, resolute seaman, the sinner defying heaven. Thus he continued to be to the end. And once, when a strong east wind detained him before the Channel, he stood on deck, great and terrible as Satan after the fall: ‘I *will* get through!’ he cried. And he did go through. And when his ship burst to pieces on Cape Lizard, when every breaker rolling in bellowed at him and his men the sentence of death; then, says the only surviving sailor, then Donders was heard to shout with laughter, and defiantly exclaiming: ‘Ha, better to drown than to give in!’ Captain Donders, men say, was not drowned; his corpse was not washed up anywhere. But in the shape of a huge, grey

albatross he soars over the Cape seas. Day after day, year after year, he spreads his broad wings over the waters; he boards Dutch vessels only; no bullet ever could hit him; no hook did he ever take. And when the boatswain on each homeward voyage sees the bird again, he tells the sailors for the twentieth time the story of old Donders, under whom he made his first voyage; who old Donders was, how he met with his death, and who old Donders is now."

What the mate had predicted happened. Variable winds brought us off Algoa Bay. Old Donders daily made his appearance. He spoke only Dutch vessels, and he divided his time between us and our countrymen who might be in the neighbourhood.

Winter suddenly burst upon us. Squall upon squall, shower upon shower, with heavy falls of hail and snow. . . Sometimes it was calm, and with delight we then observed how the powerful Mozambique current carried us along past the wild peaks of Uitenhage and Plettenberg's Bay.

Then we fished: every man had his line out; voracious codfish with the hook entirely swallowed, sharks and other fish, were hauled up from the deep. The log-line at the stern was provided with a large fish hook baited with bacon, and many an albatross had to pay dearly for a taste of it. But an hour afterwards there was no more fishing. The lines were hauled in, and everyone who did not wish himself to become bait for fishes, had to exert himself. Angry gusts, which came on treacherously as sudden gales; seas like mountains, which hammered our poor, decrepit *Geertruida* till the ribs in her old body creaked. The stormy petrel chirp in the storm, the black sea gulls screech, and the albatross sail on the wind.

"I say, mate, will the *Geertruida* get through it?"

"Not if lasts long. There is old Donders also."

And old Donders appeared, and his fellow birds made room for him as dwarfs for a giant. He swept past our ears and dealt the main yard a blow with his wing and shouted out: "Ah, better to drown than to give in!"

So we toiled on from day to day. Fourteen times twenty-four hours we cruised about on the reef, now becalmed, then storm before we sighted Cape Agulhas. If once we had rounded that, then hurrah, the *Geertruida* would manage the rest also.

But stop, before you rejoice! At last we have rounded Cape Agulhas; to-morrow we may pass Table Mountain; but to-night the god of storms still finds us in his domain.

Late in the evening the albatrosses soared again. The black gulls screeched, and the petrels chirped; again it shook and hammered and roared and howled and foamed, as if sky and sea intended our annihilation—suddenly a cry of distress is heard ahead, a feeble cry, scarcely audible in the roaring hurricane; but it is repeated by anxious voices: “Man overboard! Man overboard!”

“Who is it?”

“Jan Pieters.”

“Lower a boat, we must save him!” the men cry.

Fools, who thinks of a boat in such weather? Poor old Jan Pieters! He is gone, he is gone! What will his poor young wife say?

“There he is,” cries one, holding on to the log-line. “Haul in, haul in!”

“Hurrah! Clever Jan Pieters!” And twenty strong hands, with difficulty haul in the log-line, at the end of which something indeed seems to move.

“Haul in, haul in! He has hold of it, I feel it! Steady, boys, steady!” In ten seconds they have pulled him up to the helm.

“Take care now. Fetch a hook! Jan, old fellow, can’t you speak? Slowly now, hand me that hook! Steady, here he comes.”

“O Lord!”

“What’s the matter?”

“It is not Jan Pieters!”

“Who then?”

“’Tis, ’tis, good heavens—it is old Donders!”

“Poor Jan Pieters, what will your poor young wife say?”

“She’ll cry, and she’ll do what other seamen’s wives have done, cry and dry her tears, and seek for comfort and marry Piet Jansen!”

Thus argued the mate, when the morning after that dreadful night, we were sitting on the hencoop, and occupied ourselves with plucking and skinning old Donders.

Table Mountain was barely visible astern; a Cape winter’s sun

lit up the heavy swell, and a friendly easterly breeze carried us further and further from the domain of storms—further and further towards the blue South Atlantic, St. Helena, Ascension, the glowing Tropics, the Azores, the lively Channel, the beloved Fatherland!

Well done, *Geertruida*, you have conquered! And you, shade of old Donders, have you also triumphed? Have you suffered long enough for your swearing and raving? Have you wandered about long enough and haunted the wild seas of the Cape, in the shape of a great grey albatross?

Let it be a lesson to you, Captain Donders, and to you, mate Willems and boatswain Hendriks, if in the future, be it in this or in the life to come, on this earth or on some other star, you again have to combat the wind and the weather, lest you attempt by curse and defiance, to make the powers of Nature subservient to the interests of the Netherland Trading Company.

It is hard lines, Captain Klaassen, deuced hard lines, I know, if one longs for home and fresh vegetables; if wife and children and owners are waiting; if ship brokers, consignees, underwriters, and the whole firm of Balance and Co. are looking out for you with anxious impatience; 'tis hard lines if it absolutely *will* not blow in the Tropics, or if, in the channel entrance the easterly breeze *will* continue and refuses to listen to reason. Assuredly you have good cause for complaint: for you are the lords of creation, and creation ought therefore to consult your convenience—that undutiful one! But at the same time consider, ail ye travellers by sea and land, how much more simple a thing it is for you to accommodate yourselves to creation, than creation to adopt itself to the circumstances of each of you! Nay, even you, sturdy tiller of the soil, who sometimes long for rain for your cabbages and turnips; and you, domesticated citizen, who lay claim to sunshine on your annual holiday, consider, if you have objections against your swimming membranes being manufactured into tobacco pouches after your death.....

No consider nothing! Hold your hats in the storm, put up your umbrellas in the rain, and be silent!

The moral need not be stated. You require no albatross claw

to teach you that your cursing will not protect your eye against one single particle of dust, nor your nose against a single drop of rain.

Yet, while you are not yet a *Beatus*, and while you still relieve your feelings in gloomy days, by an oath or by what stands for it, do it *piano*, *pianissimo*. The *forte* is too silly, and gives too much offence. And I, myself, would be amongst the first to punish you for it, by persecuting you once more with this silly story of my old tobacco pouch.

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## The Past.

What is the Past ? a plain  
 O'erstrewn with tombstones drear,  
 Marking the graves of dear,  
 Remembered joys—of hopes all vain,  
 Which budded with the budding year—  
 But, when their wished-for goal drew near,  
     Sank all to sleep again.

Dead Past ! I hold it dear  
 To gaze into thine eyes—  
 Pale ghosts around me rise,  
 And shadowy forms draw near—  
 Dead hopes, dead joys, dead pain,  
 Awake, and live again.  
 Long buried memories,  
 Like odour faintly sweet, which lies  
 In petals of dead flowers we prize  
     When time hath left them sear.

Thy graves breathe forth, oh Past !  
 Amid the slumb'ring sod  
 The path my feet have trod  
 With weeds and moss o'ergrown  
 All strewn with stones appears—  
 But in their midst fair flowers, which God  
 Himself with loving hand hath sown,  
 Grow watered with my tears—  
 In His strong hand I'll find them safe at last.

Peace ! peace oh, mournful Past !  
Tempt me no more to cast  
Mine aching gaze across thy gloom,  
Nor stretch sad longing hands  
Backward, to touch each precious tomb  
Thou hold'st. Before me stands  
A presence, awful and sublime,  
The swift-winged phantom Time,  
Holding the portal of the Unknown Vast.

With eager glance he bids me cease  
To mourn o'er days no longer mine.  
“ The Present still,” he cries, “ is thine !  
“ So fill each moment that a glorious Past  
“ Into Time's lap thy hands may cast—  
“ While a large light of Love around thee shines—  
“ Approach, with brow serene, and strong,  
“ All that awaits of right, or seeming wrong,  
“ Safe in His love whose Law brings perfect Peace.”

Mu.



## Love and Money too.

### CHAPTER IV.

“ Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale—”

The discussion upon Mary's present occupied the family at breakfast next morning to the exclusion of Robert's absence the night before. The mother was the most pleased of the party; she was more than pleased she was thankful that her daughter should have a good, warm, new dress for the coming winter, and would not hear of the gift being transferred to herself. The father who should have been able to give Mary all she wanted was not glad. Strange to say he felt as though his daughter had done him out of the money; he was not directly conscious of the feeling, but he began running over in his mind how many things there were that he should like to have done on the farm the two guineas would have paid for, and that were wanted much more than she wanted a new dress; and if Mr. Roswear had given the money to his sister he thought it would have been better sense, for then it could have been spent about something more useful than clothes, (of course it would have at once passed into his own hands, and perhaps this his brother-in-law knew). There was the barn-door looking quite shabby, and a new coat of paint for it would spruce up the whole yard; there was a new gate wanted for the Under Park, and that piece of the South Moor that he had turned into a garden was not answering: he saw that it was a mistake now, there was not earth enough; and two guineas would tear down the hedge again, and it was a great disadvantage having a corner cut off from a field like that. In the course of the morning he went and looked at the garden, and really managed to feel as if it was Mary's fault, and her uncle's, that it was there at all. He should have liked some new rakes this harvest. He always believed there was a good quarry in the Under Park, and it would have been something to prove to James and Robert that he knew better than they did, and the stones would have come handy to make the road into the field better; there would be pretty work to get the corn out as it was now.

Robert took little part in the conversation at breakfast, and his mother noticed his dejection, but putting it down to his disappointment about being set up, said nothing about it.

In the middle of the morning Mr. Pengelly came in to have a glass of beer, and Robert came in too.

"Father," he said, "Young Prince is going lame."

"You rode him too fast yesterday," exclaimed the father angrily. "That's as promising a young horse as ever I saw. I would not have anything happen to him for twenty pounds!"

No one knew that Young Prince was so valued before.

"It wasn't that," said Robert more quietly than usual when he was defending himself, "he stepped on a furze stub and ran it up into his hoof."

"The horse will die," cried the father irritably. "One and another of you will bring me to beggary. How could you think of going on when you found what you'd done? Anybody would think you meant to kill the horse."

"It wasn't going out, it was coming home."

"And what must you be staying so late for, and then coming across country to make up for lost time? If you'd kept along in the road it would not have happened. Where's Tom? Send him off for Farrier Cory at once."

They proceeded to the stable, and in spite of Robert's resistance and his father's declarations that the horse "must die," Farrier Cory was sent for and came.

Mr. Pengelly blustered; his wife went about the house quietly sorrowful, and Mary took to crying when she had a minute or two to herself.

What was the good of making such a fuss over this? If they only knew! thought Robert. He was full of dismay. In vain he told himself that all would be well; that all he had to do was to bear a bold front. In vain he assured himself that he had not lost Philippa—that his prospects were no worse than they were before. He had buried Hope alive, and she would not rise from her grave at his wish. He could not sleep by night, and by day he kept hurrying from his work to the house dreading, and yet almost anxious, to hear the news that he knew must come.

The horse did not die, and got better in a very few days, but the family had ceased to think about him before that. On the third day James went to market and returned a couple of hours earlier than usual. He walked into the room with his face so pale that Robert wanted no words to tell him his news. They looked at each other—James seemed to see no one else.

"Oh, God, Robert!" he cried, with as white a face as Mary's, "what have you done?"

He sank into a chair, and dropping his head on his knees, shook with great tearless sobs. Robert's tongue seemed withered in his mouth, and one or two inarticulate sounds were all he could utter. The rest gazed from one to the other.

"James," said the mother, "tell us what he has done."

"I will tell you what has happened," her son gasped out. "On Tuesday evening the mail-carrier was stopped and robbed on the moor, not seven miles from here, by a man riding a black horse with a white star on its forehead, and *lame* in its off fore-leg."

Robert gave a start, he had not expected that.

"May God forgive you," his mother exclaimed with a groan. She would have doubted had it been possible, but guilt was boldly written on his face, and he made no attempt to deny it.

"Why," exclaimed the bewildered father, "it's a hanging matter!"

No one needed to be told that, but Mary burst into hysterical crying on hearing it. Her mother took no heed of it for the time.

"My boy," she said in a voice as tender as if he had been an ailing child whom she was trying to induce to take a life-saving medicine, "you must hide yourself somewhere till you can get out of the country. After the farrier has been, and one thing and another, there is no chance that you won't be suspected. It will not do to risk even this night."

She spoke so calmly that James and Mary were nerved to some exertion. One hurried for food and another made a small bundle of clothes.

Robert sat in the chair the family thought comfortable, though it probably would not have come up to modern notions of ease, and watched one and the other as they flitted in and out. He could not realize that the place that had known him was to know him no more—that henceforth he was to be a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth;—the agony of each passing moment was sufficient to fill his soul and drown every other thought. For one moment he wondered what Philippa would feel when she heard, but the next he was wondering if his mother was looking like Jael or like Rizpah when she sat by her dead, and drove away the fowls of the air and beasts of the field. And there was his father standing by the empty fire-place too miserable to utter reproaches or even to bite his nails. Never since Robert could remember had he felt so tender towards his father; when a boy he had cherished a lofty

scorn for him as an impractical man—a ne'er-do-weel. Now he wanted to ask his forgiveness: he had often blamed him for not doing anything to help his children on in the world, but he knew and felt that no prospect of gain to himself or anyone else would have tempted his father to a crime, and what would poverty be to endure compared to the disgrace which must now cling to their name? He knew that however well-disposed the man he had seen at the moor-gate might be, he would never be able to resist adding his link to the chain of evidence against him. But though his soul was humble his spirit would not give way, and he sat still watching the preparations and saying nothing to the man shivering by his side.

His mother roused him at length. She kissed him; he heard the gasp in her throat—would he ever cease to hear it? as she said “If it is possible, my boy, I must see you again before you go out of the country, but we must not know where you are going now. James, you’ll go a little way with him won’t you?”

“Robert, Robert,” whispered Mary with her arms around him “wherever you go I’ll come to you, if it is in America, or Australia, or anywhere. You’ve only got to let me know where it is, and I’ll get there somehow.”

He could not answer her. She would come as an angel, he thought; for as he looked into her great excited eyes he saw a beauty in them that he had never seen before, and he knew that long before he could reach a far off shore she would have taken a longer journey; and he vaguely wondered if she could be happy even there knowing the trouble that was left behind for the others to drag on through all the years that were to come. He should have work and a lot of strange adventures to help to blot it out of his mind. Of course he could not forget it, but it would not always be present. He hated himself for thinking that it would not be always the same trouble to him. Even Philippa—he clenched his teeth to keep himself from stamping—in thirty years it would not madden him to think that he had lost her.

“You must go now,” said his mother, as James came in from looking round to see that the way was clear.

An overwhelming sense of being made up of nerves for a moment suspended his feelings as he turned to his father. Then his dry, white, lips hoarsely said, “Father, I’m sorry that I’ve given you all this trouble.”

“We have both something to forgive,” said Mr. Pengelly, and as they grasped each other’s hands they felt more tenderness for each other than

they had since the days when Robert had run about at his father's heels, riding on his stick. There had been a great shaking of the dry leaves in the father's soul when this mighty wind had smitten him. Was it possible that his son could have done such a thing? Surely the very fact of his being his son must have prevented it; or had the whole happened because he *was* his son? His own integrity was such, he thought, that he would rather let a man cheat him ever so much than be hard on him. But had he a right to let others cheat him, and his children to want? Had they not a right to expect help from him? A voice seemed to shriek in his ear, "Provoke not your children to wrath." Yes, there were duties from parents to children beyond mere feeding and clothing: had he done his best to bring them up in the "fear and admonition of the Lord?" Did some of this very crime belong to himself? He bowed his head and tremblingly acknowledged that there was forgiveness wanted on both sides.

A rush of cool night air and a sense of regular motion brought Robert face to face with the fact that he was thrown upon his own resources. Then James, whose brain had been busier about ways and means than Robert's, suggested plans. He spoke of half-a-dozen places he had thought of, where a man might be well concealed, but would not hear which Robert would choose, but they must have a meeting-place to which James could take food, and bring news of any plans for Robert's escape when they could be found.

When James left him, Robert stood still listening to his departing footsteps. He could not move till the last sounds had died away, and then a loneliness, almost equal to that of death, took possession of his spirit. He was close to his home, yet dared not enter it; loving hearts were near, but powerless to help him. This had come so suddenly upon him in spite of his previous forebodings;—two hours ago he had put his horses out past this very spot—now he had done with them forever. He had done his day's work that day in the midst of the workmen, ordering and directing them—was that ended, and must he shun their faces as though they had the plague? He and his father at supper had settled which day harvest should begin; was he to take no part in what he had planned? Was the grain he had helped to sow to be reaped only by other hands? Must he "see it with his eyes but not cat thereof?"

He was recalled to the necessity of finding a hiding place by a sheep's bleating on the other side of the hedge, and he loathed himself for the

start of fright he gave and the cold sweat on his forehead. Was it possible that Robert Pengelly was afraid to meet any man, woman or child? Was afraid for any human eye to fall upon him? His decision was but the work of an instant; and listening intently to make sure of the perfect stillness of all around, he proceeded towards a river which ran towards Crawstock at a short distance from his father's house. He reached a spot where the banks were twenty feet high, and after again listening for any sound, he cautiously made his way about half way down, and after groping about for a few minutes he removed some stone and rubble, and creeping into a hole which they had hidden, he piled them up again loosely at the entrance. Years ago when they were boys, James and he had discovered this old smuggler's hole, and with the feeling of pleasure at having a secret, had carefully kept their knowledge of it to themselves, and having decided upon making it their treasure-house had spent many stolen hours there. Robert chose it now, not because he thought it more secure than other places he knew of, but because he might at least be able to have a passing glimpse of faces he knew through the crevices of the opening.

This first night was a dreary one; notwithstanding the friendly darkness he could not forget where he was. He knew he was safe, till morning at least, but thoughts of the past, and all the possibilities and probabilities of the future, troubled him; thoughts of the sin he had committed wilfully and determinedly. There had been no yielding to sudden temptation, no unconsciousness in his act. At the time he had tried to console himself with the reflection that he was no worse than his neighbours; now he knew that it had been a vain attempt. It mattered little what his neighbours were unless he had helped to make them such. His sin must stand alone for judgment. Bitter thoughts of Philippa troubled him too. Instead of his love being a blessing to her it had been a curse. He had hoped to make her life easier, to have been a help to her, and now he must leave her in worse plight than ever with a slur upon her name because he had loved her? Was he not a curse to all he had to do with?

When the dawn allowed him to take his first look around his refuge, he hated the spot because he was obliged to hide in it. It seemed a marvel that ever he and James could have endured to spend their play time there. He took up a piece of wood partly fashioned into a boat that had been left unfinished, wondering that they could ever have been happy there. He fingered a little sail that Rachel had hemmed for him, her first effort at sewing he remembered, which he had prized in those days, as if the touch might bring back some of the old sense of pleasure. He could not stand



up, and there seemed no room to turn around, but that must be a mistake if he and James could both get in at once. Ah! it was James that was wanting, and the knowledge that he might go away when he was tired of it. Tired of it! He hated the place already! . . . .

A boat went slowly past. How eagerly he looked as long as it was in sight, and listened to the voices of the men! They were company for each other and they were free; could one want more happiness than that? A sob of envy escaped him as they disappeared. Presently a man came into a field on the opposite side of the river to count his sheep, with his dog at his heels. Companions again! even a dog was denied him. He recognised Dick Rawlings, a man he had always had a grudge against since he believed Dick had killed his dog when they were boys. Now the desire to shout across and have a word back from him was so great that he set his teeth and clenched his fists till the nails ran into his hands in the struggle to keep silence. He gave a groan as he watched the man leave the field. Dick was gone to breakfast, but for him there was no breakfast laid by his mother's hands. No bustling start for work to-day. He had thought labour a hard necessity of life instead of a blessing, now he would be thankful to be able to plough the Under Park for oats. He had not been in the habit of thinking his home worth having, but had only often thought how badly it compared with other people's; now it looked sufficient for happiness. What would he not give to have everything as it was a week ago!

The Pengellys were not disturbed that night, as they almost expected to be, but the next day Robert was "wanted," and could not be found.

As day after day he was still missing, many of the kindly disposed neighbours, who did not care to see a young fellow get into trouble about what did not personally affect them, gave a sigh of relief, and thought that he had got clear of the neighbourhood. Only that little home group became, if possible, more and more anxious as no means of help appeared lest the hiding place should be discovered. Now and again the father would check the irritable thoughts that Robert's enforced absence made them short of hands. Once his legs had shaken under him on entering a field at the head of his men to find it half reaped since the evening before. James came forward with a story of having been up all the night before, as it was pleasanter working then than by day; which was true in so far that he had kept watch while his brother once more bent his back to the labour that is never so sweet to us as when we are suddenly cut off from it. Working in the still coolness of the dim night

was not the same as leading the reapers with James through the glowing corn, but it was something to use the muscles of his arms again, and feel tired from his exertions. He begged so hard to have the burden of idleness lifted from him for one night, that James could not resist the almost intolerable longing, although he knew the risk they were running, and kept guard over the worker. In spite of the work and weariness of harvest, James spent an hour or two almost every night with his brother.

Robert hungered for news of Philippa and wanted James to see her.

"Some of you might have done it, I think," he said. "Do you suppose she doesn't care or want to know? There's Mary thinks herself good enough for anything."

But James who had by this time heard the prelude to the scene on the moor refused to have anything to do with her, regarding her as a harpy, who would be capable of betraying Robert if she could get any advantage from it.

At length James heard that an old school-fellow, now master of a little vessel, was in the nearest port. They had been friends, and James thought he could trust him with his secret. He judged the captain rightly, and he willingly agreed to give what help he could in getting Robert away, and James arranged that his brother should be at a certain spot on the shore, the evening before the vessel was to sail, to which a boat was to come to fetch him.

## CHAPTER V.

"He hath no drowning mark upon him."—*Tempest*.

"Robert," cried James when they met as usual, "there's help come at last. Tom Bryce's vessel's in, and when he goes again he is willing to take you on board and put you ashore either at Bristol or Liverpool, whichever you like, for he can run a cargo to either place. So that's all right."

"Well, I am glad this is over," said Robert. "It's enough to kill a man going on like this, with nothing to do and nobody to speak to."

He was thinking all the time he made his little grumble of the cord that would be cut and that could never be joined again.

"How is it to be managed?" he asked, with a slight shake in his voice.

"We must get you into Crawstock on Tuesday night somehow, and Tom's going to sail about half-past twelve; and just before he starts he's going to send a boat ashore for you to Trevanton Cove, so it's all settled

except how you are to get down. I suppose you couldn't wear anything of mother's. You're so tall that nobody would believe you were a woman for a moment, and that would set them thinking."

"No, I couldn't figure myself up like a woman," said Robert with some scorn. "Besides I must see Philippa somehow, and I wouldn't have her see me such a sight as that, you may be pretty sure."

James gave an impatient movement.

"You can't see her; how can you? And even if you did she might—" he hesitated, then added, "tell somebody of it."

"Good God," cried Robert fiercely, "what do you think she is? I won't hear a word against her, she's as true as steel. Has mother told?"

"Mother?" echoed James.

"Yes, Mother," repeated Robert. "One is as likely to let it out as the other. Do you think she cares nothing about me?"

"I say nothing at all about that; but we owe it to Tom Bryce as well as to ourselves to make the risk of being found out as small as possible."

"There's no risk at all in my seeing her," persisted Robert; "and if there is I shall do it."

"How will you manage it?" asked James, almost in a passion too. "Because if you think to march into the town and up to her door you will find yourself tripped up before you've gone a couple of miles."

"I don't mean to try any such fool's errand as that. I'll tell you how it can be done as easily as cracking a nut. We'll get out the old boat uncle Robert gave us, and go down the river on Monday night, and you shall land me somewhere. I should think you could get the boat back by yourself if the tide is the right way for you."

"Why the boat hasn't been in the water this twelvemonth, and it would fill like a sieve! Besides how are you to meet with Philippa Vercoe? And what will you do with yourself all Tuesday?"

"I'll manage somehow. There are plenty of places; one can hide there as well as here; I know what I'll do. There are those old ruins at Tuscorn, they'll do famously."

"I don't approve of it at all," said James.

"I'm sorry for that," said Robert with the air of one settling the matter, "because I mean to do it."

"And how will you keep the water out of the boat? It'll be as full of water as a lobster-pot in five minutes."

"Nonsense! We can take something to bale it out with to be sure. I shan't go off without seeing Philippa, you may make up your mind to that."

James gave up disputing, and consented to the plan at last much against his judgment. What a terrible time Tuesday would be for his mother, knowing that Robert was lurking about the town all day, and what possibility was there of his seeing Philippa without being discovered.

Once more Robert returned for a few hours to the house where he was born, and crept around taking a silent farewell of everything. Then came the terrible parting, and he felt there were loving, tender eyes strained after him, following his dim course across the meadow that led to the river bank.

Strange it was that though he felt keen sorrow and bitter regret for all that he was leaving behind him for ever, a new sensation of excitement and anticipation was stirring in his brain, which almost amounted to pleasure! He was going to see the world. It is for those who are left behind to feel longest and most sharply the pain of separation. To the wanderer come fresh work, action, change, and new faces to replace the old; and though no doubt the longing must come to see faces that he has loved since he can remember, and hear voices that he knew years ago there is for him no weeping over an empty chair, or grief at the lessened number at the hearth, or the wistful intense desire to know the place where the lost one lives, what he is doing at that moment, and how he gets on with people and ways in that country of which so little is known at home.

Silently the boat was dragged out and pushed off.

"That rain yesterday is a help to us," said Robert cheerfully, as the current of the river caught the boat and swung her down at a headlong pace, "the freshet would hardly have been strong enough to help us much against the tide if it hadn't been for that. It's a good sign for me to be started so well."

James neither felt cheerful nor could he pretend to. "The water is coming in already," he said.

"Well, you steer," suggested Robert, "we don't want to pull yet, and I'll bale."

He had baled out the first lot of water, and the second, as the boat kept hurrying down, when a wave burst suddenly against her and turned her almost round. She was righted and swept on almost as fast as before, only to be whirled round again the next minute. The young men took to their oars, and the boat rapidly filled.

"I tell you what it is," said Robert, "we'd better get out of our shoes in case anything should happen: not that I believe the old thing can go down, anybody might as well try to sink a cork."

"I can't tell; it isn't very pleasant to find yourself sitting on a pool that you can't get out of, and which gets deeper every minute. I wish it wasn't getting so dark."

They took off their shoes and fastened them to their waists. James wondered what on earth Robert would do if they had to swim ashore, and also what was to be done with him, even if they succeeded in reaching the point they were striving for, in his dripping clothes. Every minute a wave swept them round, emptying half of the water out, which was as rapidly replaced, making the upsetting of the boat almost an impossibility.

"We're making no headway at all now it seems to me," said Robert. "the lights keep exactly in the same places; it's blowing more than half a gale already, dead against us too, and those thunder clouds will soon shut out what little light there is left, and make it as dark as a winter midnight. I wish that you were safe ashore, I'm as well here perhaps as anywhere; it'll be a narrow squeak if we get off all right to night."

James knew that, as peal after peal of thunder came rolling in from the sea and they were fighting their way inch by inch in the darkness and rain, sometimes catching sight of the lights of the town which was not much below them—sometimes having the whole whirling mass of water revealed by a flash of lightning. On and on they pulled, straining every sinew to bring them to the goal they longed yet almost feared to reach. They had been in darkness some minutes when there was a sudden shock and crash, and Robert's oar hung useless on his arm.

"Good God! where are we, I wonder?" he cried so loudly that James heard. The next instant a flash showed them that they had got into one of the dock-holes and had run against the wall. A great piece of wood with the rowlocks was carried away from the boat, which however kept its position. As quick as thought James had his foot raised for his brother to work by, and with the next flash Robert's oar was again bending with the strain of his strokes. Every thought of past or future were driven out of their minds in their struggle for life at the present moment. James forgot that whatever happened he was taking his last pull in the same boat with Robert, and Robert did not think that the instant they reached the shore he was to say farewell for ever to the last of his relations. Each was full of the instinctive fight for life—each thought how if this shattered boat went to pieces, they had decided that she was too dry to sink and too full of water to capsized, they would have but the faintest chance of getting ashore alive. They could swim well, but what hope would there be in that mighty rush of waters? a dead walk

on this side and on the other the river a mile wide, with the seething tide running up it.

They got out of the dock-hole and into another, and out of that, before the black clouds gathered themselves away and left them light enough to see what they were about without the aid of the lightning. They were then able to bring the boat near enough to a possible landing place for them to get out of her and scramble ashore. Then Robert remembered that the storm and darkness were favourable to him ; no one was likely to be out, and if they were would not be able to make out who he was ; and James wondered again helplessly what was to be done with Robert reeking with water and mud.

They stood for a moment silent with the shock of surprise at finding themselves again on land, while the water from their clothes ran in little rills along the ground.

"Well," said Robert, drawing a deep breath, "we've had a tough job."

"And now," said James, "I don't see what we can do but get on our shoes and make the best of our way home again as fast as we can."

"Go home after having all this trouble to get here !" exclaimed Robert, tugging at a shoe. "No, no, not one step backwards for me. I'm off to try for a sight of Philippa, and then to Tuscorn."

"But just think a moment," protested James, "you haven't got a dry thread about you, and the pasty you've got must be soaked with salt water. You can't get anything else and you can't have a fire to dry your clothes, and nothing to make up a bed with out in those old ruins. What will mother say if she hears I've left you in such a state?"

"Why, tell her I'm gone to Philippa, she'll make it all right somehow."

"But they are gone to bed by this time, I'll be bound, and you can't rouse them up again, you'd have everybody's head out of their windows right down the street."

"It's no good our staying here like this, James ; I'm not going back and it's only wasting time. I don't know what o'clock it is, but if they are gone to bed I shall get on somehow, and I've got this bottle of brandy safe that mother made me bring. You'd better have a drop, it'll help to keep you hot."

"I shall be walking fast and shan't want it. I'd better go down into the town with you and see how you get on."

"No, you shan't," said Robert hotly.

Then grasping James' hand, all the thoughts of what they had been to each other—how they had always hung together—came flooding into his

brain ; and now in a moment each was to go his way and they were to drift apart for ever.

“James, if all goes well and I get on, perhaps you’ll come to me some day,” he pleaded.

“Perhaps I may.”

“Yes, you will. Good-bye.”

“Good-bye.”

Robert turned sharply away and walked towards the town.

James lingered a few minutes ; but what was it brought to his mind at that moment, as an unpleasant fact, his cousin Rachel’s horror of going to sea ?

There was a roasting fire awaiting him when he got home, plenty of hot water, and a bed that the warming pan had been doing its best to make uncomfortably hot.

No one had gone to bed, and there were eager hurried inquiries about Robert.

“I hardly expected you back, my boy,” said his mother, with a sigh of relief. “It seemed as if the storm had risen because there was a Jonah in the boat ; and I knew one would never leave the other in the water alone.”

## CHAPTER VI.

“’Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :

Full seldom may my friend such vigil keep !”—COLERIDGE.

Robert had scarcely parted from his brother when he became absorbed in the joy of anticipating a meeting with Philippa. At that moment the world contained but two people to him ; he forgot his father’s house ; he forgot the life-long separation that was to come ; he forgot their last meeting, and that he might be received with reproaches and anger—he was going to see her, that was enough. It was as though he had been in darkness for weeks, and now day was beginning to break again. The rain and his dripping clothes could not quench the ecstasy that hurried him on ; he was only so far influenced by them that he did not whistle or sing.

Reaching the house and finding the door bolted was an uncomfortable break in upon this state of mind. He bent down and put his ear against the door in the hope of catching any sound. There was nothing except the howling of the wind, and the fierce clatter of the rain upon the slates of the roof and street.

There would have been a shutter outside the little shop-window any time after dark, but looking up and down the street he could see no friendly gleam from other houses shining through the drops. For a moment he stood astonished. Was it possible that he could not see Philippa after all? Then, indeed, he was cut off from all hope—an outcast among men; and in a moment the remembrance was borne in upon him of the misery he was leaving behind him. He seemed to look at himself from other people's point of view. He felt crushed down with his mother's load of agony. The greivous uprooting of all her hopes for her eldest son—the one who should have been a help to her in her old age—the terrible revelation of such awful sin as she could not have believed in before in one she loved, and her anguish that he should have become a by-word among his people, and that reproach should hang to her other children for ever, all cried aloud and would not be stilled. Oh, God! why had he been born to come to this? If he had only died when he was a child; then he would have been a little white-robed angel, and now—was it possible that there could be forgiveness for him?

He stood crouching in the doorway, getting what shelter he could, while every stormy gust swept the rain into his face and neck; his very flesh seemed to be soaking in it; he became so numb that his teeth almost refused to chatter, and his limbs grew stiff with cold. Well, let him die; other people's troubles with him would be lessened then, and it did not matter about himself. Philippa would find him in the morning on her doorstep, and a gloomy cheerfulness crept over him at a picture of her weeping over him.

By degrees his remorse froze up and his thoughts gradually merged into physical consciousness. A sense of the abject misery of his situation took the place of all other feelings. Twinges of pain shot through his cramped limbs, and the first dawn brought with it the conviction that he must do something. The rain had stopped and the wind fallen. He could not leave the spot without another effort to speak with Philippa, and gathering together a few tiny stones he threw them at the window over the shop, then waited a minute and threw some more. Presently the window opened quietly, and somebody called,

“Who's there?”

“Oh, Philippa, let me in, I want to speak to you!”

“Robert, there's nobody after you, is there? Because it'll be no good your coming here if there is.”

“No, there's nobody about.”

“I'll be down in a minute then.”



When at length the door opened, she said hastily, "I've left the candle in the kitchen at the back; it wouldn't do for folks to see a light here," and led the way to the little room where the effect of such cheerfulness as even a tallow candle could bestow, after his vigil, made poor Robert quiver.

"Why what have you been doing?" exclaimed Philippa, as his forlorn appearance was revealed to her. Her first idea was that he had tried swimming down the river. He explained. She had indeed been no woman if she had not done her best to help him.

"Well, Robert," she said, "I was hoping that you'd got clear off from here before this, and I did think you might have sent me word or something. However, there's no time for talking of that now. I must run up and get mother down to help to set you to rights."

She caught up the candlestick, not knowing how he clung to the little flaring light, and left him in the dark, so miserable that he could not rejoice at the attainment of his desire, but only wondered one minute if he should ever be warm again, and the next if he could ever be cold. Presently when Philippa returned—and he watched her hurriedly make up such a fire as he knew was rarely seen in that frugal house, and when his stiff fingers refused to untie his shoes, she did it herself and put them to dry—he drifted into a glow of satisfaction at having her about him and doing for him.

Mrs. Vercoe appeared, without a hearty welcome; still she, too, bustled about, irritating Robert by going clicking around the kitchen in pattens, to keep out of the pools that his entrance had caused on the floor. Philippa soon brought down a suit of her father's clothes with a pleasant smell of lavender.

"Philippa," pleaded the old woman, "I've kept those clothes carefully in the drawer these ten years—"

"Yes, mother, and now I'm going to use them," said her daughter, in a tone of one who is habitually obeyed, spreading the garments before the fire to warm. "Now you can get on by yourself, Robert. You'd better get out of your wet things, and into your dry ones as fast as you can. Come, mother."

What a feeling of unthinking contentment did Robert sit in the warm dry clothes, with his feet to the fire, and a plate of hot food on his knees! Philippa held his cup of tea. Her mother had subsided into a chair, but still the clicking went on, not quite so loudly, but more frequently than before. She had got out her knitting, and the needles

were hitting sharply against each other—so she found a harmless vent for her feelings and saved her time and candle.

Philippa was more nervous than she had ever been before, but she tried to prevent Robert seeing it. The clock struck “one, two, three, four,” slowly, as if it would have them fully take in the meaning of the loss of each hour of which it was tolling the knell. The clock was a good half hour fast they all knew—indeed, who in their senses would dream of keeping a country clock at the right time?—but the needle clicked more sharply than ever, the cup and saucer in Philippa’s hand shook, and Robert was brought to his senses again.

“You know what I’ve done,” he said.

“I don’t want to be told,” she answered hastily. “But anyhow it won’t do for you to stay here much longer. Folks will soon be moving, and we can’t keep you here through the day. The house has been searched once already for you.”

“No, I won’t get you into any trouble,” exclaimed Robert, rising and putting his plate on the table. I shan’t be off till twelve o’clock in the night. You’ll let me have a sight of you for a bit before I go, won’t you, Philippa?”

“Yes, I’ll try to get down to Trevanton cove for an hour before you go. And Robert,” she cried, with her arms around his neck, “however long I live I’ll never marry anybody else but you.”

“Philippa, what nonsense you’re talking,” exclaimed her mother angrily.

“I mean it, mother. Never, Robert, whatever happens.”

He called her an angel, and she shuddered, thinking how the last time she saw him he had said she was made up by the devil.

“I never thought to drive you to this.”

“Of course you didn’t. It was all my own doing.”

She almost pushed him through the passage, and taking a hasty glance to see that the street was empty, she got the door closed behind him without giving him time to say anything more, and returned to set the kitchen in order lest any of the neighbours should pay them an early morning visit to borrow the frying pan, or use the pump in the yard behind.

Robert’s footsteps rung as he walked boldly out of the town in the grey morning light. The most successful man in the world was not prouder than he, for was not Philippa his indeed now?

The late Hon. William Porter.

The following Lines were written by Dr. J. S. DRENNAN.

Official dignities laid gladly by,  
 And honoured none the less, did Porter die,  
 Life's course prolonged had narrowed near the goal,  
 But left unshrunk his amplitude of soul.  
 A man of mark by Nature's hand designed,  
 Of massive mould in frame, and heart, and mind ;  
 His stately form still showing knightly grace,  
 And a heroic beauty in his face,  
 He trod our trading thoroughfares, akin  
 In port and aspect to a Paladin.

And typified by what thus met the eye,  
 His spirit, too, chivalric was and high ;  
 Nor in its ample compass might be seen  
 Aught that was crooked, narrow, foul or mean.  
 His slightest word was truthful as a vow,  
 And honour shone majestic on his brow.  
 A politician void of vengeful will ;  
 Although a lawyer, equitable still ;  
 Dogma, with him, ne'er checked fraternal deed,  
 And charity presided in his creed.

Ah ! few may now the varied charms attest  
 Which drew and fixed affection to his breast,  
 The lighter graces which their blossoms lend,  
 Linked to the rectitude that holds the friend ;  
 The kind response to every pleading breath,  
 The patient watchings by the bed of death :  
 Death of the brother whom he could not save,  
 But speedily companioned in the grave,  
 Leaving, alas ! one young fond heart to prove  
 The misery of a doubly orphaned love.

Such are the records pensive memory keeps  
 Beside the hollowed spot where Porter sleeps.

## Notes.

MR. E. J. DUNN has favoured us with the following note :—

Perhaps you can find room among your "notes" for the dimensions of a few trees I have measured in this district ; they are of interest as showing the great fertility of the soil and how fruit trees thrive in it.

On Mr. C. J. Rabie's farm Buffel's Kloof, Camdeboo, a pear tree measured two feet from the ground, is nine feet five inches in circumference and it is about seventy feet high ; several others about are a little less in size ; they are all in full vigour and make considerable wood each year, besides bearing heavy crops of fruit.

An apricot tree is nine feet in circumference near the ground ; it spreads out in large branches about two feet from the ground.

A peach-almond tree at four feet from the ground is eight feet six inches in circumference ; it is a venerable looking tree, still sends out vigorous shoots and bears good crops of almonds.

These trees are supposed to be less than 100 years old.

An oak tree with beautiful straight bole in front of the house, and known to be about seventy-five years old, measures nine feet six inches four feet from the ground.

In the Rev. Murray's garden, Graaff-Reinet, is a "Blue-acorn" grape vine, planted by himself as a cutting ten years ago ; the stem is eight feet high straight and six inches in diameter ; at the top branches spread over and completely cover a wide trellis for sixty feet in one direction, twenty feet in an opposite direction, and for thirty feet over a trellis at right angles to the main one. This season it was loaded with fruit. Such an instance of rapid growth in the vine is not common ; it demonstrates what the Karroo soil is capable of with the aid of a little water only.

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SOUTH AFRICAN FINE ARTS ASSOCIATION.

THE attention of our readers has often been directed to the work which this Institution is doing, and, if properly supported, ought to do. We can now with pleasure report that there is every prospect that the promoters and supporters of the Association will at last receive a reward for their patience and perseverance in struggling for so many years to foster and keep alive a desire for a more general and a higher class of Art Education. The building purchased out of the funds of the

Association is now the home of the Educational Museum as well as the Art Gallery, and two of its halls have been fitted up for the use of Art Students. A competent Art teacher has been engaged by the Superintendent-General of Education, and has his classes in the Art Gallery. These are already well attended, and teachers and mechanics, as well as those who look upon drawing simply as an accomplishment, have now the opportunity of making a thorough study of the subject. The combination of the three—Art Gallery, Educational Museum, and Art Classes—has now placed the Society in its proper position as one of the great educating powers of the country. It has a fair claim to generous support. We do not think it necessary to point out why Art Education should be appreciated more highly in this Colony than it has hitherto been ; it is only necessary to point out that its importance is acknowledged not only in the older and wealthier communities of the old world, but that there is not a Colony of importance which does not liberally subscribe towards Art Institutions, &c., of this kind, both out of public and private funds.

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#### ERRATA.

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In the March number of the *Magazine*, the following misprints occur in the Article "Four Weeks in North America," page 147, for "turned into *meal*" read "turned into *meat*;" same page, read "*meat* be only two-pence to three-pence per lb."

Page 152, for "*meal*" read "meat;" for "Teutoh" read "Tintah."

## Spring Morning.

How sweet it is to hear the blackbird sing  
His morning carol in the leafy grove.  
How sweet it is to hear the greenwood ring  
With warbling songs of birds of peace and love.

How pure it is to walk at morning's dawn,  
To hear the lark sing o'er his morning lay,  
As he soars slowly from the grassy lawn,  
To meet, and welcome in, the peep of day.

Oh could I for an hour of all my life  
Be as those birds so holy and so pure,  
Then would I soar above this world of strife,  
From all its woes its trials all secure.

E. R.



THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

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JOHAN BAX, ENTITLED VAN HERENTALS, INSTALLED AS GOVERNOR  
14TH MARCH 1676, DIED 29TH JUNE 1678.

HENDRIK CRUDOP, SECUNDE, ACTING COMMANDER, 29TH JUNE  
1678 TO 12TH OCTOBER 1679.

No. XI.

WHEN Governor Goske left South Africa the Netherlands were still at war with France, but as no fear was entertained of an attack upon the Cape by a hostile fleet, the attention of the authorities could be directed to some other object than the completion of the castle. The farmers at Rondebosch and Wynberg were pressing their claims for protection, and it was necessary to do something to allay their apprehensions of Gonnema making such a raid upon them as he had recently made upon the people of Schacher and Kuiper at the Tigerberg. In the open field they felt confident that the whole Cochoqua tribe would not dare to attack them, but their cattle might easily be swept off and their houses be burnt by a sudden foray on a dark night. To prevent such a disaster the redoubts Kyk uit and Keert de Koe, which had long since fallen into decay, were now rebuilt with stone, and parties of horsemen were stationed in them for the purpose of patrolling along the outermost farms.

A few days after Governor Bax assumed office intelligence reached the castle from Hottentots Holland that three burghers had been murdered by bushmen at the Breede River, where they were shooting seacows. Upon the evidence of Captain Klaas and of a

European who escaped from the massacre, these bushmen were termed dependents of Gonnema, and the murder was set down as another charge to his account. But it is nearly certain that he could have had nothing to do with the matter.

When the Dutch came to South Africa they found a nomadic pastoral people living in separate small communities, each community or clan having a name by which it was distinguished from the others. A group of two, three, or more such clans formed a tribe, nominally under one paramount chief, but the bond of cohesion among the members was so weak that there were frequent feuds among them. The tribes, or groups of clans having a recent common origin, were usually at war or watching their neighbours with suspicious eyes. This was the highest form of society known to the natives. Sometimes a clan which had lost its cattle would be reduced to such circumstances as those in which the beachrangers were found on the shores of Table and Saldanha Bays, but there was always a possibility for people in this condition to regain their former positions. There was no race prejudice to prevent their amalgamation with other clans of their own tribe, to whom they stood in the same relationship that the poor stand in to the rich in all countries.

But wherever the Europeans penetrated they found a class of people whose homes were among almost inaccessible mountains and who maintained themselves entirely by the chase and by plunder. That these people were of a different race from the herdsmen was not even suspected by the Dutch, who believed them to be simply Hottentot robbers or brigands who had thrown off all the restraints of law. There are peculiarities in the personal appearance of bushmen which enable men like the late Dr Bleek to pronounce unfailingly, at first sight, and before a word has been spoken, as to their nationality, and scientific examination into the structure of their language has shown them to be a people far removed in point of relationship from the other races of South Africa, but the Europeans who first came into contact with them did not detect these differences. Very likely a party of Afghans, if transported to Ireland without any previous knowledge of the country and its people, would be a long time in making the discovery that the Saxon



speaking English and the Celt speaking Irish were not closely related in blood. To them the Celt would be undistinguishable from the Saxon. And this was precisely the position that the Bushmen and the Hottentots stood in to the Dutch of the seventeenth century.

The Hottentots called the bushmen Sana, a title distinguishing them as a distinct race from their own, but spoke of them usually as *||jobiqua*, or robbers and murderers. They seldom spared any who fell into their hands. Still, necessity had in some instances brought about an arrangement by which parties of bushmen were either in alliance with Hottentot clans or were in a condition of dependence upon them, serving as scouts and spies and receiving in return a precarious protection. The Hottentot chiefs without exception denied that they had any authority over the bushmen in their neighbourhood. The European authorities frequently called upon them to preserve order in the districts in which they were residing by suppressing the brigandage of their subjects, but their reply was always to the effect that the robbers were not their subjects and that they would cheerfully exterminate them if they could.

It is thus very unlikely that Gonnema had anything to do with the acts of bushmen in a district occupied not by his people but by the Hessequas. The Council decided to send an expedition against them, for which purpose a commando was assembled consisting of fifty foot soldiers and twenty-three horsemen, fifty burghers under Wouter Mostert, and a large band of Hottentots under the Captains Klaas, Koopman, Schacher, Kuiper, and Sousoa. The commando was provisioned for three weeks, and was under the general orders of Lieutenant Cruse. Soon after setting out, a stranger who was held to be a spy was seized and compelled to act as guide, but as he led the expedition to some abandoned kraals he was handed over to Captain Klaas who put him to death. The bushmen could not be found, and after a wearisome march the commando returned to the castle without having effected anything.

Six months after this a petty captain, who was called Jacob by the Dutch, came round from Saldanha Bay in a small vessel belonging to a freeman, and tendered his services to look for Gonnema. Under pretence of purchasing cattle this man was sent

out as a spy, and returned with information that the enemy was encamped in the Sugarbergen only a day's march beyond the Berg River. Behind were the Namaquas and the Chariguriquas, hereditary enemies of the Cochoquas, so that escape in that direction would be impossible. Hereupon a large commando was assembled, and under guidance of Jacob left the Cape in expectation of being able to surprise Gonnema and to punish him severely. The expedition marched only at night and took every precaution to avoid detection, but by some means the enemy became aware of its approach and escaped in good time. Foiled in its principal object, the commando then made a detour to Saldanha Bay and fell upon Captain Kees, who had destroyed the Company's post there three years before. Several of his followers were killed, and the whole of his stock, which consisted of one hundred and sixty-five head of horned cattle and thirty sheep, was seized. The booty taken on this occasion being so small, the Hottentot allies were rewarded for their fidelity by presents of such articles as they most desired out of the Company's stores.

This was the last expedition sent out during the war with Gonnema, which for four years kept the country in a disturbed condition. On the 8th of June 1677, Kuiper and another petty captain living near by appeared at the castle accompanied by some messengers from Gonnema, who reported that their mission was to ascertain if peace could not be established. They were persons of no rank, and brought no peace offerings, having merely been sent to make enquiries. They asserted that if the prospects were favourable it was Gonnema's intention to visit the Governor, and thereafter to trade in friendship with the Europeans. The Council hereupon decided to let the messengers know that the overture was agreeable, and that if the Cochoquas would send a more respectable deputation to make due submission to the Honourable Company, the government was prepared to enter into a firm peace, in which, however, the allies of the Europeans must also be included. A safe conduct to hold good for three months was given to the messengers, and a small present was sent to Gonnema as coming from Lieutenant Cruse. On the 24th the same messengers returned to the castle, bringing with them a present of nine head of cattle, and accompanied

by three men of position, named Nengue, Harru, and Nuguma, who were empowered to ask for peace. The ambassadors with their followers were admitted to the council chamber, the burgher councillors and the chief officer of the militia being present also. There the conditions, which were purposely embodied in a few short clauses, were interpreted and explained to them, and to these they signified their assent by a general exclamation of sam! sam! or peace! peace! They were as follow:—

In the first place the ambassadors request forgiveness for the acts which occasioned the war, and ask that a friendly intercourse may be established as before.

They offer and promise to deliver as tribute thirty head of cattle upon the arrival of the first return fleet in every year.

They promise to punish their people in the same manner as the Honourable Company does.\*

They promise not to wage war against any of the Honourable Company's allies without the knowledge of the government.

In this peace are included the captains Kuiper and Schacher, also the petty captain Kees, and all who are subject to Gonnema, Schacher, and Kuiper.

The above conditions having been placed on record with the signatures of the officials and the marks of the envoys attached, presents were made to each of the Hottentots, and a good quantity of tobacco, pipes, beads, &c, was sent to Gonnema in return for the nine head of cattle. And so the country was restored to a state of tranquillity again.

Notwithstanding the strict regulations that had from time to time been enacted prohibiting trade between the burghers and the Hottentots, it had not been prevented. It was now discovered that the forbidden traffic was being carried on to a very large extent, and laws even more severe than the old ones were therefore issued and enforced. It was made a capital offence to furnish a Hottentot with firearms or any kind of munition of war. Two guns that had

\* NOTE — This clause would seem to be somewhat obscure, but subsequent transactions show that it was intended to mean that the Cochoquas should regard certain offences, particularly thefts of stock, as crimes of magnitude to be punished severely and not to be lightly passed over as had been their custom.

been bartered by farmers to Hottentots for cattle were recovered with great difficulty and at considerable expense. It was made a penal offence to pay natives for labour in money, because they did not know the value of it and rated their services altogether too dear, or in half-bred sheep, because robberies could not be traced if they were in possession of such animals. One of the reasons assigned for desiring to prevent traffic between the two races was the fear of the government that the farmers might imprudently commit some act which would lead to serious difficulties. No doubt there was good cause for such fear. There are instances on record of some lawless deeds committed in Commander Borghorst's days, and at this time there was a case which was giving no little trouble.

In the year 1672 a lawless character named Willem Willems deliberately shot a Hottentot upon very slight provocation, and afterwards escaped to Europe in a Danish ship. Arrived in Holland, he presented himself before the Prince of Orange, and by means of false representations procured from him a safe conduct to return to this country where he had a family and some property. Upon making his appearance here again, the Council felt itself bound to respect the safe conduct, but as the Hottentots far and wide clamoured for justice the criminal was placed upon Robben Island until instructions could be received from the Directors. A close investigation into the particulars of the homicide was made, and the evidence was sent to Europe. In course of time instructions came back to send Willems with his family to Mauritius, but his wife, who in the mean time had been causing a great deal of trouble by her misconduct, objected to this scheme, and some delay took place. Eventually the family was deported to Batavia, but as they returned to the Cape by the first opportunity they were banished to Mauritius and not permitted afterwards to leave that island.

Another reason for prohibiting the burghers from trading with the Hottentots was to keep down the price of cattle. In this traffic the Company could not permit its subjects to become its rivals. The government was anxious that the farmers should be in possession of large herds and flocks, and it not only supplied them with stock at rates very little above cost price, but it hired breeding cows and ewes to them on equal shares of the increase. It even promised that if

they would bring to its stores any Hottentots who might come to them with anything whatever for sale, they would be at liberty to purchase it again out of the stores at exactly cost price. Offering these inducements to obedience, it prohibited the purchase of cattle by a burgher from a Hottentot under a penalty of severe corporal punishment, and the purchaser of any other merchandize, such as ivory, ostrich feathers, peltries, &c, under penalty of a fine of £4 and such other punishment as the court of justice might deem proper to inflict. To protect its cattle trade, the Hottentot captains who were under the influence of the Government were required not to purchase from those further inland, under pain of being considered unfriendly.

All these restrictions, combined with police regulations for searching the barrier beyond the castle and the watch-house Keert de kee, as well as frequent inspection of the kraals of the farmers, could not entirely suppress the forbidden traffic. That these severe regulations produced no remonstrance from the burghers shows how different were the opinions then held from those of the present day. There was never a people more unwilling than the Dutch to keep silent when they felt themselves aggrieved. They never scrupled to raise their voices and claim what they believed to be their rights whenever they thought they were oppressed. But in this case they did not consider that their privileges had been invaded.

A quarter of a century had now elapsed since the arrival of the Europeans, during which time the habits of the natives living permanently in the Cape Peninsula seem to have undergone very little change. They had increased considerably in number and had a kraal in Table Valley, on the upper side of the present Hottentot Square, but in general they were to be found lounging about the houses of the burghers. The men could not be induced to do any other work than tend cattle, but the women gathered fuel for sale, and the young girls were mostly in service. They were dressed in sheepskins and cast off European clothing, and depended for food principally upon supplies of rice obtained in return for such service as they performed. They had become passionately fond of arrack and tobacco.

Early in 1678 there was such a scarcity of rice in the settlement

that the burghers were compelled to discharge their dependants, and as these were no longer able to live as their ancestors had done, they were driven by hunger to seize sheep and even to plunder the houses of the Europeans in open day. Just at that time a party of bushmen took up their abode in the mountains at the back of Wynberg and descended at night upon the kraals of the farmers. In great alarm the burghers appealed to the Council for protection, and measures were promptly adopted to suppress the disorders. There was a large supply of ships biscuits in the magazines, and it was resolved to sell these at a very cheap rate to the burghers, so that they might again employ and feed the Hottentots. Food was to be offered in payment to all who would work at the moat which was then being made round the castle. The country was to be patrolled night and day by horsemen. Rewards were offered for the apprehension of robbers. Schacher and Kuiper were sent for, and upon their arrival at the castle were informed that they would be detained as prisoners until their followers brought in such of the robbers as were known to be their people. These were accordingly captured and delivered over without delay, when with some others they were transported to Robben Island.

These captains subsequently captured five of the bushmen, whom they brought to the castle and delivered to the Governor, requesting that the prisoners might either be punished by the Europeans or be given back to them to be put to death. The Council decided that as their crimes had been committed against the Honourable Company, they should be tried by the Court of Justice. A present of goods to the value of £5 was made to the captains in return for their faithful services and to encourage them to prosecute the search for such of the brigands as were still at liberty. The prisoners were tried by the Court of Justice, were sentenced to death as highwaymen, and were executed.

The principles upon which the government dealt with the natives were that the European power was supreme, entitled to take cognizance of all cases between whites and Hottentots, and to settle all differences between the clans so as to preserve peace and to secure its own interests, but it rarely interfered in matters affecting natives only. The Hottentot captains

accepted without murmur the positions assigned to them, and at this time Klaas, Koopman, Oedaso, Gonnema, Schacher, Kuiper, and the others were on such good terms with Governor Bax that they were ready to do whatever he wished. A large cattle trade was carried on with them and with the Hessequas. Occasionally there were cases of violence on one side or the other, and in one instance two Hottentots were shot in a quarrel with the Company's hunters, but the government did all that was in its power to prevent such disturbances, and upon the whole succeeded very well.

In 1676 a matrimonial court was established. It consisted of four commissioners, two being servants of the Company and two burghers. Half the members retired yearly, and their places were supplied by election of the Council of Policy from a double list furnished by the court itself. Before these commissioners all persons intending to marry were obliged to appear, for the purpose of showing that no legal impediment existed. As long as the frontier was only a few miles distant this was no hardship to any one, but with the extension of the colony it came to be felt as oppressive.

The slave population was at this time considerably increased by importations from Madagascar and Ceylon. Most of these slaves were men, but there were a few women and children among them. The children were sent to school, but it was resolved not to baptize them until their parents should be instructed in Christianity, when all could be baptized at the same time. A person was employed to recite prayers morning and evening, which the adults were required to repeat. Some of the cleverest youths were selected and placed with master mechanics to be taught trades, so that they might become more useful. The price charged by the Company to the burghers for an adult slave was equal to six pounds sterling, barely the cost of introduction, and it could be paid in seven and a half muids of wheat each weighing 160 Amsterdam pounds.

In January 1677 a little yacht named the *Bode* was sent along the west coast to examine it carefully, to ascertain how far the Hottentot race extended, and to endeavour to discover the island of St Helena Nova. She was accompanied by a cutter drawing very little water and therefore adapted to run close in shore. The *Bode*

went as far as latitude  $12^{\circ} 47'$  S, where she found a small Portuguese fort named Sombreira. Some distance to the southward the last Hottentots had been seen, but the line of demarcation between them and the negro races could not be exactly ascertained. The Portuguese knew nothing whatever of such an island as St Helena Nova, and from this date its existence was held to be a fiction. Along the coast various bays or bights were discovered, but all were found wanting in fresh water and fuel. It is surprising that the mouth of the Orange River was not noticed in passing. The *Bode* returned to Table Bay at the end of May, having been rather more than four months engaged in the survey of the west coast.

The seaboard of the district now called Zululand was at this time carefully examined by the *Voorhout* and *Quartel*, two small vessels that were sent to the Bay of St Augustine to trade for slaves.

As the work at the castle was proceeding very slowly owing to the small number of labourers engaged, a plan which seems somewhat whimsical was adopted to expedite the excavation of the moat. On the 25th of November 1677 the Governor himself, his lady, his little son, all the Company's officers and their wives, the burgher councillors, and other leading inhabitants with their wives, set to work for a considerable time carrying out earth. The Governor carried out twelve baskets full and his lady six. After this a regulation was made that every one who passed the castle, male or female, irrespective of rank, should contribute labour to the same extent.

The little wooden church inside the fortress was now quite full of graves. The ground on which it stood was much higher than the general surface, and it was considered advisable to level it and to remove the old building. It was therefore necessary to select a site for a new church. It was resolved to take a portion of the lower southern corner of the great garden for this purpose, as the garden could be extended with advantage towards the mountain. A plot of ground sufficiently large for a cemetery was enclosed with a strong wall, and on the 9th of April 1678 the foundation stone of the new church was laid in the centre of it. That stone still rests under the church, the present building being only an enlargement of the original one, the end walls of which were left standing. The church



was not completed until December 1703,\* but the ground was used as a cemetery. The first interment in it was the body of the Rev Petrus Hulsenaar, clergyman of the Cape, who died on the 15th of December 1677, and was buried in the middle of the site on which the church was afterwards to stand. Subsequently the remains of those who had been buried in the old church were removed to this ground and deposited in a common grave. A fee of five pounds was hereafter made payable to the church funds for a grave inside the church, and eight shillings for one outside.

Before the year 1678 no freemen were settled beyond the Cape peninsula. The Company had a large corn farm at Hottentots Holland and a couple of cattle farms elsewhere, but no burghers had as yet ventured further than Wynberg. It needed no small amount of courage to hazard a life secluded from companionship and exposed to the depredations of the natives. To men provided with no better weapons than the firelocks and flint muskets of those days, the wild animals with which the country swarmed were also a source of danger as well as of heavy loss. In a single night at one of the Company's outposts not less than a hundred and twenty sheep were destroyed by lions and hyenas. In January of this year, however, two men named Jochum Marquaart and Hendrik Elberts arranged with the government for the lease of a tract of land at Hottentots Holland with stock of horned cattle and sheep, and became the pioneer colonists of the interior. They were followed in February by two others named Henning Huising and Klaas Gerrits, who established themselves as sheep farmers on the adjoining land, and in August by another named Cornelis Botma, who also set up as a sheep farmer. These were the only freemen who settled beyond the isthmus at this period, on so small a scale was the commencement of the occupation of the interior districts of the colony.

It has been mentioned already that the servants of the Company, including the officers of ships, were permitted to trade for themselves

\*NOTE.—On the 6th of January 1704 the first service was held in it. In the interval service was held in the large hall of the Governor's official residence in the castle. The congregation contributed a sum of money equal to £2,200 towards the building of the new church.

to a small extent. They brought various articles to the Cape, which they sold either to the privileged dealers or the burghers generally, but only after obtaining permission from the Council. This trade was found to interfere with the Company's sales, and therefore in 1678 it was resolved to levy duties upon it equivalent to the loss sustained. As this is the first tariff of customs duties levied here, and as it shows the articles in which private trade was carried on, the list is given in full:—For a keg of brandy 32s, a keg of arrack 16s, a half aum of Rhenish wine 32s, a half aum of French wine 24s, a cask of rum 24s, a pound of tobacco 1s 4d, a gross of pipes 2s 6d, 1000 lbs of rice 20s, a canister of sugar 4s.

During the government of Mr Bax several families of immigrants arrived from the Netherlands. A good many servants of the Company whose term of service had expired also became burghers here, but of these last few remained long in the colony. As a rule they were ill adapted to become farmers, and after a short trial they usually returned to their former occupations. Worthless characters were very summarily disposed of. They were warned once or twice, and if that failed they were forcibly placed on board ship and sent away from the country. Thus there was a constant selection going on, in which those only remained who were qualified to make good colonists. Among the new names of this period are those of Hans Hofman, Diederick Putter, Douwe Stein, Willem Lotter, Francois Bastiaans, Thomas Mulder, Hans Jurgens, Gerrit Victor, Klaas Loubscher, Willem van Wyk, Roelof van Wyk, and Ary van Wyk.

On the 4th of January 1678 died Joan Maatsuyker, Governor-General of Netherlands India during the preceding quarter of a century. He was succeeded by Ryklof van Goens the elder, who has been mentioned several times in connection with Cape affairs.

Governor Bax was in robust health previous to the winter of 1678, when he caught a severe cold which settled upon his lungs and completely prostrated him. He was confined to his bed for fifteen days before his death, which took place on the morning of the 29th of June. Just before his decease he gave instructions for carrying on the government, and appointed the Secunde Hendrik Crudop to succeed him with the title of Acting Commander until the pleasure of the authorities at Batavia or in the Netherlands

should become known. On the 4th of July his remains were laid with as much state as possible inside the foundations of the new church. It was a dark and rainy day, but all the Europeans in the settlement attended, as did also several Hottentot captains and their chief men, for the late Governor had been esteemed by whites and natives alike. A neat slab was afterwards brought from Robben Island and laid over the grave, but it seems to have disappeared in some of the waves of vandalism that have since swept over the church.

During the administration of Mr Crudop very little occurred that calls for mention. It was a time of peace, there was no important work in hand, and nothing new could well be undertaken.

For ten months after the death of the Rev Petrus Hulsenaar there was no resident clergyman at the Cape. Services were occasionally held by the chaplains of ships, and a sermon was read every Sunday and on special occasions by the Sick Comforter, just as in the early days of the settlement. On the 18th of October 1678 the ship *Wapen van Alkmaar* arrived with a chaplain named Johannes Overney on board, and as he consented to remain here the Council appointed him acting clergyman until the pleasure of the supreme authorities should be known. He was afterwards confirmed in the appointment, and remained at the Cape for several years.

On the 10th of February 1679, intelligence was received of the conclusion of peace between France and the Netherlands. This was followed by another reduction of the garrison at the Cape, and by the release of all the European labourers employed on the castle. The completion of the moat was the only work of importance that then remained, and that could be performed by slaves at a trifling expense to the Company. On the 26th of April the Council resolved to name the five points of the castle in honour of the Stadtholder. The south point was called Orange, the southeast Nassau, the east Catsenellebogen, the north Buuren, and the west Leerdam.

In August 1679 permission was given to Henning Huising and his partner to graze their sheep along the Eerste River, provided they could satisfy the Hottentots who generally used the pasturage there, and so prevent ill feeling. At the same time the burghers Pieter Visagie and Jan Mostert obtained leave to cultivate a tract of

ground lying on the east side of the Tigerberg, at the place where the Company usually gathered its hay. But to none of the seven burghers who were now residing beyond the isthmus had ground been granted in any other manner than on lease for certain specified terms. Up to the close of Mr Crudop's administration there was not an inch of land held as freehold, or in full property as it was termed in those days, further away than Wynberg.

Upon intelligence of the death of Governor Bax reaching the Netherlands, the Directors of the East India Company considered that it would be unnecessary to appoint a successor of higher rank than a Commander. The colony was therefore reduced again to its position before the arrival of Mr Goske. The officer whom they selected to fill the vacant post was then living in Amsterdam, and was in the service of the Chamber there, but he readily consented to remove to the Cape in the way of promotion. His name was Simon van der Stel. He embarked in the ship *Vrye Zee*, which arrived in Table Bay on the 12th of October 1679. The Secunde Crudop with the members of the Council went off to welcome him, and amid discharges of cannon and musketry he landed and was received by the garrison and the militia under arms. In the Council Chamber in the castle the commission was read by the Secretary, the officials all promised lawful obedience, and the new Commander assumed the direction of

G.M.T.

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## How the Romans enjoy themselves.

Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,

Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.—Hor. Ep. ii. i. 197.

WHEN Italians do enjoy themselves, it is with such objective unreflecting self-abandonment, that an onlooker is as much diverted by the people themselves as by their amusements. Horace puts it down as the mark of a philosopher that he observed the people more attentively than their sports, and that the pit was more of a sight to him than the stage; but really it does not need a philosopher for this; you have only to be a foreigner, and you will find that the modern Italians at play are quite as much of a sight in themselves as the old Romans used to be. It is not only that they show the characteristics of their nation so plainly, but—speaking very broadly—every thought or emotion as it passes creates an exterior manifestation of itself and may be read on their very faces. This makes them a very easy book for the study of character. Not so with the English, for instance. Observe an Englishman out for the day, how he grumbles at getting his ticket, what a gloom settles over him in the train, how preternaturally tired and dissatisfied he looks on his way back; what has he been doing?—enjoying himself! I confess this is a very hard page for a philosopher. Or if it is not a solitary individual, but an English crowd; say on Whit-Monday—it does not matter what each party means to do, some are going boating, some to cricket, some to picnic at Hampton Court, some to revel, others to lounge, but whatever it may be, the crowd, as a crowd, must be uproarious; they don't laugh, they scream; they don't talk, they shout; if they are in a good humour, they play violent practical jokes; if they are in a bad humour, they fight. "A Red Radical demonstration, perhaps? or an incipient revolution?" a foreigner would ask you. "Oh no, only a pleasant day's outing!" "San Cristofero! what people these English are!"

Very different are the Italians, though it must be confessed that much of the difference is due to the abnormal scarcity of holidays possessed by the English; the rush of pent-up waters can hardly be compared to the even flow of the brook. When the English

populace is let loose, it floods everything with its exuberant feelings, it subdues all things to its subjective humour, it is determined from within ; the Italian, on the other hand, being always more or less free from the galling shackles of overwork, takes things as they come, he suits his humour to external events, he is determined from without ; if he gambles, he is excited, because gambling is exciting in itself ; if he lounges, he basks in the sun so delightfully, that one understands at once why Italy has the honour of expressing for Europe the idea *dolce far niente*. I do not for a moment mean this comparison to be unfavourable to England, for here, as often elsewhere, the page that is harder to read contains the more valuable matter. Neither nations nor books are judged by the readiness with which they will give up their contents to a superficial reviewer. With me, it is the very easiness of the page of Roman amusements that tempts me to try and transcribe what I see of it. This will not of course be by any means the whole page ; writing as I do from the seclusion of an ecclesiastical college, I can say nothing about the domestic life of the Italians, nor of their theatres, nor of any public entertainments. I propose therefore merely to jot down a few random observations on the people of Rome as they appear in the streets and public places, at *festas* and other leisure times.

Few places become more familiar to a resident here than *Pincio*, the public promenade. When one does not know where to go of an afternoon - and even in Rome that happens pretty often—*Pincio* is sure to suggest itself. Like the schoolboy's Second Aorist for unintelligible Greek verbs, or his Asia Minor for unknown names in Classical Geography, *Pincio* is the only steady "refuge for the destitute" loungers of Rome. Borghese Gardens, the Villa Pamfili, and other grounds are by the munificence of their noble owners, thrown open to the public on certain days of the week ; but *Pincio* is the only one that *never* fails. Yet it is no unpleasant refuge. Its advantages are a commanding site, a good sunset view (an immense consideration in Italy), tolerably well laid out gardens, walks and drives, a gymnasium, marble busts of all famous Italians, a military band, and (I was about to say, above all) benches. Carriages roll round and round, or stop for their inmates to listen to the band and receive informal visits ; pedestrians stroll round and

round, or loll on the benches to do nothing; children run to and fro, laughing and playing; dogs of all sorts at the ends of all kinds of strings verge off at tangents in all directions from the path chosen by their masters or mistresses—just as carriages, pedestrians, children and dogs do all over the world wherever they find a Pincio. Ah! there it is! It seems to be only France and Italy that *can* provide Pincios. Are the skies of Cape Colony less bright and clear and sunny? or her people less sociable? Where then are her Pincios?

My favourite part of the promenade is what we have named Baby-lane. Here (whether by the natural principle of aggregation residing in the children, or by the principle of authority residing in the nurses, I do not know) the walk is bright with fresh little faces, and the air noisy with their games. It is a pleasure even to hear them talk, for no Italian is so musical as that spoken by children. Hoops, balls, and hide-and-seek are not indeed special to Italy, but what if I were to speak of a miniature tramcar, drawn by goats and presided over by a Government official in uniform, and tiny little dots taking wee little excursions all the way there and back for a halfpenny! Would the vision be new at the Cape?

The older children who are bowled round in real carriages are not nearly so interesting, though perhaps more instructive. There's the "Martyr" for instance. For a period of time, whereunto the memory of man goeth not contrary, she has been playing the part of a blushing maiden of nineteen; at least that is the part she is always *made up* for. Hence her *soubriquet*; we consider that she has abundantly earned the title of Martyr to the painful art (which is to her a religion) of making up. Her mother and sisters have evidently always looked on her as the representative of the family, keeping modestly in the back-ground except in so far as it was necessary for her to have a foil for the better display of her artificial graces. The plot of the play came to a head not long ago; the Martyr was seen driving in another carriage—with a gentleman; she was married; the comedy was over, the tragedy had begun; she still drives in that other (and better) carriage,—but now always alone; her object in life now attained, I wonder if she thinks it worth the martyrdom. And I wonder further whether I have a

right to put this down in a paper devoted exclusively to the enjoyments of the Romans; or are the martyrs of Vanity Fair cosmopolitan?

But Pincio, as representing Vanity Fair, can go a grade lower yet; that grade is the "Ranger," and lest the fair sex should accuse me of unfairness and animosity on account of the Martyr, I expose him also, even at the risk of the whole human race in both sexes rising to convict me of morbid misanthropy. The Ranger has not a carriage of his own, so the height of his ambition is to make use of the carriages of other people. In pursuit of this noble object he strolls on Pincio; he condescends perhaps to walk awhile with pedestrian acquaintance, whom he cuts as soon as the carriage ditto appear upon the scene; he bows; he lies in wait to pounce on them when they stop to listen to the band; he clings so long to the carriage-steps, that sometimes in order to be able to drive off they invite him in—and that is the hour of his triumph! I may be judging him harshly, but phenomena must be explained, and if this be not the explanation, then there is a mystery behind,—*latet ibi aliquid*. Let us hope that Rangers are even rarer than Martyrs.

After all, Pincio is more adapted for the study of the universal arts of Vanity Fair than of the more special features of Italian human nature. Let us change the whole scene. Let us put on a mask and join the revellers of Carnival-tide. Everything in moderation, of course; we will countenance nothing unseemly; we will not even go near to where festivity is carried to excess. Nay, we will protest, as we go, that it would be more worthy of philosophers like ourselves to stop at home, if it were not for the need of studying human nature; and that of course *we* are far above the danger of being ourselves infected with the popular folly. Nothing is too absurd for Italians to do during these annual Saturnalia. Masks of all sizes and shapes, from a plain cover for the eyes to a huge stork's head, fill the shop-windows; peaked noses, goggle-eyes, Punch and Judy faces, with dresses to correspond, occupy the place of the fashions. From midday of Sexagesima Eve, when the bell tolls from the Capitol, the streets are transformed into fancy ball-rooms, only without the dancing. On the chief days and in certain localities, harlequins, negroes, cavaliers, green monkeys, biped asses,



&c., meet you at every turn. Some personify the Prince of Darkness—horns, hoofs and tail all complete. Some of the tallest array themselves in the costume of infancy—with a result familiar to those who know the song, “He always comes home to tea,” as sung in the London music halls. Elaborate pen-wipers for cravats, coal-scuttles for hats, black frock coats over clown’s dresses, boots covering areas of fabulous dimensions, are the order of the day. There are several jokes which have stood the test of centuries and have worn well; they consist, for example, in carrying a short whip terminating in a bladder, and seeing whether people can keep their temper when they are hit with it (as a fact they generally do); or, in being yourself hit on the nose with little bags of sweets, thrown from a neighbouring balcony, a joke generally aggravated by someone else picking up the desirable missile; or again, in being saluted with a sprinkling of flour which transforms you straightway into a miller, &c. &c., according as the prolific fancy of the revellers shall dictate.

The Carnival “events” are of course the race and the procession. Both take place in the *Corso*, the chief street of Rome. The latter is simply a competition for the prize offered for the best dress; all masqueraders who consider themselves to have a chance, pass in single line before the judges; some rely on magnificence and expense, others on simplicity and ingenuity, and I have heard that the latter generally win. The race everybody has heard of. The horses are riderless, but have little spiked iron balls on the bare back, which act efficaciously enough as soon as they are in motion. It is probably more frightening than painful, as races go, for I cannot think that such small spikes could hurt nearly as much as the continual spurring of jockeys. I have only seen one of these races,—not at Rome, nor during Carnival, but at Frascati in the summer—and what struck me was the fiery wildness of astonishment and perfect freedom of motion which brought out graces and capabilities never to be seen in the same horses in their saddled and bridled state. At the end of the race course, a large sheet is hung across the street; into this the horses rush, and while they are struggling to extricate themselves they are adroitly captured by their respective grooms—a feat of some skill and no little danger.

In days of old much rougher sports used to find favour, such for instance as throwing stones ; and Evelyn, who saw the Carnival at Venice in 1645, says that "they have a barbarous custom of hunting bulls about the streets and piazzas," to which he very gravely adds the remark, that such conduct is really quite dangerous, the passages being generally narrow. But we have changed all that now. The roughness has vanished, and only the silliness remains. There was once an Ottoman ambassador in the days of Soliman II, who reported on his return home that at a certain period all Christians went raving mad for several days, and that they were at last healed only by the application of ashes to their foreheads (on Ash Wednesday), after which they went on again as usual ; his report, externally at least, would not be very far from right even now. There is little doubt that these fooleries date from Pagan times, in precisely the same way as does the celebration of St. Valentine's day in England and elsewhere. The old cry of *Panem et Circenses* was certainly very deep-rooted : half of it is the beginning of Italian begging, the other half shows the origin of their Carnival. The Church has always recognized the deep-seatedness of this national taste, and instead of applying herself to the fruitless and mischievous task of trying to uproot it, has striven only to direct and moderate it. To understand her relations to it, it is only necessary to remember that there are three Romes—Christian Rome, Indifferent Rome, and Infidel Rome ; and that the first class, almost in its entirety, not only does not join in the excesses of the time, but takes active religious measures against them. The Indifferents and the Infidels both join in them, the difference between them being that the former are afterwards sorry if they have gone too far, and the latter are not.

Finally, the last few hours of Shrove Tuesday are spent in "burying the dead Carnival"—*i.e.*, everyone carries a lighted taper, the great idea being to keep his own alight and extinguish everyone else's. This goes on till the signal rings from the Capitol—a signal which hitherto no one has ever dreamt of disobeying. All disperse without disorder and without compulsion. Carnival is buried in its own mirth, and Lent has begun.

A more pleasing display of Italian life is the celebration of Epiphany which, as commemorating the visit of the Magi to Bethlehem,

is looked upon as the Christmas of the Gentiles, and is kept with even more festivity than Christmas Day itself. By a beautiful touch of poetry, this is the special day for giving gifts to children, in memory of the gifts brought by the wise men to the Child Jesus in Bethlehem. Thus Epiphany is essentially the children's feast, and is presided over by a mythical character, called *Befana* (from a corruption of the name of the feast), who has a personality as proper to him or herself as that of Santa Claus or Father Christmas. *Befana* is represented as a rag figure with black face, red eyes, thick lips, and furious expression—a great enemy to naughty children, but propitious to those that are good. There is an old Italian book, however, which tells us that the children used to see through the fiction centuries ago, and they certainly see through it now. Nevertheless the fiction survives—like many other more serious fictions which live a preternatural kind of life long after their death-blow has been given,—and naughty children are still warned that *Befana* will be told all about it; and that then, instead of the presents which the good children get, they will have nothing but a parcel of coals and ashes for their share. On the Vigil of Epiphany, in some of the piazzas, queer figures dressed *à la Befana* preside over stalls covered with sweets, dolls, playthings, &c. Here children are brought by their parents to take their chance, and if they are found to have been good, a present is handed to them with a congratulatory letter from *Befana*. As far as I have been able to make out, *all* children are good on that day, and consequently enjoy it. But if you would form a just idea of how those who are *not* children spend Epiphany, you must bear in mind that almost every child who gets anything at all is provided with a tin trumpet, and that they are allowed to stay up very late into the night for the express purpose of blowing it, and that (I believe) they blow it every time they wake in the night, and that moreover they get up very early in the morning to blow it again. I am not quite sure of these last facts; they are an induction I formed upon the conduct of a child who lived opposite my window last year; the family which owned that child has since left, *possibly* owing to the remonstrances of the neighbourhood.

A very charming feature of Epiphany (to those who are not

shocked at it) is to be seen in the Child Preachers in the church of Ara Coeli. Here, as in many other Catholic churches all over the world, there is a representation of the Crib of Bethlehem; and before this, from Christmas Day to Epiphany, children from four to ten years of age, mounted on a platform, publicly recite poems or sermons, or stories or dialogues in harmony with the feast. No one who has not seen them can imagine with what skill, perfect memory, faultless elocution, and marvellous gesticulation, many of them perform their task. In the sermons, they imitate with extraordinary exactness the peculiar intonation and mannerism of the Italian pulpit. I have heard little girls and boys thus deliver sermons, quarter of an hour long, without a single slip or fault, quoting Scripture and the Fathers in Latin into the bargain; beginning with a quiet, impressive exposition of the theme, raising the voice into a sustained unfolding of the argument, and concluding with an impassioned appeal, with an exterior eloquence seldom equalled by the pulpits of England.

The impressiveness of these little preachers is mainly due to the gesticulation which is so natural to them; and though this subject hardly belongs to Roman *amusements*, I cannot pass it by without a few words. A good-sized dictionary might be compiled of these gestures. "What the northern nations put into words," says Mr. Story, "the Italians express by gestures. Their shrugs contain a history, their action is a current commentary and explanation of their speech. No Italian ever states a number without using his fingers, or refuses a beggar without an unmistakable movement of the hand. This is one reason why every casual group in Italy is so picturesque. It is not enough for them to throw their whole soul into a thing; they throw their whole body into it as well. And in fact this is very useful to them. "This natural facility in pantomime," pursues the same author, "is strikingly shown at the institution in Rome for the education of the deaf and dumb. Comparatively little is done by the odious process of spelling; but a whole vocabulary of gestures, simple, intelligible and defined, serves these mutes as a shorthand language." Even to non-mutes, it is by no means a mere appendage or ornament. The knowledge of it is most important to art and archæology. For instance, Leonardo da

Vinci's "Last Supper," "probably the most *speaking* picture ever painted," is wholly unintelligible without a familiarity with Italian gesture. And Canon de Zoris, who has written a learned work on the subject, shows that "almost every gesture described by the classic authors remains yet in use with the same signification," and that consequently many ancient works of art have been identified solely by the knowledge of the modern language of motion. Cardinal Wiseman, too, relates the following anecdote of King Ferdinand's return to Naples in 1822 after the Revolution:— "Neapolitans never speak, they always shout; and in newspaper-phrase, to obtain a hearing was, on this occasion, out of the question. The king, however, was a thorough Neapolitan, and understood the language of the fingers, if he did not that of flowers; so he made his address, for we cannot call it a speech, in it." He reprov'd them for their past naughtiness, he threatened them with greater severity if they again misbehaved, and after exhorting them to good conduct, ordered them to disperse and go home quietly. Every gesture was understood, without a word, amidst the most deafening sounds." He adds that such an art, if cultivated, would be very useful on the hustings. "A little sleight of hand would thus place the most asthmatic candidate on a level with the most stentorian demagogue."

The traditional spirit of the Italians, which I have spoken of before, and which is shown in their preservation of the ancient gestures, rules also in their other amusements. Thus the game of *mora*, over which so many stabbing cases occur every year, is identical with the classical *micare* (*digitis*). It is as simple as odd-and-even, which was also played by the old Romans, and in its prime element consists in guessing the number of fingers your opponent has thrown out. In this form it is still used, as of old, to decide small issues just as is tossing-up with us; and one might hazard the theory that this sense of *micare* might be the derivation of *dimicare*, to settle a dispute by fighting. The more complicated form of the game is continuous, and is played by pairs (in partnership or otherwise); each player flings out one hand with some of the fingers extended, guessing at the same time the sum of extended fingers on both the hands thus thrown forward; the process is repeated very rapidly until the right number is guessed, and then they begin again. It

looks simple, but a minute's trial of it will show what qualities it brings into play. Cheating and misunderstanding are almost inevitable ; the loud and rapid shouting begets a need for stimulating refreshment ; so what wonder if the fun often ends in an appeal to the knife ? It is this game to which Cicero's proverbial expression for honesty refers,—“*Dignus est quicum in tenebris mices*,—you might safely play at *mora* with him in the dark.”

There is a great exception, however, to the traditional spirit in the matter of bathing, which is probably owing to a reaction from the vicious and luxurious use, or rather abuse, of baths in olden times. It is true, they say that bathing renders one more liable to the fever, but this is an excuse I am suspicious of. Whatever be the reason, the fact is that they bathe very little. I have heard of a Roman or Parisian (the story is probably equally true either way), who once announced that he bathed every morning. “Ah !” said his English friend, agreeably surprised, “capital practice, that. Do you take shower or plunge ?” “Eh ! I know not what you call shower and plunge, but when I bathe, I take the water in both my hands and throw it all over my face and neck.” What a subject for meditation in the magnificent ruins of Caracalla's Baths !

I had meant to say something about the picturesque dress of the *Contadini* (peasantry), gay in colour, but hardly ever out of taste ; also about their peculiar style of music, such as when

Afar the Contadino's song is heard,  
Rude, but made sweet by distance ;

but I fear I have already transgressed the limits allowed me, and besides something may perhaps be said on these points when I come to describe a Village Festa.

F. C. KOLBE.



## Love and Money too.

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### CHAPTER VII.

Le pot au lait.

WHEN sorrow first entered the world, the ground was cursed for man's sake, and God, of His great goodness gave him work to do—hard, vigorous work—tilling the ground—and the six thousand years that have since passed have only confirmed the witness of the beneficent infliction, for now as then, energetic work with either head or hands is found the most healthful remedy for mental or spiritual miseries.

The grief and anxiety at the farm the next day were very great, but there were many things pressing for attention, both out of doors and in. It was only after tea that Mary stole out into the garden, and climbing the hedge gazed wistfully down the river at the vessels riding at anchor off the little harbour, wondering which of them was to carry away her brother for ever. The evening had settled down, calm and still,—every sound was distinct. There was the faintest rustle with the poplar leaves; a low twitter with the birds; the gnats were dancing their mad whirl; the humming-bird moth hovered around the tall phlox and the Sweet Williams; the flowers sent out their sweetest scents; the martins darted round the house with their wild hilarious shriek; a boy was whistling cheerfully in the distance—everything around was happy, and she sat pondering on the mystery of life. Had human beings the capabilities for a much greater happiness than other animals as they had for greater miseries? Did not the song of a bird in spring sound a very intoxication of joy? Perhaps it was only in the next world that we should reach the higher state of happiness, and yet was not that joy, of being able to anticipate perfect happiness for eternity, of itself a higher pleasure than their blind momentary mirth?

James came along the path and stood beside her.

“Mary, will you come in?”

The sadness of the pleasant evening was upon her already, and though he purposely avoided telling her it was too late for her to be out, she recognised it with a little shiver.

“Only a minute,” she said. “I wanted to see the ship.”

He scrambled up by her side. “I think its that one lying just off the quay—the one with three masts.”

"I'll go now ;" and she put her head on his shoulder and began to cry.

"Don't, Mary. Be brave for mother's sake ;" and he drew her down and across the path. At the door she stopped to collect herself.

"It feels as if we should have fine weather, I think, doesn't it ? The storm last night has cleared the air."

"Yes, I hope it has."

Philippa, too, was busy that day. She had more customers than usual, for the gossips of the place came in one after another to compare notes about how many slates had been blown off their roofs, and how they thought the chimney must come down—eager to hear if there had been any serious damage to person or property. In this, however, they were disappointed, the loss of a few slates, magnified into half the roof blown off ! was all they could report to each other ; all the chimneys had kept firm, and the vessels even were safe.

They did not give Philippa much to do, for their errands were chiefly trifles which simply served as excuses for coming out, but she was too much used to her business to show her impatience. Once she brought forward an article with the remark, "I don't think you have seen this new piece of print mother's had in, Mrs. Jenkins. It would make up nicely for your 'Lizabeth Ann."

"Yes, I like the speckets, but 'twon't wash, I expect, and it's no use to have anything for 'Lizabeth Ann if it won't, for such a child for getting into dirt never was. They keep me busy between them, and no mistake."

Mrs. Jenkins had been lounging in the shop for a quarter of an hour since Philippa had cut off a ha'poth of sticking plaster for Bill who had cut his leg !

"It washes beautiful," said Philippa. "I tried it the day it came home."

"Well then you may cut me off two yards and a half. But your things is dreadful dear, Philippa. There's Mrs. Teague's got a new bonnet. Her husband brought it home from Bodmin last Saturday fortnight—a beautiful Tuscan and green ribbons. It cost seven and twenty shillings, and she says it was very cheap."

"I don't sell Tuscan bonnets, so I don't know anything about the price of them, but it isn't likely that the folks that sell to me charge me more than they do other people."

She ignored the possibility of her making extra profits.

A bare-headed child came in and asked for some apples.



"You've got the money. I suppose," said Philippa.

The child handed her a penny, "I must take back a ha'penny to mother," and her face fell as she saw only two apples passed across the counter.

"Give her the other two, I'll pay for them," said an old woman more respectable looking than the rest. "There, my dear, that's one apiece for you."

"Thank you; they are going into a pasty. It's mother's birthday to-morrow."

As the girl left the shop Philippa remarked,

"Apples are very scarce this year. Mother had to walk miles after them, and could hardly get them for love or money."

"'Tis foolish of folks so poor as that to spend their money upon apples," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"She gets four-pence a-day and her meat, whenever she goes out washing or cleaning up, and help besides; she ought to be able to do upon that," put in another.

"You may depend 'tis hard work for a woman to keep three children that can't do anything for themselves," said the old woman who had paid for the apples.

"That's what she said to me the other day, but, says she, 'There's Mrs. Rawlins always doing us a kind turn. I must be thankful for kind friends.'"

"Well, I can't help it. When my John was home he was always doing for them, and now he's gone to sea again, I can't help going on with it."

Another girl here burst in at the door, addressing Mrs. Jenkins with,

"Mother, father's sent home Tom to say he isn't coming home to dinner, and it must be sent down to him by twelve o'clock."

"What a plague the man is! Why can't he come home to dinner like other folks? How is anybody to send out fried pilchards, I should like to know? There's one thing, he'll have 'em all cold by the time he gets 'em into his mouth."

This untoward interruption broke up the group, the other women only lingering a few moments to "thank God they were not as other women," and shake their heads over Mrs. Jenkins leaving "all those children so long to themselves."

Philippa knew that if Robert were found she should hear of it within half an hour, and even any rumours of his being in the neighbourhood

would be sure to be brought to her shop to be digested and sent forth in some new form, so it was with a secure feeling that all had gone well as yet, that she laid her plans for her night walk. Her mother had "reasoned with her"—that is to say, had tried to talk her out of going, but to no effect.

"Early to bed" was certainly one of their rules. At half-past eight Mrs. Vercoe went off grumbling and uncomfortable, but helpless, and Philippa having fetched her bonnet and shawl sat stitching wrist-bands (for she took in shirts to make) by the feeble light. She was excited, though her face did not show it. She thought what a bad time of the year it was for going a long voyage; she did hope there would not be another such storm as there was last night for some time to come, although it had made her sell more than usual to-day; she had done well altogether, she was getting on with her sewing, she should finish that shirt to-morrow. It would be a dreadful loss if Mrs. Barret did set up a shop in the lower part of the town, as people said she was going to, she would be sure to try to draw away the customers by selling cheaper. So she went on, spending five minutes thinking of Robert, and the next in calculating her gains for the week. She had not the exertion of making up her mind about anything, she had already done that. She meant to see Robert before he left the country, there were several things that must be discussed. She had said that she would marry no one else, but she did not intend to remain single, she meant to marry him—not now of course—she would still wait for the hundred pounds. It was always best to come to an understanding about things, and she was not afraid of going across the sea.

At a quarter to eleven, she stalked out and hesitated a moment which way to go. A possibility of half-drunken sailors staggering from the public houses towards the quay turned her upwards. Perhaps, too, this way she might meet Robert. She was not afraid, but it was unusual for her to be out late, and she felt ready to be scared. She wished the stars were not shining so brightly; any body would know her if they met her, and when she got under the shadow of some trees the wind was hustling the branches together, so that she would not be able to hear if anybody was about, while the mysterious rush of the sea was distinctly audible. At the turn which would lead her round to the back of the town she paused, wondering if Robert was before or behind her: she should not like to be waiting on the dark little cove ever so long. She would wait a few minutes and see if he came. Why there was a light

in the road under the trees, and a horse too, and several men! What ever could they be doing? She must not be seen. She got over a gate and hid behind a stump of a tree. The steady tramp came nearer and nearer. Then she saw the fussy little doctor and a constable.

"You don't want me any longer now," said the doctor, "so I'd better go out and see after the woman that's ill," and he turned his horse and rode back rapidly.

But Philippa did not notice that, for she had seen Robert march past between two constables. She had no sight of his face, but there was no mistaking her father's clothes or her lover's walk.

There were larger groups and more excited ones in Mrs. Vercoe's shop the next morning, and had she chosen to hint at her acquaintance with Robert's previous movements, she might have sold out all her stock-in-trade from the new cheese that came in the day before to her quarter of a pound of spice, and the blown glass milk-jug. But she kept her own counsel and joined in the ejaculations. The doctor was the hero of the day. His horse had shied at coming suddenly on Robert in the dusk, and the little man recognising him had roused the constables, who rightly judging that he was making for the shore had cut off his retreat and trapped him. Philippa did not appear for the day, but she sat upstairs stitching as if for her life, now and again giving a little stamp as the sound of the chatter reached her ears.

No one in the place had any ill-will for the poor fellow, but half of them would have sacrificed him with pleasure to have such a lively topic of conversation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Wonder not, oh man, if events always turn out different to what we have intended."

UNDINE.

"I'm afraid it will be a terrible scramble here James while I'm wanting. But if Mary isn't down in time to get the breakfast in the morning you'd better call in Sarah, and have the milking left till after. And don't find fault with Mary for not getting up—she isn't so strong as she used to be, and she always did her best, so if she isn't up she can't help it."

James was tempted to exclaim, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" but he felt his mother's grief too much to aggravate it by being irritable, and said,

"Yes, mother, I'll do my best for her."

It was early morning, and James was waiting for his breakfast, while his mother weighed up the butter she was making. He could not bear to see her so careworn and anxious, and yet be unable to give her any help, so turned away and looked out of the window.

Poor Mrs. Pengelly could not repress a sigh. She did not hesitate about taking her journey—all her children wanted her presence badly, but there could be no doubt that Robert's case was the most urgent, still it added a pound to her ton of trouble, to leave the household in a scramble, and Mary wanting her care.

"I wish she could have gone over to your uncle's, she is sure to do more than she has strength for. The last time I saw her take a pan of milk off the fire, I declare I never believed she would have got into the dairy without turning it all over herself."

"Mother," interrupted James in a more cheerful tone, "here's Rachel coming down the road."

"Rachel!"

"Yes, walking."

Mrs. Pengelly hastily rolled up her last pound of butter and washed her hands. James stepped to the door to greet his cousin, but she rushed past him into the kitchen and clasping her arms around her aunt, wept upon her neck. Down went the stately head to greet her, and sob answered sob. It seemed to the weary struggling woman that her own youth had come to mourn with her. It was not that their faces were much alike (though to eyes sharp enough to pierce the veil of years and poverty that clouded the elder woman's face, it was plainly to be seen that they were akin), and Rachel was six inches shorter than her aunt. But the fresh good-looking clothes, the odds and ends about her, the bright pleasant complexion of a girl who had had no troubles, the air that she carried of being well taken care of, all flung themselves upon the aunt with the recollection of what she had been herself, that long time ago when she had been an only daughter, and her father delighted to do her honour. She thanked God that he had died before her troubles began.

The aunt and niece sat down together on the settle still clinging to each other, and for some minutes neither could speak. Then Rachel gasped,

"I beg your pardon, aunt, I don't mean to be troublesome. I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"My child, my child, they are blessed tears for me, cooling the flaming fire that was burning out my heart. And how did you come?"

"Father sent me," said Rachel. "He would have come himself, but we've got a field of barley out still, and they're going to try to get it in to-day.

"How could you be spared with the harvest folks about?"

"But you havn't walked over!" exclaimed Mrs. Pengelly and James at the same time.

"Father's got old Betsy Basset to come in and look after things, and he sent Tom to bring me over behind him on the horse. I sent him back again at the last turn. Aunt," and here she began to hesitate, "father thought you'd be sure to be going to Launceston, so he's sent over this. 'Tis a hundred guineas, to pay for whatever you want. And I was to say please you must have the best lawyer ever you can get, and father doesn't mind whatever it comes to."

The girl drew a heavy linen bag from her bundle, and rattled the gold out on the table. "Here, James, you count it over please, and I'll take up your breakfast."

"Oh, Rachel!" exclaimed her aunt, "may the Lord reward your father! I'm going this very morning, and have just been making up the butter, that I might ride behind your uncle to the nearest market and sell it to have the money to help me away."

"I'm going to stay here for company to Mary while you're away," said Rachel gently.

Mrs. Pengelly sat down again and cried softly, but Rachel, instead of joining this time, put her bonnet and shawl on a chair, and stepped about quickly, setting the breakfast in order.

Mary came down all tears and kisses, and her father walked in while the money was still on the table. He was so bent and aged in the last few weeks that Rachel started at the sight of him. The appearance of the money and Rachel together told their own story to him, and he did not need the explanation his wife hastened to give. He went to the fire and stood almost crouching over it, while his head was turned towards the little glittering piles. That money! Why had it not been his instead of his brother-in-law's? Why could it only come to him as a present, instead of by the work of his hands and head, the selling of his cattle and his corn? He had twice the brains of the other. Why did gold seem to grow under his brother's touch, and to vanish under his own? There was something wrong somewhere. It was not that Mr. Rosevear hoarded his gains, for he often spent as freely as himself; indeed, sometimes much more so, as he could well afford to do.

Now, Mr. Pengelly owned it was not the difference in their families, for their uncles had paid the school bills for each of the boys, and probably Rachel cost her father as much as his three children cost him. Then what was it? He was hopelessly confused and doubting. The breaking up of his belief in his own infallibility was like an earthquake that rent the ground from under his feet, and cast him, broken and bruised, down, down, to grovel in anguish and darkness without a gleam to guide him. He would begin the world afresh, but there was no world for him to begin and nothing for him to start with.

"John, if you don't come to breakfast your rasher will be cold," said his wife, and he followed her mechanically. At her bidding too he prepared to ride forth with her.

A tearful little group watched them till the horse passed over the brow of the hill, and they were hidden from sight. Then Rachel roused herself and exclaimed, "It's baking day Mary, isn't it, to-day? The barm is in the dairy, I suppose?"

"Yes, but you're not going to do the baking; you'd make yourself in a pretty mess."

"Yes I am though. I've brought my cooking apron on purpose."

"But I can't let you," said Mary.

"But I mean to do it. I believe you're afraid I can't. I used to make bread sometimes when I was a little girl, and you lived with us, didn't I James?"

"Bread! only sand pies in a limpet shell, and pounds of butter of the same inviting material."

"Sand pies, indeed! Why I shouldn't know how to make them to this day, if I hadn't dreamt the other night that you were showing me the way."

Mary thought them stony-hearted to be able to talk lightly for a moment, and went in; but she would not have thought so if she had heard how earnestly Rachel said the next instant, "James I *must* make the bread. It's no light work."

That was her greatest charm—she was constant only in changing. Her moods were as quickly varying as the lights and shadows on the sea, and as sympathetic with those around her as the sea is with the sky—it has its own ripples or breakers, but even these are bright or dull as the atmosphere is sunny or grey. This made a naturally pretty face lovely. Her eyes were dark brown, eager and dreamy by turns. Her hair was the same colour. It was not very abundant, but it was

made the most of, the little curls surrounding the high forehead were singularly becoming, and it always looked carefully done. Rachel also betrayed her consciousness of having small and well shaped feet, by the nicety of fit that she insisted on having in her shoes ; for it is certain—at least in the country—that those who consider themselves to have pretty feet, are more neatly shod than those who only think theirs passable. Her head was well-balanced. Her eyelashes would not have rivalled those sketched by Miss Edwards, but came as near them as nature permits. There were no signs of poverty, physical or mental, about her.

“Yes of course, if you will,” said James in a decided tone ; but conscious of the weakness of his efforts to manage women, he thought it prudent to depart about more profitable, if less congenial work. It was with some curiosity that he entered the house later in the morning for his draught of home-brewed beer. He found Mary seated in the window putting on a picce to an old pair of duck trousers, and Rachel with her sleeves rolled up, the largest of aprons on, and the whitest of lawn caps on her head—preparations formidable enough to satisfy the critical eye of a young lady belonging to a modern school of cookery. The results appeared worthy of the preparations. A smell of sweet hot bread came from a number of up-turned loaves that Sarah had just taken from the oven, and large tins of biscuits were awaiting their turn to be baked. James thought it prudent to make no remarks about Rachel’s work, feeling that he had done wisely in walking away rather than attempting to sit between two stools.

They were all much interested in the weather, though no one said a word of why James thought it would hold up ; and the girls accepted his verdict as a prophecy.

“Have you got in all your apples ?” Rachel asked.

“No, all the late sorts are left.”

“Well then, I think we ought to go about them this afternoon.”

“Oh, I’ll attend to them,” said James. “You needn’t trouble about that.”

“But it will do us good to go out. We will leave you to climb the trees and get your neck broken if you wish it,—though it’s so unpleasant that I don’t think there can be any harm in doing it.”

On Mr. Pengelly’s return the family relapsed into gloom for the evening, but Rachel decided that she had come there for the purpose of lightening their burdens, not to pile up a fresh one upon herself, without

taking any from them, so in future, although she sometimes indulged Mary by having a cry with her when they were alone, she persisted in speaking cheerfully when the others were present, and refused to ask for a piece of bread and butter, as if she were saying lead on to the stake ! The atmosphere of the household was foreign to her, there was no golden mist to tone down ugly facts ; everything stood out stark and plain in the clear frosty air. It might be bracing and healthy for her, but she shrank from it and longed for the hot sunshine of her father's presence with the almost intolerable home-sickness of a child. She had never known her mother and never missed her. Ever since her birth she had been her father's chief consideration, and she had grown up encircled by the thousand invisible atoms with which such love surrounds it's object. The servants were devoted to her, for she was cheerful with them, and decided. The neighbours always treated her with some tenderness, for was she not a motherless girl and the only child of a well-to-do man ? The young people always welcomed her warmly, for was she not lively, good-looking and well dressed ? She had scarcely ever heard a harsh word, or seen an indifferent look turned towards her. It had not spoilt her ; but it was a sharp lesson she had to learn by coming into this self-absorbed household. She was nothing to Sarah, but some one to help on the work. By the rest of the family she fancied with dismay that she was considered an interloper at the end of the first day. It had not been so during her short visits before ; then her aunt had always made the best of everything for her comfort, and everybody had made much of her. The second morning she felt she had been so long from home that she wondered her father did not ride over to see her. She had no idea that the time had been much longer to him, that he felt her loneliness more than she did herself. She had not yet learnt that it is much harder to sacrifice those we love than ourselves. When he heard of his sister's terrible trouble, Mr. Rosevear at once decided that though he could never heal this wound, it must be mollified with ointment at any cost to himself, and so he sacrificed his one ewe lamb when he thought that she could give more comfort than himself. She was a willing victim, and did her part bravely in spite of her feeling of desolation. She was almost greedy in her longing for love from all with whom she came in contact, and she never failed to win it. Of course such anxiety as her uncle and cousins had to occupy their thoughts to the exclusion of almost everything else, and she saw that the isolation of her first day or two was owing to her determined struggle to be cheerful ;



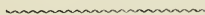
still firm in the belief of the wisdom of her attempt, she persisted in it, and the house grew in cheerfulness. Mary, in spite of many tears and efforts to hug her grief, gathered together a little more strength in consequence of dainty breakfasts brought up to her before she rose in the morning, and which had to be eaten because Rachel had taken so much trouble about them. And Rachel quickly learnt when a bright word or look would do most good, and when it was best to "weep with them that weep."

So the days went on, and she became first satisfied, then content, then nappy. The self-absorption of her relations was not selfishness—though the intense love some of us have for those near to us, is a species of selfishness—the air that she found frosty had chilled them, accustomed as they were to it, and they needed some of the warmth that she so freely bestowed. Her pleasant tone, quick light step, and bright face were healthful tonics, not quite appreciated at first, but soon taken with eagerness. Mary leant upon her more; the household duties ceased to be cares to the weary girl, for Rachel was quick and methodical, and had a knack of getting things right; and Mary grew to that state of loving admiration which some girls feel for others,—admiration for the perfect health, the brightness of the sunshine she shed around her, the good looks, and dainty fittings.

Mr. Pengelly never thought of his niece, but he felt her. He had sunk lower than a little child, for he had lost a child's faith, yet he listened for the musical light voice, and unconsciously watched her as she flitted in and out upon her different works.

And although Rachel did not realize, there was hovering around her a love as strong as her father's, and one that should satisfy her for all time.

*(To be Continued.)*



## Four Weeks in North America.

FROM THE NOTES OF A "TRANSIENT."

THE very name Chicago reminds us at once of the most rapidly developed city in North America, and of one of the most awful fires that ever devastated a city. In 1830 Chicago had twelve houses and 100 inhabitants of all sorts; in 1850 there were about 30,000 inhabitants, and in 1878, 550,000. Chicago is considered the most important commercial city in the States next to New York; it is the greatest grain market in the world, and the most important market for live-stock in the United States, where nearly 5,000,000 hogs were received, and more than 1,000,000 head of cattle, 365,000 sheep, and 8,000 horses in 1876; and the numbers have increased rather than diminished since that year. Into no city in the United States does so large a number of railways enter.

Built on the shore of Lake Michigan into which the River Chicago, with its north and south branches, flows, it has extensive water communication, which connects it through the Lakes and St. Lawrence River with the Atlantic Ocean and the world; and by canals with various parts of Eastern America, as well as with the Mississippi River and the South and West. On the south branch this water communication is increased by a great number of "slips" or blind canals cut at right angles to the river, and at each side of these slips were wharves; where two or three ships were loading or unloading, while the ground between these slips was covered with immense piles of timber, or lumber as it is called in America, except a few places where the ground was covered by large corn elevators; both here and at the mouth of the river, the amount of timber piled up was enormous; about 5,000 men are occupied in these timber yards, 1,200,000,000 of feet of timber are yearly sent out from Chicago, chiefly to the North-west as far as the Rocky Mountains, and a part to New York. These immense American lakes or inland seas, across which it is impossible to see the opposite shore, take away all romantic ideas of pretty lakes, though the shores of lake Superior are said to be very bold and covered with forest.

About 50,000 of the inhabitants of Chicago are engaged in manufactures, such as iron and steel works, flour mills, cotton, clothing, boot and shoe factories and tanneries. At one clothing manufactory, 5,000 persons were employed, and during the previous week 10,000 suits of clothing had been sent out to the Western States; an immense business is carried on in both the wholesale and retail stores. We saw Palmer, Fuller & Co.'s very large manufactory of sash doors, windows, blinds, mouldings, &c., where 10,000,000 feet of timber is used in the year; and into the lower storey of which the railway freight cars were shunted to be packed; the Americans thus bring the means of transport into the timber yards, and not only to the doors, but into the lower storey of large factories, meat-packing establishments, and corn elevators. One Scotch gentleman told us that 40,000 American-made doors were imported into Britain in 1878; he had also seen an American instrument like a saw, but with the various projections and indentations necessary, which when applied by steam to a rough piece of wood, could in half a minute cut it into a turned table leg; their ingenuity in such kinds of machinery is wonderful.

While driving along Michigan Avenue, we saw a cross street blocked by a house in transit; it was not long before we were on the spot examining the stone foundations from which, by a number of screw-jacks, the wooden house of two stories had been raised and then drawn into the street; the house had a verandah, a porch with pillars, and outside venetian blinds. The muslin curtains were in the windows, and most if not all of the furniture was in the house; frequently people reside in the house during its removal, spending the night in it. In front, underneath and behind the house, were hundreds of rollers, from six to nine feet long and about nine inches in diameter; large crowbars were fixed in the middle of the road and to them ropes and a series of pulley-blocks were attached; the ropes were then passed through pulley-blocks fastened to the house, the one rope was drawn by a winch and the other by two horses. As the house was drawn along, the rollers from the back were placed in front, and when needed the crowbars upon which the purchase was made, were taken out and fixed farther on the road; before we saw this plan we could not imagine how the house could be moved.

The waterworks of Chicago are on an extensive scale ; two miles distant in the lake is a stone-built house called a " crib ;" thence two brick tunnels, seven feet high, bring the water into a huge well on the shore, out of which very powerful engines and pumps, with ten foot stroke, draw 70,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, and force it up an adjoining tower 184 feet high, from whence the pressure drives the water to every part of this large but level city.

In 1871 Chicago was the scene of a terrible fire extending over three and a half square miles, in which more than 17,000 buildings, wooden, brick, and stone were destroyed; 98,000 persons were rendered homeless, and 200 persons perished. In a year after a large part had been rebuilt, but in 1874 another large fire destroyed eighty acres of houses in the city. We saw but one ruined church and about two blocks which were not rebuilt ; and now the villas, the houses, the warehouses, the churches, the hotels, the City Hall, and other buildings, are some of the finest I have ever seen.

We visited one of the fire engine establishments, and learnt that there were throughout the city 1,216 fire alarm boxes, like letter boxes, connected with the telegraph wires and poles, the key of each being kept at one house or another as near as possible to the box. When a person sees a fire, he quickly gets the key from the house, unlocks the box, touches the alarum, which at once communicates with alarums at the central office and other offices in the districts nearest to the fire ; while at the twenty-six fire engine stations they can at once tell from the telegraph register in which district the fire is raging. The establishment we visited was connected with seventy of these alarm boxes. The two horses for the engine, which weighs about a ton, stand ready harnessed, and so does the horse for the fire hose cart ; the steam in the fire engine is always kept up from a stationary boiler in the cellar below, while wood and coal are always ready on the engines. As soon as the electric fire alarm gong is struck, every door flies open with a spring, the horses knowing the sound rush out to their places at the engine, are hooked on in a few moments, the steam-pipe is disconnected, all is ready in fifteen or twenty seconds, and often started before the arrival of the alarm from the central office ; the fire is lit while racing along the streets, and in five minutes is keeping up the supply of steam. The men sleep upstairs ; the beds were arranged around two openings in the

floor, through which poles passed up to the roof; when the alarm sounded these men seized their huge boots and slid down the poles (instead of rushing for the stairs) and landed beside the engine on which were their helmets. The superintendent courteously showed us how rapidly all could be done. There were also fire escape ladders 108 feet long, and chemical engines weighing 600 lbs., and throwing carbolic acid, soda and water sufficient to extinguish a small fire. In smaller towns and villages there are clubs of fire-hose runners, which run dragging their light truck with the hose for prizes; and Plattsburg was in great excitement when we were there because their club had outrun all others and carried off the prize.

On Thursday morning, Sept. 25th, we left Chicago, and passing stations called Hyde Park, Kensington, Chelsea, and other London names, we travelled at first through very flat country along the margin of Lake Michigan. At Michigan city there were very high white sand hills, and on account of the sand the streets near the lake were paved with beams or slabs; still as there is water communication with the lake, business is pretty good. Beyond that city we passed through more broken and prettier country than we had seen for some days, chiefly forest scenery with clearings and meadows, lakelets and clear streamlets and hilly undulating ground. Everywhere there were indications of the industry of the farmers in the well-cultivated country we passed through, though not in such vast stretches of land as we had passed on the level prairie country. We passed several small but flourishing towns and near to a large factory for sugar from mealie stalks and Kafir imphee or sorghum stalks. We reached Detroit in the evening and were particularly struck with the breadth of the streets and pavements and their capital condition, which for American cities was exceptionally good. Maple and other trees lined all the streets, sometimes in double rows, and gave a most pleasant shade. There were many fine mansions and villas in their gardens, and a great number of small comfortable houses and cottages, of which Mr. Paton told us that out of 14,000 houses 11,000 were owned by the persons who occupied them. Detroit is situated on the western side of the strait through which all the waters and the shipping from Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and St. Clair, must pass into Lakes Erie and Ontario, and

down the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean. Like Sarnia, higher up on the strait between lakes Huron and St. Clair, the site for commerce is admirable on account of the vast number of vessels which call in passing backwards and forwards. There are some miles of wharves, and it has large machine works, iron foundries, and copper works, producing 6,000 tons yearly, but the same company has works on Lake Superior (whence the ore comes) producing 15,000 tons yearly.

We left Detroit on Friday noon in a Wagner's drawing-room carriage: the whole train was put on to a huge steam ferry, on which there was already a large goods train; we mounted on to the deck above the trains and away we steamed across this strong Detroit River, the outlet of the large lake about a mile wide. We reached Windsor on the Canadian or British side, and soon an engine being attached we passed through Windsor, a small place in comparison with its rival Detroit. The first part of our journey was through flat and marshy land within sight of lake St. Clair; then we entered wooded country, where in some cases trees just felled were lying over each other in great confusion; in other places the large stumps were left, with a bark-ringed dead giant tree or two still standing, ploughing being carried on between the stumps, and the house a genuine log cabin. In some places the stumps and logs were burning, in others the roots were being dragged out by horses; other ground was clear, well tilled, with comfortable houses and mealie stalks stacked for winter use. Horses grazing were often hobbled, but I saw one knee-haltered. In Canada we usually found gates at the railway crossings. Wood was chiefly burnt by the locomotives, and large piles were stacked at every station.

We stayed twenty minutes at London, a thriving, bustling town of 27,000 inhabitants, famous for its petroleum. Ever since we had left Chatham we had seen more life and cultivation than nearer the American shore, and the railway station with its numerous trains and freight cars indicated plenty of traffic. As we proceeded in the bright moonlight, the country was more broken, hilly and beautiful, especially about Dundas, for the streams far below us were gleaming like molten silver among the dark grass meadows and still darker trees. We soon reached Hamilton, a very flourishing town on the

South shore of Lake Ontario, well placed and vigorous in using its advantages; it is famous for its stoves and its Wanzer sewing machines.

Just as we approached our station, Clifton, we noticed a small mist cloud in a cloudless sky, hanging low over the rising ground above us, and at once thought it must be the mist cloud hanging over Niagara, and no sooner did the train stop than we heard the distant roar of the great falls. As the carriage was driven up the road, we saw, in the clear moonlight, the broad deep chasm of the river 200 feet below us, with the troubled waters of the rapids struggling together; soon we saw the stream calmer and the roar waxed louder, and as we reached the Clifton Hotel the falling waters seemed, in the brilliant moonlight, like perpendicular sheets of snow-white frosted silver, the bottom of the falls being lost in the spray clouds, which, in the larger fall, drove across and rose high up in the air, — a cloud ever increasing, ever dissolving, and therefore apparently unchanging in size; the dark woods on Goat Island divided the snow-white falls; the unceasing roar with occasional thuds (recalling the Indian name “Niagara” “thunder of waters”), kept the front windows of the hotel in a constant clatter. With that grand deep-toned monotone, as if from the stormy waves on a rock-bound coast, for a lullaby, and with that calm midnight moonlight vision of silvern beauty photographed on our memories, we reluctantly turned from our first delighted gaze on Niagara, to the very needful prose of bedrooms and sleep. Next morning, the 26th, we observed that the American fall was exactly opposite the dining-room windows of the Clifton Hotel, while the piazza in front commanded an uninterrupted view of the Canadian fall more than half a mile off, but on that account free from the spray mist which was blown on to the hotels nearer that fall. Some have declared that at first they were disappointed with these falls; the impression of their height is certainly lessened through the fact that all the hotels are on the same level with the rapids *above* the falls; so that in order to appreciate their height, we must descend 200 feet to the level of the river which has poured over these falls and then look up to the crest of their downward leap. The American fall opposite seemed quite straight, pouring down like a snow-white veil (with a

few horsetails to break the uniformity), and near the bottom dashing upon the huge boulder rocks into spray which rose up to one-third of the height of the fall; this fall is 900 feet in breadth and 164 feet high; the Canadian or horse-shoe fall is 2,000 feet in breadth and 158 feet clear leap into unknown depths of water, instead of being straight it is something of a curve with a deep indentation near which the water pours ever in a dark green mass twenty feet in thickness; the water above the fall coming through the rapids is of a rifle green colour flecked with white crested billows; the dark sea green colour of the centre of this fall contrasts with the colour of the shallower sides, and of the shallow American fall, which is white from the top; but, before this green resistless water has fallen half its distance, it is lost in the mist-cloud which almost entirely hides the creamy foaming boiling depths below; it is at this part of the fall that the greatest portion of the 100,000,000 tons of water pours over these falls every hour, or nearly two million tons every minute. It is this *immense volume* of water constantly pouring over them, and not so much their *height*, which impresses all with their grandeur.

We first drove over the suspension bridge and down to the whirlpool rapids two or three miles below the falls; there we descended to the river bed in a lift, from which a Scotch fellow-passenger had just emerged, with the words, "Man, I'm right glad I'm oot o' that box." The water of the river had now entered its deeper and narrower gorge, and, though near the falls, the water was smooth enough for a boat to cross, and constantly boiling and eddying up quietly from a depth of more than a hundred feet below; yet here it looked wild from above, and when we got down to it we saw the tumult of the waters as if waves pressed out from the deep rocky channel below were trying to rush up stream, and meeting the waves on the surface the water was hurled high up in the air, and falling down, rushed wildly on to meet and crush down other waves, the clear green water skurrying and whirling along at a tremendous speed. The falls of Niagara are not visible from these rapids on account of a bend in the river. Professor Tyndal writes of these rapids: "In the middle of the stream the rush and tossing are most violent. Vast pyramidal heaps of water leap incessantly from the



river so as to jerk their summits in the air, where they hang suspended as bundles of liquid pearls, which when shone upon by the sun are of undescrivable beauty. The first impression, and indeed the current explanation of these rapids is, that the *central bed* of the river is cumbered with large boulders, and that the jostling, tossing and wild leaping of the water there are due to its striking against these obstacles. A very different explanation occurred to me on the spot: boulders from the adjacent cliffs visibly cumber the *sides* of the river; against these the water rises and sinks regularly but violently, large waves being thus produced. On the formation of each wave there is an immediate compounding of the wave motion (from the sides) with the river motion (down stream). The ridges (of waves) which in still water would proceed in circular waves *round* the centre of disturbance, *cross* the river *obliquely*, the result is that at the centre, waves commingle which have really been formed at the sides. This crossing of waves may be seen on a small scale in any gutter after rain; it may also be seen on simply pouring water from a wide lipped jug (where the two edges of the stream soon meet in a central rugged ridge). In the first instance, then, we had a commingling of wave motion with river motion, here we have the coalescence of waves with waves. Where crest and furrow cross each other, the motion is annulled; where furrow and furrow cross, the river is ploughed to a great depth; and where crest and crest help each other, we have that astonishing leap of the water which breaks the cohesion of the crests (of these waves) and tosses them shattered into the air. The phenomena observed at the whirlpool rapids constitute in fact one of the grandest illustrations of the principle of interference."

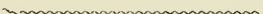
We drove back past the high railway suspension bridge up to Prospect Park. From there we descended by an elevator car to the river shore, and in the house at the "Shadow of the Rock" we put on flannel suits and mackintoshes, and sou'westers and felt shoes, and in such a remarkable costume we went out into the spray and over the huge wet boulders to the very wall of rock at the back of the American fall, and then backwards along a soaking, slippery wooden platform with railing, under a pelting shower of cataract drops, larger than those of the heaviest storm I have ever experienced; backwards

we went, holding on to each other with one hand, and to the soaking railing with the other, trying now and then to look up through the translucent fall, when we were between it and the rock, but almost blinded in our attempts by the buckets full of water which were blown on to our faces, bawling into each other's ears, but unable to hear on account of the deafening roar; going still backward until it seemed as if a strong wind was blowing the cataract itself in sheets upon us, and most carefully walking forward along our shaky platform out of this hurly-burly of water and cataract rain, we emerged from the edge of the American fall "the most drippingest animals" ever seen, wetter, if not wiser, than we ever had been; but once there is enough for a lifetime; and we steadfastly declined all invitations to go beneath any other parts of the falls. When we came up from the river side we stood beside a parapet on the very brink of the American fall, the water near enough to be touched as it rolled over the edge of the cliff in its long wide deep leap of 160 feet. We then crossed the bridge over the rapids of this fall: huge logs of wood and trees were entangled here and there, waiting for the next freshet to release them and hurl them over the fall; on an island near the other side one or two paper mills are erected and driven by part of the stream; it is that very small portion of the stream between that island and Goat Island, which forms the water veil in front of the Cave of the Winds. From Goat Island we passed on wooden bridges to a rock in the Canadian fall, not far from the deep cleft; the tower which formerly stood there had been blown up, because unsafe. It was a very grand sight to be on the fall and see in front of us the waters of the rapids converging to the green swiftly rolling wave as it poured over into the mist-hidden chasm below. From another part of Goat Island, we crossed on three bridges to the "Three Sisters' Islands," the furthestmost of which gave us a full view of the rapids above Goat Island and the Falls nearly a mile broad. We drove back over the suspension bridge and up the Canadian side, and at one spot laid flat down on the rock to look over the precipice, and peered through occasional openings in the spray, and saw the seething, foaming, creamy water whirling about in numberless eddies in the misty depths of the caldron before they moved on quietly down the

deep bed until they reached the whirlpool rapids two miles below. The river from below the falls to those rapids is said to be one and two hundred feet deep, and all along the water is quietly but mightily boiling up in eddies from the great depths beneath; but so calmly does it glide along that a man easily rows a ferry boat from one side to the other.

Above the falls where the river was said to be rushing to the fall at the rate of forty miles an hour, a stream passing beneath a house emitted so much gas that it was concentrated in an iron tube an inch in diameter and burned with a flame eighteen inches long; when the pipe was removed, a lighted piece of paper let down to the surface of the rushing water caused the gas to flare up like the brandy in snap-dragon; this was called the burning spring. At night the electric light was thrown on to the falls through different coloured glasses; the effect was more pretty than grand. The Sunday at these mighty falls was a glorious and enjoyable day, for while the falls filled some with excitement, wonder, and delight, they filled others with reverence, peace, and joy: in the afternoon a very heavy storm with its thunder of the clouds, broke over the fall, and mingled its roar and grandeur with those of Niagara, "the thunder of the waters."

*(To be continued.)*



## A Holiday Excursion.

ONE of the most real objections to living at the Cape is that there are no pleasant and agreeable places within easy reach where a thorough change can be procured. Of course we all know that Kalk Bay, Somerset Strand, and perhaps Ceres, have their own particular attractions, but from all of them you may be said to be still in view of Table Mountain. The change is not complete enough, and is scarcely greater than that of the green-room into the brown which disturbs the peaceful monotony of a quiet family. On the other hand if you extend your wanderings in South Africa and take train or steamer with the full determination of losing sight of Table Mountain, there are two drawbacks: first of all, the discomforts of the roads; and secondly, the expense. Any traveller might put up with the joltings of a post cart, insufficient accommodation both for man and beast, if he felt that being in a comparatively primitive country he was only paying according to the primitive mode of fare, but when he becomes conscious that besides being hustled and battered in a post cart and snubbed at hotels, he is paying far more than he would for a tour in Italy or Switzerland, he gets disgusted and internally resolves never to lose sight of Table Mountain. This is the conclusion of many who have travelled over the dreary flats of the Karroo and the uninteresting undulations of our inland districts. Nothing has refreshed the eye, probably, in the simmering glare of summer heat, whilst onward they jolt and jump over rocks and in and out sluits in search of some comfortable place of rest. I have often pitied the forlorn looking crowd that step from a post cart on a hot day. The ladies have veils, the gentlemen blue spectacles; and tattered, torn, and limp, they can scarcely descend after having been cramped and cooped up for three or four hours, with the off-chance of being upset in a river or having to camp out at night. This kind of change may be thorough, but it is not agreeable, and the mind reverts sadly to „Cogill's „, or the Royal.

However the field of excursion in South Africa is not irredeemably bad. There are places—although little known—within twenty-four hours of steaming from Cape Town, where the excursionist can

obtain a thorough change, and see a panorama of forest, hill and sea as beautiful as he could wish for. In the district of the Knysna and the woods of the Zitzikama, the grass is as green as that which fringes the lakes of Westmoreland. This latter attraction is by no means a small one, when for days and months, if a Cape Town habitu , his eyes has been wearied with the desolate brown-coloured waste of Lion's Hill. Water never fails in the favoured district of the Knysna. Moreover there is no fierce south-easter in the woods of the Zitzikama, hurling stones and filth into eyes and faces. The monotonous roar of that Salt River fiend ceases in the forest, and if ever it is heard at all it is like the breathing of "gentle Zephyr" through the tree tops. Peace and restful change without much greater discomfort than that incidental to a twenty-four hours tossing round Cape Point and Agulhas can be procured by a visit to the Knysna. All would-be excursionists or travellers must recollect that there are two ways of reaching this district. One is, of course, direct by sea ; and the opportunity is, I believe, given once a month by the *Venice* or *Natal*, but the dates of departure of Knysna-bound steamers are liable to wonderful alteration, as I myself experienced. Why a steam company should perjure itself so often about the simple fact of calling or not calling at a certain harbour at a certain date is not clear to my unsophisticated mind, but the fact remains that a certain company did perjure itself last Christmas about the small matter of the departure of the *Venice* for the Knysna, not once but several times. The entrance through the Knysna heads is fine and picturesque. From a distance it is scarcely visible, so narrow the gorge and uninterrupted the line of cliffs. Tall wave-worn portals flank it on either side, and the surf is ever roaring upon the outlying rocks even in the calmer weather. To one unacquainted with the coast the approach seems difficult and threatening, but the channel is well known, ships constantly go in and out with perfect safety, and at low tide there is at least 27 feet of water at the bar. The pilot, moreover, old John Benn, is old and experienced, and knows every rock and shoal as well as he knows the topography of his cottage, perched high up on the eastern side of the entrance. As the vessel slowly and carefully forges in through the heads a picturesque panorama is unfolded of the wide lagoon, the

cosy village and the windings of the river and the forest-covered hills. The traveller is aware that he has come to a part of South Africa which is utterly and entirely different from any other, and it should be approached from the sea. The alternative route *via* Mossel Bay is by far less attractive. Mossel Bay itself is, as every one knows, an open roadstead facing the south-easter, and whenever this unmanageable fiend of Aeolus blows the landing is uncertain and difficult. The boats are small and cranky and inadequate to the work. The large steamers anchor a long way out, and increase, by so doing, the discomfort of Mossel Bay passengers who are tossed about with a very thin board between themselves and the water. The sharks, too, are very numerous in this bay, and as voracious as elsewhere. Sometimes the cargo boats are a last resource to desperate passengers who, in the event of not being able to land, are threatened with the extension of their voyage to Port Elizabeth ; but from what I have seen of these crafts and from the amount of lee way they make I should think they might rival, even without divine interference, the fabled vessel of the impious Dutchman. No inhabitant can claim natural beauty for the site of his village. It is built on a hot, bare and rocky hill, and must be a veritable sun-trap, cooled only by the doubtful blessing of a vigorous south-easter. Of the business capacities and social attractions of the place I know nothing, and I daresay that the white square-looking stores afford comforts of all sorts to the country folk and cash to the proprietors. The difference between Mossel Bay and the Knysna as you approach from the sea is very great. In the latter case you glide peacefully into a perfectly land-locked harbour, and look upon a charming scenery at every turn ; in the former you rock uneasily at a distant anchorage and gaze mournfully at a barren surf-beaten shore. There is not a plethora of carts and horses in Mossel Bay for a traveller to choose from, and the beginning of the year, when I was there, was an especially bad time. I should advise every stranger who intends travelling on the Mossel Bay roads to use the telegraph wire beforehand. A little private influence, if procurable, goes a long way, as South African amateur livery men do not object to lending their carts, for a consideration, to those they know, but are shy of total strangers. In hiring a cart in South Africa I have generally been

made to feel that I am the recipient of a condescending kindness, of a marketable nature perhaps, but still condescending. However we, that is our party, by dint of importunity and ingratiation and private influence, managed to persuade some good Samaritans to help us on our way, without more than a delay of three hours—a great thing. We had two carts drawn by “mokes” of different temperaments and different shapes. Two were sleek and fat as the kine of Joseph’s dream, two were as lean and hungry-looking as the shadow of Cassius. Our drivers had a notion of the harmony of things by yoking like to like, but I think they would have improved matters by a judicious mixing of fat and lean. At first sight the betting would have been any odds on the well-favoured kine, but the way those lantern-looking lean kine devoured the plain would surprise any one who did not know that in every respect South Africa is a country of anomalies. It is not the first time that I have remarked that the more miserable and hermit-like Cape mokes are the greater is their capacity for hard work. Our first outspan was at Searle’s, Great Brak River, and I liked the look of the place with its river and woods and sea close by. The house itself is an imposing-looking one, and the bacon and eggs well, as good as they are elsewhere, but there is one possible objection to the place. The owner is a strict member of a T. Society, a regular colonial Sir Wilfred Lawson, evangelising in his tendencies. No treble \* \* \* or bottle of Lager Bier or even Cape sherry makes cordial the heart of the dusty traveller. Not unfrequently travellers look forward to the next hostelry while on a long trek, and while away the time in anticipatory visions of bliss and restfulness, a prominent feature in which is the refreshing draught of beer; but, alas! such travellers are doomed to be disappointed at “Searle’s,” and so may object to his accommodation. However, there is a way of meeting the difficulty by providing oneself beforehand with a flask of “Cango,” or even the coveted beer, which can be cooled without desecration in the limpid waters which flow past Mr. Searle’s house. In the evening we reached George. The scenery is very attractive as you descend from the heights above Great Brak River. The plateaux are broad and undulating, and looked to our eyes beautifully green. The crops were healthy and strong on the breezy uplands, and the thrum of a

reshing machine in the distance told us that machine improvements had found their way to these remote districts. A good deal of the land is sweet veldt, and therefore very valuable. Oxen and sheep seem to thrive in large numbers above George. According to returns and summaries there is considerably more stock in George district than in the adjoining ones.

I liked the village itself. It is laid out in the old Dutch fashion, with broad rectangular streets. The village green in this instance is a village green in reality, and suggestive of rounders and cricket and other sports, but it was only suggestive. Of course there are churches, both English and Dutch, and in visiting the former I was struck with the trimness of its surroundings, and the neatness of the churchyard. How often is a traveller disgusted with the unkempt and slovenly appearance of the promiscuous Aceldamas passing current in South Africa for churchyards! Judging from appearances he is driven to conclude that the dwellers in the land have but scant reverence for the poor departed. Even the ancient heathen, spite of their infidel characteristics, had a tenderer feeling for the friends they knew and loved. Rarely in South Africa is poor dead "Fidele's tomb" honoured with outward marks of reverence and respect. Nettles and briars grow where we should see a well-trimmed grave and spring blossoms. However the subject is a better one for a pulpit than a magazine, and I hope that any possible clerical reader will make churchyard improvement a text for an eloquent homily. One more remark about George—the price of butter was, I think, 3s 6d. per lb., notwithstanding that, according to the statistics of an old inhabitant, there were about two cows to every inhabitant. There is a screw loose somewhere. Perhaps it may be that the veldt just close to George is what they call broken veldt, half sweet and half sour, and milch kine do not flourish under these conditions, and perhaps the inhabitants do not milk regularly and at proper times, and the cows run dry or perhaps — but I will not hazard any further conjectures to explain the scarcity of milk and butter.

There was a difficulty about getting away from George. The inhabitants deem it a very nice place and are proud of it, and we were quite ready to sympathise with them to the top of their bent;



but unfortunately we were pressed for time and wanted to get on. They would not believe us, and refused to help us in a way corresponding to our ardour, thinking that we could not possibly better ourselves by trekking on. The young man in *Excelsior* is an historical example of the folly of adventurous tourists, and I daresay we were looked upon as equally foolish by the people of George, and so out of pure kindness they detained us. At last, by dint of importunity, we managed to hire some one's oxen, which at the particular time we wanted them were on a distant grazing expedition. These we inspanned to some one else's horse wagon, and, some one else's driver and voorlooper turning up opportunely, we were able to get under way. We started in a regular George mist and were brought up by the swollen appearance of Zwart Rivier looking as black as Erebus and as vicious as a dozen mill-races thrown into one. Certain destruction stared us in the face, according to our driver, who repenting of his engagement wanted to get back to George and comfortable quarters. The only thing therefore we could do was to proclaim a halt, try to sound the exceedingly black-looking river and watch the stones by the drift to see if the water was going down. None of us knew the drift, and supposed that up to this point our driver was veracious. Luckily a cart and pair came through the drift and showed it to be easily fordable, and our driver a Turk and a Cretan. So we went through, fully determined that our driver should for the future go through every river, swollen or not, at the point of the bayonet. This delay threw us back, and we had to stop at Pampoen Kraal, at Mr. Van der Walt's. Mr. W. evidently does not think it worth his while to go in for hotel accommodation on a large scale, as we all had to sleep in one small room, but we were thankful for this, it being wet and rainy outside. We found that a travelling artist had been illuminating Mr. W.'s walls, a chef d'œuvre being a portrait of a young lady, represented in a light fantastic attitude. If we may criticise we should say that the work was a compromise between the spirit of mediocrity, which rejoiced in stereotyped Madonnas, and a more modern school which is acceptable to the soul of the Terpsichorean Offenbach. The drapery was full and flowing, the attitude striking, and colouring rich. Justice was done to the contour of the figure and its proportions which, if

anything, erred on the side of enbonpoint to truly represent a Mater Dolorosa, but the work was, as we observed, a compromise. Art is so rare in South Africa that we may be excused if we call attention to the efforts of wandering artists who are educating dwellers in distant farm-houses by appealing to their senses of proportion, form and colour. As a further instance of the progress of art in the provinces I was credibly informed that there was a cattle buyer and vender of meat who quoted Tennyson. My authority was a very good one; and so the traveller in these parts may have as a companion in his cart one who will enliven his tedium by apt quotations from the *Idylls of the Kings*. We inspanned very early and renewed our journey to the Knysna, which is a long one with oxen. Not having the Tennysonian cattle-dealer with us we tried to discuss politics. One of our companions was a most zealous champion of the coloured races, and frequently put us on the horns of a dilemma and convicted us of arguing in a circle, &c. The argument palling upon us I betook myself to the exciting work of catching butterflies and beetles along the path, and I can recommend this exercise to anyone who wishes to exchange the jolting of the wagon for a little wholesome exercise. The excitement you can get up after a swift-whirling Demoleos or a floating long-corn is something thrilling if you can work yourself up to the proper scientific zest. We passed several rivers successfully, amongst them being the Silver River, the Trek Touw and Caymans Gat, and outspanned at Ruigte Vlei. The scenery was getting interesting, for whilst trekking on the uplands we viewed the wooded kloofs stretching far away to the east with their magnificent trees and foliage gladdening the eye. We caught sight of the lakes down towards the sea with their fringes of snow-white sand, and we were told that near here was that fabled Eldorado, the Karatara River. We stopped at Ruigte Vlei, supposed to be a hostelry, and were thankful to get the universal sardines and brown bread with an unexpected luxury in the shape of damson jam. As at Mr. Searle's, so at Ruigte Vlei, it is necessary to be provided with some treble \* \* or its equivalent. Inspanning again we came to a valley of abomination, dry and sandy, and apparently never ending. However it is a long lane that has no turning, and we reached at last the Gouwkamma River (dull-water river). Near here emigrants are

placed—about three hours from Knysna, and the country round the river looks green and fertile. Mealies and vegetables seemed to thrive especially in the moist valleys with their inexhaustible supply of water. It may be doubted, however, whether emigrants can live by gardens only, with no metropolis close by to afford a market. Many of them go into the forest and saw wood: a good sawyer earning, I was informed, £1 per diem, and until the crops are up and some return is made, the wood-cutter's occupation may be a very good one for them. The opening up of the Gowna Forest, a work now being proceeded with, will give them ample occupation as a stop-gap—if it be a stop-gap. As far as I could hear these immigrants were a decent lot, and certainly of the stamp to be encouraged in the Colony. From being simple peasants they must, if thrifty, rise to be landowners and capitalists. On what scale depends the determination and energy of each man. I do not think, however, that the district is one in which, for the present, money will be made quickly. With few exceptions it is bad for ostriches, and the sheep do not look in such prime order as I have seen them in the Karroo. Here is another South African anomaly. The grass in the district of the Knysna looks green and flourishing; water is abundant and to the uninitiated all the conditions of an ideal pasture land seem to be fulfilled. Turn to the Karroo and we see broad undulating flats, barren and parched, with scarcely a vestige of grass and a superabundance of short shrubs, bushes, and no water. At first sight there seems to be no comparison between the two regions, yet I suspect most farmers will infinitely prefer a Karroo farm to a Knysna one. The sour veldt explains everything, and the first effort of every practical farmer in the Knysna district should be to make sweet out of sour—if it can be done. Here is the farming problem of the whole district.

The only remedy now seems to consist in the plentiful scattering of manure over the land. There is an opening for industry in the neighbourhood of Knysna, as the inhabitants import oats and even lard, from Cape Town. Whether they do so on a large scale or not, I do not know, but I should have thought the exchange ought to have been in all cases the other way. We got to Knysna very late at night, and so missed the fine view from the Belvidere side

looking towards the sea. By a most fortunate chance we found the hotels open, and loving couples patrolling the street. We wondered at the apparition of the 'samite mystic, beautiful' as our Tennysonian meat vendor would probably say, and were puzzled until we heard that a ball had been given that evening—the second in succession, so the mystery was explained, and what concerned us more vitally, we got beds without using a knobkerie against anyone's door. Our first introduction therefore to the Knysna was of a somewhat romantic character ; although this interesting promenade under the bright star light concerned the swains of Knysna more nearly than ourselves.

*(To be continued).*

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## Native Wealth, and its Development.

By *W. HENRY PENNING, F.G.S.*, of H. M. Geological Survey of England.

It may be a truism to assert that the prosperity of a nation is almost directly proportionate to its natural productions. Yet this truth is not altogether self-evident, or we should see more general interest displayed in the subject of existing and possible productiveness—more zealous search for the former and activity for the creation of the latter. A little consideration, however, shows the soundness of the proposition, and striking examples by which it is illustrated will readily occur to the mind.

A nation may be wealthy, that is, it may possess a good annual revenue, derived from trading in the commodities of other countries, but such wealth must be unstable and fluctuating, as it depends so much, if not entirely, upon changing influences and circumstances. Its people may vary in their habits and characteristics, or it may itself be exposed to new and damaging competition, so that its customers, and their gold, desert it for markets which are cheaper or more attractive. But it is not so with countries which possess native wealth of their own, which are rich in mines, in agricultural products, or in cattle. These countries may be affected also by adverse influences, but not to the same extent; their mineral wealth remains, and can be drawn upon at any time, while the fertility of the soil, which means the power of producing food and clothing, is not thereby depreciated.

Some countries are geographically well situated, have a genial climate, and superficially appear to possess all that is necessary to render them attractive to man. But they exhibit no signs of active life, there is no mercantile bustle and excitement; in short, there is no money afloat within their boundaries. The inhabitants are lazy, ignorant and without ambition, they are individually a reflex of their surroundings, by which they have been moulded, and which they in turn have modified. Thus, by a constant process of action and reaction between them and the conditions under which they live, a state of things has at length been reached which borders on

stagnation, and this solely because the physical geography, or rather the physical geology, of the area thus circumstanced, is antagonistic to productiveness. On the other hand, parts of the world which present no grand scenic features, no hills nor dales, no lakes nor rivers, worthy of note, are traversed by lines of railway in every direction, which testify to an abundance of traffic although they may impart no beauty to the dreary landscape. Such traffic means business and prosperity, owing to the spot, so unattractive in appearance, yielding, on or beneath its surface an abundance of native wealth.

Natural productions may be roughly grouped under three heads:—

1. Cereals, timber, roots, sugar, spices, and other vegetable products.
2. Cattle, sheep, wool, leather, and similar animal matters
3. Coal, iron, and other metals, phosphate, salt, mineral oils, and so on.

All the items included under the first and second headings are more or less of an agricultural character, the vegetable and animal products being, it may here be observed, greatly dependent on each other, and all, including those under heading 3, are ruled by the geology of the area. Its mineral products are, of course, determined directly by the strata of a district; its vegetable and allied productions indirectly so, that is, by the soil on the fertility of which they depend, and which has been formed by the subaerial disintegration of the beds beneath. The agricultural productions are further influenced by the meteorology of a district, which is again governed by its physical geography as much as by its latitude; that is to say, they require a suitable climate for their development. It is not so with mineral produce; this may, and does, occur anywhere, it is independent of climate and locality, being ruled solely by the phenomena of its geology. Thus, regions that so far as beauty and fertility are concerned may, in comparison with others, be utterly valueless, will perhaps on close investigation turn out to be even superior in regard to native wealth. For this reason, if for no other, all barren and seemingly worthless areas deserve to be thoroughly explored, when it would doubtless be found that busy and wealth-producing communities would spring up in the midst of many a wilderness. Mineral wealth should be sought even more eagerly in the otherwise unproductive parts of the world, for its discovery under

such circumstances would tend somewhat to a more equable distribution of population, and to a wider diffusion of national wealth and prosperity.

On the whole, much larger areas are affected by agricultural than by mineral productiveness, —beneficially by its presence, the reverse by its absence—and not only larger areas but a far greater number of people. It is therefore of more general, while mineral wealth may be considered of more special, importance ; but the latter may occur where the former is, as we have seen, impossible. The cultivation of what are here considered agricultural productions, as a rule, yields certain gain, fair but not large—the working of minerals has in it more of speculation, but frequently the profits arising from it are enormous.

The present aspect of several of the counties of England testifies to the truth of these conclusions, and to the wisdom of finding out and utilising the stores of nature. Large tracts in the northern, western and midland districts, which a few years since were, owing to the scarcity of agricultural produce, but thinly populated, now support by their mineral wealth many thousands of people. This is the result, in a great measure, of scientific investigation, and of judicious enterprise, more than justified by the immense increase in the yield of minerals, which may truly be called an increase in the wealth of the nation.

The English colonies and other countries also afford striking illustrations of a similar kind, and show that new settlements of agricultural and pastoral character, under favourable conditions, make slow and steady progress towards wealth and independence. Those which commence with the discovery of gold or diamonds may either make a temporary sensation in the world, then subside altogether ; or may develop into agricultural, or otherwise wealth-producing communities. Where coal and iron, or other equally valuable deposits exist, and are steadily worked, there we find industrial centres, where much labour is employed, where the population intellectually is of a higher class, and where wealth is quickly and certainly accumulated.

In the future, as in the past, like causes will produce like effects ; those counties, districts, or countries in which research shall have discovered or augmented, producing power, will become, more or less

rapidly, thriving and populous. Where the physical conditions are favourable there will corn be grown and cattle be reared, in lands old or new, cultivated or as yet unexplored—and this, whether or not mineral stores be there available. But how much more rapid will be the rise of any new colony or settlement, in which the geological conditions, as well as the physical, are also favourable! Where, in addition to the “corn, oil, and wine” of the surface, the earth is prepared to yield at the bidding of man, mineral wealth in abundance! And there is a vast deal of such wealth waiting to be utilised, in some cases known, in many suspected, but in the great majority it is neither known nor suspected. It has long been recorded that deposits of iron-ore occur, for instance, in South Africa; also, tin, copper, and other metals, the extent and quality of which could readily be ascertained. It may at once be conceded that something else is necessary to a profitable working of these stores; that something is coal, without which the ores cannot be smelted—and at present the means of transport are too scarce and costly for the crude material to be conveyed elsewhere. The coal and the iron, for example, should occur, it may be urged, in the same area or in contiguous areas, for the latter to be made commercially available. But coal has been found in Natal, it certainly exists in other parts also of the Cape territory, and it will probably be found that the mineral and the metal are within practicable distance of each other. In other parts of the world it is so; frequently, but of course not invariably, they form parts of the same geological formation, and there is no known reason why in South Africa they should not in the same manner be intimately associated. If coal alone be found in large quantity that would be in itself a vast source of wealth; unlike the metals it can be worked independently of any other production, and by the construction of railways (well worth while under such circumstances) the difficulty, if any, in regard to transport, would soon be overcome. The mineral would be especially valuable at the Cape, which lies so near the track of ships to India, Australia, and New Zealand—and many vessels would coal there which now pass by, thereby saving a vast amount in the cost of freightage. It would thus prove beneficial, not only to the Colony itself, but in a greater or less degree to many other parts of the world.



The central portion of the same continent may be taken as another example, possessing localities where mineral wealth, previously suspected only, is now known to exist. Mr. H. M. Stanley, the great American explorer, in his report to the editors of the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald*, dated from the mouth of the River Congo, August 13, 1877, says:—"I will show you, when I have had time to arrange my notes, how near we are to extensive gold and copper fields." This is a statement which appears to be based, not on hearsay evidence but on reliable data, notes made probably from his own personal observation. Mr. Stanley is speaking of "an area thrown open to commerce, embracing over 600,000, square miles, which contains nearly 2,000 miles of an uninterrupted course of water communication." Here we have a knowledge of existing mineral wealth, doubtless of vast extent, waiting only for the opening up to commerce of the area within which it has been for so long a time almost disregarded. The agricultural products may be, and probably will be, of even more importance, but these, in such a favoured region as this appears, will as a matter of course follow, or rather accompany the footsteps of civilisation.

Gold has been found along the course of the River Zambezi, and towards its source the metal is suspected to exist in great abundance. It was from this region that large quantities were at one time sent down to the coast by the Portuguese missionary priests, idols of clay filled with the precious metal being the means devised for its safe transmission. There the natives, when searching for gold in the alluvial deposits, collect all the smaller nuggets, and again bury those of larger sizes from that of a half-penny upwards, as seed from which another crop is confidently expected to be produced!

Another eminent explorer, Captain Cameron, R.N., assures us that coal, iron and copper occur in abundance throughout the area between the Congo and Zambezi Rivers. He gives his opinion that there also every kind of grain could be successfully cultivated, and that, as the rivers afforded ready means of access, a new and profitable field was opened to English capital and enterprise.

The officers of the United States Geological Surveys have discovered and reported on vast accumulations of mineral wealth, extending in a greater or less degree to every part of the "territories."

Although the rapidity with which the American survey is being made precludes the possibility of correctness of detail, the main geological features are worked out with evident care. And doubtless the framework thus constructed will in time be filled in, subordinate formations mapped, and valuable deposits locally determined. Similar surveys are being made in many other countries, and the results, whether looked from an agricultural or from a mining point of view, cannot fail to prove beneficial. Even where no positive increase of productiveness is indicated (which could but seldom happen) the knowledge of the fact must be a negative benefit, as tending to check hopeless private research and useless speculation.

In England, a country which for many centuries has been foremost in agriculture, and was, even among the ancients, renowned for its mineral wealth—private enterprise has, in many instances, forestalled official investigation. Sometimes this has been carried out at a ruinous expenditure without any results of commercial value; on the other hand, enormous fortunes have been realised by the successful issue of bold hazards for “winning coal.” And after all, it is to the wealth and spirit of individuals that we must look for a great increase in national productiveness, where the hidden wealth exists under certain conditions, proveable only by actual and costly experiment.

Science has done much, and may do more, to direct capital and labour to successful results in exploration, but when its calculations are based upon theories (however sound) incapable of actual demonstration, state-aid can scarcely be invoked to substantiate them, or, it may be, to prove their fallacy. Under such circumstances, it is for those more immediately concerned, to combine, and by united efforts, guided by all obtainable facts and judicious inference from them, to solve the problem in which they are interested.

The existence, or non-existence of coal under the south-eastern counties of England is a case in point: it is, however, incapable of proof without further evidence, and this can be obtained only by additional and costly search. It is highly probable that the mineral is there, in large quantities and at a workable depth, although the theory, by which the probability is asserted, is founded upon evidence as far off as Somersetshire on the one hand and Belgium on the other.

But its feasibility is nevertheless beyond question ; it is indeed one of the finest recorded results of inductive reasoning and grand generalisation. It has, moreover, been supported in its main features by the results of recent deep borings in and near London, which prove, at any rate, the existence of an old ridge of palaeozoic rocks, on the flanks of which the carboniferous (coal bearing) rocks are supposed to lie. One boring, made for that express purpose and in the best position that could scientifically be assigned to it, might decide the question, one way or the other -- if unfavourably, then the only, but still important, gain would be an addition to our knowledge of "the ground beneath us." Even this might indirectly be well worth the outlay ; but should the result be favourable, and coal be discovered, it would be a stupendous boon, not merely to the landowners immediately concerned, nor to the populations to whom it would afford a new source of labour and of wealth, but to the whole community. For, the wealth of the country would then have received a wonderful addition, the prosperity of a nation being (as before asserted) almost directly proportionate to its natural productiveness.

In many cases the official scientific survey of the geology of the country has indicated the locality and extent of many valuable deposits previously undiscovered ; in others, the extent of known producing areas has been considerably enlarged, and the beds locally determined. And it may be confidently added that the thorough elucidation of the rocky structure of the country, and the publication of all its details, must pave the way to discoveries of native wealth where none had before even suspected its existence. Such results, which follow as a matter of course upon close search and painstaking investigation, stimulate other countries to exert themselves in the same direction ; the Cape Colony, for example, in which much treasure of the greatest intrinsic (if not of real) value, has of late years been discovered. It may even be said to be the duty of the authorities to ascertain the actual resources of the Colony with a view to their present appreciation and ultimate development, for this reason also, that roads and railways might be laid out, ere it be too late, in the proper position in regard to agricultural and mineral productions.

A preliminary survey, although its cost be defrayed out of public funds, need not be an expensive one. What is first wanted is, a rapid traverse by experienced geologists of the whole area, with a view to the general discovery of those tracts where native wealth occurs, or can possibly occur. Afterwards it may be considered worth the further outlay, to make a survey in detail, more or less minute according to circumstances, of the area sketched in by the preliminary survey.



## Blacks, Boers and British.

WE have received a copy of Mr. F. Reginald Statham's book on "Blacks, Boers and British, a Three-Cornered Problem," but too late to give any full notice in the present number. The following extract will give our readers some idea of what are the author's views on the Problem :—

The English colonist has always lived on the best terms with the Dutch settler, and always would do so, unless wicked strife and dissension are stirred up between them—unless some successor of Sir Bartle Frere puts into practical force the maxim that English and Dutch are natural enemies in South Africa, just as Sir Bartle Frere himself put the maxim into force that black and white are natural enemies.

Remember that that seemingly cheap and easy method of playing off one section of the South African population against the other two is one of the things at the root of all the mischief that has happened since South Africa became a part of the British Empire, and every word I have written will have been thrown away unless I have managed to convey the impression that this seemingly cheap and easy method is to be for ever done away with and given up. What you have to do now is not to look for and emphasize the faults and failings of your three classes of South African population, but to get hold of and work upon the basis of their governing virtues. You have the Englishman's love of progress, the Dutchman's love of independence, and the native's love of getting rich. And if you cannot, out of these three qualities, apart from any others, find a ladder out of the slough of South African complication, you must be strangely deficient in ingenuity.

But you must not only have light in the present ; you must provide for light in the future. You cannot let in light for a moment upon the official cobwebs that hang round your South African possessions, and then leave things to disappear again into darkness. You must have a thorough and a complete change. You cannot permit a system to go on under which it was possible, as in the year 1878, for a war to be made over the heads of colonists, involving their homes in imminent risk, without their having the power to say

a word either in objection or deprecation. You cannot allow a system to go on under which the public money of a colony is used by officials in England for the purpose of putting good things in the way of friendly contractors. You cannot allow a system to go on under which colonists, striving honestly to do their best with a limited revenue, are one day assailed by a Secretary of State for not making one pound equal to two, and the next day assailed for daring to act on the hint thus given. Go and talk to the colonists themselves about these matters, and they will make plenty of suggestions, and valuable ones. And if officials in the Colonial Office, who now get their commissions and their bonuses, do not like the new order of things, they need not.

And you must have peace in the future, as well as light. There can be no doubt that light will greatly promote peace. Neither the Langalibalele affair nor the Zulu war would ever have occurred had Natal colonists possessed the right to know beforehand what was going forward. Mystery on the part of officials begets fear—perhaps it is intended to do so—on the part of colonists. Nothing is explained, and consequently everything is exaggerated. It is presumed—not that experience in any way justifies the presumption—that responsible officials know best the risks of the situation, and do not act without reason. The staunch old colonist who was magistrate in Langalibalele's district would, if he had had his own way, have arrested the contumacious chief—if he really was contumacious—without a word, and in the most friendly spirit imaginable. Officialism, for some reason best known to itself, objected, and thereupon followed the Langalibalele outbreak, with its miserable harvest of bitterness on both sides—bitterness which still vexes the colony of Natal. Months before the Zulu war broke out, another staunch old colonist, who knew the preparations for the invasion of Zululand that were going on, asked the question—or rather gave notice of the question—in the Natal Legislative Council, “Who is responsible for the peace of this colony?” Had that question been put, and any intelligible answer given, the whole colony would have at once known what was in progress, and at least have had the opportunity of protesting. But the question was not allowed to be put. An officious Colonial Secretary, acting in the interest of the powers that then were, intervened. The questioner was brought under the influence of the very distinguished diplomatist who had the Zulu matter in hand, and—the question was withdrawn.

THE CAPE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Chronicles of Cape Commanders.

SIMON VAN DER STEL, COMMANDER FROM 12 OCTOBER 1679  
TO 1 JUNE 1691.

No. XII.

THE officer who was now at the head of the Cape government was destined to exercise a greater influence upon the future of South Africa than any of his predecessors had done. He was a son of Adrian van der Stel, Commander for the Honourable East India Company of the island of Mauritius. Born there on the 14th of November 1639, Simon van der Stel when still very young was sent to the Fatherland, and had received a liberal education in the best schools of Holland. Connected by marriage with an ancient and influential family of Amsterdam, he had hitherto maintained the character of a highly respectable burgher, though the situation which he held in the service of the East India Company brought him in but a very limited income, and he had inherited little or nothing. He was poor, and so when an opportunity of improving his fortune was offered to him he gladly accepted it.

In person Simon van der Stel was small, with a dark complexion, but open cheerful countenance. His habits were refined, and as far as his means would permit he surrounded himself with objects of taste. His courtesy and exceeding hospitality to strangers are dwelt upon by more than one visitor to the Cape, as is also his fondness for telling marvellous tales of his adventures and creating merriment at his own expense. Witty, good natured, and polite, he was also shrewd and possessed of a very large amount of plain common sense.

The most prominent trait of his character, as it affected South Africa, was perhaps his intense patriotism. In his eyes everything that was Dutch was good, and whatever was not Dutch was not worthy of regard. From the day that he landed on our shores to

the day that he resigned the government he constantly studied how he could best make the district round the Cape resemble as closely as possible a Province of the Netherlands. The Dutch language, Dutch laws, Dutch institutions, Dutch customs, being all perfect in his opinion, he made it his business to plant them here uncorrupted and unchanged.

Commander Van der Stel brought here with him his four sons, of whom the eldest, Willem Adrian by name, was in after years Governor of the colony. The youngest, Frans, became a farmer, and the remaining two, after farming, speculating, and holding various appointments in South Africa, removed elsewhere in the service of the East India Company. The Commander's lady was unable or unwilling to accompany him from Amsterdam. She remained there with her friends, and never again saw her husband, though he continued to regard her with much affection.

When Simon van der Stel arrived in South Africa the colony comprised only the settlements around the foot of Table Mountain, the outposts at Saldanha Bay and Hottentots Holland, a cattle station at Tigerberg, and the ground held on lease beyond the isthmus by the seven burghers whose names have been mentioned. The interior had been explored eastward about as far as the present village of George and northward forty or fifty miles beyond the mouth of the Elephant River. The boundary between the Hottentot and Kaffir races was still unknown. The existence of the fabulous stream Camissa was firmly believed in, and it was laid down in the charts as entering the sea by two mouths, one of which was named Rio Infante and was placed in the position of the present Great Fish River. The Orange had never been heard of.

The Commander devoted a few days to a thorough inspection of the government offices and of the country in the neighbourhood of the castle, after which, on the 3rd of November, he left the Cape for the purpose of visiting the farming station at Hottentots Holland. He was attended by a few servants and a small escort of soldiers. The party encamped that night at a place called the Kuilen, close by a stream which still bears that name. The following morning the Commander rode to Hottentots Holland, where he was greatly pleased with the condition in which he found the farming establish-



ment. After making himself acquainted with all particulars there, he resolved to examine the country further inland, towards the mountains which seemed to bar further progress in that direction.

In the afternoon of the 6th or the 7th of November,—it is not certain which but it was probably the 6th,—the Commander with his attendants rode into the most charming valley he had yet seen. The hills which enclosed it were diversified in form, but all were clothed with rich grass, and in their recesses were patches of dark evergreen forest trees. Through the valley flowed a clear stream of sweet water, which at one point divided into two channels, and uniting again further down enclosed an island of considerable size. There, under a wide spreading tree, the Commander's pavilion was spread, and close by was pitched a tent which was to serve him as a bedchamber.

At the beginning of November the heat even at midday has not become oppressive, and the mornings and evenings in the pure air and under the clear sky are almost invariably pleasant. The Commander, fresh from a long sea voyage and at all times capable of appreciating the beauties of nature, was enchanted with the scene before him, as indeed a man of much colder temperament than Simon van der Stel might have been. He observed that the valley was not only beautiful to the eye, but that its soil was rich and its water abundant. It might be made the home of many thriving families. At this time there were no signs of human life beyond the Commander's own encampment, though the spot must often have been visited by bands of nomad Hottentots bringing their herds to graze upon its pastures. The island was dotted over thickly with fine trees, which suggested to the Commander a name that should perpetuate his own memory in connection with the grove. He called it Stellenbosch.

On the 8th of November the party reached the castle again, but during that journey of five days extensive plans of colonization had been forming in the Commander's mind. He would build up a thriving settlement here at the extremity of Africa. He would begin at the place which bore his own name, and plant there a body of freeholders who would become attached to the soil. The great difficulty was to find men and women to make colonists of, for the

Fatherland could not furnish people in large numbers, and the Commander objected to foreigners. The process of filling up the country must therefore be slow.

Before the close of the year the first farmer of Stellenbosch had put his plough into the ground there, and in May 1680 he was followed by a party of eight families, who removed together. The heads of these families were induced to leave the Cape District by an offer of as much land as they could cultivate, with the privilege of selecting it for themselves anywhere in the Stellenbosch valley. The ground was to be theirs in full property, and could be reclaimed by the Company only upon their ceasing to cultivate it. Like all other landed property in the settlement it was burdened with the payment of a tithe of the produce. The cultivation of tobacco upon it was prohibited under severe penalties, but the farmers were at liberty to raise anything else that they chose.

Before the arrival of Simon van der Stel the large garden in Table Valley was used chiefly to produce vegetables for the garrison and the fleets. Very little had been done in it in the way of ornamentation. But one of the earliest acts of the Commander was to prepare a plan which he steadily carried out until the Company's garden at the Cape became something wonderful in the eyes of visitors. For nearly a hundred years from this date writers of various nationalities could hardly find words to express their admiration of this famous garden, and to the present day a remnant of its original beauty remains in the oak avenue, which was once its central walk. By Simon van der Stel the ground was divided into a great number of small parallelograms separated from each other by live hedges high enough to be capable of breaking the force of the wind. Some of these plots were devoted to the production of fruit, others to the production of vegetables, others again were nurseries of European timber trees. In some of them experiments were being made with various foreign trees and shrubs, in others the wild plants of Africa were collected in order that their properties might be ascertained. Twenty years after Simon van der Stel laid out the ground afresh, visitors who had seen the most celebrated gardens of Europe and India were agreed that nowhere else in the world was so great a variety of trees and shrubs, of vegetables and flowers, to be met with together.

The Commander enlarged the garden towards the mountain, but he cut off a narrow strip at the lower end on which he intended in course of time to erect a hospital and a building for the accommodation of the Company's slaves. Just inside the new main entrance, where the Houses of Parliament are now being built, he had a pleasure house or lodge put up, and there he usually entertained visitors of rank. The whole garden could be irrigated by the stream then called the Sweet River, and its drainage was also carefully attended to. Over a hundred slaves were usually employed in keeping it in order. These slaves worked under the supervision of skilful Europeans, who in their turn received directions from a Chief Gardener or Superintendent.

Next to Simon van der Stel the credit of laying out and beautifying the Company's garden is due to Hendrik Bernard Oldenland, who occupied the post of Superintendent and under whose supervision the most important improvements were made. Oldenland was a skilful botanist and a man devoted to his work. Apart from his duties in the Company's garden, he collected and dried specimens of a very great number of South African plants, which he intended to send to the Netherlands to be preserved for the use of botanists there, and he was preparing a descriptive catalogue of these plants in the Latin language when sudden death arrested the work. Before that time Commander Van der Stel had retired from the government, and Oldenland's collection of plants together with his papers fell into the hands of a man who could not make use of them. They were seen some years afterwards by the historian Valentyn, who speaks very highly of the herbarium and copies several pages of the Catalogue of Plants.

At this time the Hottentots were living on the best of terms with the Europeans, but now and again a party of hunters was molested by bushmen. A large cattle trade was carried on principally with the Hessequas. The Commander was anxious to become better acquainted with the Namaquas, as he was of opinion that there must be some sources of commercial wealth in the part of the country in which they resided. In August 1681 he sent Captain Kees to endeavour to induce some of the leading men of this tribe to visit the Cape, and a few months later he was gratified to hear

that a party of them had reached the Grigriqua kraals on their way to see him. He immediately sent a sergeant and some soldiers with presents and complimentary messages, and under their escort the Namaqua deputation arrived at the castle on the 21st of December.

The men were accompanied by their wives, all riding on pack oxen. They brought their huts with them, these consisting merely of a framework of long twigs fastened together in the form of a beehive and covered with rush mats. These huts could be taken from the backs of the oxen and be put up almost as quickly as tents could be pitched. They were habitations such as none but nomads would use. To furnish food, the travellers brought with them a herd of cows, for they depended almost entirely upon milk for subsistence.

The Namaquas presented some specimens of very rich copper ore which they asserted they had taken out of a mountain with their own hands. This information was exceedingly interesting to the Commander, who concluded with reason that the ore must exist there in great abundance when such specimens could be collected without any appliances for mining. He questioned them eagerly about their country.

Were they acquainted with the great river Camissa and the town of Vigiti Magna ?

They had never heard of any town near their country, but they knew of a great river, very wide and deep.

Was it far away from their kraals, and in what direction was it ?

It was far, and it was on the side of the sun at noon.

In what direction did it flow ?

The opposite from that in which they had come to the castle.

Were they sure of this ?

Quite sure.

And so the first authentic information of the Gariep or Orange River was obtained, though it was long yet before European eyes were to see it.

The Namaquas of course knew nothing of the fabulous empire of Monomotapa. They informed the Commander that they were acquainted with a race of people whom they called Briquas, the same who are known to us as Bechuanas. They also told some stories

which they had heard of tribes still more distant, but these accounts were merely visionary tales. Of their own tribe they gave such information as satisfied the Commander that the only trade to be carried on with them would be in cattle, unless something could be done with the copper ore. After a stay of five days the visitors left the castle to return to their own country, taking with them a variety of presents including a staff of office for their chief. They promised to return in the following year with cattle to trade and more specimens of copper ore.

At the beginning of his government Simon van der Stel interpreted the instructions received from the Directors concerning the treatment of foreigners to mean that he was not to permit them to obtain other refreshments than water. Some Danes and Englishmen who visited Table Bay were unable to purchase anything whatever. The Commander treated the officers with politeness, and invited them to his own table, but declined to supply their ships with meat or vegetables. He informed some of them that they were at liberty to purchase what they could from the burghers, but privately he sent messengers round to the farmers forbidding them in some instances to sell anything under very heavy penalties, and in other cases requiring them to charge four or five times the usual rates. Complaints of such treatment as this speedily reached Europe, and representations were made to the Chamber of Seventeen which caused that body to issue instructions that foreigners were to be treated as of old. They were not to be supplied except in very urgent cases with sea stores out of the magazines, as such stores were sent here solely for the use of the Company's own ships. They were to be at liberty to purchase refreshments from the burghers. No wheat or fuel was to be sold to them, as the Company needed all and more than all that was procurable of both. They were to be at liberty to refresh themselves in the lodging houses kept by the town burghers. They were not to be permitted to sell any merchandize.

The restrictions of Commander Van der Stel lasted only until November 1683, after which date foreigners, though not encouraged to visit the Cape, were treated here quite as fairly as subjects of the Netherlands were in the colonies of other European nations. A

system was gradually introduced by which they were indirectly taxed for the benefit of the Company. This was done in the farming out of the privilege to sell bread, meat, wine, &c. The exclusive right to sell bread, for instance, was put up for sale with the condition that a certain fixed price should be charged to burghers, but the purchaser had the right to charge foreigners a higher rate, which was sometimes fixed and sometimes as much as he could obtain. There were two methods of holding sales of this kind. One was to farm out a privilege for the highest sum obtainable at public auction, when the bids were successively enlarged, and a sum of money was paid into the revenue. The other was when the Company required for its own use supplies of the same article, when the bids were successively reduced, and something was saved to the revenue. Thus A might bid up to five hundred gulden for the sole privilege of selling salt for a year to burghers at one stiver and to foreigners at a stiver and a half a pound. B might bid down to seven eighths of a stiver a pound to supply the Company with beef, with the right to sell to burghers at two stivers and to foreigners at three and a half stivers a pound. In each case the foreigner is taxed for the benefit of the Company. But where was this not the case in those days?

The number of ships that put into Table Bay from the 1st of January 1672 to the 31st of December 1681 cannot be given with absolute accuracy, because both the diary and the outgoing letter book for 1675 are missing. Taking that as an average year, the number is 357, of which 333 belonged to the Company, 11 were English, 3 were French, and 10 were Danish.

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As this paper brings the *Chronicles of the Colony* down to a period just two centuries ago, I thought it might interest statisticians if I were to give the number of ships that called a hundred years later, so that a comparison might be drawn between 1680, 1780, and 1880. With the same view I have compiled a table of the exports of the Colony for 1780. There was nothing at all exported in 1680, though just before and just after that date a small quantity of seal oil, a few ox hides and seal skins, and a few tusks of ivory, were sent to India. The returns for 1778 and 1779, are also given, to show that 1780 was not an exceptional year.

## RETURN OF SHIPS THAT CALLED.

NATIONALITY.	1778	1779	1780
Dutch E. I. Company ...	62	46	46
English ... ..	27	27	21
French ... ..	29	20	23
Danish ... ..	8	11	9
Other ... ..	3	6	6
Total ... ..	129	110	105

## EXPORTS OF THE COLONY.

ARTICLES.	1778	1779	1780
Constantia Wine to Europe	24 aams ... ..	64 aams... ..	60 aams
Do. to India...	None ... ..	4 aams ... ..	8 aams
Ordinary Wine to Europe	90 leggers ... ..	133 leggers ... ..	90 leggers
Do. to India ..	310 leggers ..	310 leggers ... ..	231 leggers
Wheat to Europe ... ..	None ... ..	15,700 muids...	10,150 muids
Do. to India ... ..	19,437 muids...	19,425 muids...	20,375 muids
Rye to India ... ..	165 muids ... ..	381 muids ... ..	381 muids
Barley to India ... ..	112 muids ... ..	450 muids ... ..	126 muids
Peas to India ... ..	185 muids ... ..	134 muids ... ..	132 muids
Beans to India ... ..	17 muids ... ..	11 muids ... ..	13 muids
Butter to India ... ..	11,256 lbs. ... ..	10,026 lbs. ... ..	12,865 lbs.
Tallow to Europe ... ..	None ... ..	13,990 lbs. ... ..	None
Do. to India ... ..	1,040 lbs. ... ..	17,285 lbs. ... ..	7,924 lbs.
Aloes to Europe ... ..	None ... ..	3,994 lbs. ... ..	3,083 lbs.
Wax to Europe ... ..	None ... ..	600 lbs....	None

The muid was computed at 160 lbs Amsterdam weight.

## Four Weeks in North America.

FROM THE NOTES OF A "TRANSIENT."

(Conclusion).

It was on a beautifully bright warm morning that we had our last look at these grand falls, and hurried by train to the mouth of the Niagara River on Lake Ontario. For more than a week past we had been delighted with the brilliant colours of isolated trees, sometimes a pink tree, or a scarlet tree, or a bright yellow tree among the more sombre green of the woods; the sharp frost on the night we were at Chicago had struck their leaves, but had not caused them to loose their hold on the branches. When we embarked on the steamer *Chicora*, we steamed some miles up the river Niagara, calling at different places for passengers and fruit; shallow shingle baskets of grapes, shingle buckets of peaches, both covered with pink or purple gauze, boxes of pears and barrels of apples were shipped in hundreds. The wooded banks were beautiful in their varied autumn foliage of gold and scarlet, pink and brown, green and yellow, silver white, and almost purple leaves, with the distant heights blue with haze, forming a lovely bit of river scenery.

When we started straight across the lake, it was not till we were near the middle that we saw the northern shore, and as we approached Toronto, we lost sight of the Southern shore we barely left, while from East to West the lake must be about five times that breadth; it was, therefore, not difficult to believe that some ocean sailors had once suffered severely from thirst, before they thought of drinking the water of these large inland seas. Toronto seemed a thriving commercial Canadian city, second only to Montreal, and decidedly more English; there were a great many small vessels alongside the piers within the harbour; we had barely time to tranship into the steamer *Passport*, and start down the lake within sight of the northern shore only; the country was undulating, bounded by a higher range in the distance, covered with forest, with clearings and fields and homesteads and villages, all signs of active Canadian vigour and life, but at the time suffering from want of rain. About five next morning we reached Kingston at the end of the lake, a small but busy town, where many ships were alongside the



quays. We left at six a.m., and very soon afterwards saw the first of the so called "thousand isles" which really number about 1,700. The river St. Lawrence on which we now entered was very broad and clear, the sky was beautifully blue, the day calm and bright and warm, the beauty of the late Indian summer; as we steamed on, we passed more and more islands, varying in size from a few feet to five hundred yards square, all beautifully wooded with a brilliant autumnal foliage, and in some cases nearer the American shore containing splendid villas. Our course was marked by light-houses on these wooded isles, between which the vessel was steered sometimes within a few yards, and on which with startling effects bright scarlet and golden leaved trees amongst the green foliage would meet us at every turn, so that those who at first decried it confessed afterwards, that taking the river itself, it was the most beautiful river they had ever seen; still a backing of high ground and mountains would have improved the scenery. We passed several villages and towns of which Brockville was the finest, and very beautiful it was with its rocky cliff, pretty villas and numbers of trees, in which all the tints of the autumn foliage were exquisitely intermingled. In some places the river is several miles wide; we had to pass through several rapids, of which the longest and wildest was *La grande sault*: there the troubled waters for miles were like angry foam-tipped waves, which the heavy cross seas dashed up against the bows of the vessel, causing a great deal of motion; the waves in their turmoil hurried after each other, or opposed each other with a rushing sound heard all round us, and strange to say, the channel in which with four men at the wheel our steamboat was carefully steered was much lower than the calmer water at the sides. On this river we saw a novelty in the shape of a boat with two paddle wheels, called an old-fashioned horse boat; in the boat were two horses which kept treading on a tread-mill, which caused the paddle wheels to revolve and thus urged the boat across the river; in other places we heard of a dog or a sheep, or a goat having thus to tread a treadmill in order to drive the dasher of a churn. As we descended this broad and shallow river, in the afternoon we left the beautiful islands behind us, and the course was marked by lightships; always at the rapids vessels going up-stream pass through canals. We

reached Lachine too late to shoot the rapids, and went on by train to Montreal; at the Lachine rapids the river bed is narrow and tortuous, the swift stream seems to threaten to hurl the ship upon the rocks ahead, but as the sea captain said all the King's horses and all the King's men could not land the ship on the rock, because of the swiftness of the current with which the ship must go; the difficult work is to steer the head of the ship right, so that the current does not throw her on her side and thus swamp her.

At Montreal we stopped at the splendid Windsor Hotel, seven stories high, which quite dwarfed the neighbouring churches. This portion of Montreal has fine churches and capital houses in shady avenues. As in American towns we had observed many good houses with additional iron gauze doors and windows, which admitted air, but not mosquitoes, so here the better class of houses had double doors and double windows to keep out the excessive cold of winter, the outside windows being often so glazed with frost for weeks, that nothing could be seen through them but light; this gave us a slight idea of the severe cold of a Canadian winter, which, however, is clearer and drier than in many other countries. Many of the finer houses cluster around the foot of Mont Real (royal mount) which is a lofty wooded hill almost flat topped, and round which a capital road winds giving extensive views of the St Lawrence and the country around; it is kept as the park of Montreal, and was then beautiful in its autumnal tints. The large docks and quays, the numbers of steamers and sailing vessels, showed us that this is the most important commercial centre of the Dominion; we passed very large stone built warehouses and the Bon Secours and other markets; we were at first surprised to hear so much French spoken, and to see so many French names, and so many signboards everywhere, with both French and English advertisements. There were numbers of churches and religious houses, but amidst all the apparent commercial prosperity we saw more poor people than in any other of the towns we visited. I was very pleased to get some samples of the capital Chambly flannels and baizes, manufactured *wholly* from *Cape wool*, by S. T. Willett, Chambly, P. 2, Canada, and sold also by Messrs. Rankin, Beattee and Co., Montreal; they are of different qualities and colours, ranging from one shilling and

one shilling and threepence, to two shillings the yard, and narrower widths in proportion. Gillespie and Co. is the chief house that imports Cape wool, which of course in Canada is free from the duty in the United States; and our merchants might in true patriotism largely encourage the importation of their wool into Montreal, by their large purchase of those flannels, &c., which are made solely from Cape wool at the Chambly factories, Canada; their quality has been much praised by those competent to judge. In speaking, generally, with merchants there, and in the States, I told them that there were so many things and implements, or adaptations of them, made in the States and Canada, most suitable for Colonial wants and pockets, that if they would but take off the duty from our wool, they would soon be able to run direct a line of steamers of about a thousand tons once in two months, which would increase the trade immensely, at the different ports at which they would call.

The real capital of the Canadas, in fact of the Dominion, as it is called, is Ottawa, but we had no time to visit it.

On leaving Montreal (October 1), we expressed, or forwarded, our portmanteaus to Saratoga, but they were first examined by the United States Custom-house officers at the railway station; there was no examination of what we took with us, until at Rouse's Point, fifty miles south, we passed the frontier of the United States. We heard that the chief things smuggled across the border were, spirits and Kerosene, the latter is often sold at three halfpence the quart. Leaving Montreal, we immediately passed the river St. Lawrence on the splendid Victoria tubular bridge, 7,000 feet long, and supported upon twenty-four massive piers, which have to withstand the huge blocks of ice which come down the river in the spring; the tube is from nineteen to twenty-two feet high, by sixteen broad, and is lighted by numbers of small openings; it is a very grand piece of engineering, even though surpassed in length by the unfortunate lightly and faultily constructed Tay Bridge. The country from the river, generally, was very flat, and divided by weather-stained wooden fences into very long narrow fields, the appearance of which was quite monotonous on account of their vast number; the tinned roofs of houses and spires of churches glittered wonderfully in the sunlight. We were amused at seeing

water raised by the Egyptian shadoof, a perpendicular pole, with a cleft, in which was balanced a horizontal pole, at the short end of which was a large stone, and at the point of the long end the rope fastened to the bucket. We soon sighted the northern end and outlet of Lake Champlain, and stopped for the night at the little town Plattsburgh, where in the evening there was a great deal of excitement, but we saw no drunkenness. At supper time two big bearded gentlemen entered, whom I pointed out as types of Colonial farmers, and to my surprise, after they left, I found that they were from the Cape Colony, but I could not make out their names.

Next morning we embarked on board the *Vermont*, a splendid specimen of a three-decker river boat, and steamed up Lake Champlain; it is only a few miles broad, but is one hundred long, on the east were the green mountains, and on the west the Aderondacks. As we proceeded the banks became bolder, the hills and cliffs were covered with woods in which the various bright tints of almost every hue were so exquisitely intermingled that they seemed a succession of immense bouquets of flowers; these again were *sharply reflected* on the glassy surface of the lake, as soft as studies in water colours, while apparently far below the surface we seemed to see the reflection of sun and sky and fleecy clouds. Some maple trees whose leaves showed the greatest variety in colour, are said to be similar to, if not identical with, the sycamores of Russia, in which also there is great beauty and variety in their autumn foliage. Some of the trees we saw had all the *outside* leaves pink or orange or reddish brown, while the *inside* ones were still green; in others, just half or one side would be bright scarlet or yellow of any tint, and the other half would be still green. Some trees were altogether of one colour, others had different coloured leaves on the same tree; even the leaves themselves were often partly scarlet, yellow, green and brown.

From Lake Champlain, we passed by rail over a few miles of land, to the smaller but wider Lake George, with its lofty wooded mountains, its more numerous islets, and more deeply indented shores; what with the beauties of autumnal foliage everywhere, the calm balmy air of an Indian summer's day, and the bold mountains surrounding and overshadowing the picturesque lake, we enjoyed

another never-to-be-forgotten day. We stopped at the Fort William Henry hotel, a splendid wooden hotel of five stories high, commanding a magnificent view of the lake, having a lofty and broad piazza 350 feet long, and taking 900 guests; the season had passed, and the hotel was to be closed in a few days. Next day we passed through the beautiful woods for some miles over a plank road, which occupied the middle of the sandy and muddy road. We rode in a Cobb's coach and four to Glenfalls, where were fine houses and churches, shady avenues, and our railway station. We were astonished at a warning posted up in the Railway Parcels Office, "the Lord helps every man that helps himself, but the Lord help any man caught helping himself here."

We travelled on to Saratoga, the most fashionable inland watering place, with its nauseous waters; but the season had passed, and the Union Hotel, which takes 1,500 guests, was closed. The country between Saratoga and Albany was prettier and more like English scenery. Albany, the capital of the State of New York, and the seat of its Legislature; is a very busy place, doing a large timber trade through its canals and river. We passed for the first few miles along the banks of the Hudson River, which were very pretty, but not so bold as nearer New York; then we struck eastward through diversified country sometimes hilly, at other times flat, and passing through Worcester and other towns reached Boston.

Boston contains 350,000 inhabitants, it has a magnificent land-locked harbour, and the advantages of rivers. It still has a very large trade, and used to be the chief supplier of manufactured goods to the South and West; but now New York is taking away a great deal of her trade, and in many places in the south factories are started for cotton goods, while large cities like Chicago and Cincinnati are successfully competing for the Western trade. In the districts around Boston, there are at least 100,000 people employed in factories driven by water power, while the water which runs to waste could employ millions of people; such names as Concord, Lowell, New Haven, and others near will at once remind you of busy manufacturing centres. Of course we climbed Bunker's Hill monument, from which we had a splendid view over the city and harbour; we also visited the Park and the Common and several

places of note, and admired the push and bustling activity everywhere; many of the business streets nearer the harbour were very narrow; but its streets are full of people, of horse cars, and freight wagons; its stores are large, its wharves fully occupied, its shops well stocked, and its suburbs full of gentee' residences and of the mansions of the wealthy. The pleasantness of some of their broad streets is increased by a long strip of garden with trees and flowers, filling up the centre of the very broad street. On the Common or Park we saw what we thought the finest memorial to those soldiers and sailors who fell in the civil war, while not far from it there were beds of brilliant flowers.

We were much pleased with our visit to the Public Library of 300,000 volumes, which is quite free to all; there we saw poorly dressed girls and little boys without jackets or shoes, about nine or ten years old, applying for books, and sitting down quietly to look at them, or at the illustrated papers; they must not talk or laugh so as to disturb other readers; there was a separate reading room for girls and ladies. If the librarian has any doubt about any poor child who wishes to take a book home, he takes his or her address, and the next day the home is visited; if the child has stated every thing correctly, and he seems to be honest, the book is lent to him the following evening, so that the poorest can come and read, or take home books gratis, if they be clean and honest. The superintendents of the libraries told us that hardly ever was their confidence abused by these little literary aspirants in shirts and trousers. We saw the same class of children, with errand boys and such like, together with artizans and clerks, using the advantages of the News Rooms and Library at the Cooper Institute, New York; and in the different towns we visited, we saw many munificent gifts of private individuals for benevolent and literary purposes; institutions which with their halls and libraries, reading rooms and class rooms, classes for different languages, or for arts or sciences, are thrown open free to all. What with free libraries, reading rooms, free art and scientific classes, and free education, the Americans show that they feel the immense importance of educating and raising the masses of the people, and they liberally provide every means for doing it.

We visited the building of the Young Men's Christian Association,

which though better than the one in Cincinnati, was not equal to the handsome stone buildings belonging to the Association in Philadelphia and New York; the latter has a hall to seat 1,500 persons, and has opened five reading rooms in the city. There are about 860 Young Men's Christian Associations in the States and Canada; they have large lecture rooms, libraries, reading rooms and gymnasiums, and they are intended to provide every aid, as well by secular as religious means, to strengthen the bodily, social, moral, mental and spiritual condition of young men; to them the stranger youth can always freely and safely go for advice and help.

The influence of the high education, the freedom and culture given to women, is making itself increasingly felt in their own families, on young men, on society generally, and in the benevolent agencies and social questions of the day. As one writes, "There are certain departments of public business which it is admitted fall under the natural cognisance of women. The details in the management of work houses, hospitals and prisons, all that relates to food, clothing, health, &c., are committed to women's care. Advisory boards are formed to secure their co-operation, commissions are organised on which they are invited to act, and thus their services are utilised in every way to promote the social well being of the country, as well as largely in education and in missionary labours." If it be true that the mothers of a people chiefly mould the character of the families and of the nation, raising and stimulating the young men and women to the highest efforts in knowledge, science, usefulness and nobleness of character, then there seems a bright prospect in the future for young America.

There are very large and influential Temperance Societies under different names, and Good Templarism has here its head-quarters. We met some members of the Ladies' Christian Temperance Society, who seek earnestly, not merely the reformation, but the thorough religious conversion, of its own members and of drunkards; there are in connection with it forty of these Temperance Unions which make a convention, and there are branches in every State and large town; the majority meet on the same day of the week, and make a matter of prayer the thorough conversion of drunkards; the Lady

President lives in Philadelphia, the Lady Secretary in New York, and they have at least one newspaper conducted by themselves, and published in Brooklyn. Delegates from the smaller meetings or unions attend a State convention once a year, and each State convention sends one or more delegates to the annual meeting of the federal or general association. Members are urged not to associate with those who frequent drinking saloons, and by this means the fast lot are discouraged. Not only through this association, but generally throughout America, women, from the late President's household downwards, are successfully withstanding drinking habits and customs: "hospitality, but without the drink," is the motto with which not fanatical, but earnest, loving, brave women are resolutely striving to save their families and their nation from the curse of intemperance. But, besides the power of moral suasion, different laws are made in these separate States, some more stringent than others, in order to check the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors, or to adults, who, when intoxicated, injure the life or prospects of their families. Here the seller of the drink is punished more than the drunkard, and this has, undoubtedly, a repressive influence on the trade. While we were there, the widow of a man killed in a drinking saloon prosecuted the saloon keeper, and received one hundred pounds as damages. In connection with this regulation, we were shown a card, on the one side of which was printed: Bainbridge House, A. Speers, Billiard and Lunch Rooms, No. 78, East Ninth-street. Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, &c. On the back of this card we read: Permit. I the undersigned the legal wedded wife of Mr. Luckin, do hereby declare that my husband has the right and liberty to drink as often as he chooses, and I relinquish all claim for damages arising therefrom. Mrs. Luckin. Then written entirely in the wife's hand was this postscript: P.S.—*He is of no use anyhow.* Undoubtedly, both the moral and the legal suasion have an immense influence in strengthening habits of sobriety, industry, and morality among artisans, labourers, and all classes, which tend greatly to their prosperity; *we* did not see one drunken man there.

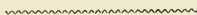
We left Boston in the evening, by the old colony railroad, for Newport, and in less than two hours afterwards we were on board the three decker steamboat *Newport*, with a crowd of passengers;



in the railway carriage a man took my ticket and gave me the key of the cabin numbered on it, so that I had secured a good night's rest when we arrived next morning in New York. We were much interested in the New York Institute Fair, or Annual Exhibition, more especially in the different kinds of machinery for working wood; otherwise we saw exhibited there much of what we had already seen in the "Expositions" at Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Chicago.

On Wednesday morning, the 8th October, a beautiful warm calm day, the huge *Bothnia* steamed down the magnificent harbour; quickly we lost sight of the large buildings of the great city, and then of the beautiful villas overlooking the harbour; the land became more indistinct through the warm haze and increasing distance, and at noon the pilot, the last visible link with America, left us; but this too brief tour had forged the silvern links of knowledge and experience, and the golden links of friendship and affection, which neither time nor distance can ever destroy, while it has left as one of the brightest and most delightful chapters of our life, those "Four Weeks in North America."

W. B. PHILIP.



## Love and Money Too.

### CHAPTER IX.

“ God help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far,  
The wind is bitter keen—no kind star  
To-night will guide thee, Traveller—I portend  
A dismal night.”

KIRKE WHITE.

AFTER leaving her husband, Mrs. Pengelly walked briskly out of the little town. She had never been on the road beyond it ; but the curiosity she would generally have felt on passing over new ground was lost in the recollection of her grief. She did not even think of the possibility of losing her way in an unknown district. She thought of those at home with thankfulness, and raised her heart in praise to God, whose almighty hand had lifted one part of her trouble from her. Her belief in Rachel's power and willingness was a part of her unbounded faith in the brother who had never failed her. She prayed earnestly that James might come out of this trial “as gold that is tried in the fire.” She saw that henceforth his life must be different. She knew from the change in her husband, that James would be, at least for the time, the practical master on the farm, and to him would belong the task of facing the outer world with which the rest of the family would not be dragged into contact, and from which they could withdraw into their home. She wondered how he would be treated. Would men shrink from him? Would they cast Robert's disgrace in his teeth, till his brother's name should be loathsome in his ears? Oh God! that her children should ever come to hate each other! She smote her hands together, and an unuttered cry went up that this of all things might be spared.

Of her husband she tried not to think ; for in the depths of her heart was the feeling that he was most to blame in this matter. It was covered over, pressed down out of sight, yet still there. Her idol had been tottering for years, and she had diligently propped it with any supports she could find. Now it had come down with a crash, and she was more tender over the fragments than she had been over it complete, since the days of its first glory, when it borrowed from her eyes a perfection which did not belong to it. Her husband never guessed how often she had sat, letting her scorn off her finger-ends instead of her tongue, as she listened to his clever talk, expounding facts and laying down theories to the neighbours, as if he had been unusually sharp, and all the while

she knew him to be practically a fool. In her bitterest moments she had never called him that to herself, but said that he was "always mistaken." Her heart had "burned within her," but no one had ever heard a word from her on the subject. She was unequally yoked, and had been frightfully galled, but she never showed it by wincing. She had done her utmost to bring her children up to love and honour their father, and had never attempted to seize the reins from her husband, as so many women are driven to do in their desperation. In her case it would probably have been useless, as Mr. Pengelly possessed an unusual amount of obstinacy and belief in himself. Now as she sped on her way she reproached herself for having allowed things to pass quietly. "Oh God, I thought it right. I did it for the best!" Even when she reflected on herself, she sought to find excuses for him. She did not put it into words, but her thought was vaguely,—“He was weak and I was strong. I knew it, and yet did not make my strength cover his weakness, but left him to stagger on his course without interference. When he lost himself, and yet was confident that he was on the right road, I let him alone, because I knew it would hurt his feelings to be told so—and I was wrong. It was his nature.” In these moments when she would take the sins of her husband and children upon her own shoulders, she could not see clearly that she had done what she could, and that her husband would not have endured interference in his business.

She walked on through bright valleys with tall trees and gleaming water, rich pastures and quiet lazy-looking cows grazing; then up steep hills, whence she could see other heights, crowned with the decaying machinery of some old mine, and catch glimpses of the sea hurrying and hurrying on yet never finding rest.

Then through bleak hamlets built for workers in the slate quarries around. The light began to change; the sky grew overcast, and the road muddier and muddier—in some places it was hardly passable on foot, and the weary woman, heavily weighted as she was with her bundle of clothes and her hundred golden guineas, found it hard work to drag herself along. Twice already she had wandered from the road, and now she thought she must have done so again. She did not know that she was nearing the highest ground in the country which catches the clouds from the Atlantic, and brings down upon the sodden district "rain every day and a double portion on Fridays." Feeling as though she had a mark upon her, she had gone on, now and then meeting people without asking her way, till she was driven to do it by some proof that she had lost it.

Now she fancied that she had again got too near the sea, and determined to ask at the next house. Descending a long winding hill she crossed a stream at the bottom, by a bridge of a single plank with a rail on one side, and soon passed a foaming little cataract formed by the surplus water from a mill-pond above, which dashed down the rock, and away at a headlong pace, as though it was fearful of being stopped and put to work. There is always a fascination about a water-wheel, and Mrs. Pengelly stood a moment by the deserted mill, watching the wheel swirg slowly round, with no sound in the still air, but the fall in the distance and the occasional plash of the water, as one trough after another emptied themselves of the little water that had managed to drip into them through the closed dam. The night seemed suddenly to have closed in, and a drizzling rain had begun when she moved on towards the miller's house. There was light enough there, and noise too. The light came from a large fire flaming on the hearth, which lit up the room and the road outside too, through the open doorway, except when the mistress; who was frying the supper, stood up in front of it, when her gigantic shadow fell across the doorway. The noise came from some half dozen children, who seemed about twenty, as they skirmished around. The house was alone, though not lonely, and Mrs. Pengelly was afraid to go further without inquiry. Stepping in among the little group, which was instantly silent at sight of a stranger, she asked,

“Am I right for Camelford?”

“Camelford!” exclaimed the woman. “Yes, you're right. But 'tisn't a very good road to get over in the dark. Have you ever been there before?”

“No. How far is it?”

“Why, a good three miles and a quarter.”

“How far is Launceston?” asked Mrs. Pengelly.

This question had been trembling on her lips all the afternoon, but she had never asked it until now.

The miller's wife had been puzzled before; now she knew in a moment—not her name,—but that this was the mother of the man she had seen taken past the day before, the history of whose crime and capture her husband had brought home. She longed to clutch her children to her—to rejoice that she had not lost any of them, but she stood perfectly still, not even glancing at them, and answered gently,

“Its a matter of some sixteen miles, ma'am, I believe from Camelford My husband would know exactly. He'll be home before long, if you'll

come in and wait a bit. Martha, dust the settle. Won't you take off your shawl, ma'am? It's got wet with the rain, and I'll hang it up to dry."

"I mustn't wait," said Mrs. Pengelly. "I suppose there is no inn nearer than Camelford?"

"Well, no, ma'am, there isn't on the road. But its going to be a wet night, and a bad road too, for a body that doesn't know it. Perhaps you'd put up with a bed that we could make up for you here for once? We have never taken anybody in, but I don't think my husband would mind for once."

Mrs. Pengelly looked at the woman—her face was as honest as the sun. It would be better to stay here than to face a lot of people at an inn, who would wonder how she came to be there on foot with a bundle.

"Thank you, I will stay," she said, and took her seat on the dusted settle, while the other woman bustled about hanging up her wet things and talking in a subdued voice.

"My husband is going in to Camelford to-morrow morning, ma'am, and I daresay he will be able to give you a lift behind him—the roads are uncommon soft about here."

The miller was presently heard outside, and his wife, flinging an old shawl over her head, with a hurried order to Martha to "mind the fry," went out to meet him. He was a tall spare man, some years older than his wife. On entering, he bade his visitor "good evening," but neither he nor his wife asked her a single question. She joined them at supper, and the children were sent to bed directly after, that they might not disturb her. The miller explained that when he was not grinding at night he liked to go to bed early, so by nine o'clock the whole household was quiet.

So soothing was the warm soft bed after the weary tramp, that Mrs. Pengelly slept soundly, and awoke refreshed in the morning. The miller acted on his wife's suggestion, and after breakfast started for Camelford on his horse, with Mrs. Pengelly behind him. She had offered to pay the wife for her trouble, and thanked her for her kindness, but the good woman refused to take any money, saying they were sure she would do as much for anybody who came in her way, and it would be a bad time, indeed, when they could not do a body a good turn.

At Camelford Mrs. Pengelly alighted and again went forward on foot. She soon lost all signs of the dismal little town, and passed along the base of great rugged hills, thick with granite boulders, uncultivated, and

destitute of even a sprinkling of grass that a sheep or goat might browse upon. In one little hollow she found a church and a few stunted trees around the churchyard, but for miles after that, she went through a bleak and barren upland, where the wind blew cold even in summer, and now that it was stripped of all its bright covering of heath and furze and downy grass it was grey and desolate indeed.

There were no fences by the road, but there was little fear of losing one's way, for the main road was fairly good, while everything that branched off was a mere track. Here and there she would pass a little stone cottage with a stack of peat by its side, where possibly a dog would stand in the doorway and bark at her, and a long string of geese would drag themselves out of their shallow pools to follow her with outstretched necks and hiss a greeting or a threat.

As the day wore on, her cry of yesterday arose once more in her heart, "Children love one another." She dared not look forward to the consequences of Robert's sin upon himself. The sin looked black enough, and she could only pray again and again that it might be forgiven him. Had her boy gone from those little sins that we hardly count as sins, but weakness, into such a crime as this, or had he gradually fallen, and she not perceived it? It was but as yesterday that he had been a baby in her arms. In the grey light she could see his face clearly now—an innocent child. Would to God he had died then! Her first born! How proud she had been of him! She had the robe he was christened in put away at home now. She had said to herself that it should not go off to the girls, like most things of that kind, but she would give it to his wife for her eldest boy to wear. Alas! that the child's clothes should have taken up her thoughts at such a time! Had he only kept his truth and honesty to descend as a blessing on his children! She would trace his rebellion against the law, from his intolerance of his father—his natural lawgiver. Then with a sudden flush she would think of the meanness of this particular crime—to steal—to try to take from other people what did not belong to you! and a few scalding tears would drop at the thought that her son could have done it.

At length, the district she was passing through gradually improved. The banks by the roadside grew into hedges, enclosing fields that were well cultivated. Trees appeared. Then two or three villages; and straight before her there rose what seemed to her a veritable tower of Babel, that reached to heaven, the old castle, a guide and landmark. She could see on a distant hill the outskirts of a fine park.

The light was beginning to fade by the time she passed the remarkable ivy bound gateway of the castle, and with high-beating pulse trod the quiet little street that led into the town. She looked around for some one to speak to, and selected a little girl demurely carrying a jug of milk

“Can you tell me, child, where the jail is?”

“The dark house, do you mean?” asked the child, opening her eyes with wonder that anybody should need to ask such a question.

“Yes, I expect. The jail is what I want to find.”

“The place where they put folks that get tipsy?”

“Yes.”

“Why its over on the top of Southgate, to be sure.”

“Where’s Southgate?”

“Don’t you know? Then I’ll show you, if you like. I saw a man put there not very long ago, and there was a tail of boys half as long as the street, all hooting at him.”

“Do you know what he was called?” asked Mrs. Pengelly, with intense interest.

“Why, we always call him silly Jack, but I don’t know if that’s his proper name.”

It was but a little way—down one short street, and then turning a corner the girl pointed to an archway spanning the road a short distance ahead.

“There,” she said, “that’s the Southgate, there, and the dark-house is right on the top of it. Do you see?”

“Yes, I see the place. How do you get in?”

“It’s too dark to see them from here, but when you get close you’ll see some steps going up the right hand side—yes, the right hand side.”

It was nearly dark, and no one noticed the woman as she went along the street and up the broad stone steps at the side of the gateway. She knew nothing of prison rules or orders—her boy being inside and she out, of course, she must see him at once.

Although it looked larger in the dark than by day, she could see it was but a small building. There could be only one room, she thought—and was it always dark there, as the name seemed to suggest? She had heard vaguely of the horrors of prisons, and could believe anything. Her boy had not fared sumptuously every day, but he had always had everything wholesome and clean, and she shuddered at what he might have to endure. She had brought all the way from home a pasty of Mary’s making, like one Robert had once thought particularly good, and she

thought he would enjoy it, if he was not too much upset at the sight of her to enjoy anything else. She reached the door and felt for knocker or handle, but could find neither, only the great heads of the nails, and at length the keyhole. She knocked gently, then, getting no answer, louder. But there was not the faintest sound inside. Feeling for the keyhole once more she put her mouth to it, and shrilly whispered through,

“Robert, I’m come to you. Your mother, my boy. How can I get in?”

Still there was no answer.

“Robert, Robert, speak to your mother, my boy,” she called in.

There was a quick patter across the floor, which she knew well enough was caused by a rat, nothing more.

There was another room there after all. Was he shut in here all alone?

He should have his mother near him anyhow to-night. And perhaps he would feel it, though he could not see her.

So she seated herself on the doorstep, getting what shelter she could, and wrapping her thick woollen shawl closely around her.

She listened intently for any sounds inside, but occasional scamperings of the rats was all that reached her.

At first people passed below frequently, but they grew fewer and fewer; and one by one the lights in the street dropped off, and she had the cloudless starry sky and the silent street to herself.

She did not sleep, but all through the night sent up her earnest supplication for mercy for her son’s soul.

When morning dawned and no one appeared, she became alarmed, wondering how long Robert was kept without food, so leaving her post she went down into the street, and, putting aside all feelings for herself, stopped the first respectable looking man she met, and, saying who she was, asked how she could get into the prison. Then she found that the place to which she had been was only occasionally used to keep men who had committed slight offences in for the night. The building where her son was confined was of an altogether different stamp, in the Castle green, which she had unwittingly passed the evening before. She had little difficulty in getting admitted, everyone feeling compassion for her, and doing their best to help her.

## CHAPTER X.

They shall not lament for him saying, Ah, my brother.

Says Miss Austen, “A large bulky figure has as good right to be in deep affliction as the most graceful set of limbs in the world. But



fair or not, there are unbecoming conjunctions, which taste cannot tolerate, which ridicule will seize."

The remark would apply equally to any other powerful emotion. I conceive intense joy is as ill set off by a corpulent figure, as intense grief. We would, most of us, I expect—except a few singularly-natured persons, who tenderly nurse sorrow for its own sake—be we of a bulky figure or graceful, part, if we could, with our own right to be in deep affliction. There is an old saying "laugh and grow fat," and as most old sayings have some foundation in fact, it may be that stout forms have as a rule felt less grief than their leaner fellows. A more unbecoming conjunction, it seems to me, than a middle-aged mother, however bulky, grieving over the loss of a scapegrace son, is that of very young people overwhelmed with trouble. It may be picturesque, it may be poetical but it is miserable. Spring is of course a time of sunshine and showers; but very sharp, often, are the hail showers, very drenching the rain, the sunshine very flitting, and the wind very battering. I would have the storms in autumn, and give the tender buds plenty of light and warmth. To James spring had been so severe that he could scarcely believe that his summer day would have any brightness. He knew he loved Rachel, and he would not regret it, but he could not ask her to return it. He would only be thankful for her presence and help, and be careful to show her such affection as one cousin might bestow upon another. However, he did not go exactly the best way to carry out his intention. He rose half an hour earlier than usual, for the purpose of loitering around the house, while she was attending to the breakfast, to help her with anything he considered she ought not to do; and afterwards, when she carried out bread or rice for the small chickens, he would go with corn for the larger ones. He was half ashamed to think how much of his time and thoughts she filled to the exclusion of his brother and mother.

One morning, about a week after his mother's departure, he as usual happened to walk into the little pump-court, as Rachel came through the kitchen door with her bowl of butter to be washed.

"I'll pump. Its too hard work for you," he said, as he had said before.

Rachel liked to have him about. She was fond of company, and she was fond of James, or she might have suggested that to pump a gallon or two of water was not much exertion compared with turning several pounds of butter.

This morning the question suddenly arose in her mind, was he always there to do it for his mother? Then she blushed till her bare arm<sup>o</sup>

were red at the audacity of having such a wonder. James saw it too, and got hotter himself than standing about on a raw morning seemed to warrant, but this was lost upon Rachel, for she was occupied with her work. For a moment her quick wit deserted her, and he stood quietly watching the colour die away from her face.

“I wonder,” she said, clearing her throat of a little huskiness, “how it is that aunt hasn’t come home or sent a letter?”

“I expect she had a great deal to arrange about,” he answered; “and perhaps every day she thinks she’ll be coming back to-morrow, and yet can’t manage to get away. Are you in a very great hurry to be off again?”

“I wasn’t thinking about that at all,” said Rachel quickly; “I want some more water please.”

She finished her work at the trough, and returned to the kitchen without another word.

“What a little fool James must think me to blush for nothing;” and she wished that he had left her to pump for herself that morning. And yet she knew that she should have felt solitary if he had not appeared. He followed her indoors to speak to Mr. Pengelly.

“Father, I want you to see the sheep this morning, please. I must be off as fast as I can help on the tilling. If we are lively, we ought to get that field in to-day.”

Mr. Pengelly rose from the seat where he had been quietly sitting, and said, “I’ll go.”

“You’re getting on with knitting my gloves, Mary,” said her brothet pleasantly, “you’ll finish them to night, I believe.”

As he was following his father out of the door he turned and said, “I shall be able to find out, Rachel, if the fields will be dry enough for us to go to church through them to-morrow.”

He had given her his last remark, and he carried her with him in his thoughts to his work. Why had she blushed? She could not have been surprised to see him. He had made up his mind that he would not try to find out if she cared for him or not; but he asked himself the question a score of times as he shouted to his horses, and gave directions to the men. He could not answer it, it was true; but it was not a very prudent speculation for any one who meant to stand aside, and let any one else win her who could. “Whatever,” he wondered, “could have possessed Robert to fall in love with a great hulking woman just as big as himself? Good-looking, was she? Well, he supposed she was—so was the young sparky cow—after a fashion. A surly poor-tempered toad too, and he

didn't believe he'd be far wrong if he called her a heathen. Folks talked a deal about witches sometimes, and of course there were a good deal too many in old times as the Bible proved ; and his uncle, the sharpest man he knew, always had his bullocks charmed when they had anything the matter with them, though he himself had always backed up his father in saying that he didn't believe in those things now-a-days. Still, after all, they had lost a good many more bullocks than his uncle did. He had always counted witches as old sharp-nosed scraggy hags, but he supposed if the devil liked he could turn them out young and plump. Poor Robert, what a fool he had made of himself about her. How well Rachel managed everything, and kept herself so trim with it all too—there was certainly nobody who could come near her in good looks,—about that everybody must allow. Every change of her face was perfect. How good it was of her to go staying on there slaving for them. He wondered that her father could part with her. Whatever would the house be like when she was gone? Did she love him? Would she ever have done it if he could have gone boldly to her and asked her? He knew he was tolerably good-looking himself —tall and strong. He reckoned up his personal advantages without somewhat unreasonable pleasure, considering his principle of self-abnegation, and unselfish determination that she was not to love him.

He returned to his dinner, having drifted into a state of considerable excitement, hurrying homeward that he might see himself in her presence, and wondering how she would greet him.

Rachel was on the watch for him, indeed, and at sight of him came across the yard to meet him, but he forgot his speculations when he saw her eager face, knowing well that she had something to tell him. "Had she to go home," was his first idea of the trouble in store.

"What is it Rachel?" he called.

"Oh, James, I am so glad you are come."

In spite of her habits of decision she did not enjoy responsibility, and liked some one to lean upon.

"The miller has brought over a letter from aunt from Churchtown. She got up all right, but poor Robert is very bad indeed with rheumatic fever now."

James staggered against a wall. He was literally overwhelmed with joy, and horror at his own feelings.

"Is he very bad?" he asked.

Rachel regarded him with astonishment, which roused him sufficiently to walk in.

"Yes, very," she answered. "Uncle and Mary don't know what to do."

"Father could not ride to Launceston to-night," said James decisively, "but he must go to-morrow."

He found his father in a distressing state of perplexity. He would have shrunk from taking this journey to Launceston, where he must encounter the gaze and pity of strangers who knew nothing about him but his shame and misery. But James' decided way of treating it as a matter of course that he should go the next morning, left him no choice. At present he had no strength of resistance in him; his likes and dislikes were as strongly developed as ever, but his faith in himself being gone, his power of asserting his will had gone too. The afternoon was as full of excitement to James as the morning had been, but it was a different subject that agitated him. It was not the fact of Robert's illness that stirred him so deeply as his feeling on the fact. Robert was his brother, and he dearly loved him. In childhood and boyhood it had been Robert's height and position he had always hoped to reach to. As men, they had lived together and believed in each other. That he should have been for a moment delirious with joy at hearing of Robert's serious illness, made him feel in all its bitterness, that that life was indeed over. He knew that he would have risked his own life any day to have saved that of his brother. And yet he shook with joy at the idea that he might be dying! Was it on his own account or Robert's that he was glad to have this awful hope? He faced the question, though it was like cutting deep into his own flesh. Was it because the disgrace would be something less if Robert died before his trial? or was it because Robert himself would be spared the misery of that fearful condemnation, and still more terrible scene which James shuddered to think of, and which, every time he did think of it, made him hunger for tidings of his brother—tidings that he was worse—that there was no hope? There flashed through his mind thoughts of Saul who had fallen upon his own sword to save himself from further disgrace; and those people he had learnt of at school who had killed themselves for the same reason. He had always thought meanly of them before as cowards, but now he could not judge them. Then others arose to his mind who had killed, not themselves, but those they loved, when they were threatened with disgrace and shame. He understood their feelings. To kill anything unresisting must always be heartrending, but to kill what you love, your love must be great enough to carry you out of yourself. His mother

had a soul large enough to sacrifice itself for another. Oh God, what was he thinking! His mother! No. She would watch and tend her son as carefully as if she were saving him for great honour.

James was capable of doing two men's work under his excitement; and had to check himself again and again that the workmen might be able to keep pace with him. They knew of Robert's illness, and as their fathers and grandfathers had worked for his, there was a feeling of clanship in his trouble. They respected James, and more so lately than before, for he was master as he had never been. The work went on with speed and the field was finished, and the men wondered to each other as they trudged off over James' agitation.

"One would most have thought he'd have been glad," said an old man with a tear in each eye, "for we shall never look upon him again in any way."

"Ah 'tis a bad job, any way," said another, shaking his head. "And I reckon the mistress has got but a hard time of it there. I declare Mr. James looked like a man mazed sometimes, and worked as if he'd been the devil himself. I didn't know how to get on with him."

Here followed questions as to where he had seen a mazed man or the devil at work, which led away from the troubles at the farmhouse.

James had not found the answer to his question when he left his work, nor did he find it as he hurried about tending the cattle. It was not to be answered, for his wishes and fears were so thoroughly mixed that they were past his power to divide.

There was no self-consciousness about Rachel that evening; she might well forget herself, as everybody seemed to forget her. The fresh distress about Robert had so upset Mary that Rachel thought it wise for her to go to bed, and Mr. Pengelly sat warming his hands by the fire, assenting to every suggestion she made to him, but taking no other notice of her. James' excitement had produced a mental exhaustion which made it a feeling of rest to have her attending to things which but for her he must have done. Only when they parted for the night, their eyes met for a moment, and Rachel went to bed so happy that she almost cried to think how wicked she was to be so when her friends were so miserable.

## CHAPTER XI.

"The lips that kiss till death, have turned  
Life's water into wine."

GERALD MASSEY.

A sky of blue, melting into grey at the horizon, the sun shining brightly, the trees in their richest raiment, just a suspicion of frostiness in

the air, the woman he loved walking by his side—gently and kindly—and the relief of having nothing to do but to go to church in his best clothes, to a man fully occupied with work through the week, ought to have a pleasant effect on his spirits; and these soothing adjuncts were not without their influence on James, as he and Rachel came sedately down the churchyard path to cross the fields on their way home. He was somewhat refreshed by his night's rest, and he had prayed earnestly not merely that he might submit to God's will, but that he might be contented with what He might send. And again in church he had sought special patience. This trouble he saw was doing one thing for him—making him seek help and guidance instead of depending upon himself. They went slowly along enjoying the sunshine, the air, and each other.

"It's well we are going home," said Rachel laughing lightly, "the mud seems determined to get on my shoes."

"A little addition doesn't matter so much to them as to most people's, that's one thing," said James.

"You know my weak points, I am afraid," said Rachel, shaking her head.

"I should not have thought the size of your shoes would have been one."

"Well, we won't say any more about them, if they will only let us be quiet, and not keep catching your eye. Jane Barton has had a new bonnet since I was here last. This one is more becoming to her than her old grey beaver."

"Somebody else has had a new bonnet too, since you were here to church last, but I don't see that it makes any difference to her appearance."

"Oh, I call that unkind. I suppose you think good clothes wasted on me, and that I am dreadfully extravagant to have a new bonnet this year. I shouldn't have thought of having one if father hadn't brought it home for me without asking—you see he likes to give me something."

"How could I suppose it to be my business to think whether you were extravagant or not?" he asked quickly. "But to me you would be the same Rachel, whatever you had on—not but that it's a very pretty bonnet," he added clumsily.

"Nonsense, what do you know about them? You are no judge."

"Well perhaps I do think most of the face inside. I think you should never be able to notice anything very particular about a woman's dress. If there was anything wrong, of course, you would see that at once."

"I like nice clothes anyway," said Rachel decidedly. "I should like

Mary to have a dress the colour of that bramble leaf—the dark red would exactly suit her, and if you didn't notice it, and yet saw nothing wrong, you ain't as quick as I think you are."

He stepped aside and brought her the spray.

"Thank you. Oh, you have scratched yourself. I'm so sorry. I wish I had not spoken of it."

"It's nothing," he said putting his hand out of her sight.

The next instant they both heard a low bellow that made them suddenly look around.

"Rachel, walk quickly to the gate, but don't run."

They were not far from the gate, but a bull was scarcely further from them. James faced him instantly, and he stopped.

"I will stay," whispered Rachel in a tone of entreaty with a white face.

"You forget that I am a man," said James. "Go at once, Rachel."

It was a command this time, and Rachel meekly went her way. It was very hard, that she should have to leave him to meet the danger alone, because she was a woman, when he could so easily have reached the gate if she had not been there. She clenched her hand, but walked without hesitation. She knew that she should have despised him if he had let her stay, but all the same it was hard upon her to be made to go first. She climbed the gate and then for the first time looked behind. James was coming slowly with his back towards her—the bull was gaining upon him, and he was not getting straight to the gate. She dared not cry out to him. It seemed an hour, though it was only a couple of minutes, before the animal charged, and James springing aside, ran to the gate, and laying his hand on the top bar, leaped over.

"Run Rachel," he said, taking her hand, and pulling her as fast as she could go along by the hedge. "That gate won't stand much, if he tries to get through. There is a good stile down here."

The stile was gained, but when they were safely on the other side, Rachel quietly sat down regardless of the mud, and began to cry.

James was vexed and a little frightened. "What's the matter Rachel," he asked, lifting her up.

"I can't help it, I must cry a minute," she gasped clinging to him. "It was too awful—leaving you there. Don't be angry with me."

"Angry with you, Rachel! Why I love you better than anybody else in the world."

"Do you?" she whispered with her face hidden on his arm. "I am so glad."

Surely he had lost his senses for he was kissing her. "Tell me Rachel that you love me."

"I think I do, James."

"Ain't you sure?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, sure," she said, turning up to him her face which had got all its colour back.

"I am the luckiest man alive," he said, after a minute, and then there rushed back to his mind all the troubles at home, and he stopped suddenly—aghast at what he had done, but he banished unpleasant recollections again, and would only think for the time that Rachel loved him.

"Mary will be telling us that we have spoiled the dinner by keeping it waiting so long," suggested Rachel. "We shall have to go further round to get home now."

At this hint James picked up her bonnet which had fallen off.

"It's well you don't mind much about my clothes," she said, giving him one of her brightest smiles, "so I shan't mind going back to my old bonnet now this one has tumbled into the mud. I hope Mary won't be frightened when she sees me in such a mess. I was very silly I know, but it was dreadful to see the bull try to toss you."

"There was really very little danger, Rachel," he said, giving her a kiss. "When you were safe and I was so near a gate, I should have been stupid if I could not have managed. Not but that it's very bad of folks not to keep their church-paths quiet. I shall speak to Mr. Osborne about it to-morrow. There's no reason in having you frightened up like this."

"Oh, I don't mind a bit, now it's over," said Rachel.

The sun shone more brightly than ever, and though James knew that the stronger the sunshine the deeper the shadows, he revelled this morning in the warmth, and avoided the shades.

Mary escorted Rachel upstairs to take off her things, and change her dress, and then was told the second half of Rachel's story. For a few minutes she felt a kind of awe of her cousin—a girl who was loved, and was going to be married—who had entered into mysteries of which she had only dreamed.

"I would sooner give him to you than to anyone else, Rachel dear," she said, putting her arms around her. "You are almost like a sister already, I think."

She was full of conflicting emotions—jealousy that anyone else should come before herself or her mother, with her brother—pleasure that Rachel, who had been so much to her lately, was not to drift back int



distant kinship but to draw nearer : and satisfaction that James was going to marry well after all, and would not be poor any more as they were. Ah, yes ! she ought to be very glad, and she was, and she gave Rachel another eager kiss, which told of more love than any amount of words could have done. She thought her cousin a lucky girl, for not even Rachel herself could think more flatteringly of James than his sister did.

As the evening passed James found that the shadows grew and lengthened so that it was difficult always to keep in the sunshine, and when Rachel had bidden him good night, he felt there was no escape for him from the chill darkness. There was one star, however, that the clouds could not hide, and that threw its beams full upon him—Rachel loved him—she had told him so ! He had broken his fine resolutions the very first moment he had felt inclined to, and he was ashamed of himself notwithstanding his joy.

“ Rachel,” he said, the first time he saw her alone in the morning, “ I had no right to ask you for your love, or to tell you that I loved you. It was a mean thing for me to do.”

“ Anyhow, I don’t mean to take mine back or give up yours, so you can’t get out of it so easily as you might wish,” she said lightly, with a laugh. “ I will listen to anything you wish to say to me, though, James,” she added gravely, going up to him, and placing a hand on each of his shoulders ; “ but don’t be too hard upon us.”

“ If things had been as they were six months ago with me, you would have been much too good for me.”

“ It’s not my place to make you vain,” she said, “ so you may go on.”

“ But now when I am in disgrace, and when just any woman in the world would turn up her nose at me, it was too bad in all conscience.”

“ You are not disgraced. If you were —” she paused, remembering that any scorn she might show would sting him on Robert’s account, “ I—why I should be too, don’t you see that ? and every man in the country ‘ turning up his nose ’ at me ! Upon your own showing it is a debt we owe to each other.”

“ You are much further off, so that it doesn’t belong to you in the same way. Your father will say, ‘ I was a good Samaritan to you in your trouble, and you’ve turned and stolen my daughter from me.’ ”

“ I don’t suppose father will be very well pleased, but I know he’d rather I should be happy than himself any day. (And you need not think I’m going to be married to-morrow, either). He has always been fond of you and thought a deal of you, I know. ‘ And there’s one thing, James,

if I had married anybody else, whenever we fell out, he would have been sure to throw up our misfortune to me, and now you have given me that advantage over my husband. If you spoke hastily yesterday and didn't mean it," and she looked at him very steadily, "why, of course, you have only to say so, and you are free."

"I did mean it, though I spoke hastily, Rachel."

"Yes, I believe you did, and so did I, and it would make me miserable if you let this trouble come between us. As for the money I shall have, I'm glad I've got it for your sake, for you won't have to worry about things, and I wish it had been millions."

"No, no," said James, "it's bad enough as it is—to be all take and no give."

"It's *well* enough as it is," persisted Rachel, "but I wish it was better. And now don't go worrying about this again. I shall find it out if you do, mind, and smoke your potatoes for breakfast or something, to pay you off;" and she stopped his mouth with a kiss, and darted off to attend to the potatoes that were already giving signs of being burnt, if they had escaped smoking.

## CHAPTER XII.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

MACBETH.

It was a hard-featured bedroom, with whitewashed walls, and barely furnished—with but little light, and what there was chequered by iron bars.

On either side of the bed stood a woman—one middle-aged, wrinkled and grey, with a look of intense anxiety in her eyes—the other young, fair, and dimpled, but with hungry eyes. The elder woman was gaunt with many night's watching, the younger was the fresh object in the room. They had stood as they were, standing for an hour, neither moving her position an inch. Over Philippa's face there came no expression to mark change in her thoughts, and but for her eyes there would have been no sign but that she was perfectly happy.

Mrs. Pengelly's features, although she never relaxed her quick, watchful gaze upon the bed, told one moment of agony, the next of resignation, as thoughts of past, present and future, followed each other in rapid succession through her brain, which seemed determined to present all events connected with her children before her, whether they were seasonable or not.

James had been to her the day before with the story of his love, but with his coming and going she had scarcely been able to look beyond the present moment for him, but now she was realizing it, between the voiceless prayers she was sending up.

The light from the window had fallen upon the pillows, and Robert seemed to feel the shadows of the little crosses about him, so his mother having nothing to raise as a screen, had placed herself so that her own shadow might cover him. To a stranger his ghostlike face, with the black hair all gone, would hardly have been recognisable. His mother had watched it change day by day, had seen the marks of stormy passion fade away into those of suffering, which ennobled and beautified it as it had never been before, and this white face would belong to her boy as much as the ones she remembered—the baby's, the boy's, or the man's.

For many long minutes there had been no movement on the bed but the laboured breathing of the occupant. At length he opened his eyes looking towards Philippa, but not appearing to notice her, he turned them in search of his mother, and sighed,

“Mother, there's joy in Heaven.”

Then the room seemed to grow suddenly chill, and Philippa shuddered. There was no struggle, he might have dropped asleep again.

“And on earth, too,” said the mother, with tears streaming down her face, as she tenderly closed the eyes she should never look upon again. Philippa, with her head erect, but hands that grasped each other as if for support, moved away and walked towards the door.

Mrs. Pengelly turned hastily to her, holding out her arms. She had triumphed—only by the aid of death it was true—still she had triumphed and she could be generous.

“My child, we both loved him, and he loved us both. I forgive you.”

The proud head became even more stately, the eyes were turned full upon her without a tear to dim them, and a voice that never shook, said,

“You have nothing to forgive.”

Then, without another word or gesture, Philippa summoned the warden and left the room.

“Oh God, have mercy upon her. She will suffer most after all,” breathed Mrs. Pengelly.

## Some of Rome's Surroundings.

Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus

Ruris amatores.....

Novistine locum potiore m rure beato ?

HOR. Ep. I. X. 1—14

IF we have a Land of Scott and a Land of Burns, surely the surroundings of Rome ought to be called the Land of Horace. A good guide-book to them is almost a commentary on Horace, and a good knowledge of Horace would almost render a guide-book superfluous. His hand is everywhere in this district; *nihil fere non tetigit, nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. This, then, is the invitation I hold out to my imaginary friend who has accompanied me so patiently through the City of Romulus and the Cæsars,—come and view the modern aspect of the Land—the *rus beatum*—of Horace. And, since I am playing the host, I will ask him first to my summer home at Monte Porzio, where for the last two hundred and fifty years the English College has had a country-villa as a shelter from the heat of Rome. Monte Porzio Catone, the “Porcian height” of Macaulay’s Lays, and so called from M. Porcius Cato, the ruins of whose supposed villa are still pointed out, is a small hill in the Alban range, about half an hour’s walk from ancient Tusculum. Already, at the very names of *Alba* and *Tusculum*, we are tempted to desert Horace for Virgil, to forget the vine-dresser on the hill and the cask of Alban wine, and go further back to the valiant heroes of the *Æneid* and their terrible little wars. The best way will perhaps be to conciliate the two poets, alternately scaling the Latian Mount on the wings of Juno, or moralizing at ease under the inspiration of the Campanian Bacchus.

As we pass along the slopes of Tusculum, we see that the country is not much changed since those old days. Vineyards and olive-groves, cultivated on the same methods, still satisfy the unambitious needs of the people. Oxen still pull the old wooden plough which Virgil tells us how to make, and to judge from appearances the *Georgics* might even now be the sole hand-book of the farmers of Latium. The pines and cypresses look as unchangeable as the everlasting hills, and stand out dark and bold against the sunset sky.

*Algidus* (if we could see it from here) is still *nigræ ferax frondis*, fierce with the black foliage of its holm-oaks. Across the valley, amid the bare and rocky Sabines, proud *Tibur*, and high, cold *Præneste* mark the landscape as of old. So that to an ancient Roman, reviving and revisiting this scene, perhaps on the whole the sense of familiarity would be even stronger than the perception of change.

We may be supposed to have arrived at Frascati by the evening train, and like true Anglo-Saxons we will do our three or four miles to Porzio on foot. The road is winding, and probably the nearest feeling to us will be that it is very badly kept and very dusty. But abstracting from such bodily trifles, and surrounding ourselves with the atmosphere of memory and imagination, we shall find everything to our liking. Lake Regillus, now dry, lies on our left; and on the same side, in the far distance, the Dome of St. Peter's rises in the plain, small indeed, yet high enough to dwarf all the Seven Hills. Even Monte Mario only looks like a shadow by its side. As the sun goes down, a rich purple haze steals over the Campagna, flooding it with glowing hues of unearthly beauty, so wonderful that no painter has ever dared to paint them for us. Who is there that would even dare to try? I am sure this was what Virgil thought of, when he sang of the Elysian fields clad in purple light. At least, this is the vision which must have been called up in every Roman's mind, when he heard the words:—

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit  
Purpureo.

Another word would spoil the picture for one who knows it; hundreds of lines would not convey the idea to one who has not seen it.

We are now at the foot of Porzio, and have already met some of the inhabitants, who have saluted us in various ways. *Buon passeggio* (A pleasant walk to you)! Or, *Felice notte* (Happy night)! Or, as the village doctor puts it, characteristically, but no doubt ironically, *Salute* (Good health to you)! Or again, if it is old Antony, he holds out his hat in mingled salutation and expectation, with some such phrase as "May the good God guard you, and the Blessed Virgin accompany you." Poor old Antony! He dates from last

century and has seen hard times ; lame and almost blind, he depends on his neighbours for these last days of a weary existence ; he lives in a hole where one would be loth to kennel a dog, and yet there is a demon who charges him rent for it ; still he is cheerful and contented ; he holds out his hat and calls down God's blessing upon you, and does not retract it, however often he may have been refused ; it is a bright soul which looks out through the chinks of that battered old frame. But the most common greeting for us, as English, is from the ragamuffins of the place, who swarm ; and it generally takes the form of "*Oishay ! madda un bocchett !*" which is a corruption of the Italian for "give me a half-penny." The *Oishay*, however, is the English *I say*, which seems to be the full extent of the influence of two centuries and a half of our language in their midst, and even this has struck them only because it bears a likeness to one of their own interjections. There is nothing like seeing ourselves as others see us ; who would else have thought that *I say* was the phrase which Englishmen most commonly use ? The perseverance with which these children ask for *bocchettis* is wonderful, for they never by any chance get one. I may remark that the *oishay* is specially reserved for us ; among themselves, their way of calling attention is *Ow !* pronounced in a high key, emphatically, and very short ; if any one of my readers tries it, he will at once see the effectiveness of such a call.

You (my guest) will have observed, on our way up, that many whom we met strolling about the hill looked like town-folks, and you were right. During the summer, the Romans come out to the surrounding villages to escape the heat ; this holiday they call a *villeggiatura*, and it is a time of greater freedom with them, just as the sea-side is with us. Thus I have seen some of the gentler sex, who in Rome would be the pink of decorum, not scrupling at Monte Compatri to imitate the *contadine* method of riding straddle-legged like men ! Once in fact we caught some of them in the very act of wildly climbing trees ! Horace used often to take his *villeggiatura* at Tibur, and evidently enjoyed it, for he says, "At Tivoli I long for Rome, but at Rome I am always dying to go to Tivoli." Another time, indeed, he wanted to stop there altogether, and in this he was of one mind with his friend Mæcenæ, whose villa

adjoined the Anio there, and who could not sleep away from the sound of its cascades.

Next morning, we begin our excursion. If you do not feel equal to a long walk, and do not mind having your temper tried, you had better hire a donkey. It would be quite the correct thing. Cardinal Wiseman says that if we still wrote in hieroglyphics, our symbol for Tusculum would be a tourist on a donkey, with a white umbrella. I shall not take a donkey myself, though; I know them of old. I spent a wretched time with one once. It would take too long to tell how he sat down in the road as soon as I mounted him,—how his method of progression seemed a prolonged conscientious endeavour to take the shortest possible steps in the longest possible time,—with what meekness when I thrashed him he stopped till I was tired, and then with what unswerving fidelity he resumed his old pace,—with what a jaundiced eye I looked upon the whole scheme of the universe, when I found myself on the bleak hill-side, my companions out of sight, all hopes gone of ever reaching my destination, and a steady down-pour of rain bidding fair to damp my spirits, if I had had any, and with what bitterness of soul I finally confessed myself vanquished by this son of an ass, and allowed him to bear me home again in triumph, to the unbounded joy of the tag rag and bob tail mob of Porzio boys. No, I'll not take a donkey again, thank you!

Within an hour we are standing on the impregnable citadel of Tusculum. Many of the ruins are left and many more may yet be discovered. From here we can see two theatres in good preservation. A little further down the hill, we can still drink of the fountain “erected by the *Ædiles Latinus* and *Decimus* by order of the Senate.” Here too are ruins coeval with the Mamertine Prisons, and therefore with the Roman kings. Not far off a perfect and still-used Roman road leads us to Cicero's villa, where the Tusculan Disputations were written. At least, so the guides say; unfortunately, the Basilian monks of Grotta Ferrata say they can prove that their monastery is built on the very site of that villa. When I am there, I believe them; now I am here, I believe the guides, and so get the benefit of both. The city of Tusculum lasted until A.D. 1191, when it was cruelly and utterly destroyed by the

Romans in their rebellion against the Pope. The ousted inhabitants moved down the hill and formed the present town of Frascati, which still marks on its gates and on the uniforms of its officials S.P.Q.T. *Senatus Populusque Tusculanus*. It is interesting to Englishmen as the see of the Cardinal Duke of York, the last of the Stuarts, many remembrances of whom are still preserved in the country round about

The view from the summit, where we stand, is very fine. The air is exceedingly clear at times, and then every house in the Campagna and on the hills opposite stands out in bright relief. This clearness, so foreign to England, is familiar enough at the Cape. I remember some friends visiting my home at the Paarl, and proposing to run across the valley to the Drakenstein Mountains before breakfast; they decided not to go when they found that this would entail breakfasting at three p.m. One can imagine how, centuries ago, on a day like this, the guards on the walls of Tusculum watched with jealous eyes the growth of the little village of Romulus, down there on the plain only fifteen miles away. And as we look at that low exposed site, and think that not only Tusculum, but the whole circle of Alba, Præneste, Veii and others, all overlooked it with equal strength and impregnable position, we come to understand the stern force of character of those early marauders, who began by hurling defiance at the overhanging hills, and ended by subduing the world. Now we see whence came those roads which cut straight as an arrow over hills and marshes, and are in use to the present day,—those huge buildings which we weak moderns survey with awe,—those giant aqueducts which still bestride the Campagna and will remain for ever.

To the right of Rome, and forty miles away, Soracte, in solitary grandeur,

“ from out the plain  
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,  
And on the curl hangs pausing.”

I have quoted this from Byron, not for the poetry, but for the peculiar exactness of the description. It is no more fanciful than the names of Table Mountain and Lion's Rump. I have an affectionate remembrance of this mountain because in my early



youth trouble often came to me by reason of a perverse persuasion in my mind that it was a *town* in Apulia or Calabria, or somewhere. Horace and Virgil both speak of it. To the former it was only a familiar object in the landscape, whose snow-covered top reminded him to pile on the logs, fill the flowing bowl with Sabine wine, and sing *Begone dull care!* To the latter, it was the sacred and jealously guarded shrine of the divine Apollo.

But Tusculum is not our final destination. We descend and cross the Latin Vale, passing over the very road memorable for the splendid march of Cincinnatus, when (*pace* Niebuhr and all other iconoclasts) called from the plough, he led his hastily-levied army against the Æquians, rescued Minucius on Mount Algidus, and saved the Republic. Pressing onward, we traverse miles of the forest, mostly of chestnut and holm-oak, which covers the sides of Monte Cavo, the Latian Mount. On emerging from the wood, we find ourselves on a large plateau, bounded by an arc of hills, a precipice forming the chord. We have entered at one of the angles of the segment; at the other is *Rocca di Papa*, a village looking for all the world like a waterfall of houses; most of its streets are staircases, and I don't see how the lower houses avoid getting all the refuse of the rest. The plateau itself is called Hannibal's Camp. With what feelings of triumph he must have stood here and gazed on Rome, fairly in his grasp at last,—Rome, the enemy of his country, against whom in his boyhood he had sworn that terrible oath of undying hatred! And yet he had to turn away after all, sick at heart with the bitterness of disappointment. A mighty man against a mighty people,—one of the greatest dramas in human history,—and we are standing on the very spot where that drama culminated! Of course the critics doubt it. Whenever an historical tradition touches the fibres of your memory, and evokes the music of imagination and enthusiasm, some one is sure to make it his business to come and pour cold water on you. I won't have it. Hannibal *was* here. If he wasn't, he ought to have been, and that is enough for me. Let us proceed.

The rest of the ascent of Cavo is easy, and not long. In the last part of it, we strike a Roman road again, also perfect. This time, however, it is of more importance; it is no less than the

*Numinis Via*, as we are told by the letters *N* and *V*, still visible on some of the polygonal blocks of stone which pave it,—also called the *Via Triumphalis*, by which Roman generals ascended to the temple of Jupiter Latialis, when only a lesser triumph or ovation was granted to them. We have just left the camp of Hannibal, we are now treading in the footsteps of Julius Cæsar.

At the top, we will rest and cool ourselves, prudently though, and not too poetically; not like a friend of mine, who in gushing enthusiasm bared his breast to the mountain breezes, and then went home and caught the fever. We shall not be without refreshments, either, for there is a monastery here of Passionists, whose house has not been stolen from them by the Italian Government, because they provided the Observatory with meteorological observations. There is also some of their property which has not been stolen, for it would not have been of any earthly use to any one else,—wonderful generosity! How History repeats itself! Romulus founded the city with a band of robbers; Victor Emmanuel, thinking to re-found it, imitates the process. However, meteorology and politics are of no account to us at present, so long as we are provided with something to eat and drink. Which will you have, Albanian or Falernian? *Habemus utrumque.*

But what has become of the great temple of Jupiter? Ah! there's the rub. Do you see that wall of huge stones all round the the convent-garden? That's what has become of the ruins. The old temple is all here, but you can only see it dissolved into its constituent elements. Good gracious! you exclaim, what miserable Vandal—? Stop, my friend, no Vandal did this, but an Englishman! Would you know his name? Henry IX of England, the Cardinal Duke of York, the last of the Stuarts! I told you we should meet remembrances of him in the country round about. He was a good and holy man personally, and to build and endow this Passionist monastery was a good and holy act, but it seems to have been the evil destiny of each of the Stuarts to commit some colossal blunder, some monstrous folly, before he died; all the other Stuarts practised this their destiny on nations, the last of them fortunately confined himself to a ruined temple, and one which after all is out of the way of most travellers. Better that than undermining liberties and

stirring up sedition, as his fathers were wont to do. Of course, as it was an Englishman, we have nothing to do but shrug our shoulders and hush it up; if it had been a foreigner now, what a grand chance for a tirade! As it is, we must be like Mark Twain's Fiji Islander, who when he first heard the story of Cain and Abel, burned with righteous indignation against the murderer; but afterwards, on being told that Cain was a Fiji Islander, he reflected a while and finally remarked, "Well, then, what did Abel come fooling round there for?"

There is plenty, however, to distract us from such an unpleasant train of thought. The scene of half the *Æneid* lies before us. From this very spot, Juno surveyed the rival camps of Turnus and *Æneas*, just before that last battle, the issue of which she foreknew, and had not the heart to look upon. And, indeed, no better watch-tower could have been found. When the Latin chieftains assembled here for their great federal feast (*Feriæ Latinæ*), each one could look down upon his own city and point out his territories to his neighbours as on a map. In one direction, we can see the Mediterranean with thirty miles of sea coast on each side of Ostia; in another, over the Sabines, appear the distant peaks of the Apennine range. What a view! At our very feet, so near that you almost fancy you could throw stones into them, lie the two glassy Lakes of Albano and Nemi, in the thickly wooded country sacred to the memory of Egeria.

Silva fuit, late dumis atque ilice nigra  
 Horrida, quam densi complérant undique sentes;  
 Rara per occultos lucebat semita calles.

It was through this wood that Nisus and Euryalus had that fatal run for life, so thrillingly told by Virgil; I have often thought of it while traversing those mazy paths, and have felt that the fate of Euryalus would most certainly have been mine too. Nisus, who was familiar with the locality, had rushed on, thinking his friend was following, and had succeeded in passing the steep shores of the Alban lakes; but Euryalus, checked by the darkness so intensified by the overhanging boughs, and undecided in his steps because he knew not the way, wavered, fell behind, took the wrong turning, and was surrounded by the enemy. The story of how Nisus in grief and despair retraced his steps through the intricate recesses of

the forest, carefully observing all the landmarks he had passed, and searching through the silent thickets, and how when he found his friend in the enemy's hands he chose to die with him, rather than live without him,—is one of the best told incidents in the whole *Æneid*.

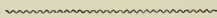
It would be impossible, and if possible, very uninteresting to make a list of all the classical spots visible from here. I have, perhaps, given enough, and will further point out only the Tiber. From far above the city, you can trace it to the scene of Constantine's victory over Maxentius, which was really the secular triumph of Christianity; through Rome itself and its famous bridges; past *Trefontani*, the place where St. Paul was beheaded; and so on down to Ostia and the Delta, where

fluvio Tiberinus amæno,  
Vorticibus rapidis, et multa flavus arena  
In mare prorumpit.

At Ostia, if ever you go there, you will find two towns,—the modern one, which is a mere village sheltering under the battlements of a picturesque old castle—and the ancient one, with excavated ruins of houses, streets, market-places, temples and quays, all inhabited by snakes and lizards. So that the mouth of the Tiber has almost returned to its original state of loneliness, broken only by Virgil's birds, which, "familiar with the banks and bed of the river, flit to and fro in the bordering groves and soothe the air with their song."

Let this suffice for our suburban wanderings for the present. I will, however, ask my readers not to depart from Monte Porzio just yet. I wish to detain them there, so as to be present at that Village Festa I have already promised; it is important enough to have a paper to itself.

FRED. C. KOLBE.



### The Aged Pilgrim.

Fear not, fear not, thou aged one,  
 Though bleak thy wintry lot ;  
 Though all the friends of youth are gone,  
 Thou art not yet forgot.

Though worn with grief and care thou art,  
 And faints thy longing soul,  
 O'er the parch'd channels of thy heart  
 Perennial love shall roll.

Long has thy Father's careful eye  
 Watched o'er thee from above ;  
 He has for thee high destiny,  
 He chastens thee in love.

When thou around beloved clay  
 Didst fondest tendrils twine,  
 To dust it crumbled all away,  
 And thou art left to pine.

But ah ! He hastes to fill the void  
 With treasure not of earth ;  
 Had human joy not been alloyed,  
 Thou ne'er hadst known His worth.

Youth's tide, it is a wayward stream  
 That hurries to the plain ;  
 The muddy torrent's fitful gleam  
 Alternate joy and pain.

But when it gains the vale below  
    The waters calmly sleep ;  
Now onward glides with steady flow  
    The current clear and deep.

Think not the love of youth alone  
    Is worthy to be won ;  
Love's purest throb in age is known,  
    When youth's hot dreams are done.

For time, not to the body kind,  
    Assails it with decay ;  
Yet brings enlargement to the mind,  
    And purges dross away.

E. W. Y.

## A Holiday Excursion.

(Continued.)

OUR first introduction to Knysna was, I have before hinted, a romantic one—very romantic for the swains of Knysna, patrolling the streets at one a.m. under a peaceful starlight night, with sylph-like forms fluttering by their sides; but we—I think we may say we—left the village without the pain of tender memories. One of our party had a constant refrain about “the dog he had left behind him,” a very disconsolate yellow-looking pointer pup, called “Rollo,” which had behaved badly, whether on board ship, or a cart, or bullock-wagon, and finally completed a round of bad behaviour by malingering the other side of the Gouwkama River, and causing his owner much needless vexation. This self-same pointer pup was a very profitless investment, as was one I took with me. We had to pay a sum in tickets for them worth a whole pack, considering how they turned out. Rollo withdrew himself from the scene of operations very early, mine alone remained and showed her fidelity—her name it was Nellie and her nature was fickle—by skedaddling away like the wind at the report of my gun upon a subsequent occasion. Her specialitè was a field-mouse, perhaps by way of change a pipit, and whilst on such quarry as these she was as firm as a rock. Luckily we had a good old trained pointer, who made up for the follies and deficiencies of the youngsters. We managed to hire another bullock-wagon and driver to take us on from Knysna towards the Zitzikama; and I do not think that our friend from George was at all sorry to be rid of us. We had found him out at the first drift outside George, and we had made him work since, and I imagine that our journey was too much of a “forced march” to suit him. The last drift over the river above Belvidere, which we crossed in the night, was not relished by him, and on the following day, he made a very early start without coming to wish us the top of the morning, or even asking us to “remember him.” Our new Automedon was a different sort of man altogether, and had a most demoniac yell, which, with the accompaniment of his long lash, made the bullocks bound forward, if oxen can be said to bound at all. The way he sustained his reproaches at “Rondeberg,” “Kafirland,”

"Ackermann," and "Swartmann," was enough to provoke admiration. One poor beast, "England" by name, got more pitched into than any other. This amusement seems to be a favourite one even with wagon drivers, and will probably continue to be until the poor beast learns his strength.

The road from the Knysna towards the Zitzikama winds past kloofs and ravines to the uplands above, and many and varied are the pretty peeps the traveller gets as he ascends the hill. Around him is the forest still and quiet, with the grey lichen-covered trees standing in the midst of luxuriant bushes and undergrowth. Some of them are in the prime of their existence others are just forcing their way up towards the light, and others again are old, gnarled and trunkless monsters, dying and withering slowly. Here and there the wild horse-chestnut lifts up its branches covered with blossom, and a noble sight he is, shining white and brilliant like a giant's nosegay. Below is the broad lagoon, stretching up towards Belvidere and the green slopes on the north side, where Mr. Duthie's house is so picturesquely situated, and the river comes down from timbered ravines. To the south are the Knysna Heads and the bold coast-line against which the surf is always beating, and the monotonous roar of which is carried far up to the uplands. The road between the Knysna and Birtleson's, a decent hostelry kept by a Swede in the forest, is tolerably open and clear. Broad undulations meet the eye on all sides till the forest fringe comes. On our return journey these ridges were covered with countless gladioli of many shades of colour, from dark scarlet to the lightest possible pink. They were a most conspicuous feature in the landscape, and could be seen miles away. Along here are one or two historical places. One of them is called "Moordlaagte," where in days gone by the Kafirs attacked and destroyed a party of Dutch colonists returning from "Nachtmaal." So skilful was the ambush and sudden the surprise, that they were all killed, except a boy who ran away, and, like the sole surviving Fabius, lived to perpetuate his race. We were also shown the place where the Duke of Edinburgh killed his elephant. Our driver, whenever he could stop delivering his soul at the oxen, gave us graphic descriptions of the whole proceeding. From all accounts the beast must have been a most loyal one, and must have wished to



die by a royal hand, as he had managed to isolate himself in a convenient belt of forest where he could be easily surrounded. There is no doubt that the Duke had a good chance at the beast, and that he availed himself of it right well. To while away the tedium of our trekking, we got upon the native question again, taking it up as we had left it in the "valley of desolation," and I must say that the champion of his cause in our party fought well for him. Carried away by his enthusiasm he claimed, not altogether unjustly I confess, good feeling and philanthropic interest amongst our coloured brethren, and in the climax of his zeal clinched his argument by pointing to our driver, who for a moment had ceased to yell at the oxen and seemed to be hurrying up to a mealie garden with the purpose of driving out a trespassing cow. "Look at this," quoth his champion, "and see how disinterested is his kindness in this poor savage! He leaves the wagon and oxen to do good service to a stranger and to drive out yonder trespassing ox." We were certainly rather dumb-founded at this example of disinterestedness suddenly presented to us with all the force of ocular demonstration, and watched our driver with feelings akin to wondering respect. Quickly he seemed to foot it on his kindly errand, and lightly he leapt over the separating fence, but somehow he faltered in his kindly task. Instead of raising his demoniac yell and making the guilty cow leap out of the mealie plot, he stooped down and seemed to be feeding on his own account. The cow fed on too, and it was evident that our driver never meant to interrupt her peaceful browsings. He presently returned with a whole handful of dakka and garden produce. We had the laugh on our side now, and the disinterested native had become the stealing dakka smoker.

After Birtleson's our next outspan was on the veldt near Keurbooms River. Presently we came to the river itself, which is a tidal one and difficult to cross. There are several arms or ditches in the marshy country, which surrounds the Keurbooms River, and we had to "wait for the turn of the tide" in an abominable situation, stuck between two deep sluits. It was near evening, and the mosquitos kept up a most horrible and resonant burr round our ears, rendering the notion of camping out on a flat marsh a peculiarly distasteful one. Luckily we had a friend with us who knew the

dykes and did not mind half stripping himself to find out the depth of the water, and so reassured us that with a little patient waiting—a quality everyone travelling in South Africa must take abundance of—we might ford over with our oxen. There is no situation without some attraction for the sportsman, and this uncompromising position of ours was a good vantage ground for banging away at all the wild fowl wending their way back to roosting places. After a patient vigil, in which watching the sluggish off-flow of the tide reminded us of our anxious vigil over the stones at Great Brak River drift, we inspanned and yelled and shrieked and whipt our oxen across.

New Year's Eve was spent by a roaring fire on the further side of this Sirbonian, mosquito-haunted bog, amid congratulations that we had got so far. We "up-stood" and "coffeed" early on New Year's Day, beginning the year right well in this respect and stealing a march on old Father Time. But who is not an early riser when stretched out on a hard wagon or inside some draughty tent? The virtue of so doing I will never take to myself. It belongs to circumstances entirely. We had still another arm of this "Styx novies interfusa" to cross, and the great desideratum was to have oxen that knew the river and the landing place on the other side. Our span had no experience and very little strength, and might be floated down the Keurboom in an inextricable knot, from which not even the yelling of our driver could save them. Of course the tide was high and we had to wait. It is a curious thing that the tide up this river was always high exactly at the moment we wished to cross it. It is a most erratic, winding, unstable river. Still we were bound to go on. The interval that elapsed during a transhipment of goods from one arm of the Keurboom River to the other was employed by two of our party going on a wild-goose chase, actually and properly speaking. They were successful, and bagged a couple by a very subtle ambushade, one of them rowing the boat—in reality a hollowed-out stink-wood craft, like Robinson Crusoe's—while the other crept along the bank and stalked. The water was tolerably deep across the Keurboom River drift, and of course we had to empty our wagon of everything and carry it across in the Robinson Crusoe boat. The crossing was begun and presented a

comic looking sight. Imagine twelve oxen swimming in a river with only their snouts and tips of their horns showing, whilst behind them trailed the apparently disconnected canvass of a wagon. Imagine, moreover, the Robinson Crusoe boat in front of all propelled by a half nude and frantic oarsman, spasmodically throwing up as much water as a whole crew at the end of a four-mile "bust;" and imagine, moreover, our energetic and vociferous driver standing up in the stern and piling the agony in his best lingo upon "Swaartman"—almost done poor beast!—and "England" and "Kafirland" hauling away for dear life upon a connecting link between himself and the twelve bobbing snouts and twenty-four horns. Such was the sight presented in crossing the Keurboom River, and I verily believe that poor old "Swaartman" and his comrades would never have consented to have gone through the ordeal if they had suspected such a swim for dear life. Poor Swaartman! He lost his poor beaten life at this very drift on his return journey, and died nobly in harness or rather near the disselboom. May he rest in peace!

The ferryman was conspicuous by his absence, and in truth his services are not often required. He has a slightly monotonous existence of it here, and amuses himself by growing mealies for the monkeys to feed on. Yet stay, his sphere is a wider one, and we must do him justice. He has a wife, who helps him to grow potatoes, and we were fortunate enough to get some. A thankless chronicler should I be if I forgot this priceless potato boon.

Reader, have you ever eaten a mealy potato done to a turn in the embers of a camp fire? If you never have done so go on a camping expedition at once and let the final cause be the potatoes. At first they are very hot, and be careful not to spoil your palate and temper by yielding too quickly to the inordinate cravings of hunger. The expression of a man's face is an index to his feelings, and if we contrast the facial contortions of one who has tried to bolt a hot potato with the seraphic and gently simmering expression of one who has "bided his time," we may be certain that the latter has most decidedly the advantage.

The ferryman, although not himself present in the flesh, was represented by an aquatic son called "Squareboy," who didn't know his age, or whether he had been baptized, and was utterly unable to

answer any "census" questions. I prophesy a great future for this "Squareboy" if he sticks to Keurboom aquatics. He knows all about them, and ought never to leave Keurboom River drift. I fear the new pont may spoil his prospects, and am sorry for him. A Kafir helped us materially, and going upon the principle that one of the best acknowledgments of services rendered is to offer "a liquor," we proffered him a cup of claret. The expression of Johnny's face at this—to him inadequate—return was not complimentary to the wine-growers of sunny France. He refused to have anything to do with it, and evidently thought we were trying to poison him.

In course of time we collected all our things together, transhipping them in the Robinson Crusoe boat, and proceeded on our voyage to Le Vaillant's inhospitable region—so described by him. I believe the Keurboom River was the Ultima Thulè of the wanderings of this old traveller in this direction. We had a long trek before us to get to Groot River, and poor "Swaartman" showed signs of giving out. These signs increased in intensity until they ended in a complete collapse whilst going up a steep gradient. "Swaartman" lay down and said, "Jam satis," and refused to budge. In vain various persuasive methods were tried, in vain our driver raised his best and most approved yell, the ox would not pull any more, and we had to take the yoke from off his neck and leave him to chew the cud. It happened too that at this place, Klein Poort by name, one of our own party showed signs of fatigue, and it seemed as if this narrow poort was destined to be a scene of a race for existence both for man and beast.

The ox, however, recovered breath by being left alone, the man by being stretched out beneath a romantic tree and partaking of a mild and exhilarating beverage, and so we outspanned. In the evening we reached Forest Hall, and right glad were we to partake of the kind hospitality and comfortable quarters given us by W. Newdigate, Esq. The house itself is most romantically situated on high ground close to the sea, and the deep wooded kloofs descend with grand sweeps right down to the water's edge. Close to the house are some particularly fine trees of great age, and a just pride to their owner. They were spared in the famous fire which some years ago destroyed so much of the old primeval forest. It would be well if

more could take the interest in this grand country which Mr. Newdigate does. It is by his influence and example, especially, that it has become opened up to the extent it is. Population is all that is required both to utilise the resources of the forests and of the land itself. Everywhere water is most abundant, and no colonist need fear the curse of a drought. We may hope, however, that in a few years the Knysna emigrants will do their best by enterprise and courage to reclaim the thousands of acres of virgin soil lying idle here. The streams of the Knysna should fertilise land which should supply with grain and other produce, the waterless districts of South Africa. The sour veldt must be battled with and, if possible, rectified by means of some economical expenditure of force, and then the farming problem is solved, as I have hinted before.

Groot River is distant some miles by road from Forest Hall, but it is easily accessible by a short foot-path leading through the woods near the sea. Not many years ago elephants and buffaloes used to frequent these parts, and the deeply pressed foot-prints are still discernible on the soft and mouldy hill-sides. Many a time did we bless those primitive engineers, the elephants, as they often afforded the only possible exit from deep kloofs and dongas. If the elephants and buffels are all killed off, and the land is not opened up by the hand of man, there will be no getting through the forest and the fynbosch. We saw many deep Bushman pits in which these pigmy aborigines used to trap their game, and I have no doubt that a diligent search along the coast for more signs of this nearly exterminated race would be repaid most amply. They seem to have been very fond of shell-fish, and we often came across a favourite tree in the forest under which they must have sat and taken their meals. We were brought to this conclusion by seeing piles of shells which could have scarcely been collected in one place by birds or animals. There is no doubt that for many years these kloofs afforded them abundant shelter and protection, and that there must be many caves which would interest the archæologist either by remains or paintings. Their skill in pottery could not have been mean, as Mr. Newdigate showed me a jar he had discovered which displayed considerable artistic talent. Judging from its shape, these potters must have advanced beyond that stage when the holding properties of jars

are the only things to be considered. There were the proper and harmonious bends and curves which led up to that useful and most prominent feature in a jar called the "neck," but I will dilate on this topic no further, as I have no doubt that this "jar" in some future time will earn an impassioned ode from some well-informed and enthusiastic archæologist rivalling "The ode to the Grecian Urn." I must say, that I have read the minutes of an archæological society in England when far less interesting objects, such as "holes in ceiling," "nails," "monumental brasses" occupied the grave attention of enthusiastic "savans."

If we are to reconstruct the history of a primitive people now virtually extinct, as far as their art is concerned, we have but slight data to go upon, and we should make the most of these data and ask all to help in unearthing as much as we can. At some future time in the history of the Colony when we, or rather our posterity, have settled down to a leisured ease, and have settled the native question, &c., they may be both scientific and leisured enough to take an interest in the archæology of South Africa, and Bushman jars may give them as keen a delight as monumental brasses do to Hampshire archæologists. I think we should all subscribe to this amiable weakness possibly receiving some development in the future.

Whilst walking along the coast to Groot Rivier we rested on the top of a cliff and admired the view, not only because the view was in itself intrinsically noble, but because pedestrian exercise through the fynbosch on a hot summer's day requires certain agreeable halts, especially if the walker be not in A1. training. Right below us were wooded kloofs sloping down to a small estuary made by a mountain stream. The water was particularly clear and bright, and we were surprised to see a vast number of sharks—we counted about sixty or seventy—lazily floating about. It was certainly a queer and unexpected sight, and I suppose they found their way across the bar close by for the sake of quiet, or more probably for the sake of prey. They were a formidable-looking family party, and I made various mental resolutions not to bathe in the immediate vicinity of this pool. When we reached Groot Rivier itself I thought it the most wild and picturesque spot I had seen in South Africa. Sea, forest, and river are in close proximity to one another, and afford

such strange and withal sweet combinations, that the eye of the severest nature-critic must be satisfied. The sweep of the amphitheatre of the hills beyond was grand, whilst the lesser sweeps and curves of the kloofs within all trending harmoniously and poetically to the "embouchure" of the main river, were like the skilful and elaborate workings out of a great idea. Then the outlines of the hills were softer than in other parts of Africa, the forest reaching high up and toning down severity and hardness and ruggedness. In the gorge itself stood some venerable and imposing yellow woods, under which the new road ran, and the effect was that of a fine natural avenue leading up to the wooded valleys, fit portals to the noble scene beyond.

Till lately these parts have been seldom visited. Less than two years ago two buffaloes were shot close to our hut, in the rush beds that surround the Groot Rivier, now expanded into a fairly broad river, before discharging itself into the sea. We found its waters delightfully cool for our morning tub. We had another Robinson Crusoe boat to paddle about in, which was more primitive than the Keurboom River affair. I have rowed a good deal in river craft of various description, but never was in a "tub" that responded less to heroic efforts.

Owing to the construction of the new road from Forest Hall to the nearest point, in Humansdorp district, this part of the Zitzikama will be opened up considerably. The length of the contemplated road is about one hundred miles, and it passes through primæval forest and hitherto unexplored gorges. The engineering skill displayed is great, as the road has to wind in and out most impossible looking places. Taking levels through such a wooded and uneven country must have been an initial difficulty hard to overcome, but it has been overcome triumphantly, and great credit is reflected on all who have been engaged in the difficult work. At some future day a drive from Forest Hall to Humansdorp will be the most picturesque to be found in South Africa. The scenery at Blaauw Krantz is simply magnificent. I only hope they will wall up the precipice sides well, as a roll down some of these kloofs would destroy the poetry of the whole trip.

A word about those grand primæval forests through which a road

is being opened up. It must be the earnest desire and wish not only of every lover of nature, but of every political economist as well, that the wood supply of this part of the Colony should be most carefully husbanded. As it is there seems to be in some instances wanton waste incurred in cutting down numberless saplings to reach a decent-sized tree—in fact, each payable tree seems to require a separate path to be hauled down by. Knowing little of forests I am to a certain extent disqualified from offering an opinion, but common sense suggests that we should destroy the hopes of future years as little as possible whilst utilising the present growth. The undergrowth should not be indiscriminately ruined but judiciously cleared. This judicious clearing is exactly what the forest especially requires, as more air and light would be given to the valuable timber. The matted mass of undergrowth and parasites checks some young saplings and completely kills others. From an æsthetic point of view the appearance of the forest would be infinitely grander if the old monarchs could raise their heads aloft from a clear space. Everyone knows the value of Knysna timber, and you have only to enter such a house as Mr. Newdigate's at Forest Hall to appreciate its solidity, firmness, and polishing qualities. There are an endless variety of useful trees, and besides the "yellow-wood," "stink-wood," "iron-wood," and "ash-wood," more generally known, there are the fine woods of the "assegai," "hard pear," "red, white and klip else," the "spiek-hout," the "melk-hout," "kershout" (candle-wood), the "bouken-wood," the "qua," &c. Amongst the smaller timber are the "zie-bas," "zart-bas," "taai-bosch," "buffel-doorn," &c. Few forests I take it can show such a wealth and variety of trees and bushes. It was only the other day that F. Newdigate, Esq., discovered an entirely new and undescribed tree. Moreover, everyone who has seen the grand old lichen-covered monsters of the forest, must feel a kindly feeling towards them for their grandeur and their age, and hope that it will be a long time before the Zitzikama is, as bare and destitute of vegetation as other parts of South Africa are. Again, the fact of a forest increasing the rainfall of a country is a fact too well-known and obviously useful to be noticed here.

Close to our hut was a Convict Station, and upon our first morning we were rather surprised to hear sounds of the "Old Hundredth."



In a half-waking state I wondered where I had got to—certainly I was not in church, there were too many trees around me for that. Our fidus Achates, “the honey-hunter Hendriks,” explained to us that the convicts were singing, and he spoke of the performance in a particularly solemn and awe-struck manner. We learned more about our neighbours during our visit. We found out that there were about seventy of them altogether employed on this section of the road, that they got up at 5.30 in the morning, that they worked on from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. with an “outspan” in the middle of the day, that they each ate per diem one and a quarter pound, of meat and one and a half pounds of bread, and that they began and ended the day with hymns. I often witnessed the singing performance, and the way some of the swarthy band arranged in a row inside the wooden railings lifted up their voices to sing was an instance of the adaptability of Christian hymnology for all nations. Upon one coloured gentleman especially did the honourable post of coryphæus devolve, and right zealously did he perform it. A number of others seemed rather bored, but I have seen the same look on the faces of unmusical white men at evening soirees. Our “honey-hunter Hendriks” was greatly struck at this part of prison discipline, and although he had never joined in as a professional he thought it proved what a “good boss” the abstraction Government was to look after its children so paternally.

The convicts have done very good work on the road, and do not work with such a dogged indifference as I have seen elsewhere. Many of them are, I believe, Gaikas and Galekas, and are working out their sentence as political offenders. When their sentence is expired they are given five shillings and left to shift for themselves. This amount seems hardly sufficient in that particular part of the country. In the Zitzikama, farm-houses are conspicuous by their absence, and it would be hard to get work even in the neighbourhood. It would be a pity to think that convicts just dismissed might from sheer want be forced to commit thefts and so incur increased penalties. It may be that their overseers, who seem kind and considerate, may take care that time-expired men have a reasonable chance given to them of earning an honest livelihood, but of one thing I feel sure, and it is that if a

convict starts life again in the Zitzikama on 5s. only plus his character, he starts upon what is in many people's estimation a very slender basis. As far as we could see, and we often passed them, the working parties seemed very well-conducted, the overseers treating their charges kindly, and in many instances with complete trust and confidence. At the out-station beyond the Blauw Krantz, Mr. McAlpine, the worthy old Scotchman in charge of the good conduct men, assured me that any confidence he reposed in his men was seldom abused. Upon occasions they were all merry enough, and the way some of the political prisoners lifted up their voices to sing their national songs was remarkable if not soul-inspiring. Having heard their hymns I was driven to conclude that if they loved Christian hymnology a good deal they love their national songs as much if not more. I suppose their low monotonous refrains were national, for they were identical with these I had heard on the Eastern Frontier, relating generally to "chiefs" or "oxen." Few would grudge them any pleasure they derive from these unmusical though patriotic refrains: they served to lighten the affliction of captivity, and, as our communicative friend, butcher, and cicerone at Groot River had observed, proved them to be "as merry as crystals." This self-same friend and meat-vendor was a cheery individual, especially when we asked him to look us up in our hut and help to finish a bottle of lager beer, after what he termed an "exploitation." I never knew him to refuse a kindly offer of refreshment on any one occasion. His rubicund visage would beam with satisfaction whenever a journey was undertaken towards the case of drinkables. He was generally consulted as to the state of the weather, as having been the oldest inhabitant of these parts, and I never knew him to prophesy in a disappointing or disagreeable way. Even if he thought that the weather looked bad towards the sea, towards the mountains, and all round, he would cheerily observe how quickly it cleared off in these parts. A distant thunderstorm rumbling in the distance was most favourably interpreted as a precursor of a spell of fine weather, and a remover of all unnecessary humidity. A regular down-pour was only a sea-fog, and if the sky was foul and threatening every where the sun always shone serenely in our companion's breast, especially when the beer was broached and he knew his turn was coming.

Still his advice and opinion were always asked, and he always gave them, and it was only after a succession of crushing prophetic disasters that he inadvertently committed himself one day to the belief "that there was no customality about the weather." This is the true state of the case in the Knysna, and especially the Zitzikama districts. The mists and fogs are down upon the traveller before he suspects it, and woe betide him if without a guide he is overtaken by a fog in the forest. There are no visible land marks; one grey tree is exactly like another, one patch of fynbosch the image of hundreds of its fellows, the country is uninhabited and densely thick with the undergrowth of ages. We spent five days altogether in the forest country, making the Groot Rivier hut our basis of operations. We had the well-known guide Bernato and his three sons with their pack of buffalo dogs. F. Newdigate kindly accompanied us, and no one knows this wild and picturesque country better than he does. The walking in this veldt is certainly the hardest I ever experienced. The only paths are, as I have said, those trodden out by elephants and buffaloes, and they wind in and out the most intricate places and through the most dense and stifling undergrowth. This undergrowth, under the name of fynbosch, will be imprinted on our memories as it was on our faces, hands, and legs in a most unmistakable fashion. Walking through this stuff with a gun and heavy bag on a hot summer's day is no joke, and for a corpulent gentleman, a kill or cure. Having a permit to kill two buffaloes, we laid ourselves out most energetically to carry out this rather difficult sporting feat. For five days, from morn to dewy eve, we followed on the spoor of some cloven-footed monster with silent old Bernato picking out the "scent," and for five days worked and sweated like few mortals have ever done before, but we only caught a glimpse of two animals which had been wallowing in a pool in the midst of the fynbosch. The hotter the day the more imperative was it upon us to follow up the spoor, as on such occasions old Bernato assured us the buffalo gets tired. It did not seem to enter his head that we unfortunate bipeds were pitting our staying powers against those of the wiry and swift buffel who could go through the fynbosch like grass, and was in his element. So for five days we walked steadily on from morn to dewy eve, and got as

far as Lottering River in one direction, and Buffelbosch and Beinebosch in the other. We certainly saw a great deal of forest scenery, the spooring taking us down to some of the most inaccessible kloofs and out-of-the-way spots. Many were the picturesque glades and rivers we might have stopped to admire at our leisure did not that blessed cloven-hoof lead us on and on. There is one adjective which describes the forest well, and that is "silent." For hours and hours you can walk under these grand old forest trees, but hear little of bird or animal life. In the early morning "the groves are resonant" to some extent, but during the summer's day everything is still. Even the breeze ceases to rustle in the tree-tops. To one who has been bored to death for months by that monotonous salt-river fiend, the south-easter, the very idea of this repose is refreshing. But you must not go buffel-spooring if you want to go in for repose and contemplation. The only contemplation allowable under the circumstances is a stern contemplation of the freshly-turned mould made by the phantom-like quarry in front of you. Still, there are buffels in some numbers; we saw abundant signs of them, and it was simply our hard luck that we did not eat buffel-steak beside some roaring fire. I am not altogether sorry now that we did not kill one; there are so few wild animals in Cape Colony that escape the exterminating rifle that I should like the day of extermination put off as long as possible. The time must come when one by one the buffels will cease to roam in these hereditary and romantic haunts of theirs. Let us not hasten that day needlessly. We came upon fresh spoors of elephant, but avoided close acquaintance with them as the country was a dangerous one to meet them in, not being forest proper, but half open veldt scattered over with keurboom. Much as I had read about the elephant, I was nevertheless impressed much with the signs of his ponderous strength. He would be a very useful beast, if instead of pulling keurbooms over, he could be inspanned in a wagon and made to help in the civilisation of the country. I have never heard whether any serious attempt has ever been made to utilise the African elephant. At present he is rather a nuisance to the farmers in the Knysna and Zitzikama, as he occasionally walks into their gardens and, having a large appetite, does a great deal of damage

He is more than a nuisance to a solitary traveller, and we heard some amusing stories of races or rather climbs for dear life up trees. I was sorry when the day came to say farewell to this lonely and interesting country. There were many longicorus, birds, butterflies, and ferns that I wished to collect, and a naturalist could spend several summer months to great advantage here. Little, comparatively speaking, is known of the botany of the Zitzikama.

Then, the wooded kloofs and the numberless bays by the sea would afford endless amusement and occupation for the pedestrian. There is the pastime of sitting on some wave-beaten rock and fishing through the pleasant summer days as the old fisherman in Theocritus, with a climate as fair and a scenery as romantic as that of ancient Sicily. Lonely it may be with the monotonous roar of the surf and the singing of the sea-breezes through the trees that nearly fringe the sea-wave, but to the lover of nature neither sea, sky, or forest are "sad solitude." Their voices are the voices of the past, present and future, and their concerts sweet songs harmonised and mellowed by the Great Architect's hand.

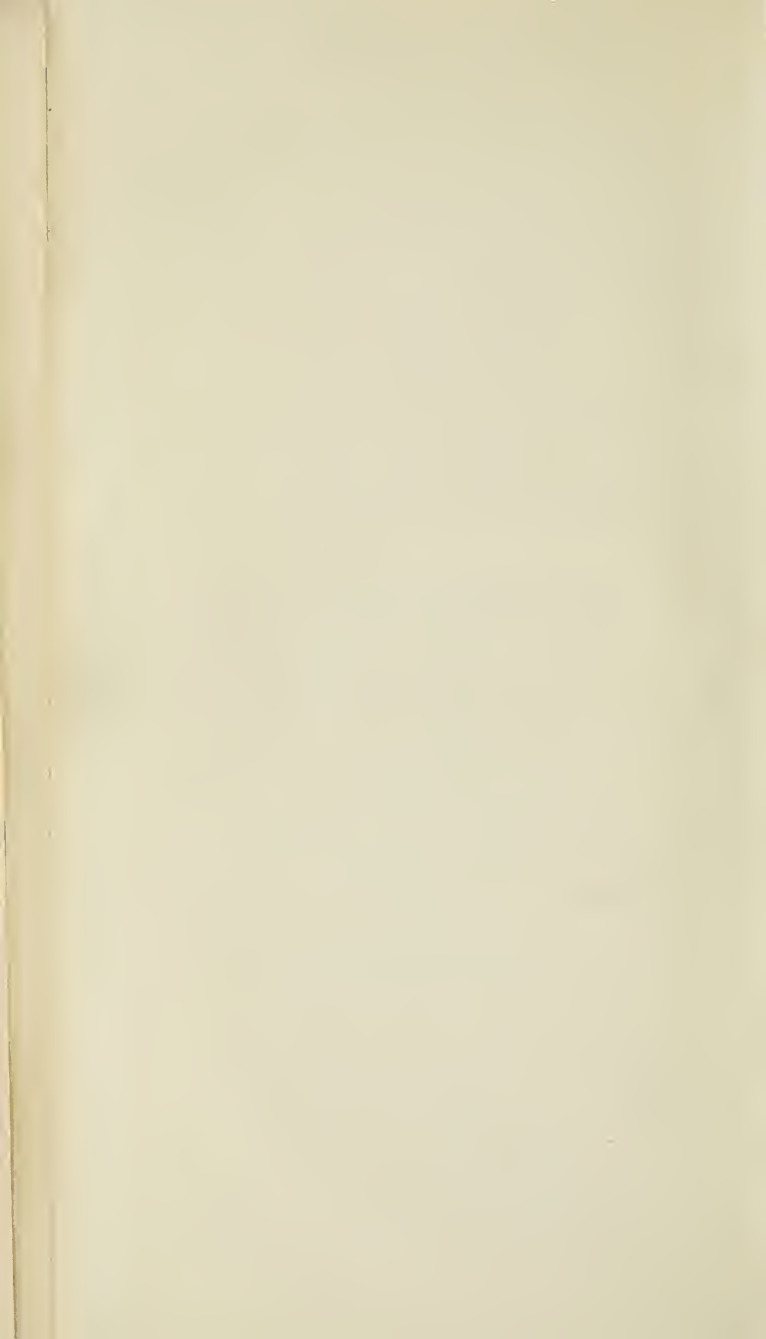
W. H. P. G.

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## Aspiration and Attainment.

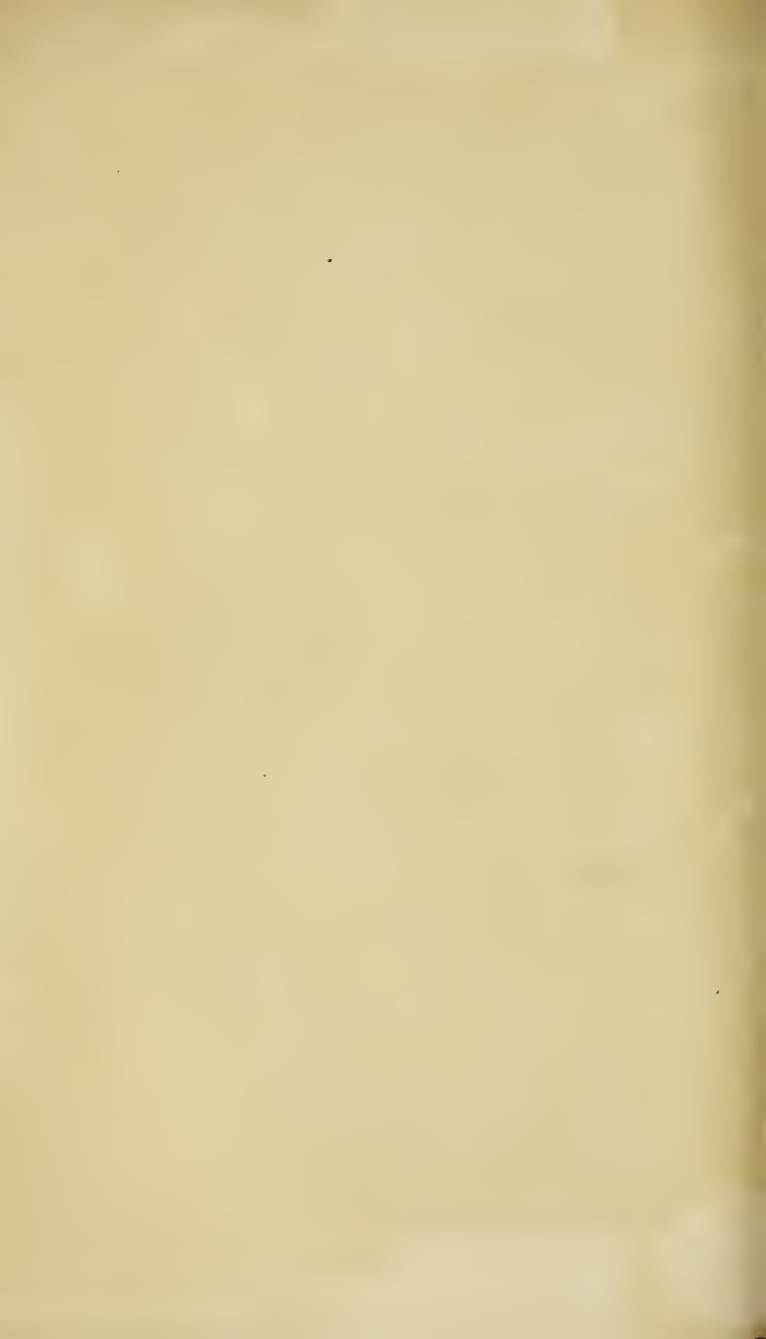
I said unto my soul, "Yea I will strive,  
 Strive for the high and lofty, for great ends  
 Do honours come, and fame with glorious wreaths  
 Is waiting still to crown the victor's brow.  
 The common and ignoble I will leave  
 For less aspiring souls, but I will soar  
 Above the common herd, and sit enthroned."  
 The time passed on, a sad and weary time—  
 Aye many a day I never saw the sun—  
 And round me slowly ceaseless cares enwove  
 A net both thick and strong, that held me down  
 And knit my aspirations fast to earth.  
 And yet I struggled oft and fought with Fate,  
 Enslaved and bound, yet longing to be free.  
 And then I sought the Master's gracious aid  
 If haply I might find the hidden good.  
 "Oh! give me but Thy light," I said, "Thy truth,  
 And let me rise above these sordid cares."  
 Yet did He vouch me but a dumb reply,  
 And that new trial, 'twas as strange as new—  
 Bitter as dead-sea-apple to my taste—  
 And then a sickness overcame my soul,  
 And hope and strength together ebb'd away.  
 Again I sought the gracious Master's feet,  
 His eye had seen my grief, His heart had felt  
 All the numb aching of my stricken soul.  
 "That which thou seekest lies within thy reach,"  
 He said, "*athwart* the path thou fain would'st tread.  
 Lo! Duty is the servant of thy God,  
 Whose chosen seat is in the lowly heart.  
 Yea Duty leads the noblest and the best,  
 And she will guide *thee* to the Hidden Good.











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